SHENANDOAH HERALD

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

JOHN H. GRABILL.

—SUBSCRIPTION—

$1.00 Per Year.

Invariably in Advance.

All communications of a private nature will be charged for as advertising.

THE HERALD JOB OFFICE

is well in every respect. Work done at short notice and on the most reasonable terms.

Shenandoah Herald.

VOL. 81. WOODSTOCK VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1898. NO. 50.

SHENANDOAH HERALD

Advertising Rates.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of one dollar per square of ten lines or less for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

☞ Quarterly or yearly advertisements by contract.

☞ Unless the number of insertions is marked upon the manuscript, advertisements will be published until forbidden and charged

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

I. S. WILLIAMS. W. T. WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS & BROTHER,

Attorneys-at-Law,

WOODSTOCK, VA.

Practice in all the Courts of Shenandoah and adjoining counties, in the Supreme Court of Appeals, and in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims. nov 25, 84-tf.

M. L. WALTON. E. D. NEWMAN.

WALTON & WALTON,

Attorneys-at-Law,

WOODSTOCK, VA.

Practice in all the Courts of Shenandoah and adjoining counties, in the Supreme Court of Appeals, and in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States.

Special attention to collection of claims. Oct. 20, '93

F. S. TAVENNER. J. M. BAUSERMAN.

TAVENNER & BAUSERMAN,

Attorneys-at-Law,

WOODSTOCK, VA

July 27, '93-1y.

JNO. H. DULIN,

Attorney - at - Law,

WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.

Will practice in the courts of Shenandoah County.

Office in Court House Square one door west of Col. J. C. Baker's office.

sept. 30, '92-1yr pd.

JAMES CONRAD. F. W. MAGRUDER

CONRAD & MAGRUDER,

Attorneys - at - Law.

WOODSTOCK, VA.

Nov. 22, '90 tf.

LEMUEL BORDEN,

Attorney-at-Law.

☞ Office Room 8 Stickley and Boyer Building, Woodstock, and at Tribune Office, Cumberland, Va.

D. C. O'FLAHERTY. M. J. FULTON.

O'FLAHERTY & FULTON,

Attorneys-at-Law,

FRONT ROYAL, VA.

Practice in all the Courts and can meet clients for consultation at Woodstock, on Court days or at at any time parties may wish.

REFERENCE: Front Royal National Bank, and Bank of Warren.

Jan. 5—1yr.

DR. J. B. RUSH,

Dentist

WOODSTOCK, VA.

Established in 1889. Office South Main Street. Terms cash.

may 2 -1yr.

DR. W. S. CLINE,

Resident Physician.

☞ Calls answered day or night. Office and residence over Richey's Store. March 4—tf.

DR. W. C. FORD

Has located in Woodstock and will promptly answer all calls.

☞ OFFICE at the residence of Mr. D. H. Walton, of Muhlenburg Street.

may 8 '98—1yr.

DR. T. F. LOCKE,

Resident Dentist,

OFFICE MAIN ST., WOODSTOCK, VA.

☞ Chloroform, ether and cocaine used for painless extraction of teeth.

Dec. 36—1yr.

—ESTABLISHED 1872.—

J. F. SAUM & CO.,

—WHOLESALE—

Produce Commission Merchants

925 LOUISIANA AVENUE,

WASHINGTON, : D. C.

Solicit shipments of every marketable produce—no matter what—of the Farm, Dairy, Poultry and Stock Yard. Shippers paid daily the highest wholesale prices.

25 years (over 20 in this city) of successful experience is guarantee of our business ability to handle shipments satisfactorily.

Refer to proprietor of HERALD and Citizens' National Bank of Washington city D. C.

Mar. 20 '85 1yr.

Buggy Repairs.

Wheels, Springs, Spindles,

Pole, Shafts, Side Bars, Tires, Cushions Top Posts and all

buggy repairs constantly on hand. If you want your buggy repaired in the best manner and at reasonable prices, call on

CHAS. FOGAL.
Woodstock, Va.

Jan. 14th 1yr.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

GOD'S SECOND GIFT.

DR. TALMAGE SAYS THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

Life Is Good, but Life Is Not God's Greatest Gift—Man Cries, Like Caleb's Daughter, For the Upper Springs—The Better Life.

[Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—Taking for his text an oriental scene seldom noticed, Dr. Talmage discusses the supernal advantages of religion for this world and the next; text, Joshua xv, 19: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do, and yet the man that could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. Besides, I do not think that Caleb was as foolish in offering his daughter to the conqueror of Debir as thousands in this day who seek alliances for their children with those who have large means without any reference to moral or mental acquirements. Of two evils I would rather measure happiness by the length of the sword than by the length of the pocketbook. In one case there is sure to be one good element of character; in the other there may be none at all. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, General Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart, for however faint hearted a woman herself may be she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that.

The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay, and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous, and, sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amid the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

The Desert of Sorrow.

The fact is that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us his world. I am very thankful he has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I am not satisfied with the portion. Trees and flowers and grass and blue skies are very well in their places, but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery siroccos; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman, that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amid the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out, "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows!" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George II cries out: "Who is this Hogarth? Take his trumpery out of my presence."

Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room! There is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave!" Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or at any rate only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave. When I arise in the morning, my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play! There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that? I need to go no farther than your street to find an illustration of what I am saying.

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—and you know what I mean by thoroughly successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him to business; care drags him back. Take your stand at 2 o'clock at the corner of the streets and see the agonized physiognomies. Your high officials, your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers and your retailers as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps, and making no appeal to God for help or comfort many of them are tossed every whither. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of 14 rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worriment since you won that $50,000 than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the guastliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more because they have only $50,000 left.

The Vanities of Life.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favored man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited. Yet at the close of his life he says, "Behold, 83 years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is a "south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrows, and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

Blessed be God, we have more advantages given us than we can really appreciate! We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nether springs and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasure of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life! I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one grean there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters. If he walk forth, heaven is his bodyguard. If he lie down to sleep, ladders of light, angel blossoming, are let into his dreams. If he be thirsty, the potentates of heaven are his cupbearers. If he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the King's banquet. Men say, "Look at that odd fellow with the wornout coat." The angels of God cry, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry, "Get off my front steps!" The doorkeepers of heaven cry, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom!" When he comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven.

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh, these nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are his," "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon thee." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

The Source of Happiness.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with dropsies, I heard an old man in the poorhouse cry out, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!" I looked around and said, "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leap as a hart, and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a joyless and joyless religion, but I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moment said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God!" "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live.
'Tis religion can supply
Sweetest comfort when we die.

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by this text. It seems that old Father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land;" not only that, but the nether springs; not only that, but the upper springs. O God, my Father, I thank thee that thou hast given me a "south land" in this world and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank thee for the upper springs in heaven!

The Gates Ajar.

It is very fortunate that we canot see beaven until we get into it. O Christian man, if you could see what a place it is we would never get you back again to the office, or store, or shop and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected! I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there and heard the song and looked at their raptured faces and mingled in the supernal society, we would cry out: "Let us stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now. Let us stay!" And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world if once we got there, but as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices into that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks from beneath the throne. Another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple. Another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water."

O Saviour divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal victory! Hear it! They are never sick there; not so much as a headache or twinge rheumatic, or thrust neuralgic. The inhabitant never says, "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of the great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is majesty on every brow. There is joy in every heart. There is hosanna on every lip. How they must pity us as they look over and look down and see us and say, "Poor things away down in that world!" And when some Christian is hurled into a fatal accident, they cry: "Good! He is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one whose strength is going away and we shake our heads forebodingly they cry: "I'm glad he is worse. He has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" Oh, if we could only get our ideas about that future world untwisted, our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said, "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said, "Today, Florence." "Today? So soon? I am so glad!"

The Day of Deliverance.

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, O Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration! The day of your deliverance is coming—is coming, rolling on with the shining wheels of the day, and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scour the deck and coil the rope, for harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down the Narrows to meet you. "Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed."

Man of the world, will you not today make a choice between these two portions, between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water courses? Why let your tongue be consumed of thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs—comfort here and glory hereafter?

You and I need something better than this world can give us. The fact is that it cannot give us anything after awhile. It is a changing world. Do you know that even the mountains on the back of a thousand streams are leaping into the valley. The Alleghanies are dying. The dews with crystalline mallet are hammering away the rocks. Frosts and showers and lightnings are sculpturing Mount Washington and the Catskills. Niagara every year is digging for itself a quicker plunge. The sea all around the earth on its shifting shores is making mighty changes in bar and bay and frith and promontory. Some of the old seacoasts are midland now. Off Nantucket, eight feet below low water mark, are found now the stumps of trees, showing that the waves are conquering the land. Parts of Nova Scotia are sinking. Ships today sail over what, only a little while ago, was solid ground. Near the mouth of the St. Croix river is an island which, in the movements of the earth, is slowly but certainly rotating. All the face of the earth changing—changing. In 1831 an island springs up in the Mediterranean sea. In 1866 another island comes up under the observation of the American consul as he looks off from the beach. The earth all the time changing, the columns of a temple near Bizoli show that the water has risen nine feet above the place it was when these columns were put down. Changing! Our Colorado river, once vaster than the Mississippi, flowing through the great American desert, which was then an Eden of luxuriance, has now dwindled to a small stream creeping down through a gorge. The earth itself, that was once vapor, afterward water—nothing but water—afterward molten rock, cooling off through the ages until plants might live and animals might live and men might live, changing all the while, now crumbling, now breaking off. The sun, burning down gradually in its socket. Changing, changing, an intimation of the last great change to come over the world even infused into the mind of the heathen who has never seen the Bible.

The End of the Earth.

The Hindoos believe that Brahma, the creator, once made all things. He created the water, then moved over the water, out of it lifted the land, grew the plants and animals and men on it. Out of his eye went the sun. Out of his lips went the fire. Out of his ear went the air. Then Brahma laid down to sleep four thousand three hundred and twenty million years. After that they say, he will wake up, and then the world will be destroyed, and he will make it over again, bringing up land, bringing up creatures upon it, then lying down again to sleep four thousand three hundred and twenty million years, then waking up and destroying the world again—creation and demolition following each other, until after three hundred and twenty sleeps, each one of these slumbers four thousand three hundred and twenty million years long, Brahma will wake up and die and the universe will die with him—an intimation, though very faint, of the great change to come upon this physical earth spoken of in the Bible, but while Brahma may sleep our God never slumbers nor sleeps, and the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up.

"Well," says some one, "if that is so, if the world is going from one change to another, then what is the use of my toiling for its betterment?" That is the point on which I want to guard you. I do not want you to become misanthropic. It is a great and glorious world. If Christ could afford to spend 33 years on it for its redemption, then you can afford to toil and pray for the betterment of the nations and for the bringing on of the glorious time when all people shall see the salvation of God. While therefore I want to guard you against misanthropic notions in respect to this subject I have presented, I want you to take this thought home with you: This world is a poor foundation to build on. It is a changing world, and it is a dying world. The shifting scenes and the changing sands are only emblems of all earthly expectation. Life is very much like this day through which we have passed. To many of us it is storm and darkness, then sunshine, storm and darkness, then afterward a little sunshine, now again darkness and storm. Oh, build not your hopes upon this uncertain world! Build on God. Confide in Jesus. Plan for an eternal residence at Christ's right hand. Then, come sickness or health, come joy or sorrow, come life or death, all is well, all is well.

In the name of the God of Caleb and his daughter, Achsah, I this day offer you the "upper springs" of unfading and everlasting rapture.

Great Britain's Dependencies.

Says Professor Bryce, "More by a series of what may be called historical accidents than from any deliberate purpose Great Britain has acquired vast transmarine possessions." This is peculiarly true of the British settlements and protectorates in Africa and the far east. The English have no possessions in north Africa. The sphere of their influence and dominion in the dark continent extends from Cape Verde on the west and the gulf of Aden on the east to the Cape of Good Hope. England's scattered colonies and dependencies in this district have an area of more than 2,500,000 square miles and a population estimated at from 10,000,000 to 40,000,000. To Great Britain more than to any other nation belongs the credit of bringing this unknown land into contact with European civilization. British enterprise and capital have done much to develop its abundant resources. British traders, hunters, soldiers and missionaries have traversed its wilds and sailed its rivers and lakes. Along with other blessings that England has brought to Africa her share in suppressing the slave trade should not be forgotten.—Chautauquan.

French Instability.

The revolution of 1848 swept everything before it like a cyclone, making the path clear for the third great experiment of postrevolutionary France. The abortive republic of 1848 passed away with the bloodshed in which the second empire had its baptism, and in due time the empire itself perished by the sword that gave it life. No one who reads the narrative of these unforeseen overthrows of established rule will be rash enough to assert that the third republic is the final word of France's choice. That it will be upset by the Bonapartists or the royalists may be most unlikely, but so seemed the revolutions of 1830 and 1848 before they came to pass. What was more unlikely in 1846 than that before five years Louis Philippe should have died in exile after barely escaping with his life to England, and that Louis Napoleon, then a prisoner at Hammes, should be seated on the imperial throne? It is because the unexpected has happened so often that one hesitates to predict that the republic will last forever.—Montreal Gazette.

Love Always Young.

Donald B. McDonald, 98 years old, and Margaret Ann O'Reagan, 84 years old, of Reno, Mich., were married the other day. McDonald had been married three times in Canada and is the father of 14 children. The bride had been married twice and is the mother of ten children. The wedding was performed in the presence of great-great-grandchildren of both bridegroom and bride.

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

A Generous German Subject.

A great landed proprietor named Birkner, in western Prussia, has presented the emperor with his estate of Cadinen, comprising a splendid manor house and an area of nearly 5,000 acres. The estate, which contains extensive preserves, is one of the most valuable in the province. Birkner, who is married, but has no children, first intended leaving it to his majesty in his last will, but has now asked him to accept it at once. The emperor has done so.

Tetter Salt-Rheum and Eczema.

The intense itching and smarting, incident to these diseases, is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and is a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 25 cts. per box.

Dr. Cady's Condition Powders, are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25 cents per package.

Two Old Hermits.

Bret Harte's story, "Tennessee's Partner," is said to have been suggested to the author by the touching and beautiful friendship which binds together two old men who have lived more than 40 years in the mountains on the route to the Yosemite. They have a little gold mine which yields an occasional $50, an orchard and a garden. One of the two has not seen San Francisco since 1855. With all their hermit life, however, the two old gentlemen read a great deal and know what is going on in the outside world.

KAISER AND APOTHECARY.

How Frau Siek Obtained William II's Signed Photograph.

Apothecary Siek of Bergkirchen in Westphalia entertained the kaiser against his will at the time of the army maneuvers in September. The apothecary owns a house in the outskirts with a piazza running along the first story. He had been obliged to quarter a number of officers and men during their stay in the town, and had turned over to them every spare room and bed. He kept the room opening on the piazza for himself and his wife, and one night went to bed leaving the house door on the latch for the convenience of his guests.

At 4 o'clock in the morning Kaiser Wilhelm, with his staff, entered the town. The kaiser noticed the piazza and thought it a good place from which to observe the country. An officer was sent ahead to clear the way, the kaiser following immediately behind. The officer, who was the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, came to the door of Herr Siek's bedroom, knocked, and, getting no answer, pushed it open and walked into the room, where he found the worthy apothecary in bed with Frau Siek. The clatter of his sword woke up the apothecary, who was naturally indignant and cried: "This is too much! Are you crazy?"

"Excuse me," answered the duke. "I knocked, but no one answered. May we not go out on your balcony? At any rate, here is his majesty already coming up the stairs."

"Woman, get out!" cried the apothecary, jumping for his clothes, while Frau Siek rolled out of bed into a closet just in time. The kaiser entered before Herr Siek had fully covered his nakedness, nodded, and said:

"C'est la guerre, doctor. Don't be angry. That was a friendly greeting you gave the duke regent of Mecklenburg. I didn't know that he was crazy."

He then passed on to the piazza, followed by his whole staff, and staid there for an hour. On leaving the emperor said to Herr Siek, who tried to excuse himself:

"Your good wife is probably very much frightened. I hope in some way to show you my thanks."

After the officers had left Frau Siek came out of her closet. Some days later she received from Berlin the kaiser's photograph, with the inscription: "In friendly memory of the attack on the night of Sept. 9-10, 1898, 4 o'clock. William I. R." Herr Siek's night adventure has been published with embellishments throughout Germany, so that he has been obliged to issue an authoritative statement of the facts as they occurred.—New York Sun.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels. Cleanse the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. today; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

Don't Look For a Job In Honolulu.

Dew is so heavy that the stock is never watered, and the walk to every house is paved with heavy slabs cut from the trunk of palm fern trees, forming a soft and fine wearing pavement. The wound in the tree heals at once. Bananas, wool and hides are also exported, while tropical fruits grow in abundance, among them breadfruit, pineapples often weighing 12 pounds, avocado pears, peaches, tamarinds, limes, lemons, citrons, guavas, strawberries, raspberries, obelo berries, grapes, mountain apples, etc.

I would not advise any one without capital to come to the islands. Even skilled labor is a drug on the market, as many of the Chinese and Portuguese are skilled laborers, with whom you would have to compete in wages. Professional and mercantile careers are overdone here, the stores carrying large modern stocks and the total white population only numbering a few thousand. The bulk of the population includes Portuguese, Chinese, Japs and natives, all of whom trade at Chinese stores, with which a white man could not compete. Capitalists can still find safe investments with large returns in stocks of plantations, railways, etc.—Leslie's Weekly.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by 'New Great South American Kidney Cure.' It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by B. Schmitt, Druggist Woodstock, Va.

Phases of Child Life.

Children pass through a great many phases. Transitions are often trying. Keep these related facts in mind. We sometimes fix a fault by taking too much notice of it. A mistake should not be treated as a wilful sin. A transient awkwardness may be due to rapid growth. A shyness of behavior, which amounts to a painful timidity, will pass if not accentuated by comment and reproof. This is especially true in regard to speech. Children sometimes use slang; sometimes pick up words and phrases which are worse than slang, but the mother need not be unduly alarmed because of this. The boy and girl will speak the language and use the dialect of home, and if the mother possess the children's entire confidence she will not find it difficult to convince the children that vulgar speech is a thing to avoid.

Mothers will never in the years to come regret a union of mild measures with firm adherence to principle in the home life. But of harshness and too much government they may repent in dust and ashes.—Harper's Bazar.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Antisparrow Law.

In a portion of Hanover, Germany, a local decree requires each farmer to deliver to the authorities 12 sparrows or sparrow heads between Oct. 1 and Dec. 1 or pay a fine of 6 marks. It is safe to say the sparrows will be delivered.

A MISSING BILL.

Who Has the First $5 Greenback That Was Printed?

One missing $5 bill is making a heap of trouble for the receiver of the National Bank of Illinois. This is not an ordinary, cheap, everyday $5 bill, but one of great historical interest, and was the property of the Chicago Press club when the bank closed its doors.

This bill is the first $5 greenback that was printed under the act that was passed during the great civil war authorizing the United States to issue money to carry on the conflict that led to the crushing of the rebellion.

This bill was presented to the Chicago Press club about ten years ago by George Schneider, who was then the treasurer of the club and president of the bank. Being a piece of currency of great value because of its history, it was placed in an envelope and left with the bank for safe keeping.

It was placed in a pigeonhole in the vaults. When the bank closed its doors and John C. McKeon took possession as receiver, the bill could not be found, nor has it been traced to this day. Every effort has been made to discover it, but no clew has developed that would lead to a knowledge of its possible whereabouts.

It was not placed in the bank as a special deposit, but kept there as an accommodation to the Press club, which had no facility for protecting it from theft.

"That bill came to the bank," said George Schneider, "in the regular course of business. When I saw its importance and value as a souvenir, I presented it to the Press club. It was of series A, No. 1, and the first $5 greenback printed by the government under Abraham Lincoln's administration. Its monetary value cannot be computed, but its rarity and historical value cannot be questioned.

"When I gave it to the Press club, I was asked to keep it in the bank vaults for safety, as the club had no way of protecting it, and it was of too great value to be publicly exposed. Therefore I had it placed in an envelope and sealed and placed it in a pigeonhole in the vault of the bank. No, it was not marked, either as to its ownership or its contents, but kept so as to be recognizable whenever it should be demanded by its owners. I don't believe there was any record of it on our books of special deposits, nor was there a memorandum regarding it in the papers of the bank.

"I have no idea what has become of the valuable piece of currency, but I assure you efforts are making to discover its whereabouts. That bill belongs to the Press club, and I regard it as a most valuable asset."

"We have made search for that bill," said John C. McKeon, vice president of the Commercial National bank and former receiver of the National Bank of Illinois, "but we could find no trace of it, high or low. I had every box and paper opened when I took possession of the bank as its receiver, but no such $5 bill ever was discovered. I have not given up hope yet that the bill will be found, for its value to collectors of these things is too great for it long to remain hidden."

General McNulta succeeded Mr. McKeon as receiver, and his assistant, E. Allen Frost, has also tried to get trace of that $5 bill. "I could find no record of it," said he, "nor have I seen such a thing among the papers, and I have examined them all. It is a mystery to me where it could have gone. It would do the holder no good, for if he offered it for sale it would at once create publicity and would naturally return to the hands of its owner. I believe the bill will yet be found."

A coin and currency dealer told a reporter that he would give $5,000 in cash for such a rare bill, for the greenbacks had all been called in, and No. 1 of the first series would have a value to collectors of these things that no one could compute. A collector of rarities of this sort would no doubt be glad to give $10,000 for such a prize. "But, then," the dealer continued, "title must be perfect, as in a piece of real estate. It would be hard to dispose of unless the person selling could prove absolute ownership."

And the question still remains, Who has the $5 bill, series A, No. 1, of the issue of 1862? The Chicago Press club would like to know.—Chicago Tribune.

New Naval Training Station.

The site for the barracks, school and pier for the proposed naval training station on Goat island, near San Francisco, has been chosen by Captain Dickins. "As now contemplated," says the San Francisco Chronicle, "the main building will be 300 feet long and 60 feet deep, with wings of the same depth and 100 feet long at each end of the main building. This structure will afford room for the accommodation of 800 boys, with ample recitation rooms, gymnasium, drill hall and sleeping apartments.

"Everything in the building will be patterned after the ships which will be the homes of the boys for so many years. They will have to sleep in hammocks, will have their calls to quarters and their living arrangements, just as when afloat. The dock where the Pensacola will lie will be about 400 yards from the barracks. It will be necessary to build only 200 feet of dock, while if the structure was built at the barracks front there would be 600 feet necessary to allow the vessel to lie in deep water."

Lockwood's Client.

When the eminent English advocate, Sir Frank Lockwood, was a young man, he was retained to defend a ruffian accused of a desperate crime. There seemed little hope of saving the prisoner, and Lockwood said to him: "Take my advice and plead guilty and save the old man trouble. It's your only chance of getting a light sentence." The prisoner looked him up and down, and leaning over the bar of the dock, said: "You fuzzle-headed beggar, what do you suppose I pay you for? For me to do your work that you can't do? Go back to your seat and do what you're paid for!" Lockwood went back and got the man acquitted.

An American physician in China writes that he has been specially impressed by the vitality of the natives. Of a hundred cases treated in a dispensary, some of them very serious, not one proved fatal.

SOME LARGE CEMETERIES.

Amount of Land Required for Those in Large Cities.

The dead of London require an annual waste of twenty-three acres of valuable ground. If 4,000 corpses are crowded into the space of one acre, the limit in the case of the most populated graveyard, and if we accept the present rate of mortality, 20 per 1,000 inhabitants, as the standard, New York, with a population of 3,500,000, would have to provide room for 70,000 corpses, and would require annually seventeen and a half acres to bury them in. Unless the custom is changed the available room in the vicinity of all large cities will gradually be absorbed by remains of the dead.

In considering the welfare of individuals the expenditure of one may benefit another; but citizens should be treated on equal terms. With the exception of Greenwood, almost all cemeteries used in the neighborhood of New York are either poorly managed by churches or administered for the benefit of a few fortunate shareholders. The rural cemetery law, as amended in 1879, allows them to divide among themselves the net profits from the sale of plots. Realizing about $20,000 for an acre, which hardly cost $2,000, their investments bring large revenues and are esteemed valuable. By assuming the guise of benevolent societies owners succeeded in evading payment of the taxes which their less fortunate neighbors are obliged to pay. The trustees are never called upon to make reports to the state, and they give but scanty information to their stockholders.

The Elephant.

Few more impressive confidences can be imparted than one in which a Hindoo describes how he knows his elephant intends to destroy him. It is all so seemingly trivial, and yet in reality of such deadly significence. His story is so full of details that prove the man's profound understanding of what he is talking about that one remains equally amazed at the brute's power to dissemble, and it's intended victim's insight into this would-be murderer's character. And yet, from the psychological standpoint, an elephant never gives any other indication of mental power as is exibited in its revenge. That patient, watchful, implacable hatred often provoked simply because a man is in attendance upon another animal (for it is the rule with tuskers to detest their next neighbors) speaks more conclusively of a high intellectual guide than all stories, true or false, that have been told of their ability. Such concentration and fixeded of purpose, such careful, unrelaxed vigilance, such perfect and consistent pretense, and, when the time comes, such desperate, unhesitating energy as homicidal animals exhibit, are impossible without a very considerable, although in this instance very irregular, development.

No one can deny that if this creature is great at all, it greatness shows itself in its crimes. These have caused it to be worshipped in the East, where men venerate nothing but merciless, irresponsible force, and where an exhibition of those qualities and traits described fully accounts for the formula, "My Lord the Elephant."

Why Doctors Commit Suicide.

Statistics show that the medical profession is more prone to suicide than any other. During the last three years the number of suicides occuring among physicians in the United Kingdom has been, respectively, 45, 49 and 47 per annum, an average of nearly one to 2,000, or, as the death rate among physicians, is about 25 to 1,000, nearly one-fiftieth of all the deaths in the profession have been by suicide.

It has been suggested that an explantation of this tendency may be found in the development of morbid fancies in the mind of a doctor, on account of his constant association with the sick and dying, or because he has the requisite knowledge of how to die painlessly and conveniently.

A medical journal dessents from all these views, and holds that the leading factor in the accessibility of the poison drugs, which are almost invariably used.

Suicide is largely a matter of insane impulse. Imagine a man fatigued in body and depressed in spirits—as a doctor often is—swayed by an overwhelming conviction of the utter weariness of life to the impulse of suicide. If he had but to put on his hat and walk to the chemist's and tax his ingenuity for a lie with which to explain his desire for poison, he might postpone the fatal act from mere inertia, or may meet a friend or have his interest in life aroused by one of a multitude of everyday occurances, or physical exercise may bring him to his senses.

If, however, as is the case with almost any doctor, he has simply to feel in his pockets, or walk across his room to get a deadly poison, the impulse may be carried into execution before anything can happen to supplant it in the brain.

The Country Postmaster.

A new postoffice was established in a small village away out West, and a native of the soil was appointed postmaster. After a while complaints were made that no mail was sent out from the new office, and an inspector was sent to inquire into the matter. He called upon the postmaster, and stating the cause of his visit, asked why no mail had been sent out. The postmaster pointed to a big and nearly empty mail bag hanging up in a corner and said: "Well, I ain't sent it out 'cause the bag ain't nowhere nigh full yet."

Size of the British Empire.

At the present moment