

IT SOARES PEOPLE

Who come of a consumptive family when they are afflicted with cough and the lungs are painful. But it is a fact that consumption is not and cannot be inherited. The microbe which breeds disease must actually be received by the individual before consumption can be developed.

Men and women who have been afflicted with chronic coughs, bronchitis, bleeding of the lungs, emaciation and weakness, have been perfectly and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures the cough, heals the lungs, and builds up the body with solid flesh.

"When I commenced taking your medicine, eighteen months ago, my health was completely broken down," writes Mrs. Cora L. Sandford, of Chesapeake, Calvert Co., Md. "At times I could not even walk. The cough was without pause in my chest. The doctor who attended me said it was a long trouble, and that I would never get well again. At last I concluded to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and I am now almost entirely well, and do all my work without any other medicine than your medicine with more ease than I could formerly do."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Discovery, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

MOTHER DIED TO-NIGHT.

ROBERT MACKAY. The microbe which breeds disease must actually be received by the individual before consumption can be developed.

"Your mother died to-night"—that's all it said; But, somehow, in that simple line I read The last sad words of love and sympathy, The last heart-blessing that she gave to me, The admonition that all went amiss, And what God never can give—her farewell kiss; The fadless picture as she knelt to pray, That she might meet me up above—some day.

"Your mother died to-night" is all it said, As on the throbbing wire the tidings sped From that old, happy home, from which I came, To strive anew for honor and for fame, To toil with the man who will win a golden store To lay in solemn splendor at her door; But shattered are the hopes, unnerved By that sad message, "Mother died to-night."

O stars that glide through heaven's unfathomed sea, May I not meet her in Aloysius' arms, Oh, let me know, as oft in childhood's hours, That peace found only nestling in her arms; Gone the gray hair, the eyes that wept in laden brows, Gone the sad smile I never shall see again, Gone the true heart, the soft, loved-laden breast, Gone the one mother to her last long rest.

—Success.

SUNDAY SELECTIONS.

The unfortunate know who are their real friends.

Gossip and tale bearers set on fire all the houses they enter.

It is not what he has, nor even what he does, which expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.

Amiel.

There isn't a millionaire in Christendom who has half the riches boasted by the man with a clear conscience and a good name.

Let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not to praise him; because they are common.—Isaac Walton.

Come take that card of yours which you have been hoarding before, and shrink and walk around and on this very day lift it up and do it.—Phillips Brooks.

We are not satisfied to do simply the things that we can do. We must draw something out of our lives, something that has notes too high for us.—William H. Hunt.

In early Christian times simply to be a Christian was itself evidence of sincerity. Not so now. With a large number of persons religion is a part of their social respectability. Wealth and fashion are largely on the side of religion.

There are infinite gradations of holiness, from the first faint stirring in the soul of love for God and goodness to the conscious, complete, successful devotion of a life to the highest ends of living; but are all bound together and made one by that breath of the Holy Spirit which is their single strength.

Christianity is the only religion that abounds in song. Atheism is songless; agnosticism has nothing to sing about; the various forms of idolatry are not musical; but Judaism said, "O, come, let us sing unto the Lord," and when Christ came the angels greeted his birth with a song, and since then Christian song has gained in fullness and strength of voice with each century.—Advocate.

IS YELLOW POISON

In your blood? Physicians call it jaundice. It can be seen changing red blood yellow under microscope. It works day and night. It turns your complexion yellow. Sensations creep down your backbone. You feel weak and nervous.

ROBERTS' CHILL TONIC

Will stop the trouble now. It clears the blood at once and drives out the yellow poison. If neglected and when Chills, Fevers, Night-Sweats and a general break-down come later on, Roberts' Tonic will cure you then—but why wait? Prevent future sickness. The manufacturer knows all about this yellow poison and have perfected Roberts' Tonic to drive it out, through your system, restore appetite, purify the blood, prevent and cure Chills, Fevers and Malaria. It has cured thousands—it will cure you. Try it. Price, 25 cents.

R. B. BELLAMY.

THE ROCK ISLAND DEAL.

Denied that the Illinois Central is in the Great Combine.

By Telegram to the Morning Star.

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 2.—President Stuyvesant Fish, of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, accompanied by his two sons and two officials of that road, arrived in the city this afternoon on his way to Colorado, on a pleasure trip. President Fish had a few things to say about the Rock Island deal, but denied in strong terms that his road was in any way connected with it.

"You may say that the Illinois Central is not in any way connected or affiliated with the deal of the Rock Island and the Frisco," said he. "For that matter we are not in the amalgamation business and have no connection with this or any such transaction. We are not seeking a combination with any other railroad and not forming any sort of securities company. You may make that just as broad as you please, for it is a fact that the Illinois Central is absolutely divorced from this Frisco deal and all other deals of this kind. We are turning ourselves assiduously to the management of our own little road."

RELIGIOUS SCHOOLS IN FRANCE.

Arrangements for Demonstrations in Paris—A Collision Feared.

By Cable to the Morning Star.

PARIS, August 2.—Several Nationalist deputies, representing Paris, waited on Premier M. Combes to-day to ascertain the government's further attitude towards the religious schools. M. Combes informed them that application for authorization by the Council of State would not suspend the action of the association law, and that such schools would not be allowed to re-open until the Council of State had rendered decisions regarding these applications. They might, however, re-open with lay staffs and he was considering means to expedite the consideration of applications by the Council of State. The premier said there were 12,000 such applications waiting attention. The Socialists have arranged an anti-Clerical demonstration for the Place Maubert, in the Latin quarter to-morrow, and the Clericals also announce a meeting to protest against M. Combes' circular, to be held in a hall in the Rue Danton in the same quarter. A collision is feared and the police intend to take extensive preventive measures.

PLANET REAPPEARS.

Rediscovery of One of the Asteroids of the Solar System.

By Telegram to the Morning Star.

DENVER, Colo., Aug. 2.—Eros, one of the small planets or asteroids of the Solar system, was rediscovered at 3:15 o'clock this morning by Prof. G. J. Lyng, who was operating the telescope in Chamberlain observatory at University Park. Eros was first discovered from an impression of a photographic plate, by Witt at Berlin in 1891. In October, 1900, the planet came close to the earth, so that it could be observed optically, and was visible for observation until June of last year, when it again became invisible. The re-appearance of the planet has been awaited with much interest by astronomers, on account of variations in its brightness reported by various observers which it was desired to explain.

SALT LAKE TRAGEDY.

Woman Killed and Man Wounded by J. M. C. Caslin, Who Committed Suicide.

By Telegram to the Morning Star.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Aug. 2.—At the Salt Palace Grounds J. M. C. Caslin, a well-known man of this city, shot and killed Lottie Russell, seriously wounded F. Max Peters, and then committed suicide.

It is said that McCaslin had had trouble with his wife and had been drinking. Peters and Miss Russell are reported to have taunted him about his domestic troubles, whereupon he became enraged, revolver in hand, shot Miss Russell, who had started to run, through the back. Peters, who attempted to disarm McCaslin, was shot through the chest. McCaslin, after firing shot at the men of the party, fired a bullet through his head. He died an hour later.

WARM WIRELETS.

A Calcutta dispatch says: A mixed railway train was derailed near Merut on Friday morning. Sixteen of the Hind and thirty natives and Europeans were injured.

The Democratic primary in the sixth congressional district of Virginia resulted in the nomination of Senator Carter Glass of Lynchburg, by a plurality of probably 2,500 to 3,000.

Mrs. Jeter O. Pritchard, wife of United States Senator Pritchard, died in the hospital at Asheville, N. C., yesterday. The funeral will be held to-day at Marshall, the Senator's home.

The first bale of cotton from this season's crop was received yesterday in Charleston, S. C., by F. W. Wagner from P. W. Farrell, of Blackville, E. C., and sold for 10 cents, being classed as good middling.

A London dispatch says: The Association of labor agents has issued an emphatic contradiction to the report that J. Pierpont Morgan intends to retire from active business life on his return from Europe to the United States.

At Grand, Texas, yesterday, while brooding over a fear of insanity G. W. Gray shot and killed his daughter, Mrs. Earl Johnson, and then committed suicide. They had recently removed to Texas from Arkansas.

His Great Experience.

The craze for young men is got to such a stage that advertisements for help read as follows: "Wanted.—Young man, not over twenty-five, of great experience; permanent employment to right party." Such a youth must have got his "great experience" through metempsychosis. He must be the reincarnation of some departed captain of industry.

—New York Press.

TEARING UP.

COVERS getting ready for the coming fall. Handling in the trucks. Which they soon will work. Long and late they're waiting. Original's a sigh. For but little progress. Meets the little eye.

Tearing up the carpets. Getting out the tanks. Working in the trucks. On the ground, a stack. Taking down the curtains. And the parts complex. Task that's sorely testing. Muscles of the necks.

Rolling up spare bedding. Tying up spare chairs. Overhauled machinery. Up and down the stairs. Tearing down the curtains. Brushing off the dust; Now and then there's breakage. Causing much disgust.

Packing up the dishes. Now we'll use a crash. Finest piece of china. Quickly going to smash. Clearing out the drawers. Throwing things away. Ribbons, cards and trinkets. That have had their day.

Nailing up the boxes. In which goods are packed. Or a thumb or finger. Fearfully is whacked. Working on till midnight. Rest for hours but few; Up and at daybreak. Finding more to do.

Movers getting ready. For the coming fall. Day and night must bustle. And they're studying. No more time for folly. They must have things ready. For the moving day. —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Feminine Diplomacy.

Do the new neighbors annoy you as much by being so busy with their predecessors did?" asked Mr. Blykins.

"No, answer," he said, "they haven't run over to borrow a thing. I never saw anybody quite so happy and unselfish." —Washington Star.

Helen—And did you scream when he attempted to kiss you?

Rheta—Certainly not. I waited until after he had finished.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

How Little Bel Got the Spool of Silk and the Banana.

One morning little Bel was sent by her mamma to the "button store" to match a spool of silk. She had often been trusted on such errands, though only four years old, and very proud she used to feel as she trudged along, "helping mamma."

"Be sure and get just that shade of blue and come right back, little daughter," said mamma as she kissed her goodby.

"Yes, ma'am," was the sturdy answer.

Now, on the way to the button store there was a fruit stand, and Bel often used to look at it with longing eyes. This morning she saw something she had not seen for a long time—great, beautiful red bananas. If Bel liked anything in the world, it was a banana. She wondered how much they would cost. Then she thought she would ask "Five cents." Why, she had just 5 cents in her fat fingers that very minute! Before you could think she hadn't 5 cents at all, but had the banana instead.

Do you think she went right home? Not she. She marched straight to the button store and, standing on a tiptoe, reached her sample above the counter, saying: "My mother wants a spool of silk like this."

The lady smiled down at the mite, matched the silk carefully and handed it to her.

"Thank you," said Bel. She never forgets her manners.

"But, little girl," called the lady, "didn't your mamma send any money for the silk?"

"Yes, but I bought a banana."

And before the lady could stop laughing she was on the street, hurrying home.—Doll's Dressmaker.

Rush For Public Office.

The people of New York do not, as a rule, have to be dragged into public office. The municipal civil service records prove this. There are at present on the various eligible lists for positions in the competitive schedules about 4,500 names and on the registration lists for positions in the labor schedule 3,512 names. In addition to the above, the commission has on hand the applications of 13,194 persons who have applied for positions in the competitive class and 26,875 of these labor applications are for jobs in the street cleaning department.

A Relic of the Maine.

A curious find has just been made at Samrishan, in Sweden. At low water a sailor discovered among the stones on the beach of Massakas bay there a teaspoon of brass. After cleaning it he found engraved on the inside of the picture of a man-of-war with the words "Maine" and "6,600 tons." The spoon would therefore appear to have belonged to the ill-fated Maine which lay in Havana harbor in the spring of 1898, and it needed four years for the ocean currents to wash this tiny object ashore on the coast of southern Sweden.

Corrected.

"In this new book of mine I am writing practically everything I know." If I suppose it will be very short, won't it?—New York World.

Benevolent Old Gentleman—How old are you, little girl?

Rheta—Don't you know it isn't proper for a gentleman to ask a lady her age?—Chicago News.

A SPECTRAL SEA FIGHT.

(Original.)

It was the 23d of September, 1879. As alone on a wreck in the German ocean. There were neither provisions nor means of propelling the vessel. I gave myself up for lost.

I was lying on the deck only partly conscious when I heard, or thought I heard, a ship's bell. It struck six times, and I knew that the hour was 7 o'clock. I knew it was evening, for the full moon mingled its rays with the long twilight of that high latitude. Rising, I crawled to the gunwale and looked over the starboard quarter.

A vessel flying the stars and stripes was sailing past with all her canvas set. And what a vessel! She was built up very high in the poop and cut away at the bow, a sort of prow projecting with the mainmast. She was a man-of-war, with ports open, showing the muzzles of her guns. I counted fourteen guns on her main deck and four astern on a deck below. This was her broadside. The officers wore a uniform which I had seen in pictures of a hundred or more years ago. A slender man stood on the quarter deck with a glass to his eye. Looking in the direction it pointed, I saw another ship sailing on the other side of the wreck. The British ensign was at her peak. There were other vessels scattered about, but I took no notice of them, being profoundly interested in these two, evidently about to meet in combat. The ship sailing away backed and then tacked, bringing his broadside to bear on the Englishman. I saw a man on the latter cry out, evidently to hail the other, but heard no sound. A second time he hailed, but I saw no planes leap from the American's side, and still I heard no sound.

I was too weak to stand longer and sank back on the deck. On the one hand the moon silently mounting the sky, on the other the fierce wronged vessel. Both passed from my vision for a time, for I became unconscious, but when I recovered and rose to look over the gunwale there were the two men-of-war locked in an embrace of water.

It was now night, and I could see only by moonlight. The American was lashed to the Englishman's forward anchor. The man I had seen on the main deck was firing shots at his enemy, who seemed to be endeavoring to cut the vessel loose. Marines were loading the pieces for him, and he picked off every man who approached the lashings. Meanwhile the Britisher was firing his guns right and left, and his shells were exploding in the water. Then a light burst forth between decks. "She will burn if she does not sink," I said, "and she will sink if she does not burn." And then came the strangest thing of all. I could see by the freight men on the doomed vessel bailing water that was sinking the ship to put out the fire. Lashes were being struck continually pouring through her, she was still endeavoring to conquer. Was there ever pluck like that on sea or land? 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