

The Herald and News

The Lord's Prayer.

[The following beautiful composition was found in Charleston, S. C., during the war. It is printed on very heavy yellow satin, and is quite a literary curiosity.]

Thou to the mercy seat our souls doth gather, To do our duty unto thee, Our Father, To whom all praise, all honor should be given;

Let nevermore delays divide us from Thy glorious grace, but let Thy kingdom come;

Let Thy commands opposed be by none, But Thy good pleasure and Thy will be done;

And let our promptness to obey, be even The very same in earth as 'tis in heaven.

Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray Thou wouldst be pleased to give us this day

The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed, Sufficient raiment, and our daily bread; With every needful thing do thou relieve us,

And of Thy mercy, pity, and forgive us All our misdeeds, for Him whom thou didst please,

To make an offering for our trespasses. And forasmuch, O Lord, as we believe That Thou wilt pardon us as we forgive,

Let that love watch, wherewith thou dost acquaint us, To pardon all those who trespass against us;

And though, sometimes, thou find'st we have forgot This love for thee, yet help and lead us not, Through soul or body's want, to desperation,

Nor let earth's gain drive us into temptation; Let not the soul of any true believer, Fail in the time of trial, but deliver,

Yea, save them from the malice of the devil, And both in life and death, keep us from evil.

Thus pray we, Lord, for that of thee, from whom This may be had, for 'tis the kingdom.

This world is of Thy work, its wondrous story, To Thee belongs the power and the glory, And all Thy wondrous works have ended never,

But will remain forever and forever. Thus we poor creatures would confess again,

And thus would say eternally, Amen.

If I Were a Girl.

If I were a girl, but warned and guided by the knowledge of life that comes with maturer years,

there are some things frequently done by well-intentioned girls, that I would try to leave undone,

and some other things frequently neglected by them that I would try to do.

If I were a girl, I would determine to have, if possible, a sound, healthy, well-knit body.

I would not ruin my digestion of eating caramels, nor my nerves by keeping late hours, nor my lungs by breathing bad air and wearing uncomfortable clothing.

I would have my regular hours of eating and sleeping, and not be tempted from them oftener than once or twice a year.

I would have my own ideas of what was sensible, economical, and appropriate in dress, and never be tempted from them on any occasion.

If I were a girl, I would learn as early as possible to do the homely duties which come to the vast majority of women sooner or later.

I would learn to make and mend my own clothes, to sweep and dust and iron and cook and to do all these things so easily and well that the doing could never be drudgery.

If I were a girl, I would not make a confidential friend of a new acquaintance. I would know just as many pleasant people as it was possible for me to know, but I would try them for a long, long time before I began to share my innermost thoughts and feelings with them.

If I were a girl, I would try very hard to keep my lips clear from slang, hasty words and stupid gossip. I would not seek a reputation for vivacity and "smartness" at the expense of candor and kindness.

I would resolve, and resolve with all my might, to say that I meant, and to mean what I said. It pays to be positive.

If I were a girl, I would learn some things about the events and the prominent characters and questions of the day. I would learn to place the central figures of history—to know whether Socrates was a

Greek or a Roman, and where and how Joan of Arc achieved immortality. I would not go through life tortured by an ignorance which may be remedied wherever the English language is known and a public library is accessible.

If I were a girl, I would not spend hours in reading light novels—even harmless ones—when the time wisely used would give me a lifelong acquaintance with Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Scott, Thackeray, Macaulay, Dickens, George Eliot, Hawthorne, the Brownings, Tennyson, Longfellow, and still others of the masters of literature.

If I were a girl, I would be a Christian, and I would not be ashamed to own that I bore the name. If I could not be a wise, mature and influential Christian, I would be content to be an honest Christian girl, and wait for time and training to do the rest.

I would let my position regarding the dance, the card table and the theater be so clearly defined that I need not go through the agony of decision every day I lived.

I would try not to make myself and my religion offensive by can't and "goodness," but I would try to have it understood which side I was on and why I was there.

To put it briefly, if I were a girl, and if youth could look forward as easily as later life can look backward, I would begin to be in girlhood what I shall wish in old age I had become.

For the achievement it is necessary but to speak and live up to a resolute "I will!"

—Jessie Brown Pounds, in Missionary Tidings.

Little Sallie's Animal Story.

"Do you know any stories?" was the first thing Jimmy said to his little cousin visitor.

"I do," said Sallie, smiling. "What kind do you like best?"

"All the kinds," said Jimmy, promptly. "Do you know any about animals?"

"I do," said Sallie. "I know a first-rate one about my own cat."

"Tell me now," said Jimmy. "I will," said Sallie. "I will begin it right now."

Jimmy came around in front, where he could "see every word."

"Begin!" said he. "I am beginning," said Sallie. "My cat is just as old as I am. We were kittens together. Mamma says she used to rock us in the cradle. One of the first things I remember, Jimmy, is my cat. She is a very big gray cat, with a ringed coon-tail—"

"Got a name?" asked Jimmy. "She has—Big Betsy. Big Betsy goes to the country in the summer. Mamma wouldn't think of leaving her behind to look out for herself. And we think, Jimmy, that Big Betsy always knows on what day we shall start. We think, Jimmy, that she understands a great many words that we say."

"Last summer she had a very smart, handsome kitten, a great pet with us all; and we think Big Betsy understood us when we said we did not think the kitten could be taken, too. The morning we were to start mamma went upstairs. There, in one of the trunks, lay Big Betsy's kitten, and there Big Betsy stood, packing her as nicely as possible, standing up on her back feet and tucking her in with her paws. Did you ever hear of such a thing, Jimmy?"

"No," said Jimmy. "I didn't. Did the kitten go?"

"She did," said Sallie. "In the trunk? Oh, I hope she did! Please, Cousin Sallie, please say she did!" entreated Jimmy.

"She'd have smothered, Jimmy, all locked in where she couldn't get any fresh air to breathe. She and Big Betsy went in a basket, and had part of my seat. That is the end, Jimmy."

"It's a very nice animal story," said Jimmy.—Babyland.

The Little Dog's Champion.

Contractor Thomas Kean, of Cumberland, has a horse and a little dog that are fast friends. This morning, while the horse was left standing in the street, a large dog fiercely attacked the little dog.

The horse took in the situation and deliberately walked to the scene of the fight, and with one powerful stroke of the forefoot instantly killed the big dog.—Baltimore Sun.

My Uncle Charley.

My Uncle Charley he ain't got no children of his own, Nor any wife nor parents, but just lives all alone!

It must seem awful quiet, 'cause he says he likes the noise, 'At makes so many growed-up folk find fault 'till little boys.

He says they ought to run an' play an' holler all they will; A boy won't grow a mite he says, 'at has to keep so still.

An' Chris'mus time he buys us horns an' squawky things an' drums, An' ma she lets us have 'em, too, when Uncle Charley comes.

He says sweet things won't hurt your teeth as much as parents say, An' s'pose they do, boys has to lose their first ones away.

He says that's why we ought to eat just all 'at we can get Of sugar candy things before we grow our second set.

So every time he visits us my Uncle Charley brings His pockets running over, 'most, 'till just the nicest things!

Their's candy mice an' candy men, an' lots of sugar plums; It's most as good as Santy Claus when Uncle Charley comes.

He don't think little boys an' girls should go to bed so soon, But says they ought to stay up late an' sleep 'till nearly noon.

So when he comes to our house, ma she lets us have our way, An' us an' Uncle Charley we play an' play an' play.

He barks just like a dog, an' makes our old cat growl an' spit! He knows the mostest funny tricks! An' when the lamp is lit

He makes us shadow pictures with his fingers an' his thumbs. It's good as going to a show when Uncle Charley comes.

But sometimes ma she says she bets if Uncle Charley had A half a dozen boys an' girls all carrying on like mad,

An' turning things all upside-down an' crisscross every day, He'd want to pack his trunk right off an' hurry far away.

But one time, when our neighbor's boy was awful sick and died, Ma hugged an' kissed us, every one an' cried an' cried an' cried.

Nor said a word when we was bad an' scattered coony crumbs, But cuddled us just like she does when Uncle Charley comes.

—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

Looking Out for Mother.

One matter which all young girls should consider, which is perhaps almost hackneyed, and yet never unnecessary, is the question of reverence, all that is implied by the injunction to honor our parents.

To honor them is not only to obey them. It goes further and deeper than mere obedience.

You cannot possibly understand the love that your mother bears you; it is a law of nature that you should not understand. It is like no other love; peculiarly interwoven with every fibre of her being, not to be comprehended by any daughter of you all until the day when you perhaps hold your own children in your arms.

You must take it on trust. But remember that this love of hers makes her actually conscious of every touch of hardness and coldness in your voice; she misses the kiss that you are in too great a hurry to bestow; she winces at the argumentative voice with which you labor to get your own way; she dreads unspeakably to lose your affection and respect. Don't grudge the tender word, the long caress, even if you feel a little impatient of it all the while. You will long for it with a heartsick longing when it can never be yours again. And remember that hardness is one of the faults of youth; you should strive against it as much as you strive against your fault of bad temper, or inaccuracy, or sloth. Be hard on yourself if you like; that won't hurt you. But you may regret it all your life that you have been hard on anybody else.—The Watchman.

"The Very Reason."

A noble little fellow was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch, says Buds of Promise.

"You need not be afraid," said one of his companions, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind he would not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I should not touch them. It is true that my father would not hurt me; yet my disobedience would hurt my father, and that would be worse than anything else."

My Jacket.

"Tailor, tailor, tell me true, Where did you get my jacket of blue?"

"I bought the cloth, little master mine, From the merchant who sells it, course and fine.

I cut it out with my shears so bright, And with needle and thread I sewed it tight."

"Merchant, merchant, tell me true, Where did you get the cloth so blue?"

"The cloth was made, little master mine, Of woolen threads so soft and fine. The weaver wove them together for me, With loom and shuttle his trade plices he."

"Weaver, weaver, speak me sooth, Where got ye the threads so soft and smooth?"

"From wool they're spun, little master mine, The spinner carded the wool so fine. She spun it in threads, and brought it to me, Where my sounding loom whirrs cheerily."

"Spinner, spinner, tell me true, Where got you the wool such things to do?"

"From the old sheep's back, little master dear, The farmer he cut it and washed it clean The dyer dyed it so bright and blue, And brought it to me to spin for you."

"Now tailor, and merchant, and weaver, too, And spinner and farmer, my thanks to you; But the best of my thanks I still would keep For you, my good old woolly-backed sheep."

—Laura E. Richards.

Helping the Minister.

"One thing helped me very much while I was preaching today," said a clergyman.

"What was that?" inquired a friend.

"It was the attention of a little girl, who kept her eyes fixed on me and seemed to hear and understand every word I said. She was a great help to me."

Think of that, little ones, and when you go to church, fix your eyes on the minister, and try to understand what he says, for he is speaking to you as well as to grown up people. He is telling about the Lord Jesus, who loves the little ones.—Selected.

Don't be Boyish.

If you have a headache or a headache, don't often complain about it. If a lesson is to be learned, a journey to be taken, or a piece of work to be done, don't grumble, but do it bravely.

"Don't you dread to do it?" said one person to another in our hearing recently. "If I have a duty, I go ahead and never stop to think about it," was the reply. The boy or girl who cannot overcome obstacles does not deserve success. Easy pathways make very weak persons usually.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track,—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.—H. W. Beecher.

Our Grandmother.

Our grand mother sits in her old arm-chair, With lines of silver threading her hair; A smile of peace rests upon her face; Her room to us seems the brightest place.

An influence, like a strange, sweet spell, Seems ever around the spot to dwell; Yet well we know 'tis her presence there Makes sacred to us her room and chair.

The dear old face, with its lines of care, Seems now to us more sweet and fair Than all the beauty of girlhood's prime, Though very fair ere the hand of time.

Had left, as it does upon all, its trace, And with many wrinkles seamed her face; But we know her love will never grow cold, Though grandma herself is getting old.

How oft, when a child, I've knelt in prayer At grandmother's knee, by the old arm-chair, In all the world there never will be A spot so sacred and sweet to me.

Weight is a blessing if God sent it; a temptation if man ask it. Clerke.

FOR MALARIA, CHILLS AND FEVER.

The Best Prescription Is Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

The Formula Is Plainly Printed on Every Bottle, So That the People May Know Just What They Are Taking.

Imitators do not advertise their formula knowing that you would not buy their medicine if you knew what it contained. Grove's contains Iron and Quinine put up in correct proportions and is in a Tasteless form. The Iron acts as a tonic while the Quinine drives the malaria out of the system. Any reliable druggist will tell you that Grove's is the Original and that all other so-called "Tasteless" chill tonics are imitations. An analysis of other chill tonics shows that Grove's is superior to all others in every respect. You are not experimenting when you take Grove's—its superiority and excellence having long been established. Grove's is the only Chill Cure sold throughout the entire malarial sections of the United States. No Cure, No Pay. Price, 50c.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Condensed Schedule in Effect Jan. 17th, 1901.

Table with columns for STATIONS, Daily No. 15, and Daily No. 11. Lists routes between Charleston, Greenville, and other stations.

Table with columns for STATIONS, Daily No. 16, and Daily No. 12. Lists routes between Greenville, Spartanburg, and other stations.

Table with columns for STATIONS, Daily No. 17, and Daily No. 13. Lists routes between Greenville, Spartanburg, and other stations.

Table with columns for STATIONS, Daily No. 18, and Daily No. 14. Lists routes between Greenville, Spartanburg, and other stations.

Table with columns for STATIONS, Daily No. 19, and Daily No. 15. Lists routes between Greenville, Spartanburg, and other stations.

Table with columns for STATIONS, Daily No. 20, and Daily No. 16. Lists routes between Greenville, Spartanburg, and other stations.

Table with columns for STATIONS, Daily No. 21, and Daily No. 17. Lists routes between Greenville, Spartanburg, and other stations.

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY. VESTIBULED WEST-SAL INDIAN LIMITED TRAINS

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE "Capital City Route." Shortest line between all principal cities North, East, South and West.

Unqualified schedule to Pan American Exposition in effect May 26, 1901.

Table with columns for Northbound, Daily, and Local Atlanta to Clinton. Lists train times for various routes.

Table with columns for Southbound, Daily, and Local Atlanta to Clinton. Lists train times for various routes.

No. 66 connects at Washington with the Pennsylvania Railway, Buffalo Express, etc. No. 67 connects at Washington with the Pennsylvania Railway, Union Station, etc.

Charleston and Western Carolina RR Co.

Augusta and Asheville Short Line. Schedule in Effect June 19th, 1901.

Table with columns for STATIONS, Daily No. 1, and Daily No. 2. Lists routes between Augusta and Asheville.

Table with columns for STATIONS, Daily No. 3, and Daily No. 4. Lists routes between Asheville and other stations.

Table with columns for STATIONS, Daily No. 5, and Daily No. 6. Lists routes between Asheville and other stations.

Table with columns for STATIONS, Daily No. 7, and Daily No. 8. Lists routes between Asheville and other stations.

Table with columns for STATIONS, Daily No. 9, and Daily No. 10. Lists routes between Asheville and other stations.

Table with columns for STATIONS, Daily No. 11, and Daily No. 12. Lists routes between Asheville and other stations.

Table with columns for STATIONS, Daily No. 13, and Daily No. 14. Lists routes between Asheville and other stations.