THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

JAS. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor. THE COUNTY, THE STATE, THE UNION. SUBSCRIPTION: $1.00 Per Year, Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XXVIII LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1898. NUMBER 43.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

METHODIST.

Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
GEO. S. BAKER, Supt.
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M., every Sunday.
Prayer meeting Wednesday night.
G. F. SMITH, Pastor.

BAPTIST.

Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
THOS. B. WILDER, Supt.
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M., every Sunday.
Prayer meeting Thursday night.
FORREST SMITH, Pastor.

Professional cards

HOTELS.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 18.

Text of the Lesson, Jer. lii, 1-11—Memory Verses, 9-11—Golden Text, Jer. xxix, 13—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1. "Zedekiah was one and twenty years old when he began to reign, and he reigned 11 years in Jerusalem." After the death of Josiah, the good king, three of his sons and one grandson succeeded him, reigning altogether 22 years—Jehoahaz, or Shallum, three months; Eliakim, or Jehoiakim, 11 years; Coniah, or Jeconiah, or Jehoiachin, three months, and Zedekiah 11 years. The first two and the last were sons of Josiah, the third was his grandson and was 37 years a captive in Babylon (Jer. lii, 31). The story of the final captivity of Judah, the topic of this lesson, is found in three other places (Jer. xxxix, II Kings xxv, II Chron. xxxvi) and must therefore be something to be prayerfully pondered by us.

2. "He did that which was evil in the eyes of the Lord, according to all that Jehoiakim had done." What a brief but comprehensive summary of a man's life "evil in the eyes of the Lord," and how it confirms the statement that "the carnal mind is enmity against God!" (Rom. viii, 7.) The eyes of the Lord are running to and fro throughout the whole earth and wherever there is a heart trusting in Him He will show himself strong on behalf of such (II Chron. xvi, 9). The devil is also going to and fro in the earth seeking to destroy man and turn him from God.

3. "He cast them out from His presence." Thus the Lord did to Jerusalem and Judah because of their sins, for they mocked the messengers of God and despised His words and misused His prophets, until the wrath of the Lord arose against His people, till there was no remedy (II Chron. xxxvi, 16). He earnestly protested unto them, rising early and protesting, but they obeyed not nor inclined their ear and continued walking in the imagination of their evil hearts (Jer. xi, 7, 8). It is impossible to go where God cannot see us, but it is possible to lose the sense of His presence, as when Cain went out from the presence of the Lord (Ps. cxxxix, 1-4; Gen. iv, 16). The presence of the Lord is the assurance of all sure guidance and blessing (Ex. xxxiii, 14; xxiii, 20).

4, 5. "So the city was besieged unto the eleventh year of King Zedekiah." The Lord had said through Jeremiah that the king of Babylon would take the city and destroy it, and for this testimony the prophet was put in prison (Jer. xxxiv, 2; xxxii, 3), but shutting up a messenger of the Lord or stopping his mouth or even killing him or burning up his message will not prevent the purpose of the Lord from being fulfilled. All Scripture shall surely and literally be fulfilled, and even the enemies of God can only fulfill His pleasure, for He maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder doth He restrain. The king of Babylon was unconsciously God's instrument in chastening His people of Judah and Jerusalem. Even Herod and Pontius Pilate and the gentiles and Israel when they combined against Christ were only bringing to pass what God foresaw would be (Acts iv, 27, 28).

6. "The famine was sore in the city, so that there was no bread for the people of the land." The study of the famines of Scripture, with their reasons and results as far as we can judge of the same, is a most profitable study, for example, the famine of Gen. xii and its results to Abraham, the famine in Bethlehem and its effect upon Elimelech and Naomi as recorded in Ruth. In Ezek. xiv, 21, faming is called one of God's four sore judgments, but in Amos viii, 11, we read of the worst kind of famine, even a famine of hearing the words of the Lord.

7. "All the men of war fled and went forth out of the city by night." In chapter xxxix, 4, we read that Zedekiah went with them. Ezekiel was at this time a captive in Babylon, but God showed him and he by an object lesson showed the people just what was going on in Jerusalem at this time, so that even without telephone or telegraph the Jews at Babylon knew of events at Jerusalem the very day they happened (Ezek. xii, etc.). God has permitted man to bring to pass most wonderful things in these days in which we live, but never in any nation has been seen or heard such wonderful things as God has done and will yet do in and for Israel, His chosen people.

8. "The army of the Chaldeans pursued after the king and overtook Zedekiah in the plains of Jericho." When Jonah would flee from the presence of the Lord, although he got off to sea and possibly fancied he was really on his way to Tarshish, the Lord wanted him at Nineveh and so sent two detectives after him, a storm to stop the vessel and a fish specially prepared to bring him ashore. The king Zedekiah may have thought himself safely away from the king of Babylon and possibly have ridiculed the words of Jeremiah, but if so it only proved that he did not know the Lord nor that every purpose of the Lord must be performed.

9. "Then they took the king and carried him up unto the king of Babylon to Riblah, in the land of Hamath, where he gave judgment upon him." Thus it came to pass as it had been foretold, but the most pitiful thing about it all, as it seems to me, was that one who should have been an honor to the Lord, on the throne of the Lord at Jerusalem, is found a prisoner in the hands of an enemy of God, and this enemy sitting in judgment upon him. It was a sorry sight when Abraham was reproved by Abimelech because he for fear of his life told a lie about his wife. It was a fearful thing when David by his great sin gave occasion to the enemy to blaspheme; when Simon Peter by his self confidence and following afar off denied his Lord. But all these are written for our instruction that we may not sin as they did.

10. "And the king of Babylon slew the sons of Zedekiah before his eyes." This might have been avoided if Zedekiah had only been obedient to the word of the Lord by Jeremiah and had surrendered to the king of Babylon, but he thought he knew better than Jeremiah, and he would not believe God, but hardened his heart and went his own way until all this came upon him. It is bad enough to suffer oneself, but to be compelled to witness suffering which we have brought upon others must be a terrible thing. Yet what a man soweth that must he also reap.

11. "Then he put out the eyes of Zedekiah, and the king of Babylon bound him in chains and carried him to Babylon and put him in prison till the day of his death." Thus was fulfilled all that was written by Jeremiah and Ezekiel concerning him—that he would see the king of Babylon, that he would go to Babylon, but that he would never see Babylon and yet die there in peace.

How to be Beautiful.

To be beautiful you must have pure blood and good health. To do so, purify the blood and build up the health with the best tonic and blood purifier of the age, Botanic Blood Balm, ("B. B. B.") It is the old standard and reliable remedy. It never fails to cure all manner of Blood and Skin diseases, where eminent physicians, and all other known remedies have failed. Send stamp for book of particulars, to the Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.
For sale by druggists.

If there is honor among thieves, there should be some among politicians.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY THOMAS MOORE.

Yes, I did say on the pine barren view,
As weary I journeyed the wild road along,
Virginia's rude soil I would glad bid adieu
And never remember Virginia in song.

I had passed through her towns and no converse had met,
Though in converse my heart knew its fondest delight,
And so firm in my breast had dear friendship been set
That of friendship I thought I might challenge the right.

But soon was the change when to Richmond I came,
For the stranger here met with a heart like his own,
And he sighs that his verse will ne'er equal its fame
And give it for friendship the highest renown.

In the house on the hill a free welcome he found—
The welcome that told him its friendship was true—
And long shall the praise of its master resound,
While gratitude claims from his heart the just due.

Oh, woman, here, too, both in beauty and sense
Thou art blest with the boon which art cannot improve!
Thy looks and thy smiles such sweet favors dispense
That the heart of the stranger is tempted to love.

Then, Richmond, accept a stranger's farewell.
If the tear of regret of his love be the proof,
Long, long in his heart shall thy memory dwell,
And in age be the theme of the days of his youth.

—Bookman.

ROBIN HOOD'S END.

The new sheriff was a younger and more vigorous man, and Robin Hood preferred a foe of courage and resource. To outwit the old dotard who had recently died had ever been sufficiently easy. The newcomer was more worthy of his steel.

Many a time and oft Robin and his men were only saved by their knowledge of the Sherwood caves; none other held that secret. Indeed the fear of these secret caves was widely spread throughout the neighborhood, and many an old wife's story told of the sure and horrible death that awaited any man that entered them without having a clew.

Gradually, as time wore on, those of the old band who were still left rallied about their leader. In spite of the sheriff their numbers increased, and from their marauding expeditions they seldom came back empty handed. Children in Nottingham said that when they grew up they also would live in the forest like Robin Hood, and eat of the king's venison and be served with cups and plates of gold and have many to follow them.

But Robin had not forgotten the ill omen. Outwardly his mirth was as boisterous as ever. He played rough jests with his own men or with travelers who fell into his hands. It was not enough that he should take their treasure; he must also send them on their way in some purely ridiculous and fantastic attire or position, even as, many years before, he had sent the old sheriff back into Nottingham with his hands and feet tied and his face to his horse's tail.

His presence of mind in the moment of peril was as great as it had ever been. One never found him at a loss, nor did he seem to be thinking of anything beyond the present moment. Yet if by chance any spoke to him of what he should do in years to come his answer was always:

"There are no years to come. This year ends all."

Almost unconsciously his two most able and faithful followers—Little John and the Friar—came to have the same mind on this matter. They had no doubt that the end would come, but only of the manner of its coming. They knew now that they went in greater peril than ever before, and their terror was lest Robin should be taken by the sheriff. Had they spoken to him of it he might have laughed at their fears. Every night and day he kept his dagger by his side, and his mind was fixed that he would never be taken alive. As it was, every morning they asked themselves, "Will it be today?" and every night that they slept in the open, "Shall we be taken while we sleep?"

The autumn came, and already the trees of the forest were changing color. Now and again a party of young nobles would come down to the river with hawk on fist. Sometimes in the early morning the horn would sound the prise, but ere forester or keeper could reach the spot the fat buck had been borne away. The berries were ripening on the brambles and wood was being gathered against the coming winter.

A rich knight, bearing great treasure in his train, passed through the forest unscathed—aye, even without sight of Robin and his men. Others followed, and were also left unmolested. It would indeed have been said that Robin, as was his wont at times, had left Sherwood and was hunting elsewhere but for the shrill call of the horn in the early morning and for the missing deer.

It was as though so long as they could wrest a scant livelihood from the vert and venison of the forest, they were content to give up their war on men.

And this was because Robin lay sick in the caves, every day saying, "Tomorrow it will be well with me, and we will take the road again, and some traveling prelate shall pay for his sins." And when the morrow came, always his weakness returned. It was as if the life died slowly out of him, as the flame dies slowly in the lamp when the oil is nearly finished. The Friar had used such skill in herbs as he had, but to no purpose. One day he said to Robin:

"Have you heard aught of the prioress of Kirklees—she that was daughter of the old sheriff?"

"Many years ago," said Robin half dreamily, "she came to the forest by night. She would have the feather of the golden eagle that I wore in my cap—doubtless a wager, and one that I was willing enough that she should win. She was a slip of a girl then, and, to my thinking, reckoned little of the religious life. But with women"—

He broke off, gasping for breath, and then resumed with fury:

"A curse upon me that I can neither live nor die and lie thus betwixt and between! What of the prioress? How should she harm me or help me?"

"Her fame is great in these parts," said the Friar, "and daily grows greater. In surgery and physic she has such knowledge as God seldom gives to man. The lame go there and cast away their crutches, and the blind see, and the old become young again. There is not a house in Nottingham or Mansfield where they shall not tell you some great story of the wonders which she has worked."

"What avails it?" asked Robin. "Kirklees is far away, in Yorkshire. I have neither the strength of limb to walk thither nor to sit my horse. If you loved me, you would take of the nightshade in the forest and mix me a draft which should end all this!"

"That would I and speedily," said the Friar, "if the hand of death were indeed upon you, but it is not so. Happily, in the letting of blood alone would you find relief, and were I a surgeon we would make a trial of it. Say, Little John, are we already so sunken and enfeebled that we cannot bear our master to the priory of Kirklees in order that he may march back again with his arrows in his belt and ourselves behind him, as in the old times?"

"It shall be done," said Little John. And Robin, lying with eyes closed, said no word for or against.

So that night a litter was made ready and Robin was laid upon it, with his head on a pile of rushes and his body covered with the skins of wolves, for his natural heat had gone, and even in the day, when the sun was warm, he shivered. And every one of his men went with him. For, by reason of the activity of the new sheriff, the danger of the journey was great, and it was needful to have scouts out far ahead to be sure that all was clear.

Even so, and though they journeyed only by night, not once or twice was the alarm given, and only by a long detour did the band get through in safety. And when they drew near to the priory of Kirklees it was agreed that Little John and the Friar alone should bear the litter to the gate.

He would have strength enough himself to enter the presence of the prioress. But lest he should be recognized and some harm should befall him, he carried his horn hidden under his cloak. One blast upon it would bring the whole of his men unto his succor.

* * * * * * *

The prioress' lodge at Kirklees was not one of the buildings that surrounded the cloister court. It stood apart on the right hand side, having a walled garden.

And there in the heat of the day the prioress walked, holding an illuminated book in her hands. She went slowly up and down the straight gravel walk under the trees. The hands that held the book were white and very thin; the face still kept somewhat of its old beauty, but changed. There had been a long struggle and the enemy was vanquished, but he was not dead and might yet arise again.

As she walked there one of her maidens brought her word that a traveler, sore spent, had been brought to the porter's lodge and from thence had been carried into the guest hall, and he begged the prioress would go to him and work a cure upon him that his strength might return and he might go on his way.

Even as she entered the guest hall she knew who it was that lay there, and yet not by one sign did she betray that she knew it.

Robin lay with closed eyes and breathing heavily. He was conscious vaguely of women's voices speaking near him. Then his position was changed somewhat. Through eyes that slowly opened he saw the glint of sunlight fall on polished brass and on a snowy napkin. He felt that some one was rolling back the loose sleeve of his tunic. Then he caught the sound of footsteps passing away in the distance. There was a deep silence, and when he opened his eyes all had gone save the prioress, who looked at him intently.

"Do you know me?" she said.

"Aye," said Robin feebly. "I pray you to open my vein and let blood that I may recover me from the sudden weakness which has fallen upon me."

She bent down beside him and said no word. He felt the sharp prick in the flesh of his bared arm, and then it seemed to him that he fell into a delightful sleep.

* * * * * * *

His sleep was full of the happiest dreams, melting vaguely into one another. And they were all dreams of things that were past and over, as though the sleeping brain knew unconsciously that afterward there would be nothing.

Maid Marian stood by him, young and beautiful, in the days of her willful youth, and whatsoever she bade him do for her he did, though he knew that it was to his ruin and undoing.

He rode his great white horse through the forest on a very bright and sunny morning. All the birds were singing together and a feeling of well being was deep in his heart.

His men were beside him talking and laughing loudly. Suddenly out from their ambush sprang the sheriff's men, and Robin and his band fell upon them. That, too, passed.

And now it was a clear moonlight night, and Maid Marian stood by the ruined chapel and looked at him wistfully with that gentleness in her eyes which came to her when at last she loved.

And now, again by night, he swam the cold waters of the moat at the Baron De Troiley's castle, and the baron's archers shot afar or wide of him.

Now he was with the king's army. The thought had come to him that since Maid Marian was dead naught else mattered, and he swore and raved and drank and went forth on some errand that was thought to mean certain death, and returned from it unscathed.

And lastly, he was back again in the forest, and down the moonlit road came the torches with the funeral procession. His lips moved even in the swoon in which he lay.

"A bad omen," he whispered.

But in all these changing dreams there was one that never appeared to him—the woman of whom he had thought so little, who now, with white face and set teeth, bent by his side as he lay there unconscious.

* * * * * * *

After the dreams there seemed to follow a long wave of darkness, and when this had passed and he had opened his eyes he knew that he was dying.

A vague wonder went through his mind whether it was by accident that she had taken so much blood from his arm, now tightly bandaged, or whether it was of intention, knowing him to be one deserving of death and thinking that in so doing she acted as the servant of God and the king.

It came into his mind as so much idle guesswork. It did not matter. It might be dismissed. His restless eyes gazed round the room. Close by him on the floor there seemed what looked like a shapeless blotch of green light.

As he gazed at it it slowly took shape, and he remembered. It was his green cloak, which had been flung down there and lay there in the sunlight, and under it he knew was hidden his hunting horn. Hard by the cloak was the narrow open window. In the distance from the chapel he could hear the sweet voices of the nuns singing.

Suddenly the thought came to him that he could not die like this, like a rat in a trap—a man that had fallen into the hands of a woman. With great pain and exertion he managed to crawl from his bed and once more hang the horn about his neck.

Then slowly he climbed into the window and leaned out. The fresh air fanned his face and seemed to revive him somewhat. For a few moments he knelt there, panting heavily, and then, bringing his horn to his lips, he blew a call. Faintly the sounds floated away into the distance. Then he fell back, and once more the swoon came back over him.

The first thing of which he was conscious was a confused sound. There was the screaming of women and the heavy tramp of feet. When he fully came to himself and opened his eyes, the great guest hall was silent, but there were many in it. The friar held him up. Little John stood by his side. At the farther end of the hall, in front of the heavy oaken door, stood the men of his band, ranged closely together and waiting his order.

"Give me water," said Robin.

It was brought him, and he drank.

And then, after a pause, Little John spoke.

"Master, since it is by the foulest treachery that you are now brought to this pass, I pray you to grant the last request that ever I shall make of you."

"Speak on."

"Firstly, that we may bear you hence to some safe place where haply you may yet recover, and then that we may burn out this nest of singing birds, so that not one of them is left alive, and not one stone of all their buildings shall stand upon another."

Robin smiled.

"Nay, Little John," he said. "When did we make war on women? When have we broken down the house that was dedicated to Our Lady? It is my command—and since I die and shall not recover, it is verily the last command that I shall give you—that you leave these women in peace and all their house standing even as it is now, taking nothing from them and doing them no harm, and that you carry me forth and bury me in the greenwood, where my life has been spent."

Then, at his bidding, they gave him his bow, and he would have strung it, but strength failed him. They bore him to the window and held him there upright. Then Little John strung his bow and gave it to him and put an arrow into his hand.

"See," said Robin Hood; "where this my last arrow falls there shall my last resting place be. There bury me."

Then with all his strength he drew back the arrow and loosed it. And it sped far away in the sunlit air of the evening, farther than eye could follow.

And so he fell back into their arms and died.—Barry Pain in New York Evening Post.

A Famous Claquer.

They say that Gertner, who was director of the claque at the famous Deutches Volkestheater, Vienna, died of a broken heart, but he left a fortune of $50,000. This yarn has been deliberately and soberly printed about him:

He came to the theater night after night in different characters and costumes and was never recognized as a claquer by those around him. Sometimes he occupied a box, sometimes a seat in the stalls, sometimes he posted himself in the gallery, but always where he could indicate to his subordinates by a code of signals previously arranged how and when to applaud without attracting undue attention. Gertner has been seen sitting in a box, for which he himself paid, in an elegant dress suit, with white tie and gloves, and looking so distingue that no one would have dreamed that he was a claquer. When he raised his handkerchief to his nose, a round of applause followed. When he replaced the handkerchief in his pocket, the clapping gradually subsided.

Gertner came to grief in a curious way. He was sitting in the stalls at an important first night and fell asleep during the play. A particularly tragic passage had been reached when Gertner suddenly awoke with a start and commenced to applaud vigorously. The house roared with laughter and the piece was ruined. Gertner was dismissed in disgrace.—Vienna Letter.

There is no medicine in the world equal to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for the cure of throat and lung diseases. This is a fact that has been proven in numberless cases. Here is a sample of thousands of letters received: I have tried Chamberlain's Cough Remedy while suffering from a severe throat trouble, and found immediate and effective relief. I can unhesitatingly recommend it."—EDGAR W. WHITEMORE, Editor Grand Rivers (Ky.) Herald. For sale at W. G. Thomas' drug store.

If a man is satisfied with himself, he finds others awfully disappointing.

A Tennessee lady, Mrs. J. W. Towle of Philadelphia, Tenn. has been using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for her baby, who is subject to croup, and says of it: "I find it just as good as you claim it to be. Since I've had your cough remedy, baby has been threatened with croup ever so many times, but I would give him a dose of the remedy and it prevented his having it every time." Hundreds of mothers say the same. Sold by W. G. Thomas, druggist.

If criminals are to be believed, not one of them ever had an honest conviction.

If counterfeiters turn out bad money, it is because they are unable to make it good.

IN MIDAIR AT NIGHT.

THE EARTH AS SEEN FROM A BALLOON BY MOONLIGHT

A Beautiful Picture Wherein Lakes Look Like Beds of Molten Silver. Echoes That Float Up Faintly From the Earth.

A correspondent formed one of Mr Spencer's party in a balloon ascent at night from the Crystal palace. His experiences are interesting. "At 1,000 feet high," he writes, "we were over some suburban railway station, and the sight of a train rushing along a curved cutting was one not to be forgotten. It was like a comet with a fiery gold head and a silver tail. The moonlight on the trail of smoke made it look like the rapids of a river in moonlight, a rushing mass of silver water. The engine was a glow of fiery red. You saw no train. At 9.53 the smell of gas told us we were rising, and we commenced the work of testing echoes. I may here remark that there are two grave objections to balloon traveling—the one is that you cannot smoke and the other that you perpetually smell gas.

"In testing acoustically, I am afraid we did not succeed in gaining any air echo, though one at 1,000 feet—we went up in all to nearly 3,000 feet—was suspected. Echoes distinct we had in plenty but they undoubtedly came from the balloon above us, and none—except perhaps the one doubtful one I have referred to—from the empyrean. Echoes from the earth showed the air to be very variable in its carrying power. For a long distance, traveling at a height of 1,000 feet, the air remained singularly opaque acoustically and not a trace of echoes could be caught, but later, at 2,400 feet, they became and remained very loud. Again, 15 minutes later and 300 feet lower, they had become distinctly feeble. The resonator which Mr Bacon, a member of the party, constantly used, showed the same striking acoustic variation.

"Mr. Bacon had with him an exquisitely sensitive air thermometer, which showed remarkably the variations in temperature during the steady ascent of the balloon. The temperature rose rapidly up to about 500 feet, at which elevation we encountered a colder stratum. Soaring through this, we rose another 100 feet, again into warmer air, then through a second and a third shallow cold stratum, but at 1,000 feet we had entered an equable region, for an ascent of 1,600 feet or 1,700 feet higher gave us no practical change in the conditions, and, as acoustic experiments were to be a principal part of the night's work, we kept below an altitude of 3,000 feet. At the higher altitudes there was no water vapor noticeable in the spectrum.

"The brilliancy of the moon was very markedly increased as we flew higher, and lunar details easily seen with field glasses from earth became difficult to gaze at. Seen through good glasses indeed the moon was simply dazzlingly and tryingly brilliant. As I bent to the Davy lamp we carried to read the aneroid to Mr Bacon—Mr Spencer could read it by the moonlight—it recorded 1,800 feet, and a clock below could be heard distinctly striking 10. At 2,000 feet it was marvelous to note the clean cut shadow of the balloon which the moon gave. As we threw out sand its shadow could be seen dropping from the balloon, first in a broad stream, then as it disintegrated and the particles separated widening into a nebulous shade to disappear altogether as it dropped earthward. I never before knew what moonlight could be. Every road way, hedge and rivulet stood out as clear as if we were looking down on a large scale map.

"I have already alluded to the acoustic experiments that were made, and these proved amusing as well as instructive. At 1,200 feet we were getting splendid ground echoes from both voice and trumpet, and at this height, passing over one village, we created quite an excitement. Our hail of 'What is the name of this place?' was heard and answered, but we could not catch the name, except that it ended in 'row or 'road.' Not at every village did we get word from the human denizens, but we never failed to rouse the dogs. If a 'hallo' didn't do it, the trumpet never failed. At 2,400 feet so clear was the night that you could see the post cards we threw out flutter down, down, almost to the ground. At that height also the ground echoes came up quite clear, if somewhat faint, and dogs barking might almost have been in one's next door neighbor's garden.

"One superb effect was that of the moon's rays on any large collection of glass houses—we passed over several nursery gardens. Over a spread of these the sight was magnificent, though the effect was but momentary and had to be caught at the proper angle, but for the moment it turned the whole into a lake of molten silver. It was eerie to look down and see the trail rope stretching 350 feet down into space, but it was a grand way of realizing the idea of speed. If you sat in the bottom of the car, you felt absolutely as if you were motionless, though we were really traveling at the rate of some 30 or 35 miles an hour. Looking over the edge of the car down on the trail rope you could easily note how fast the rate of speed was, for, watching the end, as it hung in a plumb line from the car, you could mark how swiftly a huge wood or field was left behind. The only sensation in the slightest degree unpleasant felt at the highest altitude we reached was a slight singing in the ears. The party alighted at Aylesford without mishap."—London Chronicle.

Why He Breaks His Word.

HOKE—Jigley is thinking of setting his son up in business.

JOKE—He'll never do. He's forever breaking his word.

"So?"

"Yes. He stutters frightfully."—Philadelphia Record.