

News of the Churches

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SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST
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Sabbath School, 10 A. M. Bible Study, 11 A. M. Y. P. M. V. society, 2 P. M. Mrs. K. O. Johnson, Leader. Visitors welcome.

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76th and E. Everett Sts.
Preaching 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday School 10 a. m. B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m.

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From School Teacher To Great Eminence

A young man who was brought up on a farm in Western Pennsylvania studied diligently and qualified for district school teacher. Further pursuing his studies and teaching, he managed to save up enough money to put him thru medical college.

For, after all, the love, the patience, the kindly wisdom of a grown man who can enter into the perplexities and turbulent impulses of a boy's heart, and give him cheerful companionship, and lead him on by free and joyful ways to know and choose the things that are pure and lovely and of good report, make as fair an image as we can find of that loving, patient wisdom which must be above us all if any good is to come out of our child-like race.—Henry Van Dyke.

The Crooked Line.

You need not be alarmed because you cannot walk straight with your eyes closed. The time to be alarmed is when you cannot do it with your eyes open! Few people can shut their eyes and walk in a straight line, for the simple reason that few pairs of legs are of exactly the same length. Thus, without the usual signs to guide one—a guidance, of course unconsciously accepted—the steps become uneven.

Deception Justified.

"What in the world did you mean by introducing me to Mr. Brown as your aunt?" inquired the mother with some warmth. "Forgive me, mother," said Dorothy, "but Mr. Brown seemed to be on the point of proposing and I felt that it would not do to take any risks. He has a strong prejudice against mothers-in-law."

Least He Could Do

"Do you stand back of every statement you make in your newspaper?" asked the timid little man. "Why—er—yes," answered the country editor. "Then," said the little man, holding up a notice of his death, "I wish you would help me collect my life insurance."—Capper's Weekly.

No Scotch Trespass Law.

Although Scotland is known for its many regulations and laws that regulate human conduct, it has one distinction in the way of human liberty not shared by many other countries. In Scotland there is no law of trespass and indications are that there will be none for many years.

Dog Finds Gold.

A boy was playing with a dog near the old Hill End field at Sydney, when the dog scratched up a sample of gold. Investigation showed a reef carrying three ounces of gold to the ton, and a battery was promptly installed.

Not a Busy Street.

The straight and narrow path is wide enough for its traffic.—Frankfort Times.

Perpetual Motion.

Making hay while the sun shines and raising mushrooms in the dark.—Kansas City Star.

Wrigley's Juicy Fruit Chewing Gum advertisement with image of a child and product box.

SLOT-MACHINE OF THE STORMS

By WILLIAM CALHOUN

LOOK, Wilson see what I've found! Bowen held in the hand a shining five-dollar gold piece which he had just picked up from the rocks.

We were on our annual outing. We had run up the river in a small steamer to the head of navigation. In a large rowboat, loaded with necessary camping outfit, we laboriously continued our course till we reached the wilderness. Here we found an old hunter and trapper named Gibbons, with whom we rested for a night. Gibbons had spent the evening telling tales of his adventures in that region. Just before retiring he told us of the cliff at which we were now snugly camped.

"You'll be apt to find it there. Plenty of game and the best fishin' out of the river. A fine spring bubblin' out of the solid rock at the foot of the cliff. Can't recommend you to a better place. Always camp there when I'm up that way. Used to go there for money from the rocks," said Gibbons, warming up to the occasion. "For ten years, after every storm, I found gold coins scattered about on the flat rocks below the cliff. Sometimes there was much, sometimes only a little. I went often in mild weather, but never found gold except when a storm had passed over. Once I stayed a month, but not a thing did I get till a terrible wind came along, after which I found five ten-dollar gold pieces as bright as the blaze in the fire there, and though I watched for two weeks I found nothing else. Another time, when a cyclone had gone through, I found three twenty-dollar pieces. Spent a week tryin' to explain the mystery, but had to give it up. No human hand put that money there. It just rained out of the clouds. One day, when it was blowing a hurricane, I heard something strike the cliff, as if it had been shot from the sky; then it fell jingling on the rocks below. Known that to happen several times.

"For ten years it was always the same old story, money after a wind and nothin' any other time. Eight years ago it stopped fallin' and, no matter how hard the wind blew, from that day to this no more money has ever been found. I guess it has all rained out. I'll take you there tomorrow."

For a half hour he answered the questions our curiosity prompted, and then we went to our cot. On the morrow Gibbons guided us to the spot and, promising to return in a week, left us. We had established our camp under shelter of the precipitous cliff which overhung the river, eaten our supper, and were leisurely strolling about admiring the romantic surroundings, when Bowen found the money. Our surprise is now easily understood.

Under ordinary circumstances a man is surprised to find gold coins, but with Gibbons' strange tale fresh in our ears, we stared at each other in speechless amazement. We looked the shining money over and over to make sure. We scanned the bald face of the cliff, glanced at the wild forest and the river, peered into the blue sky above, all in vain, for some clew as to the presence of the money. Then we tried for signs of recent human presence, but none existed. We searched for other coins, but found no more. Finally, we went to our couches in the tent, there to speculate and theorize on a possible explanation of the mystery, until, through sheer exhaustion, we fell into a slumber.

The next morning Bowen built a fire while I went to the spring for a pail of water. On my way I passed the edge of the steep cliff and along over the rock floor, level and white as a city pavement. I was returning when my eye caught the glitter of a twenty-dollar gold piece lying at my feet. In my excitement I called to Bowen and together we examined the rock thoroughly and found three pieces. As we had investigated well the evening before, it was clear the coins had arrived in some manner during the night.

We went around to the other side of the highland, from which we could reach the top of the cliff, where we found ourselves on a grassy level of perhaps an acre in area. It was a beautiful spot, covered with trees and singularly free from undergrowth. The surface sloped gently away from the ledge, finally forming the floor of the dense forest in the rear.

Gibbons had told us of an Indian trader named Groom who had dwelt there in an early day and whose house was a favorite resort of Indians, trappers, and overland travelers for the far West. When a lad Gibbons had often seen the great log cabin full of strangers. At last the Indians were

removed to other lands, the overland route gradually changed to better paths, and Groom was deserted by his old customers. One day he was found dead. He was buried beneath his hearthstone, and then the locality slowly drifted back to its primitive condition. All that remained of the house was a tall stone chimney, near the edge of the precipice. By this old ruin stood the trunk of what had once been a great sugar tree.

Condensation of Dew Gives Water Supply

Here and there on the bare summits of the hills of South Downs are what is known as dew-ponds, where water is obtained by the constant condensation of dew during the nights, the Family Herald says. Many of them have never been known to fall even in the driest summer. One dew-pond, not more than 30 feet in diameter, will supply water for over a thousand sheep daily, and every morning will find it replenished. They are not fed from springs or rainfall, but, when properly made, they will gradually fill with pure water, and, curiously, the larger the pond the more rapidly it will fill.

Nothing about the place, however, seemed to have any possible connection with the gold. The history of the spot gave no explanation of the presence of coins at the base of the ledge fifty years later. Bowen and I examined the chimney, but found nothing save the ragged stones. The stubby old sugar tree by it creased in the breeze. This forsaken acre furnished no trace at all, and we descended. We did little else for several days, except to fruitlessly investigate and theorize. Strangely, too, we found no more coins, though we watched carefully.

At the end of the week, according to promise, Gibbons arrived. He heard our experience with interest on only one point, the fact that the phenomenon should recur after years of cessation. To our conjectures he paid little attention.

"No use tryin'," said he skeptically. "I've investigated every nook and cranny. Spent ten years watchin' and pryin' off and on, 'round this old head-land, crackin' my brain over the cause. Have sat all night and all day, more time than I'm years old, tryin' to discover the secret, and all I ever learned was to hear the sudden jingle of the metal when it struck the cliff in time of storm and rattled down. It wasn't thrown from the top, for I've heard it while sitting at the foot of the chimney up there in broad daylight. You may study it till you're old, and that's all you'll ever know."

As we discussed the matter a gale began blowing. It grew stronger rapidly and was accompanied by the rumblings of distant thunder. Huge black clouds approached with frightful velocity. In our location under the precipice, protected from the gathering storm, we could watch the trees lash each other like whips.

Suddenly, as if by magic, two gold eagles dropped straight from the clouds overhead and rang resonantly on the stones near. No chance this time for mistaken senses, as three of us witnessed their descent. They came from the storm-laden sky, no doubt at all about it. Then came another and another, and following them a shower of coins. It seemed a dozen or more were jingling around us. A fearful peal of thunder heralded a fresh burst of the angry elements and the wind raged with the fury of demons. We heard a deafening crash overhead and the old chimney came tumbling in a heap to the foot of the cliff, the sugar tree with it. Then the velocity of the wind began to slacken, the sound of crashing timber ceased.

When our fears were somewhat allayed we began to reconnoiter. Near the heap made by the fallen chimney we found a distorted tube, resembling the gutters and conductors placed at the eaves of houses. It was battered, rusty and rotten with age and contained several heaping handfuls of coins and a number of musty parchments and papers. On examining the wreckage of the chimney we found that the tube had been carefully placed in a chamber specially arranged for its reception. Two slits had rusted in the sides of the tin, one a few inches from the bottom and the other higher up. It was evident that the heavy winds, shingling the sugar tree and the chimney, had made of the tube a nickel-in-the-slot machine, by forcing coins through the narrow apertures. After the coins had worked down to the level of the higher slit it was eight years before the second and lower one rusted through, thus causing the dropping to resume. As the tube, by the weathering of the chimney, lay inclined, it formed a sort of chute. A coin, once slipping through, slid along the spouting for a few inches and finally shot over the precipice; having the appearance of coming from skyward.

We found papers recording the honorable discharge of Malachi Groom as a veteran of the War of 1812, and a package of letters written by his sweetheart, Cecilia Bliss, concerning whom we learned some strange facts from a faded manuscript. She had been captured by the Indians. On Groom's discharge he had made diligent search and ascertained that she had perished at the stake a few feet from the old sugar tree. He gathered the ashes and buried them where the stake had stood and erected the stone chimney above the spot, adding to it the cabin that he might dwell near her resting place. On the wall was the indistinct signature of the old soldier, bestowing the money to the finder, on condition that the letters be laid by Groom's side. Under Gibbons' guidance we reburied the letters beneath the old hearthstone near which the ashes of his sweetheart had reposed for ninety years.

"Handsome is that handsome does" is a good motto for the dairy farm and laying yard.

Dairy Facts

Long warts on cow's teats may be removed by twisting or tying a silk thread tightly about the base of the growth. The warts will eventually slough off.

High-producing cows need grain even if the pasture is luxuriant, because a cow producing 50 to 60 pounds of milk a day cannot possibly consume enough feed in the form of succulent pasture to produce such quantities.

Feed the yearling heifers two to three pounds of grain per day to keep them growing.

Those farmers feeding whole milk can profitably feed three to four pounds of beet pulp per cow per day, wet with four times its weight in water several hours before feeding.

Cleanliness is the one big asset in milk and cream production. The barn, cow, and all utensils used in handling milk and cream should be clean if the best cream is to be produced.

Alfalfa hay is one of the best feeds for dairy cows. It increases milk flow and profits. If you are not growing alfalfa, plan to sow some this fall or next spring. It is hard to milk cows profitably without it.

The Michigan experiment station says that infectious abortion is probably the most important insidious disease with which the farmer of this country has to contend. Watch the bull—he should bear much of the blame.

The DAIRY

TO PRODUCE CLEAN MILK IN SUMMER

During summer months, many dairymen lose considerable money because of milk souring so that it cannot be sold as sweet milk but must be made into butter or used in other ways.

"Milk is nature's most perfect food," says John A. Arcey, dairy extension specialist for the North Carolina State College of Agriculture, "and every person connected with its handling should be clean in his methods. There are few living germs or organisms in milk when it is freshly drawn from healthy cows and the secret of producing clean milk is to keep all dirt and bacteria from getting into it while handling and then to cool the milk immediately."

Mr. Arcey states that expensive equipment is not necessary to produce clean milk. The stable should be clean and well lighted. Since most of the dirt comes from the body of the cow, she should be kept clean. So should the hands of the milkers. All containers used in handling the fluid should be of metal and the corners filled with solder so that no crevice is left for milk to lodge and sour. These containers should be first rinsed, then scrubbed with a good washing powder, after which another washing in boiling water should be given.

Get Best Returns From Cows in Summer Season

"Milk cows," says John Arcey, extension dairy specialist for the North Carolina State college, "suffer from heat just about as much as people and they need shade during the hot part of the day. If the dairy is located near the city where there is not much natural shade, the cows ought to be stabled during the heat of the day."

Mr. Arcey states also that to get the best returns from the cows during this season, flies should be kept from them. This means that the barn should be screened and a fly repellent used.

The first step, though, in getting rid of flies is to clean up about the place. All stables and manure pits need to be cleaned at least once each week and, if practical, it is best to haul the manure from the barn directly to the field. Litter and garbage should also be hauled away. Sometimes when it is impossible to get rid of the flies, poisons, traps and sprays could well be used to combat them.

High prices for hay and feedstuffs reduce the profits from dairying and the wise dairyman, Mr. Arcey states, will plant some quick-growing crops to provide additional feed. Those who have silos are urged to fill them full this summer because by feeding extra amounts of silage the amount of hay needed may be reduced.

Extra Feed for Cows

Dry cows or heifers bred to calve in the fall are often left on pasture too late and they calve in poor condition. Many of the best dairymen feel that extra feed given a cow for a month or six weeks before calving will do as much or more good than the same feed given after calving. A cow should have considerable stored up food reserve in her body if she is going to be able to stand up under heavy milk production.

Feed the yearling heifers two to three pounds of grain per day to keep them growing.

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