AN UP TO DATE CHURCH.

Lobby Like a Theater and Proscenium Boxes For the Deacons.

The new First Baptist temple of Columbus, O., which was dedicated recently, is one of the unique edifices in the west. In style it is a modified form of Gothic, without cupola, dome or steeple. Though it has beautifully wrought stained glass Gothic windows and arches, many Romanesque features are used in the minor parts, especially in the interior decorations, where the arrangement of the building is most striking.

Instead of entering the house of worship through a small vestibule the visitor steps through the gorgeously carved Gothic portal into a long corridor, on either side of which are offices, lecture rooms, nursery, parlors and similar rooms. At either side near the end of the lobby beautiful carved staircases lead to the balcony above.

The end of the lobby leads directly into the main auditorium exactly as the lobby of a theater.

From the wide aisle which runs around the rear of the room under the circular balcony a good view is had of the commodious stage which the Baptist minister is to use for his pulpit and where are located the great organ and the seats for the choir.

The proscenium arch is elaborately decorated and lacks only the drop curtain and the flies to carry out the stage effect. On either side of the stage pulpit are a series of boxes designed to be used for the deacons of the church instead of the traditional "amen corners." The pitched floor, with its circular balcony, the boxes and the stage, with their rich ornamentation and brilliant frescoing, give the beholder the impression of being in a pretty little theater rather than in a church.

A tour of the building will disclose every modern convenience, including electric lights, water plumbing, a room for bicycles, cloakrooms, library, Sunday school room, kitchen and lavatories.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

CHICAGO'S NOTED RIVER.

If Not Washed Too Clean, It May Be Seen Flowing Both Ways.

That the drainage canal can flow two ways at once may seem queer, but Isham Randolph, chief engineer of the sanitary district, says it is entirely possible. Not only is it possible, says he, but in all probability there will be half a dozen or a dozen times a year when such a peculiar phenomenon may be observed.

A southwest wind following soon after a northeast wind would almost certainly create such a condition, according to Mr. Randolph. As every one at all familiar with the whims and peculiarities of Lake Michigan knows, a sustained northeast wind lasing several days will raise the level at the Chicago end of the lake and send great quantities of water into the Chicago river. A southwest wind has the opposite effect, and the effect would be most marked when brought about immediately after a northeaster. The water piled up in the drainage canal would begin to flow to the lake with the falling level—that is, the surface water would. The actual flow in the canal would be maintained owing to the open sluice gates at the Lockport end, so the two mile an hour flow toward Lockport would keep up, but beneath the surface. As long as the southwest breeze would last the water would be flowing the two ways at once.

"I never saw that so clearly illustrated," said Mr. Randolph in explaining the phenomenon, "as one day when we were pumping water out of a pool in the canal when we were building it. The pumped water was all roiled and black, and it poured into some exceedingly clear water from a spring near the Des Plaines river. There was a breeze, enough to create a surface current on the clear water, through which the current of yellow water could be clearly observed flowing in the opposite direction. Straws and chips thrown out on top of the clear water were borne along its surface one way, while several feet below the grime and silt of the pumped current were plainly visible moving the other way."—Chicago News.

POINT OF THE JOKE.

A Witticism Which Puzzled a Number of Persons.

The following alleged witticism, taken from the columns of the New York Life, appeared in The News a few days ago:

Teacher—And who was Cain?

Small Boy—I guess he must have been the first Englishman.—Life.

Since that time many letters have been received by The News from interested readers asking that the point of the joke be explained. A well known musician, who is an Englishman by birth, called at The News office to get at the bottom of the joke. He said that English people were said to be slow in seeing the point of a joke, but that he readily saw the fun in most of the current jests. This one, however, he was unable to fathom.

Here are solutions suggested by a reader:

"It might be said that the charm of this particular joke lies in its variety of points. It might be that Cain was like the first Englishman because he killed his brother. This interpretation is given presuming that the reader is familiar with the South African situation. Then, taking into consideration the inability of the English to down the Boers quickly, it might be that Cain is like the Englishman because he wasn't Abel. Then, too, Cain is like the Englishman because nobody now living ever saw either.

"The fact that Cain killed Abel with a club or stick has some connection with the Englishman who cannot see a joke, for could not Abel have said on being struck, 'That sticks me?'

"Again, if the first Englishman was as particular about his appearance as the members of his race, both might have remarked, 'I want to be perfectly killing.'"—Baltimore News.

A Democratic Duke.

The Duke of Norfolk is noted for his kind heart and for his utter disregard for his personal appearance. So far is he from a proud and haughty disposition that he is known by the tenants on his estates as "Uncle Henry." Because of the poor clothes which he wears he has been the victim of some curious and amusing adventures. On one occasion he had engaged to distribute the prizes to the pupils at a convent. Instead of riding to the convent in state he walked and was met in the grounds by one of the sisters, who, judging from his appearance that he was an applicant for charity, expressed her sorrow that relief was not distributed on that day. "I know, sister," said the duke, "but you do distribute prizes, and I have come to distribute them for you."

RISKS IN TUNNELING.

Mysterious Dangers to Be Encountered While Under Ground.

That there will soon be tunnels under the East river to Brooklyn and to South Brooklyn seems to be assured. It is possible, strange enough, to forecast more closely what the engineers will encounter under the bed of the river than what they will encounter under the surface of Manhattan Island. No complete map exists of the under world of the city, with its network of sewers, conduits, gas, steam and water mains, while some experience already gained in work under the river has placed in the possession of contractors a pretty accurate idea of its bed.

They have gained this despite the heavy tides that make core borings difficult or impossible. In the neighborhood of Blackwell's island the current at spring tide sweeps up and down the channel sometimes at the rate of nine knots an hour. The tide runs with scarcely abated flow almost to the turn. For only about 15 minutes is there anything like still water, and this is merely on top. The undercurrent runs later than the surface, and while it may be still above the tide will be running stronger at the bottom.

The geological formation of the river bed is accounted to be the work of a double glacier that flowed from the Hudson valley by way of the Harlem, and divided on the north end of Blackwell's island, forming the channel on either side. Under the channel is an almost solid bed of metamorphic rock. On the New York side, in the neighborhood of Blackwell's island, this is comparatively soft gneiss. Midway it becomes hard and straight grained with considerable mica. On the Brooklyn side it is massive and flinty as granite. Decomposed feldspathic rock, soft as cheese, is found, together with crystallized pyrites and sections of carbonized wood. Near the Brooklyn side strata of rock have been encountered under such pressure that at intervals they gave forth sharp reports like the explosion of a pistol.

Experience has shown that perhaps the greatest difficulties to be met will be those connected with the health of the workmen. Toiling under the unnatural air pressure which would be needed whenever decomposed rock or potholes of mud are discovered, the men who will push the tunnels from shore to shore must face certain physical discomforts and some slight risks of strange and fatal maladies. No person having any disease of the bronchial tubes, lungs or heart has any right to enter pressure. Sudden death has stricken down even the healthy in working under the bed of the river.

The first injurious effect of working under pressure is an itching caused by air globules in the capillaries. This may be cured quickly by inducing profuse perspiration. The next stage is "bends," an intense rheumatic pain in the joints caused by air globules in the sockets. This may be benefited by subjecting the patient to a profuse perspiration and removing him to a heated pressure chamber. The last stage is paralysis, frequently resulting in death. Of four men who died while digging in the gas tunnel under the East river the first expired half an hour after succumbing to pressure and the second before he could be removed from the tunnel. The third and fourth became paralyzed from the shoulders down and lived only a short time.

It was found that hot black coffee, provided in large quantities, was helpful to the men. When the air pressure did not exceed 30 pounds above that of the atmosphere, men were able to work for nine hours, laying off one hour in the middle of the day. Working under the highest pressures, they were unable to remain in the unnatural atmosphere with safety longer than 1½ hours, which, with an hour's rest between, made an actual day's work of less than five hours.—New York Mail and Express.

Schwab's Rapid Rise.

"Twenty years ago," says the Chicago Tribune, "Charles M. Schwab went to work in the Carnegie iron works at Pittsburg as a stake driver at a salary of $1 a day. Now he is president of the Carnegie Steel company, limited, and draws a salary larger than that of the president of the United States. And he is only 37 years old.

"He was born in Pennsylvania and had only a common school education. At 15 years of age he went to work, and he does not believe in a college education for a business man. For a year or two he drove a mail wagon and clerked in a grocery store. In his seventeenth year he got a job with the Carnegie company. His first work was to drive stakes for the foundation of a new building. His rise was so rapid as to be phenomenal. He became chief engineer in 1887, general manager a little later and in 1896 a partner in the company.

"Years ago he was offered a salary of more than $50,000 a year to go to England and take charge of some English iron and steel works. This offer he declined at once."

A Tactful Retort.

"Speaker Henderson," says Leslie's Weekly, "is extremely quick at repartee—almost as noted in this regard as his predecessor. His shafts, however, lack the biting irony of Mr. Reed's. At one of Mrs. Henderson's recent receptions there were among the visitors two sisters whose striking resemblance to each other and their mother is widely commented upon.

"'How much Mrs. X. and Miss W. look alike!' remarked the speaker to Mrs. Henderson.

"'Which is the handsomer?' spoke up some one standing near by, much to the embarrassment of the women.

"Quick as a flash Mr. Henderson turned to the mother of the women in question, a noted belle in her time and still a woman of much beauty. 'Their mother is more beautiful than either,' said the speaker gallantly."

In a Quandary.

A western member of the house is in a curious quandary. He wants to oblige a constituent who is anxious to be married, and yet—

The story is interesting. In the war department is a lovely girl who gets $1,800 a year. She has a sister whom she supports on the salary. Her affianced is the constituent of the congressman, and they cannot be married until the sister finds some employment. The would be husband has told the congressman that the proper thing is to put the sister in the $1,800 place, and the congressman cannot make it plain to him that this is an impossibility under the civil service law.

"But I want to marry the girl, and I can't until her sister gets a place," complains the anxious lover.

So now the congressman is trying to get the sister a clerkship in the census bureau, and if he is successful the wedding will take place.—Washington Post.

NEVER HEARD OF THE WAR.

Chinese Who Refuse to Believe That Japan Defeated Them.

The ignorance in which the Chinese government keeps its people in respect to its international relations is demonstrated by a letter written by Joseph Walton, a member of the British parliament, who has just returned to London from a tour in China, Japan, Korea, Indo-China and India. Mr. Walton says that in one of the most densely populated provinces of the Celestial empire the war with Japan has not been heard of, and the inhabitants refuse to believe that their country has ever been defeated. Mr. Walton's letter in part is as follows:

"I traveled 1,600 miles up the Yangtse to Shun-king. For the first 1,000 miles I went up by steamer, and then by Chinese houseboat up the rapids and gorges of the Yang-tse, only accomplishing 70 miles in nine days. Then I was met by Mr. Archibald Little's launch, in which, in the same period, I traveled 380 miles. The last 400 miles was through Szechuen, the objective of the British Burma and upper Yang-tse railway. On both sides of the river, which at Shun-king I found to be three-quarters of a mile wide at low water, the country was cultivated like a garden.

"I saw thousands and thousands of commodious homesteads surrounded by clumps of bamboo and orange trees, with patches of ground of the richest alluvial soil, cultivated without a weed and producing two and three crops of opium, tobacco, indigo, sugar cane, etc. It was a new world, whose people had never heard of the war with Japan and who refused to believe that China had ever been beaten by that country. It was a land of peace, plenty and civilization. I walked scores of miles through farms, villages and towns, and was everywhere treated with courtesy and civility.

"At every place we touched the population turned out en masse to see our little puffing launch forging its way up against the current, this being only the second time that this part of the river had been so navigated. I afterward came down the rapids in the launch—it was the first time they had been shot by a steamer—accomplishing the journey of 457 miles from Shun-king to I-chang in 31 hours of steaming. Over and over again the little craft was practically buried in the seething rapids. The possibilities of trade in this region are so vast that they can scarcely be estimated. On the upper Yangtse alone there are 5,000 trading junks, each manned by some 100 men, making a total of 500,000 persons engaged in the carrying trade—fearless men of fine physique."

THE FUTURE OF BREAD.

Curious Wheat Problem That the World Has to Face.

If Sir William Crookes is to be believed, scarcity of food is not by any means remote. It may come within sight of persons now alive, and these not very young. The case may be very easily stated. At present the deficiencies of the wheat eating countries are supplied by North America, especially by the United States.

In 1897-8 the wheat crop of the United States was about 540,000,000 bushels. Of this quantity 217,000,000 bushels were exported to Europe, where no country, excepting Russia and Turkey, grows enough for its own population. The States are able to do this without trenching on the home supply because the total population is not more than 75,000,000. In 1931, if the increase of population goes on at the same rate as that of the last 30 years, the 75,000,000 will have increased to 130,000,000, and the surplus for export will be no longer available.

Whence, therefore, will the wants of the world be supplied? Russia at present exports largely, the total being something more than two-fifths of that from the States. But it cannot be hoped that Russia will come to the rescue of a hungry world. It is already hungry itself, exporting food while its own people are starving. Any change here must be in the way of distribution. This change will be the more speedy because the Russian population, in spite of its sufferings, increases. Indeed, the difficulty of the general problem is aggravated by the fact that up to the point of actual starvation scarcity not only does not check, but actually stimulates the rate of increase. A perfectly well fed, well educated and generally comfortable population has a tendency to diminish rather than to grow.—London Spectator.

Preached In the Dark.

The fact that daylight and darkness are alike to the Rev. Mr. David, a well known northwest Missouri Baptist minister, owing to his blindness, was responsible for a rather unusual and somewhat amusing situation during the services conducted by him in the Maryville Baptist church on a recent Sunday night. Mr. David had but just got started in his discourse when the electric lights suddenly went out, leaving the congregation in total darkness. The minister, however, knew nothing of it and preached right along, his auditors remaining perfectly quiet until the close of the sermon.

Then, following the announcement of the hymn, the chorister rose and said, "Brother David, the lights have been out almost half an hour, and we cannot see to sing." And then a light, although not the one "that failed," dawned upon the sightless orator, and he hurriedly pronounced the benediction and dismissed his congregation.—Kansas City Journal.

A Very Improbable Story.

Not so very long ago a visitor to the White House—not a guest of the president, but on business—had occasion to use a Scriptural quotation, and, some question arising as to the exact language, a Bible was called for. One of the numerous colored men was sent after the White House Bible. But in due time he returned with the information that there was not a Bible upon the premises. The visitor was greatly shocked, and before he left handed a dollar to the colored man with orders to purchase a Bible and put it in some place convenient for reference. Sad to relate, the Bible has not yet made its appearance, but visitors are informed on the slightest provocation that the executive mansion of this Christian nation is Bibleless.—Chicago Journal.

His Matrimonial Career.

George Wray, aged 103, secured a divorce in Columbus, Ind., on June 22 from Susan E. Wray, aged 30. He had been married four times, outliving three wives. He said that his last wife came to him and offered to take care of him if he would marry her, but that she had robbed him of over $1,000 in gold since they were married, eight years ago. He is the progenitor of a great part of the Wray family in southern Indiana, having several great-great-grandchildren.

A BEWITCHED BEEFSTEAK.

Inventor Tripler's Funny Caper In a Boston Restaurant.

Charles E. Tripler, the famous experimenter in liquid air, recently went to Boston to visit his friend, Elihu Thompson, the electrical expert. He took with him a can of liquefied air. It was a simple looking can and might have held baked beans or cold coffee, so far as its outward appearance went. But it contained a fluid so cold that a cake of ice acts on it like fire on water. It makes it boil. It is so cold that it freezes alcohol stiff and turns mercury into a substance hard enough to drive nails with. It was a quart of the coldest thing on earth that Mr. Tripler had in his tin can, and he took it with him to luncheon, where he put it on the floor by his chair. They lunched in a hotel cafe and ordered a steak. After it had been brought in and while the waiter's back was turned Mr. Tripler lifted it from the platter, opened the can and exposed the meat to the liquid air. When he put it back on the platter, it was as hard as a rock.

"Waiter," called Mr. Tripler, "come here!" The waiter obeyed.

"What's the matter with this steak?" he asked anxiously.

And he lifted it from the plate by two fingers and struck it with his knife. The frozen meat rang like a bell.

"I d-d-on't k-n-now, sir," he faltered, and he started for the head waiter on the run.

Mr. Tripler, by the way, is one of the fiercest looking men in the inventing business. His mustache is of the pirate cut, and his eyebrows bristle and meet in the middle. Therefore the head waiter approached him with almost timidity.

"Do you serve your steaks like this as a rule?" asked Mr. Tripler as he struck the time of day on it.

"It's that fool chef," explained the head waiter as he started for the kitchen.

A few minutes later the chef appeared with the head waiter. He recognized the steak by sight at once. Then Mr. Tripler took it up and made it ring again.

"Mercy! Gracious!" ejaculated the chef, piously crossing himself. "I did not do it, sure."

Then Mr. Tripler smiled, and Mr. Thompson laughed. A new steak was ordered, and the frozen one was carried below to fool the rest of the kitchen.—Philadelphia Evening Post.

A KEYLESS LOCK.

It Is the Latest Innovation Proposed For Postoffice Boxes.

There is more than $400,000 of the people's money locked up in postoffice keys, each and every keyholder being required to put up with the postmaster a deposit for his key, the amount deposited being returned when the box is given up and rent paid. Postmasters are required to keep a strict account of the key deposit fund, while the postoffice department here has a regular division set apart for keeping this account. As a postal official puts it, there is a great deal of trouble and no money in the transactions, and the final outcome of the trial of the keyless locks which are to be tried in the principal offices of the country is eagerly looked for. The department has long wanted a keyless lock, but none of the lock inventions until the present was regarded as in any way calculated to prove acceptable. Contracts have been made for a supply of the new locks, which will first be tried in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis as the largest and most important offices and then in St. Paul, Cleveland, Hartford, Madison, Wis., and Rockford, Ills. These offices will be fitted out as soon as the factory can complete the making of the boxes. If they prove in every way satisfactory to the department and to the patrons, they will be placed in offices throughout the country, but not to the entire exclusion of the lock boxes. It is the belief of the postoffice department lock experts that the keyless box will prove a blessing.—Washington Times.

Desperate Wheeling.

It was in the north end of Benton county. A solitary wheelman pedaled in the direction of Corvallis. The wheel was a sorry looking machine as it trundled slowly along. Rags, buckskin strings and wire clothesline had been applied to the various parts. A man after four nights of toothache never looked more dilapidated than did this wheel. Around the rim and tire of the hind wheel was wrapped about four miles of binding twine. "The tire came off and I fastened it back with twine," explained the rider to a passerby. "Then the darned thing lost its wind with a puncture, and I filled it up with oats, and now I'm going to ride to Corvallis or bust."—Corvallis Times.

Two Services a Year.

A church in which only two services are held during the course of any one year is a curiosity, yet such a one can be found in the middle of a large field near the village of Towton, England. It was originally erected as a memorial to Lord de Clifford, who fell in the battle of Towton in 1461. Services were instituted for the purpose of praying for the repose of his soul and those of his followers who fell in that historic battle. They might have been discontinued long ago did not the vicar of Ryther, in whose parish the church is situated, receive the tithes from no less than 1,000 acres of land that are dedicated to the little sanctuary.

A Reminder of Goldsmith.

Perhaps nothing in the career of Oliver Goldsmith is so well known as his affection for Mary Korneck, the "Jessamy Bride." Once he tried to thrash a publisher for printing a libel about her and was severely thrashed himself for his pains. The other day in London some of her bijouterie was sold at public auction, among which was a locket containing a lock of Goldsmith's hair. Mrs. Gwyn, as she afterward became, died in 1840 in her eighty-eighth year.

Count Esterhazy Challenged.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 12.—Captain Thomas Phelan, a broad swordsman and a crick pistol shot, has issued a challenge to Count Esterhazy to fight him a duel in defense of Captain Alfred Dreyfus. Captain Phelan has engaged in several personal encounters, and he is said to be backed by several local Jews, who have guaranteed his passage to England to meet Esterhazy. He is a veteran of the civil war.

Iowa's Beet Sugar Industry.

Des Moines, Sept. 12.—It is practically certain that Des Moines and eastern capitalists will erect a beet sugar factory here next year. An organization has been effected, and the only work now to be accomplished is to secure contracts with farmers pledging that 700 acres of beets will be raised annually in this county. Over half this amount is already contracted. Ample capital is back of the project.

HOODOOS ON A TRAIN.

The Whistling Passenger and the One With Ear Muffs.

The conductor of a railway train that pulled out from Jersey City was taking up tickets. One of his passengers was whistling as he hauled out his. The conductor handed it back unpunched. When the conductor returned from the rear coach, he hesitated at the seat of the whistling man and then passed on. When he made his second trip through the car, after the train had left Trenton, he again took the ticket of the sibilant passenger and returned it without the usual perforation. After this had been repeated a baldheaded passenger in a starboard seat apologized to the conductor and asked him why he did not punch the whistler's ticket.

"I am not superstitious," was the reply, "but I am afraid if that fellow doesn't stop whistling we shall run into a blizzard or off the track or have a collision."

The baldhead said that was cheerful information coming from a conductor.

"Well, you asked me, and I have told you. I never knew it to fail. I know whistling is considered by some as an evidence of good nature, but when it is done in a railway coach it is in line with the crow of a hen. What on earth a man wants to whistle for when he is in a car I don't know. But that is neither here nor there. It is bad luck, especially if the conductor punches the ticket while the man is whistling."

"Why don't you ask him a question and punch his ticket while he is answering?"

"That would do no good. He must not have his lips puckered when I take the ticket. Besides, I don't know what to ask him without appearing impertinent. I can't think of anything to ask."

"Is that a notion common to conductors?"

"I can't say how general it is, but I have had it many years, and I know others who think the same. A locomotive engineer doesn't like to have anybody whistle in his pilot."

"But you will have to take up that man's ticket before he leaves the car?"

"Certainly. But he may stop whistling. If he doesn't, I shall have to take it up just the same; but the damage will be done then."

"What damage?"

"Why, the hoodoo will be running the train by that time. I know what I am talking about."

"Philadelphia! All out for Philadelphia!" shouted the porter.

The whistling passenger seized his satchel and started for the door. The conductor overtook him and said:

"This is not your station."

"I am going to stop over here one train."

"Give me that ticket, quick," cut in the conductor, "so that I can fix it, or it won't be good for a stop over."

The passenger complied as he resumed whistling. The ticket was fixed, and the passenger left the car. The conductor usually turns his train over to another at Philadelphia, but this time the same conductor continued to Baltimore. When the train was under headway again, the baldheaded passenger congratulated the conductor. He smiled and made no reply. Just after the train left Wilmington it came to a stop in the open and stood there for an hour. The locomotive had got the kinks. When it started again, it was at fitful speed. When it finally reached Baltimore, a snowstorm had overtaken it, or it had run into one. The conductor left the train there.

"It might have been all right," he explained to the baldheaded passenger, "but a man got on at Wilmington who wore ear muffs, and I knew then we were in for it. I may be wrong about whistling men, but when a man gets on my train wearing heaters on his ears I then know there is trouble coming. I am not superstitious, but there are things you can't get round."

The train was three hours late at its destination. The storm was at its height. The street cars had stopped. Cabs were $3 apiece.—New York Sun.

TITLES IN THE ARMY.

Officers Are Called "Mr." Until They Reach the Rank of Captain.

People who are not versed in matters of army usage often ask why certain army officers are addressed as "mister" and not by their titles. To the men who enter the service from West Point the custom is well understood, because they know that, no matter how much authority they may have or how gay their uniform may be, they are simply "misters" until they wear two bars on their shoulder straps. A recent occurrence in the Army building illustrated the matter. A man who had been a field officer in the volunteer service in the war with Spain had been appointed to a lieutenancy in the new volunteer army and called at one of the offices at the headquarters on a matter of business. There the officer in charge presented him to a United States army officer.

"Major Blank, allow me to present Mr. Smith—Mr. Smith, Major Blank."

The volunteer officer hinted in a modest way, when the major had withdrawn, that it might have been well to let the fact be known that he also was an army officer. "Oh, that's all right," said the officer who had acted as host, "everybody is mister until he is captain."

Even in service the first and second lieutenants are addressed "mister" by officers of higher rank. The custom is so general that it is not unusual for lieutenants in the regular service to have their visiting cards engraved with the "Mr." prefixed, thus:

"Mr. John Brown Smith, United States Army."

The officer in the regular service also shows a preference for civilian's dress, which the volunteer officer does not always share. When not on duty, at home on leave or on his way to post the regular officer usually wears no part of his uniform, and prefers to appear as an ordinary citizen.—New York Tribune.

When She Expected Him.

They parted at the car window. The man was on his way to the Klondike country. The faithful wife was left behind.

"How soon do you expect him home?" inquired a sympathetic neighbor.

The devoted wife choked back a hot tear.

"You can bet your life," she sobbed, "that I don't expect him home until he's made his pile. And he knows b-better than to c-come."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Miss Florence Newman, who has been a great sufferer from muscular rheumatism, says Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the only remedy that affords her relief. Miss Newman is a much respected resident of the village of Gray, N. Y., and makes this statement for the benefit of others similarly afflicted. This liniment is for sale by Wm. P. Bell & Co. Accomac C. H., Va.

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NEW YORK, PHILA. & NORFOLK R.R

Time Table in Effect Nov. 29, 1897.

Quickest and only daily line between Boston, New York, Phila., Norfolk and Old Point Comfort.

NORTHWARD

Stations	92 Phila Acc.	82 N.Y. Exp.	94 Old Point Exp.
Leave	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Portsmouth		5 20	7 30
Norfolk		6 00	7 45
Old Point Comfort		7 20	8 40
Cape Charles		9 40	10 55
Cheriton		f9 50	11 04
Cobbs		f9 53	11 06
Eastville		f10 01	11 14
Machipongo		f10 08	11 21
Bird's Nest		f10 16	11 26
Nassawadox		f10 22	11 32
Exmore		f10 31	11 40
Mappsburg		f10 46	11 47
Keller		f10 46	11 52
Melfa		f10 51	11 57
Only		f10 57	12 03
Tasley		11 05	12 11
Parksley		11 18	12 22
Bloxom		f11 25	12 29
Hallwood		11 32	12 37
Bloomtown		11 35	12 40
Oak Hall		f11 37	12 44
New Church		f11 43	12 53
Pocomoke	6 10	11 55	1 06
Costen	6 15	12 00	
King's Creek	6 40	12 10	1 25
Princess Anne	6 56	12 20	1 31
Loretto	7 02		
Eden	7 08		
Fruitland	7 18		
Salisbury	7 35	12 47	1 56
Delmar	7 55	1 00	2 09
Arrive	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.

Arrive	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Baltimore (Union Station)	12 35	6 19	6 55
Wilmington	11 25	4 20	5 04
Phila. (Broad St. Station)	12 06	5 10	5 43
Trenton	3 28	6 24	
Newark	2 25	7 18	
New York (P. R. R.	3 03	7 43	8 23

SOUTHWARD

Leave	85 Crisfield Exp. A.M.	97 Norfolk Exp. P.M.	45 Old Point Exp. A.M.
New York (P. R. R.		8 55	8 00
Newark		8 32	8 25
Trenton		9 50	9 23
Phila. (Broad St. Station)	7 25	10 50	10 20
Wilmington	8 13	12 11	11 04
Baltimore (Union Station)	6 25	7 53	9 05

Leave	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Delmar	11 37	3 10	1 51
Salisbury	11 50	3 20	2 00
Fruitland	12 01		
Eden	12 06		
Loretto	f12 11		
Princess Anne	12 20	3 37	2 17
King's Creek	12 30	3 40	2 24
Costen	12 55	3 43	
Pocomoke	1 00	3 53	2 36
New Church		f4 04	2 45
Oak Hall		f4 09	2 50
Bloomtown		f4 12	2 53
Hallwood		4 18	2 57
Bloxom		f4 24	3 04
Parksley		4 30	3 11
Tasley		4 39	3 22
Only		f4 42	3 24
Melfa		4 47	3 30
Keller		4 52	3 36
Mappsburg		4 57	3 41
Exmore		5 05	3 48
Nassawadox		5 12	3 55
Bird's Nest		5 19	4 01
Machipongo		f5 25	4 08
Eastville		5 33	4 15
Cobbs		5 42	4 21
Cheriton		f5 45	4 25
Cape Charles		6 05	4 40
Old Point Comfort		8 00	6 35
Norfolk		9 00	7 35
Portsmouth		9 10	7 45
Arrive	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.

"f" stops for passengers on signal to conductor. ‡Daily, except Sunday.

R. B. Cooke, Gen'l. Freight & Pass. Agent, Norfolk, Va.

J. G. Rodgers, Supt. Cape Charles, Va.

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The McPhail PIANO.

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Over fourteen thousand McPhail Pianos in the city of Boston, the musical centre of this country, and we refer to the possessor of any of them as to the quality of the instrument.

Testimonials from Highest Authority.

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Is supplied daily with produce from the city and country.
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Is inducive.

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At bottom prices.

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In stock. Come, ask for what you want, if not in stock, we will order for you.

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Of every description to order.

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We are carrying a splendid line of Caskets and Burial Cases, and commend our services to the public. If not convenient to call and see our stock, why write. We are purchasing bargains and will make room for
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Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, and Silverware

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Pocomoke City, Md.

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Passengers conveyed to any part of the Peninsula, with comfort and dispatch and at reasonable prices.

Horses bought, sold and exchanged.

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—EUROPEAN PLAN.—

Rooms 50 cts. 75 cts. and $1 per day.

This house is now open, is entirely new and is equipped with all the modern conveniences—elevator, electric lights, electric call bells, steam heat baths. &c.

BERNARD REILY,
Proprietor.

Thornton Hotel

—AND—

Livery Stables,

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(100 feet of R. R. Station.)

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