

## THE CANDLE.

"Nor do men light a candle and put it under a bushel"—Matt. 5:15.  
Your candle is so small, so small,  
It makes scarce any light;  
The feeble word you may let fall,  
Has neither strength nor might?  
And there be many greater ones  
Who outshine you by far,  
As do the sky-lining stars  
Outglow the faintest star?

But of all good sounds ever heard  
There is none half so fair  
As one uncalculated word  
That soothes some dim despair,  
And what a dull sky it would be  
If all the points of light  
Were gone, and we might only see  
The suns of wondrous night.

He who holds up his little flame  
Knows not what straining eyes  
May find it guiding them from shame  
Into a paradise;  
All may not climb the lofty steep,  
All may not lead the throng,  
But each may shelter and may keep  
Aglow some word or song.

We know not how our candle gleams,  
It may be soiled in gold.  
Or it may send its cheering gleams  
From some cup worn and old.  
And that which fate has held apart  
From pathways wide and grand,  
May glow with light which finds a heart  
Attuned to understand.

The little word, the little smile,  
The little song you know—  
These make the candle all the while  
That we must keep aglow.  
And we may think its trembling light  
Unnoticed by all eyes—  
But there is greater dark of night  
When that lone candle dies.  
—W. D. Nesbit, in St. Louis Republic.

## LANOOK AND THE BEAR

By HERBERT COOLIDGE.

To the east of Mount Shasta lies the country that was once Lanook's. There in the days of his youth he chased deer and antelope and led his people against the marauding Modocs. The valleys are all fenced and farmed now, and Lanook in many respects is "all same white man."

But he loves the old wild Indian days, loves to roam again in the land of youth and strength and achievement. The old man was a daily visitor when I lived in the country that once was his, and time and time again he would bare his forearm and knee, show me the deep, livid scars of a grizzly's teeth, and tell me the following story.

Long before the whites came he and Nishka, now many years dead, were returning from Pitt River with a big catch of salmon strung on a pole carried on their shoulders. Nishka walked ahead. Before them ran Lanook's little dog, clearing the path of chipmunks and squirrels.

As they descended a slope which overlooks Fall Valley, they heard the little dog yelp as if in great fear, and saw him burst from a manzanita thicket. He was pursued by a giant grizzly bear.

Nishka fled. Lanook scrambled up the nearest tree, a scrubby juniper. The bear followed the dog straight for the master's perch, until, catching sight of Nishka's buckskin garments flitting through the brush, he turned and gave him chase.

Lanook, with breath held and eyes bulging, watched his friend's flight. He was racing like the wind, but it was as if a toddling baby should attempt to outrun his father. The great slouching brute gained as if the fleet Indian had been hobbled; in almost no time he was close upon him. The poor fellow, in despair, dodged, barely escaped the bear's claws, and made a dive into a laurel thicket. The bear crashed after—then all was silent.

The silence awoke Lanook. He leaped from his tree, gathered up the bow he had thrown aside before climbing, and ran to Nishka's rescue. The bear must have heard the rush of moccasins on the trail, for as Lanook drew within close arrow-range, the grizzly emerged from the thicket and reared on his haunches, baring teeth that were dripping blood.

Lanook greeted him with two arrows, then fled for his tree. The bear, wounded and furious, chased him as he had chased his friend, with the fearful speed no man could equal. Nevertheless, the Indian reached his juniper and ran up it like a chipmunk, this time retaining his hold on his bow.

In a pouch hung from his neck Lanook carried poison made from black spiders, the fang-sacs of a rattlesnake and juice of wild parsnips; and while the grizzly pursued the howling cur round the tree, he tipped three arrows with this death-dealing ointment.

The juniper which Lanook had climbed was the first tree at hand—not at all the one he would have chosen to escape a grizzly. Stout branches projected from the very ground; besides, the tree tapered abruptly, and was not very tall. Round and round it raced the dog. Finally he made a quick dash, darted into a big patch of deer brush, and there succeeded in eluding his pursuer.

Soon the grizzly came back to the tree, squatted on his haunches, and sat sullenly watching the Indian. Then, his breath recovered, he stood upright on his hind legs, and stretched a terrible, claw-horned paw upward. And how he did stretch! Lanook said it was as if the animal's limbs pulled out a hand's length at each joint. He climbed till he feared the tapering treetop would break.

The bear soon gave up the reaching idea and began to climb. In this he was as awkward as he had been agile in the chase; but with the lower branches affording support for hind and forepaws, it seemed likely that he could work his way upward.

The great weight of the brute made the little tree bend alarmingly, and when he wriggled and hitched, both of which he did very violently, Lanook felt like an ant on a spear of grass whipped by the wind. Hope left the Indian; in its place came desperate resolution. He descended as far as he dared, fitted one of the poisoned arrows to his bow, and waited.

The bear ceased his struggles a moment, and threw back his head to look upward. Quick as the snake strikes, Lanook buried one arrow, then another, in his shaggy breast. The tree lurched so then from the bear's furious climbing that the third arrow flew wide of the mark, and splintered itself on the stony ground.

Lanook dropped his bow, gave a flying leap, and ran, still without hope, for his life.

He surprised himself with his running, and the bear surprised him with his awkwardness in getting disentangled from the tree. Lanook was a long way down the slope and buoyant with hope before the chase began. Filled with new strength, he sped onward like a bird.

The ravine he had chosen for a runway was smooth-bottomed and clear of brush; the descent was gentle—just right for a long, sweeping stride. And yet the grizzly gained, at first by leaps and bounds, as a rolling rock bears down on one embedded; then he came on with lessened speed, but still gaining. When he was close behind, Lanook's second wind came, and he began to pull away from the bear rapidly. He knew then that the poison from his arrow-tips was working in the blood of his enemy, and hope grew strong within him.

Had his runaway remained clear, Lanook could have escaped easily, but fortune favored the bear. For the ravine suddenly became blocked with brush, and the Indian narrowly escaped being caught in a corner. As it was, the bear was crowding him close before he could get out of the gully.

Here the brush was thinner, but he had to take a winding course to avoid bushes and thickets, while his pursuer crashed straight through or over everything. The bear was at his heels in no time, and Lanook, to protect his head and chest from the bear's claws, threw himself on his back and kicked out with both feet.

The grizzly seemed stupid and sluggish, but nevertheless made a savage dive at the Indian, and buried his teeth in his leg just above the knee. Lanook began throwing dirt into the enemy's face, whereupon the grizzly released his leg and caught him by the forearm. Still undaunted, the Indian sent a handful of dust and fine gravel fairly into the brute's eyes.

Half-blinded, the bear backed away, pawing his eyes furiously. Lanook filled his fist with dirt, and lay motionless, waiting. But the bear never returned to him. He continued backing about and rubbing his eyes, and finally retreated into the thick brush, scratched a shallow hole there, and lay down. There he was found the next day by Lanook's tribesmen, stone-dead.

Lanook managed to drag himself back to the trail, where he was shortly discovered by another party of fishermen, and carried home. Nishka was found and cared for also. He had feigned death throughout the bear's attack, and although crippled, lived to tell his children's children of Lanook, his friend and rescuer, and of his battle with the giant grizzly bear.—From Youth's Companion.

## HE'S THE WHOLE CREW.

Skipper Hall the Cook and the Mate and the Bo'n Bold of the Angler.

Captain Parker J. Hall, of Nantucket, skipper of the two masted schooner Angler, is his own mate, steward and crew. His stated reasons for it are not that he is moody or fond of his own company, or that it is more economical, but simply that, because of an impediment in his speech, he feels that he can think out and execute his own orders more rapidly than any crew could understand him if he tried to talk.

Captain Hall is a native of Duxbury, Mass., but his home is his schooner, and on board her his young wife goes about her housekeeping duties just the same as she would were it an ivy grown cottage.

The Angler herself is no chicken, says the Boston Herald. She was built in 1854 and her owner found her an abandoned hulk, half buried in the sand. He bought her for next to nothing, fitted her with second hand spars and began to make a living and a name for himself in the coastwise trade.

His brother mariners find fault with him for recklessness, on the ground that his holding irons are not big enough. Skipper Hall is forced to put up with anchors much lighter than those of the average craft of the Angler's build carries, because it would be impossible for any one man to raise the heavy kind unaided.

He recently made a record run across the Sound under full sail and came up into anchorage in fine shape, before the admiring gaze of half the town. To enter the harbor Skipper Hall had to make a run through the heavy ice between the jetties at the bar. The drift of open water was very narrow, and the revenue cutter Gresham ran down to see if she could be of any possible assistance.

The crew of the Gresham are talking yet of the surprise their captain got when he saw one man bringing a two masted schooner through the narrow drift.

## The Farm

### Breaks Dog of Egg Eating.

If the dog eats the eggs, punch small holes in each end of an egg, and blow out the contents. After allowing the empty shell to dry fill it with strong cayenne pepper and stuff small wads of cotton into the holes to prevent the pepper from dusting out. Place it where the dog can get it and he will seldom want another.

### Use of Lime.

Can you explain the use of lime? Does it burn out humus in the soil or does it only free potash and phosphoric acid, in which case it would not be injurious, as the elements freed would be appropriated by plant life? J. E. B. R., Renovo, Pa. Answer:—Lime performs a valuable service to plant growth by rendering the potash of the soil more available. It prevents the soluble phosphoric acid in fertilizers from forming a base with iron or alumina, which is undesirable because phosphates of iron and alumina are insoluble. Lime also promotes the decomposition of organic substances—humus, sod, etc. It hastens the change of ammonia into nitric acid, and sweetens the soil.—The Country Gentleman.

### Age Limits of Dairy Cows.

A bulletin from the Wisconsin Station states that a cow is at her best during her fifth and sixth years, up to which time the production of milk and butter fat by cows in normal condition increases each year. The length of time the cow will maintain her maximum production depends on her constitution, strength and the care with which she is fed and managed. A good dairy cow should not show any marked falling off until after ten years of age. Many excellent records have been made by cows older than this. The quality of the milk produced by heifers is somewhat better than that of older cows, for a decrease has been noted of one to two-tenths of one per cent. in the average fat content for each year until the cows have reached the full age. This is caused by the increase in the weight of the cows with advancing age. At any rate, there seems to be a parallelism between the two sets of figures for the same cows. Young animals use a portion of their food for the formation of body tissue, and it is to be expected, therefore, that heifers will require a larger portion of nutrients for the production of milk or butter fat than do other cows. After a certain age has been reached, on the average seven years of age, the food required for the production of a unit of milk or butter fat again increases, both as regards dry matter and the digestible components of the food. A good milk cow of exceptional strength, kept under favorable conditions, whose digestive system has not been impaired by overfeeding or crowding for high results, should continue to be a profitable producer till her twelfth year, although the economy of her production is apt to be somewhat reduced before this age is reached.

### Only Farmers Trust in Providence.

Farmers are the only people who put all their trust in Providence. The farmer not only trusts Providence for the rain and the sunshine, but also for the price he is to get. If there is no rain in Russia and a drought in the Argentine Republic while there is plenty of it in North America, the farmer of this country harvests a big crop and gets a good price. If there is drought in North America and not much rain in Russia the farmer here gets a fair price for what little he has, but if Providence favors him with plenty of rain all over the earth he hardly makes enough to pay for the seed he plants, because the bulls and the bears of commerce eat up all of his profits. They bet millions of dollars that the price will be only fifty cents when natural causes would let it go to a dollar, because it is worth that to raise it and to ship it to the places of distribution in the United States. Yes, the farmers trust to Providence; but not so with the millers nor with the shippers. They know that the Lord helps him who helps himself, and they know how to do that to the queen's taste. In fact, everybody helps himself but the farmer. He tries to follow out the Bible doctrine: If a man steals your coat give him your pants, also. Some farmers do that, but others are learning better. The farmers who are organized in the American Society of Equity mean to give the speculators a race for their money. They propose to set the price on whatever they produce and to get that price, if they have to hold the surplus until there is a demand. They are going to act the part of Joseph and save up during the fat years and during the fat months and the fat days for the years, and the months and the days of leanness.—Farmers' Home Journal.

### Fertilizer For Corn.

It is the opinion of many farmers that commercial fertilizer does not pay when applied to the corn crop. It is true that it does not when applied as many apply it. In order that commercial fertilizer may be made to yield a profit on the corn crop the soil should be well prepared and well supplied with vegetable humus. The commercial fertilizer should be used to balance the plant food in the soil, and since stable

manure is most deficient in phosphoric acid, it is often a good plan to apply a moderate application of superphosphate to land where the stable manure is applied, or where a sod is turned for corn. The fertilizer should be distributed all through the soil rather than applied to the hill in order to encourage the roots to branch out all through the soil in search of food. A few years ago I saw an old field which had laid out for years and had grown nothing but broom sedge. It was regarded as worn out. The broom sedge was turned and 200 pounds per acre of a good grade superphosphate drilled in with a common drill. The field was put to corn and grew a very good crop of corn. In this part of the country almost any old sod field when well prepared will bring a pretty good crop of corn with an application of a phosphate only. If the fertilizer is depended on to grow the crop from year to year it will soon cease to respond to such fertilization, but the proper plan to pursue is to get such lands to grass or clover as soon as possible and get something to supply vegetable matter to the soil.

By using the phosphate in connection with the stable manure the manure can be made to go farther and both being used together they will give better returns than when they are used separately.—A. J. Legg, in The Epitomist.

### Feeding and Milk.

The fact that proper feed and good care do make a difference in the amount of milk which a cow will give is shown by the following, from The Modern Farmer:

Here is an illustration of the influence of proper feeding and good care, and perhaps, proper milking. The editor of the Modern Farmer bought out of a dairy herd a young Jersey that had been giving milk nearly a year, first calf. She was giving less than two quarts of milk at a milking when she came to us and had been sold because it did not pay to milk her. She was very thin and dirty, but very gentle and kindly disposed. We put her on good alfalfa hay and what we thought to be the proper feed, used the currying freely, treated her kindly, milked her regularly and properly. She is now giving two and one-half gallons of milk per day, and from all indications she has not yet reached the limit. Of course, all dairy cows would not respond in this way in so short a time, about one month, but many of them would, and those which would not are not profitable cows to keep. This heifer was probably costing the party who had her as much to keep her as it is costing the editor of the Modern Farmer, but she was not being fed on the right kind of feed, ear corn and timothy hay, to produce milk. Perhaps the treatment and method of milking had, also, something to do with it, but we do not know anything about this. We substituted alfalfa for the timothy, and ground corn for ear corn, mixed with a little bran, and pushed her as fast as we thought safe, with the result mentioned above. We will leave our readers to draw their own conclusions from our statement of facts.

### Keeping Youngs Folks on Farm.

For some time past the drift of youths to the cities and towns from our rural districts has been greatly detrimental to the welfare of those engaged in farming pursuits, hence the question, How can we keep the young people on the farm? In my opinion this question may be answered by saying: Give more attention to their environment. Make home more attractive and amusing. The reason I believe so many leave their country homes is in search of pleasure. Now, why should we not provide some luxuries for our homes, and thus save our young people from the many snares encountered in civic life?

In order that we use discretion in our selection of home amusements, we must first study the individual tastes of our youth. It may be the purchase of an organ or piano may fill the bill from mother's side of the house, while the father may fulfil his duty by the gift of some good literature, or perhaps a colt may cultivate a liking for home life. There are many things that will suggest themselves as we look this question in the face. An advanced education along agricultural lines gives us to realize the readiness of our profession. The visit of a good agricultural weekly may tend to stimulate an interest for rural life. The formation of literary and other societies gives an opportunity for the development of social and literary life. The introduction of agriculture as a study in the curriculum of our public schools would be of vital importance in the widening of views and the development of agriculture in general. The agricultural colleges are within the reach of most of our boys and girls. Why should not the rural standard be looked up to in place of disregarded?—Florida Agriculturist.

### The Proposal.

He (nervously)—"Er-er, Margaret—er-er, there's something has been trembling on my lips for the last two months."

She—"Yes, so I see—why don't you shave it off?"—The Princeton Tiger.

## Palmetto State News

### Flagman Meets Death.

Flagman Carl Finch of the Southern was killed near Greenville on Monday morning. It is said that he had gone ahead of his train to await a freight and had gone to sleep on the track. His home was in Gastonia.

### One Drowned; Two Rescued.

Miss Julia Wanamaker, 15 years old, of Orangeburg, was drowned at Sullivan's Island while in bathing. Professor F. L. Parker, Jr., of the College of Charleston; Miss Pauline Cart of Orangeburg, and Mrs. Joseph Beil of Charleston, also, came near drowning. Parker saved the two ladies.

### \$10,000 Express Package Lost.

It was reported a few days ago that an express package of \$10,000 had been lost at the Florence office. Superintendent O. M. Sandler of Charlotte, Superintendent Dimao of the Pinkertons and three route agents have been working on the case.

No particulars can be learned, but no denial of a robbery is made.

### Wreck Near Waterloo.

Passenger train No. 2 on the Charleston and Western Carolina railroad was wrecked near Waterloo, ten miles south of Laurens a few days ago. Conductor Henry Stewart and a number of passengers were more or less seriously hurt.

It appears that some defect about the engine tore up a portion of the track and the coaches following were derailed. The rear passenger coach and Pullman were turned completely over.

### Lost Life on a Wager.

Wade Hooper, 18 years of age, was drowned in Pacolet river at Clifton. His body was recovered shortly afterwards and an inquest was held. The jury returned a verdict of death from accidental drowning.

Young Hooper was in swimming and was seized with cramps, but he managed to reach the opposite shore. After resting a while he started to swim back. His friends urged him not to attempt it, but he offered to wager \$5 that he could swim it.

### To Push Navy Yard Work.

Work has been ordered to be conducted with greater progress at the Charleston navy yard and the outer dam of the new dry dock is now being worked on by night as well as by day forces. The contract has been let for dredging a strip of marsh, and it will not be long before the new dry dock will be ready to receive vessels of the navy. The need of increased docking facilities is responsible for the greater activity at the yard.

### Crushed to Death by Train.

A. W. Price, a promising young man, was crushed to death by an engine at Winona, Florence county. Price has for some time been acting as assistant to the depot agent, though not in the employ of the railroad company, and it seems in delivering orders to the engineer or conductor, slipped under or was in some way caught by the wheels of the train and crushed to death. He was the son of a widowed mother.

### The Work of Wreckers.

Southern railway officials suspect that the wreck at Richland, a few days ago, in which eleven persons were injured, was the result of the switch at that point, having been tampered with. Detectives are now at work trying to fix the blame.

Investigation has shown that the last train using the switch near Richland was No. 11, which reaches Atlanta about 9 p. m. After No. 11 had passed, Nos. 43 and 45 went safely over the main track, not entering the switch and in no way impairing it. The next train to come was the one which was wrecked. That train wreckers have been at work seems conclusive. Every effort will be made to find the guilty persons.

### State Lumbermen Reorganize.

Under call of J. H. McLaurin, Jr., and others, formerly of the old South Carolina Pine Lumber Association, which last year amalgamated with the North Carolina Pine Association, combining under one head practically all of the largest lumber mills in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and eastern Maryland, representatives of South Carolina mills, met at Sumter with a view to withdrawing from the North Carolina Pine Lumber Association and reorganizing the South Carolina Association.

This is declared to be because of

the fact that certain of the South Carolina mill men see only continuation of the South Carolina representation as a minority in the larger body, which controls some 175 mills, of which fifty or sixty are in South Carolina.

### Negro Attacks Preacher.

Considerable excitement prevailed the past week about the town of Troy over a murderous assault upon Rev. F. R. Bradley by a negro farm hand named John Zuber. The negro was ordered to do some farm work by Mr. Bradley, and was reprimanded for not attending to it, whereupon he attacked the preacher with a knife, gashing him once on each side of the throat and down the back. Zuber escaped and nearly every man in the community began scouring the woods in the search. He was finally caught at Clinton, in Laurens county, and turned over to Sheriff McMillan at Greenwood.

No lynching is feared, as the sheriff will protect his prisoner at all hazards. The sheriff had offered \$100 reward for the arrest of the negro and the governor had decided to offer a similar amount when he was apprised of the negro's capture.

### After Charleston Blind Tigers.

Mayor Rhett of Charleston has thrown a bomb into the ranks of the blind tigers and beer bottling plants by issuing instructions to the police department to pay special attention to the blind tigers which draw their supply of liquor from wholesale houses outside of the state. The blind tigers which draw their supply of liquors from the dispensary will not be fined as heavily as those which purchase outside of the official and regular liquor establishments, the idea being to discourage contraband business and swell the receipts of the local dispensaries.

Mayor Rhett thinks that once he knocks the wholesalers out of business, a long step will have been taken towards the solution of the blind tiger business in Charleston. The mayor has also notified the beer bottling agencies and a local brewery that the licenses which were recently issued to them does not give them the right to sell to consumers. They will be required to sell probably through a specially appointed dispenser, who will charge a royalty upon all the beer which is sold.

### SPENT MILLION AND A HALF.

Typographical Union Turned Loose an Immense Sum During Past Year.

The annual reports of the national officers of the International Typographical Union to the fifty-third session of the International, which will be held at Hot Springs, Ark., August 12-17, have been printed, and are being mailed to the convention delegates.

The report of the president, James M. Lynch, touches on the struggle for an eight-hour work day, and says the strike roll has been reduced comparatively to inconsequential proportions in all except a few cities.

Considerable space is devoted to the efforts toward sanitary conditions and the effort to stamp out tuberculosis. Various other matters of general interest to the members of the International, including the relations between the five international unions in the printing trades, the Union Printers' Home, the apprentice problem, etc., are set forth.

The report of the secretary-treasurer, J. W. Bramwood, shows that there was received during the year ended May 31, 1907, \$1,804,950, and that there was expended during the same period \$1,642,441.

The assets of the organization as represented by the moneys in the various funds May 31, 1907, is given at \$283,952, an increase during the year in the regular fund of \$162,489.

The report shows that the average paying membership of the last year was 42,357, a decrease of 2,623 members. It is stated, however, that "in this connection it is well to remember that for twenty months the organization has been battling for a universal eight-hour work day in all branches of the printing trade."

The report shows that there were 576 local unions May 31, 1907, a decrease of 66.

### APPARITION SCARED POPE.

Alleged Appearance of Virgin's Hand Moved Him to Action.

A dispatch from Rome says: A member of the pope's household in the course of an interview says Pope Pius hesitated somewhat before he took the grave step of ordering the publication of the syllabus with regard to the so-called modernism in the faith, but that all his doubts were removed by a miraculous apparition of the virgin, which extended its hand over his head, as though in answer to his prayer for heavenly guidance, and that the pontiff thereupon rose from his knees and signed the decree.