

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HOSTS

Detroit Has Made Elaborate Preparations to Entertain the Visitors at the Convention.

DETROIT, June 16.—Independence day '99 will find Detroit arrayed in gala attire for a double purpose. Besides the usual accompaniments of the nation's birthday, the streets and buildings will be gay with streamers, flags and bunting in honor of the Christian Endeavor hosts, who will be the city's guests for the week following the Fourth of July.

Recent canvasses of the city demoted that all the expected visitors can be cared for, and the C. E.'s world's membership of 3,500,000 is expected to be represented in Detroit by some 30,000 Endeavorers. Arrangements have been made to meet every incoming train 50 miles from the city and care promptly for the arriving delegations. The ground selected for the main convention gatherings is in a large level space bounded by Cass, Kirby, Second and Holden avenues. It is surrounded by a fine residence section. Here will be pitched Tent Endeavorer and Tent Williston, each 261 by 181 feet in size. Adjoining these will be information, bicycle, hospital and press tents, with restaurants, refreshment refreshment tents, surrounding the outer sides.

The program generally speaking will be "quiet hour" in the light guard armory at 8:30 each morning by Rev. W. W. Chapman, D. D. of New York; main meetings of the day simultaneously in the two big tents from 10 o'clock till noon; the afternoon to be chiefly devoted to meetings in churches and halls throughout the city, devoted to denominational conferences, pastors' meetings, prayer, charitable and other branches of the work, state and national Sunday school conferences, etc. Nightly meetings will be held in the big tents, addressed by many distinguished religious orators.

On Sunday evening, 26 consociation meetings will be held in as many churches. A feature of convention week will be a great outdoor "international peace and arbitration" meeting, Saturday afternoon, on Belle Isle, to be addressed by American and foreign speakers.

PLUNGE INTO INFERNO.

A Miner Goes Over the Precipice Into Death Valley.

WEIRD PANORAMA OF A BUSY LIFE

Clutching Wildly For Cactus and Rocks on a Barren Slope—It Must Be Providence That Watches Over Prospectors.

King is a typical California miner, says the San Francisco Call, and does not seem much the worse for his experiences. But he admits that his nerves are pretty well shaken, and he affirms most solemnly that he would not go through the same thing again for all the wealth of Guzerat or Golconda.

"One blazing hot day," says King, "I left my camp in Pleasant canyon, where the big ledges are to be found. "After climbing the back of that immense ridge which lends by a series of broken dikes and rugged vents almost to the foot of Telescope peak, that giant King is a typical California miner, says the San Francisco Call, and does not seem much the worse for his experiences. But he admits that his nerves are pretty well shaken, and he affirms most solemnly that he would not go through the same thing again for all the wealth of Guzerat or Golconda.

A SERIOUS APPRENTICESHIP.

A Story of Simple Love Between Two Lowly People.

One morning I was called to the study to see several foreigners with whom Randall was talking. One was a Swede who knew little German and less English. With my assistance we managed to understand that the couple he had brought in were recent immigrants and the conversation of the party wanted a place in some one's household for the girl.

The couple stood modestly waiting, side by side. It was already cold weather, and the woman had a cheap plaid shawl over her head, a bright ribbon tied around it to form a hood. I spoke to her in a kind voice, and she looked me full in the face with the bluest pair of eyes I had ever seen.

The two were lovers from the extreme northern part of Sweden. They were the children of fisher folk, poor. They had despised of marriage at home, but one day walked away together, reached a seaport town, and there both, with hard labor had earned enough money to come across the ocean. The interpreter was a foreigner. He was also poor and had a family.

Magnus has a place in the railroad yards," explained the cousin. "He lives with me. She lives with you. After while they have money and they get married. I should come to us. The lover was to bring her chest from the railroad station at once. It arrived in an hour, a huge trunk, and a small chest, addressed to Magnus, and without apparent effort. She helped him take it up stairs, then the two said farewell in my presence.

Christina had removed her shawl and coat, and was sitting on the kitchen table, eating a slice of cake. Her skin was white as milk, and on each cheek burned a spot that was like a pink rose. When she saw that her lover must go, she took up the trunk and, with her hands and feet, she turned away to see, a haunting look of pain in her blue eyes.

I was therefore left with a maid who could not understand a word said or reply to me. I pass over the trials of the next few days, an intense patient because so many allies that no one knows precisely what was his real name. His success was due to his marvelous skill in secretly marking the cards with his nails, and his expertness in reading the cards and his own. During one Atlantic trip he fleeced three young men of an aggregate sum of nearly \$25,000, and on another occasion, when passing as a British army officer, he succeeded, without arousing any suspicion, in cheating one of our congressmen of a considerable larger sum.

One difficulty which the single handed sharper has occasionally to face is the presence on board of a rival sharper who he did not recognize or suspect, and this generally means bad times for both, and sometimes great amusement to those passengers who care to watch the card play.

A DAYTON LADY

Offers Some Valuable Advice—Every Reader Interested.

Perhaps the reader is a "Doubting Thomas" for Akron is full of them. Doubt, as a rule, leads to investigation, and as "Doubting Thomas" will not accept as facts a long statement giving particulars of some incredible cure on the other side of the continent, he is asked to investigate the following testimony of a local citizen:

Mrs. K. Emmel, of 808 Cross st., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills did me much good by relieving me of symptoms of kidney disorder such as lameness in my back and depressing headaches through my forehead and temples which came on by spells. My back pained me so that I could not lie in bed and when I arose I was but little better. In the mornings it seemed as if I could not do my household work, I was miserable. Procuring Doan's Kidney Pills from Lamparter & Co's drug store, they were stopped the headaches, banished the backache and the acute lameness in my joints soon left me. Doan's Kidney Pills are a reliable remedy and I do not know of a single case where they have failed. My husband used them, obtaining prompt and effective relief."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers, price 50 cents per box, or sent by mail upon receipt of price. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents for the West. Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

HOW UNCLE SCIPPIO TESTED A BIG SHELL.

By Wallace P. Reed.

It was a sultry day in August during the siege of Atlanta. Sherman's guns were throwing shells into the city.

"That 24 pounder," said a one legged veteran of the Mexican war, "which you have just picked up and carried into camp, has no business there. Some fool will tamper with it, and then there will be an explosion."

The merchant promised to have it carried off and immediately called an old negro who was working in the rear of the store.

"Uncle Scipio," he said, "take this thing to Captain Jones at the pistol factory. Tell him that I have to go. He will know what to do with it. Be careful now. If you drop it or hit that cap, you will be a dead nigger."

Scipio listened with a broad grin on his black face.

"Shucks, Mars Bill," was his quick response. "I ain't easily scared by a little thing like that. I'll tote it all right."

He stooped and tried lustily with one hand to pick up the shell.

"Hi," he exclaimed, "but it's heavy! Must be nailed to the floor."

"Take good hold with both hands," commanded his master. "Hold it close, and if you value your life don't drop it or run against anything."

With a bewildered look the negro took the shell and hugging it closely to his breast, started off to have to do with it.

"That's right," said the man with the wooden leg, "don't let any of them stay around here. They are liable at any time to receive a blow that will explode them."

Just then the merchant appeared still hugging his iron burden.

"Mars Bill," he began.

"You black rascal!" yelled the merchant. "Don't you come back here. Take it over to Captain Jones and give him my message."

"Yassir," replied the old darky, "but you see, Mars Bill, I met Tom out here, and Tom says that I have to do to take the cap and dig out the powder. Lemme have a hammer, and I'll fix it."

He looked around the store, evidently in search of a hammer or a hatchet.

"As I am a little man, I have made myself ridiculous in public," Boston Transcript.

"I'll take my leave right now."

He hobbled down the street, and two or three others followed at a rapid pace.

"Scipio," said his master, "you're a fool. If that thing bursts, it will kill every one of us. Do as I told you, and take it to the factory."

But Uncle Scipio was a good old country negro who had been a pet in his master's family for two generations. He was not afraid of his master, and he could not be induced to give up his project.

For a moment the merchant was tempted to knock him down, but as that would cause the shell to fall with enough force to explode it, the idea was quickly given up.

The longers in the store darted out in every direction, leaving Scipio, his master and two frightened clerks.

"Keep perfectly still, Scipio," pleaded the merchant. "Don't move an inch, and hold that thing. Now, Scipio, you plant that nigger don't understand these things. The cap on that shell will explode if anything strikes it, and it will kill all of us and take down this house. Take it to Captain Jones, and when you come back I'll give you a dram."

But the petted and spoiled family servant was used to having his own way, and he paid no attention to his young master's laughing with the glee of a child over a new toy, the innocent dandy picked up a hammer, and taking a seat on a box, he placed the shell between his knees with the cap uppermost.

"Tom told me all about it," he said glibly, "and Tom knows. I'll get the powder out, Mars Bill. You just watch me."

He adjusted the shell and then raised the hammer, talking all the while, as he made his preparations.

The proprietor of the little store fled through the front door and did not stop until he found himself in a safe shelter in the next block.

The two clerks were afraid to make a rush for the front, as they would have to pass the amiable fellow with the shell.

In the twinkling of an eye they made their way to the rear, tumbled through the window and crawled into the cellar of the next building.

These movements were executed with almost lightninglike rapidity.

The frightened merchant and his clerks were not a moment too soon. The delay of even a half minute might have proved fatal.

Before they had recovered their breath they heard a deafening explosion and a shower of flying fragments rattled against their place of refuge.

When they reached the scene, they hardly recognized the place. The little one story brick store had disappeared, leaving a smoking wreck where it had stood. Two of the adjoining buildings were badly damaged and a man in the street had been killed by a piece of the destructive 24 pounder.

About that time the Federal batteries resumed the bombardment and the rains of the store were not exploded until the following day.

Uncle Scipio's master was never quite the same again.

CASPAR ZINTEL

Manufacturer of all kinds of brushes. Orders promptly attended to. 180 MILL STREET. AKRON, O.

NOTICE.
All Drugs, Prescriptions, Fancy Articles and Cigars come to the
New Drug Store
At No. 1123 S. Main st., Tel. 1372
ROSS BALVEAT, Proprietor.

CUTTING SCHOOL REOPENED
Mrs. E. C. Gingell has reopened her Cutting and Dressmaking School and will teach one of the latest systems. She is located at 408 Everett block, where she will be pleased to see all former patrons.

The Economy 3c Lunch Room
No. 1914 South Howard st.
Serves the best Java and Mocha Coffee with cream for 3c
Also a full stock of Imported and Domestic Cigars, Tobaccos and Cigarettes.
Sam C. Whitlaw

PENNYROYAL PILLS
Original and Only Genuine
Prepared by Dr. J. C. DeWitt, a Physician of the highest standing in the world. Sold in all drug stores, and by mail. Price 25 cents per box. Beware of cheap imitations. All Druggists, or send 2c for a free trial box. Write to Dr. J. C. DeWitt, 26 West Broadway, N. Y. City. "Pills for Ladies" is a reliable remedy for all ailments of the female system. It is a safe and effective remedy for all ailments of the female system. It is a safe and effective remedy for all ailments of the female system.

PURE REFINED PARAFFINE
MANUFACTURED BY STANDARD OIL COMPANY

A PRODUCT OF PETROLEUM.
CLEAN, PURE, TASTELESS AND ODORLESS.
Put up in One Pound Cakes.

USED EXTENSIVELY
for many purposes, a few of which are: Preserving Jellies, Pickles, Catsup and Fruit, Sealing Bottles, Polishing Floors, Laundry Purposes, Coating all sorts of Packages to make them Air Tight, preventing Evaporation, Leakage, Absorption, &c.

FULL DIRECTIONS WITH EACH CAKE.
Ask your Storekeeper for
PURE REFINED PARAFFINE WAX.

Summer Tourist Tickets

Via Great Lakes now on sale. For tickets and full information see C. D. Honold, Union, depot, agent D. & C. St. C. Co., C. & B. line, Anchor line, Merchants' line, Northern Transit Co., Northern Steamship Co.

Lake Brady.
Eric trains 12, 4 and 6 stop at Lake Brady daily. 60 cents round trip. Nos. 12 and 3 will make the spot Sundays until Sept. 3. 40 cents round trip Saturday, June 10.

FIGHTING IN SERBIA.

Albanians and Turks Attack Villages. Number Reported Killed.

BELGRADE, June 16.—A number of Albanian bands, assisted by 2,000 Turkish regular troops, are reported to have attacked a number of Serbian villages in the Jambouk district. It is added that during the fighting a large number of men were killed and wounded on both sides.

The Turks, it is pointed out, being in superior force overpowered the frontier guards and now blockade three villages. A force of Serbian regular troops has been sent to the scene of the conflict with orders to expel the invaders.

ASTOWAY SLEUTH

ODD VOCATION OF AN OLD SAN FRANCISCO BOATMAN.

He Hunts His Prey to Water Instead of Earth—How the Stowaways Got Aboard Ship and How They Generally Come to Grief.

Down by the city's sea wall a queer man pursues a queer vocation. He is a water front "character," and his business is the sleuthing of stowaways. He doesn't run his prey to earth, however, after the manner of other hunters of human game. He runs it to water.

This weather hardened, wrinkled man is at once the terror and the friend of the man who would be stowaway. He is known as Captain Jack, but his name has half a dozen variations, all of which smack of the salt, sand sea. There are some of his aliases: Wharf Rat, Water Fowl, Sea Dog, Whaler, Old Man Jack and The Boatman.

His stock in trade consists of his shrewdness in "spotting a stow" and a battered but seaworthy old boat which rides the water by night and day through successive seasons. The town's attractions do not lure him from his long accustomed haunts among the masts, rigging, beams and piles, sails, ropes, strung and multitudinous varieties of merchandise that crowd the bay's edge.

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"Others, though, wait till the last minute, then come hustlin' along as if they was too rushed to buy a ticket or as if they had one in their pocket. Why, I've even been asked by 'em to row 'em out into the stream. If a skinner happens to be good natured, he'll slack up an take passengers aboard. An' after all that bother I've had to bring 'em back again, for nary a red did they have."

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He Hunts His Prey to Water Instead of Earth—How the Stowaways Got Aboard Ship and How They Generally Come to Grief.

Down by the city's sea wall a queer man pursues a queer vocation. He is a water front "character," and his business is the sleuthing of stowaways. He doesn't run his prey to earth, however, after the manner of other hunters of human game. He runs it to water.

This weather hardened, wrinkled man is at once the terror and the friend of the man who would be stowaway. He is known as Captain Jack, but his name has half a dozen variations, all of which smack of the salt, sand sea. There are some of his aliases: Wharf Rat, Water Fowl, Sea Dog, Whaler, Old Man Jack and The Boatman.

His stock in trade consists of his shrewdness in "spotting a stow" and a battered but seaworthy old boat which rides the water by night and day through successive seasons. The town's attractions do not lure him from his long accustomed haunts among the masts, rigging, beams and piles, sails, ropes, strung and multitudinous varieties of merchandise that crowd the bay's edge.

Captain Jack came out of his seashell of reserve long enough the other day to tell a bit of what he knows about that venturesome creature of chance, the stowaway, who would find voyage out of port without the previous consent of the paying passenger privileges.

"I've been in this business a long time," he said, "and I can generally spot a stow."

"Different ones had different methods. Some hangs round the docks before a ship sails, offering to lend a hand, or proposes to work passage somewhere. When they find this don't go the way they want it, they commence to talk big—inquire 'bout sea weather, the cost of a cruise, the time it takes to get to the islands or Alaska or Panama. They're always just-a-goin' to make the trip. But they're something so hungry a homestead about 'em that 'em that gives 'em dead away—leastways it does to a person who's spent a good many years studyin' their kind."

"Others, though, wait till the last minute, then come hustlin' along as if they was too rushed to buy a ticket or as if they had one in their pocket. Why, I've even been asked by 'em to row 'em out into the stream. If a skinner happens to be good natured, he'll slack up an take passengers aboard. An' after all that bother I've had to bring 'em back again, for nary a red did they have."

"This class of deadheads is generally supplied with clothes, gripcases, hatboxes, camera trunks, canes, umbrellas, cameras, fobbin' chains an' sometimes a few dollars."

"Not a valet?"

"Sure, that's what we sailors call 'em on a terrible lot of 'em. Them's the fellows that always has friends 'mong gignors, rajahs, lords, dukes an' consuls, an' likewise money to burn. They'll cross the water sooner 'wheres. I don't mind the men, but I hate to tackle a woman."

"Women stowaways?"

"Sure. When the Klondike boom was on, I used to bring in as many women as men. Some was only girls—little slim things, goin' to the gold mines with no more outfit than the thin clothes they stood in."

"The easiest part of the stow's plan is nary an' escape the gittin' aboard. Nobody knows who's who the day a ship's leavin' port. If she's crowded so much the better. The stow can hide in the hold without being spied. But it's mighty hard to get past the Heads, for by that time the ship's been searched an' the stows yanked out o' deck."

Captain Jack spoke truly. The stowaway who passes the Heads has run the gauntlet safely—unless an incoming vessel be at hand to convey the intruder back again.

When the final gong has been sounded, the warning "All visitors ashore" given, the gangplank withdrawn, the last rope loosened and the screws turned, the vessel's interior is carefully explored. Meanwhile Captain Jack's weather beaten boat is speeding in its wake. If a stowaway is discovered a signal is sent from the pilot's bridge and Captain Jack is quickly alongside. A rope ladder is lowered, and toward it the pursuer or other officer and his aids escort the "discovered" stow."

"Every day," continued Jack, "I fetch in men an' women that want to get away. They're broke, an' thought they'd try their luck in some other place. I lump most of 'em off at Meigs' wharf. It's a heap easier for me an' for the stows. There's more than a hundred there an' they're all steady, doggedly, stubbornly, his eyes filled with blood, his wounds incredible. No shot had been fired. The policeman was in the round-up, an' 50 feet away, telegraphically, when the man, who had been Irishman burst in upon him with the news. Help arrived in time to save the car from being looted, but Larsen was picked for the articles. He had been taken to the hospital and was the city hero. There was little hope for his life."

Beloved pastor and I took Christina in a carriage to the hospital. Her face had been marked with the red wax. He had not regained consciousness. He was only a poor bandaged mummy when we stood at his bedside. Christina said there was a perceptible shudder in his frame.

"Speak to him," cried the surgeon, coming in, "but no noise."

From Christina's lips burst forth a terrible tenderness. She called him endearing names in her strange language, she showed kisses upon his cheek, she laid her hands upon his forehead, but he opened his eyes and gazed stupidly at her, then smiled and muttered a word.

Christina laid him down and stood erect. She looked for articles, and she began to pack them. At last he opened his eyes and gazed stupidly at her, then smiled and muttered a word.

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