TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Hath so warped my vital store That 'twould kill me if you taxed me

The Sluggard Advised to Study The Ways of the Ant.

To collect two hundred more."

—Boston Courier.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage draws his illustrations from a realm seldom utilized for moral and religious purposes; text, Proverbs, vi. 68. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise, which, having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest.

The most of Solomon's writings have perished. They have gone out of existence as thoroughly as the 20 books of Pliny and most of the books of Eschylus and Euripides and Varro and Quinti-Solomon's Song and Ecclesisstes and Proverbs, preserved by inspiration, are a small part of his voluminous productions. He was a great scientist. One verse in the Bible suggests that he was a botanist, a zoologist, an ornithologist, an ichthyologist and knew all about reptilia. I Kings iv, 33, spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the byssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts and of fowl and of creep-ing things and of fishes." Besides all these scientific works, he composed 3,000 proverbs and 1,005 songs.

Although Solomon lived long before the microscope was constructed, he was also an insectologist and watched and describes the spider build its suspension bridge of silk from tree, calling it the spider's web, and he notices its skillful foothold in climbing the smooth wall of the throneroom in Jerusalem, saying, "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in king's palaces." But he is especially interested in the ant and recommends its habits as worthy of study and imitation, saying. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise, which, having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest. But it was not until about 300 years

ago, when Jan Swammerdam, the son of an apothecary at Amsterdam, Holland, began the study of the ant under powerful lens that the full force of Solomon's injunction was understood. The great Datch scientist, in his examination of the insect in my text, discovered as great a display of the wisdom of God in its anatomy as astronomers discover in the heavens and was so absorbed and wrought upon by the wonders he discovered in the ant and other insects that bedy and mind gave way, and he expired at 43 years of age, a martyr of the great science of insic-

gathers food, and of mandibles, which,

But Solomon would not commend all the habits of the ant, for some of them are as bad as some of the habits of the human race. Some of these small creainto hosts and march in straight line | was sneered at as "Orator Mum." own race and destroy its occupants, ex cept the young, whom they carry into captivity, and if the army come back without any such captives they are not permitted to enter, but are sent forth | ed them aslant like steps on which to to make more successful conquest. Solomon gives no commendation to such sanguinary behavior among insects any more than he would have commended sanguinary behavior among handle. men. These little creatures have sometimes wrought fearful damage, and they have undermined a town in New Granada, which in time may drop into the abyss they have dug for it.

But what are the habits which Solo mon would enjoin when he says, "Con-sider her ways and be wise." First of all, providence, forethought, anticipa- and the fowl and the brute may be right tion of coming necessities. I am sorry to say these qualities are not charac teristic of all the ants. These creatures of God are divided into granivorcus and carnivorous. The latter are not frugal, but the former are frugal. insults the Creator. Alas, for the hor-While the air is warm and moving rors of viviscotion! I have no confiabout is not hindered by ice or snowbank they import their cargoes of food. They bring in their caravan of provisions; they haul in their long train of wheat or corn or oats. The farmers would take the life of a human being. are not more busy in July and August You cannot make me believe that God in reaping their harvest than are the looks down indifferently upon the galled ants busy in July and August reaping | neck of the ox or the cruelly curbed bit their harvest. They stack them away; they pile them up. They question the in the snowstorm or the cockpit or when they have enough. They aggre | the hear baiting or the pigeon shooting gate a sufficient amount to last them or the Inceration of fish that are not uatil the next warm season. When used. Go to the ant, thou miscreant, winter opens, they are ready. Blow, and see how God honors it. In the great ye winter blasts! Hang your icicles college of the universe it has been apfrom the tree branches! Imbed all the pointed our professor. All over the land highways under snowdritts! Enough and all over the world there are overfor all the denizens of the hills. Hun- driven horses that ought to be unharger shut out, and plenty sits within. God, who feedeth every living thing, has blessed the ant hill.

havior, what do you think of that large number of prosperous men and women alive that ought to be lifted out of the who live up to every dollar that they make, raising their families in luxuri us human race in the first century, and habits and at death expecting some kind | you know their names, but in the ninefriend to give their daughters employ. | teenth century he chose his thirteenth ment as music teachers or two ewriters | apostle, who wrought for the relief of or government employees? Such the brute creation, and his name was parents have no right to children. Henry Bergh. In my text the ant is "summer" and "winter." Some peo in the harvest. ple have no summer in their lives. From the rocking cradle to the still grave it is relentless January. Invalid being who taught the ineset how to some one to see whather it was the and the pedestal and the base measure infancy followed by some crippling ac build was geometer as well as architect. | man wanted.

eident or dimness of eyesight or duiness | of hearing or privation or disaster or unfortunate environment make life a perpetual wister. But in most lives there is a period of summer, although it may be a short summer, and 'hat is the time to prov de for the future.

One of the best ways of insuring the future is to put aside all you can for charitable provision. You put a crumbling stone in the foundation of your fortune if you do not in your plans regard the sufferings that you may al-leviate. You will have the pledge of the high heavens for your temperal welfare when you help the helpless, for the promise is: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor. The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble " Then there is another way of providing for the future. If you have \$1 000 a year income, save \$100; or \$2,000 a year, save \$500; or \$3,000, save \$1 000. Do you say such economy is meanness? I say it is a vaster meanness for you to

make no provision for the future and livelihood and in the guidance of hu compel your friends or the world to take care of you or yours in case of bereavement or calamity. Furthermore, go to the ant and conider that it does not decline work because it is insignificant. The fragment of seed it hauls into its habitation may be so small that the unaided eye cannot see it, but the insectile work goes on, the carpenter ant at work above ground, of the fir and the catkins of the pine for the roof or wall of their tiny abode, and others go out as hunters looking for

the mason ant at work under ground. Some oft hese creatures mix the leaves food, while others in domestic duties stay at home. Twenty speeks of the food they are moving toward their granary put upon a balance would ardly make the scales quiver. All of it work on a small scale. There is no use in our refusing a mission because it is insignificant. Anything that God in his providence juts before us to do is important. The needle has its office as certainly as the telescope and the spade as a parliamentarian scroll. You know what became of the man in the parable of the talents who buried the one talent instead of putting it to practical and accumulative use. His apology was of no avail.

There is no need of our wasting time and energy in longing for some other sphere. There are plenty of people to do the big and resounding work of the church and the world. No lack of brigadier generals or master builders or engineers for bridging Niagaras or tun neling Rocky mountains. For every big enterprise of the world a dozen can didates. What we want is private sol diers in the common ranks, masons not ashamed to wield a trowel, candidates for ordinary work to be done in ordinary ways in ordinary places. Right where we are there is something that God would have us to do. Let us do it, though it may seem to be as upinportant as the rolling of a grain of corn nto an ant hill.

Furthermore, go to the ant and con-

accidental stroke of your foot or the removal of a timber the cities of the in sectile world are destroyed, instantly hey go to rebuilding. They do not sit around moping. At it again in a second Their fright immediately gives may to their industry. And if our schemes of resulness and our plans of work fail, why sit down in discouragement? As large ant hills as have ever been con structed will be constructed again. Put we fashioned all the worldly treasures you have lost a commentary on revealed religion. Put the text or are nothing compared with the opulence the glow of sunrise and sunset into given it such genius of has right time, its wis dom for harvesting at the right time, its wonders of antennæ by which it face and then waves his hand toward a instead of the motion of the human jaw ing, "All are yours!" So that what you up and down in mastication, move from fail to get in this present life you will side to side; its nervous system, its en- get in the coming life. Go to work larging doors in hot weather for more | right away and rebuild as well as you sweep of breeze, its mode of attack and | can, knowing that what the trowels of defense, closing the gate at night earthly industry fail to rear the scepagainst bandit invaders; its purification | ters of heavenly reward will more than of the earth for human residence, its make up. Persistence is the lesson of social life, its republican government, every ant hill. Waste not a mewith the consent of the governed; its ment in useless regrets or unhealthy maternal fidelities, the habit of these repining Men fret themselves down, creatures of gathering now and then but no man ever yet fretted himself up, under the dome of the ant hillock, Make the obstacles in you way your co seemingly in consultation, and then adjutors, as all those have who have ac departing to execute their different complished anything worth accomplish-

John Philpot Curran, master of the rolls in Ireland, at his first attempt in court stammered and sat down in confusion and for that stammering was tures are desperadoes and murderers. derisively called "Stuttering Jack Cur-Now and then they marshal themselves | ran" and because of his failure in speech and come upon an encampment of their he went to work and conquered himself and then conquered courtroom and great assemblages whom he thrilled with his eloquence So instead of running against obstacles as against a stone wall he placnount. Put your crust in God and nothng can stand before you. Rittenhouse, the astronomer, at the start was so poor that he figured out celipses on a plow

Furthermore, go to the ant and conisder that if God honors an insect by making it our instructor in important lesons we ought not to abuse the lower orders of creation. It has been found by scientists that insects transfixed in the case of a museum have been alive and in torture for years. How much the insect ly called to suffer for the advancement of numan knowledge and the betterment of the condition of the human race I do not now stop to discuss, but he who uselessrors of viviscotion! I have no confi-dence in the morality of a man or a my hearts delight. I am your true woman who would harm a horse or a lover. of the horse or of the unsheltered eatnecsed, eaged birds that ought to be put on their wings in the free air of heaven, droves of cattle sgon zed of thirst on In contrast with that insectile be- the freight trains where they ought to be watered and crustacea being broiled fire. Christ chose 12 apostles for the

Every neighborhood has specimens of not impaled, is not dead, but alive, and Newbold, when he left, stated that he such improvidence. The two words in the warm fields providing her meat did not believe that the Mississippi that most strike me in the text are in the summer and gathering her food authorities had gotten Reese. The Furthermore go to the ant and learn ever, that the governor thought i

The raths inside that little home raidiate from the door with as complete ar-rangement as ever the boulevards of a city raidiated from a triumphal arch or a flwowered circle. And when they march they keep perfect order, moving in straight lines, turning out for noth ing. If a timber lie in the way, they climb over it. If there be house or barn n the way, they march through it. Order in architectural structure, order n government, order of movement, order of expedition. So let us all observe his God appointed rule and take satis action in the fact that things are not at cose ends in this world. If there is a livine regulation in a colony or republic of insects, is there not a divine regulation in the lives of immortal men and

If God cares for the least of his creatures and shows them how to pro-vide their meat in the summer and gather their food in the harvest, will he not be interested in matters of human man afairs? I preach the doctrine of a particular providence. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and yet not one of them is forgotten before God? Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?" Let there be order in our individual lives, order in the family, order in the church, order in the state. In all the world there is no room for anarchy.

But we live in times when there are so many clashings. There seems almest universal unrest. Large fortunes swallow up small fortuges. Civilize nations trying to gobble up barbario here, and your participation in our nations. Upheaval of creeds and people proceedings; we desire, also, through who once believed everything now believing nothing. The old book that Moeses began and St. John ended bombarded from scientifi; observatories and college classrooms. Amid all this disturbance and uncertainty that which many good peop'e n ed is not a stimulus. but a sedative, and in my tex: I find it-divine observation and guidance of minutest affairs. And nothing is to God large or small-planet or ant hillthe God who easily made the worlds employing his infinity in the wondrous cons'ruction of a spider's foot. B fore we leave this subject let us

thank God for those who were willing to endure the fatigues and self sacrifices necessary to make revelation of the natural world, so re-enforcing the Scriptures. If the microscope could speak, what a story it could tell of hardship and proverty and suffering and perseverance on the part of those who employed it for important dis-covery! It would tell of the blinded eyes of M. Strauss, of the Habers and f scores of those who, after inspecting the minute objects of God's creation, staggered out from their cabinets with vision destroyed. This hour is nany a professor's study the work of putting yesight on the altar of science is going on. And what greater loss can one suffer than the loss of eyesight unless t be loss of reason? While the telescope is reaching farther up and the sider its indefatigableness. If by the mi croscope is reaching farther down, both are exclaiming: 'There is a God. and he is infinitely wise and infinitely good! Worship and worship him for

And now I bethick myself of the fact that we are close to a season of the year which will allow us to be more out of doors and to confront the lessons of the natural world, and there are voices hat seems to say. Go to the ant; go to the bird, go to the flowers; go to the your trust in God and do your duty, fields; go to the waters. Listen to the best days are yet to come. You have contacts that drop from the gallery of never heard such songs as you will yet he tree tops. No ise in the path where hear, nor have you ever lived in such | you walk the lessons of in dustry and grand abode as you will yet occupy, and | divine guidance. Make natural religion make you think of him who is the R s of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, and every overhanging cliff remind you of the Rock of Ages, and every morning suggets the "days; ring from on high, which giveth light to those who are in dark ress, and even the little hillock built by the raodside or in the fields reminds you of the wisdom of imi tating in temporal and spiritual things the insectile forethought, "which having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and

gathereth her food in the harvest." John C. Calhoun's Wooing. I'hough an ardent lover fretting at slow course until his wedding day, John C. Calhoun wrote but one letter to his sweetheart—his protty cousin, Floride Calhoun. All the other ommunications, when the lovers were erarated, were made through her mothr. But shortly before their marriage, the Great Nullifier," wrote expressing is anxiety for the arrival of the happy day, and the letter recently come to light is published in the Ladies' Home Journal. After giving hearty expression o the joy he has found in her company he letter runs: "It gives me much satisfaction that time and absence make no impression on my love for you; it glows with no less ardor than at the noment of parting, which must be a appy omen of its permanent nature. When mere personal charms attract, the impression may be violent but cannot be lasting, and it requires the perpetual presence of the object to keep it alive; but when the beauty of mind, the soft and sweet disposition, the amiable and lovable character embellished with innocence and cheerfulness are united to the attractions of personal beauty, it bids defiance to time. Such, my dear Floride, are the arms by which you have corquered, and it is by these the durability of your sovereignty ly harms any of God's living creation is established over your subject whom you hold in willing servitude. May

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot cach the diseased portion of There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed conditon of the nucous lining of the Eustschian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafners is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine eases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafte s (saused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Daugi ts, 75c.

Hall's family Pills are the best. After all, it turns out that the man inder arrest at Oxford, Miss., was not the much desired M. R. Reese. Mr. authorities there were so positive, howthe lesson of God appointed order. The absolutely necessary to at least send

HONORED AT LAST.

Memorial to Henry Timrod Unveiled in Charleston.

CAPT. COURTENAY'S WORK.

An Original Poem on Timrod Read by Mr Henry A Austin, of New York, Its

Author.

A dispatch from Charleston to The State says the Timrod memorial was unveiled with appropriate exercises Wednesday afternoon under the auspices of the Timrod Memorial Association of South Carolina.

Ex. Mayor Courtenay, president of the Timrod Memorial Association, presided, and said: Ladies and Gentlemen: We are here assembled to dedicate with public cere-

monies, a monument in memory of Henry Timrod. The exercises will now be opened with prayer by the Rev. Bishop Capers, D. D. The soldier priest then made an

quent prayer. Continuing Capt. Courtenay said: Mr. Mayor: In behalf of our association, I thank you for your presence here, and your participation in our

you, to thank the honorable city council for this ideal site, so freely granted to receive the memorial Among their graven shapes to whom Thy civic wreths belong.

the City of his love, make room For one, whose gift was song .

Fair City by the Sea! upraise His veil with reverent hands; And mingle with thine own the praise And pride of other lands.

our lips of praise must soon be dumb. Our grateful eyes be dim; Oh! brothers of the days to come,

Take tender charge of him The unveiling now awaits your friendly offices.

Mayor Smyth unveiled the monument nd accepted it in behalf of the city o Charleston

Ex Mayor Courtenay, resuming his emarks, said: The chief duty of this commemorative hour is now dischargd-the unveiling of the memorial of Henry Timrod in its completenesscrowned by the sculptor's art-faced with appropriate inscriptions; in its graceful significance as a gift from thousands of appreciative admirers, stands secure on its firm base, cut from he granite hills of his native State! The end not only crowns the work, but oes something more, "It is the public ecognition of literature as a felt induence, to be commemorated side by side with states manship, scientific in vention and every other form of high public service." The occasion is thus ifted up above the environment of personal memories, which inspired it.
and marks a new period in our culture; t declares in a forceful way that "the poetic literature of a land is the finer and purer ether above the material advance and the events of its history. We symbol ze, too, our intellectual

"It is the poet and the artist who make baautiful the temple.' An original poem was then pro-nounced by Mr. Henry Austin, of New York, as follows:

growth when we dedicate this beautiful

art work to the memory of Henry Tim

Forever fair, forever young, Leaving her loved Olympian hill, The Goddess of the rhythmic tongue Visits her chosen still. Not with a lou i, tempestuous rush,

Or sudden flash of golden wings Descends the highest Muse; a hush Of balmy calm she brings. lysterious as a spectral ship

Emerging from a spectral mist, She c mes with fresh, with floral, lip, By winds auroral kissed, To him she came—that dreamy boy, Knight errant through the vernal camps,

Where jusmines, in their virgin joy, Relume perfumed "lamps on him she smiled in many a glen. By many a wild and weird lagoon, Where erst the songs of Marion's men

Rang to the midnight moon. the gave him of her grace antique Of deeds divine, divinely sung: he thrilled him with the surge of Greek

And Rome's majestic tongue. beeply he felt that ancient grace, That power, which bade the song outroll The song of Helen's fatal face

And Hector's patriot soul. deeply-that in after days To his own Troy, beleaguerred long, erene amid the battle's blaze

He sang a clarion song. His Troy went down, but oe'r the hush Of the spent storm of blood and tears, Sweeter than lilt of lark or thrush Up the resounding years.

His lyric music echoing flows, Each vital note as crystal-clear As dew of morn upon the rose, Or Pity's perfect tear.

Poesy, so quick to thrill And soften e'en a foeman's breast, o compass bounds thy scope and skill-No South, North, East or West.

The whole world trembles to thy charms le chastened by thy mystic spell, rt rose a victor over arms When Hermes strung the shell. leasured by outward shows alone.

How sad our Poet's life would seem ershadowed by a cause o'erthrown-The chaos of a dream w marked for grief a nd set apart! Nay, whensoe'r the Muse is kind.

e makes a hey-day of the heart-A May day of the mind. lusic is eye its own reward Its own rich recompense is Rhyme; Bright, when the splendor of the sword

Rusts in the sheath of Time. Thus, now that Carolina calls No longer on her soldier song: and Peace, with sweet oblivion, falls Upon the "festal guns."

The lyrist of her vallant past. The limner of her radiant land, Receives his monument, at last, From Carolina's hand.

The address in honor of the poet was next delivered by Professor Thos. della Torre, of the College of Charles-

Ex Mayor Ficken paid eloquent tribute to the memory of the elder Timrods, the grandfather and father of the

Bishop Capers pronounced the beneliction. The memorial is a handsome but unretentious monument. The simplicity of the memorial accords with the quiet, retiring and modest life of Timrod. The base and pedestal are of Winnsboro

six feet in height. The top of the

pedestal is twenty inches square, on which rests the heroic size bronze bust of Timrod. The bust is three feet high and weighs about 150 pounds. It is a striking likeness of the poet. The bust was designed by Sculptor Edward V. Valentine of Richmond, Va., from a painting owned by Capt. Courtenay. The bust was east by the Henry Bonnard Bronze company of New York. The stone work was done at the Charleston yards of Mr. Thomas H. Reynolds, who also set

The memorial is a worthy and fitting mark to the memory of the South Caro-lina poet, and too much credit cannot be given to the memorial association for its devoted labors in the erection of the monument The Timrod Memorial association was organized in Novem ber, 1898, the object being the restoration to general circulation throughout the United States of the charming poems of the South Carolina poet and the erection of a worthy public memorial from the realization of the sale of this authorized edition. It was determined to issue 4,000 copies and to retail these books at \$1 50 a copy. Almost the entire issue was subscribed for and a sum of money was realized sufficient to pay for the monument which was unveiled this afternoon and the necessary expenses attending the unveiling exercises. A balance has been left which the association will put to use in caring for the burial lot of the Timrod family in Trinity church yard at Columbia. In this lot lie the remains of the poet, his mother and sister. The lot has not been properly cared for and the needed attention will now be provided by the Memorial as-sociation, and probably a tablet of some kind may be erected on the lot.

The inscriptions on the four bronze panels are appropriate and adequate. Oa the south panel, which may be said to be the front, since the bust faces Broad street:

Henry Timred, Born in Charleston, S. C., December 8, 1323, Died in Columbia, S. C.,

The west panel reads as follows:

Through clouds and through sunshine, in peace and in war, amid the stress of poverty and the storms of civil strife, his soul never faltered and his purpose never failed. To his poetic mission he w s faithful to the end. In life and in death he was "not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.

The east panel states:

This memorial has been erected with the proceeds of the recent sale of very large editions of the author's poems by the Timrod Memorial Association of South Carolina. "Genius like Egypt's monarch timely wise,

The lines on the north panel are taken from Timrod's beautiful poem, read in 1867 at the first decoration of the Confederate dead in Magnolia cemetery, and are as follows:

Fleep sweetly in your humble graves, Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause I hough yet no marble co umn craves, The pilgrim here to pause.

In the seeds of laurel in the earth, The blossom of your fame is blown, And somewhere, waiting for its birth, The shaft is in the stone.

stoop, angels, hither from the skies! there is no holier spot of ground Than where defeated valor lie By mourning beauty crowned!

ARMY SCANDALS

The trial of Capt. James C. Reed. former depot commissary at Manila, who was arrested about a fortnight ago for alleged participation in the commissary frauds, was begun here Thursday and bids fair to develop into a celebrated case. Capt. Reed is charged with soliciting and receiving bribes,

and with other official misconduct. Mr. Schindler, manager of the Alhambra Cigar Factory, testified that in November Capt. Reed had told him that Major George B. Davis, who was the deputy commissary before Capt. Reed, but who was sent to the United States on sick leave and whose name appears upon the books of Evans & Co., Government contractors at Manilla, as the resipient of \$1,000, was \$2,000 short in his accounts. Continuing Mr. Schindler testified that these, having profitable contracts with the Government, were asked to assist in making good Major Davis's shortage. Schinder gave Capt. Reed \$1,050, which was 21 per cent commission on the cirgars sold to the commissary department during the time that Major Davis was depot

commissary at Manilla An officer named Franklin, who was assistant commissary, testified to the effect that on Marsh 18, and following the direction of a superior officer, he obtained \$1,000 from Major Davis and prince."-Leslie's Weekly. paid this money over to Schindler

Inspector General Darlington testified that during the preliminary investigation of the commissary scandals Capt. Reed admitted to him recovering money from Schindler and others and gave as an excuse that the money so recovered was intended to cover Major Davis's beef shortage.

Lieut. Richard H. Townley, of the navy, at present superintendent of the Manilla Nautical School, testified that as the result of a conference with Capt. Reed he went to see Castle Brothers, contractors, who supplied the commissary department with vegetables, etc. and asked them to give the Captain \$2,000 and 10 per cent. commission on all the sales. Castle Brothers demurred to this proposition. Lieut. Townley again went to Castle Brothers and this time only asked them for \$2,000. Castle Brothers were reluctant to hand over this sum, and Lieut. Townley explained that Capt. Reed was in a pesition to advance the interests of the firm and that it would be sivantageous to Castle Brothers to oblige him. Lieut. Townley testified that he further explained to Castle Brothers that Capt. Reed might allow them the use of Government lighters and possibly be less rigid in the inspection of goods purchased. Lieut. Townley said that he thought Capt. Reed was doing a noble thing in attempting to protect the character of a brother officer. He also said that such transactions were

not customary in the navy. When cross-examined Lieut. Townley said, rather sheepishly, that he was not so sure he was doing right in taking the witness chair.
Col. Charles A. Woodruff, chief of

the subsistence department in Manilla. explained the circumstances of Capt. Reed's appointment and described the duties of the depot commissary, not knowing whether the accounts of Major Davis were correct or not. He ex plained that on December 30 Castle Brothers aroused his suspicions by intimating that money was being collected by an officer of the commissary department. Later Col Woodruff sent for Capt. Reed, who admitted receiving rebates for the purpose of covering the delinquencies of Major Davis.

The testimony of Col. Woodruff is unfinished and other witnesses are Press. awaiting examination.

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THE BEST PRESCRIPTION IS Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

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At the Other End.

A certain naval officer was very pompous and conceited when on duty. One day, when he was officer of the to the entire Southland. It watch, and he could not, as usual, find anything of consequence to grumble

of this tube?" The reply came quick and start-

"Not at this end, sir!" The feelings of the officer, as he urned away with a black frown, can be better imagined than described .-

Leslie's Weekly. Can't Cut Him Entirely. "Dear me," sighed Mrs. Fiddlefaddle, since they were reduced, you know, the Waxywoddles have become most plebeian. Why, their son has actually

come a postman." daddle, "there's one consolation, his oute is in the most exclusive district, so he will still have some of our best people on his calling list."-Philadel-

His Recommendation. Tom-Halloa, Bill! I hear you have position with my friends, Skinner &

Bill-Oh, yes; I have a position as Tom-That's first-rate. Who reconce collected an account from you,

Papa's Consent.

She-Isn't it lovely? Papa consents. He-Does he really? She-Yes. He wanted to know who ou were, and I told him you were tape clerk at Serimp & Co.'s, and he

He-I am delighted. She-Yes; and he said we could be the brave men who fought and and Wells married just as soon as you were taken | died. into the firm .- N. Y. Weekly.

Brevity. "Why is brevity considered the soul of wit?" asked the man who asks foolish questions. "Because," answered the man who makes foolish answers, "when a man is short he is much more likely to be acute. Nothing stimulates mental activity like needing the money.-Bos-

The Great Kaiser. "Mamma," said the bright young woman, "I wonder if welsaw all the geysers when we were at Yellowstone park. "I suppose so, dear. Why?"

"I heard Mr. Pimpernickel telling a customer of his to-day that the 'Gey-ser Wilhelm was the greatest of all.'" -Philadelphia Press The Changed View.

"I always thought she was the nost commonplace of girls." "At any rate, she has just done a most romantic thing." "What, pray?"

"Married a young man of her own age who is neither a coachman nor a

An Awful Revenge. Friend (to amateur poet)-I see you are sending off a manuscript to the Bonton Magazine. I thought you told me only the other day you thoroughly disliked and despised the editor of that particular magazine? Poet-I do. That's why I'm sending

him my poem.-Judge. Nearer Yet and Dearer Still. When you were a blushing young miss
And I was your dutiful swain
A smile from you savored of bliss
And a frown filled my heart with pain.
You were dear then, but now, as my wife, Of course you're somewhat nearer And in paying your bills, on my life I'd swear you get dearer and dearer. -Chicago Dally News.

AT THE MATINEE,

The Girl-Beg pardon, does my hat

The Man-I can see nothing else. The Girl-Then I'll tell you what to lo. Just keep your eye on me, and when I laugh you haugh-when I cry, you cry.-Chicago Chroniele.

Self-Conviction. The man who talks about himself,
Who flaunts his "me's" and "I's,"
But gives undoubted proof to those
Who hear him that he lies.
—Chicago Record-Herald. A Forehanded Lover, 7 \

"Shall we clope, George?" "Yes-if you think it will please your father. Financially, I'm not prepared to get him down on me." -- Detroit Free M morial Day.

April 26th was a sacred day

was set apart for a memorial of Mukden. The Russians and Chinesenear anything of consequence to grumble the brave men who gave up all on one of the stokers of the vessel, who was in the engine-room, on duty. Going to the speaking tube, the offi- principles. We fully agree with the Augusta Chronicle when it "Is there a blithering idiot at the end says "there has been too much Saw Mills, of apology by southern men, politicians and business men seeking northern favor, for the position of the south in the war for southern independence. We hear too much about southern men having fought for principles 'they believed to be right.' Pea Hullers, The inference is that while we now know they were wrong, nevertheless our fathers were honest because they 'believed' the south was right. This is rot. "Yes, but then," replied Mrs. Diddle- The people of the south believe today the south was right, just as much as they believed in the sixties, and fair-minded men at the north are conceding it. While southern men may frankly accept the arbitrament of arms, and believe that it is better to have one great united republic than to have two rival governments in this country, and while the right of secession may have been irrevocably set- geant Log Beam Saw mill is mmended you?

Bill—Oh, nobody. I told them that tled, this does not determine the heaviest, strongest, and the heaviest, strongest, and the heaviest officient will for the that in 1861 the southern states most efficient mill for the and they instantly gave me the place. went to war for wrong principles, or that in deciding to withdraw from the Union they B. Smith Machine Company were rebels. The loyalty of wood working machinery. southern men to the reunited For high grade engines, plain country needs no argument It slide valve—Automatic, and is not in dispute. But in order to Corliss, write me: Atlas, be loyal now, it is not necessary Writes, write me: Atlas to be disloval to the memory of Watersown, and Struthers

This Woeful World. "Some people," sighed the disap-pointed one, "are so lucky that it seems as if they simply can't lose, no matter what happens." "And still the people who lose," said the amateur philosopher, "are not always happy. I know a fat woman who would like to lose about 60 pounds and can't, and it makes

her hopping mad every time she thinks of it."—Chicago Times-Herald. Brick Machinery, Lenten Meditation. "Oh, where are you going, my pretty

maid?"
"I am going to church, kind sir," she said,
"What do you there, I would ask, pretty
maid?" maid? I-pray, and I think up new hats," she said -Detroit Free Press JUST IN TIME.

He-Too bad, Miss Maud, that you are always engaged. I would pro pose to you on the spot. She-You are just in time, because I broke off my engagement yesterday!-Heitere Welt.

No Difference. Whoe'er the man, when plaudits gay
Resound among the spires and arches,
The people shout the same "hooray!"
The brass bands play the same old -Washington Star.

End of a Romance. "I called to see your father this afternoon," remarked Charlie, as he took a seat in the parlor. Dora fluttered visibly. Recovering herself with an apparent effort, she can stand on your own merits and advance said, simply: "Did you?" "Yes," replied Charlie. "He has been owing our firm a little account for a ong time."-Tit-Bits.

Perfidious Man Mrs. Linguist-I want to get a diorce. My husband talks in his sleep. Lawyer Soozem-But, my dear madam, that is no ground for di vorce. There is no cruelty in-Mrs. Linguist-But he talks in Latin, and I don't understand that language at all.—Baltimore American

Mrs. Brago-Tell me, professor, wil my daughter ever become a great

Herr Vogleschnitzle-I cannot dell "But has she none of the qualifications necessary for a good musician?" "Ach! Yah, matam, she has two handts."-Tit-Bits.

Entitled to Them. Lawyer-My client wants two pen

Pension Agent-Two? Lawyer-Yes; she can prove that her deceased husband wouldn't have gone to war at all if she hadn't made him,-

A Bloody Battle. A dispatch from Pekir, dated May 1, says that a bloody battle has occurred

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