THE DARLINGTON HERALD.

IF FOR THE LIBERTY OF THE WORLD WE CAN DO ANYTHING."

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MORE ABOUT MOUNDS.

A Correspondent Writes About Three in Darlington and Sumter Counties.

ANNISTON, Ala., May 2.—To the Editor of The State: I have been reading with interest the accounts in The State of the mound below Columbia, and the one on an island in the Catawba river, and I write to give your readers the location of three mounds that I know of in Darlington and Sumter counties.

In the eastern part of Darlington county on the farm of Mr. W. E. Dargaa there are two Indian mounds—one of them is in the lower part of Mr. Dargan's field, and has been plowed over for many years. Quantities of Indian relics covered the ground, pieces of pottery, arrowheads, hatchets, etc., and if my memory serves me right, human bones were sometimes plowed up.

Not far from this mound was the grave of Maj. Standard of Revolutionary War fame and twat part of the plantation was known as the "Standard old field." About a third of a mile east of this mound in the fork of Black Swamp and Alligator creeks was the other mound surrounded on all sides by swamp. It was from five to eight feet high and covered between an eight and a quarter of an acre.

It do not know that it was ever opened; but I remember, as a boy, heardg it discussed; and the conclusion was that it was a burial place. It was not built on account of freshets, for neither of the streams ever rise high enough to do any damage. In the fork of these streams was evidently a camping place, and probably the workshop of an Indian tribe, judging by the many pieces of pottery, arrowheads, etc, that were scrttered around, many of them in an unfiinished state, while some were perfect specimens of their art and skill.,

In this connection I will state that I often neard an old negro, long since dead, tell my father about their unearthing a gigantic earthenware coffin containing the bones of a man about eight feet tall while building the dam around Witherspoon's island in the Pee Dee river about two miles east of the place where the two mounds above mentioned are located.

Perhaps Col. John Witherspoon of Society Hill can verify this statement, and, if it is true, can tell what ever became of the coffin. The island belonged to his father, I think. He may remember the old negro—Solomon—who made the statement.

The other mound is on Mrs. N. R. Witherspoon's plantation in Sumter county, on the western side of Black river. This mound is known as the "High Hill." It is surrounded by swamps, and one of the streams of Black river washes its eastern base. Its base covers about three acres, and it rises to twenty or twenty-five feet in height, with about one-half acre of nearly level land on top. Several big hickory and white oak trees, from three to four feet in diameter, are growing upon it—one of the biggest on the highest point.

The soil, as far as I could examine it without making an excavation, and the growth upon it are identical with the soil and growth of the highland two or three hundred yards east on the opposite side of Black River—considerably different from the nearest highland soil and growth on the western or "High Hill" side of the river. This lead me to suppose that the river once flowed west of the "High Hill," and had cut its way across a depression in the high land—but it was ages ago, unless a convulsion of nature aiddd it very materially.

If built there it was not for protection against freshets, for the several hundred, I might say thousand, acres of lowland west of the "High Hill" are never inundated more than two or three feet deep.

Perhaps valuable prehistoric information might be gained by investigating these mounds. And in the case of the "High Hill," if no relics are found, light might be thrown on the geological formation, and subsequent changes, of that section, that would fully repay the trouble and cost of a careful examination. E. W. DABBS.

The Farmers Only Hope for Relief.

The farmers of the South in some localities are complaining, and justly, of hard times. But they are in no such deplorable condition as the farmers of New England, where farms are deserted, thus exploding one of the chief arguments of the McKinleyites as to the benefit the faemer derives from the home market in close approximation to the manufacturer. At the South the cause of depression arises from the low price of farm products the high price paid for supplied and the enormous tax upon him for the benefit of the favored few.

What is the cause of this depression in the agricultural interests of the farmers North and South? Nicious Republican class legislation at the dictation of the monopolists, by which the farmer is robbed and plundered, is at the bottom of it all. Evesy dollar placed as a tax on the article or commodity necessary to the farmer's comfort and use costs him just that much, robbing him of his hard earnings to fill the coffers of the Carnegies, the Goulds and their associates. And yet we hear the hypocritical appeal made by the Reeds and McKinleys, the Trays, Blanches and Sweethearts of the Republican party, to the former and the people that party is the friend of the people. What fools they imagine the people are.

But to the farmers of the South we would say a word. Let us get rid of the high tariff enacted by Republican class legislation and relieve the farmer of the burdens it imposes, and let the farmers of the South inaugurate a new system of first raising an abundance of everything on the jarm that is needed, and next, limit crops to what can be thoroughly cultivated. This advice followed and the cry of hard times will no longer be heard, and there will be no necessity for listening to the appeals of disappointed and kicked out political hacks and blatant demagogues who are urging the folly of a third party as the means of relief. There is no relief for the farmer outside of the Democratic party and himself. Let him first put his shoulder to the wheel and do his duty and the Democratic party, which has always been the party of the people, will give him the relief he seeks.—Sentinel Shelbyville Ky.

Tillman and the Cotton Mills.

Carolina Spartan: If there ever was a period when truth utterly fails it is during a partisan campaign. There is no use in correcting or appealing to those who make misrepresentations, for they believe that success is better attained in that why. In his Greenville speech Governor Tillman attacked the cotton factories and all connected with or dependent on them because the mills bought a bale of cotton for $35 and sold the manufactured products for $70. He held that up as a great injustice to the people who make the cotton and operate the mills, for they got none of the benefits.

Consider how false and misleading such teaching is. A few years ago the price of cotton in Spartanburg was regulated by the New York price, being about 75 cents below that market. Since the establishment of factories here the price received by farmers for cotton is sometimes up to the price paid in New York. It safe to state that our farmers, the year round, receive about $2.00 a bale more for their cotton than they would do if there were no mills here.

In this county there are about 6,000 people or more living about these mills who buy the surplus provisions from the farmers, thus paying out thousands of dollars every year. If there were no cotton mills here country produce would fall off about 50 per cent. in price. When Governor Tillman, or any one else, asserts that the farmer and the truck farmer gets no benefit from the factories he makes a mistatement knowingly and intentionally.

But the great crime the factories commit is to buy a bale of cotton for $35.00 and sell it for $70.00. See how that works. A cotton mill spinning 10,000 bales of cotton would have to invest about $350,000. The interest on the original stock and the price paid for cotton and the insurance on the building have to be paid. Then, to run a factory of that size, a population of about 1,500 is necessary. They do not all work in the factory, but they have to live from it. When these 1,500 persons pay their bills for food, clothing, doctors' bills; and all other expenses, it makes a big hole in the $350,000 of value added to the raw material by manufacturing it. These cotton mills have proved a blessing to those who raise the cotton, to the operatives and their families, to the shopkeepers who congregate around the mill, to every one who has surplus vegetables, milk, butter, fowls or farm produce to sell. It would be better for the people if we had mills that would make finer material, so that the $35 bale of cotton could be sold for $100. Nealy all the cost above the price of raw material would be distributed amongst the operatives who manufacture it and the farmers who feed them.

Let not the mill operatives or the farmers of Spartanburg listen to the fallacies of those who would teach them that cotton mills are grinding monopolies that oppress the people. When a man talks that way he is grossly ignerant or maliciously false.

Just start the stampede against Tillman and then you will see all those fellowt who always want to be on the big side hustling over as fast as they can. No one knows this better than Tillman and his organs and all their efforts are now being put forth to stop this stampede.—Cheraw Reporter.

Send us an order for Job Work.

Can Pastors No Longer Convert Souls?

BY THE REV. T. L. CUYLER, D. D.

This is a rather startling question to raise; but it is suggested by the announcement that several of the prominent Methodist ministers (in one of our largest cities) have employed lately professional "evangelists" to conduct revival meetings in their churches. This strikes me as a "new departure"—and from the time-honored custom in that noble denomination. It used to be the most joyful part of the Methodist preacher's work to conduct these special services; and after sowing the Gospel-seed for several months to bring in his sheaves with shouting. Into such revival harvestings the Hatfields, the Whitfields and the Wesleys of the past, and the J. O. Pecks and Parkers of the present, have thrown their whole souls, and have counted it the "joy and crown" of their ministry to lead awakened sinners to Jesus Christ.

But now it would seem that the intelectual demands upon the pastors of the prominent city churches are such that they are sending off for "evangelists" to come and draw the Gospel net and reap the Gospel harvest! Can it be that these dear brethren feel it to be their chief duty to discuss the "questions of the day" for the cultured heads in their congregations, and therefore must leave to some humbler and warm-hearted brother the work of saving precious souls? God forbid that I should misjudge any minister of our Lord and Master! But whatever may be the motive for this course, it seems to some of us old-fashioned Gospelers to be a lamentable mistake. The same mistake has often been committed by Presbyterian and Congregationalist and Baptist pastors; but it attracts more attention when committed by our Methodist brethren, because they have generally been adepts in the conducting of revival services.

How any pastor (of any denomination) should deliberately surrounder the highest of all his spiritual delights and delegate to another the most momentous of all his duties, is beyond my comprehension. What is the chief duty of every minister of the Gospel? What is his sweetest and sublimest satisfaction? Assuredly it is to awaken impenitent sinners and to guide them to the cross of Christ. This great purpose should dominate their whole ministry. To instruct the ignorant, to comfoct the afflicted, and to "edify" believers in godly living, are indeed vital duties, never to be neglected or belittled. But even these are suborninate to the greater work of winning souls.

Yet it would seem to be an increasingly prevalent idea that the chief business of a pastor is to prepare elaborate sermons. ("for the times!") to visit the sick, attend funerals and weddings and serve on all manner of ecclesiastical committees. Then when a season of quickening is sought for, and souls are to be converted, somebody must be sent for whose business it is to convert people! Is not that every godly-minded pastor's business? Ought not his whole work both in the pulpit and out of the pulpit be directed towards that supreme object, the salvation of souls? Of course we do not mean that his sermons should be a stereotyped series of exhortations to the impenitent; but we do mean that the grand truths and revealed doctrines, and sublime invitations and threatenings of God's Word should be so habitually presented as to turn guilty men from sin and hell to a faith in Christ, and a following of Christ. When a minister keeps this great purpose in his eye and on his heart, he will become a winner of souls, and will not need to ask any man—of whatever name—to come and guide his hearers or his neighbors to the Saviour. That prince of preachers, Charles H. Spurgeon, never sent for and "evangelist" to do what he could do so much better himself. He sowed his own Gospel seed, and reaped his own harvests. I never heard him preach a single sermon that did not contain somewhere in it a presentation of Jesus Christ and a loving invitation to his hearers to accept that Saviour. He preached doctrines clearly and logically—but always so simple and pungently that they became the most powerful instruments both to awaken and to guide immortal souls into the way of life. Spurgeon was the model minister of our modern times.—Southern Christian Advocate.

A Ramble Along Familiar Ways.

A far less persuasive voice than that of either Rev. J. A. Rice or Rev. H. B. Browne would have been sufficient to induce me to desert pencil, scizzors and paste pot for a few days in order to renew old friendships in and about Darlington and Florence. There were also other and special attractions on this occasion which the brethren urged with an earnestness and skill that would have been creditable to the well known persuasive powers of Rev. R. N. Wells in his palmiest days. There was nothing to do therefore but to yield to such importunities. So, after seeing the last issue The Advocate from the press, and filling the hopper as full of copy for this issue as possible, I took up my friendly grip, which is now kept loaded ready for immediate action, and boarded the train for Florence. On reaching that growing town I made a bee line for the court house, where Dr. Lafferty, the inimitable, was holding forth on things new and old. The hearty applause and merry peals of laughter that saluted my ears, as I approached, was a sufficient assurance that Lafferty was there, and that the lecturer was putting in some of his best licks.

From the court house we adjourned to the parsonage—Lafferty, Browne, Wilson, Beaty, Murray and I—where the distinguished guest of the evening continued to entertain us until a late hour. It was after 2 A. M. when we retired, and as I was booked for the early train for Darlington I could only doze with one eye while I watched the clock with the other. Brother Rice met me at the depot at Darlington and took me to the parsonage to breakfast. Have you seen that Darlington parsonage? If you have, you are prepared to endorse my statement that we have no better in the Conference. There are doubtless larger ones, but a better planned, better built and better kept preachers' home would be hard to find. This enterprise was inaugurated during the pastorate of Rev. J. E. Beard; the house was completed during the pastorate of his successor, Rev. H. G. Sendday; and the parsonage debt has been throttled during the pastorate of the present incumbent. The main credit for this delightful preachers' home, however, belongs (so we are informed) to Brother J. Gregg McCall, one of the Stewards, under whose personal supervision the work was done. May it long stand as a monument to the zeal and devotion of Darlington Methodism. A new and handsome church is now needed, and will come in near the future.

After a pleasant day spent at the parsonage and in renewing old friendships among the Darlingtonians, I took a seat with my old friend, Dr. R. B. Wallace, and was soon a welcomed and happy guest in his hospitable home at Lydia. This was my first visit to this section in ten years, and many pleasant recollections were recalled by the sight of familiar house, field and stream. Of course I called on the popular and useful pastor, Rev. S. J. Bethea, and my bachelor friend, Hon. J. C. clements. The large and elegant residence of the latter, now nearing completion, must mean something. When this interesting event takes place may I be there to congratulate the happy couple!

Saturday morning my good friend and host, Dr. Wallace, carried me back to Darlington, where I was the guest of other Lydia friends of the years gone by. Dr. Galloway and wife, formerly of Lydia, now reside in town and kindly claimed me as their guest at the hotel where they now make their home. Here I also found Dr. Lafferty, who had lectured the night before to a large audience, and who was booked for a sermon on Sunday.

Sunday was a perfect day, and a large congregation assembled at the Methodist church to hear the visiting Virginian. The Doctor gave us an excellent discourse, after which the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to a large number of communicants. A mass meeting of the children was held in the afternoon, which I had the pleasure of addressing. The church was crowed with the little folks and their friends, and the occasion was a pleasant one.

At Darlington Rev. J. A. Rice is finishing his fourth year, and by every token it is to be the best year of his pastorate. His congregations are larger now than ever before, and his prayer meetings were never so well attended. The Epworth League is flourishing, as is also the Sunday school under the superintendency of Bro. J. G. McCall.—S. C. Advocate.

Talmage Endorses Keeley.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage has joined the vast army of Keeley cure enthusiasts. While on his recent visit to Chicago, from which he returned yesterday, he was taken by Dr. Leslie Keeley to his gold cure establishment at Dwight, Ill., which is the parent institution of the fifty branches that are scattered throughout this country, Europe and Australia. Dr. Talmage had faith in the gold cure before he went there; now he is as loud in its praises as the most enthusiastic of the 60,000 people whom he says has been rescued from the thraldom of alcohol, opium and tobacco by its influence. In speaking of his visit to Dwight to a Press reporter yesterday, he said:

"I am firmly convinced from what I saw and heard at Dwight that Dr. Keeley is one of the greatest benefactors to mankind that ever lived. His institution is a wonderful place, his cure a marvellous one. Dr. Keeley's finger is on the world, and I shall do all in my power to tell the world so. I shall have him in Brooklyn before long, and will guarantee him an audience of 7,000 people. I am satisfied now, for I have seen Keeley, Dwight and the gold cure."

Dr. Talmage's face was red with enthusiasm as he spoke. When asked if he had seen the operation of administering the cure, he said:

"Yes; I was in the 'shot tower,' as they call it. There I saw one of the most wonderful sights in my experience. I saw 500 men standing in line, with slits in their sleeves, waiting their turns to have the gold cure injected or 'shot' into their arms. The expression on the faces of these men was enough to show the good work Dr. Keeley is doing. The poor broken down wrecks who had just come in awaited their turns with a look of hopeful expectancy on their faces that was touching, while on the other hand those who had been there for some time, and had already experienced the good effects of this cure, looked proudly conscious that they were being freed from slavery. I tell you the confident way in which these men spoke and the happy triumphant expressions on their faces would have converted the greatest enemies of the cure."

"Did you come across any persons who were skeptical regarding the cure?"

"At Dwight, not one. Elsewhere I have met hundreds of them; but the best answer to the objections they make that the cure is only a temporary one is the 12,000 people who have been cured there and at the various branches, and who have remained cured for six and seven years. Why, 95 per cent. of the cures are permanent. What better result could be looked for?"

"Do you believe the theory that the gold cure tends to produce insanity, doctor?"

"I do not. There are 40,000 people in the lunatic asylums of this country who were driven insane from drink. Is it any wonder if a few of them should find their way to the Keeley institutes? They don't undertake to cure insanity there; they only remove the causes that lead to it. There are many men who are saved from drunkards' graves by the grace of God, but there are others who need something more. Dr. Keeley struck the keynote when he said, 'This evil is a disease.' When people are sick of typhoid they don't ask for the grace of God; they send for a physician. He represents God's grace. And why should it be different with the disease of drunkenness, of which I am firmly convinced Dr. Keeley has found a sovereign remedy."

Dr. Talmage says he met with an enthusiastic reception at the hands of the Dwight patients and delivered an address to them, after which he was besieged by hundreds of applications for his autograph.—New York Press, April 23.

Some World's Fair Suggestions.

Now that the World's Fair directors have agreed to let rum power make an exhibit of its methods of making and handling its goods, I suggest that they allow Spain to make an exhibition of bull-fighting; that some one of the petty kingdoms of Africa be allowed to exhibit cannibalism, showing how the victim is fattened and killed, how the meat is prepared and eaten; that one of the kings of Africa exhibit the building of his house by mixing the mortar with the blood of young women slain for the purpose, as is sometimes done there; that the Arabs be allowed to exhibit the slave trade, showing the capture of their victims, the burning of their villages and some of the heartrending scenes on the march and in their new homes; that Russia be given a chance to show her convict system to Siberia with minute details; that China show us how to cut off the heads of convicts by an actual exhibit of an executione taking off the heads of about 25 in rapid succession; also that she show up the opium curse (that Great Britain has forced upon her) by having some of the worst dens running in full blast.

In a word, let all nations show up their worst things if wst um showe ours.—Voice.

AUSTRALASIAN FORESTS.

The Vandals of New Zealand Are Cutting Down the Gigantic Trees.

The kauri pine is undisputed sovereign of the Australasian forest. No other tree can approach it in grandeur of proportion or in impressiveness when, as one of a clan, it holds as its own stretches of country hundreds of mils in extent. Perhaps the sight which the kauri grove presents to the eye is unequaled in the whole realm of nature. As the traveler gazes around him in the recesses of the forest he is impressed even against his will. To walk between those mighty pillars, smooth and dark as ebony, uniform in age and size, and buried in a perennial twilight and silence that the wildest storm only disturbs by the merest ripple of sound, awakens a feeling of awe.

Mile upon mile they stretch into distance, in a majestic procession that follows every irregularity of the land, like some colossal temple dedicated to night or melancholy, the somber aisles full of an awful monotony and a solemn stillness. Like the Egyptian Sphinx, they ignore the lapse of time, preserving the same majestic calm and unvarying expression before the cataclysms which have altered the whole aspects of the globe, and before the social upheavals which have swept away civilizations as if they had never been.

The youth of the oldest kauri groves is shrouded in the mists of the past. But that they are very ancient is beyond doubt. They were mere saplings when the Pharaohs adorned the land of Egypt with imperishable memorials of their power, and were still slight and graceful when Solomon filled the east with the fame of his glory; they stood in all the pride of maturity when Hannibal crossed the Alps, and Rome entered on her victorious career. They have seen the splendid dawn of all the great empires of the world, and seen them set in gloom, when the canker of decay had sapped their very foundations.

But the kauri has now fallen upon evil days; its closing years are full of danger. It has survived to see the forms of life, long dead in the great masses of land, fade away before the vigorous fauna and flora of another order of things. At no distant date it also, like the natives, the birds, the grasses, will have passed into the measureless oblivion from whence it came. In the presence of this venerable giant pine of Maoriland, the grandest representative of a primitive age, the colonial, a creature of yesterday, feels like a pigmy as he gazes on the solemn files on every side. As though ashamed of his own littleness and painful newness, he is possessed only with the passion of destruction.

The weirdness inseparable from the very nature of a kauri forest is intensified by the total absence of animal life. The contented droning of insects, the hum of the bee, the glad singing of birds, so distinctive of the mixed bush, are never heard beneath the umbrageous canopy which excludes the radiant southern sun. The kauri reigns supreme in its own domain. Nor is there the enchanting diversity of ordinary bush—the palms and the tree ferns, the shrubs and the prodigal wealth of beautiful parasites whose bewildering variety is unrivaled even in the torrid zone.

With the exception of a living carpet of delicate maidenhair, which attains a height of from five to six feet, and of ropes of creeper ferns which swing from tree to tree like fairies in the castle of a giant, the forest is altogether bare of undergrowth. In the woods of recent growth, however, vegetation is more luxuriant. The long tendrils of the clematis and rata connect trunk with trunk in garlands of white and scarlet bloom, and at their base flourishes an infinite variety of ferns, while here and there a graceful tree fern rears its silvery lined crown.

It is a curious sight to English eyes to see a group of young kauris standing dark, tall and erect against the pale blue and gold of the sky and the lighter greens of the background of the forest. Like all the species, the dome is out of all proportion to the height. But their doom has been spoken. The ax of the lumberman and the whirr of the saw mill resound in the land and the earth quivers with the shock of falling patriarchs. With the recklessness of the spendthrift the New Zealander is spending his heritage, and before another fifty years have passed away this noble tree will be as extinct as the moa.—London Globe.

A Detroit Man's Cane.

A Detroit man has a novel walking cane that represents the work of odd hours every day for six weeks. It is made of old postage stamps of various denominations and six nationalities—United States, Canadian, English, French, German and Italian. It took 5,014 stamps to make a cane. The face value of the stamps was $100. The surface of the cane, when the stamps were all on, was filed smooth and finished until it glazed. A heavy gold knob completes one of the handsomest and most unique canes ever seen in Detroit.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Telling the Bees.

The curious custom of "telling the bees" is observed in some parts of nearly every country in the world. Those who observe the custom always go to the beehives and tap gently on each one, then stoop and whisper under the cap or lid that Mary, Jane, Thomas or William is dead. This is done to keep the little honeymakers from forsaking their place of abode should they have to wait and find out the news of the calamity themselves. The custom is alluded to in Whittier's poem, "Telling the Bees."—St. Louis Republic.

East and West.

The failure of the people of the Atlantic states to understand the area, conditions, products and needs of the west is not infrequently illustrated in national legislation. The late Editor Bundy, of the New York Mail and Express, said a short time before his death:

"The people of the east know little about the west, but I have always found that the people of the west were well informed about the east."—San Francisco Examiner.

About Light.

Light travels at the rate of nearly 200,000 miles in a second, but it is a small consolation to think of it when you fall over a wheelbarrow in the dark.—Ram's Horn.

Not Even the Commonest Civility.

Women who think it so strange that New York men occupy seats in crowded cars, elevated and otherwise, while feminine passengers clutch for straps, should draw the moral from an incident that happened in a Fifth avenue stage a few days ago. One of those clumsy vehicles was lumbering up the avenue with two passengers, one a middle aged man sitting by the door. At Nineteenth street the stage stopped, and an old lady, after bidding an affectionate farewell to a friend at the step, climbed in and sat down opposite the middle aged passenger. The latter was gazing idly into the street, when he felt a touch, and suddenly found himself in possession of a nickel. Evidently it came from the newly entered passenger, though she favored him with neither word nor glance. It was equally plain that it was her fare, and that she expected the middle aged man to deposit it in the box.

After a moment's hesitation he arose, groped his way to the forward end of the stage, dropped the nickle into its proper resting place, and returned, glancing involuntarily at the old lady for some word or look of thanks. None came. She adjusted her fur wrap and seemed oblivious of his presence. The 'bus rumbled on up Fifth avenue for some minutes without incident, when the old lady suddenly leaned over and said, "Stop the stage at Thirty-fourth street." The middle aged man flushed slightly with evident annoyance, and said decisively: "Madam, you compelled me to deposit your fare a few moments ago, and omitted the commonest civilities in doing so. I am neither the driver nor conductor of this stage, and though I should instantly respond to a courteous request, you may stop this stage wherever you please—for yourself!" and she did.—New York Tribune.

An Ineffable Cruelty to Children.

Mrs. Fenwick Muller, a London writer of note, comes out strongly on the subject of Lady Montague's methods of discipline, and incidentally has some plain words to say about punishments for children in general, and specially is she moved by that ineffable brutality, the shutting up of young children in the dark. "Darkness is full of terrors to a child. Out of the gloom come all sorts of horrible imaginings, and many a child has been half ruined for life by the terror of darkness, willfully inflicted by some woman either too brutal to care or too ignorant to understand the infernal cruelty of leaving children, whose imaginations are often far more vivid than those of adults, in all the horror of blackness, out of which they, in their combined fancy and ignorance, ring forth all kinds of terrible and threatening things. No young children should ever be left without a glimmer of light in a bedroom all night long, as a touch of indigestion, a troublesome dream, a sudden awakeping, afraid and into darkness, may work nerve mischief that may last a lifetime.

"There is no crime that a child can commit that would entitle us to expose him or her to the mental agonies of solitude in darkness, many peopled as it is with phantoms and terrors. We know that even in our prisons this terrible punishment is only resorted to to subdue the most violent and refractory prisoners, and that even then it is hedged round with many restrictions, and only permitted to be used for a limited space of time. If there is a woman living whose heart does not respond to these strong words there is something very radically wrong with her."

Egyptian Architecture.

Egyptian architecture, the oldest of known styles, placed the weight firmly on the ground. In the first stages of building the strength of materials and the art of construction were but imperfectly understood, and to obtain security masses of material were placed on a broad base, narrowing upward in the form of a pyramid. It suggested security and permanence. The earliest extant monument of the work of man—the pyramids by the Nile—still rest on the sand of the desert in their majestic massiveness. The Egyptian buildings were constructed on the model of the pyramid. Truncated at various heights, details and ornamentation, however varied, left the same impression of security and permanence.

The shelving base, from which springs the propylon or porch, the multiplication of short, stunted shafts, the shallow reliefs, are all subservient to the one idea. The building rests on the ground, and you know it. The slender obelisk placed in front as a foil brought into prominence the massive solidity of the building. The accessory sphinx, with its front paws placed flat on the pedestal, the body firmly recumbent and the head solidly draped was a type of immobility and rest.—London Tablet.

Learning to Pop.

It is queer how small an occurrence serves to attract a crowd. The other evening a popcorn kiosk at the corner of D street and the avenue was surrounded by a gaping crowd, ranging in character from gamins to gentlemen, all breathlessly watching the proprietor as he shook a popper over the gas flamer. A couple of young ladies happened to be passing, and one of them inquired:

"What are those men staring at?"

"They are learning how to pop," replied her companion.

"Oh," sighed the speaker, "how I wish Charlie would take a few lessons!"

Fact and Fiction.

Tommie—Papa, mamma wants five cents for the milkman.

Kittie—Papa, the butcher says he must have that fifty cents or he won't leave no soup bone.

Wife—Henry, really I must pay the washwoman or she won't come again.

The Editor (desperately)—Confound these trifling interruptions! I haven't any ready money, and I'm busy. Leave me in peace until I finish this important editorial on "The Disadvantages of Wealth."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

An Authentic Hunting Story.

When a Georgian relates a hunting story he believes in doing it thoroughly and leaves his auditor to believe or not, as he pleases. The following is an example: While out hunting Lamar Perkins, of Perkin's Junction, Ga., shot two wild turkeys. One of them fell at his feet, but the other flew away. What was his surprise on returning home to find the missing turkey dead in his front yard, where it had fallen in its flight.

WEIGHING AN ELEPHANT.

How an Ingenious Prince Solved a Difficult Problem of State.

About 200 years ago there lived a Prince of Mahrattas, in Hindostan, whose name was Shahjee. Princes are numerous in India, but this particular prince was long remembered on account of his beneficence and great wisdom. He seems to have been the most learned prince of the time, and his advice and help were always sought in critical matters. Many stories are told of his ingenious settlement of difficulties, and some of them are certainly curious.

Once a very high official in the court of Prince Shahjee made a vow that if he succeeded in a certain enterprise, he would distribute to the poor of his district "the weight of his own elephant in silver." Elephants were highly prized by these princes, and each kept the largest and finest for his own use. The official's vow, if hasty, was generous, and perhaps the success of his undertaking was worth the price.

The undertaking succeeded; but the official, willing to keep his oath, was met by an unexpected difficulty. There was no possible way of finding the elephant's correct weight. No scales in the country were constructed of sufficient power to weigh such enormous beasts. Elephants were not sold by the pound, and no need had before arisen for scales to weigh them. All the learned and clever men of the court tried in vain to construct a machine of sufficient power to weigh the enormous beast. It did seem probable that the poor of Hindostan would have to get along without that silver. It is possible that the official had thought of this objection when he made the vow. Indians are crafty, and this one might have been cunning enough to leave himself a loophole of escape to prevent parting with his money.

But if any such notion had occurred to him, he was doomed to disappointment in the matter. The question was referred to Shahjee, as all such vexatious questions were. And it did not take him long to find a very simple solution. That is always the way with true genius, you know. The solution it finds is so simple that every one cries out in wonder:

"Why, of course! Why didn't somebody speak of that before?"

Shahjee commanded the elephant to be conducted along a platform into a flat bottomed boat which lay by the water side. When the animal was safely aboard, he desired the attendants to mark upon the boat's side the exact height to which the water reached when the elephant weighed it down. Then the elephant was taken out and stones substituted, until enough were loaded into the boat to bring it to the same water line as when the elephant was the passenger.

Then the stones were weighed. If the scales could not hold all at once, part could be taken at a time, you see, and so the elephant's weight was correctly ascertained. It is safe to conclude that the poor of Hindostan finally got the silver. A prince so wise must have also been just. Whether the official who paid the money was quite satisfied, history does not tell us; but we will hope, for his charity's sake, he was, and as a full grown elephant weighs several tons, the amount distributed among the poor of the district must have been very large.—Harper's Young People.

The Crescent as an Emblem.

The crescent has been known since time out of memory. In ancient mythology it decorated the foreheads of Diana and of Astarte, the Syrian Venice. In the days of Rome's greatest glory the ladies wore it as an ornament in their hair. Since the foundation of Constantinople (the ancient Byzantium) it has been the emblem of the city, and as such adorns its walls and public buildings, besides being stamped on its coins and postage. The legend which accounts for its universal adoption in Turkey, and Constantinople in particular, is as follows:

Philip of Macedon laid siege to the city in the year 340 B. C. He chose a night of unusual darkness for the proposed assault, but was foiled by the moon suddenly breaking from behind a cloud. In commemoration of this providential deliverance the crescent was adopted as the symbol of the city. The Mohammedan sultans were slow to assume this emblem until some one mentioned that it was the symbol of increasing greatness, power changing as rapidly as the phases of the moon.—St. Louis Republic.

Important to Rich Men.

A rich man holds his wealth simply as a trustee between his Maker and humanity. Unless he wants to become the slave of his money he must give it freely until he feels that there is some sacrifice in the giving. My observation for a great many years has led me to have a strong opinion on that subject. It is for the good of the man himself that he should look at the subject from this point of view. I do not believe there is much philanthropy or charity in providing that your money shall be given after death, when you are unable to hold it. Better give of your means as you go along through life, leaving of your wealth to others who after you will, in the exercise of their stewardship, follow the same course.—D. Willis James in New York Independent.

Women's Luncheons.

It is noticeable that at the luncheon rooms of the several woman's exchanges, as well as at several of the restaurants in the shopping districts, broken orders are possible. This is especially true of the menus of the exchanges, which are managed by women solely for women. It is a concession to an accepted fact that women ordering and eating alone greatly dislike to pay for a mouthful more than can be consumed. One croquette, a half serving of salad, chocolate without bread—these are some of the ways a woman adjusts her bill to her appetite.—New York Times.

How Man and Nature Uses Carbon.

Man uses carbon for the same purposes as nature uses it. He employs it as fuel; so does she, but he in the crude form of coal, from which, also, he produces for other purposes different useful products artistically applicable as coloring substances, in which art, as he may one day find out, he is following some undiscovered natural design.—Longman's Magazine.