A MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE.

The Sky-Scraping Tower of the Pan-American Exposition.

People traveling to the Pan-American Exposition from the direction of Niagara Falls will get their first view of the Electric Tower from a distance of 12 or more miles. From the river side of the steam or electric cars, the Electric Tower is seen looming up in the southern skies high above all other objects on the horizon. As the tower nears completion, the eyes of passengers on the trains and trolleys feast upon its magnificent height of 391 feet and obtain an impressive intimation of the mammoth proportions and beauty on which the Exposition is being built. The magnitude of the Electric Tower and its graceful lines cannot fail to impress all with the conviction that when it is illumined by the thousands of lights given life by the transmitted energy of the wonderful dynamos of Niagara, it will be a truly gorgeous spectale, surpassing in its royal beauty anything of the kind ever erected by man. It will delight every eye that sees it. It will stir the hearts and minds of all with admiration for the men that conceived it and carried the plans to such glorious perfection. In every department the Pan-American will portray the progress of the Americans up to the present time, and when people view the electrical splendor of the Exposition they will feel satisfied no matter what the century has in store in the way of additional progress, to have lived in an age when such results were possible of accomplishment. In these results the old and young will find enducation and entertainment, and their admiration of it all, which they will express on their home-going, will be simply reflective of the wondrous electric effects.

The Value of Honesty in Business.

The part that character plays in modern business life comes out clearly in an article on "A Borrower as a Banker Sees Him," contributed by Lindsay Denison to the March number of The World's Work. "It is quite possible," Mr. Denison writes, quoting Mr. Trask, "for a man of known integrity to borrow a million dollars on a piece of property worth approximately a million dollars. A man of known bad character, on the other hand, could not possibly borrow more than half as much; perhaps not so much as half as much. Among the men who are the powers in the banking business it is no uncommon matter for a man to overdraw his account in a bank for hundreds of thousands of dollars for a day or two without a word of comment from the officers of the bank. They know that he knows what he is doing; they know that he would not overdraw if he were not able to make good the deficiency promptly; they know that he is an honest man, and will make the deficiency good, and the transaction does not call for so much as a verbal understanding. It is based altogether upon honor." The story of one John Smith, which Mr. Denison tells is enlightening and encouraging.

Mr. William E. Curtis, Washington correspondent of the Chicago Record says that the number of persons visiting the library of Congress Monday, March 4th, was 72,572 by actual count kept by a mechanical register. In three days—Saturday, Sunday and Monday—the total was over 100,000 persons.

Punishment Kills a Convict.

San Francisco, March 10.—Jas. Dear, a convict in Folsom Prison, died yesterday as the result of seven hours' punishment in a straitjacket. Dear was a native of Illinois, thirty-nine years old, and but recently entered the prison. He was uncommonly strong and so stubborn that he refused to obey any rules or to do the work required of him. He had been repeatedly punished, but it did not subdue his spirit.

Yesterday Dear was placed in a straitjacket, in which he was kept for seven hours, although his groans were heard throughout his corridor. When he was taken out he was given a bath and removed to his cell, but he died during the night. The theory is that he was laced so tight that the circulation of the blood was stopped.

Spain's kingdom of Asturias, according to the British Medical Journal, boasts of 25 centenarians in a population of 600,000.

Above All Heights.

Work for work's sake, and for our art, I say:
Not for ourselves—no, not for our best friends,
Nor heart's content when our brief day's work ends;
A thousand times less for men's praise or pay.

To crown the finished task, rest comes unsought;
But seems it finished, to the Power above
And Master even of rest, until with love—
For no reward, but as God made—we've wrought?

"Above all heights is rest." At set of sun
Spirits perturbed in darkening valleys moan,
"Because we strove for wealth and fame alone,
Our work unfinished and ourselves undone!"
—Marion Wilcox, in Harper's Magazine.

The Message of the Sphinx.

This is what an American traveler has to say in The Chautauquan concerning one of the wonders of Egypt:

The Sphinx to me is wonderfully impressive. I had been skeptical of the reports of travelers who have spoken with enthusiastic admiration of this carved block of stone, and was prepared to smile loftily at the monster and pass on. But it was my childish ignrance. Even in its sadly mutilated state, marred by wanton hands, defaced by bullets, I think it the noblest, most majestic sculptured face into which I have ever looked. I shall never again use the expression, "solemn as a Sphinx." The Sphinx is not solemn. The face looks out across the desert with an expression of lofty, serene certainty, as if it were peering without fear into the unseen and eternal. The Sphinx is the Egyptian 14th of John cut into stone. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you." There it lies, mute mysterious and alone. It looked upon the dynasties of old—Egyptian, Greek and Roman, year and Turk. These all are gone, and we shall die, and still the sleepless rock will watch and wait with that same tranquil, earnest mien, until the day shall break and the shadows flee away. The Pyramid grave is death; "the Sphinx is hope, hope set up at the door of death."

Trouble and Happiness.

In "Eben Holden," one of the most popular novels of the day, Uncle Eb gets off the following bit of wisdom:

"Don't never pay t' go lookin' fer trouble—it's tew easy t' find. There ain' no sech thing s trouble 'n this world 'less ye look fer it. Happiness wont hev nuthin t' dew with a man that likes trouble. Minnit a man stops lookin' fer trouble happiness 'll look fer him. Things come purty nigh s' ye like 'em here 'n this world—hot er cold er only middlin'. Ye can either laugh er cry er fight er fish er go t' meetin'. If you don't like eny one ye can fin' fault. I'm on the lookout fer happiness—suits me best, someway, an' don't hurt my feelin's a bit."

Patrick Henry of Brandon, Miss., who has been a representative in congress from the 7th district of that state, went out with the late congress, and Patrick Henry of Vicksburg comes in as the representative of the 3d Mississippi district in the next.

Voluntary Confession.

It becomes evident from a story which is said to have originated in western New York, that there are widely varying ideas in existence as to what constitutes voluntary testimony on any subject.

"Did I understand you to say that this boy voluntarily confessed his share in the mischief done to the schoolhouse?" asked the judge, addressing the determined-looking female parent of a small and dirty boy who was charged with having been concerned in a recent raid upon an unpopular schoolmaster.

"Yes, sir, he did." the woman responded. "I just had to persuade him a little, and then he told the whole thing voluntarily."

"How did you persuade him?" inquired the judge.

"Well, first I gave him a good licking," said the firm parent, "and then I put him right to bed without any supper, and I took all his clothes away, and told him he'd stay in bed till he told me what he'd done, if 'twas the rest of his days, and I should lick him again in the morning. And in less than half an hour, sir, he told me the whole story, voluntarily!"—Youth's Companion.

Memphis claims to have taken the lead of both St. Louis and New Orleans as the great horse and mule market.

The Editor who Overslept Himself.

A hitherto unpublished story on a North Carolina editor was told in town a little while ago. A few years ago he made up his mind to accept an invitation to attend some grand function in New York city. The exact nature of the entertainment is of no moment here; but the festivities were to wind up with a banquet that everybody knew would be the swellest thing imaginable. Dress clothes were necessary; every guest's plate would be clustered with five different kinds of wine glasses and speech-making by the biggest orators of the country would commence with coffee and cigars. For months the editorman anticipated the pleasure he would have at this function; and as he daily handed out copy to three compositors he looked over their heads and saw a great light and much flowers—saw himself leaning back in his chair telling Chauncey Depew how it all came about. When at length he was speeding north on the train his spirit was as exultant as faith in Santa Claus; and the banquet was ever in his mind.

On the day of his arrival he saw New York from end to end and until the body was a-weary. By 7 o'clock in the evening he was in his room at the hotel, and made preparation to don dress clothes. He stretched them on the back of a chair and, with the banquet in his vision, threw himself across the bed to indulge in a delightful reverie.

He awoke and touched the bell. The boy came. "What time is it?" the editor asked.

"Half past three, sir. You didn't tell anybody to wake you and we jes' let you sleep." The mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream!—Charlotte Observer.

The stomach controls the situation. Those who are hearty and strong are those who can eat and digest plenty of food. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and allows you to eat all the good food you want. If you suffer from indigestion, heartburn, belching or any other stomach trouble, this preparation can't help but do you good. The most sensitive stomach can take it. Hood Bros., Hare & Son, J. R. Ledbetter.

High hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams; and soon they are observed to break up the camp of ease and start on some fresh march of faithful service. —J. Martineau.

A Kindly Word.

If there's a deed that you can do
To ease our yoke of sorrow;
Oh! do it with a purpose true,
Nor wait for the to-morrow.
Make all our hearts with joy to laugh,
While we are with you, love us,
We'll never read the epitaph
You kindly write above us.
—Herald of Peace.

Working Twenty-Four Hours a Day.

There's no rest for those tireless litttle workers—Dr. King's New Life Pills. Millions are always busy, curing torpid liver, jaundice, biliousness, fever and ague. They banish sick headache, drive out malaria. Never gripe or weaken. Small, taste nice, work wonders. Try them. Only 25c at Hood Bros.

This, this should be our ceaseless work: to crush the enemy within ourselves: daily to get a braver hold on him; and win some ground upon the better path.—Thomas A. Kempis.

Appreciated His Chance.

Johnny wanted to go to the circus and father said: "Johnny, I'd rather you'd go to school, and study, and maybe you'll be president some day."

Said Johnny: "Father, there's about one million boys in the United States, isn't there?"

"Yes."

"And every one of them stands a chance of being president.?"

"Yes."

"Well, dad, I'll sell out my chance for a circus ticket."—Ex.

Like Oliver Twist, children ask for more when given One Minute Cough Cure. Mothers endorse it highly for croup. It quickly cures all coughs and colds and every throat and lung trouble. It is a specific for grippe and asthma and has long been a well known remedy for whooping cough. Hood Bros., Hare & Son, J. R. Ledbetter.

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