SPREAD THE GOSPEL.

DR. TALMAGE URGES CHRISTIANS TO SEEK NEW FIELDS.

Efforts of the Churches Should Be Directed Toward Saving Sinners. They Should Get In Sympathy With Those Outside Their Pale.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage points to fields of usefulness that are not yet thoroughly cultivated and shows the need of more activity. The text is Romans xv, 20, "Lest I should build upon another man's foundation."

In laying out the plan of his missionary tour Paul sought out towns and cities which had not yet been preached to. He goes to Corinth, a city famous for splendor and vice, and Jerusalem, where the priesthood and the sanhedrin were ready to leap with both feet upon the Christian religion. He feels he has especial work to do, and he means to do it. What was the result? The grandest life of usefulness that a man ever lived. We modern Christian workers are not apt to imitate Paul. We build on other people's foundations. If we erect a church, we prefer to have it filled with families all of whom have been pious. Do we gather a Sabbath school class, we want good boys and girls, hair combed, faces washed, manners attractive. So a church in this day is apt to be built out of other churches. Some ministers spend all their time in fishing in other people's ponds, and they throw the line into that church pond and jerk out a Methodist and throw the line into another church pond and bring out a Presbyterian, or there is a religious row in some neighboring church, and a whole school of fish swim off from that pond, and we take them all in with one sweep of the net. What is gained? Absolutely nothing for the cause of Christ. What strengthens an army is new recruits. While courteous to those coming from other flocks, we should build our churches not out of other churches, but out of the world, lest we build on another man's foundation.

The fact is this is a big world. When in our schoolboy days we learned the diameter and circumference of this planet, we did not learn half. It is the latitude and longitude and diameter and circumference of want and woe and sin that no figures can calculate. This one spiritual continent of wretchedness reaches across all zones, and if I were called to give its geographical boundary I would say it was bounded on the north and south and east and west by the great heart of God's sympathy and love. Oh, it is a great world! Since 6 o'clock this morning 60,800 persons have been born, and all these multiplied populations are to be reached by the gospel. In England or in our eastern American cities we are being much crowded, and an acre of ground is of great value, but in western America 500 acres is a small farm, and 20,000 acres is no unusual possession. There is a vast field here and everywhere unoccupied, plenty of room more, not building on another man's foundation.

Need of Churches.

We need as churches to stop bombarding the old ironclad sinners that have been proof against 30 years of Christian assault. Alas for that church which lacks the spirit of evangelism, spending on one chandelier enough to light 500 souls to glory and in one carved pillar enough to have made a thousand men "pillars in the house of our God forever" and doing less good than many a log cabin meeting house with tallow candles stuck in wooden sockets and a minister who has never seen a college and does not know the difference between Greek and Choctaw! We need as churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world and let them know that none are so broken hearted or hardly bestead that they will not be welcomed. "No," says some fastidious Christian; "I don't like to be crowded in church. Don't put any one in my pew."

My brother, what will you do in heaven? When a great multitude that no man can number assembles, they will put 50 in your pew. What are the select few today assembled in the Christian churches compared with the mightier millions outside of them? Many of the churches are like a hospital that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or "run rounds," but no broken heads, no crushed ankles, no fractured thighs. Give us for treatment moderate sinners, velvet coated sinners and sinners with a gloss on. It is as though a man had a farm of 3,000 acres and put all his work on one acre. He may raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat—he would remain poor. The church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre and has raised splendid men and women in that small inclosure, but the field is the world. That means North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa and all the islands of the sea. It is as though, after a great battle, there were left 50,000 wounded and dying on the field and three surgeons gave all their time to three patients under their charge. The major general comes in and says to the doctors, "Come out here and look at the nearly 50,000 dying for lack of surgical attendance!" "No," say the three doctors, standing there fanning their patients; "we have three important cases here, and we are attending to them, and when we are not positively busy with their wounds it takes all our time to keep the flies off." In this awful battle of sin and sorrow, where millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people, and when the command comes, "Go into the world," say practically: "No; I cannot. I have here a few choice cases, and I am busy keeping off the flies." There are multitudes today who have never had any Christian worker look them in the eye and with earnestness in the accentuation say, "Come!" or they would long ago have been in the kingdom. My friends, religion is either a sham or a great reality. If it be a sham, let us disband our churches and Christian associations. If it be a reality, then great populations are on the way to the bar of God unfitted for the ordeal. And what are we doing?

Drop Religious Technicalities.

In order to reach the multitude of outsiders we must drop all technicalities out of our religion. When we talk to people about the hypostatic union and French encyclopediansism and Erastinianism and Complutensianism, we are impolitic and as little understood as if a physician should talk to an ordinary patient about the pericardium and intercostal muscle and scorbutic symptoms. Many of us come out of the theological seminaries so loaded up that we take the first ten years to show our people how much we know and the next ten years to get our people to know as much as we know, and at the end we find that neither of us knows anything as we ought to know. Here are hundreds of thousands of sinning, struggling and dying people who need to realize just one thing—that Jesus Christ came to save them and will save them now. But we got into a profound and elaborate definition of what justification is, and after all the work there are not, outside of the learned professions, 10,000 people who can tell what justification is. I will read you the definitions: "Justification is purely a forensic act, the act of a judge sitting in the forum, in which the Supreme Ruler and Judge, who is accountable to none and who alone knows the manner in which the ends of his universal government can best be obtained, reckons that which was done by the substitute in the same manner as if it had been done by those who believe in the substitute and purely on account of this gracious method of reckoning grants them the full remission of their sins."

Now, what is justification? I will tell you what justification is—when a sinner believes, God lets him off. One summer in Connecticut I went to a large factory, and I saw over the door written the words, "No Admittance." I entered and saw over the next door, "No Admittance." Of course I entered. I got inside and found it a pin factory, and they were making pins very serviceable, fine and useful pins. So the spirit of exclusiveness has practically written over the outside door of many a church, "No Admittance." And if the stranger enters he finds practically written over the second door, "No Admittance," and if he goes in over all the pew doors seems written, "No Admittance," while the minister stands in the pulpit hammering out his little niceties of belief, pounding out the technicalities of religion, making pins. In the most practical, common sense way and laying aside the nonessentials and the hard definitions of religion go out on the God given mission, telling the people what they need and when and how they can get it.

Save the Skeptics.

Comparatively little effort as yet has been made to save that large class of persons in our midst called skeptics, and he who goes to work here will not be building upon another man's foundation. There is a large number of them. They are afraid of us and our churches, for the reason we do not know how to treat them. One of this class met Christ and heard with what tenderness and pathos and beauty and success Christ dealt with him: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it—namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these." And the scribe said to him, "Well, Master, thou hast said the truth, for there is one God, and to love him with all the heart, and all the understanding, and all the soul, and all the strength, is more than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly he said unto him, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." So a skeptic was saved in one interview. But few Christian people treat the skeptic in that way. Instead of taking hold of him with the gentle hand of love we are apt to take him with the pincers of ecclesiasticism.

You would not be so rough on that man if you knew how he lost his faith in Christianity. I have known men skeptical from the fact that they grew up in houses where religion was overdone. Sunday was the most awful day in the week. They had religion driven into them with a trip hammer; they were surfeited with prayer meetings; they were stuffed and choked with catechisms; they were often told that they were the worst boys the parents ever knew because they liked to ride down hill better than to read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Whenever father and mother talked of religion they drew down the corners of their mouth and rolled up their eyes. If any one thing will send a boy or girl to ruin sooner than another, that is it. If I had such a father and mother, I fear I should have been an infidel.

Grounds For Unbelief.

Others have been tripped up to skepticism from being grievously wronged by some man who professed to be a Christian. They had a partner in business who turned out to be a first class scoundrel, though a professed Christian. Many years ago they lost all faith by what happened in an all company which was formed amid the petroleum excitement. The company owned no land, or, if it did, there was no sign of oil produced; but the president of the company was a Presbyterian elder and the treasurer was an Episcopalian vestryman, and one director was a Methodist class leader and the other directors prominent members of Baptist and Congregational churches. Circulars were got out telling what fabulous prospects opened before this company. Innocent men and women who had a little money to invest, and that little their all, said: "I do not know anything about this company, but so many good men are at the head of it that it must be excellent, and taking stock in it must be almost as good as joining the church." So they bought the stock and perhaps received one dividend so as to keep them still, but after awhile they found that the company had reorganized and had a different president and different treasurer and different directors. Other engagements or ill health had caused the former officers of the company, with many regrets, to resign. And all that the subscribers of that stock had to show for their investment was a beautifully ornamented certificate. Sometimes that man, looking over his old papers, comes across that certificate, and it is so suggestive that he vows he wants none of the religion that the president and trustees and directors of that oil company professed.

Of course, their rejection of religion on such grounds was unphilosophical and unwise. I am told that many of the United States army desert every year, and there are many court martials every year. Is that anything against the United States government that swore them in? And if a soldier of Christ deserts is that anything against the Christianity which he swore to support and defend? How do you judge of the currency of a country? By a counterfeit bill? Now, you must have patience with those who have been swindled by religious pretenders. Live in the presence of others a frank, honest, earnest Christian life, that they may be attracted to the same Saviour upon whom your hopes depend.

Remember skepticism always has some reason, good or bad, for existing. Goethe's irreligion started when the news came to Germany of the earthquake at Lisbon Nov. 1, 1775. That 60,000 people should have perished in that earthquake and in the after rising of the Tagus river so stirred his sympathies that he threw up his belief in the goodness of God.

Light Up Darkness.

Others have gone into skepticism from a natural persistence in asking the reason why. They have been fearfully stabbed of the fatal interrogation point. There are so many things they cannot get explained. They cannot understand the Trinity or how God can be sovereign and yet man a free agent. Neither can I. They say, "I don't understand why a good God should let sin come into the world." Neither do I. You say, "Why was that child started in life with such disadvantages, while others have all physical and mental equipment?" I cannot tell. They go out of church on Easter morning and say, "That doctrine of the resurrection confounded me." So it is to me a mystery beyond unravelment. I understand all the processes by which men get into the dark. I know them all. I have traveled with burning feet that blistered way. The first word that children learn to utter is generally papa or mamma. I think the first word I ever uttered was "why." I know what it is to have a hundred midnights pour their darkness into one hour.

Such men are not to be scoffed at, but helped. Turn your back upon a drowning man when you have the rope with which to pull him ashore and let that woman in the third story of a house perish in the flames when you have a ladder with which to help her out and help her down rather than turn your back scoffingly on a skeptic whose soul is in more peril than the bodies of those other endangered ones can be. Oh, skepticism is a dark land! There are men who would give a thousand worlds, if they possessed them, to get back to the placid faith of their fathers and mothers, and it is our place to help them, and we may help them, never through their heads, but always through their hearts. These skeptics, when brought to Jesus, will be mightily effective, far more so than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity. Thomas Chalmers was once a skeptic, Robert Hall a skeptic, Robert Newton a skeptic, Christmas Evans a skeptic. But when once with strong hand they took hold of the chariot of the gospel they rolled it on with what momentum!

If I address such men and women today, I throw out no scoff. I implead them by the memory of the good old days when at their mother's knee they said, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and by those days and nights of scarlet fever in which she watched you, giving you the medicine in just the right time and turning your pillow when it was hot and with hands that many years ago turned to dust soothed away your pain and with voice that you will never hear again, unless you join her in the better country, told you to never mind, for you would feel better by and by, and by that dying couch where she looked so pale and talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words, and you felt an awful loneliness coming over your soul—by all that I beg you to come back and take the same religion. It was good enough for her: it is good enough for you. Nay, I have a better plea than that. I plead by all the wounds and tears and blood and groans and agonies and death throes of the Son of God, who approaches you this moment with torn brow and lacerated hands and whipped back and saying, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Help the Drowning.

Again, there is a field of usefulness but little touched, occupied by those who are astray in their habits. All northern nations, like those of North America and England and Scotland—that is, in the colder climates—are devastated by alcoholism. They take the fire to keep up the warmth. In southern countries, like Arabia and Spain, the blood is so warm they are not tempted to fiery liquids. The great Roman armies never drank anything stronger than water tinged with vinegar, but under our northern climate the temptation to heating stimulants is most mighty, and millions succumb. When a man's habits go wrong, the church drops him, the social circle drops him, good influences drop him—we all drop him. Of all the men who get off the track but few ever get on again.

Near my summer residence there is a life saving station on the beach. There are all the ropes and rockets, the boats, the machinery, for getting people off shipwrecks. One summer I saw there 15 or 20 men who were breakfasting after having just escaped, with their lives and nothing more. Up and down our coasts are built these useful structures, and the mariners know it, and they feel that if they are driven into the breakers there will be apt from shore to come a rescue. The churches of God ought to be so many life saving stations, not so much to help those who are in smooth waters, but those who have been shipwrecked. Come, let us run out the lifeboats! And who will man them? We do not preach enough to such men. We have not enough faith in their release. Alas, if when they come to hear us we are laboriously trying to show the difference between sublapsarianism and supralapsarianism, while they have a hundred vipers of remorse and despair coiling around and biting their immortal spirits. The church is not chiefly for goodish sort of men, whose proclivities are all right and who could get to heaven praying and singing in their own homes. It is on the beach to help the drowning. Those bad cases are the cases that God likes to take hold of. He can save a big sinner as well as a small sinner, and when a man calls earnestly to God for help he will go out to deliver such a one. If it were necessary, God would come down from the sky, followed by all the artillery of heaven and a million angels with drawn swords. Get 100 such redeemed men in your churches, and nothing could stand before them, for such men are generally warm hearted and enthusiastic. No formal prayers then. No heartless singing then. No cold conventionalisms then.

The Gospel Ship.

Destitute children of the street offer a field of work comparatively unoccupied. The uncared for children are in the majority in most of our cities. When they grow up, if unreformed, they will outvote your children, and they will govern your children. The whisky ring will hatch out other whisky rings, and grog shops will kill with their horrid stench public sobriety unless the church of God rises up with outstretched arms and infolds this dying population in her bosom. Public schools cannot do it. Art galleries cannot do it. Blackwell's island cannot do it. Almshouses cannot do it. Jails cannot do it. Church of God, wake up to your magnificent mission! You can do it! Get somewhere, somehow to work!

The Prussian cavalry mount by putting their right foot into the stirrup, while the American cavalry mount by putting their left foot into the stirrup. I do not care how you mount your war charger if you only get into this battle for God and get there soon, right stirrup or left stirrup or no stirrup at all. The unoccupied fields are all around us, and why should we build on another man's foundation? I have heard of what was called the "thundering legion." It was in 179 a part of the Roman army, to which some Christians belonged, and their prayers, it was said, were answered by thunder and lightning and hail and tempest, which overthrew an invading army and saved the empire. And I would to God that our churches might be so mighty in prayer and work that they would become a thundering legion before which the forces of sin might be routed and the gates of hell might tremble. Launch the gospel ship for another voyage. Heave away now, lads! Shake out the reefs in the foretopsail! Come, O heavenly wind, and fill the canvas! Jesus aboard will assure our safety. Jesus on the sea will beckon us forward. Jesus on the shore will welcome us into harbor.

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Klondike Doughnuts.

Next to bread a Klondike cook strives to achieve distinction by his doughnuts. This may appear frivolous at first glance and at second, considering the materials with which he works, an impossible feat. But doughnuts are all important to the man who goes on trail for a journey of any length. Bread freezes easily, and there is less grease and sugar and hence less heat in it than in doughnuts. The latter do not solidify except at extremely low temperatures, and they are very handy to carry in the pockets of a Mackinaw jacket and munch as one travels along. They are made much after the manner of their brethren in warmer climes, with the exception that they are cooked in bacon grease. The more grease the better they are. Sugar is the cook's chief stumbling block. If it is very scarce, why, add more grease. The men never mind on trail. In the cabin—well, that's another matter. Besides, bread is good enough for them then.—Harper's Bazar.

VANDERBILT'S FOREST.

Its Fish and Game and the Guardian Rangers of the Place.

The Pisgah forest has cost Vanderbilt something like $250,000, or about $2.50 per acre. He has bought it in great or small tracts as rapidly as possible, and now his rangers are the only denizens. There are five of them, all picked men of the mountains, of fine physique, good riders and dead shots. One of them comes to meet the pilgrims and looks at their permit, which is a very important piece of paper. This forester, whose name is Kearns, is a type of the rangers, good humored, tall and strong, well mounted, with repeating rifle slung at his back, saddlebags and poncho. To him these mountain wilds are like an open book, and upon him and his associates a great and incessant responsibility devolves. They must keep open the roads and the trails, see that the boundary fence, 300 miles in length, is all right, keep out poachers, look after the game and the trout and always be on the alert for timber stealers. The poachers would come from near and far to catch the trout or, rather, to kill them by exploding dynamite cartridges in the deep pools where the big fellows lurk, or to kill the deer, the grouse, or pheasant, as they are known popularly; or the wild turkeys. At an incredible distance the trained ear of the ranger will hear the explosion of dynamite, and he tracks the offender unerringly, even into other counties, and once into Tennessee.

There are 265 miles of trail in this forest, the trails leading alongside each trout stream. There are 70 miles of road passable for wagon. Trail and road are always kept in readiness against Mr. Vanderbilt's coming. He is, as the rangers say, "liable to come any time." There are miles of shooting paths, the latter 15 feet in width and cut out right and left from the roads. When deer are driven, they must cross these paths, and by means of the latter alone can the hunter see them in time to get a shot.

The absence of noises other than those made by the streams is one of the most noticed things. Rarely is the note of a bird heard and seldomer still is any feathered thing seen. So perfect and so dense is the cover that a deer can lie unseen only a few feet away. Numerous as the turkeys are, only one was flushed and only a very few pheasants were seen. The sharp footmarks of the deer are constantly visible in the trails, and alongside the streams are the footprints of the wildcat. High overhead the golden eagle is seen soaring, and Ranger Kearns shows a mounted specimen which he killed with a revolver as it sat in a tree top 80 yards away.

Though Mr. Vanderbilt is not a sportsman, but a student, yet, as stated, all things are kept ready for him. His pleasure is the pleasure of others. On his last visit he only caught one trout, nor did he fire a gun. His wife was with him. She is a good horsewoman, and rode a pony up and down the steepest trails. Under protection native trout are rapidly restocking the streams without artificial propagation. In some of the streams rainbow trout from California have been placed, but these are not so satisfactory a fish. They rapidly lose their rich color and have to be quickly eaten to be palatable, while the trout of the locality, properly dressed, keep well. In the old days, before there was protection, there were caught in two days in this very forest 1,650 trout, and most of this needless slaughter was pure waste.

At Biltmore Mr. Vanderbilt has an arboretum, one of the largest in the world and the pioneer in the United States. This was formerly under the direction of Gifford Pinchot, who is at present head forester of the United States; it is now under the direction of Dr. Shenck, as forester. In this aboretum more than 300,000 trees and shrubs have been planted. Pisgah forest is the complement of the arboretum, and in these wild woods Dr. Schenck has a lodge, where he spends much of each summer with his class. In the latter are often youths of wealth and high social position who wish to study forestry—a study which the United States sorely needs, since so many millions are daily devoting themselves to the task of forest destruction and so few to conservation.—Forest and Stream.

Thicker Than Water.

"If it wasn't that I've got to watch my cooking," shrilly exclaimed the red faced woman on the east side of the back yard fence, shaking a large wooden spoon at the equally excited woman on the west side of the fence, "I'd give you a good piece of my mind!"

"Cooking!" contemptuously responded the other. "What have you got in your house to cook?"

"I'm making currant jelly!" screamed she of the red face.

"Are you? So am I. Run in the house and bring out a spoonful. I want to see if it jells as well as mine does."

A minute later they were comparing notes in the most amicable manner over the same back yard fence.—Chicago Tribune.

How Dwyer Learns Diction.

Tom Dwyer is a naturalized citizen of this republic whose opportunities for culture are not scant in his present occupation as one of a repair gang of a great trolley system of this city, but he makes the most of what he has, and it is safe to say that the repair gang will not hold him to the end.

"Say," he remarked to one of his acquaintances a few nights ago as they discussed a friendly can, "do you take in any of dese p'litical meetin's? I always does. Say, you can pick up a heap of fine langwidge at dem. Now, fer instance, I bet you don't know what 'presume' is. I didn't t'ink you did. Dat's one I picked up de udder night. What is it? Why, 'presume' is jest de dead swell way of sayin 'I guess so!'"—New York Times.

The Kangaroo in Surgery.

It seems not unlikely that the kangaroo, instead of being killed, will be cultivated in the future. M. Brisson, a French surgeon, says that there is likely soon to be an exceptional demand for the animals in consequence of the success attending the use of kangaroo tendon in the hospitals. It has been employed in scores of instances to tie up the fractured bones of a man's leg in order that he may use his knees while the bones are knitting together. Kangaroo tendon, he says, is as strong as silver wire. It is taken from the tail and, being animal in its nature, is absorbed, and the leg does not have to be cut open, as is necessary when silver wire is used.—London Chronicle.

A Plant Hospital.

There are few Paris windows, especially in the poorer quarters, where plants growing in pots are not seen. A rich philanthropist has had the queer idea of opening a free hospital for sick plants in the Faubourg St. Antoine. There are big greenhouses, with plenty of gardeners who look after the plants that are brought in till they recover and then return them to their owners.

Mr. Kipling's Achievement.

"I have sometimes been called a poet." Mr. Rudyard Kipling said not long ago, "and other names I don't like, but the one thing I am really proud of is that I edited a paper for 48 hours and that it didn't stop."—Young Man.

In China the press censorship is very effective. Instead of bothering about killing an objectionable article they kill the editor.—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

BORGIAN ARTS IN PARIS.

A Modern Poisoning Story From the French Capital.

An extraordinary affair has happened at the Chinese legation in Paris, which has already been the scene of some startling episodes. The Italian secretary of the Chinese minister, Signor Armani di Parma, on opening his correspondence recently found a letter signed by a Polish woman named Marie de Czerwinska, who gave an address in the Rue de Clisson. She set forth that, after having shone as a bright particular star in Lithuanian social life, she had to become an exile and to live in Paris. She was at present, she added, on the brink of starvation and said that nothing could be done by her except to start for China. As she is a linguist, knowing, besides Polish, the Russian, French and Italian tongues, she thought that she could be utilized as an interpreter by the allied forces in the far east. The secretary of the Chinese legation was asked to kindly provide funds for her departure for the land of the Boxers and to fix a meeting. Signor Armani di Parma was about to throw the letter in the waste paper basket when he saw that the envelope contained another inclosure. Opening this, he found inside it a flower resembling a daisy, which he mechanically applied to his nose and was instantly overcome by a drowsy sensation.

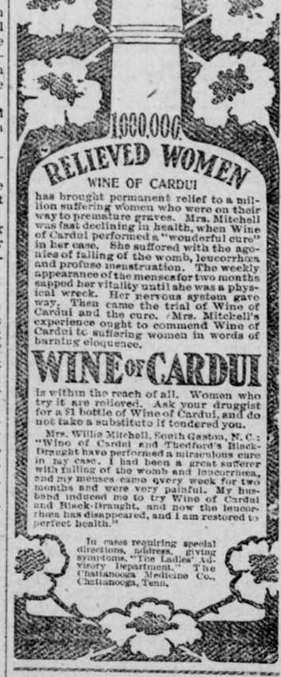
Pulling himself together after a few minutes of somnolence and being thoroughly revived by a sniff of smelling salts, the secretary rang for an attendant, whom he asked to examine the flower. The man put the daisy, or whatever it happens to be, to his nose, and he, too, became temporarily overpowered with drowsiness. Another attendant was called and experienced the same strange sensations. Signor Armani di Parma then sent the envelope and all its contents to the police.

The flower was handed over to a chemical expert for analysis, and a warrant was issued for the immediate arrest of Marie de Czerwinska. She was found in the Rue de Clisson and appears to be about 49 years old. She admitted having sent the letter, but disavowed the flower. The police official who examined her said that the letter arrived intact at the legation, whereupon the Polish woman replied mysteriously that it must have been opened by a countess who was her mortal enemy and who possessed all the secrets of Lucrezia Borgia and of the Borgia family generally. It was the countess who, in order to ruin her, had put a poisoned flower in the communication intended for the secretary of the Chinese minister. The woman was then sent to the St. Lazare prison, where she is undergoing examination as to her mental condition. The landlady says that she staid out rather late and was fond of talking about writing to the president of the republic and the ministers. The landlady accordingly arrived at the conclusion that Mme. de Czerwinska was a little demented. The head of a convent who knows the prisoner has also stated to the police that the woman is not responsible for her actions.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Alexander and Rousseau.

A correspondent of the Chicago Record says: "King Alexander of Servia smokes, as he does many other things, by fits and starts, sometimes consuming as many as 50 cigars and cigarettes a day and then again never lighting one for weeks at a time. As for being a slave to tobacco, Alexander cannot hold a candle to his father, ex-King Milan.

"When King Alexander last visited Paris, a large reception was given in his honor at the Elysee palace. After the customary greetings had been exchanged between host and guest Alexander was presented to different French dignitaries. When introduced to the prime minister, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the king seemed much abashed and quite at a loss to know what to say, but after a moment's awkward pause a thought came to him, and he stammered out: 'I am glad to meet you, M. Rousseau. You smoke a great many cigarettes?' 'Not so many as your father does,' replied the Frenchman, to whom the king's greeting had been anything but acceptable."



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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.

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.

FALL 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; Wire Nails; Cut Nails; Plows, F. F. No. 11, Dixie; Plow Castings for all of the leading plows; Seed Wheat and Oats 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

R. A. BANNING,
Send for Catalogue and Price List.
104-106 E. LOMBARD ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
Wholesale .... Manufacturer of
Carriages, Road Carts, Wagons and Daytons.
.... Dealer in ....
Carriage- and ..... Wagon-Makers' Supplies.

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.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.
We have one of the finest, if not the finest, line of Pianos and Organs that can be found in the United States. By dealing with us you deal directly with the factory, thereby saving from $25 to $100 on a single instrument. This should be sufficient to justify your corresponding with our agent, Mr. Zach Street, Laneview, Essex County, Va.
Instruments sold on installment plan.
CABLE PIANO CO.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

HENRY MURR'S
CELEBRATED
BALTIMORE ICE CREAM,
—MANUFACTURED AT—
531 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; 20 to 40 gallon tubs.
All orders met with prompt attention.

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.

TO SMOKERS
Encourage Home Enterprise by calling for the following brands of Cigars:
U. B.'s, Standards, Bonnie Jean, Rod and Gun Club, Prize Winners.
HY. ULMAN,
Manufacturer, Fredericksburg, Va.

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Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
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H. B. WILLSON & CO.
PATENT LAWYERS,
Le Droit Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.

RICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG & POTOMAC R. R.

Schedule in Effect June 3, 1900.

TRAINS LEAVE FREDERICKSBURG,

NORTHWARD:

5 12 a. m. daily, no local stops.
7 02 a. m. daily, no local stops.
10 13 a. m. Sundays only, stops at Brooke and Wide Water.
10 40 a. m. daily, except Sunday, no local stops.
1 39 p. m. daily, except Sunday, no local stops.
7 53 p. m. daily, no local stops.
9 30 p. m. daily, stops at Brooke and Wide Water.

SOUTHWARD:

6 28 a. m. daily, Atlantic Coast Line train. Stops at Milford, Doswell and Ashland, week days. All local stops on Sundays.
12 32 p. m. daily, Seaboard Air Line trains, via Doswell and C. & O. to Richmond. Stops at Doswell.
1 24 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Stops at Milford, Doswell and Ashland.
4 46 p. m. Daily, Atlantic Coast Line train, stops at Doswell and Ashland.
6 37 p. m. daily, makes local stops.
8 40 p. m. daily, Seaboard Air Line trains, via Doswell and C. & O. to Richmond. Stops at Doswell.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS, DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY.

5 55 a. m. for Richmond.
10 21 a. m. for Quantico.
12 49 p. m. for Ashland.
4 00 p. m. from Richmond for Fredericksburg.

C. C. Cox, Agent.
W. P. TAYLOR, Traffic Manager.
E. T. D. MYERS, President.

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 at 4:30 a. m. Tuesday and Friday for Baltimore.

Leave Baltimore Wednesday, and Thursday, at 4:30 p. m., for Tappahannock and all wharves below, except Bay Port. Returning will leave Tappahannock at 8:00 a. m. on Monday and Thursday for Baltimore.

No Freight received for out-going steamers after 4 p. m. on sailing days.

NORFOLK ROUTE.

Will leave Tappahannock for Norfolk at 12 m. (noon) Friday, stopping at all landings. Will leave Norfolk at 6 p. m., Saturday for Tappahannock, calling at all landings.

HENRY WILLIAMS, Agt. Baltimore.
W. D. SCOTT, Agt., Fredericksburg.
KEY COMPTON, Agt., Norfolk.

Potomac River Route.

Beginning Tuesday, June 5, steamers Northumberland and Potomac will leave Pier 9, Light Street, Baltimore, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 5 p. m., for Alexandria and Washington, calling at all of the usual landings. Beginning Thursday, June 7, will leave 7th Street Wharf, Washington, at 4 p. m. Thursday, Sunday and Tuesday, going as far as Leonardtown on these evenings. Will leave Leonardtown, at 6 a. m., Kinsale at 12 p. m., Millers at 5 p. m., Grasons at 6 p. m. and Bacons at 7 p. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, arriving in Baltimore early the following morning. Freight received daily in Baltimore.

HENRY WILLIAMS, Agent, Baltimore, Md.
STEPHENSON & BRO., Agents, Washington, D. C.
WM. M. REARDON, Agent, Alexandria, Va.

Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic Railway Company.

Summer schedule, in effect June 25, 1900.

STEAMER IDA

Piankatank River Line.

Read carefully important changes have been made.

Commencing June 25, 1900, the steamer Ida will leave landings named below on Monday and Thursday of each week, arriving at Baltimore on Tuesday and Friday, as follows:

Freeport	6 00	a. m.
Blands	6 10	"
Stampers	6 30	"
Green Point	6 45	"
Conrads	7 00	"
Warehouse Creek	7 30	"
Ruarks	8 00	"
Fitchetts	9 00	"