

and the experiences of men to-day spiritual and unspiritual alike is the reflex and the expression of the undoubted truth that the Christ behind it is living still.—R. J. Campbell.

LIVING DEATH FOR BRIDE AND GROOM

CURSE OF A LEPER'S SKULL FALLS ON YOUNG COUPLE.

TRAGEDY OF LOVE AND WAR

American Soldier and His Pretty Filipino Wife Will Spend Their Remaining Days on Island Inhabited by Victims.

Chicago.—A strange and gruesome tragedy of love and war, as it entered into the life of Philip J. Allingdean, a young American soldier, is related by Capt. Edward H. White, who returned to Chicago recently after five years' military service in the Philippines.

"Phil was one of the most daring and dashing boys that wore Uncle Sam's uniform in the archipelago," said Capt. White. "After some hard fighting we were one day resting near an abandoned burying ground. Phil picked up one of those bleached, homeless skulls, thrown upon the ground near the cemetery, made the inevitable quotation from Shakespeare, and, in cautious exuberance, began to laugh and crack jokes. Suddenly a Spanish soldier, whom we had released from the natives, became excited and horror-stricken. This Spaniard could speak tolerable English.

"Drop it, snor, drop it; what you do is evil. It is unlucky; O, so unlucky to handle a leper's skull and to laugh. Alajo, carramba—porque esta muy mala."

"Unlike the other skulls, this one showed a kind of roughness, a feather sloughing off of the bone. Phil dropped the horrible thing in double quick time.

"But we had small time to bother about omens or superstition of any kind, and we continued our march. The natives in general, men, women and children, fled at our approach into the woods and thickets, whence it took some pains to coax them back again, for the Spaniards had given them a most uncomplimentary account of us, painting us as ferocious monsters. Sometimes the retreating enemy would line up and show fight, usually with disastrous results to themselves; for their white garments against the green background made them easy marks for our sharpshooters, and they fell in rows.

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"At the close of one hotly contested action we found a young woman lying amid a row of slain, a beautiful mestizo girl, who had fainted on the corpse of her brother, a young officer, killed in the engagement. On our approach she recovered consciousness and regarded us with looks of horror, then frantically sought to recall her dead brother to life. It was a sad scene, many of the men were deeply moved, and the girl's beauty and distress seemed to make a special impression on Sergt. Phil Allingdean. That evening some of her friends ventured within our lines, and the body of the young mestizo here was interred in the jungle.

"Besides being beautiful, the girl was intelligent, and also well educated. Her home, which was large and comfortable, was only a short distance from the scene of fight, and there, when we pushed on, a small guard was left under charge of Sergt. Allingdean. It was the last I saw of the sergeant for three years.

"There is no need to tell how, in pursuance of some mysterious military tactics, we received orders to evacuate the towns we had taken at the cost of some lives and many wounds (towns which had to be retaken afterwards at cost of a great many more lives and wounds)—and retire to Calamao, to join the large column.

"One day, walking on the Luneta at Manila, to my surprise and pleasure I met Sergt. Allingdean with a fine young woman, whom he introduced as his wife. She was the former mestizo girl. They had been married nearly a year, living happily in the hill country north of Manila amid groves of bamboo and coconuts, enjoying the brimming measure of domestic happiness in the tropics. Of late, however, the wife had displayed some symptoms of illness, and her devoted husband had taken her to the big city to consult a leading physician. I wished them all happiness, and they went on their way.

"Two hours later Allingdean called

on me at my quarters. I was appalled at the sudden change in the man. He was haggard and trembling, wilted and collapsed. I asked him what had happened, but for minutes his emotion kept him speechless, as between great sobs he endeavored to speak.

"My wife—a leper," were the words I at length distinguished, and I felt a thrill of horror at mention of the terrible disease. There flashed on me the memory of the heap of skulls in the Philippine cemetery, of Allingdean's act, and the Spaniard's warning. "Alajo, poor Yorick, I knew thee well," someone had quoted. Poor fellow, I thought, he found a Yorick that now he knows with a vengeance. But I dismissed the matter from my mind as a stupid fancy and a mere coincidence.

"They have taken her away from me," he moaned; "they have shut her up in the pesthouse, Saint Lazar hospital, to be sent to the leper island Culion. We are to be parted forever, unless I have the disease developing in myself, as they tell me I may have, and," he cried, desperately, "as I hope I have."

"In vain I tried to console him. The man's sorrow was deep, and deeper yet next day, when his wife, apparently a picture of health and strength, was conducted on the ship that was to bear her to the leper colony, that dreadful place of living death, from which none return.

It was not their last parting, however. Since returning home I have heard that Allingdean, having betrayed unmistakable symptoms of the disease, has gone to join his wife on the leper's island."

WEAR BATHING SUITS FAR FROM THE SURF.

Lawn Sprinkler Played the Part of Neptune at a Novel Ninety-Six Degree Party.

New York.—Bathing suits filled with pretty girls, on a lawn with not a grain of sea sand nor a drop of sea water nearer than the ocean—that made commuters sit up and take notice.

It was at an informal lawn party at the home of John Dorhandt, on South street, Jersey City Heights, one night recently, "Is it hot enough?" had about been exhausted as a bright saying.

"The happiest people in this kind of weather are the children on the East side of New York," said one guest. "In warm weather they stand out in the street and have water played or them from a hose."

"That's almost as good as a swim," said a young woman.

"I wouldn't mind having a hose played on me for awhile," said another. "But what would people say?" suggested another.

"Oh, bother what people would say,"

The Rule Didn't Work. Fair Girl Graduate—I have an essay to write. I do so wish you'd give me a few pointers.

Eminent Editor—The first thing is to get full of your subject.

Fair Girl Graduate (doubtfully)—Yes!

Eminent Editor—If you fairly saturate yourself with it, the essay will, so to speak, write itself.

Fair Girl Graduate—I'm afraid it wouldn't.

Eminent Editor—What have you to write about?

Fair Girl Graduate—Alcohol: in Health and Disease.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SECOND STAIN.

CONTINUED FROM 6TH PAGE.

"Mr. Holmes!"

"If it had it would certainly have been public by now."

"But why should any one take it in order to keep it in this house?"

"I am not convinced that any one did take it."

"Then how could it leave the dispatch box?"

"I am not convinced that it ever did leave the dispatch box."

"Mr. Holmes, this joking is very ill timed. You have my assurance that it left the box."

"Have you examined the box since Tuesday morning?"

"No. It may conceivably have overlooked it."

"Impossible, I say."

"But I am not convinced of it. I have known such things to happen. I presume there are other papers there. Well, it may have got mixed with them."

"It was on the top."

"Some one may have shaken the box and displaced it."

"No, no; I had everything out."

"Surely it is easily decided, Hope," said the premier. "Let us have the dispatch box brought in."

Fill this pen full of straw and let the stock eat what they want from it—Farm and Home.

TO LEAD THE COW.

How It May Be Tied to the Side of the Wagon So as to Avoid Dragging Behind.

To lead a cow, have two ropes, a and b, fastened to wagon as shown in cut, and tie these to her halter. If she jumps ahead, it will only help pull. The driver can sit in the back of wagon and with a whip touch her lightly when she tries to stop. I have led many cows this way and had no trouble.—Farm and Home.



The Whole Milk Creamery.

The creamery that uses whole milk still has the advantage over every other kind of creamery in being able to control, to a considerable extent, the quality of the material out of which butter is to be made. This is of greatest importance in the summer time when cream is likely to be too acid at time of churning. The gathered cream is more often too acid than the cream that is taken from whole milk in the creamery. It is the butter made by the whole milk creamery that generally scores the highest in the markets, though here and there are to be found establishments making good butter from gathered cream.—Farmers Review.

A Link That Binds.

The silo is the link that binds our seasons of grass together and makes it possible to keep up the supply of succulents, even though we have severe droughts and short pastures. So well is this known to dairymen, that many have ceased to depend on the grasses and draw the supply of succulent food from the silo at a saving of dollars and the amount of land necessary to maintain their herds, at the same time making the yield from their herds more uniform.

Color in Butter.

The coloring matter of milk is not necessarily associated with the butter fat, so that the richness of color does not always indicate the proportion of butter fat. Without some accurate means, such as the Babcock test, for determining the quality of the milk from each cow, a dairyman can never be sure as to which are his best and which his poorest cows.

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RELIGIOUS MATTERS

SAURDAY, SEPT. 30TH, 1905.

COMPARING GOOD AND BAD

A Little Figuring That May Surprise and Please You When "Down in the Dumps."

When we sit under the juniper tree and imagine that the world has all gone wrong and that we might as well just give up and die, suppose we take our pencil and tablet and do a little figuring. Suppose we examine our lives in all their lights and shades. Let us think of the many good things that we have seen and heard; the things that have been pleasant and lovely in our lives; the mercies and favors of every day; the breath we have breathed, the clothes we have worn, the slumbers we have enjoyed, the food we have eaten, the friends we have known, the thousand and one blessings which, because so common we think of so little.

Then let us write down the advantages of schools and what they have done for us; churches, and the good they have been to us; books and how they have enlightened us. Let us put down all we can think of that has been pleasant in our lives. Take a day, a week, a year, if need be, then draw a line under the column and add it up. Over against it set down all the mean things we have heard or said; all the unpleasant and sad things; all the dark things and the perplexing; anything that has made the hours of life less hopeful or filled them with less cheer—the crooked things, the hateful things, the vile, the abominable and the wicked things, set them all down, then add them up and see how few they are as compared with those of the happier column. Compare one list with the other and we will be compelled to add one more item to the disreputable column, and that is, our ingratitude for all the abounding and manifold mercies of God. If there are advertisements in our lives, and our Heavenly Father knows there are, let us not shut all the doors, pull down the shades and lament that there is no good on earth. But kindly remember in our grief that the whole world is full of the glory of God and His presence is a guarantee that we shall have our share of it.—United Presbyterian.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

A man shows his real self in the way he treats a child.—Ram's Horn.

There is nothing in all the world more interesting than a boy.—United Presbyterian.

There is no better way to show our trust than to busy ourselves with the things He asks us to do.—Maitland D. Babcock.

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger.—Phillips Brooks.

Tears are the dew on the flower of the skies called hope. Weep, my son, but hope, dare to hope. Hoping is the finest sort of courage, and you can never have enough of it. It is not possible to expect too much of God; every anticipation will be infinitely surpassed.—Charles Wagner.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—Canon Farrar.

The only wealth is life; the only way to make the best of this world is to make the best of the other. For the two are one. The highest gleams ever through this lower. The pilgrim to the better country is the man who, living or dying, knows the bliss of perpetual youth.—J. Krierley.

The best things are nearest—breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.—Impressions.

"One great value of thinking about others is that we thereby get a rest from thinking about ourselves, which is the chief cause of personal unhappiness. The less a man thinks about himself, the happier, mathematically and inevitably, he is bound to be. To love somebody, to help somebody, even to worry over somebody, is a far more cheerful business than to be shut up to 'His Majesty, myself.' Selfishness always means unhappiness."

Ye Shall Live Also.

Can you affirm the fact of Christ? If so, you have everything. It is unreasonable to suppose that Christ is not of immortal. He is not less in Heaven than He was on earth; it is not rational to suppose that the fact of Christ means less in Heaven than it means on earth, and means now. Indeed, its power on earth is only the effect and result of its power in Heaven. Do you not think that the name of Jesus would have been dead and buried long ago but for one thing—He is not dead? The fact of Christ and its importance in the testimonies



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HE TURNED THE NOSE ON THEM.

answered the girl in the white or gandie.

"Let's do it, girls," said the girl in the white linen suit.

"But you're all afraid," taunted the young man with white shoes.

"Not enough that you can tell it," chorused they all. "We'll put on the bathing suits if you turn the water on us."

In a few minutes half a dozen or more young women appeared from Mr. Dorhandt's house wearing bathing suits.

Mr. White Shoes coupled up the hose and for half an hour he played it on the young women, who seemed to enjoy it. There were "Ohs" and "Ahs" when the cold water first struck them but not one quit.

Before it was over a crowd had gathered in front of Mr. Dorhandt's house.

"It was a jolly lark, and I'm not afraid to do it again," the girl in the blue bathing suit with red facing said a few days later. "Girls wear bathing suits at the seashore, and why can't we wear them on the Heights if we want to?"

Snake Under Girl's Pillow. Gettysburg, Pa.—While Miss Margaret Deardorf was making up her brother's bed a large black snake crawled out from under the pillow and coiled itself around her right arm. The terrified girl attempted to tear the snake away with her left hand but in an instant the writhing coils of the reptile had circled her left wrist also. Screaming for help, she ran from the house into the garden, where her brother was working. Mr. Deardorf could not kill the snake with a club for fear of hurting his sister, but he cut off its head with a knife.

STACKING STRAW IN YARD.

Convenient Feed-Back from Which the Stock May Help Themselves as They Want It.

Where one has a large amount of straw to be worked up into manure the cut shows a convenient way to feed it out in the yard. It is simply a small pen six or seven feet square. Set four strong posts into ground and nail two good boards on each side, or better still use 2x6 or 2x8-inch stuff in place of boards.



THE END.