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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

## OUR GREAT LEE AT HIS BEST

### Recollection of a Great Battle—First Impression of Confederate Leader.

Richmond Times.

I distinctly recall the famous place and the memorable conditions surrounding the great soldier when I saw him the first time. I was then a fairly-observant youth, in my twentieth year, a period at which we are apt to receive and retain vivid impressions of any noted event or famous personage, personally seen and known. As one grows old there is a commendable tendency to indulge the reminiscent mood. As a matter of blended fact and sentiment, most of us like to look back and lovingly dwell on the pleasant and the notable things of the past in which we were actors. At times I am given to such moods as I have just mentioned, sober and serious, reflections. Then, over the kindly stretch of nearly two-score years I would call up in proud memory the fabled portrait of that manly, heroic figure, so firmly and gracefully seated on his noble, trusty steed. In recalling my first view and impression, I take it to be well within the province of this sketch to state the place, circumstances, environments, as they were all quite remarkable, now forming illustrious pages in American history. They also help to depict to some extent the grand character of one of the greatest soldiers of the past two centuries.

It was about noon of September 17, 1862, at Sharpsburg, during the terrible, sanguinary and indecisive battle of Antietam. Here I first saw General Robert E. Lee, riding along the firing line. He was inquiring for General Jackson. I heard him make the inquiry of several officers. I was so impressed with the noble bearing, the stately appearance of the man, and his good, substantial mount, that I was induced to ask an officer near me if he was not some general officer. I received the prompt reply that the distinguished-looking man was no less a personage than General Robert E. Lee. I had thought before I put my question that he was one of our generals, but I had no idea he was our great commander-in-chief. He wore no sign of his exalted rank. His good, gray uniform displayed no ornaments of any kind, indicating the high grade of his official position. Still the personal appearance of such a well-developed manly figure was very imposing and attractive, and he was well mounted on a large, trusty-looking horse.

I was not so greatly surprised at being informed that the dignified, commanding-looking soldier was R. E. Lee, but I was surprised and felt quite uneasy that he should be where he was likely to be struck down any second. I so expressed myself, at the same time remarking that I did not suppose General McClellan was in a mile of the battle-field. It is not generally the rule that the commander-in-chief advances with his men under a terrific, sweeping fire of rifles and musketry. His subordinates, from brigadier-generals down are expected to do this, and, occasionally, his major-generals lend their assuring presence in a hot and doubtful struggle. I readily recall two gallant old brigadier-generals—Paul Semmes and M. D. Corse—that I had the honor to serve under, who always led their men in any and every general engagement with the enemy.

So it came about that I first saw General Robert E. Lee, to know him, at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862, while the great battle of Antietam was "in full swing"; while he was raging; while some 120,000 men were making the gamut fight of the nineteenth century, not excepting Waterloo, which, in some respects, resembled Antietam, but with very different results, Napoleon being defeated and leaving the field with a badly-outfitted army, Lee, with his heroic army occupying and resting on the field of battle, the entire day after the battle, and then the night of September 18th, retiring deliberately, and in good order, carrying all his guns and baggage. When I saw General Lee he looked firm and resolute, perfectly self-poised, confident, dignified. He evidently felt that his 39,000 veterans could hold the field and carry it over the 80,000 men composing the Federal host.

I saw our great Lee at his best, with the light of battle in his eye, heroism in every feature. It was during the most critical and trying part of that most desperate day, when the deadly, bloody tide of dubious conflict was fiercely, turbulently ebbing and flowing; when the red vintage of human gore flowed in corn-fields and apple orchards; in open hollows and on wooded slopes; often blushing the pure waters of the modest streams and staining the shapely leaves of the sheltering forest. On this terrible, this sanguineous field, at midday, the struggle for supremacy was most eventful and uncertain. It could not be told where the bird of victory would fold its weary and triumphant wings. It was here "the red badge of courage" flaunted its crimson hues over all the fair face of peaceful nature. It was here that knightly deeds far outshone the mythical splendor of that vaunted time "when knighthood was in flower."

It was here that "captains courageous" only emulated the superb courage of their men, each and all bravely doing amid so many heroes dead and dying. And it was here and then the heroic manhood of Robert E. Lee was tried and tested, and found equal to the emergency of holding his battle lines of offence and defence against the powerful enemy.

The night after the battle, after taking counsel with his generals, he dis-

missed them with the words: "Gentlemen, if General McClellan wishes to fight to-morrow, we will give him battle; see that your commands are held ready. Good night." The Federal commander-in-chief did not see fit to renew the battle the next day. As I take it, upon a fair and reasonable estimate, the relative strength of the two armies the morning of September 18th would be about 30,000 Confederates and 70,000 Federals. This would be placing the Confederate loss at from 9,000 to 10,000 men; the Federal loss at from 12,000 to 15,000 the preceding day. In simply stating a situation of fact, now a matter of history, I have no comment to make as to the reason entertained by a general with 70,000 men declining to engage in battle with another general who did not have 30,000 available men.

The two armies were convenient to each other; they were in plain sight of one another; on the same field they had fought on the day before; there was no long, weary marching necessary to precede the deadly battle of musketry, the loud thunder of artillery. But, forsooth, there was no fighting at Sharpsburg or Antietam the 18th day of September, 1862. History will securely preserve the name and fame of Robert E. Lee among the truest, noblest, most peerless soldiers of any age or clime. A Northern historian has been kind and honest and brave enough to write down the great battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam as "a drawn battle." In this brief sketch I have only written of it in a general way, principally to recall the first time I saw the greatest of soldiers, the noblest of men; a name respected and honored alike by friend and foe, far and near, at home and abroad—Robert E. Lee.

C. A. R.

Richmond, Va., July 25, 1901.

## AN IMMENSE POULTRY FARM

### Incubators Holding 20,000 EGGS—Kettles That Cook 1,000 Gallons.

A correspondent of the Kansas City Star, writing from Dallas, Pa., says: "This little village has what is probably the largest poultry farm in the world. The Meadow Brook Farm, situated a short half mile from the railway station, covers eighty-two acres of ground. The building and yards of this immense plant cover over thirty-five acres and the amount of floor space under roof amounts to a little more than 112,000 square feet. It is lighted by electricity, heated by steam and watered by a system of pipes, which are fed by an immense living well on the premises.

The business of the plant consists of supplying young ducks and chickens to summer hotels, clubs, restaurants, steamship lines and market dealers who cater to the best trade of the big cities. Eggs are also furnished in large quantities for the table and for hatching purposes. The plan of conducting such an immense business is an interesting one.

The incubator building contains fifty large incubators, each holding 400 eggs. The total capacity of the incubators in use is 20,000 eggs. It takes twenty-one days for a chicken to hatch in these machines and twenty-eight days for a duckling to come through. If all the machines discharged their chicks and ducklings at the same time they could not be handled to advantage, so to overcome this difficulty some of the machines are loaded with eggs each day, so that some of them discharge their young broods daily. By this system the age of the stock is graduated, so that the number required for market matures daily, and is cooped and shipped a hour longer than is necessary.

When the little chicks come from the incubators they are herded into pens. They advance from stall to stall through these pens from day to day until they are ninety days of age, when they are driven into the coops and sent to market. The squad that leaves the machines to-day are supposed to keep each other company from the incubator to the frying pan, barring those that are puny and have to be put back a few days, or those that are particularly hardy and can stand to be moved up a pen or two, consequently there must be thousands of birds on hand constantly to enable the proprietor to fill his daily orders.

The sale of eggs for the table is another large source of revenue. Two thousand hens will lay from 1,000 to 1,200 eggs a day. These are gathered, the date stamped upon them, wrapped nicely in tissue paper, packed in boxes holding a dozen each, and in from six to twenty-four hours all are on the cook's table in the different Eastern cities.

The killing house, where the poultry is dressed for the market, is deserving of especial mention. In the height of the season the men go to work at 3 o'clock in the morning. A little tramway traverses the entire plant, and the live birds are brought to the killing house in cars. It has long picking benches, which extend the entire length of one side of the building. Each operator has a window to afford him plenty of light. There are scalding vats, feather bins, cooling troughs, dripping racks, packing benches, feather presses, billing desks, ice breakers, platform and hanging scales, and numerous other contrivances, so that thousands of birds can be turned out with speed that seems incredible.

Everything about the place is conducted on a large scale. There is a thousands of vegetable store house, where turnips, cabbage, etc., are stored away every fall for winter use. This house

is built below the level of the ground to protect its contents from frost.

In one of the buildings there is an immense food cooker, which will hold a thousand gallons. It occupies two stories, being loaded from above and emptied from below. Several barrels of fresh meat and bone are dumped in here at once, the door is bolted down and a pressure of seventy pounds of steam is turned into it for thirty minutes at the end of which time the entire substance, meat, bone and all, is reduced to soup. Mule meat is used almost exclusively in making this broth. The soup made from the flesh of the mules is used to mix with the food of the young fowls. Water is never mixed with their food. They are given plenty to drink. Great quantities of bread are fed to the growing fowls. They consume from 600 to 1,000 loaves daily. Shell is purchased by the car load and ground by steam machinery on the premises. The food is carted about the place in the cars of the little tramway. When the track runs through the yards, as it must in some places, it is built on trestles, so as not to injure or disturb the young fowls.

There are many curious facts in connection with the business. Little ducks do not get along as well as little chickens. They are the greatest cowards in the world. When a stranger enters their pen they rush pell-mell to the opposite side and pile upon each other several feet deep. As a result of such a scare there will always be several dead ducks and a number of crippled ones. It is estimated that a duck loses in weight every time he is frightened, so it is a matter of good business to keep strangers away from the duck pens, and few visitors are allowed to get there. One of the best ways to get a flock of young ducks to venture and forage for themselves is to put a young chicken among them. They are great to follow a leader, and when young Mister Chicken, who is not so cowardly, leads off the ducks are right after him. But they are a timid folk; a light has to be kept burning in their pens all night. If they are left alone in the dark it is not long until the vivid imagination of one of them will conjure up something to get scared at. He will sound the alarm and the panic that follows is something terrible. The keepers go through at regular intervals during the night. The ducks become very fond of the men who feed them and care for them, but any other breathing thing frightens them. The machine-made fowls that are raised so systematically lack a good many of the characteristics of the ordinary birds and have some ways not common to the others.

The keepers have a peculiar call, which never fails to attract the fowls from all portions of the place. They also have another sound, which is intended to imitate the whirring noise of a hawk's wings. In event of a storm coming up suddenly they can clear the pen yards quicker than it takes to tell it by sounding this alarm.

The natural enemy of the young chickens and ducklings is the rat, but several ferrets are kept on the place constantly and the loss from the depredations of the rodents is small.

WHERE THE HUGUENOTS ORIGINATED.—The origin of the name Huguenot, as applied to French Protestants, has been a bone of contention amongst antiquarians and philologists for many years. No less than twenty-one separate derivations have been suggested, but all of them are open to debate, and at this late date it is questionable whether the matter can be carried to a conclusion. Legend says that near Troyes a ghost, known as "le roy Hugon," haunted the darkness, and as the Protestants often held their meetings in secret and at night, they were called by the diminutive of this name. Another suggestion is that the word comes from the German word "Edigenossen," in the sense of confederates bound by an oath. This term was indeed used by the Swiss, but it was used by Roman Catholics and Protestants alike. At the last meeting of the Paris Academie des Inscriptions M. Charles de Grand Maison showed by means of extracts from a manuscript in the library at Tours, dating from the end of the fourteenth century, that "Huguenot" and "Huguenotte" were then in use as masculine and feminine diminutives of the name Hugues. In this he had been partially anticipated by the encyclopaedic Littré, who mentions the existence in 1387 of Dr. Pascal Huguenot, of Saint Julien. The name is applied to Protestants dates from 1560 and first appears under the form of Huguenacis. In five years it had found a place in English literature. What research has still to discover is the identity of the particular Hugues whose nickname became the usual designation of a powerful religious and political party.

An interesting railroad enterprise, reported by the Baltimore Sun, is the arrangement made by the Southern Railway to plant a large colony of Finns on its line in Georgia. "Some 10,000 acres of land," it says, "have been bought for the purpose, and what was done years ago successfully for the rapid peopling of the Northwest will now begin to be done for the waste places in the South. Steady effort for a few years by a strong corporation like the Southern may be expected to produce results. The Finns are an admirable people, and will be desirable citizens."

The will of the late Mrs. Charlotte Bullock, of Louisville, divides the bulk of her large estate among the several charitable institutions in that city.

## THE UNWISE CHOICE.

"Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan." And Lot dwelled in the cities of the plain, and pitched his tent toward Sodom. But the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly.—Genesis xiii, 1-13.

Out of Egypt Abram brought vastly increased wealth. Each time he was encamped, quite a town of black tents quickly arose 'round the spot where his fixed spear gave the signal for halting. Along with him there journeyed his nephew, apparently of almost equal wealth. He was not dependent on Abram, nor even his partner. "Lot also had flocks, and herds, and tents."

So rapidly was their substance increasing that they found that the land was not able to furnish them with pasture. As the inevitable result, the rival shepherds, eager to secure the best for their own cattle, came to high words, and probably to blows.

Thus early did wealth produce quarreling among relatives. The men who had shared fortunes when poor, no sooner became rich than they have to part.

Abram prevented a quarrel by separation. "Let us," he says, "come to an understanding, and rather than be separate in heart, be separate in habitation." It is always a sorrowful time in the family when it comes to this, and it is painful to confess that legal forms are more binding than a brother's kindness.

As yet the character of Lot has not been exhibited; we await with eagerness his reply to Abram. We know (and he does, too) that Abram has seen the making of his nephew, and that all the land belongs to Abram and we should expect this common decency Lot would set aside the generous offer of his uncle and leave him to determine the whole matter. He might say: "It is not for me to make choice. My future does not carry the import of yours. It is a small matter what I get or where locate. Choose for yourself and allot to me what you think right."

What a safeguard of happiness in life is right feeling. The heart which feels gratitude is beyond the need of being scheduled and compelled to do justly. But such instinct was wanting in Lot. Generosity is not always infectious; it often, alas, encourages selfishness. And so Lot traded on the nobleness of his uncle, and, without demur, chose him all the plains of Jordan, the richest part of the land, adjacent and controlled by the wicked city of Sodom.

He is the type of a very large class of men who have but one rule of conduct. He was swayed solely by the hope of worldly advantage. He has nothing deep, nothing high in him. He recognizes no duty to Abram, no gratitude, no modesty, no perception of his spiritual relations, no idea of his dependence on God. It would be too great a change from the cozy tents and companionship of Abram to go at once and dwell in Sodom. He only took a short step aside and "pitched his tents toward Sodom," thinking, perhaps expecting, that after a little he would return to his former life. What vast issues hung on that step! And on all steps not ordered by the Lord.

This choice was the great mistake of Lot's life. He saw a quick, though dangerous, road to wealth. There seemed a certainty of success with only a risk of moral disaster. Lot would have been horrified that day he made his choice had it been predicted his daughters would marry men of Sodom. He shut his eyes to any risk that he might grasp the wealth, and in so doing ruined both himself and family. His family grew up in a very different atmosphere from that which had nourished his own youth in the tents of Abram. We are safe to say that Lot never again enjoyed free and happy days. The men born and reared in Sodom were possibly happy after their kind in their fashion. Lot was not. His soul was daily vexed. Many a time must he have gone out with a sore and heavy heart, looking at the distant hills, which hid the tents of Abram, longed for an hour of the company he had once enjoyed and selfishly abandoned.

Do you blame Lot? Look into your own heart and over your life and judge for yourself, as memory brings back, step by step, your past. Have you never turned aside for worldly gain? You cannot forget the thoughts you once had, the hopes you once cherished, the hopes which animated you. You cannot blot out the ideal that once dominated your life. Every day there is the sharp contrast of your past and the present life. You may despise your companions for their shallow, worldly ways, but you will despise yourself still more, being conscious that they were what they are through ignorance; you in virtue of your own foolish and sordid choice. Your life is now taken out of your own hands. You are in bondage to the circumstances you have chosen and you are, indeed, learning in bitterness, disappointment and shame the everlasting truth, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

"Nonsense," said the faith healer to the man who was calling for more whiskey, "you have not been snake-bitten. You only think you were."

"Well," said the victim, pouring out another stiff one, "that may be all right, but the snake thought he was going to bite me, and I can't think as quick as a snake can."—Baltimore American.

The war in South Africa continues to cost Great Britain more than \$1,000,000 a day.

## AS TO THE WEATHER KICKER.

### The Public Cannot be Satisfied With the Weather as it Comes

The Atlanta Constitution says that weather kicking is a confirmed habit with the public. No matter what the bill of fare may be in the weather line somebody always has a kick coming. Rain or shine, hot or cold, it is impossible to please them all.

One might think that perhaps half the public, at least, could be accommodated with satisfactory weather, but here again is a fallacy. The holder of such a theory, similar to Lincoln's that "you can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all the people all of the time," has failed to take into consideration that curious characteristic of human nature that it never appreciates what it actually has. As Becky Sharp says, "we never get what we want, or want what we get." This is truer of the weather than of any other thing—being also a sad commentary on the native discontent of man and his utter lack of philosophy in accepting with notice neither pro nor con the absolute inevitable—of which the weather is a typical illustration.

The weather has been from time immemorial regarded as an appropriate topic of casual conversation. Only in recent years has there come a heterodox hint against this time-worn institution. Until the present revolutionary and iconoclastic times no one would have ventured the irreverent suggestion that the condition of the elements is really not an inspiring topic for conversational intercourse. It is one of those stolid, irreparable, unarguable subjects that do not stimulate scintillating secretions of gray matter. The passing of the weather as a conversational camping-ground is about to take place.

Monotony, which has a "monotonous" climate, and where no one would think of referring to the state of the temperature any more than of remarking that there was air to breathe or any other self-evident fact, they say that this is one of the most striking things to travelers about the natives. Imagine a whole population with not a single weather kicker in it! Think of being transported to a place where there was never an allusion to the sun or the elements, to heat or cold or wind or calm.

What a cut-throat of conversational possibilities! People would actually be forced back on real life ideas as matter for talk. There would seem something lacking if one inhabited a community where he was never greeted with "Good morning, a fine day to day, isn't it?" or "Hello, old chap, beastly hot weather, don't you think so?" or "Well, my boy, is it not hot enough for you?" etc., ad infinitum and ad nauseum.

Think of the revolution in modern conversation if the subject of weather were entirely tabooed. As great a change would be wrought in the preliminaries of friendly intercourse as was effected in motive power by the introduction of steam and electricity. Higher mathematics does not supply any means sufficient to measure the number of wasted words that have passed eternal vibrations of sound waves, and all on account of this one unnecessary subject. It is responsible for endless "idle words," as the Scriptures call them.

If some miraculous day should come—and its dawn is even now faintly breaking—when people realized all of a sudden that they have been simply wasting time and breath in talking about the weather, what a wonder would take place. They will feel too cheap to think of the serious way in which mankind for ages past has harangued continually and habitually, in season and out of season, on this one public topic. And then it will be dropped—and when the weather is once finally dropped from polite conversation it will be the "droppiest" subject that can be imagined. Nothing will ever revive it again. And a new conversational era will be ushered in.

The old Patterson home in Lexington, Ky., is to be removed to Dayton, Ohio, by Thomas H. Patterson, president of the National Cash Register Company and a grandson of the founder of Lexington. The home is one of the historic spots which makes the Kentucky town famous. Special care will be taken to replace it on the lawn of the cash register company just as it now appears. Some of the trees, also, are to be taken up and transplanted.

Dumbarton Castle, the most historic Scotch military fortress, next to Edinburgh Castle, has fallen on evil days. The British war office has withdrawn its one soldier—the last of the garrison. For many hundred years it lodged a military garrison and contained thousands of ancient and modern weapons. Among these was the "Wallace sword," about six feet long, which has now been removed to Sterling Castle.

A project is on foot in Philadelphia to combine at least 3,000 of the 5,500 retail groceries in the city under one head with a capital of \$6,500,000. The plan is to purchase the stock and stores at a cash advance of \$2,000,000, making a total investment of \$6,000,000, in addition to which \$500,000 would be put up for a working capital. The idea, further, is to employ former owners as managers of the stores.

James B. Harvey, who died recently in Brooklyn, directed that his body be cremated and the ashes thrown in East river at a point where he had crossed day after day on his way to business.

## A CHARLATAN AND A MENACE

### Mrs. Eddy Once a Spiritualist—Christian Science a Fraud and Imposition.

The Boston correspondent of the Philadelphia Record gives the following report of an address in which Mrs. Eddy, the official head of the Christian Science movement, is declared to be a charlatan and menace to society:

Lawyer Peabody, who waged such a hard legal battle for Mrs. Woodbury in her suit against "Mother" Mary Baker Eddy, spoke before a large audience in Tremont Temple to-night. Peabody began his address by saying that he does not know Mrs. Eddy personally and has no personal feeling against her, but that he was led to deliver his talk by a full belief that she is a charlatan and a menace to the public.

"Christian Science," he said, "is a fraud in that it falsely pretends to be a revelation from God, communicated directly to its founder, Mrs. Eddy."

Peabody then went on to state that Mrs. Eddy is in feeble physical condition, but that she has become rich and powerful through the teaching and practice of Christian Science. Continuing, he said: "Mary Eddy was born in Bow, N. H., 85 years ago. Before her alleged discovery of Christian Science, 50 years ago, Mrs. Eddy picked up a precarious existence as a spiritualist medium for money in and about Boston.

"In early womanhood she married a man named Glover, by whom she had one child. Mr. and Mrs. Glover went to Wilmington, N. C., where Glover soon died. A recent communication from a lady living in Wilmington informed me that the remains of this Mr. Glover repose in the Wilmington-Potter's Field.

"As a second matrimonial venture Mrs. Eddy allied herself with one Patterson. She was divorced from him. Then Mrs. Eddy made a third venture into married life and conferred upon Asa Eddy, M. D., the distinction of successor to the lamented Glover and the departed Patterson. Dr. Eddy died finally, and many believe that in the course of time Widow Eddy became and is to-day the wife of C. A. Frye.

"Frye is ostensibly Mrs. Eddy's servant, footman, secretary and man of all work, but he holds the legal title to her residence in Concord, N. H., and to all the personal property upon the place, and he is the legal owner of her costly jewels."

Peabody also said that Mrs. Eddy claimed to have discovered Christian Science through a revelation from God in 1846, when, as a matter of fact, she received it from Dr. Phineas P. Quimby, of Portland, Me., in 1844. Peabody said that Mrs. Eddy established the Massachusetts Metaphysical College in Boston, to educate Christian Science healers, and that the faculty consisted of herself, her husband and her adopted son.

The course consists of twelve half-days, and the tuition is \$300 cash in advance. No revelations or diplomas of credit or the reinstatement plan.

Peabody then said: "This woman, who has accumulated a fortune by the methods stated, is the woman, forsooth, whom the Creator of the universe selected to be the successor to Jesus, which has been made up of Mrs. Eddy's gift of the hand upon which the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, stands. In her book entitled 'Pulpit and Press,' copyrighted by Mrs. Eddy and published in 1895, is the statement that the cost of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, is \$221,000, exclusive of the land, a gift from Mrs. Eddy, which is valued at \$40,000.

"Mrs. Eddy intends to convey an impression that she gave \$40,000 worth of real estate. In none of her many published references to this peculiar transaction has Mrs. Eddy told the truth.

"The land upon which the church stands was originally mortgaged for \$9,000 to Nathan Matthews, Sr. The original society, by contributions, fairs, etc., raised enough money to reduce the amount of the mortgage to about \$5,000. Mrs. Eddy, through her agents, took an assignment of mortgage for the balance of \$5,000, foreclosed it, crowded out all of the original contributors to the Church of Christ, Scientist, acquired the title and gave it to the trustees for the First Church of Christ, Scientist, reserving a right of entry and to repossess herself of the mortgage with any church that might be constructed upon it. This cost Mrs. Eddy \$5,000."

Peabody stated that while Mrs. Eddy is credited by her followers with great generosity she has reserved in all her gifts the right to repossess herself of all the land she has given away, to gather with the buildings on it, and that she has a similar string attached to the Christian Science publications she has transferred to the organization.

Regarding the fact that Mrs. Eddy teaches there is such a thing as malicious animal magnetism, Peabody quoted liberally from her writings, and then said: "Her personal teaching to her students was even more extravagant than the language of her published works."

"I affirm and charge that this Mary Baker Eddy, the alleged founder of Christian Science, has again and again sought to exercise this power, malicious animal magnetism, which she calls the highest degree of human depravity, and this I will prove by legal evidence any time Mrs. Eddy may be pleased to require it."

Alaska has the smallest population of any possession of the United States.

## My Hair

"I had a very severe sickness that took off all my hair. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor and it brought all my hair back again."  
W. D. Quinn, Marselles, Ill.

One thing is certain,—Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. This is because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair and the hair grows, that's all there is to it. It stops falling of the hair, too, and always restores color to gray hair.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

## IN A HUMOROUS VEIN.

"Some folks' talk," said Uncle Eben, "is like a bunch of fire-crackers. It makes a big splutter, but dar'nt nuffin' to show for it."—Washington Star.

"Why didn't you study the time table and then you would not have missed your train?"

"That was the trouble. While I was trying to translate the time table the train pulled out."—Boston Journal.

"Tess. When the first fireman came up the ladder to carry her to safety she wouldn't go.

Jess—Fame-stricken, eh?

Tess—Not at all. She waited for the second one who was coming up another ladder, because he was handsomer than the first."—Philadelphia Press.

"Child—Oh, mother, stop; I want to look at that man just run over by the car.

Come along, do! There will be another presently, a little farther on.—Life.

"Does it hurt to be lynched?" asked the tenderfoot, timidly.

"Not after it's over," replied Latiat Luke, sagely.—Ohio State Journal.

General—Stop that reporter.

Aid—What! Don't you want to have him send home an account of your heroism?

No. I don't want to be an American hero for a week and a punching-bag for the rest of my life.—Life.

Deacon Scrogue—No, parson, I don't rightly think we ought to give you a vacation. You know, the devil never takes one.

Parson Snappage—He would, deacon, if you didn't keep him so busy.—Baltimore American.

Clara—Is Hetty happy in her married life?

Ester—She ought to be. No less than three girls in town were after her Charley.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Browne—Mrs. Whitty is forever talking about the repartee at her house when she and her husband entertain.

Mrs. Malaprop—Yes, I suppose that's some cheap kind. I always use Oolong myself.—Philadelphia Press.

Fliegende Blatter: "It's time, Emil, we thought of Hulda's getting married—she is already eighteen years old."

"Oh, let her wait till the right sort of man comes along!"

"Why wait? I didn't!"

"I suppose your son graduated with high honors?" interrogated the bosom friend.

"Blamed him!" replied the candid old man. "He had to pay some literary chap \$25 to write his commencement speech."—Chicago News.

Doctor—There's nothing serious the matter with Michael, Mrs. Muldoon. I think a little soap and water will do him as much good as anything.

Mrs. Muldoon—Yes, doctor; an' will O give it U him befor or after his males?—Glasgow Times.

"Look at the stuff that goes to waste in the grocery business," said the lounge in the store, "and think of the small margin on most of the goods.

Where does the profit come in?"

"The profit," said the impatient man with the basket on his arm, "comes from having only one clerk to wait on thirty six customers."—Chicago Tribune.

"This," said the guide, "is one of the most remarkable towns in the whole country."

"What makes it remarkable?" asked the traveler.

"It hasn't made any plans for holding an exposition of any kind."—Washington Star.

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