RACE COURSE EVILS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Evils and the Virtues of the Race Track Discussed.

TEXT: "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He saith among the trumpets, ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."—Job xxxix, 19, 21, 25.

We have recently had long columns of intelligence from the race course, and multitudes flocked to the watering places to witness equine competition, and there is lively discussion in all households about the right and wrong of such exhibitions of mettle and speed, and when there is a heresy abroad that the cultivation of a horse's fleetness is an iniquity instead of a commendable virtue—at such a time a sermon is demanded of every minister who would like to defend public morals on the one hand, and who is not willing to see an unrighteous abridgment of innocent amusement on the other. In this discussion I shall follow no sermonic precedent, but will give independently what I consider the Christian and common sense view of this potent, all absorbing and agitating question of the turf.

There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape, or spirit; or sagacity, or intelligence, or affection, or usefulness. He is semihuman, and known how to reason on a small scale. The centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast. Job in my text sets forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the prance of his nostril, the pawing of his hoof and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for the cattle and what Landseer did for the dog Job with mightier pencil does for the horse. Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of him. He comes into every kingly possession and into every great occasion and into every triumph. It is very evident that Job and David and Isaiah and Ezekiel and Jeremiah and John were fond of the horse. He comes into much of their imagery. A red horse—that meant war. A black horse—that meant famine. A pale horse that meant death. A white horse—that meant victory. Good Mordecai mounts him while Haman holds the bit. The church's advance in the Bible is compared to a company of horses of Pharaoh's chariot. Jeremiah cries out, "How canst thou contend with horses?" Isaiah says, "The horse's hoofs shall be counted as flint." Miriam claps her cymbals and sings, "The horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea." St. John describing Christ as coming forth from conquest to conquest, represents Him as seated on a white horse. In the parade of heaven the Bible makes us hear the clicking of hoofs on the golden pavement as it says, "The armies which were in heaven followed Him on white horses." I should not wonder if the horse, so banged, and bruised, and beaten and outraged on earth, should have some other place where his wrongs shall be righted. I do not assert it, but I say I should not be surprised if after all St. John's description of the horses in heaven turned out not altogether to be figurative but somewhat literal.

As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch, and the prophet, and the evangelist, and the apostle stroking his sleek hide and patting his rounded neck, and tenderly lifting his exquisitely formed hoof, and listening with a thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great natures in all ages have spoken of him in encomiastic terms. Virgil in his Georgics almost seems to plagiarize from this description in the text, so much are the descriptions alike—the description of Virgil and the description of Job. The Duke of Wellington would not allow any one irreverently to touch his old warhorse Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting at Waterloo, and when old Copenhagen died his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave. John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race, for when sick he writes home, "Has my old chaise horse become sick or spoiled?" There is hardly any passage of French literature more pathetic than the lamentation over the death of the war charger Marchegay. Walter Scott had so much admiration for this divinely honored creature of God that in "St. Ronan's Well" he orders the girth slackened and the blanket thrown over the smoking flanks. Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Beaconsfield, musing over the past, throws his arms around the wornout horse of his dead son Richard, and weeps upon the horse's neck, the horse seeming to sympathize in the memories. Rowland Hill, the great English preacher, was caricatured because in his family prayers he supplicated for the recovery of a sick horse, but when the horse got well, contrary to all the prophecies of the farriers, the prayer did not seem quite so much of an absurdity.

But what shall I say of the maltreatment of this beautiful and wonderful creature of God? If Thomas Chalmers in his day felt called upon to preach a sermon against cruelty to animals, how much more in this day is there a need of reprehensive discourse! All honor to the memory of Professor Bergh, the chief apostle for the brute creation, for the mercy he demanded and achieved for this king of beasts. A man who owned 1,000 horses, and some say 10,000, wrote in the Bible, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Sir Henry Lawrence's care of the horse was beautifully Christian. "He says: "I expect we shall lose Conrad, though I have taken so much care of him that he may come in cool. I always walk him the last four or five miles, and as I walk myself the first hour, it is only in the middle of the journey we get over the ground." The Ettrick Shepherd in his matchless "Ambrosial Nights" speaks of the maltreatment of the horse as a practical blasphemy. I do not believe in the transmigration of souls, but I cannot very severely denounce the idea, for when I see men who cut and whack and whack and welt an ill rike and maddening rage and insult the horse, that beautiful servant of the human race, who carries our burdens and pulls our plows and runs our thrashers and our mills and runs for our doctors—when I see men thus brutalize and abusing and outraging that creature, it seems to me that it would be only fair that the doctrine of transmigration of souls should prove true, and that for their punishment they should pass over into some poor miserable brute and be beaten and whacked and cruelly treated and frozen and heated and overridden—into an everlasting state horse, an eternal traveler on a towpath, or into an eternal post, in an eternal winter, smitten with eternal epizootics!

Oh, is it not a shame that the brute creation, which had the first possession of our world, should be so maltreated by the race that came in last—the fowl and the fish created on the fifth day, the horse and the cattle breathed on the morning of the sixth day and the human race not created until the evening of the sixth day? It ought to be that if any man overdrives a horse, or feeds him when he is hot, or recklessly drives a nail into the quick of his hoof, or rowels him to see him prance, or scratches him that his fetlocks drop blood, or puts a collar on a raw neck, or unnecessarily clutches his tongue with a twisted bit, or cuts off his hair until he has no defense against the cold, or unmercifully abbreviates the natural defense against insect annoyance—that such a man as that himself ought to be made to quit and let his horse ride!

But not only do our humanities and our Christian principle and the dictates of God demand that we be kindly treat the brute creation, and especially the horse, but I go further and say that we ought even to care for the development of his fleetness, and his strength, and his majesty, or not to be. We need to study his anatomy and his adaptations. I am glad that books about him have been written to show how he can be best managed, and how his ailments can be cured, and what his usefulness is, and what his capabilities are. It would be a shame if in this age of the world, when the floral kingdom has turned the thin flower of the wayside into a gorgeous rose, and the mongrel of hay changed the gerald and smaller fruit of the ancients into the very nectary of ripe and peach and plum and grape and apple, and the smarting sour of the orient has become the great staple, and the wormwood of the olden times has warped back from the Hebrides, and the Alleghenies and the Shockhom, that the horse, upon whom all should not be a study as to his capacity, or our civilization, or our Christianity, or our agility. Groomed to the last point of soft brilliance, his flowing mane a billow of beauty, his arched neck in utmost rhythm of curve, let him be harnessed in graceful trappings and then driven to the furthest goal of excellence, and then fed at luxuriant oathins and blanketed in comfortable stall. The long tried and faithful servant of the human race deserves all kindness, all care, all reward, all succulent forage and soft litter and paradisiacal pasture field. Those farms in Kentucky and in different parts of the North, where the horse is trained to perfection in fleetness and in beauty and in majesty, are well set apart. There is no more virtue in driving slow than in driving fast any more than a freight train going ten miles the hour is better than an express train going fifty.

There is a delusion abroad in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding.

There are very few good people who seem to imagine it is humbly pious to drive a sniveling, galled, gladdered, spring halted, blind staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinante as in a Bucephalus. We want swifter horses, and swifter men, and swifter enterprises, and the church of God needs to get off its jog trot. Quick temperate, quick lightnings, quick steams; why not quick horses? In the time of war the cavalry service does the most execution, and as the battles of the world are probably not all past, our Christian patriotism demands that we be interested in equine velocity. We might as well have poorer guns in our arsenals and clumsier ships in our navy yards than other Nations as to have under our cavalry saddles and before our parks of artillery slower horses. From the battle of Granicus, where the Persian horses drove the Macedonian infantry into the river, clear down to the horses on which Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson rode into the fray, this arm of the military service has been recognized. Hamilcar, Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Marshal Ney were cavalrymen. In this arm of the service Charles Martel at the battle of Poitiers beat back the Arab invasion. The Carthaginian cavalry, with the loss of only 700 men, overthrew the Roman army with the loss of 70,000. In the same way the Spanish chivalry drove back the Moorish hordes. The best way to keep peace in this country and in all countries is to be prepared for war, and there is no success in such a contest unless there be plenty of light footed chargers. Our Christian patriotism and our instruction from the word of God demand that first of all we kindly treat the horse, and then after that, that we develop his fleetness and his grandeur and his majesty and his strength.

But what shall I say of the effort being made in this day on a large scale to make this splendid creature of God, this divinely honored being, an instrument of atrocious evil? I make no indiscriminate assault against the turf. I believe in the turf if it can be conducted on right principles and with no betting. There is no more harm in offering a prize for the swiftest racer than there is harm at an agricultural fair in offering a prize to the farmer who has the best wheat, or to the fruit grower who has the largest pear, or to the machinist who presents the best corn thrusher, or in a school offering a prize of a copy of Shakespeare to the best reader, or in a household giving a lump of sugar to the best behaved youngster. Prizes by all means, rewards by all means. That is the way God develops the race. Rewards for all kinds of well doing. Heaven itself is called a prize, "the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." So what is right in one direction is right in another direction. And without the prizes the horse's fleetness and beauty and strength will never be fully developed. If it cost $1000 or $5000 or $10,000 and the result be achieved, it is cheap. But the sin begins where the betting begins, for that is gambling, or the effort to get that for which you give no equivalent, and gambling, whether on a large scale or a small scale, ought to be denounced of men as it will be accursed of God. If you have won fifty cents or $5000 as a wager, you had better get rid of it. Get rid of it right away. Give it to some one who lost in it, or give it to some great reformatory institution, or if you do not like that, go down to the river and pitch it off the docks. You cannot afford to keep it. It will burn a hole in your purse, it will burn a hole in your estate, and you will lose all that, perhaps 1000 times more—perhaps you will lose all. Gambling blasts a man or it blasts his children, generally both and all.

What a spectacle when at Saratoga, or at Long Branch, or at Brighton Beach, or at Sheepshead Bay, the horses start, and in a flash $50,000 or $100,000 change hands! Multitudes ruined by losing the bet, others worse ruined by gaining the bet; for if a man lose a bet at a horse race, he may be discouraged and quit, but if he win the bet he is very apt to go straight on to hell!

An intimate friend, a journalist, who in the line of his profession investigated this evil, tells me that there are three different kinds of betting at horse races, and they are about equally leprous—by "auction pools," by "French mutuals," by what is called "bookmaking"—all gambling, all bad, all rotten with iniquity. There is one word that needs to be written on the brow of every poolseller as he sits deducting his three or five per cent., and sixty "ringing up" more tickets than were sold on the winning horse—a word to be written also on the brow of every bookkeeper who at extra inducement scratches a horse off of the race, and on the brow of every jockey who slackens pace that, according to agreement, another may win, and writing on every board of the surrounding fences. That word is "swindler!" Yet thousands bet. Lawyers bet. Judges of courts bet. Members of the Legislature bet. Members of Congress bet. Professors of religion bet. Teachers and superintendents of Sunday-schools, I am told, bet. Ladies bet not directly, but through agents. Yesterday and every day they bet, they gain, they lose; and this summer, while the parasols swing, and the hands clap, and the huzzas deafen, there will be a multitude of people cajoled and deceived and cheated, who will at the races go neck and neck, neck and neck to perdition.

Cultivate the horse by all means, drive him as fast as you desire, provided you do not injure him or endanger yourself or others, but be careful and do not harness the horse to the chariot of sin. Do not throw your jewels of morality under the flying hoof. Do not for the pretext of improving the horse destroy a man. Do not have your name put down in the ever increasing catalogue of those who are ruined for both worlds by the distractions of the American race course. They say that an honest race is a "straight" track, and that a dishonest race course is a "crooked" track. They say that you can tell a straight race track by betting men and betting women and betting customers. A crooked track—I mean straight down! Christian man, I am one of them. Is not a man better than a horse? Yes, yes, and I believe there are those of the steeds that will be found in the ring at the last day. But this is a very poor job by which in order to get a horse to come in a full length ahead of some other racer as a few seconds in advance of a competitor, we have to trample down a man who has fallen behind in the race set before him.

[illegible] own him if you can [illegible] the good he has in him, but be careful [illegible] ruin him. You cannot always [illegible] that a man is driving in by to [illegible] heat. In my boyhood we [illegible] every Saturday morning to [illegible] church. We were drawn by two [illegible] horses. My father drove. He knew [illegible] and there I knew him. They were [illegible] Sometimes they used to go rapidly, and he did not interfere with their humor. If I and all of us in the wagon with him. He drove to the country church. The fact is that for eighty-two years [illegible] in the same direction. The very [illegible] that I speak of was long ago unbridled, and the driver put up his whip in the stable house never again to take it down, but in those good old times I learned something that I never forgot—that a man may admire a horse, and love a horse, and be proud of a horse, and not always be willing to [illegible] the dust of the preceding vehicle, and yet be a Christian, an earnest Christian, an humble Christian, a consecrated Christian, useful until the last, so that at his death the church of God cries out as Elisha exclaimed when Elijah went up with galloping horses of fire, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

The entire Salvation Army of Madison, Wis., was put in jail the other day for holding a meeting in the principal street in the town, contrary to the law. There were eleven of them and they went right on with their service in the jail.

FIFTH WEEK'S WORK.

A Complete Summary of What the Convention has Done to Date.

The constitutional convention has completed its fifth weeks' work, and so far exactly one and one-fifth of an article, to be mathematically correct has been completed each week. While considerable of the heavy work was done the past week, the rule now adopted allowing amendments on the third reading opens up many possibilities, and again it must be said that the mass of the heavy work is still ahead of the convention, for the great fights and lively and long debates are to come on the suffrage article and the articles on education and county governments. The most prominent issues before the convention are to be found in these articles, the suffrage problem standing far in the lead of all others. Then again there is the homestead section of the article on legislative department yet to be completed.

THE ARTICLES ADOPTED.

Only six out of the sixteen articles proposed have been entirely completed as yet and referred to the committee on style and revision. They are the articles:

1—On executive department.
2—On impeachments.
3—On municipal corporations and police regulations.
4—On amendment and revision of the Constitution.
5—On miscellaneous matters.
6—On penal and charitable institutions.

All the sections of the article on legislative department have been passed to their third reading, save that relating to the homestead, discussed a whole day, and then laid over, and the section relating to intermarriages. So this article is almost complete.

All the sections of the article on finance and taxation have likewise been passed to a third reading save five.

The same thing applies to the article on the declaration of rights, four of its sections being enacted upon as yet.

If these articles were all entirely completed and had gone to the committee on style and revision, the convention would be half through with its work from a numerical standpoint, but the heaviest debate by far is yet to come, and the convention has refused to pass a resolution limiting speeches to 10 minutes, save in the debates on to limit speeches. The possibilities as to the duration of the session are therefore obvious.

Considerable has been accomplished since the recess, and there have been some interesting debates. Exactly what has been completed towards the building of the Constitution is enumerated above.

Other matters brought up during the past week were resolutions of respect to the late Dr. J. O. Byrd, which were adopted; a resolution to provide for the disbursement of the convention's expense appropriation, which was adopted; a resolution to provide for printing of copies of the Constitution when ratified, which stands over, etc.

The convention considered and killed the following resolutions: By Mr. Hodges, relating to judgments; by Mr. McMahan, relating to a department of roads and forestry; by Mr. McMahan, relating to the concurrence of the whole jury in a verdict; by Mr. Wharton, to limit speeches to 10 minutes except in the suffrage debate. The convention also tabled the petition of the W. C. T. U. in regard to the age of consent.

Some notable constitutional changes were made in the constitution the past week. The most prominent change was perhaps in the passage of the clause providing for a graduated tax on all incomes and a graduated license on all occupants and business. A notable proposed change is to be found in Mr. Bellinger's anti-lynch law section, the necessity for which was shown in a lynching case the very night of its introduction. The action of the convention in voting down Senator Tillman's resolution looking to holding a constitutional convention every 20 years, and his scheme to tax each dog in the State $1, disposed of two matters that meant a great deal. The action of the convention in fixing it so that counties and townships cannot issue bonds to aid in building railroads is another very important change.

SOUTHERN BANK CLEARANCES.

Large Increase Over Last Year. Improved Financial Condition of Farmers.

The Manufacturers' Record reports that the bank clearances throughout the South for the week show a large gain over the corresponding period of last year, with railroad traffic also increasing materially.

While the prevailing high price for cotton and the abundant supply of corn and bacon have put Southern farmers in better financial condition than for some years, there is no special increase of activity in the organization of new industrial enterprises.

Contracts have been let for boilers and engines for two furnaces to be located at Bessemer, the first new furnace building work undertaken in the South for a considerable time. Among some of the enterprises reported for the week were a $100,000 cotton mill in Mississippi, a $3,000 electric plant in Tennessee, a $1,000 compress in Texas, a $150,000 brewery company in Virginia, and a $25,000 fertilizer company in the same State, and a number of miscellaneous enterprises throughout the State.

THE ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

The Deficit for the Half Month Over Nine Millions.

For the half month of October the receipts of the Treasury have been $12,236,552, and the expenditures $12,721,000 making the net deficit for the half month $9,184,667. The deficit for the fiscal year to date is $49,369,325. The deficit for the month will probably be reduced at its close $5,000,000 and for the fiscal year at the close of October to $15,000,000.

The gold reserve on Monday was $92,309,013.

For the first fifteen days of October the Treasury paid out $752,579 in gold in redeeming United States notes and Treasury notes, and for the fiscal year to date, $38,355,997 in gold.

A SAD DEATH.

A Four-Year-Old Child Slowly Starves to Death in an Old Attic.

At Ishpeming, Mich., the remains of the four-year-old daughter of Adolph Lafrenier, who mysteriously disappeared last spring, were found in the unused attic of the building over a store in the centre of the city, where the family lived. She had climbed to the room and slowly starved to death, her cries being unheard by her distracted parents. When she disappeared several hundred citizens, including the fire department, searched the city and suburbs for her.

How the Nose Works.

In ordinary respiration the nose recognizes only pronounced odors, since the filaments of the olfactory nerve are distributed only in the upper third of the lining membrane of its fossæ, and in ordinary breathing the air passes directly through the lower half of these cavities. Hence a modified respiratory effort—a quick, forced inspiration or "sniff"—is usually necessary in order to bring air carrying odoriferous particles to the olfactory nerve endings.

Nevertheless, whenever air mixed with odorous gases and noxious particles is inhaled through the nose during a few successive ordinary respirations, the olfactory sense is awakened to a knowledge of their presence through the law of diffusion of gases, in virtue of which the odorous particles are conveyed to the superior fossæ of the nose and hence to the terminal filaments of the olfactory nerve. Thus to a certain extent the sense of smell is preservative of health.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Choice wine grapes are selling in the Sonoma Valley for $15 a ton.

A Book for Women.

To assist modest, afflicted women in the successful treatment of diseases peculiar to their sex, a book has been prepared under the direction of Rev. R. L. McElree, assisted by eminent physicians and specialists, entitled Home Treatment of Female Diseases.

The book is written in simple language, easily understood, and contains:

1st.—A description of the female organism.

2d.—Instructions for detecting the approach of the menstrual period, and for treatment during the monthly period, and to insure its regular return.

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A paper edition of this great book has been prepared, copies of which can be secured for six cents in postage. Write, Rev. R. L. McElree, St. Elmo, Tenn.

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Do not be Misled

by statements regarding the supposed curative qualities of tonics, nervines, cod-liver oil and iron compounds. Little permanent good results from their use. The greatest good comes by increasing the digest ve power. Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy will do that. In simple indigestion it will give comfort at once; in chronic dyspepsia it will give quick relief, and, with a little perseverance, bring a permanent cure. Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

Keeps Men Poor.

The clerk might be "boss" if he had the head for it. The brains are there, but they don't seem to work. The trouble usually begins in the stomach. Indigestion keeps men poor because they don't know they have it, but imagine something else. Ripans Tabules insure sound digestion and a clear head. They regulate the entire system. Ask the druggist for a box.

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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

HE TALKS OF UNTOLD TREASURES HIDDEN AWAY.

How Man's Ingenuity Takes Advantage of Nature's Wealth.

The older I grow the more I am convinced that everything in this world was created for some wise and beneficent purpose and all for the good of God's creatures. There is no waste, no surplus, no meaningless things. Nature's storehouse is unlocked by degrees. The doors have combination locks and here and there all along the years a man is found who is smart enough to study out the words and make a key that will open the door. I remember walking over the hills of Tallapoosa—the hills that were covered with thousands of shapeless pebbles of glittering quartz. They were a sign of poor land and I wondered what they were made for. In a few years after there was a glass factory built there and all these pebbles were gathered up and made into French plate. Shortly after the war, old Father Noble, the iron patriarch of Rome, asked me to take a ride with him to Kingston to look at some iron property that was for sale. I was no expert in that line, but came along as company. He had half a dozen strong armed negroes with picks and shovels, and they dug little pits on the hill side and got down to the ore beds and threw up boulders for him to inspect. He brushed them with his hammer and after careful examination took his head and said: "No good; more manganese than iron." Ten years afterwards that same old man was hunting manganese report and bought all he could find. Mr. Blessemer had unlocked a door and found that manganese was worth ten times as much as iron and through its chemical combine tons of steel rails that were $80 a ton were reduced to $30. One day while we were trampling over the barren hills we found a curious clay that had the shapes of little shells all through it and sent some of it to Philadelphia and it was pronounced aluminum clay or bauxite, and now it is being mined and shipped and manufactured into the strongest and lightest and brightest of metals. Another door has been unlocked. A few years ago a man of science, while perusing this region, observed a deposit of earth that we called yellow dirt. He said it was yellow ochre, and soon after he formed a company and bought up all they could find and put up a mill and then another mill and the manufactured ochre is shipped from here all the year round to northern markets, and pays good profits. Then there is talc and tripoli and graphite and mica and variegated clay that we have walked over and stumbled over for years and is now wanted for industrial arts. For years and years we have valued the lowlands and counted the hills as nothing. If a man sold his farm the lowlands were valued at so much an acre and the hills were thrown in for good measure. But now when a man sells he reserves them mineral interest if he can—or half of it anyhow.

About a year ago Mr. Laramore, one of our citizens was prospecting near Tunnel Hill for ores, mainly for manganese, and found himself talking on a remarkable piece of road. It was so firm, so smooth and so old that he stopped at a farmer's house and asked if the road was natural or artificial. He learned from him that it was graded thirty years ago from a deposit of natural concrete nearby and had never been worked on since. The more he looked at it the more he thought about it, for he is one of nature's close observers. He procured some of the deposit and sent it to his chemist and it was pronounced a natural concrete of hornstone and was used in France for roadbeds. The chemist said it was of the best quality and a roadbed made of it would last a century, for water solidified it and then it became impervious to rain and neither wagon tire nor horseshoes could wear it away. This was a revelation to Mr. Laramore. As it was quite near the railroad he got Mr. Thomas to give him a side track and now he is mining and shipping in large quantities and has already bedded and graded several miles of highway near Atlanta and the county commissioners are extending the line of grading. I traveled over it and found it a luxury and far more pleasant than belgian blocks or cobble stones. It does look as if our Creator placed that deposit there to be used in due time and the due time has come. The road congress is to meet soon in Atlanta and no doubt will investigate this corner to all and commend it to the people, for it abounds in this region and the railroads will build spurs to the deposits. Just think how much the railroads add to the volume of our lumber and minerals and products of every kind. But not to railroads the farmers are indebted in having good wagon roads leading from every market town. Rome has been wise in this regard and now has eighty miles of good macadam roads reaching out for the country trade. Cartersville is doing the same thing and will use this new discovery when it can be as cheaply procured. Mr. Laramore is going on bed our principal street with it as an experiment, for it never wears out nor has to be patched or repaired. All the rains of the past summer fell upon that broad way that leads from Fourteenth street down to the exposition gates and never effected it and the more travel the firmer it becomes. If all that is claimed for it is true the road problem is solved. I hope the congress will invite Mr. Laramore to visit them and tell what he knows. He is no schemer but is a student of nature, and withal a scientific gentleman. When a Georgian goes to Kentucky he admires their good pike roads and wonders whether he reads want to cause or the effect of their fine horses. And so in Tennessee. But the cotton states, the very states that need good roads, have never had them. Is cotton the cause of this neglect?

Speaking of these new discoveries reminds me of an enterprising man who stopped me at the Markham house the other day and begged my attention for a minute. He said he had a remedy for catarrh and asthma that was sure and never failing. And he opened a little satchel and took out a package that had a familiar odor. "But I have no catarrh," said I. "Then you have asthma," said he. "No, I have neither," I replied. He looked very solemn, and said kindly: "My friend every man in this country has either one of the other, or both. I see it in your eyes that you have catarrh. Please let me wipe off your glasses," and he removed them gently and lifted them with his tongue and I wiped them with a dry handkerchief. I was turning away in disgust when he shoved some of the contents of a paper in my hand and said: "Let me give you some to try—smell it up—smell it good and then you will come back for more." I did smell it and threw it away for it was the blooma and leaves of life everlasting. My mother always said it was good for something but for what we never found out. Maybe this tramp doctor has, but I don't see how he can make money out of an herb that the fields are full of and everybody can get a pocketful. And now the face of the earth is yellow with the graceful feathery golden rod. Why would not that do for our national flower? The old countries had his first choice and have gotten the rose and the lily, but we can have the third choice, for I don't think the shamrock or the thistle or the edelweiss or forget-me-not was much of a choice for a nation's flower. The golden rod is much more dignified and plume and with us is quite national and may be more so if gold becomes our national coin—who knows? Why should not this woman's congress take up this subject and discuss it and adopt a flower—some flower—and commend it to the nation? Woman is the one to choose the flower, and when again will there be a congress so capable, so enlightened and withal such a galaxy of bright, particular stars as this?—BILL ARP in Atlanta Constitution.

Where Things Will Keep.

In the polar regions seal oil is buried in the ground in bags of skin. Meat is heaped upon platforms built among trees, which are peeled of bark in order to keep bears from climbing up them. Little sticks with sharp points upward are buried in the ice to distract the attention of the bears from the provisions overhead. Another kind of storehouse is in the shape of a strong pen, the main supports of which are standing trees, with brush and logs piled on top to keep out wild animals.

During the salmon catching season in arctic Alaska the heads of the fish are cut off and put into a hole in the ground. When they are half putrefied they are dug up and eaten, being esteemed a great delicacy.—Pearson's Weekly.

Cuba has twelve varieties of mosquitoes and 300 varieties of butterflies.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

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WISE WORDS.

Genius is the soul in blossom.

A tramp cat purre the loudest.

It is never too late to mend a boy's clothes.

The proof of the pudding is in the heating.

So few of us know when we have said enough.

If you explain you might as well acknowledge.

There is many a shrewd woman posing for a simpleton.

A man likes to feel that he is loved; a woman likes to be told.

Dress is a revelation not only of our tastes, but our bank account.

There is nothing better for a child than a little wholesome neglect.

The woman of the world is an April day; the sunshine successfully hides the tears within.

On the most commonplace level and within the narrowest limits men and women love and suffer.

Some people are so fond of butter that they would rather have poor butter than none. Same with music—Judge.

When a man seeks a woman's society it is because he has need of her—not because he thinks she has need of him.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Money Spent in Parker's Ginger Tonic is well invested. It subdues pain, and brings better digestion, better strength and health.

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Scotch Sarcasm.

The Scotch keeper has but little consideration for the feelings of the amateur sportsman. A novice from the South was out on a moor in the West Highlands the other day, and having unsuccessfully fired twice at a covey of birds that rose less than twenty yards ahead, he exclaimed excitedly, "It's strange that none of them fell. I'm positive some of them must have been struck." "I dinna doot," returned the keeper, with a sarcastic grin, "that they were struck wi' astonishment at gettin' off sae easy."—Realm.

Stars in the Milky Way.

During the last few days Professor Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, has been engaged in photographing in detail the Milky Way. When the plates are finished, which will not be for three years, it is expected that the facts revealed by them will revolutionize the old conceptions of this remarkable phenomenon. The text books declare that the Milky Way probably contains 20,000,000 suns, but Professor Barnard estimates that the camera will record the presence of at least 500,000,000, with the certainty that there must be a still larger number which are not visible.—New York Telegram.

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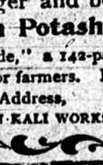

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