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ATTORNEY AT LAW, MANNING, S. C.

TOHN S. WILSON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, MANNING, S. C.

F. N. WILSON,

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OUR OWN GENERATION.

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.

How We May Best Serve Our Generation -The Great Straggle for Food-Why David was Permitted to Sleep by God's Will.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's recent ser mon was, "Our Own Generation," and his text, Acts xiii., 36: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." Following is the sermon: That is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind, but not until now has it been fully revealed to me. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die, a cradle as well as a grave. David, cowboy and stone slinger and fighter and czar and dramatist and blank verse writer and prophet, did his best for the people of his time and then went and laid down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. "David, after he had

served his own generation by the will of

God, fell on sleep." It was his own generation that he had erved; that is, the people living at the time be lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast of us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden time life was longer and there was, perhaps, only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into the calculation, I make a rough guess and say that there have been at least one hundred and eighty generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We can not teach them, we can not correct their mistakes, we can not soothe their sorrows, we can not heal their wounds. Their sepulchers are deaf and dumb to any thing we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could, not one of them would avert his head to see

what was wanted.
I admit that I am in sympathy with the child, whose father had suddenly died, and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into Heaven and no more needed her prayers, and looking up into her mother's face, said: "O, mother. I can not leave him all out. Let me say Thank God that I had a good father once so I can keep him in my prayers.' " But the one hundred and eighty generations have passed off. Passed up. Passed down. Gone forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased, perhaps a hundred and eighty generations more, per-hams a thousand generations more. We haps a thousand generations more. shall not see them, we shall not hear any of their voices, we will take no part in their convocations, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophes, their triumphs. We will in no wise affect the one hundred and eighty generations gone, or the one hundred and eighty generations to come, except as from the galleries of Heaven the former generations look down and rejoice at our victories, or as we may by our behavior start influences, good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve our own generations, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe and whose hearts now beat. And mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a "forced march" at twenty-four miles a day, each Going with that it has got to be a quick service your part, or no service at all. We not only can not teach the one hundred and eighty generations passed, and will not see one hundred generations to come, but this generation now on the stage will soon be off and we ourselves will be off with them. The fact is that you and I will have to start very soon for our work or it will be ironical and sarcastic for any one after our exit to say of us, as it was said of David, "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, he feil on sleep."

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prayerfully, and in a common sense way and see what we can do for our own generation. First of all let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girdled the earth with apple orchards, orange groves, wheat fields, and oceans full of fish, and prairies full of cattle. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are suffering for lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew on this

subject and God only can set it right. Many of the greatest estates of to-day have been built out of the blood and bones of unrequited toil. In olden times, for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Ispahan had to contribute 70,000 human skulis, and Bagdad 90,000 human skulis, and that number of people were slain so as to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together made only 160,000 skulls, while into the tower of the world's wealth and pomp and magnificence have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the half fed populations of the earth, millions of skulls.

Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses between soup and almond nuts and feel they were in heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. Ater drinking what many of our grocers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring classes feel so miserable they are tempted to put in their nasty pipes what the tobacconist calls tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rumsellers call beer. Good coffee would do

Adulteration of food has got to be an evil

much in driving out bad rum.

against which all the health officers, and all the doctors, and all the ministers, and all the reformers, and all the Christians need to set themselves in battle array. How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an arm chair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand and through clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of strikes? No! No! By finding out who in Brooklyn has been living on gristle, and sending them a tenderloin beefsteak. Seek out some family who through sickness or conjunction of misfortune have not enough to eat and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and the fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we can not choke down another. crumb of cake and begin the supply of

others' necessities. We often see on a small scale a recklessness about the welfare of others which a great warrior expressed on a large scale, when his officers were dissuading him from a certain campaign, saying: "It would cost two hundred thousand lives," replying with a diabolism that can never be forgotten, "What are two hundred thousand lives,

hunger, there are those whom Isaiah describes as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put a scythe or an ax on a grindstone, while some one was turning it round and round, and tho man holding the axe bore on it harder and harder, while the water dropped from the grindstone, and the edge of the axe from being round and dull, got keener and keener, and the mechanic lifted the axe glistening and sharp and with edge so keen he must cautiously run his finger along lest while examining the implement he cut his hand to the bone. So I have seen men who were put against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner, his comforts thinner, his prospects thin-ner, and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out: "What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?" It is an awful thing to be hungry. It is an easy thing for us to

be in good humor with all the world when

we have no lack. But let hunger take full

possession of us, and we would all turn into barbarians and cannibals and fiends. I am glad to know that the time is coming, God hasten it, when every family in the round world will sit down at a full table. and it will be only a question between lamb and venison, or between partridge and quail on toast, and out of spoons made out of Nevada silver or California gold the pastries will drop on tongues thrilling with thankfulness because they have full enough. I have no idea God is going to let the human race stay in its present predicament. If the world winds up as it now is it will be an awful failure of a world. The barren places will be irrigated. The pomologists, helped of God, will urge on the fruits. The botanists, inspired of the Lord, will help on the gardens. The raiser of stock will send enough animals fit for human food to the markets, and the last earthquake that rends the world will upset a banqueting table at which are seated the entire human race. Meanwhile, suppose that some of the energy we are spending in useless and unavailing talk about the bread question should be ex-

pended in merciful alleviations. I have read that the battle-field on which more troops met than on any other in the world's history was the battle-field of Leipsic, 160,000 men under Napoleon, 250,000 men under Schwarzeberg. No no. The great-est and most terrific battle is now being fought all the world over. It is the struggle for food. The ground tone of the finest passage in one of the great musical masterieces, the artist says, was suggested to him by the cry of the hungry populace of Vienna as the King rede through, and they shouted "Bread! Give us bread!" And all through the great harmonies of musical academy and cathedral, I hear the pathos, the ground tone, the tragedy of uncounted multitudes, who with streaming eyes and wan cheeks and broken hearts, in behalf of themselves

and their families, are pleading for bread. Let us take another look around to see how we may serve our generation. Let us see as far as possible that they have enough to wear. God looks on the human race and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years officers of government go through the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England, and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet and He has made enough apparel for each if there be fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people, then there is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen. Not slouchy apparel, not ragged apparel, not insufficient apparel, but appropriate apparel.

At least two suits for every being on the earth, a summer suit and a winter suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal. A good coat, a good hat, or a good bonnet and a good shawl, and a complete masculine or feminine outfit of apparel. A wardrobo for all nations adapted to all climes, and not a string or a button, a pin or a hook or an eye wanting. But, alas! where are the good clothes for three-fourths of the human race. The other one-fourth have appropriated them. The fact is, there needs to be and will be a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence. If outlawry had its way, it would rend and tear and diminish until, instead of three-fourths of the world not properly at tired, four-fourths would be in rags. let you know how the redistribution will take place. By generosity on the part of thoso who have a surplus and increased industry on the part of those suffering from deficit. Not all, but the large majority of cases of poverty in this country are a result of idleness or drunkenness, either on the part of the present sufferers or their ancestors. In most cases the rum jug is the maelstrom that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change, and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes, and industry and sobriety on the part of the empty wardrobes. there will be enough for all to wear. God has done his part toward the dressing of the human race. He grows a surplus of wool on the sheep's back, and flocks roam the mountains and valleys with a burden of warmth intended for transference to hu man comfort, when the shuttles of the factories reaching all the way from the Chattahooche to the Merrimac shall have spun and woven it. And here come forth the Rocky Mountain goat and the cashmere and the beaver. Here are the merino sheep, their origin traced back to the flocks of Abrahamic and Davidic times. In white letters of snowy fleece God has been writing for a thousand years His wish that there might be warmth for all nations. While others are discussing the effect of high or low tariff or no tariff at all on wool, you and I had better see if in our wardrobes we have nothing that we can spare for the shivering, or pick out some poor lad of the street and take him down to a clothing store and fit him out for the winter. Don't think that God has forgotten to send ice and snow, because of this wonderfully mild January and February. We shall yet have deep snows and so much frost on the window pane that in the morning you can not see through it; and whole flocks of blizzards, for God long ago declared that

and between this and the spring crocus we may all have reason to cry out with the Psalmist: "Who can stand before His cold?" Again, let us look around and see how we mry serve our generation. What shortsighted mortals we would be if we were anxious to clothe and feed only the most insignificant part of a man, namely, his a little piece broken off a great eternity. What are we doing for the souls of this men and women are in it. We make a great sleep. ado about the improvements in navigation, and in locomotion, and in art and machinery. We remark what wonders of tele- have served our generation it will not bo graph, and telephone, and stethoscope. What Improvement is electric light over;a

winter as well as summer shall not cease,

So far from helping appease the world's times, once in a while, a great and good man or woman would come up and last day on earth his happiest day, and that the world has made a great fuss about it in his last moments he seemed to be perever since, but now they are so numerous we scarcely speak about them. We put a friend, saying: "O, how delightful it is, halo about the people of the past, but I I knew you would be with me when the think if the times demanded them it would time came, and I knew it would be sweet be found we have now living in the year but I did not know it would be as sweet 1889 fifty Martin Luthers, fifty George Wash- as it is." The fact was he had served his tons, fifty Lady Huntingtons, fifty Elizabeth Frys. During our civil war more the will of God he fell on sleep. When in splendid warriors in North and South were Africa, Majawara, the servant, looked developed in four years than the whole world developed in the previous twenty and found him on his knees, he stepped years. I challenge the four thousand years back, not wishing to disturb him in prayer; before the flood and the eighteen centuries after the flood, to show me the equal | in the same posture, and stepped back again, of charity on a large scale of George Peabody. This generation of men and women is more worth saving than any of the one hundred and eighty generations that have passed off. But where shall we begin? With our-selves. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizarro saved his army for the right when they were about deserting him.; With his sword he made a long mark on the as I can be on on earth, and as sure of glory

ground. He said: "My men, on the north side are desertion and death, on the south side is victory; on the north side Padama and poverty, on the south side Peru with all its riches. Choose for yourselves; for my part I go to the south." Stepping across the line one by one his troops followed and finally his whole army. The sword of God's truth draws the dividing line to day. On one side of it are sin and ruin and death, on the other side are pardon and usefulness and happiness and heaven. You cross from the wrong side to the right side and your family will cross with you, and your friends and your associates. The way you go they will go. If, we are not saved, we will never save any one else. How to-get saved! Be willing to accept Christ, and then accept Him instantaneously and forever. Get on the rock first, and then you will be able to help others upon the same out time deliberately to think it over: Yes. What, without a tear? Yes, believe! That is all. Believe what! That Jesus died to you? Do you! You have. Something makes me think you have. New light has come into your countenance. Welcome! Welcome! Hail! Hail! Saved yourselves, how are you going to save others? By testimony. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your business associates. Tell it everywhere. We will successfully preach no more religion and will successfully talk no more religion than we ourselves have.

The most of that which you do to benefit

the souls of this generation, you will effect through your own behavior. Go wrong, and that will induce others to go wrong. Go right, and that will induce others to go right. When the great Centennial exhibition was being held in Philadelphia, the question came up among the directors as to whether they could keep the exposition open on Sundays, when a director, who was a man of the world, from Nevada, arose and said, his voice trembling with emotion and tears running down his cheeks: "I feel like a returned prodigal. Twenty years ago I went West, and into a region where we had no Sabbath, but to-day old memories come back to me, and I remember what my glorified mother taught me about keeping Sunday, and I seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening I knelt by her side in prayer. Gentlemen, I vote for the observance of the Christian Sabbath." And he carried everything by storm, and when the question was "No, bath?" it was almost unanimous, "No." What one man can do if he does right, boldly right, emphatically right. What if we could get this whole generation saved! These people who are living with us the same year and amid the same stupendous events and flying toward the future swifter than eagles to their prey. We can not stop. They can not stop. We think we can stop. We say, "Come now, my friend, let us stop and discuss this subject," but we do not stop. The year does not stop, the day does not stop, the hour does not stop. The year is a great wheel and there is a band on that wheel that keeps it revolving, and as that wheel turns, it turns three bundred and sixty-five smaller wheels, which are the days, and then each of these three hundred and sixtyfive wheels turn twenty-four smaller wheels, which are the hours, and these twenty-four smaller wheels turn sixty smaller wheels, which are the minutes, and these sixty smaller wheels turn sixty more smaller wheels, which are the seconds. and they keep rolling, rolling, rolling, mounting, mounting, mounting, and swiftening, swiftening, swiftening. O, God! if our genera tion is going like that and we are going with them, waken us to the short but tremendous opportunity I confess to you that my one wish is to serve this generation, not to antagonize it, not to damage it, not to rule it, but to serve it. I would like to do something toward helping unstrap its load, to stop its tears, to balsam its wounds, and to induce it to put foot on the upward road that has at its terminus acclamation rapturous and gates pearline, and garlands amaranthine and fountains rainbowed and dominions enthroned and coroneted, for I can not forget that lullaby in the closing words of my text: "David, after he had served his

own generation by the will of God, fell on And what a lovely sleep it was! Unfilial Absalom did not trouble it. Ambitious Adonijah did not worry it. Persecuting Saul did not harrow it. Exile did not fill it with nightmare. Since a red-headed boy amid his father's flocks at night, he had not had such a good sleep. At seventy years of age he lay down to it. He has had many a troubled sleep, as in the caverns of Adullam or in the palace at the time his enemies were attempting his capture. But this was a peaceful sleep, a caim sleep, a restful sleep, a glorious sleep. "After he had served his generation by the wilf-of. God, he fell on sleep." O. what a good thing is sleep after a hard day's work! It takes all the aching out of the head, and all the weariness out of the limbs, and all the smarting out of the eyes. From it we rise in the morning and it is a new world. And if we, like David, serve our generation, we will at life's close have most desirable and refreshing sleep. In it will vanish our last fatigue of body, our last worriment of mind, our last sorrow of soul. To the Christian's body that was not with raging fevers so that the attendants must by sheer force keep on the blankets, it will be the cool sleep. To those who are thin-blooded and shivering with agues, it will be the warm sleep. To those who, because of physical disorders, were terrified with night visions, it will be the dreamless sleep. To nurses and doctors and mothers who were wakened almost every body. while we put forth no effort to bour of the night by those to whom they clothe and feed and save his soul. Time is ministered, or over whom they watched, it will be the undisturbed sleep. To those who could not get to bed till late at night present generation? Let me say it is a gen- and must rise early in the morning and eration worth saving. Most magnificent before getting rested, it will be the long

Away with it. Away with all your gloomy talk about departure from this world. If we putting out into the breakers, it will not be the fight with the King of Terrors; it will tallow candle! But all these improvements be going to sleep. A friend writing me are insignificant compared with the from Illinois says that Rev. Dr. Wingate, improvement in the human race. In olden president of Wake Forest College, North | Times.

sonally talking with Christ, as friend with generation in the Gospel ministry, and by into the tent of David Livingstone and some time after went in and found him but after a while went in and touched him, and lo! the great traveler had finished his last journey, and he had died in the grandest and mightiest posture a man ever takes-on his knees. He had served his generation by unrolling the scroll of a continent, and by the will of God feli on sleep. Grimshaw, the evangelist, when asked how he felt in his last moments, responded: "As happy as if I were in it. I have nothing to do but to step out of this bed into Heaven.' Having served his generation in successful evangelism, by the will of God, he fell on

In the museum of Greenwich Hospital-England, there is a fragment of a book that was found in the Arctic regions amid the relics of Sir John Franklin, who had per-ished amid the snow and ice, and the leaf of that piece of a book was turned down at the "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Having served his generation in the cause of science and discovery, by the will of God he fell on sleep. Why will you keep us all so nervous talk, ng about that which is only a dormitory and a pillowed slumber, canopied by angels' wings? Sleep! Transporting sleep! And what aglorious awakening! You and I have sometimes been thoroughly bewildered after rock. Men and women have been saved a long and fatiguing journey; we have quicker than I have been talking about it. Stopped at a friend's house for the night. What, without a prayer? Yes. What, withsciousness we have opened our eyes, the high risen sun full in our faces, and, before we could fully collect our faculties. save you from sin and death and hell. Will have said: "Where am I, whose house is this, and whose are these gardens?" And then it has flashed upon us in glad reality. And I should not wonder if, after we have served our generation and, by the will of God, have fallen on sleep, the deep sleep, the restful sleep, we should awake in blissful bewilderment and for a little while say: "Where am I? What place is this? Who hung this upholstery? What fountains are these tossing in the light? Why, this looks like Heaven! It is. It is. Why, there is a building grander than all the castles of earth heaved into a mountain of splendor, that must be the palace of Jesus. And, look there, at those walks lined with a foliage more beautiful than any thing I ever saw before, and see those who are walking down these aisles of verdure. From what I have heard of them, those two arm in arm must be Moses and Joshua, him of Mount Sinai and him of the halting sun over

Ajalon. And those two walking arm in arm must be John and Paul, the one so gentle and the other so mighty. And those two with the robes as brilliant as though made out of the cooled off flames of martyrdom, must be John Huss and Hugh Latimer. But I must not look any longer at those gardens of beauty, but examine this building in which I have just awakened. I look out

and down, and I find it is a mansion of im-mense size in which I am stopping. All its this is not the house of "many mausions" of which I used to read? It is, it is. There must be many of my kindred and friends in this very mansion. Hark! whose are those voices, whose are those bounding feet? I open the door and see, and lo! they are coming through all the corridors and up and down all the stairs, our long absent kin-Gred. Why, there is father, there is mother, there are the children. All well again. All young again. All of us together again. And as we embrace each other with the cry, "Nover more to part! Never more to part!" the arches, the alcoves, the hallways echo and re-echo the words, "Never more to part! Never more to part." Then our glorfied friends say: "Come out with us and see Heaven." And, some of them bounding ahead of us and some of them skipping beside us, we start down the ivory stairway. And we meet, coming up, one of the kings of ancient Israel, somewhat small of stature, but having a countenance radiant with a thousand victories. And as all are making obeisance to this great one of Heaven I cry out, "Who is he!" and the answer comes: "This is the greatest of all the kings of Israel. It is David, who after he had served his generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

READING FOR CHILDREN. Word to Mothers About Proper Liters.

ture for Boys and Girls. In the education of children, nothing is of more importance than a wise supervision of their reading. Better might a child take into its stomach food which will certainly derange it, than to absorb at this critical period into its developing mind the worse than useless, positively pernicious "literature," so called, with which the world is flooded, and to which, unfortunately, there is such easy access. Many mothers, careful to the last extent of their children's physical development, will, with a carclessness perfectly astounding, leave the providing of mental food to their own unaided judgment. A book-loving child of any age will read, and it is the sacred duty of every mother to see to it that good, wholesome reading is provided. 'Avoid the "story papers" of qu tionable character which are frequently thrust upon you. Cultivate in children who have it not, the love of reading. This can be done, to a great extent, by providing literature in a line with their peculiar tastes. using your knowledge of their fondness for a certain occupation or pastime as your guide. Reading is too great a privilege too delightful a pleasure, too powerful an assistant to the formation of character to be lightly neglected or misused. If all parents looked more carefully to their children's reading there would be a development of character otherwise impossible.

Hardly any sacrifice should be considered too great to provide good reading, not only for the children, but for the mothers likewise. When tired and discouraged, and out of temper with yourself and others, drop your work and all thought of your worry, and take up a wholesome, interesting book for half an hour. Ten to one, at the end of that time the world will have assumed a different aspect, things "will not seem so bad, after all," and a solution of the diffculty will soon present itself .- American Agriculturist.

men may regard thomselves as equally favored. To every one is given the possibility of doing his whole duty of the mobility of doing his whole duty of the mo-ment. And every one always has a duty of the moment. As soon as the possibility of doing one act or another is removed, the corresponding duty of that moment no longer exists. But if that duty ceases be-cause that possibility is removed, another duty is immediately imposed and its corresduty is immediately imposed and its corresduty is immediately imposed and its corresponding possibility is opened. There is never a time when we are free from the duty of the moment; zever a time without possibilities of doing their duty.—S. S.

A TALK TO FARMERS.

EXPERIENCE.

How Mr. Northen, of Georgia, Discusses the Questions That Chiefly Interest the Agriculturalists of the South.

(Columbia Daily Register.)

Mr. Northen's address before the Georgia State Agriculture Society at Brunswick is a first class Southern paper. It hits the nail on the head very time.

The Augusta Chronicle published this address on Sunday, and the paper will do for Sunday reading for all our farmers of the South for fifty-two Sundays,

This address is too good and too pracical a one to escape the attention of the readers of THE REGISTER, whether hey are farmers or not. We will, therefore, try and give them the salient points of what we consider a "ten strike" in the way of an agricultural

President Northen addresses himself o the following question: "What are the hindrances to success

ful agriculture in Georgia and at the Plain as it might seem to many, this s a big subject, and it takes a man of

brain, experience and grapple to answer Mr. Northen begins with the following tatement:

When I had the honor to address you at Waycross, I showed from the record that the wealth of the State had increased steadily since 1879, aggregating up to that date \$107,000,000. Since that ime the record shows an additional in-

crease in taxable property of fifteen millions, making a grand total of \$122,-000,000 since the period indicated all garnered by the professions, the trades, the manufactures and the industries outside of agriculture. Those sections of the State devoted mainly to farming show a large falling off, while other sections, devoted to other industries, make a sufficient increase to cover the losses from farming and add \$122,000,-

It is my purpose to-day to submit to ou some criticisms touching the conduct of the farmers themselves in their management and methods seriously nurtful to the general good of the State. Under the action of the executive

000 to the State since 1879.

committee of this society I have looked into the causes for depression, as I mingled freely with the farmers. I shall now present for your considera-tion what I have learned. In one County in middle Georgia I

found a farm of 800 acres, with teams and tenants and comfortable cabins. On the 10th of January last the tenants on and down, and I find it is a mansion of immense size in which I am stopping. All its windows of agate and its colonnades of porphyry and alabaster. Why, I wonder if this is not the house of "many mansione" this farm has not seen it is farm has not seen it is farm has not seen it is farm has not seen and its colonnades of grown upon the place. The owner of this farm has not seen it is farm has not seen it is farm has not seen it is farm has not seen and its colonnades of grown upon the place. The owner of this farm has not seen it is farm has not seen and its colonnades of grown upon the place. The owner of this farm has not seen it is farm has not seen it is farm has not seen and its colonnades of grown upon the place. The owner of this farm has not seen and its colonnades of grown upon the place. The owner of this farm has not seen and its colonnades of grown upon the place. The owner of this farm has not seen and its colonnades of grown upon the place. The owner of this farm has not seen and its colonnades of grown upon the place. The owner of this farm has not seen and its colonnades of grown upon the place. The owner of this farm has not seen and its colonnades of grown upon the place and its colonnades of grown upon the place. A little to the North of this farm, and

almost touching it, is another farm, containing about 850 acres, in just the condition of the one before mentioned, except that it has bankrupted two former owners, who gave no attention o its tenants. The present landlord has not seen it in two years.

Still further to the North is another farm of 600 acres. Here the woods are full of cabins, and the cabins are full of freedmen, who live as they list and they begin the work of another. The his premises in three years.

farm, containing about 200 acres. The wend his way to the boneyard. The manage theirs could stand the strain. landlord in this case has not seen bis farm for six years.

have all come under my personal obser- opening and closing months of the year vation; they are in the centre of the best portion of the State, and they are representative. I shall not go further into detail than to say of the 138,000 with active industry, demand of their farms in Georgia, 50,000 of them are run by indolent tenants in the absence tenance until it comes; study convenof the landlords.

When I say that the tenant system, perated outside of the personal superision, personal control and rigid discipline of the landlord, has been destructive to our system of agriculture, I make known to you, in my candid judgment, the main cause for depression do a cruel wrong if, in this discussion, I among the people. This system has lost covered the bright promise of the future. millions of money to the State by its In my candid opinion, farming in Georgia wastefulness; it has demoralized and has reached its crisis. From this time forruined the better class of labor; it has ward the prospect will slowly brighten. broken up communities and forced our Never before have the farmers been so people into the towns and cities for a determined. All over the State I find living; it has brought countless acres to them practicing the closest economy in worse than desolation and to waste, and every department of the home and the covered the face of the earth with sad- farm; together, they are studying the ness and decay.

no less than Georgia; indeed it fits our New lines are opening to light; case more completely than it does Geor-new industries are springing up on gia's. It cannot be denied that this is the farm; new methods are being one of the chief millstones around our adopted, and new crops are being put

Mr. Northen then turns his attention to the wasteful expenditure of Southern farmers, and says: It will be remembered that I am now

considering elements of failure for which farmers themselves are mainly responsible. Prominent among the most conspicuous is the purchase of commercial fertilizers. Can the farmers of Georgia ture as the colt shows held in different complain of poverty when they pay in sections. one season \$5,000,000 for commercial Dairy fertilizers?

Since 1879 the farmers in Georgia -There is at least one respect in which all cent. to last year's prices. If such is there are not some of the improved the case the farmers in Georgia the breeds of cattle. coming season will pay \$6,250,000 for you able to pay it and live?

\$5.000,000 in commercial fertilizers to a hope ahead.

erop of \$67,000,000; Kentucky spends \$145,000 to a crop of \$63,000,000; Michigan \$300,000 to a crop of \$90,000,090; Ohio \$550,000 to \$156,000,000; Tennessee \$157,000 to \$62,000,000; Wisconsin \$170,000 to \$72,000,000.

Georgia, we are told, spends as much on commercial fertilizers as Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, New York, Ohio, Tennessee and Texas. With this fertilizer expenditure of five million, Georgia cultivates 8,000,000 acres and makes aerop worth \$67,000,000. With the same expenditure on fertilizers, the States named cultivate ninety-one million acres and make a crop product of \$773,-000,000. The farmers in Georgia pay \$1 in fertilizers to make \$15. The other States pay \$1 to \$400.

The farmers in the States mentioned have no cotton seed with which to supplement their manures. The farmers in Georgia handled the last season over six million worth of cotton seed. They could make a better fertilizer out of this seed than any they buy, and yet this seed was sold for two million dollars to enrich a trust.

It is said that farmers may be injured by the tax policy of the general government and may be overreached in their business transactions, but the farmers should look to their own wasteful imsmanagement as the chief obstacle in the way of successful agriculture at the South.

Mr. Northen has found in only few localities proper care and economy in the use of barnyard manures. Barnyard manures, most farmers say, is too bulky and gives too much trouble in the handling. So they throw it away and buy fertilizers easier of application. Mr. Northen does not advocate the entire abandonment of commercial fertilizers, but insists that they should be largely displaced by barnyard manure, mould, muck and cotton seed.

Mr. Northen insists that every bushel of cotton seed in Georgia is worth 25 cents as stock feed or manure, and when it is sold for less it is a clear loss to the farmer. He says:

With 900,000 head of cattle, and suitable stalls to shelter them; with 200,000 horses and mules, and good barns to stable them; 500,000 sheep, and comfortable folds to pen them; with pea vines to be turned under and pine straw, leaves and muck for absorbents; 26,000,-000 bushels of cotton seed to be crushed and put with this enormous accumulation, or, better, fed to stock to increase the character and value of the manure, Georgia farmers would make in manure a money value of more than twenty million dollars that would build up our lands to a high state of permanent fertility and abundant yield. All this could be done and cost but little more than the handling.

Another hindrance to success, for which farmers are themselves responsible, is the annual expenditure of nearly three million dollars for horses and mules to be used on the farm. Every one of them should be raised on Georgia

down a little nearer to the root of the matter? The probing may be painful, but if it heals the wound let the instrument go in.

Mr. Northen then quotes a practical farmer, who had risen to wealth, and who attributed unsuccessful farming in Georgia to the miserable management of Georgia farms.

Farmers idle their time, delay their operations, begin the year on the first of March instead of on the first of Janwork as they please. These tenants uary; close it the last of November in-consume the products of one year before stead of the 25th of December. work. when they work at all, five days in the owner of this farm has not been upon week instead of six; saunter lazily to the fields an hour by sun instead of Just a little to the South is a smaller with the early dawn; lose all the inclement weather with no indoor work. tenants upon this place have actually prepared and leave to negroes much starved three mules within the last they ought to do themselves. No busitwelve months, and another will soon ness, said he, managed as farmers

Ditching, fencing, clearing and cleaning are among the lost arts. If These farms are not fictions; they the hills are going to waste, use the in recovering them.

Get the farmers to go to work, conduct their business under system and forces good services and deny mainence of arrangement and the proper utilization of labor.

When these things are done, said he. farmers will make money like other

Mr. Northen concludes thus: "I am fully conscious that I would mistakes of the past, and together they This is a true bill for South Carolina are counselling plans for the future. upon the markets.

Georgia cured more hay the last season than for any three seasons before. More grass means more stock; more stock means more manure. Following out this agricultural logic, we have more yearling colts in Georgia than ever be-fore. Nothing I saw in the State the past year gave such promise to the fu-

Dairy farms. I find, are multiplying One County shipped more standard butter last season than was marketed by have paid for fertilizers enough money the entire State a few years ago. All to lift every mortgage from every farm the butter we need will soon be made in the State-enough money to buy all upon Georgia farms. This industry has the town and city property of Richmond, given rise to another in breeding im-Chatham and Fulton Counties. The re- proved cattle. It is now a rare thing to cent combine has added nearly 25 per find a section of the State in which

These are new paths upon which our commercial fertilizers. I ask again, are people are entering with inviting promises all along the way. We are pulling Mr. Northen says Georgia spends through a deep morass, but there is

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