The Press and Banner

ABBEVILLE, S. C.

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Wednesday, Aug. 2, 1899.

Yellow Fever.

While this country was contemplating the filth that made yellow fever possible in Cuba, the dreaded disease suddenly and unexpectedly came to the "Soldiers Home," near Norfolk, Va. We believe some four thousand union soldiers are quartered there, and with thirty cases of yellow fever among them, there must be at least a feeling of discomfort. The veterans are those whom the government has undertaken to care for, and it would be a pity for an epidemic to get among men who are so well provided for, and who have no cares on their minds as to wordly affairs. When a man is freed from anxiety about the affairs of this world, it is lamentable for him to be scared to death by the presence of yellow fever. Nine have already died of the fever, and the remaining 3,991 are scared nearly to death.

The Oil Mill.

President J. Allen Smith has had extensive additions and improvements made to the Abbeville Oil Mill, and every preparation has been made for an increased business during the coming season. The officers of the mill are:

J. M. Hardin Vice-President and Bookkeeper.
L. J. Melson, Business Manager.
Carl Wosmanski, Night Superintendent.
Harry Simmons, Day Superintendent.

Lecture at the School House.

Just as we were going to press we learn that Prof. Edmunds had an appointment to deliver a public lecture in the Graded School building last night. Subject, "Language."

We have no doubt that those who were present enjoyed it very much. He is a pleasant and entertaining speaker, and is making the Summer School a benefit to the teachers.

Ball Game Today.

This evening at 4.30 o'clock Abbeville and Union will play a match game. Both clubs play fast ball, and will also play a game on Thursday and Friday evenings. Union has one of the best teams in the State, but they haven't played Abbeville yet. Our boys expect to win two of the three games.

Picnic at Union School.

Picnic at Union School House, Level Land, on Saturday, the 5th day of August. Several speakers have been invited, and the public is invited to come. Well-filled baskets will be acceptable.

John T. Bryant,
for Committee.

The Literary Club.

The Abbeville Literary Club will meet next Friday night at the home of Mr. Templeton. Hon. W. H. Parker, essayist. Subject, "Early History of the Abbeville Bar."

MISS CARRIE YOUNG, of Level Land, is in the city visiting Miss Corrie Killingsworth.

MR. EDGAR THORNTON, of Elberton, Ga., spent Sunday in the city with friends.

Dr. Hill's famous headache power for sale by Milford & DuPre. Phone 107.

Remember where to get Dr. Neuffer's Lung Tonic. Milford & DuPre's. The druggist. Phone 107.

Dr. Hill's headache powder for sale at Milford & DuPre's. The druggist. Phone 107.

Why allow your tin roofs to rust and leak when one coat of Allens Anti-Rust Roof paint will stop the leaks and preserve the roof for five years only 75c per gallon at Speed's drug store.

Keinjane hams are the finest. Every one guaranteed. Smoked shoulders 8½c. per lb.

I have metal bath tubs various shapes and prices.

Base balls, bats, mitts and masks, also sweaters. The best you ever saw for 50c.

Novelties in belt buckles and belts, at Haddon's.

"Lolly Pop" and ice cream sodas at Milford & DuPre's soda fountain.

Dr. Hill's headache powder for sale by Milford & DuPre. Phone 107.

Bargains at Haddon's.

New arrivals in white goods at Haddon's.

A new line of embroideries, insertings and ribbons.

See our linen and crashes for cool summer dresses.

36 inch percales at 5 cents at Haddon's.

Go to Haddon's and get a bargain in colored lawns at 2½ cents per yard.

A new piece of gloria silk for ladies' waists 50 inches wide at Haddon's.

Ready made shirt waist at 25, 35 and 50 cts.

Window shades at 10c. at Haddon's.

A full line of window shades in all colors at all prices.

White and colored dotted swiss for curtains. An elegant line of fine lace curtains at all prices at Haddon's.

New arrivals in millinery this week at Haddon's.

Sailors leghorn and flats just received this week.

A new supply of chiffons, ribbons and laces at Haddon's.

For tired and sweating feet, use Allen's Foot Ease, sold at Speed's.

Buy your drugs from Speed and get a key to the money box.

Dr. Hill's headache powders for sale by Speed.

For tired, swollen, sweating feet, nothing equals Allen's foot ease. For sale by Speed.

Drink ginger ale malt at Milford & DuPre's soda fountain.

"Lolly pop" and cherry phosphate special ties at Milford & DuPre's soda fount.

Fresh shipment of "Nunnallies" candy at Milford & DuPre's the Druggist. Phone 107.

We make prescriptions a specialty. Phone us and we will place it in your hands before you can send to the Drug store. Milford & DuPre the Druggist. Phone 108.

All the best cattle powders for sale by Speed

Kill all the flies in your house with insect powder. For sale by Speed.

Harris Lithia water and ginger ale. For sale by Milford & DuPre. Phone 107.

There is no use to tell you anything about Milford & DuPre's drug store, but go and see.

Kodol, the great dyspepsia remedy, for sale by Milford & DuPre, Phone 107.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

The School in Which Our Teachers are Taught How to Teach.

The Summer School enters this morning upon the third week of its work, one half of its session having passed. Supt. Edmunds and Miss Withers have made many friends in Abbeville, and are doing good work for the teachers. The enrollment is as follows:

Mrs. E. C. Cromer,
Mr. M. E. Bradley,
Mr. B. M. Cheatham,
Miss Leslie Branyon,
Miss Fanny Brown,
Miss Meta Brownlee,
Miss Lois Crawford,
Miss Mamie Cox,
Miss Essie Douglass,
Miss Honora Cuddy,
Miss Cassie Fleming,
Miss Florence Henry,
Miss Rosa Maxwell,
Miss Nelle Nickles,
Miss E. Lula Penney,
Miss Lula McWhorter,
Miss Mary Robertson,
Miss Eliza Thomson,
Miss Bevvie Wilder,
Miss Nina Wham,
Miss Annie L. Wham,
Miss Jeanie White,
Miss Emma C. White,
Miss Fanny C. Wideman,
Miss N. L. Pettigrew,
Miss Eliza Gambrell,
Miss Ida Nickles,
Miss Coral Muse,
Miss Corrie Young,
Miss Annie Robison,
Miss Lizzie Nickles,
Miss Lula McGhee,
Miss Jeannie Cowan,
Miss Ersie Ellis,
Miss Viola Poore.

Mr. Edmunds says that there is a very earnest and faithful spirit among the teacher-pupils. He is much pleased with their work and progress.

If you need a new fall skirt, see that line fine dress stuff offered cheap at Haddon's.

DUE WEST ITEMS.

As Seen by a Live and Wide Awake Reporter.

Due West, S. C., August 1, 1899.

Prof. P. L. Grier reports that school taxes are being voted at Prosperity and other places just as if no adverse decision had ever been rendered on the subject.

A good delegation from this place will attend the Young People's Convention at Ora, S. C., next week.

Miss Lemmie Tribble and Miss Lena Tribble have been visiting friends in and around the city of Antreville and spent a delightful time.

Miss Zula Brock is teaching a class of music pupils at Honea Path and will not be in Due West for any length of time during the summer. In the early fall she will begin teaching in the Anderson graded school.

Fine rains fell here last week and the crops have been greatly revived and improved.

Mrs. J. S. Moffatt, of Chester, and her five children James, Grier, Julia, Martha Wylie and the baby are visiting at Dr. Grier's.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Rice, of Ninety Six, are visiting at Mr. W. T. Cowan's. Their three children came along to see grandpa.

Rev. F. Y. Pressly is expected home from Chicago about the middle of August.

Prof. Grier Pressly is pleased with the prospects of the primary department of Erskine College next session.

Rev. O. Y. Bonner has bought the house on Main street that was so long the home of the late Dr. J. L. Miller. It is convenient to the church and is regarded as one of the most valuable pieces of property in all the town.

Judge L. Oscar Cowan has recently sold a silver mine in the republic of Mexico for sixty thousand dollars in Mexican silver or about thirty thousand dollars in gold. Judge and Mrs. Cowan will visit their Due West relatives during the month of August. After visiting South Carolina they expect to settle at Tucson, Arizona, and make that their future home.

A protracted meeting is being conducted at Gilgal church this week by Rev. W. B. Whorton. He is assisted by Mr. Check of Ninety Six.

Mr. Isaac Green and family are visiting relatives in Long Cane township.

Miss Alpha Rasor returned to Due West last Saturday after a pleasant stay of two weeks in Greenwood.

Up to this time Bob McAdams, colored, has sold the largest watermelon brought to this market. It weighed forty pounds.

A good brass band will furnish music for the Farmers Institute to be held here on August 19th.

Mr. James McMillan, wife and baby were in town last Monday.

Dr. O. P. Hawthorne has been having some good stock timber hauled in town to the saw mill of Mr. W. B. Clinkscales.

Rev. J. W. Baird and family of Mississippi, are expected in town this week. Mrs. Baird is recovering from a case of fever and comes to Due West to recuperate.

Mr. Moffat Grier went to Gastonia, N. C., last week on business. He reports that there will soon be eight cotton factories in operation at that place in addition to various other manufacturing interests. J. T. McDill and J. Y. Miller are doing a good merchandise ousiness, and Samuel A. Pressly succeeding in the brokerage business.

Miss Maggie Lowry is in Due West for a few weeks stay. Miss Lowry is in excellent health, and her friends are glad to know that she is stronger then she has been for several years.

Dr. and Mrs. D. R. Anderson, of Fairview, visited the family of Mr. A. S. Kennedy last week. Dr. Anderson is an interesting talker and well posted on the affairs of the day.

Leon Clinkscales, a little son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Clinkscales, took the wrong end of the street when he came out of a store here last week, and instead of going to Mr. H. C. Poore's, his grandfather, found himself near Mr. F. H. Darlington's.

Mr. Robert Pruit of Anderson County, and by the way a very energetic man, is operating a saw mill near the residence of Capt. G. N. Nichols.

Dr. W. M. Grier and Mr. R. S. Galloway, went to Greenwood Monday, morning through the country to meet with the executive committee of Erskine College, who have in charge just now the building of a girl's domitory for Erskine.

Miss Nelle Kennedy, Miss Alma Brock, W. P. Lindsay and Robert Brock spent a delightful day with Mr. and Mrs. James Rasor at their country home near Saluda river, one day last wdek.

Henry Mitchel, colored, was arraigned before Town Council last week for beating his wife. Sentence, twenty dollars fine, or thirty days on chain gang. Not having a twenty dollar bill in his pocket, Mr. Mitchel concluded to enter the training school for picking and shoveling dirt, now being conducted by Capt. Joe Johnson, in Bordeaux township.

Henry Brownlee, of colored persuasion, was unexpectedly called upon to stand a preliminary trial in the court presided over by Judge M. E. Hollingsworth last Tuesday. The evidence was such that the Trial Justice felt justified in committing Henry to jail where he awaits the convenient call of the Sheriff at the next session of the criminal court. The prisoner is charged with an assault upon the person of Boston Jones.

A few nights ago we enjoyed a pleasant serenade from the Due West cornet band. We were surprised at the rapid progress these young musicians have made. The following young men composed the band: Joe Magill, Ben Magill, Robert Ellis, Eb. Ellis, Luther Ellis, Crawford Clinkscales and Earl Clinkscales. Send for the Due West cornet band when you want good music.

Mr. Frank Jones and Mr. Blunt, two handsome young gentlemen from Abbeville, were visiting some of their friends among the young ladies last Sabbath.

RABBIT STEW.

Six or seven hundred colored people attended the barbecue in "rabbit stew" last Friday. The barbecue was a business enterprise run by Enoch Cochran and Robt. Mars, two hustling farmers, who cleared twenty-five dollars on the venture. They sold out everything they had prepared and could have sold a good deal more. The colored bands from Due West and Honea Path furnished the music. Speeches were made by Ben Cowan and others. In the afternoon the crowd came into town and had a game of base ball. They were quite well behaved and appeared to enjoy the day throughout.

SCHOOL HOUSE LOT.

At a meeting of the building committee last Saturday it was decided to buy the lot between Mrs. Lois Pressly's and the A. R. P. church for the public school building. The price paid for the lot of two acres is two hundred dollars. The committee was unanimous in accepting the proposition of Mrs. Pressly in offering the lot at the price named. In a few days plans and specifications for the school building will be ready and the committee prepared to receive bids for the construction of the same.

CAN GET MONEY AT LOW RATE OF INTEREST

The public school building committee have a note good for fifty thousand dollars at least and possibly good for eighty thousand dollars on which it is authorized to borrow eight hundred dollars at a low rate of interest for the purpose of erecting a school building. Two banks have already offered to loan the money. Mr. R. C. Brownlee, Jr., has been made the secretary and treasurer of the building fund and will be entrusted with the care and keeping of the money.

Mr. W. A. Vaughn, who served Due West faithfully for a year or two as town marshal, is now merchandising in the city of Greenville. He is doing a good business and his friends here are pleased to hear of his success as a merchant.

DEATH.

Mr. Jno. M. Leith died at his home on Long Cane creek between Due West and Hodges, at 10 a. m., Wednesday, July 26th. He was partially paralyzed some months ago and was also affected with a malignent disease of the brain. He had taken no solid food since the 16th of April and his death was not unexpected. His remains was laid away in the cemetery at Greenville church on Thursday last, the funeral exercises being conducted by Dr. J. O. Lindsay. Mr. Leith had been a member of Greenville church for several years. He was a Scotchman and came to this country after the war with Mr. McKay who owned the brick house place near Douglass Mills. His intelligence and public spirit made him a useful man in his neighborhood.

Mr. R. W. Haddon found the creek a little high Tuesday afternoon of last week. He unhitched his horse and left his buggy in the creek until he could send back for it.

FIFTY CENT DOLLARS.

Capt. David Sharpton, of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, visited his sister, Mrs. J. W. Ellis, last week. He was a student in Erskine college about the year 1870, and boarded with Capt. James Pratt who lived at that time where Dr. J. H. Bell now lives. After leaving college he married and engaged in rail road business in Texas for several years. For the past twelve years he has been a passenger conductor on the Mexican National Railway, his run extending from San Luis Potosi to Saltillo. Capt. Sharpton lives in a splendid climate, the lowest altitude at any point on his run being more than five thousand feet above sea level. Mexican dollars are worth fifty-five cents. He has a good wife and is the father of five boys. One of his sons is practicing dentistry at Edgefield, another is a conductor on another line entering San Luis Potosi, another is an engineer, another we are sorry to learn is blind and will be taken to Atlanta for treatment, the youngest is named Ben Tillman. The fighting weight of the Captian is two hundred and sixty-five pounds.

Rev. J. A. Brown, Mr. T. L. Haddon, Mr. J. R. McGee, Miss Lula McGee, and Miss Essie Ellis attended the union meeting at Buffalo church last Saturday Sabbath.

Rev. J. A. Brown began a protracted meeting at the Baptist church in Donnalds last Monday. The preaching will be done by Rev. J. E. Covington.

A new lot of black crepons for skirts, just received at Haddon's.

Now is the time to get a bargain in slippers at Haddon's.

PECULIAR ENGLISH SPELLING.

Most Difficult of All Systems to Acquire Except the Chinese.

English spelling is the most unsystematic and therefore the most difficult of all systems to acquire, except the Chinese. The French has not a complete alphabet to represent all its sounds in a simple and systematic manner, but the French use the incomplete and defective Roman alphabet much more consistently than we. The object of writing is to convey thought. An ideal system would allow of the conveyance of thought with the least expenditure of energy on the part of both writer and reader.

The sounds of the spoken language should be represented by the simplest, most complete and most logical system. There are in English 40 distinct sounds; 40 distinct letters are needed to represent them. With such a system the interminable difficulty of learning to spell would disappear, the time spent in printing and writing unnecessary letters would be saved and the learning of the language by children and foreigners would be greatly facilitated. There is no valid objection to phonetic spelling except the difficulty of introducing it. The etymological objection is unworthy of serious consideration.

The etymology, for example, of "sophism" (which, by the way, does not import a wise saying) resides in the real word, not in its spelling. Any one who knows the history of the word would associate that history with it, however it might be spelled. The Philological association favors phonetic spelling. It is, of course, impossible to make so radical a change at once, but it does not follow that the benefits of phonetic spelling, the metric system or any other great improvement will come to us in the surest and best way by simply leaving the matter to chance. There is a tendency to shorten spelling, but the benefits to be derived from improvement are so great that definite action should be taken to secure them early and to make the changes in the way that will be most beneficial. Changes for better and for worse will continue to come by chance as they have come in the past, but chance change in so important a matter as the language of the most enlightened and most progressive people of the world should not be satisfactory.—Self Culture.

MAN A NONCLIMBER.

He Shows a Singular Repugnance to Becoming "Arboreal."

Climbing runs in families, for steeplejacks are often the sons of fathers who were in the business, but it is somewhat odd that man, though he learns to swim so well that armed only with a knife he can encounter a shark in its native element, and judged by the extent of his mining operations in comparison with the size of his body surpasses by a thousand times all animals that work underground, has never become a good climber or shown the slightest tendency to become "arboreal," as he has become aquatic and subterranean.

South sea babies that cannot walk will roll into the sea and swim, collier boys at 14 will take pick and lamp and descend into the mine almost as naturally as young moles, but we believe that in spite of the danger from wild beasts in forest regions and the fact that in such places there is ten times more life on the level of the tree tops than on the ground there is no single instance of a tribe which, properly speaking, has become "arboreal" and learned to climb like monkeys. Though not a few make huts in trees they approach these by ladders, and except in the huts which they use as a refuge and sleeping place they spend their time on the ground.

Even in forests where the upper levels of the trees are so closely laced together that a comparatively slight adaptation would enable the Indians to progress from tree to tree, and where nearly the whole of the fruit and the greater part of the birds and animals used for food are found only in this "upper story," man is not, and always refuses to become, a "climbing animal." Natural repugnance to this form of enterprise seems characteristic of savage men, and even of animals which run no risks whatever. African natives who have only lived in one storied huts show the greatest dislike to going up stairs and have been known to creep up on hands and knees, while large dogs when required to ascend stairs for the first time often refuse to do so except under strong persuasion and with evident reluctance.—London Spectator.

Dumas' Adaptations.

Alexandre Dumas, who hated the English, would have cursed in his breeziest style had he known of the number of unauthorized adaptations and annexations of his "Three Musketeers" which bristle on our boards. Beerbohm Tree put on the historic conglomeration in gorgeously panoramic style at Her Majesty's. Sidney Grundy, play adapter in ordinary, prepared that version for the stage, and his name appeared in bigger type on the posters than that of Dumas. Dumas was lucky to be mentioned at all. Most of the play tinkers here erase the name of the original author altogether and insert their own. As I walk along the Strand I sometimes think I hear Grundy and Comyns Carr and Hamilton and Rose, all the modish native adapters of the day, sing in chorus the good old couplets:

Bring me the works of V. Sardou,
Bring me the works of E. Augier,
Bring me the paste and scissors, too—
I am the man to write a play.

—London Letter.

The Wife Knew Better.

"Charlotte, my dear, how is it I find you weeping? Have you had bad news from your husband?"

"Oh, worse than that! My Arthur writes me from Carlsbad that he would die with ardent longings for me were it not that he could gaze affectionately at my picture and cover it with a thousand kisses every day."

"That is really very nice of him. And, pray, is it that you are crying for? I would give anything to have such a poetic and tenderly loving husband as you have!"

"Ah, yes, my Arthur is very poetical! But let me tell you that, just to try him, I slipped my mother's photo into his traveling bag instead of my own before he started."—London Tit-Bits.

Another Ancient Mystery.

Johnny—Pa, is there anything more valuable than diamonds?

His Father—No, son. Why?

Johnny—Oh, I was just wondering what they gave Methusaleh on his five hundredth wedding anniversary.—Jewelers' Weekly.

An Old Palace.

Lambeth palace, London, has been the home of the primates of Canterbury for over seven centuries. This place can show specimens of almost every style of architecture which has prevailed since 1190.

Lax thinking, as a usual thing, ends in lax conduct.

Keep good company and you shall be of the number.

Do what good you can in the world, and be careful to do it when you can.

A man may successfully deceive his neighbors or himself; but he cannot deceive God.

Poverty and hardships have lifted many a man to fame and a noble career who would have accomplished nothing had ease and affluence been his inheritance.

Good Advice to Girls.

I wish I could say to all young girls, in city or country, beware of strangers. Never speak, especially when traveling alone, to strangers, unless what they say is said distinctly enough to be heard by all persons sitting there. The low voice of strangers speaking to young women or girls to whom they have not been introduced should be regarded with suspicion.

Another thing. Have no secrets from your parents. Danger, if not actual harm, begins with secrecy. Be as open as the day. Your father and mother are certainly your best friends. If you sometimes think they are not, you are probably wrong, but even if right while you are young it would be much safer for you to have all your acquaintances under-stood.

Sometimes strangers endeavor to entrap young girls by advertising that they would like to begin a correspondence. This is the most common means of leading girls astray. The awful results of answering such advertisements as they have been brought to my knowledge by lettter and personal accounts, and through reformatory and other institutions, would arouse the American people to such indignation against the newspapers that admit such decoy letters, that the wretches that edit them would be driven from decent society. Never write a letter to a stranger, nor one to a friend that would disgrace you if it reached other hands than those for which it is intended.

In almost every school there is some girl bad enough to be in a reformatory. She may be bright and pleasant, but says wicked things, and there are many who are weak; so that an innocent girl may be greatly injured by some schoolmate. The moment a word is said that you would be ashamed to have your father or mother hear renounce the society of the one who says it. You would be afraid to go into a room with a girl that had scarlet fever. It would be better to have your body contract such a disease as that than to have your soul poisoned.

Real Friends.

"You'll catch it, when you mother sees you," said Joe to Charley, as the latter picked himself up slowly from the ground and ruefully eyed a jagged hole in his new trousers and the mud that was literally plastered over his clothes. But Charley answered: "Humph, you don't know my mother."

"I'll bet she'll give you a regular scolding," replied Joe.

"My mother never scolds," said Charlie," "She'll say, Well I guess yov've had a tumble: did you hurt yourself, dear?"

Joe looked in open-mouthed amazement at his friend, and said, slowly, "Do you mean that she'll really think about you first, before she talks about the mud and the hole?" To which Charlie rather indignantly replied: "Of course, I do. My mother knows I wouldn't tear my clothes and roll in the mud on purpose. You want to remember that my mother and I are more than just related to each other—we're real friends."

How many boys can say that? If yours cannot, be sure there is a grave mistake somewhere. It is true that a mother must guide, control, advise, or command, as the occasion requires; but to degenerate into either a servant or an officer is to abuse God-given opportunities.

A problem worthy of the careful, prayerful study of every mother is, How can I be "real friends" with my boy?

The Love of Truth.

The importance of truth and of the knowledge of truth to all men was unknown in any practical way to heathenism, and may be considered as due essentially to Christianity. Christianity requires not merely truthfulness, but love of truth. The divine Son of man represented His mission to be very principally to bear witness to the truth; and that question which the highest civilization of antiquity did not care to have answered. He has made through His Spirit a perpetual aspiration of His disciples. Christianity, in fact, has added many new cardinal virtues to the old pagan ones, and among them is this, neither the last nor the least of all, the desire of moral progress. To seek truth and as it is found to live by it and to impart it to others, to cherish true personal convictions concerning human and divine relationships, and to diffuse them, in every way to testify to the truth which we live by—this is a new birth of Christianity.

Christianity, it is true, does not directly denounce some social evils, and it does not directly define some social rights; nor does it furnish new instruments, nor found new institutions for realizing its aims; but, notwithstanding, it ever has been, and ever will be, indirectly the most powerful adversary of such evils, and advocate of such rights.

Singular Lives.

If one professes to be a follower of Christ, and then lives just as wordly people do, the light in him is hidden. No lesson needs to be spoken into the ears of men to-day more earnes ly, more vehemently than that the disciples of Christ must come out and be separate. "Ye are not of the world," cries the Master; "I have chosen you out of the world." The tendency of the day is to obliterate the lines of separation between the church and the world. If there is no difference between the world and the church, why shall we continue to call men into the church? If Christians live just as the world's people do, why are they Christians? What is the light that shines in them, or that shines out from them to give light to others?

When Christ lighted us he did not want us to keep our new life concealed in the habits and customs and ways of the world. He wanted us to hold up the burning torch of a consistent, holy, and worthy Christian confession, so that all men may see in us that which was not there before. "If we then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth."

A Little Mischief.

When is sugar like a pig's tooth? When it is in a hogshead.

What is the board of education? The schoolmaster's shingle.

Why is life the greatest of all riddles? Because we must all give it up.

Why is a tramp like a white flannel? Because he shrinks from washing.

How do you know when night is nigh? When the (tea) is taken away.

Why is it absurd to call a dentist room the dental parlor? Because it is the drawing room.

Which is the easiest profession, a doctor's or a clergyman's? A clergyman's. He preaches; the doctor practices.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

MONTANA'S PUZZLING AND CONTRADICTORY WELL.

In the Summer Its Water Freezes and In the Winter the Ice Melts and the Water Becomes Warm—A Mysterious Current of Air.

Seven miles to the north and a little to the east of the Cheyenne agency in Custer county, Mon., is a well filled with ice that excites much curiosity among the ranchers and cattlemen of that section. Every cowboy who visits the well has much to tell and invariably advances his own explanation.

Many ingenious theories are given which tend to indicate that mankind of all degrees of scientific knowledge put forth an effort to find the origin of things. However, they all agree that the ice forms in the well during the summer and that it actually thaws during the winter. This apparent contradiction of the natural laws that govern the outside world has carried the fame of this well for miles around and people have traveled great distances to witness the formation of icicles during the hot weather of July.

This well is within a few hundred feet of the summit of Little Wolf mountains, on the north slope, at the very beginning of Greenleaf creek, which empties into Rosebud eight miles from where the Rosebud joins the Yellowstone river. This portion of the mountain is covered with a growth of tall pines.

Fourteen years ago three men prospecting for silver, mistaking certain colors in the rocks, began sinking a shaft. At 15 feet it was disagreeably cold, at 20 feet the cold had increased so rapidly that they were thoroughly frightened. They could feel currents of cold air rushing up from the crevices in the rock. They imagined they were digging into some mysterious underground cavern. They had heard just enough of wonderful adventures of digging into caves and underground lakes, and being alone in this wilderness, where the very stillness permitted the ears to hear and the mind to imagine all manner of grewsome powers hid beneath the rock, so thoroughly filled them with fear of impending danger that they abandoned the work which has since gained such renown.

The summits of Little Wolf mountains are covered with scoria, which has all the appearance and texture of a good grade of tiling. It is usually red, but varies in color through all the shades down to black. These varying colors give the beautiful tints to the thousands of buttes throughout the bad lands. In comparatively recent geological times vast beds of ignite coal were formed over the eastern half of Montana, extending into western Dakota. The burning of these beds of coal was the beginning of the bad land formation. The fine deposits of clay above the coal were burned as brick are burned in a kiln and formed the scoria. Where the heat was greater and rock and sand were present it melted and mixed with the coal and coal ash, forming large cinderlike rocks, which are sometimes mistaken for lava. As the coal burned out from beneath the clay, now baked into scoria and melted into cinders, it broke into small divisions and fell promiscuously down into the pits thus formed. Volcanic ash is found scattered over the Little Wolf mountains and the eastern portion of Montana. It must have drifted with the wind from powerful eruptions in the Rocky mountains, as there are no indications of any volcanic action in the vicinity of the ice well. The Little Wolf mountains are merely a rough range of buttes apparently of the same origin as all the bad land buttes. Their summits, towering above all the other buttes, have given them the name of mountains, but they are only of slightly over 4,000 feet altitude. If ice were to be put into the well during the winter, it would keep throughout the summer nearly as well as if stored away in ordinary icehouses. By chance nature has formed almost the identical conditions that man has made use of to preserve ice throughout the hot weather. The shaft is the cavity in which to store the ice. The volcanic ash, filling into the open space between the loosely piled rock, serves the purpose of sawdust in keeping out the warm drafts of air. The altitude and the north slope are favorable to the preservation of the ice. Tall, dense forest prevents the heating of the surface rock by the direct rays of the sun. The rocks are too porous for the water to soak up, so to speak, from beneath. The facts are that in many places near the tops of the buttes, on the sides where the rocks have fallen loosely together, they are perfectly dry for many feet below the surface, being moistened by the winter snow and rain as it may fall and run down from above.

During the winter the well is nearly filled with snow. Enough water from the early spring rains finds its way through between the rocks to mix with the snow and freeze into one solid mass of ice. The ice in the well is formed by the cold of the winter season, but does not begin to form sometimes till the winter is half gone.

In turn, it is melted by the heat of the summer, but does not begin to melt until the summer is half over. In the early part of the summer it is still freezing in the well, and during the first half of the winter it is still melting. The well acts as a refrigerator. It receives the heat slowly and then gives it off just as slowly. If the earth received and gave off heat readily, the hottest weather would be in June and the coldest in December—in fact, the seasons follow nearly a month behind the sun.

It is a fact that if on a hot day you walk rapidly into the cave to where the ice is it feels as though a strong current of cold air were blowing against your face. The sensation is so decidedly real that it requires careful demonstration to prove to the contrary, and even then it almost seems as though the demonstration has been a mistake. It can be easily tested by using smoke, or better still, a rather heavy colored glass. Again, if one should stand without the entrance to the cave on a very warm day near enough to feel any draft that may be stirring, none can be felt coming from the cave. If one should stand directly above the ice well on a hot, still day, even putting the face down to the very opening into the well, no upward draft of cool air can be felt, but go down into the well and one would state positively that there was an upward draft of extremely cold air.—Boston Advertiser.

Effect of Water on Teeth.

Herr Rese has collected statistics in Bavaria and Herr Foerberg in Sweden which tend to prove that the water we drink has an important influence on the teeth. Caries, or decay in teeth, is less common where the water is "hard" owing to the presence of chalk and magnesium salts. The harder the water the better the teeth. Probably the presence of lime in the water benefits the bones in general.

The mercy of God is without end or limit, but a man may sin away his capacity to profit by it.

Boasting and undue depreciation are often used for the same purpose—to direct attention to self.

However the world may look at the matter, it is nevertheless true that in God's sight goodness is the only true greatness.

The man who starts out in life determined to keep the ten commandments will soon find out that their maker is God.

Lessons on Kindness to Animals.

Never stick pins into butterflies and other insects.

Never carry poultry with their heads hanging down.

Never throw stones at those harmless creatures, the frogs.

That nearly all snakes are harmless and useful.

That earth worms are harmless and useful, and that when you use them in fishing they ought to be killed instantly, before you start, by plunging them in a dish of boiling water.

That it is very cruel to keep fish in glass globes slowly dying.

That it is kind to feed birds in winter.

That bits should never be put in horses' mouths in cold weather without being first warmed.

That it is cruel to keep twitching the reins while driving.

That when your horses is put in a strange stable you should always be sure that he is properly fed and watered and in cold weather that his blanket is properly put on.

That you should never ride after a poor-looking horse when you can help it. Always look at the horse and refuse to ride after a poor-looking one, or a horse whose head is tied up by a tight check-rein.

That you should always talk kindly to every dumb creature.

That you should always treat every dumb creature as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the creature's place.

Work and Hope.

Yes, work and hope. The outlook may be dark, the times may be threatening; but while God lives it cannot but be well with the hopeful, believing, trustful well-door. True, times and things might be better; they might be worse, also. Despairing never changes anything for the better, but hopeful working does. Look upon the bright side. If you do not see it, hunt for it. Bring a flower when you come home from your toil and hand it, with a smile, to your wife, your mother, your sister, or your daughter. It will cheer them, and make them feel that life is worth living; then in return they will smile upon and cheer you. Fill your home with loving smiles, kind words, helpful deeds, and then hope will well up in your soul. There is love all about us, if we will but make ourselves lovable; there is plenty of appreciation near by, if we will but do something worthy of appreciation. The world is not going to smash, and we are not going to be cast out to die of starvation if we but do as well as we may. Therefore, work and hope.

Unclaimed Letters.

Letters remaining in the post office for the week ending July 18, 1899.

A—Jasper Andrews.
B—Mrs. Callie Buggs.
C—H. B. Cook, Benson Cook.
D—Mrs. Sindie Dotson.
E—Mrs. Susie Edwards.
G—Frank Graham, Geo. Giles.
H—Alexander G. Hager, May Lear Hunter.
J—Mrs. Carrie Jones, Lucy Jackson, Charlie Jones, J. B. Jones.
L—Mrs. Sophenia Lomax, E. L. Larriannia.
M—F. A. Moragne, Mrs. H. L. Morton, Miss Ollie Mittie, Miss Mary Mason, Albert McNight, Miss Susan Miller.
R—Mrs. Mahalay Riarnia.
S—Miss Liler Smith, S. R. Smith, Miss Marrier Seep.
W—Geo. Washington, Jr., Jas. Walles, Miss Hattie Wilson, Mrs. Lizzie Williams, Mrs. Lear Williams.

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Do not be too much discouraged because you cannot stumble upon that sweet grace, content. It is not reached by luck nor inherited as a legacy. Paul intimates the way to possession of it when he says "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." It is something to be acquired by learning, but though the learning is a long process the result justifies the labor and the cost.

Prayer should be just what one feels; just what one thinks; just what one needs, and it should stop the moment it ceases to be the real expression of the need, the thought and the feeling.

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