

Selling Out Selling Out Selling Out

READ CAREFULLY
AND REMEMBER,

That FLYNN has always been the Leader of Low Prices in this section of country.

ARE SACRIFICED.

I HAVE now made the greatest effort of my life to clean out the whole thing, if possible. And if Goods sacrificed in price will convince the closest buyers, I can convince them that the Goods

Seal Plush Modjeskas advertised at Evrick's Riddleys and other large houses at \$16 50 to \$20, I will sell at \$12 50 and \$15.

Misses Newmarkets, fine Goods, at \$2 50, \$2 75, \$3, up to \$5 50.

Ladies " " nice " at \$3 25, \$3 75, \$5.

Those Goods are worth double what we ask for them.

I have the fashionable Triot from 19c. to the finest grades at 67½c.

Those Goods are 54 inches wide.

Cashmeres, double width, from 14½c to 30c.

I have all dress trimmings, including watered silk, which I will sell for 55c. worth 85c. Worst dress Goods from 4c a yard up.

Jeans, Flannels, Ticking, Towels, White Counterpanes, very cheap.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND TRUNKS

MY STOCK OF CLOTHING

is acknowledged by every person, to be the largest and best selected they have ever seen above Charleston.

I have thousands of other articles that space will not admit me to mention; but if you want as many Goods for \$10 as can be had elsewhere for \$15,

DO NOT FAIL TO CALL AT

D. C. FLYNN'S,

LEADER AND CHAMPION OF LOW PRICES.

May 27

21

if

William Warren as Philocody.

The John Peter Philocody of Mr. Warren was almost worthy to be called a great creation. The old time farce, which has nearly been superseded by burlesque and extravaganza, had a real artistic reason for being. It had the same place in the drama that humorist character has in painting, and served a like purpose. Farce simply took a natural human feeling or habit, magnified or intensified it, and showed how amusing a man might be who was entirely under its control. Mr. Philocody is a nursery gardener and a seedsman, a beautiful, perfect specimen of the small but prosperous English Philistine.

He is devotedly fond of his wife, who was the widow of a sea captain named O'Scuttle, and all his spirit is possessed by the idea that Mrs. Philocody's "first," who was supposed to have been drowned at sea, may turn up and claim his spouse. His fear soon has something substantial to feed on, for a Capt. O'Scuttle does turn up and demand a wife, and the action is occupied simply with the display of Mr. Philocody's emotions until he discovers that he is dealing with his predecessor's brother, and not with the predecessor himself. Absurd as the character is, it fairly glowed with life, as well as drollery, in Mr. Warren's hands.—Atlantic Monthly.

The Dog Had Fleas.

The irrepressible small boy lived in a fashionable boarding house, on Washington boulevard. Among the boarders was an old maid, whose many silly, girlish ways made her the object of much secret fun among the boarders. It was after a dull Sunday afternoon, when it was a trifle early to light the gas, and a momentary summons to supper was expected, that the lady, a couple of gentlemen and the aforementioned boy occupied one of the parlors. No one seemed willing to start a conversation, so, for the want of a better thought, the lady said to the graceful boarder, on the rug before the grate: "Oh, Fanny, how I envy you your peaceful lot; no trials or cares!" The little boy sprang to the side of his favorite, and, looking up into the lady's face, blurted out: "I guess you wouldn't, if you had to have fleas!"—Chicago Herald.

If we did but half we are able to do we would be surprised at the sum of our diligence.

Two Smart Birds.

Birds of many curious kinds are found in Australia which cannot be found anywhere else. One of them is the bower builder, or walk builder, as it is called. It builds a long walk or bower with grasses and sprigs, and then collects all sorts of little things to decorate it. Gaudy feathers he likes particularly for this purpose, but he does not disdain shells, bleached bones, a pipe bowl, a penknife, or any small object that he can find. So well is his propensity known, that when persons lose such things in the bush they generally find them in the bower bird's walk. It is evident that the bird takes them purely as ornaments, for he lives entirely on seeds and fruit.

Another noteworthy bird native to that far off land is the lyre bird. He can not only imitate the notes of all other birds, but also nearly every sound made by man. Settlers are often deceived by him, and many amusing stories are told. Sometimes a man working on his clearing hears somebody chopping wood a short distance away, and a dog barking at his heels. He goes in search of the intruder, and finds after a long walk that the lyre bird has been making game of him. A man using a cross-cut saw hears somebody doing the same thing, and after searching unsuccessfully for him, discovers that it is the bird.—Philadelphia Times.

It Has Become Monotonous.

One of St. Paul's distinguished citizens who rejoices in the title of general, and whose name is a household word all over town, is a member of the Presbyterian denomination. In former years he used to cross the ocean quite frequently, and each time before venturing out on the briny made his will, in which he bequeathed a good round sum to the church of which he is a pillar, for a building fund. But he always passed through the perils of the great deep with safety and returned home in better health than ever before. Then he would tear up the will and leave the church out in the cold again. This sort of thing has become rather monotonous to the congregation, and it is understood that they have taken matters into their own hands and will make up a building fund by subscription instead of waiting longer for the demise of the healthy church member.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE TURKISH ARMY.

Soldiers Who Can Fight and Who Don't Know Right from Left.

Turkish soldiers are recruited from the half starved peasants, whose lives of perpetual privation have trained them for just the kind of soldiers Turkey wants—men who can live on next to nothing, who care little what they wear, and who, never having had any money, don't expect it simply for fighting. Sometimes they are not paid for months at a time, and their food is poor and insufficient. It is always a puzzle how they are equipped.

The system by which military service in Turkey is recruited is this: There are about 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 Mussulmans who are eligible for military service between the ages of 20 and 40. The law mentions Mussulmans only, but Christians, if Turkish subjects, must also serve, though the latter can buy themselves out of the land service on paying about \$250 of our money.

There are four classes in the regular army—the acting or standing army, called Nizams; the Ichtyat, or reserve of the Nizams; the first army of the Redifs or reserve, the second army of the Redifs and the Mustaphiz or territorial army.

On entering the army as a recruit the recruit stays from one to three years in the standing army, the next four in the Ichtyat, then seven with the Redifs and six with the territorial army. If a recruit has a horse of his own and keeps it at his own expense he gets promoted at once to the first class of Redif cavalry, without active service.

The Turkish empire is divided into seven military districts, and each of these is divided again into eight recruiting districts, these districts comprising the whole dominion of Turkey in Asia, Europe and Africa.

There are nineteen army corps, divided into brigades, regiments, battalions and companies, all full with cavalry and artillery and engineers. While peace exists the Nizams alone are kept, the rest being disbanded and returned to their usual avocations. The troops are armed with rifles of modern make, many of them from America, and the artillery is also of the best.

The Turks make good soldiers—obedient and courageous. Promotion is once in a long while the result of personal merit, but more often it is obtained by intrigue or actual purchase. All the generals and staff officers are appointed by the sultan himself on the recommendation of the minister of war, but that functionary, no matter how high he is, never above the reach of proper argument, and advancements are obtained nine times out of ten by the influence of women.

There is a military school which was founded by a French gentleman, who also introduced percussion caps into Turkey, under the reign of Sultan Mahmoud, modeled after that of Saint Cyr, in France. Now at least one officer in a hundred can read and write, but the rank and file are in the densest ignorance, and absolutely do not know their right hand from their left. There is also a school of artillery, and those schools have done much to raise the standard of the army.

In civil government the sultan is chief, and his power is absolute until his enemies want a change and he is induced to resign, or, in other words, is put to death. But while he lives his power is limited only by the laws of nature. Next to the sultan in national importance is the grand vizier; after him is the seraskir pacha, or minister of war; then the minister of public works; then the captain pacha, or minister of marine, and after him the minister of justice.—Cor. New York Herald.

Wise Cows.

In general, cows are supposed to be rather wanting in intelligence. Else why do they invariably cross the road in front of a passing carriage? But The Pall Mall Gazette cites an instance of what looks like genuine bovine sagacity and a true neighborly feeling:

The other morning, a very sultry one, two cows came to our gate, evidently on the lookout for something, and after being at first somewhat puzzled by their pleading looks, I thought myself that they might be in want of water. No sooner had this idea occurred to me than I had some water brought in a large vessel, which the poor animals at once sucked up with the greatest eagerness. The pair then sauntered contentedly away to a field near at hand.

In about an hour or so we were surprised and not a little amused by seeing our two friends marching up to the gate, accompanied by three other cows.

The water tap was again called into requisition, and the new comers were in like manner helped liberally. Then, with gratified and repeated "boo-coo!"—a unanimous vote of thanks—our visitors slowly marched off to their pasturage.

It was quite clear to us that the two first callers, pleased with their friendly reception, had strolled down to their sister gossips and dairy companions, and had informed them—how, I cannot say, on your—of their liberal entertainment, and then had taken the pardonable liberty of inviting them up to our cottage.

Is Marriage a Failure?

"Marriage a failure! I should say not!" remarked an Oregon farmer, whose opinion was desired on one of the great questions of the day.

"Why, there's Lucindy gits up in the mornin', milks six cows, gits breakfast, starts four children to school, looks after the other three, feeds the hens, likewise the hogs, likewise some motherless sheep, skins twenty pans of milk, washes the clothes, gits dinner, eat cetera, et cetera."

"Think I could hire anybody to do it fur what she gits? Not much! Marriage, sir, is a success, sir; a great success!"—Youth's Companion.

SON OF PETER THE

Was Betrayed to the Enemy.

The death of the Czarowitch, Alexis, son of Peter the Great, is one of the most tragical chapters in history; all the more tragical because the unhappy prince so nearly escaped his cruel fate. "It is impossible," says the historian Dutens, "to collect more authentic particulars in regard to the czarowitch than those which I received from a Russian noble intimately connected with Marshal Romanoff, son of the general who was employed to arrest him. This noble informed me, that being at Schonbrunn on a visit to the count of that name, he conducted him to a small castle near at hand, and showed him the apartment in which Alexis had lived in concealment for a long time after he had been driven from his father's court. He also told me that the czarowitch, according to Marshal Romanoff, having resolved that his son should be brought back to Russia, and knowing that he was secluded in some part of the territories of the Emperor Charles VI., wrote to that sovereign, about 1717, to obtain his permission for Gen. Romanoff to see his son, wherever he might be, and persuade him to return to his father's court, promising to use no compulsion if he refused."

"The emperor, who had daily expected this demand, had advised Prince Alexis to repair to Naples, furnishing him with a strong recommendation to the viceroy of that kingdom. So that when Gen. Romanoff arrived to fulfill his commission, he was informed that the czarowitch was no where within the territories of the house of Austria. He then extorted from the emperor an order to all the governors of his Italian states to give facilities to the general for seeing Prince Alexis if he resided anywhere within the limits of their respective governments."

"With this order in his hand he traversed the Milanese and all Lombardy, and then passed into Naples, but everywhere the same answer met him, that no one knew the place of the prince's retirement."

"One day when Gen. Romanoff was conversing in Russian with the members of his suite before a barber whose services he had engaged, the barber showed so much astonishment that the general asked him, in Italian, the reason. He replied that he did not understand a word of the language which the general had been using, but that the cause of his surprise was its resemblance to that spoken by a great foreign lord whom he often went to shave at the Castel del Novo."

"The general, much struck by his remark, continued to question the garbular barber, and having made him some presents, learned that a young lord, whose person he described, was served with the greatest respect by numerous attendants, and led a very retired and secluded life in the Castel del Novo. From the details furnished by the barber, the general had not the slightest doubt that he was the czarowitch. He immediately repaired to the viceroy, and having shown him again the imperial order, and assured him of his conviction that Prince Alexis was at the Castel del Novo, obtained permission to see him, on the conditions specified in the czar's letter to the emperor. He had an interview with the unfortunate prince, who at first refused to proceed to St. Petersburg. The general, however, gave him a handsome bribe to a woman who lived with the prince, and had much influence over him; and he was thus persuaded eventually to return to the Russian capital, where we know what destiny awaited him."—W. H. D. Adams in Gentleman's Magazine.

A Substitute for Straw.

One Christmas I spent up on the mountain side with two or three others, and there we had our holiday dinner, and it was a wholesome meal, but wanting in those delicacies that a mother or wife can best prepare. A snowstorm was raging along the mountains, but with our cheerful fire and warm cabin, we cared nothing for it.

"If we had some flowers for the wish table," said one of the boys.

We all wished the same.

"We all," said your old letters, "said one. We all found a flower from the old house finds its way in letters to the boys out west. One found a rose bud, another a violet, another a daisy, and then another rose was found in a mother's letter. Withered and faded were these tokens from the old homes, but never did men value flowers more than we did that withered bouquet."

"Can't some one say grace?" said one of the boys.

No one volunteered.

"The closing line in my mother's letter," said a boyish fellow, "might do."

"Read them," was the response that came from all.

Heads were bowed around that frugal Christmas board, and the young man read:

"God bless you, my son, and God bless us all."

I then looked up and saw tears on the cheeks of weather beaten faces.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Couldn't Catch Up.

Pennock Pusey at one time had a tenant who was very slow in the payment of his rent. The first time the gentleman went around to collect of him he discovered this. The tenant said he had no ready money, gave various excuses for his impetuous condition, and finally referred Mr. Pusey to Judge Chandler, who, he said, would certify as to his good character and general honesty of purpose. Judge Chandler was looking back in his office when Mr. Pusey went around to see him regarding the tenant who couldn't pay. "The man is all right," said the judge, after hearing his story; "the only trouble about him is that he was born about \$50 behind and he has never been able to catch up."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE GOOD EFFECTS OF THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

SPARTANBURG, January 27.—There was a meeting of nearly a dozen Farmers' Alliances at Gaffney City last Friday. The territory in Spartanburg and Union counties that does its trading there was represented by many of the best farmers of the community. Dr. J. S. Hester addressed the meeting. The principal business on hand was the adoption of some plan by which they might get cheaper supplies and fertilizers. Carroll & Carpenter offered terms which were considered reasonable and were accepted.

The general opinion was expressed that a smaller quantity of fertilizers would be used than was used last year. Other similar meetings will be held in the county.

Your correspondent has been watching the working of the Alliance in this State since the State organizer first came here and began his work. The movement has met with some opposition on the part of the merchants and middlemen. Some ridicule it, and say that the farmers cannot stick together, and the whole thing will soon fall through. There are some unreasonable, bull-headed farmers who believe that merchants, lawyers, doctors and manufacturers have only one object in life, and that is to rob the farmer of his hard earned dollars. They are Ishmaelites, and raise their hand and voice against every man with a calling or profession differing from their own. Such men as these honestly believe that there is a direct and constant antagonism between them and all men who make their living by buying and selling. This class, however, is very small. The most of the members of the Alliances are reasonable men. They understand that all professions are necessary in a State and they feel that their several interests are inter-dependent. They know that the spirit of the combination of classes prevails all over the land. All trades and professions have their organizations. These are generally for self-protection and improvement. The farmers believe they have the same right to combine for these purposes that any other class has.

Then it is evident that since the war they have had a hard time of it. This has been an age of wild speculation in every marketable article. Such a condition is always unfavorable for the producer. They have had to pay most exorbitant prices for goods on time. In many instances 100 per cent has been paid. The farmers have been driven to organizing on account of what they consider oppressive conditions. They came together not to pull down others but to build up themselves. They know the process will be slow. They do not expect the Alliance to create money for them. They hope by combination to show that they are an important factor in the business and working world, and not mere isolated units, or ciphers, as heretofore considered. Of course, it is expected by all that the lazy, shiftless farmer will not change his ways. The Alliance does not propose to make men over. It furnishes them with incentives to improvement.

One of the Alliances represented at Gaffney's from Wilkesville, in Union County, is going on the cash basis. They have raised the money amongst themselves to purchase their main supplies. They have ordered a carload of corn and will buy their flour and bacon the same way, or in such quantities as to get it at a very small advance on first cost and freight. One tendency of the Alliance will be to work the farmers up to a cash basis. When a man has the ready cash in his pocket he is a pretty good Alliance within himself. But acting alone, he cannot do as well as if a dozen or fifty men, with the ready cash should combine to accomplish some purpose.

Some of the professional classes seem to fear that the Alliance will become a political organization and seek to name all our officers from Governor down to trial justice. This is an unfounded fear. It is expected that when an Alliance man is a candidate his brethren will vote for him, if he is good and worthy, just as every banker or capitalist will now vote for the candidate from their class. Both these phases of politics were illustrated in our election last fall. The Alliance men, then not very numerous, did not vote for candidates who represented money corporations, or who had much money by selling goods to farmers at high prices. On the other hand, this latter class gave no support to candidates who belonged to the Alliance. That is to be expected in the future and would result in that way without any combination. Taking it all in all, the Alliances threaten no evil to any other class, but they hope as the years go by to accomplish much good for the farmers.—Cor. News and Courier.

QUIT A LIVELY LITTLE FIGHT.—A bloody fight occurred on Tuesday night in Little's Magnolia Street barroom. John Kirby was drinking and quarrelsome. He picked a fight with Scruggs, but Scruggs did not accept it. Mr. John Little told Kirby that he must not come into his bar and insult his customers; that it was the second row that he had raised there that evening. Kirby turned on him and called him a liar. Little promptly knocked Kirby down, and Kirby jumped on his face. It was stamped out of recognition. Worth Little seems to have used his knife in some way and got his own hand cut. The account of the fight is confused and contradictory but they all agree that Kirby was badly used up.—Spartanburg Herald.

THE ONE-HORSE FARMER.—The

editor of the Névastote (Texas) Table loaded his shooting iron not long ago and went gunning out on the prairie. Having bagged a one-horse farmer he holds him up to view as follows:

The one-horse farmer has a life long ambition to gain a reputation for wearing a dirty shirt.

He will alarm the neighborhood by getting up two hours before day and then sit around and not go to work until after sun up.

He will ride around a week looking for a two dollar hog.

He will complain of hard times, then tear his pants climbing over the fence where a gate ought to be.

He will buy a new bridle, and then let the calf chew it to pieces before Sunday.

He get all his neighbors to help in getting a cow out of the bog, then let her die from want of attention.

Stock will get in and destroy his crops at a place in his fence that he has been putting off fixing for six months.

He will sprain his back lifting something to show how strong he is.

He will talk all day Sunday on what he knows of farming, then ride around the neighborhood Monday hunting seed potatoes.

He will go in his shirt sleeves on a cold day to show how much he can stand, and then return home at night and occupy two thirds of the fireplace till bed time.

He will ridicule the mechanism of a corn planter; then go out and smash his thumb nailing a board on the fence.

He will go to town on Saturday and come back with fifty cents' worth of coffee, a paper of pine and a dollar's worth of chewing tobacco.

He is economical, economy is his forte, he will save ten cents' worth of axle grease and ruin the spindle of a \$70 wagon.

He won't subscribe for a newspaper, but will borrow from his friend and get to return it.—American Farmer.

HEALTH THOUGHTS.—A rule to follow closely while attending the sick, is to give them what the appetite craves for; first in small quantities, and when satisfied the ingredients will not nauseate or otherwise disagree, the quantity can be increased. When the patient does not ask for food the attendant should exercise ingenuity in getting up palatable dishes, daintily and nicely arranged and bring them in without the patient knowing what is coming. Always regard a sick person whose mind is feeble with the body and act for them. The physician and his medicines are only potent when well and ably seconded by good nursing.

Absolute rest in bed will do more to restore to health a person suffering with summer diarrhoea than much medicine with the patient up and walking about.

Let your baby have a drink of nice cool water frequently during the day. The moment milk reaches the baby's stomach it begins to curd. This is the first act in the process of digestion and always creates thirst. A little water given at this time will comfort the child, and relieve the mother of worry with a cross baby.

MODEL FARMERS.—Nearly every section has what might properly be styled a few model farmers. At least they are such comparatively speaking. Their farms, their barns, their houses and surroundings are far above the average in every respect. These farmers show a degree of thrift and frugality too that is above the average. They are on time with their work; they get the top prices for their produce; they live better and nicer than their neighbors, and generally are respected more and held in higher esteem than any other set of men in their community. They are held up as examples for young men just starting out in life, and as the title implies, are good models to pattern after. If asked for a reason why some men are leaders in their line of business it would not be hard to give. First, they study their business. They go into the details and master them thoroughly. They work with their brains as well as with their hands. They systematize and economize. They take time to read and post themselves, and in this way get the advantage of other's experience. They keep up with the times in every way and by doing their duty in the way that common sense and good judgment dictate they clearly earn the title of model farmers, and should enjoy the respect that such a title commands.—National Stockman.

EPOCH.—The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the Great Alternative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of Kidneys, Liver or Stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c and \$1 per bottle at J. W. Posley & Bro's Drug Store.

'MILK SICK' IN THE MOUNTAINS.

To the Editor of The News and Courier: In reply to the inquiry of T. E. L. of your issue of to-day, I write to say that milk sick is a well-known disease of cattle in the mountainous regions of this State, and as far as I am informed it is fatal in every instance.

I remember that when a clerk in Walhalla fifteen years ago a quantity of tallow from the mountains was sold to my house, which, as it afterwards transpired, had been taken from cows that died of this disease. It proved quite useful in ridding the premises of rats.

About twenty years since a party camping on one of the border mountains found all their mules dead in the morning. One of them scraped the black dew, as it is called, from the under side of a tin plate that had lain all night inverted on the grass. Analysis proved this dew to be highly charged with arsenic. This is all I can say about the cause of milk sick. It was from this disease that the mules were supposed to have died.

Piedmont.

Sumter, February 4.

A VALLEY OF DEATH.—To the Editor of The News and Courier: The following is, I think, what your querist T. S. L., Society Hill, S. C., desires to know:

About a mile from Waynesville, Haywood County, N. C., is a spot some acre or so area, called the Mooney Cove. From May to September the vegetation, which is very luxuriant, is covered every morning with a fine powder resembling dust of flour. Cattle show a great fondness for it, and when it is in season they will get in a perfect rampage, bellowing and running to the cove, where they eat greedily of the dusty vegetation. Soon afterward, the calf, if there be one sucking, a cow that has eaten, dies. Persons using her milk will be seized with nausea, anorexia, soon developing into a violent gastroenteritis, whose symptoms so nearly resemble typhoid fever as to make differential diagnosis well nigh impossible, but with obstinate, most unconquerable constipation. The disease is very fatal. The cow usually dies in a week in violent convulsions.

A large reward has been offered for an antidote to the poison, and it has been analyzed North and South without avail, for no light has been thrown on its chemical constitution.

William R. Mood, M. D.

Ridgeway, S. C.

STRAW AS A RESOURCE.—Grain-threshing is at hand, and what shall be done with the straw? In the great grain growing regions little thought is given it. It is often burned, loosely stacked, or spread about the barnyard or fields where threshed, or any way to get rid of it. Straw is a valuable fodder and should be housed or well stacked and fed out to stock in winter. It has been demonstrated in these columns that straw and less than a bushel of barley or its equivalent in other grain will winter a sheep well and that straw and four quarts of oats a day will do the same for a horse that is not working. If any one will take the trouble to compare the value of these with what it costs to winter such stock with hay it will be seen that it is wise to save the straw carefully and make such use of it. It is too valuable to be used as bedding for animals; cheaper material for this purpose can be obtained—either dry muck, earth, leaves or sawdust.

All know that hay will winter an animal well and straw and grain in the proportion named are the equivalent of hay in their ingredients; 2 and 7 make 9 as well as 5 and 4; all of the same elements are in each of the two groups. A quantity of straw is usually estimated at the value of the plant-food it contains, and it may be decomposed and made available for growing plants next year or the year after, but when fed to stock it is available immediately. Wheat all the other grains make good manure, and I would as soon think of casting them into the barnyard for this purpose as straw. What to do with the straw then can be answered in four words—feed it to stock. If not stock enough on hand to consume it, buy breeding ewes in November and carry them through the winter for less than fifty cents a head, and in the spring they will be worth double their first cost. I have seen this done several times.—Galen Wilson.

THE KIND OF MEN WHO GO TO HEAVEN.—"There," said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, "there is a man who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very much in public, and he does not try. He is not worth \$2,000, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find it out and give them a neighborly welcome and offer them some service. He is on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him. I believe he and his wife keep house plants in winter mainly that they may be able to send little bouquets to friends and invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word to every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He has a genius for helping folks, and it does me good to meet him in the streets."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.