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# RELIGIOUS REVIVALS

## Dr. Talmage, in a Timely Discourse, Declares His Belief in Them.

**Sermon Adapted from the Story of Simon and the Fishers—Greatest Obstacle to Revivals is an Unconverted Ministry.**

[Copyright, '01, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.] Washington, March 24.

This discourse of Dr. Talmage is most pertinent at this time when a widespread effort for religious awakening is being made; text, Luke, verse 6: "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes and their net brake."

Simon and his comrades had experienced the night before what fishermen call "poor luck." Christ steps on board the fishing smack and tells the sailors to pull away from the beach and directs them again to sink the net. Sure enough, very soon the net is full of fishes, and the sailors begin to haul in. So large a school of fishes was taken that the hardy men began to look red in the face as they pull, and hardly have they begun to rejoice at their success when snap goes a thread of the net, and snap goes another thread, so there is danger not only of losing the fish, but of losing the net.

Without much care as to how much the boat tilts or how much water is splashed on deck the fishermen rush about, gathering up the broken meshes of the net. Out yonder there is a ship dancing on the wave, and they hail it: "Ship ahoy! Bear down this way!" The ship comes, and both boats, both fishing smacks, are filled with the floundering treasures.

"Ah," says some one, "how much better it would have been if they had staid on shore and fished with a hook and line and taken one at a time instead of having this great excitement and the boat almost upset and the net broken and having to call for help and getting sopping wet with the sea!"

The church is the boat, the Gospel is the net, society is the sea, and a great revival is a whole school brought in at one sweep of the net. I have admiration for that man who goes out with a hook and line to fish. I admire the way he unwinds the reel and adjusts the bait and drops the hook in a quiet place on a still afternoon and here catches one and there one, but I like also a big boat and a large crew and a net a mile long and swift oars and stout sails and a stiff breeze and a great multitude of souls brought—so great a multitude that you have got to get help to draw it ashore, straining the net to the utmost until it breaks here and there, letting a few escape, but bringing the great multitude into eternal safety.

In other words, I believe in revivals. The great work of saving men began with 3,000 people joining the church in one day, and it will close with 40 or a hundred million people saved in 24 hours when nations shall be born in a day. But there are objections to revivals. People are opposed to them because the net might get broken, and if by the pressure of souls it does not get broken, then they take their own penknives and slit the net. "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and the net brake."

It is sometimes opposed to revivals of religion that those who come into the church at such times do not hold out. As long as there is a gale of blessing they have their sails up. But as soon as strong winds stop blowing then they drop into a dead calm. But what are the facts in the case? In all our churches the vast majority of the young people are those who are brought in under great awakenings, and they hold out. Who are the prominent men in the United States in churches, in prayer meetings, in Sabbath schools? For the most part they are the product of great awakenings.

I have noticed that those who are brought into the Kingdom of God through revivals have more persistence and more determination in the Christian life than those who come in under a low state of religion. People born in an icehouse may live, but they will never get over the cold they caught in the icehouse. A cannon ball depends upon the impulse with which it starts for how far it shall go and how swiftly, and the greater the revival force with which a soul is started the more far-reaching and far-resounding will be the execution.

But it is sometimes objected to revivals that there is so much excitement that people mistake hysteria for religion. We admit that in every revival of religion there is either a suppressed or a demonstrated excitement. Indeed, if a man can go out of a state of condemnation into a state of acceptance with God or see others go without any agitation of soul he is in an unhealthy, morbid state and is as repulsive and absurd as a man who should boast he saw a child snatched out from under a horse's hoofs and felt no agitation, or saw a man rescued from the fourth story of a house on fire and felt no acceleration of the pulses.

Salvation from sin and death and hell into life and peace and Heaven forever is such a tremendous thing that if a man tells me he can look on it without any agitation I doubt his Christianity. The fact is that sometimes excitement is the most important possible thing. In case of resuscitation from drowning or freezing the one idea is to excite animation. Before conversion we are dead. It is the business of the church to revive, arouse, awaken, resuscitate, startle into life. Excitement is bad or good according to what it makes us do. If it make us do that which is bad, it is bad excitement, but if it make us agitated about our eternal welfare, if it make us pray, if it make us attend upon Christian service, if it make us cry unto God for mercy, then it is a good excitement.

It is sometimes said that during revivals of religion great multitudes of children and young people are brought into the church, and they do not know what they are about. It has been my observation that the earlier people come into the kingdom of God the more useful they are. Robert Hall, the prince of preachers, was converted at 12 years of age. It is likely he knew what he was about. Matthew Henry, the commentator, who did more than any man of his century for increasing the interest in the study of the Scriptures, was converted at 11 years of age; Isabella Graham, immortal in the Christian church, was converted at ten years of age; Dr. Watts, whose hymns will be sung all down the ages, was converted at nine years of age. Jonathan Edwards, perhaps the mightiest intellect that the American pulpit ever produced, was converted at seven years of age, and that father and mother take an awful responsibility when they tell their child at seven years of age: "You are too young to be a Christian," or "You are too young to connect yourself with the church." That is a mistake as long as eternity.

If during a revival two persons present themselves as candidates for the church and the one is ten years of age and the other is 40 years of age, I will have more confidence in the profession of religion of the one ten years of age than the one 40 years of age. Why? The one who professes at 40 years of age has 40 years of impulse in the wrong direction to correct, and the child has only ten years in the wrong direction to correct. Four times ten are 40. Four times the religious prospect for the child that comes into the kingdom of God and into the church at ten years of age than the man at 40.

I am very apt to look upon revivals as connected with certain men who fostered them. People who in this day do not like revivals nevertheless have not words to express their admiration for the revivalists of the past, for they were revivalists—Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, George Whitfield, Fletcher, Griffin, Davies, Osborne, Knapp, Nettleton, Moody and many others whose names come to my mind. The strength of their intellect and the holiness of their lives make me think they would not have had anything to do with that which was ephemeral. Oh, it is easy to talk against revivals!

A man said to Mr. Dawson: "I like your sermons very much, but the after meetings I despise. When the prayer meeting begins I always go up into the gallery and look down, and I am disgusted." "Well," said Mr. Dawson, "the reason is you go on the top of your neighbor's house and look down his chimney to examine his fire, and of course you get only smoke in your eyes. Why don't you come in the door and sit down and warm?"

Oh, I am afraid to say anything against revivals of religion or against anything that looks like them, because I think it may be a sin against the Holy Ghost, and you know the Bible says that a sin against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven, neither in this world nor the world to come. Now, if you are a painter and I speak against your pictures, do I not speak against you? If you are an architect, and I speak against a building you put up, do I not speak against you? If a revival be the work of the Holy Ghost, and I speak against that revival, do I not speak against the Holy Ghost? And whoso speaketh against the Holy Ghost, says the Bible, he shall never be forgiven, neither in this world nor in the world to come. I think sometimes people have made a fatal mistake in this direction.

Now I come to the real, genuine cause of objection to revivals. That is the coldness of the objector. It is the secret and hidden but unmistakable cause in every case, a low state of religion in the heart. Wide awake, consecrated, useful Christians are never afraid of revivals. It is the spiritually dead who are afraid of having their sepulcher molested. The chief agents of the devil during a great awakening are always unconverted professors of religion. As soon as Christ's work begins they begin to gossip against it and take a pail of water and try to put out this spark of religious influence, and they try to put out another spark. Do they succeed? As well when Chicago was on fire might some one have gone out with a garden water pot trying to extinguish it. The difficulty is that when a revival begins in a church it begins at so many points that while you have doused one anxious soul with a pail of cold water there are 500 other anxious souls on fire. Oh, how much better it would be to lay hold of the chariot of Christ's Gospel and help pull it on rather than to fling ourselves in front of the wheels, trying to block their progress. We will not stop the chariot, but we ourselves will be ground to powder.

But I think, after all, the greatest obstacle to revivals throughout Christendom is an unconverted ministry. We must believe that the vast majority of those who officiate at sacred altars are regenerated, but I suppose there may float into the ministry of all the denominations of Christians men whose hearts have never been changed by grace. They are all antagonistic to revivals. How did they get into the ministry? Perhaps some of them chose it as a respectable profession. Perhaps some of them were sincere, but were mistaken. As Thomas Chalmers said, he had been many years preaching the Gospel before his heart had been changed, and as many ministers of the Gospel declare they were preaching and had been ordained to sacred orders years and years before their hearts were regenerated. Gracious God, what a solemn thought for those of us who minister at the altar! With the present ministry in the present temperature of piety, this land will never be enveloped with revivals. While the pews on one side the altar cry for mercy, the pulpits on the other side of the altar must cry for mercy. Ministers quarreling. Ministers trying to pull each other down. Ministers struggling for ecclesiastical place. Ministers, lethargic with whole congregations dying on their hands. What a spectacle!

During our civil war the president of the United States made proclamation for 75,000 troops. Some of you remember the big stir. But the king of the universe to-day asks for 1,200,000,000 more troops than are enlisted, and we want it done softly, imperceptibly, no excitement, one by one. You are a dry goods merchant on a large scale, and I am a merchant on a small scale, and I come to you and want to buy 1,000 yards of cloth. Do you say: "Thank you. I'll sell you 1,000 yards of cloth, but I'll sell you 20 yards to-day and 20 to-morrow and 20 the next day, and if it takes me six months I'll sell you the whole thousand yards. You will want as long as that to examine the goods, and I'll want as long as that to examine the credit, and besides that 1,000 yards of cloth is too much to sell all at once?" No; you do not say that. You take me into the counting-room, and in ten minutes the whole transaction is consummated. The fact is we cannot afford to be fools in anything but religion.

That very merchant who on Saturday afternoon sold me the thousand yards of cloth at one stroke the next Sabbath in church will stroke his beard and wonder whether it would not be better for a thousand souls to come straggling along for ten years instead of bolting in at one service.

It seems to me as if God is preparing the world for some quick and universal movement. A celebrated electrician gave me a telegraph chart of the world. On that chart the wires crossing the continents and the cables under the sea looked like veins red with blood. On that chart I see that the headquarters of the lightnings are in Great Britain and the United States. In London and New York the lightnings are stabled, waiting to be harnessed for some quick dispatch. That shows you that the telegraph is in the possession of Christianity.

It is a significant fact that the man who invented the telegraph was an old-fashioned Christian, Prof. Morse, and that the man who put the telegraph under the sea was an old-fashioned Christian, Cyrus W. Field, and that the president of the most famous of the telegraph companies of this country was an old-fashioned Christian, William Orton, going from the communion table on earth straight to his home in Heaven. What does all that mean?

I do not suppose that the telegraph was invented merely to let us know whether flour is up or down or which horse won the race at the Derby or which marksman beat at the latest contest. I suppose the telegraph was invented and built to call the world to God.

In some of the attributes of the Lord we seem to share on a small scale. For instance, in His love and His kindness. But until of late foreknowledge, omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, seem to have been exclusively God's possession. God, desiring to make the race like Himself, gives us a species of foreknowledge in the weather probabilities, gives us a species of omniscience in telegraphy, gives us a species of omnipresence in the telephone, gives us a species of omnipotence in the steam power. Discoveries and inventions all around about us, people are asking what next?

I will tell you what next. Next, a stupendous religious movement. Next, the end of war. Next, the crash of despotism. Next, the world's expurgation. Next, the Christlike dominion. Next, the judgment. What becomes of the world after that I care not. It will have suffered and achieved enough for one world. Lay it up in the drydocks of eternity, like an old man of war gone out of service, or fit it up like a Constellation to carry bread of relief to some other suffering planet or let it be demolished. Farewell, dear old world, that began with paradise and ended with judgment conflagration.

Last summer I stood on the Isle of Wight, and I had pointed out to me the place where the Eurydice sank with 200 or 300 young men who were in training for the British navy. You remember when that training ship went down there was a thrill of horror all over the world. Since then there was another training ship missing. The Atalanta, gone down with all on board. By order of her majesty's government vessels went cruising up and down the Atlantic trying to find that lost training ship in which there were so many young men preparing for the British navy. Alas, for the lost Atalanta! Oh, my friends, this world is only a training ship! On it we are training for Heaven. The old ship sails up and down the ocean of immensity, now through the dark waves of midnight, now through the golden crested wave of the morn, but sails on and sails on. After awhile her work will be done, and the inhabitants of Heaven will look out and find a world missing. The cry will be: "Where is that earth where Christ died and the human race was emancipated? Send out fleets of angels to find the missing craft." Let them sail up and down, cruise up and down the ocean of eternity, and they will catch not one glimpse of her mountain masts or her topgallants of floating cloud. Gone down! The training ship of a world perished in the last tornado. Oh, let it not be that she goes down with all on board, but rather may it be said of her passengers, as it was said of the drenched passengers of the Alexandrian corn ship that crashed into the breakers of Melita: "They all escaped safe to land!"

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Australia has to-day 3,000,000 acres of wheat, against less than 4,000 in 1900.

The rate of increase in the English population between 1881 and 1891 was only 11.7 per cent.—the lowest of the century.

There is a gun in the British navy, a 22-ton Armstrong, which hurls a solid shot a distance of 12 miles, the highest point in the arc described by the shot being 17,000 feet above the earth's surface. The discharge of the gun cannot be heard at the place where the ball strikes.

A tax on cats is the latest scheme of the French sportsmen, who have organized to petition the legislature for such an impost. The tax, they say, would not only increase the national income, but would diminish the number of undesirable cats which play havoc with small birds and game.

Broek, in Holland, is far famed as the "neatest town in the world." This town is so fastidious that until a few years ago horses were not allowed in its streets, for reasons of cleanliness, and the entire town is as scrupulously kept as a man of war. It contains 2,700 inhabitants, and its main industry is the making of Edam cheeses.

At Constantinople the mosque of St. Sophia was built in the tenth century, and the mortar which was used in its construction was mixed with musk. Since then kingdoms have risen and fallen, dynasties have flourished and perished, but throughout the ages the scent of musk has remained in the mosque at St. Sophia without ever having been renewed.

Moscow is probably the worst-paved city in the world. Great cobblestones driven by hand into a loose bed of sand form a roadway which is always dusty in summer and muddy in autumn, and in many of the roads there is no attempt at a roadway of any kind. The streets are badly watered and cleaned. The yearly expenditure for these two operations is only about $155,000.

## DAZZLED BY SEARCHLIGHT.

**Fascination of the Ellis Island Assembly Room for Newly-Arrived Immigrants.**

Over on Ellis island there is no place among all the spacious rooms of the government buildings that is so much respected by the immigrants as a low hall known as the Assembly chamber. The reason of the particular respect in which this hall is held is found in a gigantic searchlight suspended on the northern wall.

In this light are many small bulbs, each one of them very brilliant. All of the little bulbs together send forth such a multitude of powerful rays that Assam and Selim and the rest of the poor desert people who happen to be among the arrivals on the island, think their own Sun God has reached there before them, says the New York Times.

"Ah, let us return home," they cry in fear. "The Spirit of Fire is here to drive us back."

Then they fall down and wail loudly under the big light. If an official of the bureau happens to prod them gently with a cane, as an intimation that it is time to move on, they only groan the louder and think that the beams of the Sun God are pricking them from behind on account of their sins. Meanwhile the light blazes on unmindful of the worship it excites; and all the corners of the long Assembly chamber are so brilliantly illuminated that the face of every immigrant is as plainly seen as if in the broad sunlight. In fact, it was in order to avoid the confusion of faces that the searchlight was put in by the authorities, who never thought for a moment that the display would be taken for a heathen divinity transplanted.

Only the other day, two damsels from the east (this time they did not belong to the sun-worshipping sect) were ushered into the assembly hall, having just landed from a steamship, and looking, despite their natural freshness and appearance of youthful health, as though the joys of the steerage had not been great. Their hair was disheveled, their cheeks speckled here and there with grime. It was late in the afternoon, and, the day being rather cloudy, the searchlight had been set to work in full blast. It was the first thing the two girls saw when they entered the door. In terror they uttered frightened screams and clung to one another, as if afraid to move either backward or forward.

Only with the greatest difficulty did the guardians of the peace of the island prevail upon them to submit to the taking of their pedigrees, and they outer fully regained their equanimity until they were ushered out of the presence of the dread light. Later questioning developed the fact that they had, during their journey through Europe to the port of sailing, seen electric lights, but never any as large as this one. They said they thought it was the eye of the prophet.

Those of the new arrivals who are not frightened at the light are interested in it, one and all. Some of them beg to be allowed to spend their nights out in the hall, so that they can watch it flicker, which it does with a wonderful hissing noise. One immigrant, who seemed to have a lot of money, wanted to know if he might buy it. Another, of an inquisitive turn of mind, desired to take it to pieces and see how it was made, so that he might set up a factory for such articles when he should come over to the city. Still another, it is recorded, thinking the light an enormous and very brilliant jewel at first sight, asked for a piece of it from which to make a breastpin. The latter was a comely Italian girl.

## DELAWARE'S WHIPPING POST.

**A Public Whipping That Was Much Enjoyed by 300 Gaping Spectators.**

At New Castle, which is the suburb of Wilmington, in which the northernmost pillory of the state is located, I saw a crowd of at least 300 gathered to witness the lashing and pilloring of men who had been convicted of offenses covered by these penalties. The spectators gaped with wide-eyed interest, winced unanimously at each separate lash, smiled sometimes at the contortions of the victim, and laughed when his grimaces in torture seemed ludicrous. As each victim was led forth, his face was studied with careful interest. With each detail of fastening him safely to the post his crime was discussed. Usually he was condemned for his action, and many a 'serves him right' was exchanged. When it was seen that the criminal was not physically incapacitated by the stripes received he was thought to be well off and deserving of no further care. Of the mental scars, stretching red across the sensibilities and finer feelings, the spectators took no thought. Of the influence which the contemplation of such a spectacle must have upon their own minds—not a thought, says Theodore Dreiser, in Ainslee's.

Go into Delaware to-day and you will be invited by the barber, the waiter, and the hotel clerk, to witness this very antiquated form of punishment. By the very first servant that attended me I was so advised.

"They is to be a whipping at New Castle to-day," said this colored citizen.

"A what?"

"A whipping, suh. We has the pillory and whipping post in this state."

"How often do they use it?" I asked.

"Every Friday, suh, when sets's in session."

"Then court's in session now?"

"Yes, suh."

I saw this same servant after witnessing the scene in question and inquired what he thought of it.

"I don't think so very much of it, suh," he replied.

"Don't you think it stops these people from doing the same thing over again?"

"No, suh, not any mo' than jail would. They is men here that has been whipped an' whipped until they is so hard they don't care no more foh it than foh a flea. It just makes 'em worse, I think."

Many others of more refined feelings expressed the same opinion, though in different terms. A judge in Dover said that he had his doubts on the subject, and the active head of a charitable institution at Wilmington expressed the belief that this mode of punishment was very far from solving the criminal problem, and added:

"Its strength with the people is due to the fact that it has always been here. Being customary they see virtues in it which do not exist. Increasing liberality will do away with it yet."

## DEATH AROUND THEIR NECKS.

**Cancer of the Throat Is Caused by the High, Close-Fitting Collars.**

So greatly has cancer of the throat among women increased of late that physicians have been trying to discover the cause. Not long ago a young saleswoman employed in one of the department stores of Philadelphia was taken to a hospital, where her disease was diagnosed as cancer of the throat. Eminent specialists who examined the sufferer agreed that the disease had its origin in a "choker" collar, and expressed the opinion that if the custom of wearing this style of neckwear continued many similar cases would result, says the Chicago Chronicle.

A well-known resident physician in a downtown hospital said the other day: "There is not a particle of doubt that these high collars or 'chokers,' as they are called, now being worn by many young women, are decidedly injurious. They make the wearers extremely susceptible to colds, for they interfere with the proper action of the throat muscles. Then, too, the collars act as mufflers and keep the air from the neck, making it unusually tender and vulnerable to drafts. The drawing tight of the collar around the neck not only causes chafing, but produces cancer of a dangerous and usually fatal character.

"I think that this matter should be brought before women so that all due care may be exercised, and this habit or fashion of tight high collars and bands that draw the neck in mummy-like folds may be discontinued.

"Men wear their collars loose and do not use tight neckbands. But now that women have usurped some of the masculine fashions, they push them to extremes. Within my six months' incumbency at this hospital I have treated no less than four cases of cancer of the throat—and every case was due to the high collars worn by women."

**Royal Incomes.**

So much has been published recently about the income of the ruler of Great Britain that it is interesting to note that the annual grant allowed by parliament is not large, as such things go in monarchical countries. Indeed, it is $500,000 less than the income of the shah of Persia, $1,000,000 less than that of the king of Italy, about $8,000,000 less than that of the emperor of Germany and $2,500,000 less than that of the emperor of Austria-Hungary. Yet it should suffice. The president of the United States, who has vastly greater responsibilities and work along with his vastly greater power, receives $1,825,000 less per year than the monarch of Great Britain.—Troy Times.

**Pineapple and Orange Mold.**

A dainty dessert, and one which is easily prepared, is made of shredded pineapple and cut up oranges, over which is poured a sufficient quantity of rich cream. Put the mixture in a mold, and then pack in chipped ice. This is somewhat like frozen peaches, which is such a popular dessert in warm weather, but the pineapple and orange is said to be even more delicate in favor.—N. Y. Post.


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## THE POLAR BEAR'S BATH.

**Winter Tubbing of Those Confined in New York Park Followed by Exercise.**

The bear pit up on the hill in the Central park menagerie is divided into two sections by a high fence of stout iron bars. In one division the polar bears live and in the other the grizzlies. At the back of the pit there are two caves, one in each division. That in the grizzlies' section is blasted out of the solid rock which rises at the back of the pit to a height of 15 or 20 feet. The cave of the polar bears is formed by a broad deep slab of stone placed across over a niche in the rock. These caves are in reality simply deep, well-sheltered recesses in which the bears lie down for protection from the heat in summer and from the cold in winter, though for that matter the cold does not much trouble them; the polars, indeed, may sometimes in winter be seen stretched out flat and comfortable on the roof of their cave, lying down in the snow, says the New York Sun.

Sunk in the floor of the bear pit, near the front, is a masonry tank perhaps eight feet long by four wide and two and a half feet deep. The fence which divides the pit into two sections likewise divides the tank. Thus half the tank is in the polar bears' side of the pit and half of it is in the grizzlies'. The water in it is always kept running.

There are in the pit two polar bears and two grizzlies. The older and larger of the two polars has been here now upward of 15 years. He is a big, fine bear, though he does now and then suffer somewhat from rheumatism and is not so spry as he once was. He doesn't like to exert himself very much and does not often bathe in the winter. The younger polar, however, takes baths all through the winter. Let a fine day drop in, one comparatively mild, and that day the young polar takes a bath.

After the bath the bear needs exercise and this young bear walks back and forth from the end of the tank to the rocky side of the pit. The pit is, in fact, for a considerable part of it blasted out of the rock, and that rocky side wall comes down pretty nearly to the front of the pit. The bars along that side are set in holes drilled in this rock, back a little from the edge, so that there is a shelf or ledge of rock sloping from the front upward to the back. At the point at which the bear strikes it in walking back and forth from the tank this ledge is almost twice the height of the bear's shoulder.

The floor of the pit around the tank is wet with water that the bear has swashed over on it, but the bear isn't a particle disturbed by this, he isn't in the slightest degree getting his feet wet. He starts from the tank and walks over to the wall, only a little distance, half a dozen short steps, and then he backs down to the tank. He goes forward to the wall again, and backs to the tank again, and does this forward and back movement over and over again; and anybody standing watching the bear now is sure to get an impression that he is getting ready to jump up on the ledge. This is really what happens. All of a sudden on one of these returns to the rock and without any acceleration of his speed, and apparently without any unusual effort, the bear springs up the face of the rock twice his own height, to land securely on the ledge, and this with so much of reserve strength and such facility of movement that he seems to scale the rock with perfect ease and as though he could go higher if he wanted to. Moreover, the bear launches himself, and lands in this astonishing climbing jump, with such easy certainty that the movement is noiseless throughout, there is no scraping or shuffling in it anywhere.

Landed on the ledge the bear walks up that narrow sloping projection to the back of the pit, swings around there to the left and walks along the back, across the top of the slab that forms the roof of the cave in this section, and on to and down the other side, on the sloping coping of the masonry base in which the bars of the dividing fence are set, and back to the floor of the pit, and to the tank, to take up there again his apparently endless walking, forward and back between tank and wall, in a seemingly endless getting ready to jump. Now and then he shakes himself like a great dog, though not so violently, and the spray flies from his white coat; and so what with time and exercise and the heat of his body he gradually dries himself off.

**A Bashful Man's Proposal.**

"Mabel," said the young man, bashfully, "do you know I think your mother a wonderfully fine woman?"

"I am glad to know that she has won your esteem."

"Do you think that I have made a favorable impression on her?"

"I don't know any reason to the contrary. Why do you ask?"

"I was wondering."

"Wondering what?"

"Whether she could think well enough of me to accept me for a son-in-law?"

And Mabel did her best to give him confidence.—London Tit-Bits.

**A Sociological Discovery.**

Cholly—Now, heah is an article that says that in Fwance the birthwate is less than the deathwate. Ho, ho! just fawncy! Why, that cawn't be, don't you know.

Percy—Aw, why cawn't it?

"Why, don't you see, if that was true there'd be people dying that had nevah been bohn."—Judge.

**Effective Reminder.**

She—I do believe you forgot that this was our wedding day's third anniversary.

He—Indeed I didn't. I just met the second of the notes negotiated to buy the furniture when we were married. —Indianapolis Journal.

**Her Husband Caned a Senator.**

Columbia, S. C., March 28.—The widow of Preston S. Brooks, who caned Charles Sumner in the United States senate, died here last night. The incident occurred in 1856, after a speech by Sumner in which he attacked slavery and the efforts of southerners to extend slavery to Kansas. Brooks was a congressman from South Carolina.

**The Egg.**

Snarley—An egg never outlives its usefulness.

Yow—What!

"No. If you can't eat it you can throw it."—Syracuse Herald.


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**NEWS OF THE RAILWAYS.**

The Rock Island's proposition for cheap rate excursions to and from Colorado during this summer has been seconded by the Western Passenger Association. In consequence notice was served yesterday on Chairman McLeod by General Passenger Agent Sebastian that the Rock Island will take independent action and put in effect a rate of one fare plus $2.00 for the round trip from Chicago and all intermediate points east of the Missouri river to Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Salt Lake City and Ogden. Tickets at this rate will be sold on June 26, July 9 and 17 and August 1, from Missouri river points the same rate will be made on the days following these dates. Tickets at this rate also will be sold from Missouri river gateways, Kansas City to Omaha, inclusive, on July 7, 8 and 9. Four special excursions will also be run by the Rock Island from Colorado common points to Chicago and intermediate stations on June 28, July 18 and 29 and August 4. These excursion tickets, both east and west bound, will be limited for return passage to October 31. The Rock Island announces its intention of placing in service special trains for these excursions, leaving Chicago at 5 p. m. and making the run to Colorado with only one night on the road.—Chicago Tribune.


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"The Burlington - Northern Pacific Express," Kansas City, St. Joseph or Denver to Puget Sound, Portland, Montana, Washington, entire Northwest. Daily through train of coaches, chair cars, tourist and standard sleepers and dining cars.

No. 15: morning train, Kansas City, St. Joseph to Nebraska, Denver and Pacific Coast, via Scenic Colorado. Weekly California excursions personally conducted.

No. 23: latest night train, Kansas City, St. Joseph to Denver; night train for Nebraska Omaha, St. Paul.

No. 21: noon train, Kansas City, St. Joseph to Omaha, St. Paul; through sleepers.

No. 55: famous Chicago Flyer; dining and buffet library cars, chair cars, sleepers.

No. 10: St. Louis fast night express.

No. 43: fast morning train east.

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HOWARD ELLIOTT, General Manager, St. Joseph, Mo.

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6-13-tf


## TIME TABLES

**Missouri Pacific—Lexington Br.**

EAST BOUND TRAINS.

| | No. 71. | No. 73. |
|---|---|---|
| Leave St. Louis | 7:35 am | 9:15 pm |
| Arrive Sedalia | 2:25 pm | 5:00 am |
| " Concordia | 4:07 pm | 6:06 am |
| " Ashville | 4:32 pm | 6:34 am |
| " Higginsville | 4:52 pm | 6:55 am |
| " Page City | 4:57 pm | 6:44 am |
| " Lexington | 5:11 pm | 7:00 am |
| " Mayview | 5:24 pm | 7:12 am |
| " Wellington | 5:34 pm | 7:25 am |
| " Waverly | 5:40 pm | 7:33 am |
| " Napoleon | 5:47 pm | 7:40 am |
| " Independence | 6:45 pm | 8:35 am |
| " Kansas City | 7:15 pm | 9:05 am |
| " St. Joseph | | 1:05 pm |

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

| | No. 74. | No. 72. |
|---|---|---|
| Leave St. Joe | 4:00 pm | |
| " Kansas City | 5:40 pm | 6:25 am |
| " Independence | 6:10 pm | 7:55 am |
| " Napoleon | 7:06 pm | 8:40 am |
| " Waverly | 7:14 pm | 8:48 am |
| " Wellington | 7:22 pm | 8:56 am |
| " Mayview | 7:28 pm | 9:01 am |
| " Lexington | 7:48 pm | 8:11 |
| " Page City | 8:10 pm | 8:20 am |
| " Higginsville | 8:21 pm | 8:37 am |
| " Ashville | 8:32 pm | 8:47 am |
| " Concordia | 8:49 pm | 9:02 am |
| " Sedalia | 9:00 pm | 10:05 am |
| " St. Louis | 7:10 am | 6:00 pm |

Special rates to Kansas City every Saturday evening and Sunday.

PASSENGER.

| East | | West |
|---|---|---|
| 6:50 am | Leaves Lexington | 3:35 am |
| 9:45 am | " Page City | 7:00 pm |
| 10:05 am | " Higginsville | 7:25 pm |
| 10:20 am | " Ashville | 7:40 pm |
| 11:50 am | " Concordia | 1:10 pm |
| 9:15 pm | " Sedalia | 10:45 am |

Daily, except Sunday.

**Jefferson City, Boonville and Lexington Division.**

MIXED DAILY EXC. SUNDAY.

| No. 72. Leave. | | No. 71. Arrive. |
|---|---|---|
| 7:15 am | Lexington | 5:11 pm |
| 8:35 am | Myrtle | 4:45 pm |
| 8:55 am | Northrup | 4:12 pm |
| 9:10 am | Dover | 4:00 pm |
| 9:37 am | Edwards | 3:35 pm |
| 9:50 am | Waverly | 3:20 pm |
| 11:30 am | Marshall | 1:15 pm |
| 2:00 am | Boonville | 9:00 pm |
| 4:45 pm | Tipton | 6:45 pm |
| Read down. | | Read up. |

**SANTA FE ROUTE.**

Trains arrive at North Lexington:
No. 22 (daily) ..... 7:45 a. m.
Trains leave North Lexington:
No. 23, Express (daily) ..... 7:55 a. m.
Main line trains pass Lexington Junction

GOING EAST.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| No. 3, (daily) | | 9:19 a m |
| " 29, " | | 10:00 a m |
| " 2, " | | 7:15 p m |
| " 6, " | | 9:30 p m |
| " 4, " | California Limited | 6:47 a m |

GOING WEST.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| No. 1, " | (daily) | 8:56 a m |
| " 5, " | California Limited | 12:20 a m |
| " 3, " | | 6:45 a m |
| " 7, " | | 12:17 p m |
| " 10, " | | 8:00 p m |

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**Chicago and Alton Railroad.**

GOING EAST.

| | Mail. No. 67 am | Chicago Limited. No. 51 pm | St. Louis Limited. No. 49 pm | Local Freight. No. 161 pm |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Blackburn | 10:12 | 6:32 | ... | 1:45 |
| Alma | 10:01 | 6:17 | ... | 1:32 |
| Corder | 9:59 | 6:14 | ... | 1:00 |
| Higginsville | 9:38 | 5:55 | 10:55 | 12:35 |
| Mayview | 9:30 | 5:47 | 10:47 | 12:25 |
| Odessa | 9:23 | 5:35 | 10:35 | 11:12 |
| Slater City | 9:12 | 5:20 | ... | 10:06 |
| Oak Grove | 9:06 | 5:11 | ... | 9:35 |

GOING WEST.