

The Origin of Royster Fertilizers.

Mr. Royster believed that success awaited the Manufacturer of Fertilizers who would place quality above other considerations. This was Mr. Royster's idea Twenty-seven years ago and this is his idea to-day; the result has been that it requires Eight Factories to supply the demand for Royster Fertilizers.

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Making a Major.
John Esten Cooke, who went into the war as an enlisted man in a Richmond battery, was soon afterward appointed an officer on the staff of General J. E. B. Stuart. On Stuart's staff, Mr. George Cary Eggleston says in "Recollections of a Varied Life," he distinguished himself by a certain laughing nonchalance under fire and by his eager readiness to undertake Stuart's most perilous missions. It was in recognition of some specially daring service of that kind that Stuart gave him his promotion. The delightful way in which the great boy-fish southerner did it is best told in Mr. Eggleston's own words. "You're about my size, Cooke," Stuart said, "but you're not so broad in the chest."
"Yes, I am," answered Cooke.
"Let's see if you are," said Stuart, taking off his coat as if for a boxing match. "Try that on."
Cooke donned the coat with its three stars on the collar and found it a fit. "Get off two of the stars," Stuart commanded, "and wear the coat to Richmond. Tell the people in the war department to make you a major and send you back to me in a hurry. I'll need you tomorrow."

How It Feels to Be Run Over.
"When I was run over," writes a correspondent, "I had not seen the car approaching. The first thing I knew was that I was on the ground, kicking upward with my legs in an effort to get from under the car. Then I felt a wheel going over my chest, which bent as it passed over. In the intervening second or two I went through several minutes' worth of feelings. I had the sensations of astonishment at being on the ground, of wanting to roll aside and away, of bracing myself—and my chest especially—'til I resist something, whatever it might be, while a lightning flash of fear was dimly there and a subconscious query 'What on earth next?' Yet it was hardly fear, because there was no time for such a durable sensation. It was rather a sense of being suddenly confronted with a grave reality, of doubtful, obscurely terrible import."—London Chronicle.

Origin of Coal.
Coal is of vegetable origin. When vegetable matter accumulates under water it undergoes a slow process of decomposition, giving off its nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen and some carbon, the result of which is carried far enough is the formation of a mass of carbon. Peat, found often in swampy tracts, is the first stage in the further forming process, and the further stages formed by the burial of these vegetable deposits under great loads of sediment, where they become subject to pressure and sometimes to heat. This effects a series of changes, consolidation and loss of oxygen and gives a series of products whose nature depends on the degree to which the original vegetable matter has been changed. The products are known as lignite, bituminous coal and anthracite coal.

Mixing His Dates.
There is a story of a man who was so transported with joy as he stood up at the altar rail to be married that his thoughts reverted to a day when he stood up at the prisoner's bar in a court of justice to plead "guilty" or "not guilty" to a criminal charge. So powerfully did that, the most painful event of his life, obtrude itself upon his mind that when the clergyman put the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" and so on, the poor distracted bridegroom answered with startling distinctness, "Not guilty, so help me."—From Tucker's "Personal Recollections."

A Stubborn Opening.
The head of the household was going through her husband's pockets the next morning.
"What kept you out so late last night?" she suddenly demanded.
"It was the opening of the campaign, my dear," the lesser half replied.
"Well, it didn't take three cork-screws to open it, did it?"
And she drew the offending articles from his side pocket and waved them before him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Riot of Ink.
Canon Nichol used to tell how on one occasion he had visited the famous house of the Thrales in that suburb of London where Dr. Johnson was at home. "Johnson," said the canon in recalling his visit, "had occupied two rooms, and these were left as he last used them. The sight was an extraordinary one, for ink was splashed all over the floor and even on the walls. It was one of the doctor's habits to wipe his pen in ink and then shake it."

Teaching the Teacher.
Teacher—Johnny, what part of speech is "nose"? Johnny—"Tisn't any. Teacher—Ah, but it must be. Johnny—May be yours is, because you talk through it, but the only part of speech I've

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J. A. ZEIGLER, Manager.
ZEIGLER'S PHARMACY.

The Three Great Channels.
Every human being—man, woman and child, noble and sordid, neurasthenic and deep-seated, athletic and imbecile, the blessing of God through nature and only three great channels of responsibility, recreation and affection, work, play and love. With these any life is happy in spite of sorrow and pain, successful despite the bitter failures. Without them a man breaks his heart, severs his conscious connection with God. If you want to keep a headstrong, fatuous youth from overreaching himself you try to give him responsibility, recreation and affection. In every case the healing power which you want to give is real life, and real life means just these three things. The same needs are fixed for all of us and the same all-sufficing remedy in the supply if we can get and keep in touch with it—Atlantic.

Mice For Whooping Cough.
A fairly alarming relic of mediæval nostrums came to my notice recently. A mother was discussing with her housekeeper the probability of her children taking whooping cough, which was then prevalent in the community. The housekeeper, a most dependable, valuable helper, of more than average good sense and judgment, said: "Mrs. Black, if you'll let me I can keep your children from having whooping cough. I've kept lots of children from having it, but I wouldn't do it without telling you first."

"Well, Martha, what is it?"
"You catch a live mouse and kill and dress it and stuff it and bake it and feed it to the children. It isn't bad to take, and of course they don't know what it is. That would spoil the charm."

To my friend's exclamation of horror she replied with conviction, "I've given it to lots of children, and never one of them had whooping cough."—Mary Newell Youtz in Designer.

When Wagner Died.
"Nearly all the visitors to Venice," says a letter from that city, "go to the Vendramin palace to see the place where Wagner lived nearly a year and where he died in February, 1883. We were here on that glorious spring day when they bore the master away who remembers the long line of mourners, the wails, the sobs, the tears, the picture of that occasion. The great state barge contained Anton Seidl's orchestra, and after it came barges with singers, nobles, great men and women, all in deepest mourning. This is the scene which some artist should fix on canvas. But, alas, he who saw it could never know what it represented unless he had been here at the time. The music, under Seidl and Neumann, and its effect on the mourning though no brush could portray."

Last Revolutionary Survivor.
The last survivor of the Revolutionary war was John Gray, who died in Noble county, O., aged 104 years, on March 23, 1898. He came to the Buckeye State early in its existence. For some years before he died he drew an annual pension of \$500 from the government. General John A. Bingham having got a special act through congress for this. Gray's father was killed at the battle of Stillwater and he took his place in the army, being only sixteen years old then. He served through the remainder of the war. His military record is on file at the office of the state commissioner of soldiers' claims.—Columbus Dispatch.

The Bull of Perilous.
Perillus of Athens is said to have invented for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigento, 570 B. C., a brazen bull which opened on the side to admit victims who were to be roasted by the fire which was built underneath. The dying groans of the sufferers resembled closely the roaring of a mad bull. Phalaris greatly admired the invention and by way of test roasted the inventor first. Later the populace rose in rebellion and burned Phalaris.

Progress.
"I notice a lady has received by wireless a prescription from her doctor at sea."
"What was it?"
"Told her to brace up and she would be O. K."

"Well, well. Here's a case of drugless treatment by wireless prescription for a sickless illness. What an age we live in!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Small Things.
We are too fond of our own will. We want to be doing what we fancy mighty things, but the great point is to do small things, when called to them, in a right spirit.—R. Cecil.

Marvelous.
He—There is no doubt that nature's works are indeed marvelous. She—Aren't they? Has his fancy, even the tiniest insect has its Latin name.—London M. A. P.

Indispensable.
Knicker—Did he make himself indispensable to the firm? Boeker—Yes, so much so that when he left they set three detectives looking for him.—New York Times.

An Apostle of Repose.
First Bum—Writers say dat de secret of aristocratic appearance is repose of manner. Second Bum—Dat's me.—Chicago News.

He that sleeps feels not the toothache.—Shakespeare.

A Defeated Conscience.
The secretary of the Kansas State Historical society tells a story about an early day Kansas justice of the peace who will be nameless here: "This J. P.," said the secretary, "would marry a couple one day as justice of the peace and divorce them the next as notary public."
One time, as the story ran, a man surrendered himself to this J. P.
"An' phwar's the matter?" asked the judge.
"I killed a man out here on the prairie in a fight," was the reply. "I want to give myself up."
"You did kill him, sort?" asked the J. P.
"Yes, sir," was the reply.
"Who saw you?" asked the J. P.
"Nobody."
"An' nobody saw you kill 'im?"
"No, sir. Just we two were there."
"An' you're shure nobody saw you?" reiterated the J. P.
"Of course I'm shure," was the reply. "Tain't you're discharged," said the J. P., bringing his list down on the table. "You're discharged. You can't 'eminate yourself. Fifty dollars, please!"—Kansas City Journal.

Life on a Battleship.
To the landlubber one of the peculiar and oftentimes discomforting elements of life on a warship during target practice is the necessity for numerous baths. After each volley all the men on deck must take a bath. Sometimes there are four or five baths a day. This becomes quite monotonous. The Japanese inaugurated this practice. A bath is taken before and after shooting to guard against possible infection of open scratches and cuts from the flying powder. When the big guns go off the landsman on deck is thrown into consternation. A horrible, sickening wrench makes one feel as if each limb were separately grasped and pulled in various directions, and it is a long time until he gets his "sea legs" again. Life aboard ship is not the ordeal that rumor has characterized it. The hardback legend is erroneous. The sailors are well fed with the best viands procurable, and their bread, far from being hardback, is as good as that which is served in any high class hotel or restaurant. There is a spirit of good fellowship among the men below decks. Each man has his separate duties definitely designated, and there are no petty jealousies.—J. W. Aide in Leslie's.

No Place For His Talents.
At St. John's a man stowed away upon Harry Whitney's yacht, bound for an Arctic hunting trip. He was discovered too late to return him to the little Newfoundland port, but Whitney determined to make him his passenger. He wasn't successful at this, however. The stowaway simply couldn't see any sort of work. Short of personal violence he couldn't be made to button his collar.
"By thunder," Whitney said one day, "I've a notion to leave you here at Etah. The stowaway seemed mournful."
"Bee-lieve me, Mr. Whitney," he said emphatically, "you haven't made me so welcome on board your jiggered old yacht that I want to stay. But what could I do up here? He swept his hand around at the Eskimo huts, half roof and the rest hole in the ground."
"What is your business, anyhow?" Whitney asked curiously.
"I," said the stowaway, "am a second story worker."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Pathetic Banquet.
Jacob A. Riis was discussing in New York his experience as a police reporter.
"They were intense experiences. The pathetic ones had, indeed, such an intensity that they couldn't be used in literature. They'd seem overdrawn. For example, one cold and dreary Thanksgiving evening as I passed a famous restaurant I saw a little urchin standing before the area. Through the area grates the kitchen, brilliantly illuminated, could be seen. The cook, in his white dress, basted a half dozen great brown birds.
"Hi, Timmy," the urchin cried, and a second youngster turned toward him.
"Hi, Timmy, come an' eat yer-crust in the smell from this here kitchen. It makes it taste just like roast turkey."—Detroit Free Press.

The Arab Steed.
An Arab steed of pure breed would probably be outpaced in a race by an English thoroughbred, but in other respects it outshines its western rival. It is so docile that it is treated by its owner as one of the family, and it has an iron constitution, for it sleeps out at night without covering or shelter. Nature protects the Arab horse with a thick, furry coat, which is never touched by brush or comb and which falls off at the approach of spring, leaving the body and legs, which had been shaggy, as those of a bear, again resume their graceful beauty and glisten in the sun like polished marble.—London Chronicle.

A Woman's Letter.
Hailed as "the master of female," Marcel Prevost endeavors to make good his right to the title by the following bit of philosophy: "Is a woman's hat meant to cover her head? Is a woman's sunshade meant to shade her from the sun? Are a woman's shoes made for walking or her bejeweled watch meant to tell her the time? Why, then, should a woman's letter be meant to convey her real thoughts?"—Exchange.

The Heirloom.
"An heirloom," explained the farmer's wife to her thirteen-year-old boy, "is something that has been handed down from father to son and in some instances highly prized."
"I'd prize these heirlooms I'm wearing," remarked the youngster, "a good deal more if they wasn't so long in the legs."—Everybody's.

Thought For Others.
"You should endeavor to do something for the comfort of your fellow men," said the philanthropist, "without thought of reward." "I do. I buy umbrellas instead of borrowing them."—Exchange.

Her Preference.
Miss Smith—Now, Madge, tell me, which would you rather be—pretty or good? Madge (promptly)—I would rather be pretty. Miss Smith: I can easily be good whenever I like to try.—Punch.

A Day Off.
Sunday School Teacher—Is your pa a Christian, Bobby? Little Bobby—No'm, not today. He's got the toothache.—Browning's Magazine.

A state is never greater than when all its superfluous hands are employed in the service of the public.—Hume.

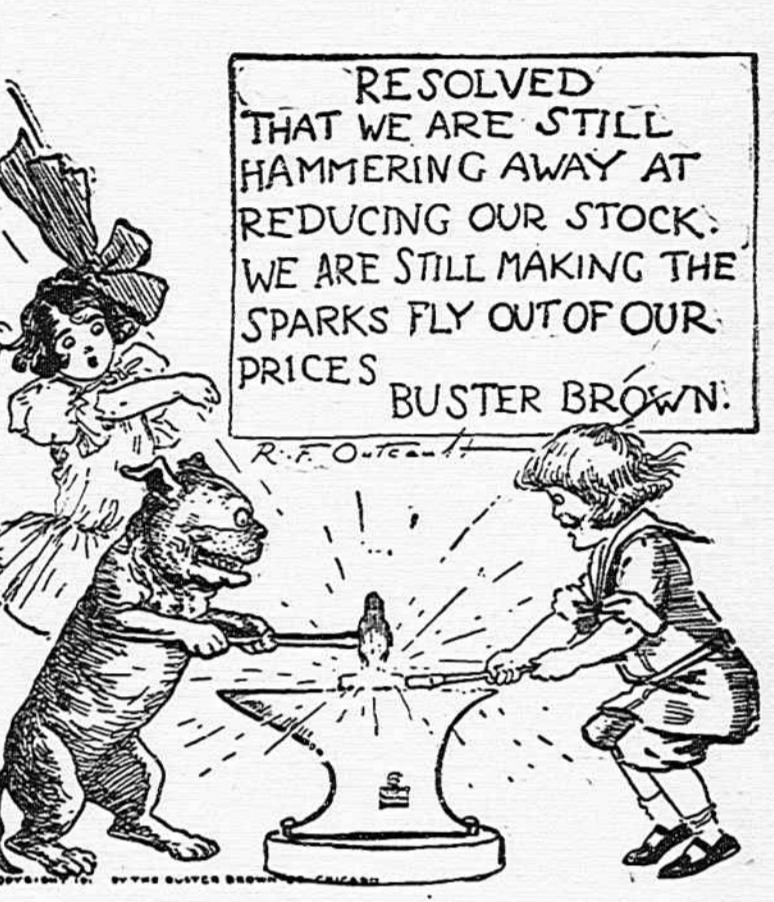
He Won the Trick.
"Oh, George, dear," she whispered when he slipped the engagement ring on her tapering finger, "how sweet of you to remember just the sort of stone I preferred! None of the others was ever so thoughtful."
George was staggered but for a moment. Then he came back with: "Not at all, dear. You overrate me. This is the one I've always used."
She was inconsistent enough to cry about it.

Locality.
"Where were you born?" asked the judge of election.
"Have I got t' answer that question?" inquired the man who wished to vote.
"Yes; that's the law."
"Well, sir, I was born ineth' steerage, if ye've got t' know."—Chicago Tribune.

The photographer was drying his plates in the warm sunlight.
"What are you doing there?" asked a friend.
"Oh," was the reply, "just airing my views."

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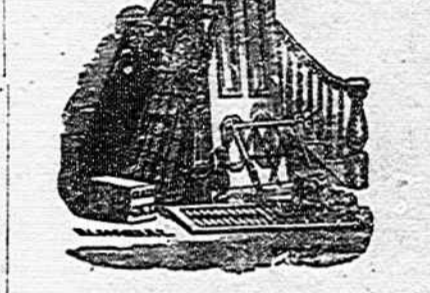
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