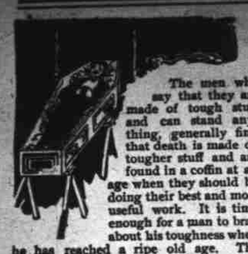

The men who say that they are made of tough stuff and can stand anything, generally find that death is made of tougher stuff and are found in a coffin at an age when they should be doing their best and most useful work. It is time enough for a man to brag about his toughness when he has reached a ripe old age. The men who live long lives are the ones who take care of their health in youth and maturity. They realize the truth of the old saying that "a stitch in time saves nine." The ones who don't do this die off of nervous prostration, heart failure, and consumption.

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BEHIND THE CURTAIN

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE DANGERS OF HYPOCRISY.

He Shows How Saul Won a Flock and Lost a Kingdom — Impressive Lessons Drawn From an Old Bible Story—Futility of Fraud.

WASHINGTON, July 11.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage, founded on a strange scene of olden time, shows that fraud will come to exposure, if not in this world then in the next. Text, I Samuel xv, 14, "And Samuel said, What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?"

The Amalekites thought they had conquered God and that he would not carry into execution his threats against them. They had murdered the Israelites in battle and out of battle and left no outrage untried. For 400 years this had been going on, and they say, "God either dare not punish us or he has forgotten to do so." Let us see. Samuel, God's prophet, tells Saul to go down and slay all the Amalekites, not leaving one of them alive; also to destroy all the beasts in their possession—ox, sheep, camel and ass. Hark, I hear the tread of 210,000 men, with monstrous Saul at their head, ablaze with armor, his shield dangling at his side, holding in his hand a spear, at the waving of which the great host marched or halted. I see smoke curling against the sky. Now there is a thick cloud of it, and now I see the whole city rising in a chariot of smoke behind steeds of fire. It is Saul that set the city ablaze. The Amalekites and Israelites meet; the trumpets of battle blow peal on peal, and there is a death hush. Then there is a signal waved, swords out and hack, javelins zing on shields, arms fall from trunks and heads roll into the dust. Gash after gash, the frenzied yell, the gurgling of throttled throats, the cry of pain, the laugh of revenge, the curse hissed between clinched teeth—an army's death groan. Stacks of dead on all sides, with eyes unshut and mouths yet grinning vengeance. Huzza for the Israelites! Two hundred and ten thousand men wave their plumes and clap their shields, for the Lord God hath given them the victory.

Gains and Losses.

Yet that victorious army of Israel is conquered by sheep and oxen. God, through the prophet Samuel, told Saul to slay all the Amalekites and to slay all the beasts in their possession, but Saul, thinking that he knows more than God, saves Agag, the Amalekitish king, and five drove of sheep and a herd of oxen that he cannot bear to kill. Saul drives the sheep and oxen down toward home. He has no idea that Samuel, the prophet, will find out that he has saved these sheep and oxen for himself. Samuel comes and asks Saul the news from the battle. Saul puts on a solemn face, for there is no one who can look more solemn than your genuine hypocrite, and he says, "I have fulfilled the command of the Lord." Samuel listens, and he hears the drove of sheep a little way off. Saul had no idea that the prophet's ear would be so acute. Samuel says to Saul, "If you have done as God told you and slain all the Amalekites and all the beasts in their possession, what meaneth the bleating of the sheep in mine ears and the lowing of the oxen that I hear?" Ah, one would have thought that blushes would have consumed the cheek of Saul. No, no! He says the army—not himself, of course, but the army—had saved the sheep and oxen for sacrifice, and then they thought it would be too bad anyhow to kill Agag, the Amalekitish king. Samuel takes the sword, and he slashes Agag to pieces, and then he takes the skirt of his coat in true oriental style and rends it in twain, as much as to say, "You, Saul, just like that, shall be torn away from your empire and torn away from your throne." In other words, let all the nations of the earth hear the story that Saul, by disobeying God, won a flock of sheep, but lost a kingdom.

I learn from this subject that God will expose hypocrisy. Here Saul pretends he has fulfilled the divine commission by slaying all the beasts belonging to the Amalekites, and yet at the very moment he is telling the story and practicing the delusion the secret comes out, and the sheep bleat and the oxen bellow.

A hypocrite is one who pretends to be what he is not or to do what he does not. Saul was only a type of a class. The modern hypocrite looks awfully solemn, whines when he prays and during his public devotion shows a great deal of the whites of his eyes. He never laughs, or, if he does laugh, he seems sorry for it afterward, as though he had committed some great indiscretion. The first time he gets a chance he prays 20 minutes in public, and when he exhorts he seems to imply that all the race are sinners, with one exception, his modesty forbidding the stating who that one is. There are a great many churches that have two or three ecclesiastical Uriah Heeps

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was hypocrisy.

When the fox begins to pray, look out for your chickens. The more genuine religion a man has the more comfortable he will be, but you may know a religious impostor by the fact that he prides himself on being uncomfortable. A man of that kind is of immense damage to the church of Christ. A ship may outride a hundred storms, and yet a handful of worms in the planks may sink it to the bottom. The church of God is not so much in danger of the cyclones of trouble and persecution that come upon it as of the vermin of hypocrisy that infest it. Wolves are of no danger to the fold of God unless they look like sheep. Arnold was of more damage to the army than Cornwallis and his hosts. Oh, we cannot deceive God with a church certificate! He sees behind the curtain as well as before the curtain. He sees everything inside out. A man may through policy hide his real character, but God will after awhile tear open the whited sepulcher and expose the putrefaction. Sunday faces cannot save him. Long prayers cannot save him. Psalm singing and churchgoing cannot save him. God will expose him just as thoroughly as though he branded upon his forehead the word "Hypocrite." He may think he has been successful in the deception, but at the most unfortunate moment the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow.

One of the cruel bishops of olden time was going to excommunicate one of the martyrs, and he began in the usual form—"In the name of God, amen." "Stop!" says the martyr. "Don't say 'in the name of God!'" Yet how many outrages are practiced under the garb of religion and sanctity. When in synods and conferences ministers of the gospel are about to say something unbrotherly and unkind about a member, they almost always begin by being tremendously pious, the venom of their assault corresponding to the heavenly flavor of the prelude. Standing there, you would think they were ready to go right up into glory and that nothing kept them down but the weight of their boots and overcoat, when suddenly the sheep bleat and the oxen bellow.

Simplicity.

Oh, my dear friends, let us cultivate simplicity of Christian character! Jesus Christ said, "Unless you become as this little child you cannot enter the kingdom of God." We may play hypocrite successfully now, but the Lord God will after awhile expose our true character. You must know the incident mentioned in the history of Ottacas, who was asked to kneel in the presence of Randolphus I, and when before him he refused to do it, but after awhile he agreed to come in private when there was nobody in the king's tent, and then he would kneel down before him and worship, but the servants of the king had arranged it so that by drawing a cord the tent would suddenly drop. Ottacas after awhile came in, and supposing he was in entire privacy knelt before Randolphus. The servants pulled the cord, the tent dropped, and two armies surrounding looked down on Ottacas kneeling before Randolphus. If we are really kneeling to the world while we profess to be lowly subjects of Jesus Christ, the tent has already dropped and all the hosts of heaven are gazing upon our hypocrisy. God's universe is a very public place, and you cannot hide hypocrisy in it.

Going out into a world of delusion and sham, pretend to be no more than you really are. If you have the grace of God, profess it; profess no more than you have. But I want the world to know that where there is one hypocrite in the church there are 500 outside of it, for the reason that the field is larger. There are men in all circles who will bow before you, and who are obsequious in your presence and talk flatteringly, but who all the while in your conversation are digging for bait and angling for imperfections. In your presence they imply that they are everything friendly, but after awhile you find they have the fierceness of a catamount, the slyness of a snake and the spite of a devil. God will expose such. The gun they load will burst in their own hands, the lies they tell will break their own teeth, and at the very moment they think they have been successful in deceiving you and deceiving the world the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow.

Responsibility.

I learn further from this subject how natural it is to try to put off our sins on other people. Saul was charged with disobeying God. The man says it was not he; he did not save the sheep; the army did it—trying to throw it off on the shoulders of other people. Human nature is the same in all ages. Adam, confronted with his sin, said, "The woman tempted me, and I did eat." And the woman charged it upon the serpent, and if the serpent could have spoken it would have charged it upon the devil. I suppose that the real state of the case was that Eve was eating the apple and that Adam saw it and begged and coaxed until he got a piece of it. I suppose that Adam was just as much to blame as Eve was. You cannot throw off the responsibility of any sin upon the shoulders of other people.

Here is a young man who says: "I know I am doing wrong, but I have not had any chance. I had a father who despised God and a mother who was a disciple of godless fashion. I am not to blame for my sins; it is my bringing up." Ah, no; that young man has been out in the world long enough to see what is right and to see what is wrong, and in the great day of eternity he cannot throw his sins upon his father or mother, but will have to stand for himself and answer before God. You have had a conscience, you have had a Bible and the influence of the Holy Spirit. Stand for yourself or fall for yourself.

Here is a business man. He says, "I know I don't do exactly right in trade, but all the dry goods men do it and all the hardware men do this, and I am not responsible." You cannot throw off your sin upon the shoulders of other merchants. God will hold you responsible for what you do and them responsible for what they do. I want to quote one passage of Scripture for you—I think it is in Proverbs—"If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself, but if thou scornest thou alone shalt bear it."

All or None.

I learn further from this subject what God meant by extermination. Saul was told to slay all the Amalekites and the beasts in their possession. He saves Agag, the Amalekite king, and some of the sheep and oxen. God chastises him for it. God likes nothing done by halves. God will not stay in the soul that is half his and half the devil's. There may be more sins in our soul than there were Amalekites. We must kill them. Woe unto us if we spare Agag. Here is a Christian. He says: "I will drive out all the Amalekites of sin from my heart. Here is jealousy—down goes that Amalekite. Here is backbiting—down goes that Amalekite," and what slaughter he makes among his sins, striking right and left! What is that out yonder, lifting up his head? It is Agag—it is worldliness. It is an old sin he cannot bear to strike down. It is a darling transgression he cannot afford to sacrifice. Oh, my brethren, I appeal for entire consecration. Some of the Presbyterians call it the "higher life." The Methodists, I believe, call it "perfection." I do not care what you call it, "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." I know men who are living with their soul in perpetual communion with Christ and day by day are walking within sight of heaven. How do I know? They tell me so. I believe them. They would not lie about it. Why cannot we all have this consecration? Why stay some of the sins in our soul and leave others to bleat and bellow for our exposure and condemnation? Christ will not stay in the same house with Agag. You must give up Agag or give up Christ. Jesus says, "All of that heart or none." Saul slew the poorest of the sheep and the meanest of the oxen and kept some of the finest and the fattest, and there are Christians who have slain the most unpopular of their transgressions and saved those which are most respectable. It will not do. Eternal war against all the Amalekites—no mercy for Agag!

I learn further from this subject that it is vain to try to defraud God. Here Saul thought he had cheated God out of those sheep and oxen, but he lost his crown, he lost his empire. You cannot cheat God out of a single cent. Here is a man who has made $10,000 in fraud. Before he dies every dollar of it will be gone, or it will give him violent unrest. Here is a Christian who has been largely prospered. He has not given to God the proportion that is due in charities and benevolences. God comes to the reckoning, and he takes it all away from you. How often it has been that Christian men have had a large estate and it is gone. The Lord God came into the counting room and said: "I have allowed you to have all this property for 10, 15 or 20 years, and you have not done justice to my poor children. When the beggar called upon you, you hounded him off your steps; when my suffering children appealed to you for help, you had no mercy. I only asked for so much or so much, but you did not give it to me, and now I will take it all."

The Safe Course.

God asks of us one-seventh of our time in the way of Sabbath. Do you suppose we can get an hour of that time successfully away from its true object? No, no. God has demanded one-seventh of your time. If you take one hour of that time that is to be devoted to God's service and instead of keeping his Sabbath use it for the purpose of writing up your accounts or making worldly gains, God will get that hour from you in some unexpected way. God says to Jonah, "You go to Nineveh." He says: "No, I won't. I'll go to Tarshish." He starts for Tarshish. The sea raves, the winds blow and the ship rocks. Come, ye whales, and take this passenger for Tarshish! No man ever gets to Tarshish whom God tells to go to Nineveh. The sea would not carry him; it is God's sea. The winds would not waft him; they are God's winds. Let a man attempt to do that which God forbids him to do or to go into a place where God tells him not to go, the natural world as well as God is against him. The lightnings are ready to strike him, the fires to burn him, the sun to smite him, the waters to drown him, and the earth to swallow him. Those whose princely robes are woven out of heartstrings, those whose fine houses are built out of skulls, those whose springing fountains are the tears of oppressed nations, have they successfully cheated God?

The last day will demonstrate. It will be found out on that day that God vindicated not only his goodness and his mercy, but his power to take care of his own rights and the rights of his church and the rights of his oppressed children. Come, ye martyred dead, awake and come up from the dungeons where folded darkness hearsed you and the chains like cankers peeled loose the skin and wore off the flesh and rattled on the marrowless bones. Come, ye martyred dead, from the stakes where you were burned, where the arm uplifted for mercy fell into the ashes and the cry of pain was drowned in the snapping of the flame and the howling of the mob; from valleys of Piedmont and Smithfield market and London Tower and the highlands of Scotland. Gather in great procession and together clap your bony hands, and together stamp your moldy feet and let the chains that bound you to dungeons all clank at once and gather all the flames that burned you in one uplifted arm of fire and plead for a judgment. Gather all the tears ye ever wept into a lake and gather all the sighs ye ever breathed into a tempest until the heaven piercing chain clank and the tempest sigh and the thunder groan announce to earth and hell and heaven a judgment. Oh, on that day God will vindicate his own cause and vindicate the cause of the troubled and the oppressed! It will be seen in that day that though we may have robbed our fellows, we never have successfully robbed God.

My Christian friends, as you go out into the world exhibit an open hearted Christian frankness. Do not be hypocritical in anything. You are never safe if you are. At the most inopportune moment the sheep will bleat and the oxen bellow. Drive out the last Amalekite of sin from your soul. Have no mercy on Agag. Down with your sins, down with your pride, down with your worldliness. I know you cannot achieve this work by your own arm, but almighty grace is sufficient—that which saved Joseph in the pit, that which delivered Daniel in the den, that which shielded Shadrach in the fire, that which cheered Paul in the shipwreck.

Stove That Gives Out Cold.

Professor William M. Watts of Still Pond has a novelty in the form of a cold stove. The stove is for use in the heated months of summer for reducing temperature, just as stoves heated by fire are used to raise the temperature in winter. By the use of salt, a small quantity of ice and a patented chemical the most intense degree of cold is secured. So great is the cold that it is as dangerous to touch this cold stove when in operation as it would be to place the hand on a fire stove at a high degree of heat. The skin is instantly taken off, and painful injuries are the result of the slightest contact. Professor Watts states that during the hottest weather the temperature of a room may be run down and made pleasant by the use of this novel device. The new process was discovered by a college mate of the teacher of the Still Pond school. The cost of operating the stove is very slight.

The King of Siam In Ceylon.

A curious story reaches us from Ceylon in connection with the king of Siam's recent visit. His majesty, with all the devotion of a pious Buddhist, expressed a desire to see the tooth relic in the Dalada Maligawa temple, in Kandy. A royal reception was accorded him. The king said his prayers, and the priests went into ecstasies over his presents of robes and jewels. Everything went well until his majesty asked to be allowed to handle the precious relic. This the high priest politely but firmly declined. Royalty might look, but royalty mightn't touch. Royalty thereupon returned to his carriage in a huff, and his presents with him, to the no little confusion of the overzealous Unuanse. Considering that the sacred tooth was taken to Ceylon in a lady's hair, surely a king might touch it.—

The Palmetto State.

The Charleston News and Courier thus explains the origin of South Carolina's nickname, the Palmetto State: "On June 28, 1776, a force of less than 100 Carolinians under command of Moultrie, protected by the rude fortification on Sullivan's island, in Charleston harbor, made of the trunks of the palmetto, repulsed the attacks of a British fleet under command of Sir Peter Parker, and when the state of South Carloina was organized the state seal, which was first used in May, 1777, was made to commemorate this victory. A palm tree growing erect on the seashore represents the strength of the fort, while at its base an oak tree torn from the ground and deprived of its branches recalls the British fleet, built of oak timber, overcome by the palmetto."

CONSUMPTION

TO THE EDITOR: I have an absolute Cure for CONSUMPTION and all Bronchial, Throat and Lung Troubles, and all conditions of Wasting Away. By its timely use thousands of apparently hopeless cases have been *permanently cured*.

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A NEW DINNER FAD.

Each Course Is Followed by a Change of Base.

The New York man of fashion who accepts an invitation to a dinner party nowadays is likely to enjoy the repast at half a dozen different places. This constitutes the latest fad. The diner may take his soup at the Waldorf and enjoy his chartreuse in Chinatown, while the Holland, Delmonico's or the Manhattan may come in for the entrees and roast, with several more places of note to hear from. The fad is in actual practice and budded and bloomed in a single night.

The thought is a brand new one and was never tried until a few days ago. A Fifth avenue couple invited a score of guests to dine with them. First came the oysters and then the soup, after which the fish put in an appearance. Then there was apparent consternation. The master of ceremonies on the part of the hotel was seen whispering to the host. His face grew sober, and in a voice in which anger and mortification were blended he told his guests that the waiters had struck and the hotel people were unable to secure substitutes. There was but one thing to do, he said, and that was to go somewhere else.

Wraps were donned, and carriages which were in waiting were entered. In a few moments the dinner party was en route to the Hotel Martin. It was a pleasant surprise to the guests to find the private dining room aglow with jonquils.

The entrees and the accompanying wine were enjoyed hugely, and then surprise No. 2 presented itself. The host, with a horror stricken face, said that owing to the suddenness with which they had come upon the Martin there were absolutely no roasts in sufficient quantity to supply the company, so again the wraps were donned, once more carriages were entered and off drove the party up Fifth avenue and over to Delmonico's.

The roast eaten and the champagne inspiration received, the host stated with a long face that the strangest of all things had happened. Delmonico declared that he could not serve a party of that size with a salad.

This time the carriages headed southward and down Fifth avenue to Grand street. They were then driven east until the Bowery was reached. South on the Bowery they went to Mott street and up Mott street to Pell. There, just off Mott and in the heart of New York's Chinatown, the fashionables alighted and entered the one big restaurant of which this bit of the Celestial empire can boast.

By this time the guests were all aware they were enjoying the strangest course dinner that ever fell to the lot of the ordinary New Yorker.—New York Herald.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

In the early years of the banking house of Coutts many strange incidents occurred. Thomas Coutts about 1760 married his brother's housemaid, a farmer's daughter named Elizabeth Starkey, "in whom with a handsome countenance and great good humor were united many rustic virtues." In course of time she acquired the manners and appearance of a gentlewoman and brought up her three daughters so well that with the help of their dowries they were able to make aristocratic alliances.

Sophia, the eldest, was married to Sir Francis Burdett; Susan, the second, became Countess of Guildford, and Frances, the third, was made the wife of the first Marquis of Bute.

But Mrs. Coutts showed symptoms of brain derangement in her later years and eventually died in 1815. Three months afterward Thomas Coutts, then 75 years of age, married as his second wife the famous actress Harriet Mellon.

It was for her that Holly Lodge, on Highgate hill, was bought and stocked with horses, carriages and luxurious furniture.

Thomas died in 1822, leaving his wife in unrestrained possession of all his personal and landed property as well as a large share in the annual profits of the banking house.

When, some time afterward, Mrs. Coutts became Duchess of St. Albans, she took care to secure her vast fortune in her own hands, and at her death left it to Mr. Coutts' favorite granddaughter, the present Baroness Burdett-Coutts.—Strand Magazine.

Niagara Power at Buffalo.

The electric current undergoes several transformations before starting from the power house at Niagara falls on its trip to Buffalo. On leaving the big generator the three phase alternating current of 2,200 volts passes through cables to the transformer house, where it is connected with two "step up" transformers of 1,250 horsepower each, which raise the current to 10,700 volts. From the transformers the current passes to a switchboard, from which it starts along the pole line toward its destination. On arriving at Buffalo the current passes through the "step down" transformers, which step it down from 10,700 volts to 370 volts. After this 370 volt alternating current has passed through the rotary converters it becomes 550 volts direct current and is ready to be sent out over the electric railway lines.

The responsibility of the Niagara Falls Power company ceases when it delivers the electric current at Buffalo. The distribution of the power is in the hands of a subcompany known as the Cataract Power and Conduit company.

The introduction of power from Niagara, which today is operating its leading street railway lines, opens up almost limitless possibilities for the city of Buffalo. Already it stands sixth in the list of the great commercial cities of the world. What its position will be a few years hence, when the great cataract is delivering at its gates 50,000 electric horsepower—an amount sufficient to operate all the machinery within its borders and to furnish light and heat to every building at a lower cost than has been known in any other municipality—no one can accurately predict.—Harper's Weekly.

Portrait Painting.

The modern practice of having portraits of individuals seems to have sprung up naturally enough with the popularity of easel pictures, and this again was much influenced by the introduction of oil painting. Whether Antonello of Messina really acquired the art from the Van Eycks or from Lucas of Leyden, as some have conjectured, is very doubtful, but it was certainly he who introduced the new art process into Venice, whence it spread all over Italy.

We have now come to the full development of the art of painting that sprang up toward the close of the fifteenth century, and which was chiefly embodied in four great men—Leonardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo and Titian. All of these were great portrait painters in the true sense of the term, with the exception of Michael Angelo, who seldom condescended to easel pictures and who never worked in oil.

The great advance made by the sixteenth century painters over the preraphaelites was in the much fuller utilization of the resources of chiaroscuro. Up to this time the colors used were mostly clear and light, and only so much shading was introduced as was necessary to give relief to the figures. The value of shadow in itself was hardly appreciated—in fact, the whole conception of painting was to show everything as far as possible in a full light.

The great innovator in this matter was Leonardo. Being, as he was, as much a man of science as painter, the problems of light and shade interested him in both capacities, and he investigated them in something of the modern spirit. By the aid of the knowledge thus acquired he succeeded in giving to his figures a roundness and a relief that had been hitherto unknown. In fact, he carried it so far that they are sometimes overmodeled.—Nineteenth Century.

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ARTISTS BEHIND BARS.

Excellent Progress of the Convicts In the Art Class at Sing Sing Prison.

Go to Sing Sing and you will begin to think that genius and crime go hand in hand. There is a young man wearing stripes who has, alone and unaided, made the largest reed organ in the world. There is another who is decorating the chapel with sculptures of his own devising. There are instructors in art so efficient and pupils—a half a hundred of them—so apt that the record of the latter's progress would be considered marvelous in the most famous academies of America or Europe. And there are tutors of languages and pupils of the same who can render an equally good account of themselves.

The discovery of these latent aptitudes was not made until very recently. The new constitution of New York, which went into effect at the beginning of this year, abolished all convict labor that produced work competing with tradesmen and laborers in the outside world.

Then Warden Sage had a happy idea. He would teach his charges trades and professions. The product of their apprentice labor, if any, would not be disposed of in the open market, but used up within the prison.

An art class was the first result of this inspiration. It seemed unlikely that even long term men in Sing Sing who had never previously given any sign of artistic genius could be turned at will into powerful rivals of Chase or La Farge, or even threaten to oust from their positions that splendid aggregation of talent which adorns the pages of the daily and Sunday press. So a class of 50 was started. It was put in charge of a German convict, a young man of unusual intelligence, who had learned art in one of the greatest academies of the old world. A class in typesetting and printing was primarily established under the care of an old compositor and pressman. The members print all the prison documents and also do such work for the state as will not militate against the constitutional provisions. Other classes are taught to produce shoes and clothes to supply the wants of the prisons and other institutions. No less than 300 men were put to cutting stone. Thus work was found for over 900 out of the 1,400 men in Sing Sing. Unless the legislature interferes Warden Sage hopes before long to have every man working.

The latest development in this humane plan has been the establishment of a lectureship in modern languages. It was the members of the art class, who, finding that their daily labors left them several hours of idleness, petitioned for the privilege of having some of their spare time filled in by lessons in French and Spanish.

Why French and Spanish?

Because South America is the best place in the world for an ex-convict who has reformed and proposes to make an honest living. Now in South America Spanish is spoken by the natives, and French is a universal passport.

The warden acceded to the request. He found among the convicts two men who were qualified to give the necessary instructions.—New York Letter in Philadelphia Ledger.

Thackeray's Gallantry.

Mrs. McLean of Brooklyn was a short, slight woman, and when she reached the Crystal palace on the day of the opening the crowd completely hemmed her in. She could not catch a glimpse of a single royalty or celebrity. Tears of chagrin sprang to her eyes as she realized her disappointment and the price of it. A "distinguished looking Englishman," as she afterward described him, who stood beside her, grasped the situation at a glance and saying "Permit me, madam," he closed his hands around her waist and lifted her as he would a child above the crowd, holding her there as long as he could and pointing out the queen, the prince consort and the other royalties and celebrities. After he had set her down and rested himself he raised her again and then a third time. When she thanked him, he said simply, "I am always glad to do a favor for an American."

All that summer she tried in vain to identify her "distinguished Englishman," but finally came home without learning who he was. Years afterward in Plymouth church, when the lecturer of the evening entered with Henry Ward Beecher, she turned to her husband and exclaimed, "That's my Englishman!" It was Thackeray, whom she met later and entertained at her home, recalling the incident to their mutual satisfaction. Who but the creator of Colonel Newcome could have dared to attempt so unconventional a kindness, or have done it with a quick tact and delicacy that gave no offense?—Bookman.

A Wartime Jingle.

There came into vogue about that time a "nonsense verse," so called, bearing upon my humble self, and vivacious enough to be widely quoted in the newspapers. It was composed, I believe, by Mrs. Sivret of Boston and ran as follows:

There was a young curate of Worcester
Who could have a command if he'd chose ter,
But he said each recruit
Must be blacker than soot,
Or else he'd go preach where he used ter.

As a matter of fact it came no nearer the truth than the famous definition of a crab by Cuvier's pupil, since I had never been a curate, had already left the pulpit for literature before the war and was so far from stipulating for a colored regiment that I had just been commissioned in a white one. Nevertheless the hit was palpable, and I always enjoyed it.—Colonel T. W. Higginson in Atlantic Monthly.

Merely an Accident.

"Miss Shamly, you assured me you would say nothing about that matter. Why have you broken your word?"

"It was accidental. I dropped it with a lot of other gossip."—Detroit Free Press.

Pain-Killer

(PERRY DAVIS'.)

A Sure and Safe Remedy in every case and every kind of Bowel Complaint is

Pain-Killer

This is a true statement and it can't be made too strong or too emphatic.

It is a simple, safe and quick cure for

Cramps,	Cough,	Rheumatism,
Colic,	Colds,	Neuralgia,
Diarrhœa,	Croup,	Toothache.

Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.

Keep it by you. Beware of Imitations. Buy only the Genuine—Perry Davis'.

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TO close out QUICKLY the balance of our

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THEY HAVE ADDED A TAILORING DEPARTMENT THIS YEAR

AND MAKE . . SUITS . . . TO ORDER!

They have the largest WOOLEN MILLS in the State. They do the Largest Custom Business in the South, and their goods are the best you can buy for money. Write for samples.

The Art of Boiling an Egg.

Epicures are still discussing the pope's poem on the art of catering properly to one's appetite. His rule that eggs should be either hard boiled or nearly raw has occasioned some discussion among those who prefer their eggs boiled over two minutes, and attention is called to the fact that the pope's rule is exactly in line with the teaching of Brillat-Savarin and all the great cooks, that eggs should be boiled either not more than 2 minutes or not less than 20, for the reason that an egg boiled 2 minutes is digestible and so is an egg boiled 20 minutes, but one boiled 5 minutes is as leather to the digestive organs.—Boston Herald.

Box Closets.

The uses of the common wooden store box are legion. All sorts of cupboards and chairs have been made from it. Its most convenient use for summer is as a catch all for things that are handy to have about, like the watering pot, the trowel or the lawn shears. It can be set up against the wall and painted the color of the house, or if kept on the veranda a pretty color of burlap may be used to cover it. For veranda use it may be covered with one of the striped couch rugs and used as a sort of table with the children's playthings inside it. For this purpose it should be set up on end, with the opening against the house.—Denver Times.

"Our customers say you manufacture three of the best remedies on earth," said the mercantile firm of Hans, Harris, Brim & McLain of Dawson, Ga., in a recent letter to the Chamberlain Medicine Co. This is the universal verdict. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the finest preparation in the world for rheumatism, neuralgia, lame back, quinsey, sore throat, cut bruises, burns, scalds, pains and swellings. A 25 cent bottle of this liniment in the house, will save a great deal of suffering. Buy it at Ashcraft & Owens drug store.

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you want to save Doctor's bills, therefore you want the best, surest and quickest remedy for all pains, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, tooth ache, cuts, bruises, burns, sprains, stiff joints, &c. Rices Goose Grease Liniment cures all these at once. It also relieves croup, colds, coughs and pains in chest and sides at once. Always sold under a guarantee by all druggists and general stores. Made by GOOSE GREASE LINIMENT CO. Oct 14—1y Greensboro, N. C.

Execution Sale!

By virtue of an Execution in my hands in favor of W. A. Hooke against Helen L. and Thos. H. Pegram, Jr., I will sell at public auction at west door of the court House in the City of Winston, in Forsyth county, N. C., on the 2nd day of August 1897, at 2 o'clock p. m., the following described property to satisfy said execution:

1st. Lot No. 72 on Blum Plat recorded in Deed Book 33, page 336, lying on north side of Poplar Alley and extending back north 144 feet more or less to Hudson street

2nd. Lots 13, 14, and 15 in Block 2 in Midland Plats, recorded in Deed Book 38, page 287, lot 13, fronting on west side of Howard Avenue 52 1-2 feet, and of that width extending west along Concord street 100 feet to a ten foot alley.

Lots 14 and 15, each fronting 50 feet on north side of Concord street and extending north 100 feet each to a ten foot alley. This 8th day of June 1897.

E. T. KAPP, Sheriff.

N. & W. Ry. Norfolk and Western

Schedule in Effect

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 2, 1897.

Leave Winston, N. C., North and Westbound. No. 32 Daily E. S. 8:40 am. No. 72 Daily E. S. 8.00 am.

Leave Walnut Cove. North and Westbound. 9 20 a. m. Daily E. S. 9 20 a. m. Daily Ecept Sunday.

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For Sale!

State Warrants.
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Will practice in all the courts of Forsyth and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention. Special attention given to collection of claims, settlement of estates, investigating titles to real estate, conveyancing and preparing all kinds of legal instruments, and negotiating loans.

August 13, 1896.

SERVICE BY PUBLICATION.

NORTH CAROLINA, Forsyth County. } In Superior Court, Spring Term 1897.

Stephen Walters, vs. Mary Walters. } NOTICE.

The defendant will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Forsyth County to obtain a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, and that the said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear at the next term of the Superior court of Forsyth county, to be held on the 1st Monday in August 1897, at the court house of said county, in Winston, N.