JAMES R. WEER,

Undertaker & Embalmer,

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Appointments first-class and satisfaction guaranteed.

THOS. B. STANSFIELD, Agent, Harrisonville Branch.

KEYSTONE HOUSE

522

West Lexington Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Eating House & Restaurant.

The undersigned begs leave to inform his many friends and patrons of HOWARD COUNTY that he has removed from 512 West Lexington street, where he had been located for many years, to

522 WEST LEXINGTON ST.,

which he has purchased and newly furnished throughout.

I am better prepared to serve my customers with

MEALS AND LODGING

than ever before. The BAR will maintain its old reputation, being supplied with the

BEST OF LIQUORS, ALES & BEER.

Private Dining Room for Ladies.

I extend a cordial invitation to call and see the Finest Restaurant in the West End.

Respectfully,

LOUIS ZITZER, Proprietor.

522 West Lexington Street.

BRAINY AMERICAN GIRL.

Miss Dorothea Klumpke Opens the Eyes of French Astronomers.

It was quite a surprise in American scientific circles when Miss Dorothea Klumpke, a San Francisco girl, won her way into the Paris Astronomical Observatory over the heads of more than fifty Frenchmen who were competing for entrance into this most celebrated school of astronomical science. She not only gained an entrance into the institution, but her splendid talent soon secured for her charge of the department which computes the measurement of the stars in the Paris belt. She has under her supervision several French scientists who have spent their whole lives in the study.

She is passionately devoted to the science. From 9 in the morning till 5 in the afternoon she works eagerly every day, always on the lookout for new facts and always perfecting her knowledge of facts already known.

Miss Klumpke went to Europe ten years ago at the age of 20, and has studied in Germany, Switzerland and Paris. She has a brilliant education,

MISS DOROTHEA KLUMPKE.

and is a charming and accomplished woman of whom all Americans may well be proud. She has recently been decorated by the French Government. She is one of a group of remarkable sisters. Anna Klumpke is a famous portrait painter of Boston; Augusta is a practicing physician in Paris; and Julia, the youngest, a girl of 19, is one of the most brilliant of Ysaye's pupils. They were all born in San Francisco, and educated in the public schools of that city. Their father was born in Holland, and came to America when very young. He settled in the South but in '49 went west with the gold seekers.

Miss Klumpke's great ambition is to finish her immense task in Paris and to return to her own country to carry on her work in science. She is a firm believer in the astronomical future of America, and feels confident that it will soon lead the world in the great science. Miss Klumpke, in spite of her love for science, has still a woman's fancy for pretty clothes, and dresses in charming taste, her gowns being of her own designing.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

One cold morning 4-year-old Fannie's mamma began washing her hands in cold water, but she drew back, exclaiming: "That water's too cold, mamma; please cook it some."

Little Edgar, aged 3, was very fond of lemon drops, and one day while he was out on the porch a sudden and violent hailstorm came up. "Oh! oh!" he exclaimed, with delight, "It's wainen' tandy."

A 5-year-old city miss was visiting in the country for the first time, and she happened to notice the cattle enjoying their cud. "Say, grandpa!" she exclaimed, "does you have to buy gum for all them cows to chew?"

Little Mamie had heard her Sunday school teacher speak of backsliders, and one rainy Sunday morning, when her mother thought it best for her not to attend Sunday school, she said: "I've just got to go, for teacher says if we don't come every Sunday our backs will slide."

"You may spell 'smallpox,' Tommy," said the teacher to one of the juvenile class. Tommy made several attempts but failed. "Well," said the teacher, "what do you think a boy ought to get who fails on a simple word like 'smallpox?'" "He ought to get vaccinated," answered Tommy.

Little Johnny was saying his prayers at his mother's knee and she was helping him out with her suggestions. "Bless and take care of the little lambs of the flock," said mamma. Johnnie knew that he was included among the lambs and he reasoned that parents should not be forgotten. "Bless and take care of the little lambs of the flock," he repeated; then added: "And I guess you had better look after the old sheep, too."

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less, to keep a few friends, and these without capitulation, is the greatest sermon ever preached to men. What a simple thing it seems to follow this advice, yet, oh, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, you have described the millenium—you ask too much—of mortals.

According to Lord Kelvin there will be no more coal on the earth 346 years from now. Some of us will run short a good while before then.

TIME NEEDED IN THINKING.

Scientists Are Now Experimenting on This Interesting Subject.

Experiments regarding the time needed by the average man to think are now engaging the attention of scientists. Just how long does it take a man to think was the topic discussed by Professor Richet at a recent meeting of the British association. He gave the results of his investigations on the subject and made some interesting remarks upon them. Among other things he found that a man could think of the notes of the musical scale at the rate of eleven to the second. The experiment was performed by running the notes for one or more octaves and then dividing the total time by the total number of notes.

There are various ways of arriving at conclusions as to the amount of time necessary for realizing any physical sensation or mental impression. If the skin be touched repeatedly with light blows from a small hammer a person may, according to Professor Richet, distinguish the fact that the blows are separate and not continuous pressure when they follow one another as frequently as 1,000 a second.

The smallest intervals of sound can be much better distinguished with one ear than with both. Thus the separateness of the clicks of a revolving toothed wheel was noted by one observer when they did not exceed sixty to the second, but using both ears he could not distinguish them when they occurred oftener than fifteen times a second. The sharp sound of the electric spark of an induction coil was distinguished with one ear when the rate was as high as 500 to the second. Sight is much less keen than hearing in distinguishing differences. If a disk half white and half black be revolved it will appear gray when its revolutions exceed twenty-four per second.

It has been found that we can hear far more rapidly than we can count, so that if a clock-clicking movement runs faster than ten to the second we can only count four clicks, while with twenty to the second we can only count two of them. Fatigue and want of nervous vigor has a marked effect in lengthening the shortest time that we can distinguish between different impressions.

Alcohol acted, as might be expected, in making the subject of experiment not able to distinguish such minute intervals of time as he was able to do without it, and at the same time in making him believe that he was doing better than usual.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

When a man calls on an old girl, there is great excitement in the neighborhood until it is learned that he called to sell her a new brand of blueing, or on some other matter of business.

As soon as a man dies, his women folks recall that he had "favorite" hymns, which they ask to be sung at the funeral. This happens in many cases where the deceased would be greatly surprised at the discovery, if he knew of it.

The word "friendship" is abused almost as much as the word "love." Nearly every person seems to expect a great deal of love and friendship without giving anything in return, and makes a great fuss because of disappointment. Nearly all drafts on friendship are protested.

Every one fears that if he should become delirious, he would give away all his secrets, and trot out every skeleton in his private closet. Calm yourself. People who are delirious tell nothing they know. An Atchison man who was recently so near death that he heard Moses sing, raved constantly about his head being a Missouri Pacific freight house.

If you want to get even with a man, give his daughter a kodak. She will love you for it, and it will break her father up. It costs as much to run a kodak as to keep a horse, or bet on the races. The amounts are small, but they are very numerous. Before a girl has learned enough to take and develop a single picture, her father will have paid out a sum sufficient to have paid for photographs by a professional, of the entire family, the cow and dog included. It is a good scheme for making a man trouble, and getting credit for generosity in doing it.

Then He Bought the Ring.

Fred—Suppose I should ask you to be my wife, what would you say?

Anna—Guess.

Fred—Oh, I haven't the least idea. What would it—er—er rhyme with?

Anna—Guess.

Australia's Big Land Owners.

The London Echo gives a list of large land owners in Australia. One of them has 620,000 acres, another 1,200,000, a third 3,600,000, while the Union bank owns no fewer than 7,800,000 acres.

"It has been asserted that kissing cures dyspepsia," remarked Mr. Gaswell. "That should be valuable knowledge for a newly married man," replied Mr. Dukane. "Why?" "With his wife's kisses he can counteract the effect of her cooking."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

REGAINED HEALTH.

Gratifying Letters to Mrs. Pinkham From Happy Women.

"I Owe You My Life."

Mrs. E. Woolhiser,
Mills, Neb., writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I owe my life to your Vegetable Compound. The doctors said I had consumption and nothing could be done for me. My menstruation had stopped and they said my blood was turning to water. I had several doctors. They all said I could not live. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it helped me right away; menses returned and I have gained in weight. I have better health than I have had for years. It is wonderful what your Compound has done for me."

"I Feel Like a New Person."

Mrs. Geo. Leach,
1609 Belle St., Alton, Ill., writes:

"Before I began to take your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer from womb trouble. Menses would appear two and three times in a month, causing me to be so weak I could not stand. I could neither sleep nor eat, and looked so badly my friends hardly knew me.

"I took doctor's medicine but did not derive much benefit from it. My druggist gave me one of your little books, and after reading it I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I feel like a new person. I would not give your Compound for all the doctors' medicine in the world. I can not praise it enough."

Woman's Fate.

From the Record, Bushnell, Ill.

No woman is better able to speak to others regarding "woman's fate" than Mrs. Jacob Weaver, of Bushnell, Ill., wife of ex-City Marshal Weaver. She had entirely recovered from the illness which kept her bedfast much of the time for five or six years past, and says her recovery is due to that well-known remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Weaver is fifty-six years old, and has lived in Bushnell nearly thirty years. She is of unquestionable veracity and unblemished reputation. The story of her recovery is interesting. She says:

"I suffered for five or six years with the trouble that comes to women at this time of my life. I was much weakened, was unable much of the time to do my own work, and suffered beyond my power to describe. I was downhearted and melancholy.

"I took many different medicines, in fact, I took medicine all the time, but nothing seemed to do me any good.

"I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and some of my friends recommended them highly. I made up my mind to try them. I bought the first box in March, 1897, and was benefited from the start.

Mrs. Jacob Weaver.

"A box and a half cured me completely, and I am now rugged and strong. I have not been bothered with my troubles since I began taking the pills.

"I have recommended the pills to many women who are suffering as I suffered. They are the only thing that helped me in the trial that comes to so many women at my age." Mrs. J. H. Weaver.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23d day of October, A. D. 1897.

O. C. Hicks, *Notary Public.*

When woman is passing beyond the age of motherhood, it is a crisis in her life. Then, if ever, proper attention to hygiene should be exercised. The attendant sufferings will disappear and buoyant health will follow if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are used.

These pills exert a powerful influence in restoring the system to its proper condition. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood.

The fond mother who has occasion to correct her offspring with a slipper seems to have forgotten that there's always room at the top.

$400 For New Names!

The Salzer Seed Co. want suitable names for their 17-inch long corn and White Oat prodigy. You can win this $400 easily Catalogue tells all about it. Seed potatoes only $1.50 a barrel.

Send Thus Notice and 10 Cents in Stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. and get their great seed catalogue and 11 new farm seed samples, including above corn and oats, positively worth $10.00, to get a start. Send to-day, to-day, sir! A. c. f

It is stated that vast untouched beds of sheet mica lie within fifty miles of Kiao-Chou bay, China.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FLASHES OF FUN.

She—Mr. Beacon talks like a book. He—Yes, like an autobiography.—Puck.

Cholly—Are you positive she is not in? The maid—I am; I'd lose my job if I wasn't.—Puck.

"I sometimes think I was born too soon." "Oh, pshaw! Haven't you lived to see the chainless wheel?—Puck.

He—Yes, I loved a girl once, and she made a fool of me. She—Some girls do make a lasting impression, don't they?—Judge.

She—Don't you think there should be music in every home? He—By all means! What I object to is music next door.—Tit-Bits.

"Lend me a dollar, old man." "Can't; only have a half." "That's all right; you can owe me the other half."—Princeton Tiger.

Bertha—Miss Spitcuris says she has remained single from choice. Belle—Yes; but she didn't say whose choice.—Yonkers Statesman.

She—Your friend Owen seems to have run into debt pretty deep. He—Run into debt? He scorched.—Pearson's Athletic Record.

"Yes, sir, I want to marry your niece." "Have you asked her mother?" "No, sir, I prefer the younger lady."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He—I love you with all my heart. She—That's very nice, but—but— He—But what, darling? She—What about your arms?—Chicago News.

The artist (complacently)—This picture with the frame is worth $325. His friend—Come, old man! you never gave $360 for that frame?—Truth.

Jenkins—I wonder how it happens that Miss Kidd is always out when I call? Jones—Oh! just her luck, I guess.—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

Young Softleigh—Do you know, Miss Cutting, that I actually believe I am losing my mind? Miss Cutting—Indeed! Why, how can you tell?—Chicago News.

"How did Flimgilt get rich?" "By his shrewd speculation." "And how did Fucash happen to lose his property?" "Oh, he went and dabbled in stocks."—Washington Star.

He—Give me a kiss. She (decidedly)—I won't. He—You shouldn't say "I won't" to me; you should have said, "I prefer not." She—But that wouldn't be true.—Harlem Life.

"One of the leading Czechs rejoices in the name of Czwrczek." "Say, I recognize that. It's the machine the dentist bores out the cavity with."—Cleviand Plain Dealer.

Tommy—Paw, what is an extraordinary session of the Legislature? Mr. Figg—One in which no fool bills were passed would be very much that kind.—Indianapolis Journal.

"How would you define a patriot?" "I should say a patriot is a man who takes an interest in his country's welfare, even the morning after his party has been snowed under."—Puck.

He—When I was young I decided to make one woman happy. She—Well, as you have remained a bachelor you may certainly flatter yourself that you have done so.—London Home News.

Edith—Do you think it wrong to say "darn?" Bertha—Perhaps not; but when one is vexed, instead of saying "darn," I think it more ladylike simply to knit one's brow.—Boston Transcript.

Near Shopl, in Japan, there is a wonderful cavern containing immense quantities of ice which never melts away. In one place huge icicles, depending from the roof, have formed upon the floor beneath—through the slow dripping of water—a score of great hollow cylinders, some of which are five feet in height, looking like inverted crystal bells. When these are carefully struck they give forth gong like notes.

Prose vs. Poetry.

Romantic maid—And would you be willing to die for me?

Practical man—No; but I will gladly try to make a living for you.

WEEKLY SERMONS.

Address by Evangelist D. L. Moody in New York.

"Peace in the Soul" Is the Title of the Rev. George H. Hepworth's Sermon, Preached in the New York Herald's Columns—An Address by D. L. Moody.

"For the kingdom of God is joy and peace."—Romans xiv., 17.

The Bible is the most practical book in the world. There is very little theology in it—not as much as some people think—but a great many inspired bits of advice as to the conduct of every day life, as though the writer loved the men and women who would read his word and was actuated by no other motive than to help them over rough places. For this reason the Book has maintained its hold on mankind. It is friendly, kindly and encouraging, a book not to be read through at a sitting, but to be taken up at odd times and glanced at just as you would look at a handful of jewels for a moment and then put them away.

I have noticed that it makes many, very many references to peace and joy—not the peace of a nation, that busy peace in which we compete for personal gain, but the peace of the heart, which creates contentment and keeps the soul in poise and equilibrium; the peace which makes a man feel that everything will come out right in the end because nothing can come out wrong when God is guiding our affairs. It is once spoken of in very extreme language as "the peace that passeth understanding," like the peace which a sensitive soul enjoys when it gazes on a magnificent landscape, or like that which the lover of music has when he is listening to some superb orchestra, or like that which a mother has when she is sitting by the cradle of her first born, a peace that refuses to be analyzed, but is so deep and strange that no one can describe it to a person who has not felt it.

I am talking to myself as well as to you when I say that we could get a great deal more out of life if we were more reposeful. We expend too much energy on trivial things, things so unimportant that it does not matter greatly how they go. We allow ourselves to be disturbed by small matters, whereas the soul is big enough to look on them with indifference. We keep ourselves in a condition of nervous tension, which is not simply hurtful to the body but equally so to the spiritual nature. Body and soul are so closely related that over excitement of the one seems to throw the other off its balance. You and I cannot be at out best until we are tranquil in heart with that kind of tranquillity which rests on the firm basis of faith that the angels of God are looking after our interests and trying to persuade us to take the right road to heaven. There is just an atom of insanity in us, and when we grow restless that atom is fanned into flame. The truly sane man is the quiet souled man. I say, therefore, since Christianity teaches a man to be quiescent, that the Christian religion will both make us sane and keep us so.

When crossing the ocean recently our ship ran into a storm. The sea was very rough, the fog closed in on all sides, and we had an uncomfortable time. The waves were in an ugly mood, and on two or three occasions swept the deck. I enjoyed it as little as did the other passengers and should have been grateful for a ray of sunshine. But that was not to be thought of. Suppose I had taken on myself the responsibility of the situation. The captain was on the bridge night and day, but suppose I had allowed myself to wonder whether he knew his business, and had offered him advice as to the conduct of the vessel. Would that have allayed the tempest, would it have stilled the troubled waters, would it have kept the ship from rolling uneasily? I should not only have done no good, but should have interfered to my own detriment. My duty was to keep on my feet as best I could, not to go beyond my province as a passenger, to bear in mind that the captain had passed safely through a thousand worse storms and was showing no anxiety about this one. If I had faith in the master of the craft there was no need to be afraid. Any doubt as to his ability would at once create havoc of mind and body. My duty was to keep still and to cherish the conviction that all would be well in a few hours.

Now the spiritual difficulty we encounter in our lives is this subtle suspicion that after all there may not be a God, or, if there is, that He is not equal to the emergency. That rankest of all heresies lies at the foundation of our religious restlessness. We may as well face this fact and govern ourselves accordingly. The man who does not cheerfully meet his fate has a lurking doubt of God's existence. He may deny it to others, but he must needs admit it to himself. He may accept the longest creed that was ever written and be orthodox in all the details of his professed belief, but if you could find your way into his heart of hearts you would discover that his faith in God is a social or ecclesiastical luxury, and as such is worth very little.

Did Christ have any doubt that a legion of angels would minister unto Him in His necessity? Can you conceive of Him as sitting at the window of His friend's house in Bethany on the night before the crucifixion and wondering if He could go through the next day's experiences? On the contrary, He was self-possessed, even cheerful, and if the opportunity to avoid the cross had been offered He would not have used it. He knew that the Father was there, that the Father would be with Him, and that the cruel nails could not pain Him so much as a doubt of that Father's love.

We cannot follow that example except in a far-off way. He said Thy will be done without a tremor, but we can say it with a tremor. The highest excellence is repose, truthful repose of soul, but you cannot be self-possessed until you know that you are possessed of God. The essence of religion is the soul's consciousness that as its day so shall be its strength; that God and you can do anything and bear anything. After that you will be at peace, quiescent and acquiescent. He who has hold of God's hand and knows it is the most cheerful soul this side of Heaven.

George H. Hepworth.

DWIGHT L. MOODY SPEAKS.

Address by the Evangelist at a Crowded Meeting in New York.

Dwight L. Moody has been holding a series of crowded meetings in New York. The following account is from one of the famous evangelist's addresses there:

"In Luke xix., 10, is the keynote of this whole meeting: 'The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which is lost.' Even now I am cast down. A life-long friend has come to me saying that his health is lost and that it is only a question of time when he passes away. I am sad, I say, yet he has the promise of a beautiful life hereafter. Some friend of yours has lost his wealth, is reduced in life. You sympathize with him, I sympathize with him. And yet with all this misfortune there is a hope for a better life.

"To-day I passed the eye infirmary, across from where I am staying, where I am told are many little ones hopelessly blind. I cannot look at that building without a pang in my heart. A doctor told me that a mother brought her beautiful little child to him and said that it hadn't opened its eyes for several days. He looked at the little child and told her that it was blind. 'Yes,' said she, 'it has been blind for several days.' 'It will be blind forever,' he told her. Then there came a wail from her heart that nearly broke my heart to hear of. Her child could never see its mother. Yet there is the hope that the child will be glorified in another world.

"On my way here I passed the Hospital for Cripples. I could not help but sympathize with them. And yet there is hope for these poor beings. There is the hope of another body—a glorified likeness of our Saviour Jesus Christ. And yet—and yet it is so hard for people to realize what it means to be lost—yes, L-O-S-T!"

The evangelist's voice thundered as he hurled this down upon the audience. A low murmur came in recognition of its force.

"What is it to be lost! When I came to New York twenty years ago little Charlie Ross had just been lost. The whole nation was moved as it had not been moved since the war. They gave me the picture of the child, asking that I search my congregation for some trace of him. Devoted friends of his mother came day after day, searching for the little child. Many and many a another wept at the thought of the anguish of that boy's mother. And yet there are millions of mothers that have lost their sons, for these sons have missed the word of God!

"Again, I will tell you another story. In one of the towns in the West where I was preaching two little children had wandered into the woods—a brother and a sister. All day men searched for them and they were not found. The day following these men could do nothing at their labor. So they formed a thousand of them—all a few feet apart, and scoured the woods. Then when the word came down the line that the little ones had been found safe and well, how that town was stirred.

"And yet, I tell you, here are hundreds and hundreds of drunkards, young men lost in vice, lost forever, and yet this town is never stirred. Think of the young men going down, down, down, deeper into vice, while no one seems to be moved.

"Except that man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God.

"There is not a poor drunkard nor a fallen woman that God does not want. They do not believe, perhaps, that God wants them. Go hunt them up. Tell them the Word of God.

"A certain woman has ten pieces of silver, and loses one. Does she let it go? No! She gets a broom and raises a dust and a commotion. She doesn't wait for the silver to come back. Then when she is successful she says: 'Rejoice with me, I have found the piece of silver.'

"There will be a great joy in New York when the lost are found. Luke said: 'Then drew unto Him the publicans and sinners.' It got out that Christ wanted the lost ones to come unto Him, the publicans and sinners. Then they came. What you must do is to publish that God seeks the sinner. If there is any one that is tired of sin, I bring you good news. The Shepherd is the same. He is still seeking you.

"A mother wrote to her infidel son, 'Go to Moody and Sankey's meeting.' That was in 1871. He said 'Yes,' and that was all she could get out of him. He would go if it wasn't too much trouble. The first meeting in Brooklyn chanced to be within a block of his home. He came. He said that he had no thought when he gave the promise that it would be so near, but it was a bore, anyhow. Next night he was converted. 'Have you written your mother?' I asked him. 'No,' said he, 'I've cabled.' That's the way the Shepherd seeks.

"While the Son of God seeks, you seek, too. I never knew one that was really seeking that didn't find. I told a man I knew that I could name the day and hour when he would be saved. 'Ho,' said he, 'I didn't know there was a prophet in your family.' 'Neither is there,' said I. 'I'm no prophet, but I can tell.' 'When?' he asked. 'The day and hour when you earnestly seek God.'

"God isn't going to save the man that is asleep. I saw a man at one of our meetings who stood with his hands in his pockets, leaning against a pillar. 'Do you wish to be saved?' I asked him. 'I've no objection,' he answered. Seek the Lord where he may be found. Can the Lord be found here to-day? Can the Lord be found here to-day?'

"Yes, yes," cried a dozen voices in reply. The evangelist nodded his head in pleasure.

"Seek the Lord where he may be found. Seek as men seek gold. It won't take long to find Him. Look at the crowd rushing into the Klondike. If men were as anxious to get into the Golden City as they are to get into the Klondike they would be saved readily enough. If they were as anxious for God as some of them seem to be for war just now, they would find Him easily enough.

"You don't have to wait to be saved. Pray now 'Lord, save me.' If it is a heartfelt cry, you'll be saved. If out of work or discouraged, cry out. God will hear you. How do I know, you ask? Because I have seen thousands saved. It is one of the easiest yet one of the hardest things in the world to be saved. But it's easy when you once make up your mind.

"Now let us pray that all in this house be saved. Let us continue in silent prayer."

Kneeling, the evangelist lifted his face, still clutching at his breast the song book. After a moment of restlessness, the great audience settled in a deep, intense silence. It was broken by the evangelist arising and asking that a hymn be sung. Then he spoke again.

"Come with me!" he cried; "come and be saved. Let all that wish to know the word of God come with me into that room over there. I will counsel with them.

"If there is any one beside you that needs converting, speak with them. If they be timid, bring them with you. Come."

Arising, the evangelist moved down from the platform, taking his way to the room at the rear. The crowd turned, and dozens of individuals followed in the evangelist's wake. There in that room they obtained his counsel and cheer, and with smiling faces went upon their ways.

A BLUE-BLOODED GAMBLER.

Lady Tatton Sykes, an English "Plunger" and Alleged Forger.

The attention of Englishmen, and Americans as well, has lately been held by the sensational suit of Jay, a London money lender, against Tatton Sykes, a rich old Yorkshire baronet. The money lender sued to recover $50,000, which he had loaned to Lady Tatton Sykes, on notes to which the baronet's name was attached. On the trial the latter swore that he had not signed the notes, but that his wife had been guilty of forgery.

The revelations on the trial of her ladyship's career as a high gambler amazed all England. She is known at Monte Carlo, and people who make a profession of betting on horse races have come into possession of much of her money. She plays bacarrat. She likes to buy $80,000 race winners and she is "eccentric" in many more ways. When Lord Sykes married her she was a popular woman. The third duke of Portland was her great-grandfather. The present duke is her cousin. Her aged husband has a rent roll of $500,000. Lady Sykes wanted money to play cards and the baronet gave her plenty of it, but finally protested. Lady Sykes declared that her husband en-

LADY TATTON SYKES.

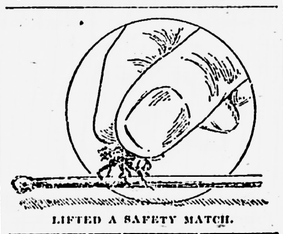
couraged her to gamble and shared in her profits, but refused to share her losses. She says she will sue him for divorce and an increase of alimony, and maybe for perjury.

This lively noblewoman paid three visits to this country. She was received with open arms by New York's best society, but her manners were too astounding even for the four hundred, and on her third visit she was left alone.

THE FLY AND THE MATCH.

A Striking Illustration of the Strength of Insects.

The strength of various insects is tremendous in proportion to their size. A man who had time recently experimented with a common house fly, and found it could lift a square of paper so large that the feat was equal to a man five feet high lifting a stout and stiff carpet covering a room twenty-five feet square. He also lifted a safety match



LIFTED A SAFETY MATCH.

seven times longer than himself. This would represent to the average man a timber thirty-five feet long and as thick as his own body, carried under one arm. The fly was able to circulate around the room with a piece of cotton thread tied to one leg, equaling a cable sixty feet long and thicker than a man's thigh, if a man attempted to carry the same weight in proportion to his size.

LOVING ROMEO AND JULIET.

Their Bodies Still Exhibited and Have Been Photographed.

There is strong evidence that the original Romeo and Juliet were the lovers of Teruel, an ancient city in Spain. The legend of the lovers of Teruel has existed in Spain longer than that of Romeo and Juliet in Italy, and the two closely resemble one another. It is merely the story of two young lovers who die rather than live without one another.

Archer M. Huntington, a student of Spanish literature, has visited Teruel and there seen and photographed the mortal remains of the two bodies.

They died early in the thirteenth century, and were buried in a chapel of the Church of San Pedro. In 1555, during a renovation of the chapel, their tomb was discovered. From that time it remained undisturbed until 1619, when the repairs of the chapel were terminated. Again the lovers rested in peace until 1708, when they were removed to the cloister and set up in a cupboard with a marble inscription above them:

"Here repose the celebrated Lovers of Teruel, Don Juan Diego Martinez de Marcilla and Dona Ysabel de Segura. They died in the year 1217, and in 1708 were transferred to this church."

"Finally," says Mr. Huntington, "In 1854 the people of Teruel, realizing at last the importance of their mummified lovers, had them placed upon a walnut stand, supported mechanically in a standing position and clothed in light gauze skirts! It is impossible to conceive anything more grotesque or amusingly horrible. The romantic and passionate story ends in a showcase. The dusty, bony corpses raised to a horrible similitude of life, are even so adjusted as to suggest an affectionate gaze toward each other—a gaze emanating from profound sockets, above which are two bald and glassy heads. Marcella is the best preserved, the lady having been injured and having lost an eye in the exhumation in 1555."

The most valuable literary version of the story of the lovers of Teruel was written by Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbosch in 1837.

It should be explained that in the Spanish story the young woman marries in the absence of her lover. When he returns they both die and her husband decides that they shall be buried together.

Bottles Made of Paper.

A German paper-maker has recently obtained letters patent on bottles made of paper, for use on board of ships particularly. It has been a cause of much damage to steamer lines that in bad weather a large number of bottles of wine and other liquors are broken in the storerooms, in spite of every precaution. The new bottles are made of a composition which, with the solution in which they are made water tight, is still the inventor's secret. After being impregnated with this fluid the paper bottles are slowly dried in gas stoves, and this process of drying must be watched carefully, for otherwise the bottles would remain porous and allow the fluid to leak out. These bottles can be handled roughly without the least apprehension; neither the pitching nor the rolling of a great steamer during rough weather nor the breaking down of a truck upon which they are loaded loosely would be apt to damage a single paper bottle.—New York Herald.

Shrewd Young Man.

The young man approached the elderly capitalist with a confident air.

"Sir," he said, "I love your daughter. I ask you for her hand."

The old man turned pale with rage.

"You want my daughter," he snarled. "Well, you'll get my foot." And he made a sudden advance on the youth. The latter did not quail. On the contrary he leaped in the air. He waved his arms. He yelled "Kill him! kill him! robber! robber!" He jumped at the old man, who trembled and shrank back. He cowered before the savage onslaught. "Kill him! Kill him!" roared the youth.

"Wait, wait!" screamed the old man. "I'll reverse my decision!"

"For it appears that the young man had in some way learned the fact that in his early years the aged capitalist was a base-ball umpire.

More Deer than Sheep in Maine.

Twenty-five years ago there were very few deer in Maine, especially in Franklin and Oxford Counties. They were there unknown. In fact, I never saw a deer track in the State till about 1880. Since that time they have increased very fast. I have no fear for deer in the future. They are to-day in every county of the State. Indeed, I may safely say, I am sure that there are more deer than sheep in the State to-day. And that this is so is due, in my opinion, to protection afforded them.—Boston Herald.

"You will marry a tall, dark gentleman," said the fortune teller, examining the lines in the fair hand. "That doesn't help me any," despairingly replied the lovely blonde who had called to consult her. "All six of them are tall, dark gentlemen!"—Chicago Tribune.

Spring Medicine

These two words emphasize a necessity and indicate a remedy.

Spring—the season when the blood is most impure as a result of the winter's closer confinement, higher living, slower action of the kidneys and liver; when humors of all kinds, boils, pimples and eruptions are most liable to appear; when the weak, languid condition of the whole bodily structure demands and welcomes help.

Medicine—that to which the millions turn at this season—Hood's Sarsaparilla. The *original* and *only* preparation especially adapted to the present needs of the human family; that which makes the blood pure and clean, as shown by its thousands of wonderful cures of dreadful blood diseases; creates an appetite and cures dyspepsia, as shown by its "magic touch" in all stomach troubles; steadies and strengthens the nerves, as proved by people formerly nervous, now calm and self-possessed, thanks to

Only those who have been relieved of great suffering can fully appreciate the gratitude with which the testimonials overflow written in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Just read this:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen:—"My first experiences with Hood's Sarsaparilla was when I used it as a tonic and spring medicine. It did me so much good my faith in its merits became very strong. About two years later I had a running sore on my foot. It developed into erysipelas and affected the entire limb. At that time I was

Very Much Run Down

as I had been troubled with dyspepsia. The drain on my system was so severe and my stomach was so weak I became a ready victim of malaria. I feared I could never regain my health. My stomach rebelled at the simplest food, and the medicines prescribed for me gave but little relief. I sent for a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I had taken this medicine but three days when I began to improve. Continuing with it, I am now better and stronger than I ever expected to be. It has purified my blood and given good circulation. I have had no return of my old troubles since." Mrs. W. Kane, Media, Pa. Hood's Sarsaparilla is

The Medicine For You

Because of what it has done for others; because you ought this spring to take that which will do you the most good.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine, because it cures when all others fail. Be sure to get Hood's.

Flattery on Ice.

He told her she was stunning,
Her smile was very sweet;
Just then, somehow, in turning,
They slipped and lost their feet!
He fell, and she fell on him,
And, as in pain he lay,
"Ah, yes, indeed, you're stunning!"
Was all that he could say.

He Told the Truth.

"Liquor," said the temperance orator, "causes nearly all the unhappiness there is in this world."

"That's right, Colonel!" exclaimed a Kentuckian in the back of the hall. "I'm always unhappy when I can't get it."

A Virtue and a Vice.

Vanity and a proper regard for the feelings of others should both urge you to get rid of that disgusting skin disease. Whether it be a simple abrasion, a chap or a burn, or whether it be a broad case of Eczema, Tetter or Ringworm, Tetterine will positively, infallibly cure it. Cure it so it will stay cured, too. 50 cents a box at true stores, or by mail for 50 cents in cash or stamps from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

The early and the latter part of human life are the best, or at least the most worthy of respect. The one is the age of innocence, the other of reason.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

How near must a person live to me to be my neighbor? Every person is near to you whom you can bless. He is nearest whom you can bless most.

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

It is estimated that the nerves, with branches and minute ramifications connecting with the brain, exceed ten million.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best.

Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

There are two things, in which we should thoroughly train ourselves. To be slow in taking offense, and be slower in giving it.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The utility of life is not in its extent; it is in the employment of it. A man may live long and live little.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—Lizzie Farrell, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1895.

Gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation; you do not find it among gross people.

A New Andorra.

Arcadia exists. It is perched high among the Swiss Alps. Its name is Abland Schuen, which, being interpreted, signifies an out-of-the-way locality. Its people have no standing army, and therefore never go to war. They have no fleet, being hundreds of miles from the sea in every direction. They have no political bosses or wire-pullers, and consequently such elections as they have are pure. They have no doctors, and, as a rule, die only of old age. There is no news and no need of a newspaper, the post comes only once a week, there are no trades, and there is little industry. There are no shops. Once a week a cheap Jack brings them all the goods they want, and their herds, flocks, and poultry yards supply them with the rest. Having little money, they require no bank, but they have a church, with a bell, which besides its Sabbath summons, rings for births and funerals and festivals. Few tourists visit the place, or its Arcadian simplicities would vanish in a season.

Satan doesn't object to a man attending church on Sunday if he gets his services the other six days in the week.

Tobacco

will cure well, have a bright, rich color and flavor, with good burning properties, if liberally supplied with a fertilizer containing at least 10% actual

Potash.

in the form of **sulphate.**

The quality of tobacco is improved by that form of Potash.

Our books will tell you just what to use. They are free. Send for them.

GERMAN KALI WORKS,
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EVERY LIVING THING HAS

Pains and Aches

Every human body can be CURED of them by using

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ONE PRICE TO ALL ALIKE.

We agree to maintain the list prices on Columbia, Hartford and Vedette bicycles, published in our 1898 Catalogue, throughout the season ending October 1st, 1898.

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