

SARGE PLUNKETT.

Building Castles, Real or Imaginary.

Atlanta Constitution.

Building castles, real or imaginary, is one thing—to have those "castles" fall and crush you is another thing—so says Brown.

Brown has always been a "castle" builder and I have never blamed him, for I once in a while erect a most magnificent "castle" myself. But to show the weakness of man and the power of God I am compelled to make my old friend the victim of these remarks. He this time built a real castle.

Dynamite, perhaps, is understood among the common people better in our county than in any other county of the United States. We have the choice granite fields of the world. Stone mountain itself, towering heavenward, the admiration and wonder of all who come here, is but a small portion of the granite supply of DeKalb.

But, to get at the story, the "natives" have had a small idea of the importance of this granite, save that it is a most wonderful foundation for the erection of houses, large or small. A few months ago Brown and myself—Brown principally—went upon a lecture tour and we raked in the shekels till Brown had "money to burn," as the saying goes. The most beautiful "castles" ever erected by man, since Solomon built the temple, took possession of my old friend's mind, and he at once proceeded to arrange for the building of a home for himself.

To accomplish this, nothing would do but what he must buy a piece of rock from Sam Ritoh, a noted blacksmith and projector of car county, and upon this rock my old friend proceeded to build. He did build. All his family entered into the spirit of his scheme to have a house of their own and saved and denied themselves accordingly. Of course, the Browns could have had a fine time on the money made on our lecture tour, but they preferred to let the old man erect the house.

That the "best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley" was never more clearly illustrated than in the building of this house. Nothing would do Brown but he must buy an acre off the south side of Sam Ritoh's rock for a place to erect his house. It would have been all right to have done this if Mr. Ritoh had been a common everyday blacksmith as he seemed, but he was a projector—he was all the time experimenting. The most of Mr. Ritoh's projects in the past had been on the line of blacksmithing and "blockade" inventions, and he it said to the credit of the man, Brown was just about as deep in the mud as Ritoh was in the mire in all these projects—especially the "blockade" projects.

To bring the story within my bounds, I will remark that my old friend erected a "castle" fully up to the capacity of the lecture money saved and moved and got settled in his own home and he got arrogant and snubbed me and my folks and many others because we lived in such houses as we did. But Sam Ritoh's genius was cutting its capers, and there is where the dynamite comes in. Sam lived about a quarter around the rock from Brown's and on the 14th of February, instead of devoting his time to writing valentines, he went to work projecting with dynamite and intended to make what these granite men call a "raise." A "raise" is a thing but little known outside of our granite fields—it is a new discovery and Mr. Ritoh had no intention of doing what he did. Anyway, the Ritoh project was most successful in making the raise and it raised Brown's new house also.

A "raise" is accomplished by drilling a hole and at the bottom of this hole they put dynamite and explode it there time after time till at the bottom of the hole is a vacuum in the shape of a washtub. Dynamite in the hands of these granite men literally turns the rock at the bottom of the drill to any size desired, then this hole is filled with dynamite and fired off. There is but little disturbance at the blast but the lifting power is beyond the wildest imagination. The power, whatever it is, gradually penetrates and spreads until acres of the granite is lifted somewhat as a mole lifts the earth. The immensity of these "raises" depends upon the depth of the hole—it is no uncommon thing for a hole to be drilled 20 to 25 feet into the granite and then under the process lifts 7 or 8 acres of a mountain. I have seen acres lifted in this way so that a rabbit could run under the lift. It is wonderful and was discovered here in our county. The Scotch granite cutters had never known of such a thing nor is it very widely known now. An old gentleman of our county discovered the "raising" process by the merest accident and received nothing for his discovery. After the granite is thus raised, then the workers can split it off as easy as a negro splits rails.

After this explanation I return to Brown and his new house. The old man has got to be a great Bible reader, and from that book he caught the idea that it would not do to build a house on sand and so the thought struck him that upon this rock was the place of places. He joined land with Mr. Ritoh and found a spot that pleased him on Ritoh's side of the line and bought the acre for the purpose. Ritoh had no thought of injuring Brown's new house. He was just projecting with some dynamite fully a quarter distant from Brown's, but the "project" spread and crept up on the Browns at the hour of midnight and so went the house not built in the air and so went the "air castles" that had caused my old friend to feel above all his neighbors and above me.

While the old man mourns and we all mourn with him, we are consoled by the real knowledge we have gained to the effect that it will not do to monkey with dynamite and that a naughty spirit has its fall, even though built upon the granite of our everlasting hills. In the meantime Brown spends all his spare time cursing Sam Ritoh, while that gentleman smiles serenely and does upon being the greatest practical joker in all the land.

Sarge Plunkett.

Convicted by His Own Act. A provincial mayor tells a good story at his own expense. It seems that when in office he would sometimes return home late at night, after his wife had retired, and when she would ask him what time it was, would answer, "About 12," or "A little after midnight." On one occasion, after making the inquiry, she said: "Alfred, I wish you would stop that clock; I cannot sleep for its noise." All unsuspecting, he stopped the pendulum. In the morning while dressing, his wife inquired artlessly: "Oh, by the way, what time did you get home?" "About midnight," replied the mayor. "Alfred, look at that clock!" The hands of the clock pointed at 2.30. The mayor was crashed.—London Tit-bits.

Cancer Cured by Blood Balm. ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES CURED.—Mrs. M. L. Adams, Eades, Ala., took Botanic Blood Balm which effectually cured an eating cancer of the nose and face. The sores healed up perfectly. Many doctors had given up her case as hopeless. Hundreds of cases of cancer, eating sores, suppurating swellings, etc., have been cured by Blood Balm. Among others Mrs. B. M. Guernsey, Warrior Stand, Ala. Her nose and lip were raw as beef, with offensive discharge from the eating sore. Doctors advised cutting, but it failed. Blood Balm healed the sores, and Mrs. Guernsey is as well as ever. Botanic Blood Balm also cures eczema, itching humors, scabs and scales, bone pains, ulcers, offensive pimples, blood poisons, carbuncles, scrofula, risings and humps on the skin and all blood troubles. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle. Sample of Botanic Blood Balm free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and special medical advice sent in sealed letter. It is certainly worth while investigating such a remarkable remedy, as Blood Balm cures the most awful, worst and most deep-seated blood diseases. Sold in Anderson by Orr-Gray Drug Co., Whithe & Whithe and Evans Pharmacy.

True Christianity consists of deeds rather than words.

Wood Preservatives.

To the Editor of the News and Courier: The growing scarcity of timber for all purposes makes the question of its preservation from decay a very important one, and any suggestions having this object in view should be of great interest to those corporations whose line of work demands a large quantity of lumber.

Take, for illustration, the large poles used in cities and towns by the telegraph and telephone companies for holding up their wires. These poles cost from ten to twenty-five dollars by the time they are put up and the wires put in proper position. They last, according to the nature of the soil in which they are placed, from five to ten years, and then have to be renewed, their removal involving a great deal of tedious and costly work in removing and replacing the wires, to say nothing of the cost of the poles, which of itself is a big item in the expense account of these corporations.

Now, if by the expenditure of a few dollars on each one of these large poles they could be made to last two or three times as long as they do without any treatment, it needs no argument to show the great saving that would be entailed by the expenditure of the amount suggested. The first place to rot in a pole or post is just at the ground, and this is the place that needs most to be looked after. Nearly all the telegraph and telephone poles—that is, the large ones used for holding up a great many wires—are juniper, the best timber for this purpose, having very little sap and which, out of the ground, is, despite its being light and soft, extremely durable.

The plan suggested for adding to their durability is as follows: Commence at the end that is to be put in the ground and bore, about ten or twelve inches apart, two-inch augur holes, gauging the depth so as to leave the holes about two inches from going clear through. Extend these holes at least two feet above the level of the ground.

This, it is almost unnecessary to state, must be done before the pole is erected and while it is in a horizontal position. Get a large pot and heat linseed oil to the boiling point. While it is hot fill up the holes with the hot oil. As it is absorbed by the wood pour in more of it so that the wood will become thoroughly saturated with it. Just before the pole is raised fill the holes entirely full of the hot oil, driving in a short wooden plug to prevent it from escaping.

The writer is confident that if this be tried it will prove of great value, and is not afraid to assert that the man or men who erects the pole will be too old to replace it when it rots. Even the largest poles could hardly absorb more than five gallons of the oil, the smaller ones requiring as a matter of course, a less quantity of oil. This plan requires no machinery for carrying it out and is certainly worth a trial, especially when the fact is considered that it won't be a great while before all the available supply of timber suitable for poles will be exhausted.

Even if kerosene oil were used it would help to make the poles more durable, but it is, of course, far inferior to linseed.

Speaking of kerosene oil, or, rather, crude petroleum, which answers every purpose and is very cheap, it is a good plan to put as much of it on a saw shingle roof as the shingles will absorb. This not only makes them more durable, but lessens the danger of fire from sparks falling on the roof. It is only when the shingles get old and mossy that they catch from a spark. The oil prevents any vegetable growth on the shingles and if applied every two or three years the shingles will last a number of years.

Crude petroleum applied to outbuildings will make them last a great deal longer. This kind of oil can't be heated with safety, but it is so penetrating that no heat is necessary to drive it into the pores of the wood.

W. D. Woods.

Darlington, March 11.

How He Felt.

Mrs. Ferguson reached over, took a long dark hair off her husband's shoulder and held it up for inspection. "That," she said, angry at her implied suspicion, "is from the horse's manure. I have just been currying him."

"What made you suppose," she asked haughtily, "that I thought it was anything else?"

At which he shrunk back behind his newspaper again, feeling as if he had kicked hard at something and missed it.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Holding the breath occasionally is said to be resting. If it doesn't rest the holder it will at least give the others a rest.

A Traveler's Yarn by Tillman.

Senator Tillman, at the end of the first part of his anti-trust speech in the senate of January 14, told to a number of reporters an odd traveler's yarn.

"Speaking of queer revenges," he said, (he had been discussing the ways in which the people might get even with the trusts), "I remember how, according to a friend of mine, the natives of certain villages in India treat their enemies.

"Do you know what they do? They just get a few handfuls of rice and sprinkle it on the roofs of the people they hate.

"Then what do you think happens? Why, then, the monkeys come flocking down from all the trees onto that roof of rice. They eat all there is on the surface of the roof, and then, to get at the stray grains that have lodged in the eaves, they begin to pull the shingles off. Wherever there is a grain to be seen, far down in some crack or other, they pull the roof up to get at it, and finally—lo, and behold there is no roof left—the monkeys have torn it all away. Then the man who sows the rice laughs subtly, for he has had his revenge, and yet no one knows, and he cannot be punished."—Pittsburg Gazette.

Settled by the Lawyer.

Representative "Hank" Smith, of Michigan, has in town his friend, Mr. C. B. Winston, attorney for the Wash-railroad, author of a story about Missouri lawyers.

"Down in Missouri," said Mr. Winston, "the local passengers were accustomed to carrying their saddles with them in the passenger car, but a new rule required that they be carried in the baggage car. A lusty citizen in one of the interior counties boarded the train on the Missouri Pacific, packing his saddle along with him. Against his protest it was moved to the baggage car, and when he arrived at his destination, the baggage man demanded 50 cents.

"Get your money of the man that asked you to carry it," thundered the enraged passenger, who hastened to consult a typical Missouri lawyer.

"The lawyer was much enraged at his client's story. 'I'm right glad you came in,' said he. 'For a long time I have been waiting to get at this Jay Gould combination. But the rules of the Missouri Bar association require me to charge you a fee. If I accepted less than \$3 my brethren would disbar me.'

"That seemed fair to the client, who paid forthwith, and the two set out for the baggage office, the lawyer growing more wrathful as they advanced.

"Tom Tobey (the baggage man), why did you commit this outrage upon my client?" demanded the lawyer in a rage.

"Because he did not pay the 50 cents charge,"

"Well, here is your 50 cents," roared the lawyer. "Now, you give the man his saddle or we will drag you to the courts."

"The client got his saddle," concluded Mr. Winston, "but the point is that the lawyer also got \$2.50."—Washington Post.

Descendants of Pocahontas.

In the February issue of the Twin Territories there is a very interesting article relating to the descendants of Pocahontas. As ought to be generally known, this young daughter of Powhatan, after saving Capt. Smith from the fury of her father, was baptized and married John Rolfe, an Englishman. By him she was taken to England, where as the account states, "the wild flower, transplanted from her native heath to the moisture laden atmosphere of England, wilted and died on March 17, 1617, at Gravesend, England, in the nineteenth year of her age—a mere girl, almost a child, at her death."

This child-wife bore one son, Thomas, who was brought back and grew to manhood in Virginia. He had a daughter who married a Bolling, and a grand-daughter of this Bolling married a Randolph, and one of their sons was the famous "John Randolph, of Roanoke," and other members of that noted Virginia family. Through another member of this same family descended Thomas Jefferson and Gen. Robert E. Lee. They were not of the Pocahontas stock, but were related by marriage and descent to the daughter of old king Powhatan.

And so we find that this "wild flower" of the Virginia forest became the progenitor either by direct descent or by intermarriages, of some of the most famous people of a state famous for its great men. Probably there is not another instance in American history to match it. There have been doubts and disputes as to whether Pocahontas really saved the life of Capt. Smith but there is no room for doubting the records of her marriage, nor of her descendants. These at least are authentic history, and prove beyond cavil that many a proud name in Virginia is in some way descended from the Indian girl whose name and history have filled many a story of both facts and fiction.—Montgomery Advertiser.

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What He Told the Judge.

Representative Clayton, of Alabama, tells a story of the way a representative Texas lawyer rebuffed a judge who was disconcerting him with questions:

"It is on S. H. Cowan, a prominent lawyer of the Lone Star State, and attorney for the National Cattlemen's association. They had a judge in Texas who was a terror to the lawyers. I reckon he was something like the late Mr. Justice Miller, for he would go at the lawyers practicing in his court and evidently try to bowl them off their feet by vigorous questioning.

"Well, Cowan, then a young lawyer, was trying a case before three judges' of whom the man I have just mentioned was one. He went for Cowan severely, and the lawyer was nearly out of the ring at such a bombardment of questions from the bench.

"Now, don't be disconcerted by my questions, Mr. Cowan," said this judge. "Answer me just as you would the justice of the peace over in your county if you were trying a case before him.

"At that Cowan was ready, quick as a flash.

"I always tell him," said he, boldly, "to keep his mouth shut."

"The other two judges could not refrain from laughter at that sort of rebuff.

"This judge," remarked the chief justice gravely, "will now have to keep his mouth shut."

— There are fifty-seven different metals, but if a man has plenty of gold he doesn't have to worry about the other fifty-six.

— Many a man thinks he is unlucky when he is merely a fool.

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