

THE BAMBERG HERALD.

ESTABLISHED 1891.

BAMBERG, S. C., THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 14, 1899.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

NO BEER DISPENSARIES.

All Ordered to Close on Nov. 1st.

NEW RULE TO BE MADE.

Meeting Next Month Will Decide How Malt Beverages are to be Dispensed in the State.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sept. 9.—The beer and Dreyfussards are demoralized to-day. The beer dispensaries have been abolished.

After discussion of the whole matter the board adopted the following resolution, which was introduced by Mr. Williams: "Resolved that all beer dispensaries are hereby ordered closed and the terms of office of such dispensers are declared to be vacant, this order to become effective on November 1st, 1899."

"Resolved, further, that sterilized, or family, beer be supplied to consumers through the regular county dispensaries and that breweries usually seeking business with the dispensary are requested to submit bids to the State board of control at the October meeting, proposing to supply such beer bottled and in crates and in such quantities as may be necessary to be shipped to the various county dispensaries direct and at such times as it may be ordered out by the board;

"And it is further resolved, that the board at a secret meeting designate such dispensaries as it is deemed prudent to require to handle such beer business by November 1st."

Mr. Williams, speaking on his resolution and the action of the board, said that the board felt that in the interest of the dispensary some change must be made. The board has at various times attempted to make rules and regulations which would properly govern dispensaries but all efforts had failed in accomplishing the desired object. Referring to the new plan, he said the board was considering details for the idea, but the details had not been decided on.

INSURED FOR \$10,000,000.

That is Said to be the Aggregate of Policies on the Prince of Wales's Life.

A big insurance man told me recently in New York that the Prince of Wales was the heaviest risk of any patron of the insurance business, and that his death would cost English, German, French and American companies not less than \$10,000,000.

"No other person carries 20 per cent of that insurance," he said, "but comparatively little of it is for the benefit of his family; perhaps not more than \$1,000,000. Some years ago large policies were taken out by his creditors as security for money loaned. If he should ever pay his debts they would of course revert to him, and might be carried for the benefit of his family, but his premiums, like the premium on all of the royal families of Europe, are very high—much higher than those paid by private individuals for the same amount of insurance.

"It is a curious fact," continued my insurance-friend, who spends a good deal of his time in England, "that \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 of insurance, perhaps more than that, has been placed on the life of the Prince of Wales as a speculation by persons who do not know him and have never had any relations with him whatever. This would not be possible under the insurance laws of the United States, but it is allowed by some of the English companies. Over there any man can secure a policy on the life of a neighbor, provided he can persuade the neighbor to submit to a medical examination or find a company which has recently had him examined. Thus when the Prince of Wales undergoes an examination for insurance lots of speculators apply to the same company for policies, on his life, or get certified copies of the report of the medical examiner and use them with other companies. It is pure speculation. They pay a high premium, a margin, so to speak, or, to put it in another way, they book a wager with the insurance companies that the Prince will die before the total of their premiums exceeds the amount of the policy. Therefore many persons would be financially benefitted if Albert Edward should suddenly drop off suddenly one of these fine days. The Prince is perfectly aware of this fact. He knows very well what advantages have been taken of his situation, but I do not suppose it makes any difference with his habits.

It is reported from China that ten men carry the Emperor's umbrella. This is not so very remarkable. Ten men, more or less, carry the umbrella of the average American before it is entirely worn out.

Fooled by a Gas Machine. A Brooklyn woman, whose gas bills were almost beyond computation and certainly beyond her purse, had one of the quarter in the slot machines put in her flat and anticipated great pleasure in keeping tab on her gas expenditure. These machines, by the way, are fed a quarter, and when the quarter's worth of gas is burned they shut off automatically.

Toward evening of the day in which the machine was installed, she wended her way to the slot and deposited her money, but when an attempt was made to light the gas the machine would not register, and the evening light was shed out of lamps and candles. A wrathful note-brought the company inspector to the scene the next morning, and he thoroughly vindicated the reputation of the contrivance when he unlocked it and drew from the inside three nickels and a dime.—New York Mail and Express.

TILLMAN ON THE NEGRO.

Says the Problem Baffles Him, But Offers General and Sensible Suggestions.

Some days ago, when Senator B. R. Tillman strongly denounced the white-capping of Negroes in Greenwood, the Rev. J. L. Dart, of this city, wrote him a letter of thanks on behalf of himself and his race for his strong words of condemnation and denunciation of outrages and lawlessness. Besides thanking Senator B. R. Tillman the writer took occasion in his letter to touch upon several topics of public interest, among them being the relations of the races in the South and the future of the Negro in this country. On this subject the Rev. J. L. Dart said:

"Whether we be democrats or republicans, southerners or northerners, white men or black men, there is a common ground upon which we all can stand, and that is our united and firm determination that all forms of lawlessness in our midst, whether carried on by whites or blacks, shall be put down and completely banished from our borders; that the law shall have its course in every case and instance, and every citizen shall have the guaranteed protection of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

"But for myself I have come to believe in the ultimate separation of the races in the South—the emigration of the race, not so much to Africa as the colonization of four people in the newly acquired possessions in Cuba and Porto Rico and throughout the North and West. This, of course, cannot be done for several years to come, but while the Negro race in the South is gaining in education, wealth and experience, preparatory for their departure, they should have the protection of the law and the generous aid and sympathy of their white neighbors."

To this letter Senator Tillman replied as follows:

TRENTON, S. C., August 26, 1899.

Rev. J. L. Dart, Charleston, S. C.

Dear Sir—Your letter of August 19th has been received. I confess I am both surprised and gratified at receiving it. I am only sorry that a badly garbled, and in some respects a distorted, report of my speech was published in our State papers and sent abroad. I used much stronger language and my appeal for justice was much broader than what you saw. The correspondent for The News and Courier, Mr. Kohn, wrote me that his report by mail did not reach the office in time for publication.

I am considered as the arch enemy of the Negroes, or colored people, because, while governor, and before, I exerted all the influence I possessed for calling a constitutional convention for the purpose of disfranchising them. If you will contrast the condition of the Negroes in South Carolina with that in North Carolina and Georgia you will see that there is much more good feeling and less friction here than where political activity and the franchise exists on the basis of manhood suffrage. The Phoenix riot is directly attributable to the political virus injected into the Negroes of that neighborhood by designing white men—the Tolberts—and the recent outrages are the aftermath.

What the ultimate solution of the race problem will be I do not know, but I do know that race and caste feeling are insuperable barriers to social and political equality in the South, and that the Negro as the weaker and inferior race will always be the victim of every conflict by which he seeks, either of his own accord or when led by designing white men, to break down those barriers.

There is no room in the northwest, or opening, for any Negro communities, as you will find if you go there to investigate. The northern whites no longer sympathize with the ideas which brought on the civil war, as is proven by Governor Tanner's attitude and official action. There may be an opening for a limited number of negroes in Cuba and Porto Rico, but I think the field in the Philippines is already occupied by a race that would be more intolerant and cruel than the whites.

What the end will be I can not say, but this I do know, the Negro must remain subordinate or be exterminated; and I, for one, will always set my face like flint against any injustice or unfairness toward him as long as he remains in his proper sphere and leaves politics alone.

The whites are in the ascendancy and will remain so whatever comes. And as the superior and more civilized race they owe it to themselves to protect the Negro in his right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," even though that declaration was written by a slave holder who did not take the Negro into consideration when he wrote it.

Yours truly,

B. R. TILLMAN.

—News and Courier.

Appoints Dr. Rowland.

Governor McSweney Friday appointed Dr. M. O. Rowland a member of the board of directors of the Penitentiary, vice Cunningham, resigned.

Dr. Rowland was for some time a member of the House from Spartanburg county, and is one of the best citizens of Spartanburg county. He did not solicit the appointment, and Governor McSweney appointed him because of his being a successful business man and well fitted for the work on the board.

With most of us life seems to be one continual round of economy.

Wheeler in the Saddle.

"Fighting Joe" Wheeler has reached Manila and he is already assigned to the command of Gen. Funston's brigade, which place it appears, has been kept open for him. The gray old warrior, whose youth and enthusiasm seem to be inexhaustible, impresses us with all his old-time vigor. He wants to go to the front immediately, and, in his fervor and delight over the prospect of active service, he has already surprised the situation and proclaimed his view. The press reports describe him as saying:

"I am much pleased with the situation. I think that when General Otis gets more troops he will make rapid progress. The country is not favorable for military operations than I had supposed. The impression that the country is unhealthy is wrong."

Certainly General Wheeler is the most lovable and delightful old gentleman occupying a prominent place in our republic affairs to-day. He has all the buoyant optimism of youth. Nothing can daunt his courage or mitigate his wonderful philosophy. Give him a trench, half filled with water, and he regards it as an ideal resting place. Offer him hard tack and a lump of molybdenum and he regards them as the legitimate contents of a Lucullan banquet. Chills and fever merely make him believe that he is the victim of an hallucination. Sickness among his men he views with toleration as an innocent idiosyncrasy. He recognizes no difficulties, admits the importance of no obstacles. He insists upon going ahead under all circumstances, and Boabdil and the Campeador, both put together, never furnished one fraction of his irrepressible vim. At the battle of San Juan last year, he was brought to the front upon a litter in time to see the consummation. But he never dreamed that he was at death's door from disease, and he thought of nothing save the victory and his own delight. He gave credit to everybody, demanded the promotion and distinction of all participants, and then slept the sleep of physical weakness to dream of a glory which was glad to share with all the world.

Of course, the dear old general knows nothing about the situation in Luzon. He sees a chance of fighting, and all he roars at is that. A country is in his eyes favorable for military operations, so long as he is to take part in them and he is so fond of every one and so distrustful of every one's devotion and ability that he believes in a battle of attrition. Otis will do great things after a while. "The impression that the country is unhealthy is wrong," the general declares, after a few minutes' contemplation of Otis and his staff. "The war will still believe in the salubrity of Luzon, even after six months' experience of cholera, smallpox and beri-beri."

Gen. Wheeler's Utopian utterances come to us like a breath of innocence. They uplift and soften the heart, every day heart of callous man.—Washington Post.

The Negro and His Morals.

Negroes at Brunswick, Georgia, took umbrage at the association of one of their race with a Chinaman, and the offender being a woman, they called her out of her house Sunday night and flogged her soundly. However much one may condemn such an act of violence, it is not altogether the incident that is not altogether without encouragement for persons who hope to see the ultimate elevation of the negro in the South. The deplorable moral status of the race is a matter of common knowledge. Such social laws as it has made for itself seldom or never take cognizance of obligations that would ostracize their perpetrators were they committed even in the lower grades of Anglo-Saxon society. In very recent years there has been a tendency, in isolated instances, on the part of educated and respectable colored people to establish the barriers of caste, which would separate them from the lower elements of their people. But such movements have been too few and too leniently enforced to have made an appreciable impression upon the race at large. It is one thing to be more potent to spur men on to better things than the hope of social preferment. The sacrifices which we daily make to attain it seem to be held in a universal belief.

While equality between the races is a question that has been answered once and for all in the South, if colored men would establish and maintain stricter social relations with the whites, there is no doubt but that they would place before the lower elements of their race a goal, the strife to attain which would lead many negro men and women to a more moral and respectable life.—News and Courier.

And They Took Him Home in a Buggy.

Sing a song of swelled head, a fellow full of gin, coming home at 4 a. m., his wife won't let him in. His feet are full of tangle-foot, his head is full of wheels; the keyhole runs around the knob; he a funny feeling feels.

He puts his feet upon the porch, his head upon the gate, and all the time within his "mug" the wheels are going round. He thinks that he is sober and he thinks every one is tight, and he thinks he's in his bed room, instead of out all night.

He thinks the moon's a dollar and will buy a dozen drinks, and various other minor thoughts he thinks and thinks and thinks.

But when the morning cometh, and it cometh soon at that, he looks around and murmurs, "Great snakes! where am I at?"

One of Sir Thomas Lipton's employees, doubtless referring to the great tea merchant's experience in South Carolina, says: "It is a peculiar thing that Sir Thomas was a grand failure in the United States, so much so that he almost starved, and then, by following out American ideas, became one of the most successful men in England."

In his answer to an interviewer, who suggested that there must be some general principle in the success of the Shantung reveals the keynote of his character: "Oh, bosh!" he said; "this secret business is all nonsense. I simply worked hard, devoted my heart and soul to my business, had my heart in it and couldn't help succeeding. But few young men are willing to work. They are too particular about the hours they spend in the store or office. Why, I often say that I have worked twenty-five hours out of twenty-four, and I do believe that I get twice as much into a day as do most men. I have never been afraid of hard work, and have worked just as hard as established as I did before. I owe almost all my success to hard work, and nothing else."

DREYFUS CONDEMNED.

The Credit of the Army Saved by a Terrible Injustice.

CRIME OF THE CENTURY.

Court Reaches a Verdict Which Satisfies Nobody—Causes Rioting in Paris.

RENNES, Sept. 9.—Before a vast crowd and amid profound silence the judges to-day read their verdict in the Dreyfus case, condemning the defendant, but mitigating his punishment, so that virtually no punishment remains, except the disgrace of treason upon him.

The judges were ushered in with due military form, with the rattle of arms presented by the soldiers drawn up in line. They entered and cast their caps on the broad table before them and then Major Carrière moved for judgment and sentence in a few words.

As soon as the president began to read the paper containing the judgment of the court, which he said had been reached by 5 to 2, the silence was broken by a stir, the correspondents and reporters gathering for a rush. As he spoke the words "guilty" and sentenced to ten years' detention" there was an unseemly tumult, for the newspaper men were tumbling over each other to thrust their despatches, already written, into the opening leading to the street where a host of men and boys waited to receive them and scurry away, afoot, on wheels and in vehicles to the telegraph and cable offices.

Dreyfus sat in his accustomed place like a statue. The reading of the decision was suspended while the newspaper men climbed over each other, but he did not turn his head. When it was all over, when he had learned that he was again found guilty but that his sentence was modified from life imprisonment on the Island of the Devil to ten years' detention he rose when his guards signalled him and marched out after the crowd, stiff and apparently as senseless as an automaton. There were shrieks for the army among the people, but he did not heed them. Conflicting cries of sympathy for him and of hatred for all Jews affected him, apparently as little. He marched back to jail "eyes front," hands in the correct military position, shoulders squared and feet keeping time with the soldiers on each side of him.

His sentence to ten years' detention is the same as is accorded political prisoners, who get good attention. It is certain, however, that in ten days Dreyfus will be free. This will come by either of two sources. President Loubet will pardon him if he is not freed otherwise. But as the sentence is ten years' detention, which is the same in law as five years' solitary imprisonment, the prisoner has already served his sentence.

The verdict of the court is a move to pacify both sides. It is believed that the army will now be satisfied and at the same time Dreyfus get his liberty. After this he can be expected to bide his time for complete vindication in the event that he is, as he claims, absolutely innocent.

It has been quiet here since the verdict was returned this afternoon and gradually the military are being withdrawn.

Dreyfus refuses to discuss the case and moves as an automaton. Madame Dreyfus cannot be seen and Demange and Labori refuse to discuss the case for the present. They realize that their client will soon be free and will map out a new line of procedure to prove his innocence and secure his restoration to the army.

In Paris there are crowded streets and the excitement is intense. It is believed rioting may result during the night as the Dreyfus following is greatly disappointed and is denouncing the "military clique" in bitter terms. The police guards and gen'darmes are quadrupled and every effort is being made for quiet; but with little avail.

It is a strange coincidence that the anti-Dreyfussards are also inclined to be riotous on account of what they allege to be the weak sentence.

HOW'S THIS? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Dr. J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known Dr. J. C. HENNEY for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TRACY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. W. A. BORG, KISSAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

They Will Kick.

We sometimes put on a long face and look ask as though we hadn't a friend in the world, just because some one has found fault with something they saw in our paper. But why feel so badly over "spilled milk"? The merchant doesn't please all his customers; the postmaster, too, is kicked and abused because he makes mistakes; the station agent is frequently backed up in a corner by some old woman and given to understand this and that and numerous other things; the barber is censured for his dull razor; the baker is accused of fraud, some people declare the butcher is forever reminding of his tough meat; the grocer charges poor accounts to good customers so as to "even up," and even the preacher finds it hard work to please all his congregation with his best sermon. The only good person is the one who is doing the kicking.—Ex.

Sick Headache is the bane of many lives. Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine cures and prevents this annoying complaint. For sale by Huggins-Ligon Co.

Experience is a great teacher, but somehow the average man never lives long enough to graduate.

TILLMAN TALKS SENSE.

He Expounded the Views of Every Sensible Southern White Man when He Told Boston People that the Whites are in the Ascendancy and Will Remain so Whatever Comes.

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, has been talking to the New England people about the negro question, and the Boston Transcript says that Boston's silver-tongued abolitionist (Garrison) would hardly subscribe to the equivocal statement made by Tillman that "the whites are in the ascendancy and will remain so, whatever comes."

Quite true, for Boston's silver-tongued abolitionist was a dreamer of dreams, a visionary man and fanatic. He dealt in theories and not in facts. There are many others like him in Boston to-day who insist that the whites of the South shall not remain in the ascendancy. But all such talk does not alter the fact. The white man discovered this country, the white man fought for its independence, the white man made it what it is and the white man is going to rule it, peacefully if he can, by force if he must.

The people of Boston pride themselves on their learning. They are students of present and past events and they can tell you about the history of every nation, tribe and race from the beginning. They cannot point to a single instance where the black man has ever ruled the white man, except the ancient Egyptians be classed with the negro race. But they can point to numerous instances where the white man has ruled the black man, and it has invariably been the case when the white man went into the black man's country he occupied the land and either drove the black man out or ruled him.

Why should an intelligent newspaper like the Boston Transcript hold to the idea that conditions may be different in the South? The white man and the black man cannot live together upon terms of equality, and whenever it is attempted to enforce this thing there is going to be trouble and the black man is going to get hurt.

We shall not discuss the ethics of the question, although we do not shrink from such a controversy. But facts are facts and there is no arguing against them. We do not often find ourselves in line with Senator Tillman in his views on public questions, but Senator Tillman expresses the view of every discerning white man in the South and states the exact fact when he says that the whites are in the ascendancy and will remain so whatever comes.

The sooner the people of New England and the sooner the black men of this country recognize that fact the better it will be for the negro race.—Richmond Times.

Sunday Observance in Chattanooga.

Time—Sunday afternoon, Sept. 3, 1899.

Place—The Auditorium, Chattanooga.

Scene—About 4,000 men in the seats; 3,500 with their coats off, in shirt-sleeves; some smoking cigars, cigarettes, pipes; others chewing tobacco. Geo. R. Stuart, of Cleveland, Ohio, on the rostrum, delivering a stump speech on Chattanooga politics. Sam P. Jones, of Cartersville, Ga., sitting on the rostrum in a very high backed chair, both legs thrown over a high arm of the chair, his feet dangling in midair, turned toward the audience.

Geo. R. Stuart speaking—"A politician differs from a statesman just as a flea differs from a snake. A snake crawls on its own belly, while a flea with its legs delivers a stump speech on Chattanooga politics. (Laughter, applause, cat calls.) Jones (interrupting)—"I think a politician is like a tumble bug." (Renewed laughter and cat-calls.) Jones—"I wouldn't fight 'em for the same reason, that the coon wouldn't fight the skunk; I wouldn't be afraid of being licked but I would be afraid of the smell." (Renewed laughter, cat-calls and applause.)—Chattanooga Times.

When Pa Firs 'Et Tabasco Sauce.

When pa firs 'et tabasco sauce—I'm smilin' 'bout it yet. Although his subsequent remarks I regret to say were in bitter terms. "We'd come to town to see the sights, an' pa remarked to me: 'We'll eat at a long tong hotel an' sling some style,' says he. An' then he sort o' cast his eye around the place an' all. An' says, 'That ketchup must be good, the bottle is so small.' An' then he took a piece o' meat an' covered it thick.

When pa firs 'et tabasco sauce an' I come to make his kick. It all comes back so plain to me; I recollect it well; He just was talkin' mild and calm, and then he gave a yell. An' tried to catch the ceiling by but he run into his head. "Er-hoo! Er-hoo! Fire! Murder! Hoo!" I can't tell all he said. But when they heard his heated words six women left the room, and such language filled their souls with shame, an' also gloom; But pa, he only gurgled some, and then he yelled again.

When firs 'et tabasco sauce an' I come to make his kick. We laid him out upon a board an' fanned him with a white, an' pa, he sort o' gasped at first an' then he tried to smile. An' says, 'Just heat a poker now, an' run it down my neck; I want to cool off gradual, it's better, I expect.' But when he got me out o' doors, he says, 'I want to get that blame ketchup.

So I can try it on the boys when I get an' me get him. Till they, too, think the condiment is mixed with Kingdom Come."—San Francisco Examiner.

It is folly for people to subject themselves to attacks of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc., by the timely use of Ramon's Liver Pills & Tonic Pellets and Ramon's Peppin Chili Tonic they can so fortify their systems as to entirely prevent them. Every one knows these famous remedies, but for fuller information ask your druggist for pamphlets and sample dose. Sold by Dr. A. J. China.

Experience is a great teacher, but somehow the average man never lives long enough to graduate.

THE SEARCH FOR ANDRE.

Steamer Antarctic Returns Having Found No Trace of the Aeronaut.

Gothenburg, Sweden, Sept. 11.—The steamer Antarctic, which left Helsingborg, Sweden, on May 25 last, with an expedition under Prof. A. G. Nathorst, was spoken off the Skag, the northern extremity of Jutland, Denmark, to-day, on her return from her search along the northeast coast of Greenland for Prof. Andre.

She reported that she had found no trace of the missing aeronaut.

Thackeray's Recreation.

A favorite recreation with Thackeray was a walk through the zoological gardens. "If I have cares on my mind," he said, "I come to the zoo, and fancy they don't pass the gate." It was in the zoo, as which had along, that he made up the rhyme: First I saw the white bear, then I saw the black; Then I saw the camel with a lump upon his back; Then I saw the gray wolf, with mutt in his maw; Then I saw the wombat waddle in time; Then I saw the elephant a-waving of his trunk; Then I saw the monkeys—mercy, how unpleasantly they snit.

—ARGONAUT.

Proving the Bible True.

Lecturing at the British Museum on Saturday to the members of the Harnessed Antiquarian Society, the Rev. Dr. Kinnis said that there were 100,000 Assyrian inscriptions in the museum, 20,000 of which had been deciphered, and the work of deciphering the others was constantly going on.

So far they had got confirmatory evidence of the Bible story of the Deluge, the history of Sennacherib and of the narrative of Daniel. The Egyptian inscriptions had confirmed the story of Joseph and of the Exodus.

In moving a vote of thanks to the lecturer, the Archbishop of Jamaica said that the fresh discovery tended to establish the substantial truth of the Bible narratives, and it was most satisfactory to find the Bible so truthful on things about which it did not profess to be an authority.

Hetty Green's Methods.

Mrs. Hetty Green, whose immense wealth and peculiar ways have made her famous from one end of the country to the other, and who is particularly well known in this vicinity, has, according to a recent report from a Western source, formulated the following rules for getting rich: "Be careful of your health. Save your pennies. Study not how you can spend the money you have earned, but how you can earn more. Watch the people who want to turn your money from you; the more money you get the more such people there will be. Keep on earning money; if you stop earning your fortune will shrink as your arm does when you don't exercise it. See that your head isn't lame; it doesn't matter about your legs. Learn to know good people from bad. Take care of your money; it isn't half as hard to earn it as it is to take care of it. Be sure not to put all your money eggs into one basket. Be reliable; that's the golden rule of business."

Out of Sight.

Boss: "I don't know whether to discharge that new boy or raise his salary." Manager: "What has he been doing?" Boss: "He rushed in my private office this morning and told me there was a man down stairs who would like to see me."

Manager: "Who was it?" Boss: "A blind man."

Town and Country.

The woods are very green and fair, And fair and green the glen; And fair, too, is the treeless street That swarms with living men. And beautiful are forest aisles Beneath the century oaks. And beautiful the chimneys tall That belch with factory smoke, The songs of birds, the low of herds, The hum of bees in June, Chime with the foundry's clash and din In no discordant tune.

God made the undeciphering earth. The earth is brought forth trees! God also made discerning man. And man made factories; And so the factory and the tree Are parts of Nature's plan; Both man-made mill and earth-world tree Should please the God-made man. The bobolink's song and the motor-man's gong Are parts of one refrain; The cattled hills and the towered town. The wood path and the alley, The wheel thronged streets whose wheels are men, And the rivulet-threaded valley—These are all the equal home of the man.

Who loves the human brood; The home of the man who loves the world. And calls the whole world good. The robin's strain in the backwood lane To this man's ear is sweet; And so is the rhythmic pulse of the grave With its tread of a thousand feet.

He loves to see the pine tree grow And see the warehouse loom, And see the steamboats throng the wharves And see the buckwheat bloom. For towns grow up beside the streams As oaks grow on the hills, And mills spring up like growing corn And homes like daffodils. The breath of the fields its worship yields. Like prayer it rises high; And the smoke from a thousand chimneys tops Is incense to the sky. —Sam Walter Foss, in Leslie's Weekly.

To eat with appetite, Digest, with Comfort and Sleep with Tranquility, take a dose of Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine occasionally. For sale by Huggins-Ligon Co.

Frequently Protracted Constipation causes inflammation of the bowels. Kennedy—Use Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine. For sale by Huggins-Ligon Co.

Catching the Old Man. Little Clarence: "Pa, that man going yonder can't be he thunder." Mr. Callipers: "Is he deaf?" Little Clarence: "No, sir; it isn't thundering."

Little Clarence: "Pa, that man going yonder can't be he thunder." Mr. Callipers: "Is he deaf?" Little Clarence: "No, sir; it isn't thundering."

Little Clarence: "Pa, that man going yonder can't be he thunder." Mr. Callipers: "Is he deaf?" Little Clarence: "No, sir; it isn't thundering."

Little Clarence: "Pa, that man going yonder can't be he thunder." Mr. Callipers: "Is he deaf?" Little Clarence: "No, sir; it isn't thundering."

PEARY NEAR THE POLE.

Reports From the Far, Frozen and Unknown North.

IN WINTER QUARTERS.

Excellent Progress Made, and the Expedition Successful so Far.

BRIGUS, N. F., September 10.—The Peary-Harmsworth steamer Windward, Capt. John Bartlett, from Etah, North Greenland, August 26, arrived here to-day, reporting all well on board. She will be followed in a week by the Peary Arctic Club's steamer Diana, Capt. Samuel W. Bartlett, also from Etah. The Windward reports all on board the Diana were well at the time the vessels separated.

The season was one of continuous calm, with very little snow, the minimum temperature at the ship being 70 degrees below zero. All the Windward's company, including ten Eskimoes, were exempt from illness, accident or casualty of any kind.

Lieut. Peary and the sledge parties were in the field almost continuously from October, 1898, to August of this year, and have effected an extraordinary amount of important work, not only bearing on the future of his own expedition, but adding much to the geographical knowledge of the coast line and the interior of Ellesmere Land.

Lieut. Peary made a careful reconnaissance of the coast line south of Allman Bay, and he coast line of Princess Maria Bay, and Buchanan Strait, heretofore unknown, was accurately defined, and Hayes Sound was demonstrated to be a myth. Utilizing the December moon, he sledged along the ice for two hundred and fifty miles north, over almost impassable ice to Fort Conger, the headquarters of the Greeley expedition. He had the misfortune to have both feet frost bitten, which necessitated six weeks delay and confinement until he could make the return trip. Lashed to sledges he was hauled all the way to the Windward, where several toes were amputated. Complete recovery followed rapidly and he now walks as well as ever.

AT FORT CONGER.

Lieut. Peary found Fort Conger exactly as Greeley left it. The table was standing from the last meal, and all the other appointments had remained undisturbed for sixteen years. The buildings were in fair condition, though some of them would not be serviceable much longer. He took possession of all the property real and personal, in the name of the United States Government, and posted notices to that effect. He brought away, and is sending home the original. Greeley records, the sextant of Lieut. Beaumont, R. N., of the Hares-Markham expedition of 1876-78, recovered by Lieut. Lockwood, and many private letters and papers of members of Greeley's party, all of which are