CHILDREN OF A KING.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES OF THE SCIONS OF ROYALTY.

The Royal House of Jesus, and the Sun, the Moon, the Stars and All Nature Are Its Heritage—The Cross Its Great Heraldic Sign.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage, who during his journey homeward has seen much of royal and imperial splendors, in passing through the capitals of Europe, shows that there is no higher dignity nor more illustrious station than those which the Christian has as a child of God; text, Judges viii, 18, "Each one resembled the children of a king."

Zebah and Zalmunna had been off to battle and when they came back they were asked what kind of people they had seen. They answered that the people had a royal appearance; "each one resembled the children of a king." That description of people is not extinct. There are still many who have this appearance. Indeed, they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Though now in exile, they shall yet come to their thrones. There are family names that stand for wealth, or patriotism, or intelligence. The name of Washington among us will always represent patriotism. The family of the Medici stood as the representative of letters. The family of the Rothschilds is significant of wealth, the loss of $40,000,000 in 1848 putting them to no inconvenience; and within a few years they have loaned Russia $12,000,000, Naples, $25,000,000, Austria, $40,000,000, and England $200,000,000; and the stroke of their pen on the counting room desk shakes everything from the Irish sea to the Danube. They open their hand, and there is war; they shut it and there is peace. The Romanoffs of Russia, the Hohenzollerns of Germany, the Bourbons of France, the Stuarts and Guelphs of Great Britain are houses whose names are intertwined with the history of their respective nations symbolic of imperial authority.

But I preach of a family more potential, more rich, and more extensive—the royal house of Jesus, of whom the whole family in heaven and on earth is named. We are blood relations by the relationship of the cross; all of us are the children of the King.

The Ancestral Line.

First, I speak of our family name. When we see a descendant of some one greatly celebrated in the last century, we look at him with profound interest. To have had conquerors, kings or princes in the ancestral line gives luster to the family name. In our line was a King and Conqueror. The Star in the East with baton of light woke up the eternal orchestra that made music at his birth. From thence he started forth to conquer all nations, not by trampling them down, but by lifting them up. St. John saw him on a white horse. When he returns, he will not bring the nations chained to his wheel or in iron cages; but I hear the stroke of the hoofs of the snow white cavalcade that brings them to the gates in triumph.

Our family name takes luster from the star that heralded him, and the spear that pierced him, and the crown that was given him. It gathers fragrance from the frankincense brought to his cradle, and the lilies that flung their sweetness into his sermons, and the box of alabaster that broke at his feet. The Comforter at Bethany. The Resurrector at Nain. The supernatural Oculist at Bethsaida. The Saviour of one world, and the chief joy of another. The storm his frown. The sunlight his smile. The spring morning his breath. The earthquake the stamp of his foot. The thunder the whisper of his voice. The ocean a drop on the tip of his finger. Heaven a sparkle on the bosom of his love. Eternity the twinkling of his eye. The universe the flying dust of his chariot wheels. Able to heal a heartbreak, or hush a tempest, or drown a world, or flood immensity with his glory. What other family name could ever boast of such an illustrious personage?

Henceforth, swing out the coat of arms! Great families wear their coat of arms on the dress, or on the door of the coach, or on the helmet when they go out to battle, or on flags and ensigns. The heraldic sign is sometimes a lion, or a dragon, or an eagle. Our coat of arms worn right over the heart, hereafter shall be a cross, a lamb standing under it, and a dove flying over it. Grandest of all escutcheons! Most significant of all family escutcheons! In every battle I must have it blazing on my flag—the dove, the cross, the lamb; and when I fall, wrap me in that good old Christian flag, so that the family coat of arms shall be right over my breast, that all the world may see that I looked to the Dove of the Spirit, and clung to the Cross, and depended upon the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of life depend;
No! When I blush, be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.

Next, I speak of the family sorrows. If trouble come to one member of the family, all feel it. It is the custom, after the body is lowered into the grave, for all the relatives to come to the verge of the grave and look down into it. First those nearest the departed come, then those next of kin, until they have all looked into the grave. So, when trouble and grief go down through the heart of one member of the family, they go down through them all. The sadness of one is the sadness of all. A company of persons join hands around an electric battery; the two persons at the ends of the line touch the battery and all the circle feels the shock. Thus, by reason of the filial, maternal and paternal relations of life, we stand so close together that when trouble sets its battery, all feel the thrill of distress. In the great Christian family, the sorrow of one ought to be the sorrow of all. Is one persecuted? All are persecuted. Does one suffer loss? We all suffer loss. Is one bereaved? We are all bereaved.

Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe.

If you rejoice at another's misfortune, you are not one of the sheep, but one of the goats; and the vulture of sin hath alighted on your soul, and not the Dove of the Spirit.

A Precious Heirloom.

Next, I notice the family property. After a man of large estate dies, the relatives assemble to hear the will read. So much of the property is willed to his sons, and so much to his daughters, and so much to benevolent societies. Our Lord Jesus hath died, and we are assembled today to hear the will read. He says, "My peace I give unto you." Through his apostle he says, "All things are yours." What, everything? Yes, everything! This world and the next. In distinguished families there are old pictures hanging on the wall. They are called the "heirlooms" of the estate. They are very old, and have come down from generation to generation. So I look upon all the beauties of the natural world as the heirlooms of our royal family. The morning breaks from the east. The mists travel up hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until sky lost. The forests are full of chirp, and buzz, and song. Tree's leaf and bird's wing flutter with gladness. Honey makers in the log, and beak against the bark, and squirrels chattering on the rail, and the call of the hawk out of a clear sky make you feel glad.

The sun, which kindles conflagrations among the castles of cloud and sets minaret and dome aflame, stoops to paint the lily white, and the buttercup yellow, and the forgetmenot blue. What can resist the sun? Light for the voyager over the deep! Light for the shepherd guarding the flocks afield! Light for the poor who have no lamps to burn! Light for the downcast and the lowly! Light for aching eyes and burning brain and wasted capture! Light for the smooth brow of childhood and for the dim vision of the octogenarian! Light for queen's coronet and for sewing girl's needle! Let there be light! Whose morning is this? My morning. Your morning. Our Father gave us the picture and hung it on the sky in loops of fire. It is the heirloom of our family. And so the night. It is the full moon. The mists from shore to shore gleam like shattered mirrors, and the ocean under her glance comes up with great tides, panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire. The poor man blesses God for throwing such a cheap light through the broken window pane into his cabin, and to the sick it seems a light from the other shore which bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun seem like a song full and poured from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with great harmonies, the moon is plaintive and mild, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen, and the sea. No mother ever more sweetly guarded the sick cradle than all night long this pale watcher of the sky bends over the weary, heartsick, slumbering earth. Whose is this black framed, black tasseled picture of the night? It is the heirloom of our family. Ours the grandeur of the spring, the crystals of the snow, the coral of the beach, the odors of the garden, the harmonies of the air.

You cannot see a large estate in one morning. You must take several walks around it. The family property of this royal house of Jesus is so great that we must take several walks to get any idea of its extent. Let the first walk be around this earth. All these valleys, the harvests that wave in them, and the cattle that pasture them—all these mountains, and the precious things hidden beneath them, and the crown of glacier they cast at the feet of the alpine hurricane—all these lakes, these islands, these continents, are ours. In the second walk go among the street lamps of heaven, and see stretching off on every side a wilderness of worlds. For us they shine. For us they sang at a Saviour's nativity. For us they will wheel into line, and with their flaming torches add to the splendor of our triumph on the day for which all other days were made. In the third walk, go around the eternal city. As we come near it, hark to the rush of its chariots, and the wedding peal of its great towers. The bell of heaven has struck 12. It is high noon. We look off upon the chaplets which never fade, the eyes that never weep, the temples that never close, the loved ones that never part, the procession that never halts, the trees that never wither, the walls that never can be captured, the sun that never sets, until we can no longer gaze, and we hide our eyes and exclaim: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him!" As these tides of glory rise, we have to retreat and hold fast lest we be swept off and drowned in the emotions of gladness, and thanksgiving, and triumph.

What think you of the family property? It is considered an honor to marry into a family where there is great wealth. The Lord, the bridegroom of earth and heaven, offers you his heart and his hand, saying in the words of the Canticles: "Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away," and once having put on thy hand the signet ring of his love, you will be endowed with all the wealth of earth, and all the honors of heaven.

Homestead of Eternity.

Almost every family looks back to a homestead—some country place where you grew up. You sat on the doorsill. You heard the footsteps of the rain on the garret roof. You swung on the gate. You ransacked the barn. You waded into the brook. You thrashed the orchard for apples, and the neighboring woods for nuts; and everything around the old homestead is of interest to you. I tell you of the old homestead of eternity. "In my Father's house are many mansions." When we talk of mansions, we think of Chatsworth, and its park, nine miles in circumference, and its conservatory, that astonishes the world; its galleries of art, that contain the triumphs of Chantrey, Canova and Thorwaldsen; of the kings and the queens who have walked its stately halls, or, dying over the heather, have hunted the grouse. But all the dwelling places of dukes, and princes, and queens, are as nothing to the family mansion that is already awaiting our arrival. The hand of the Lord Jesus lifted the pillars, and swung the doors, and planted the parks. Angels walk there, and the good of all ages. The poorest man in that house is a millionaire, and the lowliest a king, and the tamest word he speaks is an anthem, and the shortest life an eternity.

It took a Paxton to build for Chatsworth a covering for the wonderful flower Victoria regia, five feet in diameter. But our lily of the valley shall need no shelter from the blast, and in the open gardens of God shall put forth its full bloom, and all heaven shall come to look at it, and its aroma shall be as though the cherubim had swung before the throne ten thousand censers. I have not seen it yet. I am in a foreign land. But my Father is waiting for me to come home. I have brothers and sisters there. In the Bible I have letters from there, telling me what a fine place it is. It matters not much to me whether I am rich or poor, or whether the world hates me or loves me, or whether I go by land or by sea, if only I may lift my eyes at last on the family mansion. It is not a frail house, built in a month, soon to crumble, but an old mansion, which is as firm as the day it was built. Its walls are covered with the ivy of many ages, and the urns at the gateway are a-bloom with the century plants of eternity. The queen of Sheba hath walked its halls, and Esther, and Marie Antoinette, and Lady Huntingdon, and Cecil, and Jeremy Taylor, and Samuel Rutherford, and John Milton, and the widow who gave two mites, and the poor men from the hospital—these last two perhaps outshining all the kings and queens of eternity.

A Celestial Reunion.

A family mansion means reunion. Some of your families are very much scattered. The children married, and went off to St. Louis, or Chicago, or Charleston; but perhaps once a year you come together at the old place. How you wake up the old piano that has been silent for years! (Father and mother do not play on it.) How you bring out the old relics, and rummage the garret, and open old scrapbooks, and shout, and laugh, and cry, and talk over old times, and, though you may be 45 years of age, act as though you were 16! Yet soon it is goodby at the car window, and goodby at the steamboat wharf. But how will we act at the reunion in the old family mansion of heaven? It is a good while since you parted at the door of the grave. There will be Grace, and Mary, and Martha, and Charlie, and Lizzie, and all the darlings of your household—not pale, and sick, and gasping for breath, as when you saw them last, but their eye bright with the luster of heaven, and their cheek roseate with the flush of celestial summer.

What clasping of hands! What embracings! What coming together of lip to lip! What tears of joy! You say, "I thought there were no tears in heaven." There must be, for the Bible says that "God shall wipe them away," and if there were no tears there, how could he wipe them away? They cannot be tears of grief or tears of disappointment. They must be tears of gladness. Christ will come and say: "What! Child of heaven, is it too much for thee? Dost thou break down under the gladness of this reunion? Then I will help thee." And, with his one arm around us and the other arm around our loved ones, he shall hold us up in the eternal jubilee.

Prodigals at Home.

While I speak, some of you with broken hearts can hardly hold your peace. You feel as if you would speak out and say: "Oh, blessed day! speed on. Toward thee I press with blistered feet over the desert way. My eyes fail for their weeping. I faint from listening for feet that will not come, and the sound of voices that will not speak. Speed on, oh day of reunion! And then, Lord Jesus, be not angry with me if after I have kissed thy blessed feet, I turn around to gather up the long lost treasures of my heart. Oh! be not angry with me. One look at thee were heaven. But all these reunions are heaven encircling heaven, heaven overtopping heaven, heaven commingling with heaven!"

I was at Mount Vernon, and went into the dining room in which our first president entertained the prominent men of this and other lands. It was a very interesting spot. But, oh, the banqueting hall of the family mansion of which I speak! Spread the table, spread it wide; for a great multitude are to sit at it. From the tree by the river gather the 12 manner of fruits for that table. Take the clusters from the heavenly vineyards, and press them into the golden tankards for that table. On baskets carry in the bread of which, if a man eat, he shall never hunger. Take all the shot torn flags of earthly conquest, and entwine them among the arches. Let David come with his harp, and Gabriel with his trumpet, and Miriam with the timbrel; for the prodigals are at home, and the captives are free, and the Father hath invited the mighty of heaven and the redeemed of earth to come and dine!

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.]

NEW SUPERSTITIONS.

Don't Count the Stars—Encourage the Bluebottle Fly.

I thought I knew all the superstitions which belong to the old fashioned Washington "mammy"—alas, how seldom we see her nowadays—but Wednesday evening taught me something I had never heard before. It was in Franklin park, and the air was so warm and soft and the scent of the flowers so beguiling that mammy had kept her small charge out much later than usual. A few pale stars were beginning to twinkle in the primrose sky as the two of them set off home.

"Oh, mammy!" said the child, a little girl of 4 or 5, "look how many stars. I can count one, two, three, four"—

She counted no more, for mammy, who was several paces behind, ran forward and shook her by the shoulder.

"Looky here, chile; looky here," I heard her say, "don't you never let me hear you do that again. Countin the stars in the el'ment! Countin the stars in the el'ment! Why, you'll bring misfortune on all your family. It's dang'est thing you kin do. Countin the stars in the el'ment! Don't you dare to do it again, chile."

Speaking of superstitions, I heard another one, too, last week—one which may be as old as the hills to you, but it's brand new to me. One of my women friends has been spending several weeks in one of the hospitals in the city. She hasn't been really ill most of the time, or at least not ill enough to be content to lie still and do nothing without grumbling. Grumble she did, and one fine morning the burden of her grumbling was that none of her friends had been to see her for four whole days. When she had grumbled about that long enough, she began to fret about a big fly which was buzzing about her room. The nurse came in several times, and it seemed to the sick woman that instead of trying to drive the fly out she carefully avoided disturbing it. At length the invalid could endure it no longer.

"If you don't drive that fly out," she said, "I shall go screaming mad."

"That fly?" asked the nurse. "Don't you want him here? Does he annoy you?"

"He drives me wild," said the patient. "If you don't put him out, you'll have to put me in a padded cell."

The nurse shooed the harmless, buzzing thing out.

"I'm sorry he bothered you," she said. "If you had let him stay, you'd have been sure to have visitors before night. A bluebottle fly always brings visitors, and if you drive him away you drive your friends away. It never fails."

And sure enough, not a single visitor came to cheer the sick woman all that lonely day. She had chased them away with the fly.—Washington Post.

Golf and Guttapercha.

It is claimed that so much guttapercha is used in the manufacture of golf balls that there isn't enough left in the market to supply what is needful for the new Pacific cable.

Just think of it! In order that an army of wild eyed enthusiasts may foozle and stymie and put it on the green an improvement of worldwide importance must stand still, two continents will remain unlinked, and countless thousands are made to wait for weary weeks for news that otherwise might be flashed beneath the sea in as many minutes! Could anything better illustrate the importance and the tightness of the hold the game has secured upon the public?

It is enough to make a golfer swell with importance every time he swings his cleek over a new ball to reflect that he is putting another clog on the wheel of progress.

But all fevers run their course. When the golf craze wanes, we can save up the guttapercha and make the cable.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why He Is Third.

Not a few readers of the newspapers must have been puzzled by the fact that the new king of Italy calls himself and is called "Vittorio-Imanuele III." As the existing kingdom of Italy has hitherto had only two kings in all, and as one of them was named Umberto, it was natural to ask how this one could be the third bearer of the first king's name. The explanation lies in the circumstance that, before the creation of modern Italy, the present king's grandfather was king of Sardinia, and he was the second Victor Emmanuel to bear that title. He did not change it on assuming the more spacious throne, and the curious result is that Italy calls her first Victor Emmanuel her second and her second her third.—New York Times.

He Invented the "Governor."

Robert W. Gardner of Quincy, Ills., who invented the "governor" attached to steam engines nearly 50 years ago, is a native of Scotland, his father having been one of the most noted engineers of his day. He drifted into Quincy many years ago looking for a school to teach or other employment and finally got a job as apprentice in a small machine shop of a Mr. Turner, which he afterward purchased, and it was there that he saw the necessity for a "governor" for steam engines and invented one. His first patent was issued in 1860, but he has received many since for improvements on the "governor" and for other inventions, some of which are of corresponding importance.

USES FOR DEERSKIN.

Guides Who Understand Thoroughly How to Turn It to Good Service.

Guides and the native hunters of the Adirondack region have a variety of uses for the deer they kill. There are still a good many hunters who know how to tan the deer's hide and a few who use as one of the tanning agents liquid extracted from the brain of the deer. From the tanned skin many articles of use are made. The thick hide from the neck of an old buck is excellent for moccasins, and the art of moccasin making still lingers here among those whose ancestors learned it from the Indians. The men and women of French-Canadian extraction are especially apt in household arts of this sort, learned from the savages. Cheap as factory made gloves are, a few women of the region still cut and stitch buckskin gloves.

Whole suits of buckskin are made by expert women of these parts. Such suits were once much used by the thrashers, who traveled from one mountain farm to another to thrash the small oats crop of the region. A buckskin suit is good for a dozen years of hard usage, and with care will last a lifetime. It is remarkably warm and impervious to water.

One rarely sees nowadays such a suit with the hair on. A garment with the hair on to be serviceable must be made from the skins of deer just coming into the "blue," as the hunters express it, for then the hair is short, smooth and tough. Later it is long and brittle. It is necessary, too, if such a suit is to be of uniform color, that it be made from corresponding parts of skins from deer of about the same age and shot about the same time. Even if the law did not stand in the way, it would be difficult in these times to shoot in a single week enough deer of the same age to yield the desired quantity of hide of uniform color, so a deerskin suit with the hair on is rarely seen. One still does see, however, moccasins with hair inside and out, and very soft, warm, inviting slippers they make. Raccoon skin now furnishes cheap fur garments in these parts, and winter residents buy or hire overcoats of coonskin to brave the January winds.

Raw deer hide is used for many purposes. It makes excellent thongs for tying articles of one kind or another, good whips and indestructible shoestrings. You may buy in these parts rustic chairs with seats and backs of woven rawhide. The green skin is cut in thin strips, stretched until it is almost translucent, and then woven into a seat. The result is a comfortable, elastic chair of almost indestructible material. Deerskins with the hair on are still used for carpets and mats, though here again, as in the case of the deerskin suits, the skin is not serviceable unless the deer be shot just at the right season. Nobody is more fastidious than the Adirondack guide in these little matters. If he cannot have his deerskin coat or carpet just as it should be, he will go without, though he is indifferent enough as to store clothes and ordinary household furniture.

Out of the marrow from the shank bones of the deer the guides make, by a laborious process, a beautifully clear, sweet oil, which will keep in good condition for years. It is much used by jewelers and watchmakers because of peculiar qualities that exactly fit their needs. This oil is sufficiently scarce and useful to sell for a high price.

Buckhorn walking sticks are much commoner in New York than in the Adirondacks, and, indeed, the hunter of today finds little use for the antlers save as trophies. A tiny bone of the leg furnishes sharp and strong toothpicks for the native hunter, and you may occasionally see in the houses of guides stools, the legs of which are those of the deer, carefully cured with the hide and skin. In beauty and usefulness they fall far short of the excellent and durable furniture that guides make from native evergreen timber.—New York Sun.

At Their Best.

"You should go to church on Sunday," says a correspondent of the Chicago Record, "if you want to see the Nebraska and Dakota families at their best. They come in carriages drawn by fine horses, with well kept harness. Their faces are tanned, and their hands show evidences of useful employment. The men folk look a little uncomfortable in their store clothes, boiled shirts and starched collars and stand around the entrance to the sanctuary in a stiff, funereal sort of way, but the girls, God bless them! are just as much at home and quite as able to take care of themselves in one place as another. Somehow or another the prettiest ones always sing in the choir. That phenomenon remains unexplained. In the Sunday school old and young, large and small, gather for Bible study an hour after the morning service, and everybody seems to know as much about theology as politics."

A Fugitive With a Fortune.

W. H. Bridgens, who died the other day, was in 1864 a messenger for the Holiday Express, running from Leavenworth to Santa Fe. On one of his trips he had $100,000 in greenbacks strapped about his person and secreted in his clothes. There was no one but him and the driver in charge of the coach, and for days they proceeded along their lonesome journey without seeing a human face.

When yet many miles from Santa Fe they were overtaken by a howling band of Indians and a fierce battle was fought. Bridgens and his companion exhausted their ammunition and continued the fight with their knives. Finally they succeeded in unloosening their horses from the stage, and, quickly mounting them, fled through the timber. The savages gave chase and succeeded in separating the two men, but did not capture either of them. Mr. Bridgens still retained his treasure, but he lost his way among the crags and canyons, and it was more than two weeks before he found his way to the house of a white man. During all this time he subsisted entirely upon berries and herbs. His long absence caused his employers to believe that he had been robbed and killed by the Indians, and before his return they had made good the money they had given up as lost. When Mr. Bridgens returned with his precious burden still intact they were amazed, and so grateful were they that they presented their young agent with a handsome token of their appreciation.—Kansas City Journal.

An American in Porto Rico.

The most amusing sights grow out of the attempts of the numerous Americans who drop into San Juan to navigate among the native Porto Ricans. As I went into the breakfast room of the hotel a loud voiced American was vociferating wildly, while a crowd gathered round him. As I approached he shook both fists at the crowd and yelled "Boiled eggs!" If he had said "eggs" merely, somebody might have understood.

The "boiled eggs," spoken as one word, floored everybody, and I sat down at a distance to take in the scene. He cursed them up hill and down as a pack of jackasses and besought them to tell him where they had gone to school.

"Kool, kool, yes!" cried the head waiter. "I know kool." And he immediately brought a plate of cracked ice. The American exploded, but I stepped in and straightened him out. I listened to his tale, the usual story of the stupidity of the heathenish people and his utter failure to drive any sense into their heads.—John Stephens Durham in New Lippincott.

THE PLAGUE OF FLIES.

One Stable Will Keep a Large Neighborhood Supplied.

"If you burn insect powder in an old tin pan, it will kill mosquitoes," says Harvey Sutherland in Alnslee's. "A person—I mention no names—tried it to kill flies. It made the house smell like a Fourth of July, though quieter. The flies went about their business, as usual, and never so much as coughed. Two or three alighted on the edge of the pan. 'Hello!' said one. 'What's this? Somethin new? Say, where was you yesterday? I was lookin for you all over.' It never feazed them. Lavender flowers, they say, will discourage flies. Don't you believe it. They won't do anything of the kind.

"At the soda fountains, though, where otherwise the sweet slops would attract flies by the millions, the druggists scatter essence of sassafras. It is rather amusing to watch a fly sail in the door and make for the counter. 'Lemme see now,' you can almost hear him say, 'I think I'll take vanilla ice cree'— and then he strikes that sassafras and cries: 'Pugh! Let me out of here quick!' Flies do not like sassafras at all. It is rather an insistent perfume, and I do not know that I myself should care for it for breakfast, luncheon and dinner for weeks and weeks, all through flytime.

"Hear the conclusion of the whole matter. The armies of flies are to be discomfited only by attacking the base of supplies. It is an old saying that if you kill one fly 40 will come to the funeral. These little skirmishes with fly poison and sticky paper are useless. To fence ourselves in with screens is hardly worthy of civilized people. It is like living in forts besieged by savages. It is sometimes said that the old fashioned housekeeper who is forever cleaning up is bothered with few insect visitors of any kind. But I put up an umbrella against the storm of indignation sure to break over my head by declaring that the most scrupulous cleanliness will not avail when there is a stable near.

"One stable will keep a large neighborhood amply supplied with flies daily in the season. It is possible by throwing the manure, in which they breed, into a pit and covering it with quicklime to kill the eggs and larvæ, but where one man is thus careful 999 will not take the trouble. So great has been the progress of the trolley car, the bicycle and the automobile that every one has confidence in the ability of invention to give us horseless travel, but we shall look long and look in vain for the day of cowless milk. Till then we shall have to endure, with Pharaoh of the Exodus, the plague of flies."

Hazy Ideas of Scripture.

The late Bishop How of Wakefield, England, in his "Notebook," gives some significant instances of the hazy ideas which children often obtain from careless teachers.

One young curate was reproved by the vicar for his use of too long words while preaching to an uneducated audience. The word "felicity" was mentioned as an instance. The young curate could hardly believe there was any one in his congregation who did not know the meaning of this word, so he called an old woman from one of the pews to refute the charge.

"What does 'felicity' mean, Mary?" asked the young man.

"Please, beant it summat on the inside of a pig?" she replied.

A Sunday school teacher, explaining to a class of working girls the text, "Not with eye service as men pleasers," asked them: "What is eye service?" and was promptly told, "Service in 'igh families."

A class of boys when asked what an archangel was replied, "An angel that came out of the ark."

Horace Greeley once said to one of his editorial staff: "Write each article as if your reader never had heard before of the subject. Take no knowledge in him for granted."

No better advice could be given to a teacher of children in religious matters.

Handy With His Pencil.

Of course educated deaf mutes get to be pretty handy with their pencils. They have to write all their communications to speaking people, and do so very rapidly.

The Rev. A. W. Mann is a deaf mute missionary and expert penman. For 25 years he has made missionary trips to deaf mute churches, not alone in this country, but in foreign lands.

Mr. Mann writes wrong side up just as well as the other way. He is often interviewed. The method is this: The reporter sits at the table opposite Mann. A pad of paper lies between them. The reporter writes a question. Mann reads it upside down and without moving the paper writes the answer—also upside down.—Kansas City Independent.

A Royal Dish For Campers.

"This rule was given me by an Idaho prospector, and he called it smothered quail," writes Sallie Joy White when giving valuable hints on cookery for camping parties in The Woman's Home Companion. "Before dressing the quail cover them all over with hot ashes, let them remain a quarter of an hour, then remove them, and you can strip off feathers and skin together. Split them open and the entrails will drop out, and the bird, thoroughly cooked, will be ready to eat after seasoning with salt, pepper and butter."

How Count Muravieff Died.

We learn from trustworthy source that the late Count Muravieff committed suicide in the presence of M. de Witte in consequence of an extremely violent dispute with the Emperor Nicholas about China. Before dying Count Muravieff wrote to the czar adjuring his majesty to follow his policy in China.—Cracow Czas.

A Tattered Remnant.

"Jimmy, take this awful looking cabbage straight back to the grocer and tell him to send me a respectable one."

"He won't take it back, ma. Me and Dicky played ball with it on the way home."—Indianapolis Journal.

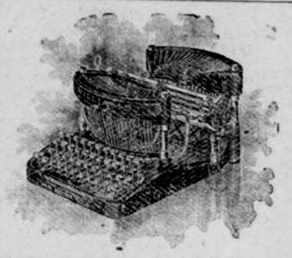
A Letter to Mrs. Pinkham Brought Health to Mrs. Archambo.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 42,395]

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For two years I felt tired and so weak and dizzy that some days I could hardly go around the house. Backache and headache all the time and my food would not digest and had such pains in the womb and troubled with leucorrhœa and kidneys were affected.

"After birth of each child I grew weaker, and hearing so much of the good you had done, I wrote to you and have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one box of Lozenges, one box of Liver Pills, one package of Sanative Wash, and today I am feeling as well as I ever did. When I get up in the morning I feel as fresh as I did when a girl and eat and sleep well and do all of my work. If ever I feel weak again shall know where to get my strength. I know your medicine cured me."—MRS. SALINA ARCHAMBO, CHARLEMONT, MASS.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled; for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women a year. All women who suffer are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which will be promptly given without charge.



WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER.

NEW No. 4 FOR 1900.

Best Work, Easy Touch, Visible Writing, Lightest Carriage, Phenomenal Speed, Superior Manifolding.

Single Shift, Direct Inking, Key Board Lock, Rapid Paper Feed, Extremely Durable, Permanent Alignment.

OLD MACHINES TAKEN IN PART PAYMENT.

Full catalogue on application. Agents wanted in unoccupied territory. We have a few second-hand machines of other makes, also supplies.

EDWIN A. HARDIN, CO.
SOLE SOUTHERN DEALERS,
16 N. PRYOR STREET ATLANTA, GA.

DON'T DO IT!

Don't buy any article in the Dry Goods or Notion line before getting

J. T. LOWERY & CO.'S

prices. Cheapest Dry Goods and Notion House in Virginia.

818 B ST., FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

FREDERICKSBURG IS THE PLACE,

Now is the Time to Buy at the Lowest Market Prices,

Furniture, China and Glassware, House Furnishing Goods, Etc.,

From W. E. LANG, Main St., Fredericksburg, Va.

Dealer in all kinds of Furniture, Mattings, Window Shades, Refrigerators Solid Oak Suits of Furniture at $14.75, Pretty Parlor Suits at $21, A Good Bedstead and Mattress for $4, Six Good Chairs and a Rocking Chair for $3.50, Matting, yard wide, at 8c., 10c., 12½c. and 15c. per yard, very cheap Refrigerators and Freezers, Baby Carriages at $4.50, $5, $6, $8 and $10 Send me a sample order.

FURNITURE.

Two car loads of solid oak suits and extra bedsteads bought before the advance.

Old prices on China, Glass, Carpets, etc. Merchants write for prices.

Write for cuts and prices of Air Tight Heating Stoves.

E. C. NINDE, Double Furniture and Carpet Store.
FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

SUMMER OF 1900—

Come and see what we can sell you.

We have the goods and can sell you as low if not lower than any other house in the world; so come or write for prices. 100 tons best Steel Barbwire; 50 one-, two- and three-horse ("Brown") wagons; 150 open and top Buggies; Spring Wagons; Corn planters; Farmer's Friend and Eureka planters; 200 kegs Wire Nails; 300 kegs Cut Nails; Plows, F. F. No. 11, Dixie; Plow Castings for all of the leading plows; Clover Seed, Orchard Grass and Timothy Seed; Flour (Myer Brulle's); and in fact any and everything can be had at

Chancellor & Rawlings Farmers' Supply Stores,
Fredericksburg, Va.

Book, Card and Job Printing.

We have in operation (besides our newspaper department) a magnificent Job Printing Department, and are prepared to do work equal to any that can be done by any office in the state of Virginia.

Our prices are rock bottom and based on city rates.

Call and see us, or write for our prices.

Best Materials. Best Workmanship.

PRINTING IN COLORS A SPECIALTY.

Cards, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Note Heads, Statements, Envelopes, Posters, Circulars, Books, Invitations, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shipping Tags, Programmes, Reports, Distinctions, Warrants, Deeds,

In fact, all work in the Job Printing line executed Neatly, Cheaply and Quickly.

Virginia Citizen Publishing Company, Irvington, Va.

WOOD AND TIES WANTED.

20,000 cords Poplar Wood and 30,000 Chestnut Ties wanted. Delivered either on shore or vessel. Advance payments made if satisfactory arrangements can be made. JAS. M. STUBBS, Gleuns, Gloucester Co., Va. C. H ANDERTON, Saluda, Va., Agent for Northern Neck.

H. R. GOULDMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR
—AND DEALER IN—
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
82½ B Street, Fredericksburg, Va.
Special attention to mail orders

B. Goldsmith,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Men's, Boys' and Children's Ready Made Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Valises and Umbrellas.
Market Corner, Fredericksburg, Va

HENRY MURR'S
CELEBRATED
BALTIMORE ICE CREAM.
—MANUFACTURED AT—
521 S. CHARLES STREET
Baltimore, - - - Md.
Attention is called to Henry Murr's Ice Cream. He is one of the oldest and most reliable manufacturers of Ice Cream now in Baltimore. He uses nothing but the purest ingredients, and it is always kept up to a high degree of excellence. Shipping capacity, 500 gallons in patent air-tight tubs.
All orders met with prompt attention. 20r

LANCASTER UNION LODGE, No. 88, A. F. & A. M., KILMARNOCK, VA.
Stated Communications monthly—Thursday after the third Monday, 11 a. m.
J. B. CRALLE, Sec'y, Kilmarnock, Va.

HEATHSVILLE LODGE, No. 109, A. F. & A. M.
Stated Communications monthly—Friday after the third Monday, 11 a. m.
H. W. HARDING, Sec'y, Wicomico Ch., Va.

WESTMORELAND LODGE, No. 212, A. F. & A. M., KINSALE, VIRGINIA.
Stated Communications monthly—Saturday after third Monday, 7 p. m.
F. M. THRIFT, Sec'y, Kinsale, Va.

G. A. Zirckel & Co.,
—SOLE AGENTS FOR—
Tower's Oiled Clothing, Hats, etc.
Mermaid Brand—
Mackintoshes & Rubber Clothing.
—JOBBERS OF—
Goodyear Glove, Boston, Bay State, Woonsocket and Rhode Island Rubber Boots and Shoes.
Jobs in rubbers at all times.
Write for special list.
1821-1829 Canton Ave., BALTIMORE.

A. S. BROWN.
—with—
M. L. T. DAVIS & CO.,
(Established 1865.)
WHOLESALE GROCERS.
Handlers of all articles pertaining to this line.
COFFEE, FLOUR, PROVISIONS, FISH, SALT, Etc., in large supplies.
Cor. Water and Commerce Streets, NORFOLK, VA

VIRGINIA FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.
CHARTERED 1832.
RICHMOND, VA.
Assets, - - $750,500.
WM. H. PALMER, Prest.
WM. H. McCARTY, Secy
We do the most popular Insurance business in the State. When your house burns you get your money.
B. H. BAIRD, Agent,
WARSAW, VA.

LIFE IS UNCERTAIN, DEATH IS SURE.
Provide for your dependent family in case of death, or for yourself in after years, by insuring your life in the old and strong
Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company.
Commenced business 1858.
Assets, July 1, '98, over $106,000,000.
Surplus over $22,000,000.
Furnishes safest protection at lower cost than any other Company.
J. W. CHINN, Sr., Agent for Northern Neck, Warsaw, Va.

The Mutual Life Insurance Co. OF NEW YORK,
(The oldest, largest and best Company in the world).
Assets, $361,844,537.52.
Best Results, Lowest Rates, Largest Guarantees, Newest and Best Plans.
For information regarding its contracts apply to
O. W. HUGHLETT, White Stone,
JOHN S. EFFORD, Farnham, Va.,
W. T. MAYO, Hague, Va.
Or write to
O. F. BRESEE & SONS, Agents,
Rooms 5, 6 and 7 Talbot Building, NORFOLK, VA.

PATENTS
Quickly secured. OUR FEE DUE WHEN PATENT SECURED. Send model, sketch or photo, with description for free report as to patentability. 48-PAGE HAND-BOOK FREE. Contains references and full information. WRITE FOR COPY OF OUR SPECIAL OFFER. It is the most liberal offer ever made by a patent attorney, and EVERY INVENTOR SHOULD READ IT before sending for patent. Address:
H. B. WILLSON & CO.
PATENT LAWYERS,
Le Droit Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.

FALL SCHEDULE.

WEEMS STEAMBOAT CO.,

Baltimore, Fredericksburg and Rappahannock River Routes. Norfolk and Rappahannock River Route.

On and after Friday, September 7th, steamers Richmond, Lancaster and Essex will leave Pier 2, Light Street, Baltimore, every Tuesday and Friday at 4:30 p. m. for Fredericksburg and all wharves on the river. Returning, will leave Fredericksburg at 2:30 p. m. (tide permitting,) Monday and Thursday; Leedstown