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R. O. SAMS, Editor.

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HON. WM. E. GLADSTONE.

England's great statesman is no longer at the helm of the State. Rumors were afloat that Gladstone was going to resign the Premiership of the English Cabinet, but it was hardly believed. The grand old man retires to private life, but he cannot retire from the gaze of a world that admires him for his devotion to duty. Grown old in the service of his country he dignified labor by doing with his might what his hands found to do. Ever on the side of virtue, he was and is the champion of the down trodden, the oppressed. With the force of his mighty will, energized by love for his fellow man, he would bear down all opposition, and ride into power on the crest of the incoming wave that his great mental force had stirred to activity.

Strength of body and strength of mind and strength of character he takes with him in his retirement.

The pet scheme of his declining years, "Home Rule for Ireland," has fallen short of realization but the seeds sown and diligently watered, in this the winter of their discontentment will yet ripen in the glorious summer of a higher civilization.

How often have I stood on the seashore and noticed the tide as it commenced to rise. First a tiny wave that ripples at your feet, and breaks and dies with the feeble effort. It is but the herald of another and still another which ends only when the onward sweep of waters one fulfilled their mission. So is it with all great revolutions.

Eighty five years old, yet how young.

ELECTION OF TOWN OFFICERS.

It came off Tuesday without flourish of trumpets or firing of cannon. Three weeks ago a meeting of the voters of the town was called for the purpose of nominating Intendant and Wardens to serve for two years. The meeting was well attended and was a representative body of citizens. The following ticket was nominated:

N. H. Littlejohn, Intendant; H. D. Wheat, F. G. Stacy, T. G. McCraw, J. N. Lipscomb, Wardens.

All good men and true. They will look well to the interests of the town. Although there was another ticket brought out at the last moment, it met with but feeble support, and the regular nominees were elected almost unanimously.

This speaks well for our town. Practically we are united on what concerns her prosperity, and for that we should work with unswerving purpose. Let us support the officers of our town whom we have called from our number. At best, the work they have to do is unthankful, and can meet its reward only in the consciousness of duty performed.

THERE IS DIGNITY IN LABOR.

Rev. C. C. Brown recently delivered from his pulpit in Sumter a sermon on "The Problem of the Laboring Man." It is a thoughtful discourse and touches a knotty question. The sermon is printed in full in the Baptist Courier of the 1st inst. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" is a Divine decree given, not in anger, but in love. The nearer we obey these laws of our being, made known for our good, the nearer we approach that perfection of which we are here capable. True usefulness, true enjoyment, true success is found along the lines plainly marked out for us. The footsteps of the greatest of Earth's heroes point all in the same direction, dignifying labor.

FORTUNATE WILKINSVILLE.

Wilkinsville is fortunate in many ways. One thing is, she has a good teacher located in her midst. And he is not imported either, but a product grown at home and appreciated.

Mr. Davis Jefferies is a graduate of the Gaffney Seminary. We know well his worth and thank him for the good work he is doing in school room and out of it, in his church and Sunday-School and elsewhere. It is something to gather and hold and train and govern a school of seventy-five of your neighbor's children. It is a responsibility that few can meet, but we believe Davis will, Wilkinsville is on the right road.

BRUNSWICK, GA.

This seaport of Georgia, so recently and so severely stricken, is again on her feet and pushing her way. The first frost had scarcely been felt, when her citizens, every where scattered by the fever, commenced to return. At once she goes to work improving her sanitary condition, establishing, at great cost the most improved system of sewerage and drainage. Her gateway from the ocean has been deepened so as to accommodate vessels of greater draught. Brunswick is

ONE OF OUR NEEDS.

Every one who comes to town, but not to it. We delight to see Gaffney improving; her population increasing; new industries inaugurated; other residences erected; older ones improved and enlarged; her churches filled at every service; but this must not be done at the expense of the country places. Each neighborhood, five or six miles apart, should have its own post office, school-house, church and store as a nucleus around which to gather individual interests. Yes, we wish Gaffney built up, but not by every one leaving his country home. Rather would we have you improve your homes internally first, then externally, then your surroundings. Render everything about you attractive to wife and husband, children and neighbors. By wise forethought, honest, persevering industry, frugal living, economy in production, cheerfulness will be cultivated, contentment will reign and children will delight to call it home and make it home.

There is no doubt that we have as fine climate as is found anywhere. Our soil is good and is capable of infinite improvement. Easily can it be made to support twenty times our present population. What we need then, first of all, is faith in an overruling Providence, faith in ourselves, faith in our neighbors. This will beget contentment, and contentment will make the "wilderness to blossom as the rose." This is no ideal picture, not an impossible one, nor even an improbable. Neighborhood settlements six miles apart; church, school house, store, post office, with a few comfortable cottages for pastor and teacher and merchant. Will give 20,000 acres of land, easily supporting 200 families of six persons each. How readily could such a community support a pastor and a teacher without any outside help. And how happy would Gaffney be in being the center of them all.

PLANTING SHADE TREES.

Now is the time to improve our streets and the appearance of our premises, and to make more comfortable our surroundings, by planting shade trees. Do not wait for the town Council to do this for you. You and your children are more interested in this, than any representatives of the town can be.

Most of our streets are too bare of trees. Good shade trees are an ornament they are a comfort, they are attractive. Plant them yourself, water them yourself, train, and prune them yourself, and there will come to you added comfort, and he all the more attractive.

ATLANTA'S EXPOSITION SITE.

Atlanta is very much exercised just now about a site for her grand, coming exposition. The Exposition is a certainty, but Mayor and Aldermen can't agree on the place. Atlanta is large, she has so many suitable places, on her frontiers, for holding the Piedmont Exposition that it is not easy for her to decide on one.

The joint Committee can't agree. A stormy session ends in the appointment of a new Committee of two, Mayor Goodwin and Ex Mayor Hemphill, to select a site and report. Atlanta never gives up what she undertakes.

A GOOD REPORT.

With pleasure we hear of Miss Annie Wood's high standing in the Nashville Female College, one of the best institutions in the South.

In a large class in Rhetoric, she takes the honor for writing the best exercise in reproduction. Miss Annie stood well in our Seminary from a child, and in original composition manifested a decided talent by the time she was twelve.

We are not surprised to hear of her good report.

AN ALARM CLOCK.

We have one at our house. It runs without winding, and strikes without setting. It is not nickel plated, nor is it a parlor ornament, yet its face and its hands are fair to look upon. Some day or other some one will be looking into its face, and it may be with alarm.

She was a present to Rev B. P. Robertson and wife on Saturday morning. May her life be gentle, helpful, inspiring, doing good without alarm!

OUR RETIRING COUNCIL.

Gentlemen, you deserve our thanks for having served us so long and so faithfully. You are not retired among officers on half pay; nor will you even receive a pension as a reward for your services. Some, and perhaps all of you, will be called on again to fill the position of Mayor and Alderman when our population is a little larger, and our interests a little more varied.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We have already secured several Correspondents in different sections of the town. We are now seeking more.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We are endeavoring to secure correspondents from every neighborhood of our immediate section! that in which Gaffney is intimately concerned. And we do not mean by this Spartanburg alone. We are not more than three miles from the line dividing Spartanburg and Union Counties. That portion of Union County which is like a wedge between Broad River and the Spartanburg line is directly concerned in the prosperity of our town. We are neighbors, exchange neighborly courtesies, and are mutually dependent. From Union, then as well as Spartanburg we wish to secure correspondents. In every way we wish to edify our people. And this is one of the ways that we are now following. Other ways will be developed in time.

Be on the alert, friends. Bestir yourselves; give us the news from your immediate neighborhood; tell us your wants; acquaint us with your successes. Let each help the other to rise, to broaden his horizon, to deepen his sympathies and so feel and act as if we are brethren.

REV J. M. BOYD.

When on Monday last we heard of the sudden death of Rev J. M. Boyd, Presiding Elder of the Methodist church for this "District," our first thought was, is it not the way that he would have chosen to go to his reward. As a presiding officer, he was quick to decide, always alert, and ever courteous. As a preacher well, it was a pleasure to listen to his expositions, for his directness of appeal, to his logical analysis. We left his presence feeling that he loved God and his fellow man.

A PRETTY PICTURE.

A little girl four years old, just recovering from a severe spell of sickness, and unable to walk across the room, except with tottering steps, now sitting by the cradle where lies her younger sister sick, very sick, and with hands, trembling through weakness, rocking to sleep the little playmate no longer able to play. She was doing what she could.

OBITUARY.

My dear Alice was such a bright loving daughter, and so much loved by all who knew her; but, alas! God loved her most, so after eight months of incompensable suffering He took her purified spirit to His everlasting, sunlit home, and now her sweet, tender voice is closed in the dreamless, heavenly rest. Oh! how sad to see those we love sink with pain—Every smothered sound falls on our hearts as the death dews gather, and we so powerless to help them. Home is silent and sad without my brave, Christian, dear one. She will not come to me again, but by the grace of God, I will go to her. Dear Saviour, thou hast my child, give me a place too, in thy loving bosom.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, our household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale.

Darling Alice I see you yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dear,
dear hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark.

We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.

"We know she is safe on the farther side
Where all the ransomed and angels be
Over the river, the beautiful river,
My darling Alice is waiting for me."

S. E. MANESS.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS

From Almost Everywhere and About Almost Everything.

Gen. Jubal A. Early died last Friday at Lynchburg, Va. He was buried Monday. The immediate cause of his death were injuries received from a fall a short time ago.

The extra session of the Colorado Legislature has adjourned after a session of 52 days and costing \$75,000. Life was not given to one of Governor Waites' pet schemes.

Chemicals in Lewis Baitie's drug store, Shreveport, La., exploded Saturday night with a terrific force. The building was shattered. Fire resulting destroyed \$75,000 worth of property.

In a fight between laborers on a ranch fifteen miles from Torrens, Mexico last Saturday, it is reported that three were killed and fifteen wounded. One side demanded higher wages and the other stood by their employers.

At Kosciusko, Miss., last Saturday, Samuel A. Jackson, a politician, and W. P. Ratliff, a newspaper editor, engaged in a street duel, the result of which was that Jackson was killed outright and Samuel Russell and Will Sanders, two innocent bystanders, were shot. Russell was killed and Sanders fatally wounded. The affair grew out of a newspaper publication in Ratliff's paper. Jackson was a representative in the legislature and one of the most popular men in the State.

The Rev. Dr. Witt Tolmache has again changed his mind in regard to resigning the pastorate of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. A few minutes before Dr. Tolmache began his sermon at the morning service, Sunday, he told the congregation that he had a few words to say to them. He then read a letter, which was in reply to one he had received from the board of trustees, in which he announced his purpose of resigning his resignation, and resigning his old charge. After reading the letter he was loudly applauded for a few minutes.

Man's Littleness and Greatness.

[New York Herald.]

What is man, that thou shouldst set thine heart upon him?—Job vii: 17. The most thrilling, discouraging and appalling thought to the mind of a student is the thought of his own insignificance in the universe. He comes, he goes. To-day he is a part of the world, his pulse beating with healthy life; to-morrow he will not be here, and neither eye nor telescope can penetrate the shadows into which he will disappear. The time allotted to him is so short that he no sooner becomes conscious of the opportunities by which he is surrounded and of his own ability to use them than the trumpet blast summons him and he bids the world farewell.

The world swings on its orbit without as well as with him, and is quite unconcerned whether he is here or else where or nowhere. The sun blazes for some one else if he is absent. The sky is blue, the clouds float overhead, the rivers run, the ocean roars, the dawn comes, the twilight gathers without any reference to him whatever. He may stay or depart—it is matter of small consequence to the changing seasons, which as willingly revolve over his grave as over his cradle. If we compare the life of a man to the life of our solar system, with an estimated duration of twenty million years since it broke its fiery mass into planets, and a prophesied duration of ten million years more before it will be shattered in some celestial catastrophe we are amazed at the point of space which we occupy and the comparatively few minutes we are allowed to occupy it. A human life, we are told, is a thread in the great fabric, but a thousand such threads may be wafted from the loom of God without injury to the fabric itself. If ours is one of those threads we must needs walk in the valley of humiliation, for apparently we count for nothing, or something less than nothing.

And yet there is another side to the picture. Advancing atoms, so called, so microscopic in proportions, is the greatest marvel and puzzle of the age. Science tells us that he is the last and best product of natural law. Religion adds that since he cannot accomplish his mission here, but always leaves his task unfinished, the law which produced him must provide a place where his mission can be completed. Else the universe has a seam of lead in its bulk of gold; else the plan which prevails everywhere has been invaded by unwisdom; else a cruel injustice is done in that we are created to perform a given work and then robbed of the opportunity to finish it.

Every arrangement has been made for our continuous development and every experience, if rightly used, will contribute to our education. Nothing can happen, from the most volatile joy to the profoundest grief, which a man may not appropriate to his advantage. His seventy years are God's University, in which toil and pain, laughter and tears, success and defeat, poverty and wealth, are the text books which he cannot diligently study without exceeding profit.

Life is given that we may learn how to live. Advancing atoms, so called, of old role against each other in the tournament, and we are either unhorried because we have not steered our muscles to meet the foe, or are victors because we can trust our swords and our good right arms. We can grow so strong and bold, if we have been rightly trained, that no calamity can bear us down, and he alone has reached the highest type of manhood who can force the loss of fortune or a great bereavement to add to the beauty, the serenity and symmetry of his character.

Do we graduate from this God's University to make no use of what we have learned? Do we go through a long course of preparation for something only to be told that there is nothing to do? Do we painfully and wearily with great labor and sacrifice get ready only to discover that there is nothing to get ready for? Then is our period of suffering a delusion, a hallucination, and we have developed all the finer qualities of our characters for no purpose whatever. We have not been permitted to enjoy this life, because we have been sternly at work in the struggle to make everything that has happened fit for a life which our own interior nature have led us to expect and anticipate. What a strange disappointment to be informed that all our disciplining and labor have been for naught.

On the other hand, what a zest, what martyrlike enthusiasm we get from the promise that every hour of wretchedness and misery, every embattled year, every victorious contest with passion, every period of quiet endurance and calm resignation is a stepping stone in that spiral staircase that leads to the realms of the invisible, that upper world into which we are ushered when we graduate with honor from this University, where griefs are the professors and sorrows the tutors.

If religion were only a dream it would still be a dream worth dreaming, for of such a dream comes true nobility, while those who dream no dreams, but have what they call the truth, live in license and die in weariness. But if it is not a dream, if it is a truth, backed by the plan and the laws of the universe, if there is a God and a Cross behind it, then are we cheered in our toil, because the setting of the sun on today is the rising of the sun on the morrow, and the twilight of this life is the rose dawn of the life that is to be.

Advice to Gaffney Business Men.

Here is what Peter Cooper, who died worth many millions, said of a newspaper:

"In all the towns where a newspaper published every man should advertise in it, if nothing more than his card stating his name and the business he is engaged in. It not only pays the advertiser, but lets people at a distance know that the town in which you reside is a prosperous community of business men. As the seed is sown, so the seed compensates. Never pull down your neighbor while you expect to do business."

The Young People's Bureau.

The Snow Storm.

Arctic weather has truly visited our Sunny South Land to our hearts' content. How sorry were we for our physicians who had to brave the raging storm, though hands suffered the freezing point, their kind, sympathetic hearts were burning all aglow with love for humanity—forgetfulness of self! "With hearts affected, but with looks serene, intent they waded through every tragic scene." And again were we so sorry for housewives whose domestics failed to make their appearance when most needed, for in spite of the pelting snow and excessive cold, hungry mouths had to be fed, all eager for a warm breakfast. Culinary departments were graced by the thrifty good natured dame, who were cheery in perplexity, smiling in discharge of duty. Indeed we were solicitous and full of tenderness for all mankind, yea, even for the dumb cattle who "suffered and were strong." The "snow man" was lavish with his feathery down fall, and "old inhabitant" thinks it measured seven or eight inches in smooth even places. Why, it came to us as it does in far off Canada, only there when the first visit is made you are prepared for long and continued storms, so heavy and dark that one cannot distinguish objects across the streets. The drifts assuming miniature mountains afford merry school children places for "hide and seek." They, like little Esquimaux, go into their snow huts and then appear shaking the snow from their clothes only to bury themselves in deeper mounds. And then our Arctic neighbors employ snow-plows that clean off the side walks, leaving them dry for pedestrians. Our airy style of houses invited the snow to steal into every crevice and old boreas to penetrate into tiny mouse holes while Northern houses are sealed and well protected against rigorous winters. Double doors and double sashes with every cranny and nook, every tiny crack all tightly sealed, and with huge heaters like grim sentinels here and there, one would never imagine that the mercury was 40 degrees below zero, and that there was any possibility to the long exposed to have their ears and noses so frozen as to become brittle as pipe stem and break as easily. A friend often meets and hastily rubs your face and appears rough in the application of snow, but it is a great and timely aid, the harsh treatment saves you from being frost-bitten and losing a valuable member. While writing, our dear old Southern sun is shining with resplendent brightness and genial warmth, the sky is azure blue without one fleck, and the winds have ceased making funeral dirges or warlike sounds. The snow, as a rich and warm blanket, is fast disappearing, and with magic wand, snow drops, forget-me-nots, and pretty spring flowers will suddenly greet us with "howdy do" to our longing hearts. Give us Gaffney after all.

Snow Shadows.

Did you ever see snow-shadows? Walking in the snow today, the sun came out brightly before it ceased falling, and under the broad flakes, dark spots were moving, like soot swept by the wind. Looking closely, I saw that they were, Hine ille linee: Even the snow-flake lets a shadow fall.

As to the earth it softly sinks to rest; So may the whitest, sweetest souls seem sometimes, wrong to those who know them best.

—Letter from the North.

Seminary Points.

R. C. McMillan and C. B. Martin, former students of this school, are at Clemson. We wish them success. C. L. Hammett, once a student in this school, is now teaching near Cannon's Camp Ground.

The boys have been talking of baseball and we may not be surprised to see them playing at anytime.

Our music teacher, Miss Florence L. Tucker, after many days illness, is again at her post of duty.

Co-education is at last receiving much attention in the south. Wolford's trustees are thinking of opening the doors of that institution to the fairer sex. Why not?

We cannot refrain from praising the Gaffney Seminary when praise seems so justly due. A student of this Seminary made the highest mark ever made in this county, at the county teacher's examination, last April. Also the same one stood the best examination, made in the state, in English and Mathematics, at a competitive examination for a scholarship in the College of Charleston. This speaks well for our school.

Our boys and girls have been enjoying the sport of snow-balling for the past week, but the Spring sun has asserted its power, and now the snow is banished from our hills and vales. We admire the beautiful snow, but at this season, we had rather see the buds bursting their prison cells.

The book-keeping department of our school is a very prominent feature. Boys trained by Prof. Sams,

are paid the best prices, which is sufficient proof that the course is thorough. Those wishing to study book-keeping and, at the same time to pursue other studies, should write to Prof. Sams, as the most excellent opportunities are offered for taking such a course.

What are we coming to school for? Is it to idle our time away? Or, is it for the fun that there is in it? Doubtless, there are some of us who have no higher conception of school life than these trivial things. They do not consider for one time that the future depends upon what the school boys and school girls of to-day will make it. We should not waste one moment of our time at school, for we can live but once and if our lives are failures, we alone will be to blame. It should be the ambition of every student to accomplish something noble in life, and if this is our aim, our failures will be honest ones.

STATE NEWS.

Items of Interest Gleaned from Our Exchanges.

On Wednesday night, Holland Center, where is a prominent man in Glassy Mountain township was going home, and when near his own house he was assaulted by unknown parties and cut and gashed in twenty-seven places. Saturday night, news reached Greenville from the Mountain that he was dead. No one can give a reason for the assault, and the party who made the attack is unknown.

Col. W. B. Wilson, a prominent member of York county bar, and well known in the legislative halls of this State, died Saturday evening at 7:20 o'clock at his home in Yorkville. The immediate cause of his death was pneumonia.

The teachers' association is to gather in Spartanburg in annual session in July.

Miss Ada Darwin, of Blackburg, and W. A. Perry, of Fort Mill, were united in marriage at Blackburg last week. Rev. L. A. Johnson, of the Methodist church, officiated.

Mrs. W. Cham. Allen, an aged lady, died near Pawlet Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Allen was a Wilkins before marriage.

W. L. Metcalf, the new professor of agriculture at Clemson, has assumed the duties of the professorship.

W. S. Grady, of Greenville, lost his residence by fire on Sunday night. All the household effects were destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$1500; insurance \$500.

PLAYED TO AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

Forrest, John W. Forrest and Daniel Dougherty in a cast of "Julius Caesar."

While in the zenith of his superb powers and at the very height of his fame Edwin Forrest, the greatest actor of his day, once played on a Christmas night one of his most successful characters to an audience of but one person.

The play was "Julius Caesar," the place of its presentation the inner sanctum of the chief editor's office in The Press building, at Seventh and Chestnut streets, and the cast of characters: Julius Caesar, Daniel Dougherty; Cassius, Edwin Forrest; Marc Antony, Edwin S. Conner; Brutus, John W. Forrest. What manager of today or of any other day would not be proud to produce a Shakespearean drama with such a combination of players—Dougherty, the silver tongued; Forrest, the journalist and statesman; Conner, the veteran of the stage, and Forrest, the towering giant of the dramatic profession! Is it any wonder that that audience of one should feel that he was at once lucky and a highly honored citizen!

It was only a few years before Forrest's death that on this Christmas Sunday night he strolled into The Press office to have a chat with his old friend Forrest. A few moments later Dougherty came and was soon followed by Conner, who was a frequent visitor to the editor. The meeting was purely accidental, but they were all close friends, and the surprise was a pleasurable one. Dougherty, as is well known, had in his early days a predilection for the drama and narrowly escaped being an actor himself. Indeed he was a good deal of an actor in his famous lectures, especially in that celebrated discourse "The Stage." Forrest, too, was an ardent admirer of the players' art and once had a strong desire to figure behind the footlights.

It was not strange, then, that the talk of this noted quartet soon shifted toward plays and players, and this was soon followed by recitations. Dougherty gave his "Shamus O'Brien," which alone had made him famous. Forrest rendered several passages from Boucicault's "Long Strike," which the editor greatly admired, and then the four, being warmed up, instructed the audience—which was William H. Brady, Colonel Forrest's stenographer—to "lock the door, Billy, and don't let another soul in tonight," and proceeded to give the notable performance of Shakespeare's play.

The minor roles were merely recited "by cues," while Brady, when the occasion was urgent in its demands for superannuated assistance, acted as the "Roman populace," soldiers and retainers of all sorts whose presence was necessary to give the proper emphasis to points in the drama. Brady, who is an old theater goer, and considers himself a critic, says to this day that "Julius Caesar" was never played before or since as it was played that Christmas night. All these noted actors have passed from the stage of this world, but next Forrest, and next Dougherty, and next Conner, and next Brady, will add to the list.

OUR RESOURCES.

EDWIN WALTERS AGAIN ADVOCATES DIVERSITY.

The Possibilities of a Variety of Crops Farther Discussed—Experience Elsewhere—Try It, Farmers.

In continuing the subject of diversified industries, attention is called to the Jerusalem artichoke. Perhaps no other plant will produce such a vast amount of animal feed. It is valuable for both horses and cattle. As a feed for hogs, it has no equal, acre for acre. The writer has seen two thousand bushels raised on an acre of Missouri land. Let each farmer select a quarter or half of an acre of his best land. If this can have a quantity of compost, so much the better. But field peas should be sown on it and then plowed under. The ground should be marked off as if for Irish potatoes. The artichokes should be cut to one eye and one put in each hill. The hills should be a few inches apart, from eighteen to twenty-four, say. The seed should be dropped in the furrows and covered under with hoe or plow. The ground should then be harrowed until level. If properly cultivated, the roots will permeate almost the entire ground. This is especially true where the ground is rich and mellow. One barrel of seed is sufficient for an acre, and ought not cost more than two or three dollars, even if bought from a distant seedman. The usual price of seed in the west is from forty to sixty cents per bushel.

Farther attention is called to prickly pear—a species of cactus. In western Texas, near Old Mexico, where no corn is grown, the writer has seen thousands of cattle that were fattened on prickly pear ground with cotton seed.

The big, fleshy leaves afford a rich, juicy pulp that combines, splendidly with cotton seed when ground.

Poor, sandy, waste lands, such as usually grow up to field pines, are adapted to cactus. When once set, the cactus is perennial, i. e. it need be planted but once. It is true that it will take some trouble and expense to "get a set" of cactus, but the plant is well worth a trial in the South.

It can probably be propagated from the seeds found in the pear part of the plant. The fruit and leaves may both be utilized for feed. Copping there from the plant does not materially injure it. No fertilizers are required. In fact, it delights in such land as usually brings no returns to the land owner. The trials should be made on land that contains much sand. It is possible that waxy, clay land is not adapted to it.

Alfalfa and alfalfa covers should be tried in South Carolina. Both are good as a forage plant. The latter is better for dairy stock. It is getting to be quite common in Southern California. The writer has seen much of it in the Los Angeles valley. Perhaps, any seedman in the cities of Los Angeles or San Francisco California could supply the seeds of either of these plants.

Twenty years ago, the hills and low mountains of Southern California were bare and brown throughout the year. Now alfalfa grows to the very top of many of these same hills and mountains. This is due in a country where rain never falls for that portion of the year between May and November.

The leaf of this plant suggests that of the carrot, except that it is smaller. The plant yields from three to five crops of hay per annum in California.

If it will yield one good one each year in South Carolina and afford pasturage during the winter months, it will be worth millions.

It is certainly worth a trial and a thorough one. It delights in a sandy soil, but can possibly be successfully grown in clayey soils.

Seedmen can give directions as to the quantity of seed required for an acre of land. Who will be the first to try it?

THE LONELINESS OF DEATH.

The silent chariot standeth at the door. The house is hushed and still from roof to floor. None heard the sound of its mysterious wheels. Yet each its presence feels.

No changing light, no tramp of waiting steed! All dark and silent up and down the street. And yet thou mayest not keep it waiting there For one last kiss or prayer.

Thy words, with some strange other interchanged, Strike cold across us like loved eyes estranged With things that are not fraught, or things that are.

Fade like a sun struck star. And then, too weak and agonized to lift The cup to quench thy dying thirst or shift Thy pillow, now without our help must rise For wait our ministries.

Thou, loved and cherished, must go forth alone None see thee fondly to the door, not one. No hand is turned to see thee go; we stay Where thou art not and pray.

No panel bars thy white, resistless feet: Our walls are mist to thee; out on the street It waits, it waits for thee, for thee alone. Arise, let us begone!

Alone, alone upon thine awful way Do any show thee kindness, any stay Thy heart, or does the silent chariot wait For one last kiss or prayer.