PHANTOMS OF CHRISTMAS MORN.

In the rush of the merry morning,
When the red burns through the gray,
And the wintry world lies waiting
For the glory of the day,
Then we hear a fitful rushing
Just without upon the stair,
See two white phantoms coming,
Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing
Rows of little socks to fill?
Are they angels floating hither
With their message of good will?
What sweet spell these elves are weaving,
As like larks they chirp and sing,
Is it palms of peace from heaven
That these lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feet upon the threshold,
Eager faces peeping through,
With the first red ray of sunshine,
Chanting cherubs, come in view,
Mistletoe and gleaming holly,
Symbols of a blessed day,
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

His Revenge

A Christmas Story

It was [illegible] when John Maxwell [illegible] to [illegible] mark in the world. [illegible]

[illegible]

... Alice ... Dent ... [illegible]

... "Ah!" Alice would not whisper to her own thoughts that there had been another teacher, that not so easy would have been the lesson of forgetfulness had not another lesson been conned in its stead. It was all a bewildering [illegible] ...

But a [illegible] ... a well-known step drew nearer, and a shadow for which the apple trees were not responsible was thrown beside hers.

"Good evening, Miss Alice," said a cheery voice. "I thought that I should find you here. The evening is too lovely for indoor life."

"Yes," she answered, "it is very lovely."

"As it should be," he added, in lower, more impressive tones, "to grace your presence. Alice," he continued, throwing himself on the ground beside her, "shall I tell you why I am so glad to find you here? Because it seems the most fitting place to tell you something else, which, though you must already know, it is fit that I should put into words. They are poor words, darling. I am not versed in eloquence, and even were I, here eloquence might stammer. But these are words old as the world itself. I love you. I have but one hope in life, and that is, that you will share it. It is not much that I can offer you, dear. Perhaps I should say wait, before I take you from your comfortable home. But yet, why should I. If you love me, you will stand bravely by my side, and we will share whatever storms life may have in store for us, as we share its sunshine. Alice, what is your answer? Will you be my wife?"

Ah, it had come at last. Once the girl had tried to check the torrent of his words. He had [illegible] the detaining hand in his own strong palm and held it there. [illegible] head had drooped lower. A [illegible] gasping sob was in her throat, letting no word find its way there. What was she to do? Two years ago she had given another promise; two years of toil and homesickness had been endured for her sake, but for six months she had heard nothing. Perhaps John had forgotten her—or, ah, she had almost added, "as she had forgotten him." But of John Dent Dexter knew nothing, and Dent Dexter she loved. So it was, that when, half wondering at her long silence, he again repeated his question, she simply raised to him the sweet, fair face, and content with what he read there, he stooped and pressed his first kiss upon the young red lips.

Curiously enough, their wedding day was set for Christmas Day, the third anniversary of John Maxwell's leave-taking. Dent wanted the event fixed for a nearer date. Alice was persistent. Perhaps she had a special reason for fixing the time so far ahead. Poor John Maxwell! Maybe she thought of him.

In all these weeks she had told him nothing of John. Somehow she could not gather courage to frame the words. And John had forgotten her. He would never know. It was better that he should not. Love is ever jealous, and he might upbraid her, or think even while he had won her that she might prove inconstant to him as to her first lover. Some day when she was his wife, his very own, she would whisper the story into his ear, and then they would bury poor John together.

Somebody has said it was bad luck for a bride to don her wedding dress before the wedding day. It was all nonsense, Alice thought, as later, she stood before her mirror and saw reflected there her own form clad in its white silken robes.

Poor John! She wished she had not thought of him, as she stood in her wedding dress. The air was very heavy tonight. It was this which oppressed her so.

"Come in," she called to the knock at her door.

The little maid entered.

"Oh, Miss Alice! law, Miss, how beautiful you do look. The gentleman is downstairs and wants to see you immediate, Miss."

The gentleman! Of course she meant Dent. She had a great mind to run down just as she was, to hear if he would echo the little maid's verdict and say that he, too thought her beautiful. The impulse of vanity was not to be resisted, and gathering up her silken skirts she ran lightly down the stairs. The room was in shadow, the large old-fashioned lamp on the table burning dimly, but sitting in a corner on the sofa she saw a man's figure, a man who rose impetuously to his feet as she entered.

With a smile upon her lips and in her eyes, and a bright spot of scarlet in her cheeks, she tripped across the floor and turned the lamp so that its light streamed full upon her, then looked up into Dent's face to see the look of love and admiration gathering there—looked to find it not Dent, but some one who, for a moment, seemed a stranger—some one whose face was bronzed and bearded, but with a strange pallor gathering on it as he looked in vain for the words of love and recognition which did not come—looked from her own paling face, from the dying spots of scarlet in her cheeks, to the token of one which swept the floor in its purity, and the orange flowers she had fastened in her breast. [illegible] John, come home to claim her for his very own. His voice was very [illegible] when he spoke.

[illegible] bride," he said. "Is [illegible]

"Have pity," she [illegible] "Two years [illegible] long while. For six months I had not heard. I thought you were [illegible] and forgotten me."

"Men do not forget," he answered. "We leave that to the women who undo us. Six months! And it seemed to you a long time to wait. Child, do you know what I have endured for the reward of this moment? What was hunger, toil, privation, homesickness to me? I almost welcomed them, for ever behind them all was the thought that all were for you, for the day which was slowly, slowly creeping on, when I might stand before you and say: 'Alice, I have proved my love with a price. You may accept it, darling, without fear. It has been purified through fire.' And when six months ago, my crowning success came, I started in search of you, but the long hardships had done their work. For months I was at Death's door, unable to write, or to let others write. Then, when I grew stronger, I said: 'I will wait until I can go to her.' You were sheltered, cared for, happy. Save I was so mad as to think peaceful for me. I even thanked God that your prayers had restored my life and reason. I am as the man who toiled all his life in search of a glittering diamond, and when at length he picked it up triumphant, he discovered it to be a piece of shining glass."

"John, John! Forgive me," she pleaded, clinging with both hands to his arm, her face upturned in its pale beauty to his. "I loved you then. Believe me, I loved you then."

Through the open window stole her words, paralyzing the form of an unseen listener, who had at that moment appeared upon the scene. What did it mean?

He heard not the man's answering words: "Forgive you? Never!" but saw only his last, mad, passionate embrace as he snatched her unresisting form in his arms and covered her face with kisses which seemed half hatred and half love, then released her and went out into the night.

The next day a little note was put into John Maxwell's hand, and, as he tore it open, the strong man trembled like a child. He had grown calmer since the night previous, though all the joy and lightness had died out of his life.

[illegible]

His own life stretched [illegible] and bleak and desolate before him. For a moment he felt a wild joy that so [illegible] might prove. The next after a brief struggle, his manhood conquered. His revenge should be something nobler than a girl's wrecked life—something which after long and lonely years he might recall without a blush of shame.

Dent Dexter was alone in the cottage he had prepared for his bride, sitting with bowed head, when John Maxwell sought him out. The interview between them was very brief, but for an instant, as they parted, their hands met in a long, silent clasp. One man had given happiness—one had renounced it. So the wedding day was not postponed, but Alice's fingers trembled as she again fastened her wedding dress, and tears dimmed her eyes as she bent to fasten the orange blossoms in her breast on Christmas Eve.

She knew that Dent had taken her back to his heart and home, that somehow all had been explained to him; but quite how it all happened she never knew until, a year later, her husband bent over her where she lay with her baby boy sleeping on her breast and told her all the story, ending with a proud glance at the child.

"He gave us our happiness, darling. We will name our boy after the man who wreaked on us such a revenge."

Goats That Climb Trees.

In the Atlas mountains of northern Africa there are goats which climb trees to browse on the foliage. Some of them have been seen standing erect on the branches thirty feet from the ground, while others were lazily reclining on the boughs gently rocked by the wind.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE IS ON OUR JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE.

Text from Joshua: "Ye Have Not Passed This Way Heretofore"—Opportunities Must Be Taken Advantage Of Now—Necessity for Trust in God.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)

Washington, Dec. 15.—This discourse is a most unusual presentation of things that take place in our lives, and Dr. Talmage pleads for merciful interpretation of human behavior. The text is Joshua iii, 4: "Ye have not passed this way heretofore."

In December, 1885, I waded the river Jordan, and although the current was strong, I was able to bear up against it, but in the time of spring freshet when the snows on Mount Lebanon melt nothing but a miracle would enable anyone to cross the river. It was at the dangerous springtime that Joshua and the officers of his army uttered the words of my text to the people who were in a few hours to cross the Jordan. About that crossing we say but little, because on a previous occasion we discoursed concerning that piling up of the waters into crystal barricade. We only speak of the march to the brink of the river. No stranger thing has ever occurred in all history.

What was truthfully said of the ancient Israelites may be truthfully said of us. We are making our first and last journey through this world. It is possible as some of my good friends believe, that this world will be corrected and improved and purified and floralized and emparadised as to climate and soil and character until it shall become a heaven for the ransomed, but I do not think it. I have an idea that heaven is already built somewhere, the departed from this world not wait until this world is fixed up for saintly and angelic residence. Having once gone out of the world I do not think we will come back except as ministering spirits to help those who remain in the earthly struggle or perhaps to look at the wondrous spectacle of a burning planet.

But leaving that theory aside we are very sure that we are for the first time walking the earthly pilgrimage. "Ye have not passed this way before." Other folks have gone over the same road we are traveling, but it is our first trip. New appearances, new temptations, new sorrows, new joys. That is the reason so many lose their way. They meet some one on the road of life and ask for direction, and wrong direction is given. We have all been perplexed by misdirection after asking the way to some place we wished to visit. Some one said to us: "Take the first road to the right, and having gone a mile on that road, take the first road to the left, and you will soon reach your destination." We took the advice, but our informer forgot a turn in the road or forgot one of the roads leading to the left, and we took the wrong road and were lost in the woods, and night came on and we were put to great irritation and trouble.

The fact is I blame no one for making lifetime mistakes. I pity them instead of blaming them. There are so many wrong roads but only one right one. You cannot in middle life draw upon your youthful experiences for wisdom, for middle life is so entirely different from youth. You cannot in old age draw upon midlife experiences, for the two stages of existence are so diverse. What is wisdom for one man to do would be folly for another to undertake. A man of nerve and pluck is not qualified to advise a man timid and shrinking. An achievement that would be easy for you might be impossible for me. Human advice is ordinarily of little value. Most of the great mistakes that have been made have been made under human advisement.

So, alas, it may be said to every nation: "Ye have not passed this way before." Our own republic is going through novel experiences. Every president, every congress, has new crises to meet and new questions to settle. So prophecies made about conditions in this country fifty years from now may turn out as far untrue as the prophecies made fifty years ago by the greatest of American statesmen when he declared on yonder Capitol hill that it was unwise to think of civilization or prosperity the other side of the Rocky mountains and according to his belief the Pacific coast would be the perpetual abode of barbarians and mountain lions, and we must not think of annexing those forbidding regions.

Many prophecies in regard to our nation failed, and many prophecies concerning its future will fail because it is traveling a new road. The opinion of a Monroe or a Jefferson in the far past is not of as much value as the opinion of our wisest men now. How could men know in 1823 what it would be best for this nation to do in 1901? In all other things the world has advanced. Can it be that in statesmanship it has gone back and that this opening of the twentieth century must consult the opening of the nineteenth century? "Ye have not passed this way before."

Yea, our entire world is on a new pathway. It may be swinging in the same old orbit as when by the hand of the Almighty immensity was sprinkled with worlds, but it has been rocked with earthquakes and scorched with volcanic fires and whelmed with tidal waves and wrought upon by climatic changes, cities sunk and islands lifted and mountains avalanched into valleys. So it is another world than that which was first started in the solar system. Yet it is all the time changing and will keep changing until the hour of its demolition. Of this beautiful world, this lustrous, this glorious world, it may be said, "Ye have not passed this way before."

What is the practical use of this subject? Instead of putting so much stress upon human advice and instead of asking of the past what we ought to do, follow the divine leading as the men of Joshua followed the golden lidded chest of acacia, which was the symbol of the divine presence. Not human, but divine leadership. Joshua not consulting with his colonels and lieutenants, but consulting with God—the God of individuals, the God of nations, the God of worlds.

The Israelites needed to learn the lesson of reverence, as we all need to learn it. Irreverence has cursed all nations, and none more than our own. Irreverence in the use of God's name. Hear you it not on the streets and in social groups, and is not a profane word sometimes thought necessary to point jocosity? Irreverence for the Scriptures, the phraseology of the Bible often introduced into the most frivolous conversation and made mirth provoking. Irreverence for the oath in court-room or custom house or legislative hall by the conventional and mechanical mode of its administration. Irreverence for the holy Sabbath by the way it is broken in pleasurable excursions and carousal. Irreverence on the part of children for their parents, insolence being substituted for obedience. Irreverence for rulers which induces vile cartoons and assassination. Irreverence in church during prayer, measuring off song and sermon by cold, artistic or literary criticism, and in prayer time neither bowing the head nor bending the knee but standing as one does in the presence of earthly rulers, thus showing more respect for a man than to the King of Kings. We ask not for genuflections or circumflexions or prostrations, but when prayer is offered let us either bow the head or bend the knee or let us in some way prove that we are not indifferent.

You will do well to follow the divine leading, as the path you tread now has not yet been trodden. "Ye have not passed this way before." Many of you are suffering from just such annoyances as have not occurred in all your history. There have been meannesses practiced upon you or you have received slights, or you are the subject of misinterpretations or you are in the midst of sore disappointments or there are demands made upon your strength and time such as you can hardly meet, or some physical ailment as saying "woe" to your days of health, or you are under embarrassments that you cannot mention even to nearest friends. You say: "Well, I never saw anything like this. I never expected such treatment as this. I never thought it possible to be placed in such circumstances." And when you say all that you are only translating the words of my text into your own phraseology. If you had suffered something like this before you would have known what to do, but here is a dark movement for which you are not ready.

As you have had no experience of this kind upon which to draw for wisdom and as you cannot tell, state all the circumstances to any human ear, go to God and tell him all about it. He knows already, but it will relieve you and help you if you tell him. That is what he has been doing ever since the world got into trouble by disobedient behavior on the banks of the Euphrates. If in the first chapter of the Bible we see the gate through which the woes of the world entered, in the third chapter of the Bible we see the opening of the gate through which they are to be driven out. Sacrificial lambs foretelling the Lamb of God. Rock-stricken into gushing floods, typical of the fact that the world's thirst is going to be slaked. Pillar of fire hoisted above wilderness march. Star of hope over birthplace in a barn. Sepulchers rent open. Trumpets of deliverance sounded. The Infinite God listening with an ear in which a whisper 10,000 miles away is as audible as thunder.

But follow the ark, and it will lead you to rivers of consolation. You will find that your child has gone into a heaven of children, a land where children are in vast majority, a score of infant souls to one manly or womanly soul, for the vast majority of the race die in infancy. Heaven a great playground for children. Palaces for kings and queens? Oh, yes! But what wide halls of pleasure, what gardens of delight, what raptures such as on earth with ball and kite and hoop they never felt! Let them go, mother. You can trust him in the land of music and flowers. The front door of that eternal home was opened by him who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of heaven." What a time the children have up there! What rounds of gladness! What laughter of eternal glee! Follow the ark, and it will lead you to the crossing into the reunions of the home where you will never part.

As our sorrows are new, our joys are new and all our experiences are new. Our life is one [illegible] of things that we did not know and could not know because we have not passed this way before. We [illegible] ... You have ... gratitude is apt to ... to grind. You ... should do the right thing not with respect to reward of gratitude, but because it is the right thing to do. Many are miserable because they are all the way looking for gratitude which they cannot find. You might as well go down Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, or Broadway, New York, or Tremont street, Boston, your eyes scrutinizing the pavements looking for turquoises and emeralds and rubies. Perhaps you might find them, but there is not much probability that in fifty years you would find one of them.

No one has come to midlife who has not been stung of ingratitude. On the battlefield of Alma in 1854 a wounded Russian was crying in anguish of thirst for water. Captain Eddington of the English army ran to him and gave him drink. As the captain was running to join his regiment the wounded soldier shot him. Almost all languages have proverbs setting forth this perversity. An old proverb says, "If God were to be so complacent as to carry us on his back to Rome, we would not thank him for his pains if he did not also set us down in an easy chair." You will never be happy in this world if you do not do all the good you can and look for no responsive gratitude. The worst enemy you ever had is the man you introduced and favored and helped. But be not disturbed or even irritated. You are no better than your Lord. If the world had any thanks ... at the appreciation of his coming, it would have filled that Bethlehem caravansary with flowers which bloom there clear on into the December month, and Herod, instead of attempting his death, would have sent a chariot to fetch the infant to the palace, and the oyer and terminer of Pilate's courtroom would have pronounced him not guilty, and instead of a cross and a crown of thorns it would have been a coronation, with all the mighty ones of the earth kneeling at the foot of his throne.

Another discovery that surprises us because we had not passed this way before is the fact that if two be in quarrel or in war with each other the one who is the most wrong is the hardest and the slowest to make up.

We talk about the great discoveries of the age, the electric power, the steam power, the telescopic and microscopic power, but do not say anything about the discoveries we all make year by year and day by day. There are surprises all the time. It is a new road we are traveling. We have not passed this way before.

But closely allied to the other fact which we hinted at in the opening, that we will not pass this way again. This is our only opportunity for doing certain things that ought to be done. On all sides there are griefs we ought to solace, hunger we ought to feed, cold that we ought to warm, kind words that we ought to speak, generous deeds we ought to perform. All that you and I do toward making this world better and happier we must do very soon or never do at all. Joshua and his troops never came back over the way they were marching toward the crossing of the Jordan. The impress of the sandal or the bare feet of each soldier showed in what direction he was going, but never did the impress of the sandal of any one of them show that he had returned. We are all facing eternity to come. There is no retreat. Alertness and fidelity would not be so important if we could truthfully say: "I will be back here again. The things I neglect now I will do the next time I come. I will be reincarnated, and I will resume my earthly obligations. Having then more knowledge than I have now, I will discharge my earthly duties better than I can now discharge them." I do not give solemn farewell to these obligations and opportunities, but a smiling and cheery good-by until I see them again." No, we cannot say that. There will be no new and corrected edition of the volume of our earthly life. How many millions of people have lived and died I know not, but of all the human race who have gone only seven persons that I now think of have returned, the son of the widow at Zarephath, the young man of Nain, the ruler's daughter, Tabitha, Eutychus, Lazarus and Christ. Among all the ages to come I do not suppose there will be one more who will return to this life, having once left it.

Lord Bacon said that he who shall discover the way to make myrrh soluble by human blood will discover immortal life on earth, but no such discovery will ever be made. With what suggestive solemnity does this thought charge every hour of our earthly existence. It is said that it is possible to know which way the wind blew at the time of the deluge by the mark of the wave still to be found in the sand, and the direction of our influence however slight will leave a mark that will last forever.

At this point I ask you to notice the fact that my text does not call attention to the crossing of the Jordan, but to the way leading thereto. We all think much of our crossing of the Jordan when the march of our life is ended, but put too little emphasis on the way that leads to the crossing. What you and I need most to care about is the direction of the road we are traveling. We need have no fear of the crossing if we come to it in the right way. In other words, we need not care about death if our life has been what it ought to be. We will die right if we live right.

What an absurdity it would have been for Joshua and his men to have asked each other questions like these: "How can we cross the Jordan if we get there? Will not the water be too deep to allow us to wade? Will we not all be so saturated that we may lose our lives by exposure? How many of us can swim? Had we better not wait until the annual freshet has subsided?" No such folly did they commit. They were anxious chiefly about the way that they had "not passed before" and were vigilant and to keep their eyes on the golden covered acacia box, wing [illegible] ... it was the ark of the covenant.

[illegible] bothering about your exit from earthly scenes? By the grace of God get your heart right and then go ahead. If the Lord takes care of you [illegible] to the bank on this side of the river, I think you can trust him to take you from bank to bank on the other side. Keep your eye on the ark and whatever betides, you will get through all right.

One Easter morning Massena, the marshal of France, appeared with 18,000 armed men on the heights above the town of Feldkirch. There were no arms to defend the town, and the inhabitants were wild with terror. Then the old dean of the church cried out: "My brothers, this is Easter day! We have been depending on our own strength, and that fails. Let us turn to God. Ring the bells and have services as usual." Then the bells rang out sweetly and mightily from the church towers of Feldkirch, and the people thronged to the houses of prayer for worship. The sound of the bells made the enemy think that the Austrian army had come in to save the place, and Massena and his 18,000 soldiers retreated. By the time the bells had stopped ringing there was not one soldier in sight. So put your trust in God, and when hosts of troubles and temptations march for your overthrow, ring all the bells of hope and faith and Christian triumph and the threatening perils of your life will fall back, and your deliverance will be celebrated all up and down the skies. The God who led you through the way you never passed before will be with you at all the crossings.

England spends £8,400,000 a year on her paupers, Scotland £900,000, Ireland £1,400,000, France less than £1,500,000.

UNABLE TO STAND FOR MONTHS BECAUSE OF SPRAINED ANKLES.

Cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

(From the Cardiff Times.)

Among the thousands of voluntary endorsements of the great value of St. Jacob's Oil for sprains, stiffness and soreness, is that of Mrs. G. Thomas, 4 Alexandra Road, Gelli, Ysbrod, near Pontypridd, South Wales, who says:

"It is with great pleasure that I add my willing testimony to the invaluable excellence of your celebrated St. Jacobs Oil, as experienced in my own case. I sprained both my ankles in walking down some steps so severely that I was unable to stand for several months. The pain I suffered was most severe and nothing that I used helped me until I applied St. Jacobs Oil, when they immediately became better daily, and in a short time I was able to go about, and soon after I was quite cured. I am now determined to advise all persons suffering from pains to use this wonderful remedy which did so much for me."

Mrs. Thomas does not enlighten us as to what treatment she pursued during the months she was unable to stand and during which time she was suffering so much, but we venture to suggest that had she called in any well known medical man he would have at once prescribed St. Jacobs Oil, for it has conquered pain upwards of fifty years, and doctors know there is nothing so good. The proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil have been awarded twelve gold medals by different international exhibitions as the premier pain-killing remedy of the world. The committees who made the awards were in each instance composed largely of the most eminent medical men obtainable. Mrs. Thomas evidently did not know the high opinion in which St. Jacobs Oil is held by almost every progressive medical man.

HAS CIVIL WAR RELIC.

Oilcloth Stained with the Blood of Col. Ellsworth.

In the possession of John R. Grubbs, 5314 Ogden street, Philadelphia, a veteran of the civil war, is a piece of oilcloth which is highly prized as a memento of the civil war. It is stained with the life blood of Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, who commanded the famous zouave regiment.

Colonel Ellsworth's death occurred on the afternoon of May 24, 1861. The Union troops had forced the rebels to abandon Alexandria, Va. Colonel Ellsworth was ordered to proceed to the telegraph office and cut the wires. On his way he discovered a Confederate flag flying from a pole on the roof of the Marshall House, then the largest hotel in Alexandria.

In company with the chaplain and four privates he entered the house and cut down the flag. While the colonel and his party were on the way downstairs, Jackson, the proprietor of the hotel, raised a shotgun and discharged both barrels. Colonel Ellsworth fell headforemost to the landing below, and lay dead upon the oilcloth. Private Brownell sent a bullet through Jackson's skull.

William Grubb was in company C, of the Fourth New Jersey volunteers, known as the Stockton cadets. Several other surviving members of that company, who now live in Philadelphia, remember this incident. Soon after Colonel Ellsworth had been shot the battalion to which Grubb's company was attached was ordered to occupy the hotel. The men cut to pieces the oilcloth upon which Colonel Ellsworth had died. It was then wet with his blood and every man in the company secured a piece, but Mr. Grubbs believes he was the only man who saved the souvenir. Several times he has been offered a good-sized sum of money for it, but each time has refused to sell it.

The zouave regiment was formed two years before the war began by Colonel Ellsworth in Chicago.

Punjabs and Germans Fight.

A sentry belonging to an Indian regiment stationed at Tien-Tsin, China, ran amuck and killed two of his comrades. A company of Punjab infantry was at once ordered out to secure him. In the meantime the sentry had been shot by German troops, who then opened fire on the Punjabs. A free fight ensued, as a result of which three German privates were killed and a German officer mortally wounded, while three of the Indian troops were killed and several were wounded. The German troops have been confined to their barracks until further orders.

New Cure for Rheumatism.

Hester, Mo., Dec. 16.—An unusual case which has recently come to light here is exciting the keenest interest among medical men. Mrs. Ellenor Guardhouse suffered for over forty years with Sciatic Rheumatism so severely and so constantly that her case has been regarded as chronic and absolutely incurable. At times the pain was almost unbearable and she could not rest day or night.

Some months ago she was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy recently introduced in this neighborhood. The immediate results were magical and she continued till she had taken eight boxes, and now she declares she has not an ache or pain left. She believes that she is completely and permanently cured and as she has not used the pills for some months and is to-day in the best of health the doctors who were at first sceptical are amazed.

Justice Kills Clergyman.

Brookside, Ala., Dispatch: The Rev. J. W. Bradford, Methodist minister at this place, was shot by R. D. Coffman, justice of the peace, at 5 o'clock p. m., and died two hours later. Coffman was standing in Bradford's doorway and fired two shots, both taking effect in the head. There were no witnesses to the tragedy. The Rev. Bradford had been returned here as the Methodist minister for another year. Coffman was once a member of the Rev. Mr. Bradford's church, but had been expelled.

THE HANDSOMEST CALENDAR

of the season (in ten colors) six beautiful heads on six sheets, 10x12 inches, reproductions of paintings by Moran, issued by General Passenger Department, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

ST. PAUL ROAD GETS BIG ENGINES.

Largest Ones Ever Built to Be Used in Fast Passenger Runs.

Larger Trains and Quick Schedules Are Expected to Be the Ultimate Result.

Several of what are claimed to be the largest locomotives ever constructed were received by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road yesterday. In these days of large engines each fresh consignment received by a railroad during the past year or two has had the distinction of being the largest. While these monster locomotives have in a way ceased to excite surprise, those just received by the St. Paul road are remarkable in their dimensions. For example, the diameter of the driving wheels is eighty-four and one-fourth inches, or one-fourth of an inch over seven feet.

Following is a technical description of the new giants:

Diameter of driving wheels, 84¼ inches.

Diameter of compound cylinders, 20 and 13 inches.

Stroke of cylinders, 28 inches.

Total length of engine, 68 feet 11 inches.

Steam capacity of boiler, 200 pounds.

Fire box, 8 feet 8 inches by 5 feet 5 inches.

Number of flues in boiler, 350.

Heating surface, 3,215 square feet.

Capacity of tender, 18,000 pounds of coal and 7,000 gallons of water.

Thinks Fast Time Possible.

General Passenger Agent Miller of the St. Paul is enthusiastic over the new engines, alleging that they will tend to revolutionize schedules and power. He says they will be capable of hauling fourteen or fifteen heavily loaded coaches or sleepers sixty miles an hour. Grades will be little or no obstruction to the leviathans.

The locomotives will be put in service on the limited trains between Chicago and Milwaukee and between Chicago and Omaha.

Engine Wrecks a Trolley Car.

A northbound Toledo & Ohio Central passenger train ran into an electric car on the Toledo, Fostoria & Findlay road at the Center street crossing, Findlay, completely wrecking the car. There were no fatalities. All of the passengers jumped before the engine struck the car, which was thrown fifty feet from the track.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING.

The best way to advertise is just to advertise. Get at it with a view to having the people know what you most desire to sell, and incidentally letting them know that the specified items do not represent your full stock. Say interesting things about interesting goods and have the goods to talk.

Men talk of the secret of successful advertising, but it is all very plain. The essentials are to offer what people want, at fair prices, and to offer it in a way that will make readers know they want it. The art in writing an advertisement is to speak as the interested and well-informed merchant would speak to a prospective customer.

The mere appearance of a business man's name and address in every issue of a leading newspaper will do work to increase his trade. Every business man, however, is able to give facts about his establishment which will encourage people to deal with him. To state such facts clearly in a newspaper is the principal secret of successful advertising.

The idea that it takes a number of impressions to make the average advertisement effective is not new. Forty years ago an English advertiser said to the publisher of the Cornhill Magazine: "We don't consider that an advertisement seen for the first time by a reader is worth much. The second time it counts for something. The third time the reader's attention is arrested; the fourth time he reads it through and thinks about it, the fifth makes a purchaser of him. It takes time to soak in."

The work of installing the new beet sugar factory at Croswell has been commenced. The company will grow its own beet seed.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Some girls who profess to be highly educated have merely been immersed in a weak solution of accomplishments.

Wish All a Merry Christmas!

And tell them of Garfield Tea, which cures Indigestion and liver disorders and insures the return of many Happy Christmas Dinners by removing the cause of dyspepsia and ill health.

Don't deposit a gift in a Bank of Gratitude and expect 20 per cent interest on it all the year round.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are the brightest, fastest and easiest to use. Sold by druggists, 10c. per package.

It is reported that a branch of Dowie's Zion will be started in Grand Haven soon.

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES.

Russ Bleaching Blue does the best work. All good grocers. 5c. Avoid cheap imitations.

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, but it's a poorer one that won't work at all.

Matt J. Johnson's 6088

is a guaranteed cure for rheumatism. Insist on getting the genuine.

Don't think it's what a man has that makes him contented—it's what he doesn't want.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Don't overlook a real friend and hunt up a hash friend instead.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Don't give a Christmas present grudgingly.

BE MEN. Zookizoo, the great invigorator, acts at once. Sent for $1; postage paid. Address Zooki Co., 1:01 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.

Don't go in debt for Christmas presents.