Over a Score of Lives Lost in a Burning Syracuse Building.

Fire Breaks out at Midnight in the Leland Hotel-Sleeping Guests Awakened Ooly to be Suffocated.

What proved to be the most disastrous fire that has visited Syracuse, N. Y., for many years was discovered in the Leland Hotel at 12.30 o'clock in the morning.

An eye-witness of the fire says it is positive that at least twenty-five persons have lost their lives, and many more have been more or less injured. One woman was being lowered from a window by the aid of a rope. She had reached a point opposite the third story, when the rope became ignited from a burning sill parted, and, the woman fell to the pavement, her brains dashed out, and her body flattened into a shapeless mass.

So great was the confusion and excitement that the identity of those killed and injured is wholly unknown. Frank Cary, of Glens Falls, N. Y., has been

identified as one of those that were burned to death. Many lives were lost, caused by people, crazed with fright, iumping from windows. One man says he saw six people jump from different windows on the Fayette street side of the building within a space of four minutes, and the sight sickened him with its horror, and he was compelled to leave the

The building was provided with both iron fire-escapes on the outside and roped on the inside, which were the means of saving many Burnet Forbes, a stock broker of Syracuse,

escaped into the street almost entirely naked. He was slightly injured about the hands. He loses a gold watch valued at \$500, and all of his clothing.

One woman was found with a nursing baby in her arms, crouched in a stairway, where she had been overcome by smoke. She was

removed by the firemen, and it is impossible to say what her name or experience was. The fire is said to have started in the kitchen. The building will be a total loss. It was built two years ago at a cost of \$150,000. It was six stories high and contained 400 rooms. It is impossible to learn how many guests were in the hotel at the time the fire broke

The total loss will not fall short of half a million dollars, and the building is partially covered by insurance. It is impossible to learn as to how much insurance was rerried on the hotel furniture or what the wivate and individual losses will be.

Following is a corrected list of the killed in the Lelend Hotel fire: Annie Cummings, of New York, servant. William E. Harrup, of E izabeth, N. J. Bridget Doyle, of Marcellus.

Rose Schwarz, servant. both residents of Syracuse, are missing. No trace of them has been found, and their friends believe they perished in the fire and their bodies are buried under the ruins. All the injured are improving, and no more deaths are expected.

A TRIPLE TRAGEDY.

Wife and Perhaps Child Poisoned and the Man Shoots Himself.

The residents of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, are horrified over a double suicide and supposed murder which occurred there. For some time past Gader Showdash and

his wife lived most unhappily together, quarrels being frequent between them on account of the husband charging the wife with infidelity. The accusation seems to have been utterly groundless, and Mrs. Showdash reproached his wife with her infidelity, and the quarrel that followed between them was more than usually bitter.

After Showdash left his home to go to work his wife soaked the heads of a quantity of matches in water and swallowed the poisonous liquid. Her moans attracted the attention of the neighbors, and medical assistance was speedily summoned, but all effort to save the woman's life was unavailing, and she died in great agony. When Showdash reached his home his wife was dead. Stricken with remorse at the awful result of their quarrel, he procured a revolver and shot and killed him-

During the excitement produced by the tragedy the young babe of the couple was forgotten, but when the people in the house had recovered from their first terror the child was sought for. To their horror it also was found to be dead, and, although it is not yet known positively, it is supposed that the mother before she killed herself administered some of the poison to her babe.

PRAIRIE FIRE DESOLATION.

Ranchman in North Dakota May Suffer Much This winter.

T. S. Underhill, one of the railroad commissioners of North Dakota, reports a somewhat deplorable condition of affairs among the rauchman of his district from almost unprecented praire fires. Between Hard and Cannon Ball Rivers, and the valleys of both, the destruction has been almost complete, while about Kill Deer Mountain and east of there nothing has been left for stock to live on. At the Riverside Ranch 500 tons of hay and

300 head of cattle were burned. In almost every instance in the valleys the small farmers have lost their crops and feed for the Winter. During the course of the fire the wind was blowing a hurricane, leaping firebreaks at 700 feet in width.

The ranchmen claim they will be able to

get strong circumstantial evidence that the fires were started by the Indians from the Fort Yates Reservation, who come up into the valleys and drive the game south and burn the prairies.

AN ILL-FATED SHIP.

The Lizzie C. Troop Wrecked and Nearly

The ship Lizzie C. Troop, whose officers narrowly escaped being poisoned on the high seas by Steward D. Diaz while on a voyage from Philadelphia to Nagasaki, Japan, as heretofore reported, has been wrecked on the Isla ul of Loochoo, milway between Nagasaki and Form sa, and nearly a'l the crew lost. Captain Benjamin G. Founes, her master, was accompanied by his wife and child. Her crew were all shipped at Philade phia, and numbered nineteen. The Troop was owned by Troop & Sons, of St. Johns, N. B., and as parfially, if not wholly, covered by insurance. It is supposed that she was on her return voyage and in ballast.

A DARING ROBBERY.

An Eighteen-Year-Old Boy Holds Up an

Overland Stage. The overland stage was robbed the other night eighteen miles north of Ukiah, Cal. The Wells, Faro & Co.'s treasure box and the United States mail sacks were taken. While the robber was cutting the mail sacks open Driver McDaniels snapped a pistol at him, but it would not go off. The robber retreated and fired two shots at the driver, neither of which took effect. The robber was aught at Gloverdale He proved to be a boy about eighteen years old, and a stranger in this community. He travelled over sixty miles afoot before he was captured. He succeeded in getting about \$100 from the stage. He has admitted that he committed the crime.

BLOWING UP SALOONS.

Drug Stores in Morgantown, Ind., Must Stop Selling "Red Eye." The liquor dealers of Morgantown, Ind., are in a state of siege. A dynamite bomb was placed under Hancock's drug store, and the explosion which followed rattled his "redeye" promise nously, damaging stock and the building to the amount of \$1.55°. A notice was placed on Norman's drug store door, say-ing that his place was next in line. William Musselman, a saloonist, was notified to leave

within twenty days or suffer the consequences

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sun day Sermon. Subject: "In Jerusalem."

TEXT: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."— Psalm exxxvii., 5.

Paralysis of his best hand, the withering of its muscles and nerves, is here invoked if the author allows to pass out of mind the grandeurs of the Holy City where once he dwelt. Jeremiah, seated by the river Euphrates, wrote this psalm, and not David. Afraid I am of anything that approaches imprecation, and yet I can understand how any one who has ever been at Jerusalem should in enthusiasm of soul cry out, whether he be sitting by the Euphrates, or the Hudson, or the Thames, "If I forgot thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning!" You see it is a city unlike all others for topography, for history, for significance, for style of population, for water works, for ruins, for towers, for domes, for ramparts, for literature, for tragedies, for memorable birthplaces, for sepulchers, for conflagrations and famines, for victories and defeats.

I am here at last in this very Jerusalem, and on a housetop, just after the dawn of the morning of December 3, with an old in-habitant to point out the salient features of the scenery. "Now," I said, "where is Mount Zion?" "Here at your right." "Where is Mount Olivet?" "In front of where you stand? "Where is the Garden of Gethsemane?" "In wonder valley." "Where is Mount Calvary?" Before he answered I saw it. No unprejudiced mind can have a moment's doubt as to where it is. Yonder I see a hill in the shape of a human skull, and the Bible says that Calvary was the "place of a skull." Not only is it skull shaped, but just beneath the forehead of the hill is a cavern that looks like eyeless sockets. Within the grotto under it is the shape of the in-side of a skull. Then the Bible says that Christ was crucified outside the gate, and this is cutside the gate, while the site form-erly selected was inside the gate. Besides that, this skull hill was for ages the place where malefactors were put to death, and

The Saviour's assassination took place beside a thoroughfare along which people went "wagging their heads," and there is the ancient tho. oughfare. I saw at Cairo, Egypt, a clay mould of that skull hill, made by the late General Gordon, the arbiter of nations. While Empress Helens, eighty years of age, and imposed upon by having three crosses exhumed before her dim eyes, as though they were the three crosses of Bible story, selected another site as Calvary, all recent travelers agree that the one I point out to you was without doubt the scene of the most terrific and overwhelming tragedy this

Christ was slain as a malefactor,

planet ever witnessed.

There were a thousand things we wanted to see that third day of December, and our dragoman proposed this and that and the other journey, but I said: "First of all show us Calvary. Something might happen if we went elsewhere, and sickness or accident might hinder our seeing the sacred mount. If we see nothing else we must see that, and see it this morning." Some of us in carriage and some on mule back, we were soon on the way to the most sacred spot that the world has ever seen or ever will see. Coming to the base of the hill we first went inside the skull of rocks. It is called Jeremiah's grotto, for there the prophet wrote his book of Lamentations. The grotto is thirty-five feet high, and its top and side are malachite, green, brown, black, white, red and gray. Coming forth from those pictured subterraneous passages we begin to climb the steep sides of Calvary. As we go up we see cracks and crevices in the rocks, which I think were made by the convulsions of nature when Jesus died. On the hill lay a limestone rock, white, but tinged with crimson, the white so suggestive of purity and the crimson of sacrifice that I said, "That stone would be beautifully appropriate for a memorial wall in my church, now building in America; and the stone now being brought on camel's back from Sinai across the desert, when put under it, how significant of the law and the gospel! And these lips of stone will continue to speak of justice and mercy long after all our living

lips have uttered their last message." So I rolled it down the hill and transported it. When that day comes for which many of you have prayed-the dedication of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the third immense structure we have reared in this city, and that makes it somewhat difficult, being the third structure, a work such as no other church was ever called on to undertake-we invite you in the main entrance of that building to look upon a memorial wall containing the most suggestive and solemn and tremendous antiquities ever brought together-this, rent with the earthquake at the giving of the law at Sinai, the other reLt at the crucifixion on

Calvary. It is impossible for you to realize what our emotions were as we gathered a group of men and women, all saved by the blood of the Lamb, on a bluff of Cavalry, just wide enough to contain three crosses. I said to my family and friends: "I think here is where stood the cross of the impenitent burglar, and there the cross of the miscreant, and here between, I think, stood the cross on which all our hopes depend.' As I opened the nineteenth chapter of John to read a chill blast struck the hill and a cloud hovered, the natural solemnity impressing the spiritual solemnity. I read a little, but broke down. I defy any emotional Christian man sitting upon Golgotha to read aloud and with unbroken voice, or with any voice at all, the whole of that account in Luke and John, of which these sentences are a fragment: "They too': Jesus and led Him away, and He, bearing His cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, where they crucified Him and two others with Him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst;" "Behold thy mother!" "I thirst;" "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise;" Father, forgive them, they know not what they do;" "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." What sighs, what sobs, what tears, what tempests of sorrow, what

surging oceans of agony in those utterances! While we sat there the whole scene came before us. All around the top and the sides and the foot of the hill a mob raged. They gnash their teeth and shake their clinched fists at Him. Here the cavalry horses champ their bits and paw the earth and snort at the smell of the carnage. Yonder a group of gamblers are pitching up as to who shall have the coat of the dying Saviour. There are women almost dead with grief among the crowd-His mother and His aunt, and some whose sorrows he had pardoned. Here a man dips a sponge into sour wine, and by a tick lifts it to the hot and cracked lips. The hemorrhage of the five wounds has done

The atmospheric conditions are such as the the world saw never before or since. It was not a solar eclipse, such as astronomers record or we ourselves have seen. It was a bereavement of the heavens! Darker! until the towers of the temple were no longer visible. Darker! until the surrounding hills dis appeared. Darker! until the inscription above the middle cross becomes illegible.

Darker! until the chin of the dying Lord falls upon the breast, and He sighed with this last sigh the words, "It is finished?"

As we sat there a silence took possession of us, and we thought, this is the centre from which continents have been touched, and all the world shall yet be moved. Toward this hill the prophets pointed forward. Toward this hill the apostles and martyrs pointed backward. To this all heaven pointed downward. To this with foaming execrations perdition pointed upward. Round it circles all history, all time, all eternity, and with this scene painters have covered the mightiest canvas, and sculptors cut the richest marble, and orchestras rolled their grandest eratories and churches lifted their greatest doxologies and heaven built its highest

Unable longer to endure the pressure of this scene we moved on and into a garden of olives, a garden which in the right season is tull of flowers, and here is the reputed tomb of Christ. You know the Book says, "In the midst of the garden was a sepulchre." I think this was the garden and this the -sepulchre. It is shattered, of course. About four steps down we went into this, which reemed a family tomb. There is room in it for about five bodies. We measured it and for about five bodies. We measured it and found it about eight feet high and nine feet wide and fourteen fe t long. The crypt where I think our Lord slept was seven feet long. I think that there once lay the Kinz wrapped in His last slumber. On some of these rocks the Roman government set its seal. At the gate of this mausoleum on the first Easter morning the appeals rolled.

upon the world He had come to redeem and up-the brazen sea, and the two wreathed at the heavens through which He would soon

ascend.

But we must hasten back to the city. There are stones in the wall which Solomon had lifted. Stop here and see a startling proof of the truth of the prophecy. In Jeremish, thirty-first chaper and fortieth verse, it is said that Jerusalem shall be built through the ashes. What ashes, people have been asking. Were those ashes put into the prophecy to fill up? No! The meaning has been recently discovered. Jerusalem is now being built out in a certain direction where the ground has been submitted to chemical analysis, and it has been found to be the ashes cast out from the sacrifices of the ancient temple-ashes of wood and ashes of bones of animals. There are great mounds of ashes, accumulation of centuries of sacrifices. It has taken all these thousands of years to dis" cover what Jeremiah meant when he said, "Behold the days shall come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel to the gate of the cor-ner, and the whole valley of the dead bodies and of the ashes." The people of Jerusalem are at this very time fulfilling that prophecy. One handful of that ashes on which they are building is enough to prove the divinity of the Scriptures! Pass by the place where the corner stone of the ancient temple was laid three thousand years ago by Solomon.

Explorers have been digging, and they found that corner stone seventy-five feet beneath the surface. It is fourteen feet long, and three feet eight inches high, and beautifully cut and shaped, and near it was an earthen jar that was supposed to have contained the oil of consecration used at the ceremony of laying the corner stone. Youder, from a depth of forty feet, a signetring has been brought up inscribed with the words "Haggai, the Son of Shebnaiah," showing it belonged to the Prophet Haggai, and to that seal ring he refers in his propphecy, saying, "I will make thee as a signet." I walk further on far under ground, and I ind myself in Solomon's stables, and see the places worn in the stone pillars by the halters of some of his twelve thousand horses. Further on, look at the pillars on which Mount Moriah was built. You know that the mountain was too small for the temple, and so they built the mountain out on pillars, and I saw eight of those pillars, each one strong enough to hold a mountain. Here we enter the mosque of Omar, a

throne of Mohammelanism, where we are met at the door by officials who bring slippers that we must put on before we take a step further, lest our feet pollute the sacred places. A man attempting to go in without these slippers would be struck dead on the spot. These awkward sandals adjusted as well as we could, we are led to where we see a rock with an opening in it, through which, no doubt, the blood of sacrifice in the ancient temple rolled down and away. At vast expense the mosque has been built, but so somper is the place I am glad to get through it, and take off the cumbrous slippers and step into the clean air.

Yonder is a curve of stone which is part of a bridge which once reached from Mount Moriah to Mount Zion, and over it David walked or rode to prayers in the temple. lere is the waiting place of the Jews, wher for centuries, almost perpetually, during the laytime whole generations of the Jews have stood putting their head or lips against the wall of what was once Solomon's temple. It was one of the saddest and most solemn and impressive scenes I ever witnessed to see cores of these descendants of Abraham, with tears rolling down their cheeks and lips trembling with emotion, a book of psalms open before them, bewailing the ruin of the ancient temple and the captivity of their race, and crying to God for the restoration of the temple in all its original splendor. Most affecting scene! And such a prayer as that, century after century, I am sure God will answer, and in some way the departed grandeur will return, or something better. I looked over the shoulders of some of them and saw that they were reading from the mournful psalms of David, while I have been

told that this is the litary which some chant: For the temple that lies desolate, We sit in solitude and mourn; For the palace that is destroyed, We sit in solitude and mourn: For the wa'ls that are overthrown. We sit in solitude and mourn; For our majesty that is departed, Wes't in solitude and mourn: For our great men that lie dead, We sit in solitude and mourn: For priests who have stumble 1,

I think at that prayer Jerusalem will come again to more than its ancient magnificence; t may not be precious stones and architectural majesty, but in a moral spiendor that shall eclipse forever all that David or Solo-

But I must get back to the housetop where stood early this morning, and before the sun sets, that I may catch a wider vision of what the city now is and once was. Standing here on the housetop I see that the city was built for military safety. Some old warrior, I warrant, selected the spot. It stands on a hill 2600 feet above the level of the sea, and deep ravines on three sides do the work of military trenches. Compact as no other city was compact. Only three miles journey round, and the three ancient towers. Hippicus, Phasaelus, Mariamne, frowning death upon the approach of all enemies.

As I stood there on the housetop in the midst of the city I said, "O Lord, reveal to me this metropolis of the world that I may see it as it once appeared." No one was with me, for there are some things you can see more vividly with no one but God and yourself present. Immedialely the mosque of Omar, which has stood for ages on Mount Moriah, the site of the ancient temple, disappeared, and the most honored structure of all the ages lifted itself in the light, and I saw it-the temple, the ancient temple! Not Solomon's temple, but something grander than that. Not Zarubbabel's temple, but something more gorgeous than that. It was Herod's temple, built for the one purpose of eclipsing all its architectural predecessors. There it stood, covering nineteen acres, and ten thousand workmen had been fortysix years in building it. Blaze of magnifi cence! Bewildering range of perticos and ten gateways and double arches and Corinthian capitals chiseled into lilies and acanthus. Masonry beveled and grooved into such delicate forms that it seemed to tremble in the light. Cloisters with two rows of Corinthian columns, royal arches, marble steps pure as though made out of frozen snow, carving that seemed like a panel of the door of heaven let down and set in, the facade of the building on shoulders at each end lifting the glory higher and higher, and walls wherein gold put out the silver, and the carbuncle put out tho gold, and the jasper put out the carbuncle, until in the changing light they would all seem to come back again into a chorus of harmonious color. The temple! The temple! y in stone! Anthems soaring in raft-DOXOIOS ers of Lebanon cedar! From side to side and from foundation to gilded pinnacle the frozen prayer of all ages!

From this housetop on the December afternoon we look out in another direction, and I see the king's palace, covering a hundred and tixty thousand square feet, three rows of windows illumining the inside brilliance, the hallway wainscoted with styles of colored marbles surmounted by arabesque, vermilion and gold, looking down on mosaics, music of waterfalls in the garden outside answering the music of the harps thrummed by deft fingers inside; banisters over which princes and princesses leaned, and talked to kings and queens ascending the stairway. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Mountain city! City of God! Joy of the whole earth! Stronger than Gibraltar and Sebastopol, surely tt never could have been captured!

But while standing there on the housetop that December afternoon I hear the crash of the twenty-three mighty sieges which have come against Jerusalem in the ages past. Yonder is the pool of Hezekiah and Siloam, but again and again were those waters red-dened with human gore. Yonder are the towers, but again and again they fell. Yonder are the high walls, but again and again tuey are leveled. To rob the treasures from her temple and palace and dethrone this queen city of the earth all nations plotted. David taking the throne at Hebron decides that be must have Jerusalem for his capital, and coming up from the south at the head of two hundred and eighty thousand troops has captures it. Look, here comes another sizga

of Jerusalem! The Assyrians under Sennacherib, en slaved nations at his chariot wheel, having taken two hundred thousand captives in his one campaign: Phoenician cities kneeling at his feet, Egypt trembling at the flash of his sword, comes upon Jerusalem. Look, an-other siege! The armses of Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar come down and take a plunder from Jerusalem such as no other city wrapped in His last slumber. On some of these rocks the Roman government set its seal. At the gate of this mausoleum on the on the first Easter morning the augels rolled the stone thundering down the hill. Up these steps walked the lacerated feet of the Conqueror, and from these heights He looked off upon the city that had cast Him out and

Another siege of Jerusalem, and Pompey with the battering rams which a hundred men would roll back, and then, at full run forward, would bang against the wall of the city, and catapults hurling the rocks upon the people, left twelve thousand dead and the city in the clutch of the Roman war eagle. Look a more desperate siege of Look pillars, Jachin and Boaz. eagle. Look, a more desperate siege of Jerusalem! Titus with his tenth legion on Mount of Olives, and ballista arranged on the principle of the pendulum to swing great bowlders against the walls and towers, and miners digging under the city making gal-leries of beams underground which, set on fire, tumbled great masses of houses and human beings into destruction and death. All is taken now but the temple, and Titus, the conqueror, wants to save that unharmed. but a soldier, contrary to orders, huris a torch into the temple and it is consumed. Many strangers were in the city at the time

and ninety-seven thousand captives were taken, and Josephus says one million one hundred thousand lay dead. But looking from this house top, the siege that most absorbs us is that of the Crusaders. England and France and all Christendom santed to capture the Holy Sepulchre and Jerusalem, then in possession of the Mohammedans, under the command of one of the loveliest, bravest and mightiest men that ever lived; for justice must be done him, though he was a Mohammedan-glorious Saladin! Against him came the armies of Europe, under Richard Cour de Lion, King of England; Philip Augustus, King of France; Tancred, Raymond, Godfrey and other valiant men, marching on through fevers and plagues and battle charges and sufferings as intense as the world ever saw. Saladin in Jerusalem. hearing of the sickness of King Richard, his chief enemy, sends him his own physician, and from the walls of Jerusalem, seeing King Richard afoot, sends him a horse. With all the world looking on the armies of Europe come within sight of Jerusalem. At the first glimpse of the city they fall on their faces in reverence and then lift anthems of praise. Feuds and hatreds among themselves were given up, and Raymond and Tancred, the bitterest rivals, embraced while the armies looked on. Then the battering rams rolled, and the catapults swung, and the swords thrust, and the carnage raged. Godfrey, of Bouillon, is the first to mount the wall, and the Crusaders, a cross on every shoulder or breast, having taken the city,

march bareheaded and barefooted to what

they suppose to be the Holy Sepulcher, and

kiss the tomb. Jerusalem the possession of

Christendom. But Saladin retook the city,

and for the last four hundred years it has been in possession of cruel and polluted Mohammedanism! Another crusade is needed to start for Jerusalem, a crusade in this Nineteenth Century greater than all those of the past centuries put together. A crusade in which you and I will march. A crusade without weapons of death, but only the sword of the Spirit. A crusade that will make not a single wound, nor start one tear of distress, nor incendiarize one homeinvitation, and the mosque of Omar shall give place to a church of Christ, and Mount Zion become the dwelling place not of David, but of David's Lord, and Jerusalem, purified of all its idolatries, and taking back the Christ she once cast out, shall be made a worthy type of that heaving city which Paul styled "the mother of us all," and which St. John saw, "the holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God." Through its gates may we all enter when our work is done, and in its temple, greater than all the earthly temples piled in one, may we

worship. Russian pilgrims lined all the roads around the Jerusalam we visited last winter. They had walked hundreds of miles, and their feet bled on the way to Jerusalem. Many of them had spent their last farthing to get there, and they had left some of those who started with them dying or dead by the roadside. An aged woman, exhausted with the long way, begged her fellow pilgrims not to let her die until she had seen the Holy City As she came to the gate of the city she could uot take another step but she was carried in. and then said, "Now hold my head up till I can look upon Jerusclem," and her head lifted. she took one look, and said: "Now I die content; I have been it! I have seen it!" Some of us before we reach the heavenly Jerusalem may be as tired as that, but angels of mercy will help us in, and one glimose of the templa of God and the Lamb, and one goo I look at the "king in his beauty," will more than compensate for all the toils and tears and heartbreaks of the pilgrimage. Hallelujah!

A Lover's Privileges. Taking it for granted that Augustus

s an honorable aspirant for Augusta's hand, he still has no right to expect that she will sacrifice a particle of her maidenly reserve in order to retain his love. The privilege of calling her by her first name should be allowed only when they are alone, never when in the company of others. He has no right to expect her to go riding or driving, or to balls, parties, theaters, etc., alone with him. If a party of young people are not going together, her mother or some other chaperon should accompany them. A few trifling presents may be accepted, but this should be but rarely. If Augusta is a well-bred girl she will never allow Augustus to suspect that she wishes him to "spend money on her;" such expenditure should not begin until after marriage. It is a noticeable fact that the girls who receive most of these dubious favors from gentlemen are those least respected and rarely marry. Occasional books, pieces of music, boxes of bon-bons, etc., are not included in the list of articles thus prohibited, but it is best to receive from a lover only his esteem, respect and love. A lover expects, and no doubt has a right, to a kiss, when with the golden band that he places upon his sweetheart's finger he has linked his destiny to hers; but these caresses should not be lavishly given, for only the accomplished is certain, and the sweetest kiss has often carried with it the bitterest regret. Remember, too, that a feeling very near akin to disgust not only of men but of women. Too warn her of danger. much affection on either side is apt to provoke coldness and perhaps cause estrangement. It is human nature to undervalue that which is gained withtoo secure in its possession.

Bet with Himself. A Cincinnati paper tells of a queer gambler. He would wager with him self, and was correspondingly sailing ecstatically or downcast and gloomy win or lose. In sporting parlance, he was constantly "at horse and horse' with himself, and he found in thal double-headed condition the highest delights of anticipation. Although he lacked the determination to actually bet, still he haunted the pool and card rooms with his hands in his pockets, jingling his silver coin and transferring his money from one pocket to another according to whether his right or left side won. He kept a regular account mentally with his right and left hands and thus realized all the excitement of betting without being subjected to the liability of dropping his wealth, but al the same time he was constantly on the verge of actually participating in the game, but never could muster up cour age to deposit the money on the table His great scheme was to select a number in a Southern State lottery, which he would carry in his head, and he awaited the report of the drawings with feverish anxiety, which for several days previous to the event almost pros would be become. One time he actu ally won the capital prize in this way; The gain of so much wealth, in his mind, proved to be a shock he could tack of brain fever which proved fatal by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

A LEVEL HEAD.

The Advantage of Presence of Mind in an Emergency. During the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered to be in readiness in case of a riot, but they

were not called out. In an interview Gov. Hill said the troops were not to be called upon except in case of an emergency. The emergency had not arisen, therefore they would not be ordered out. He remarked that this was the first great strike with which he had had experience, and he did not propose to lose his head; the only point at which there had been serious trouble was at Syracuse, and there a deputy-sheriff had lost his head and precipitated an encounter

The strike continued several weeks and there was riotous action at various points along the road, but the civil authorities were able to cope with it without calling on the militia.

The test of a man's real ability comes when an emergency arises which makes a hasty call on his good judgment and discretion. The man who retains his presence of mind. retains his equipoise and exercises sound liscretion at such critical junctures is to be elied on and will be put to the front.

Men with level heads have the staying malities which do not falter in the face of anger. Otis A. Cole, of Kinsman, O., June 10, 1890, writes: "In the fall of 1888 I was reeling very iil. I consulted a doctor and he said I had Bright's disease of the kidneys and that he would not stand in my shoes for the State of Ohio." But he did not lose courage or giveup; he says: "I saw the testimonial of Mr. John Coleman, 100 Gregory St., New Haven, Conn., and I wrote to him. In due ime I received an answer, stating that the estimonial that he gave was genuine and not overdrawn in any particular. I took a good many bottles of Warner's Safe Cure; have not taken any for one year."

Gov. Hill is accounted a very successful man: he is cool and calculating and belongs to the class that do not lose their heads when emergencies arise.

Paying for Presents. Belle Swain was well-meaning and nnocent,-pretty, and she knew it. She was poor also, and could not afford to buy the ornaments with which richer girls set off their beauty.

The boys who went with her to school discovered that Belle would accept pretty gifts, even cheap jewelry, from them, which they would hesitate to

offer to the other girls. "I know you are my friend, just like brother!" she would say to Tom or Joe or Ben as the case might be, when she slipped a new ring on her finger or pinned a brooch in her dress. She never told Bon Paull that she took gifte from the others. Ben was a manly, honest fellow with a profound respect stead. A crusade of Gospel Peace! And honest fellow with a profound respect the Cross again be lifted on Calvary, not for all women. When he left Dinsport as once an instrument of pain, but a signal to go into business in Cincinnati ho thought Belle the purest and most modest woman living.

During that summer James Pollard, a traveling agent for a sewing-machine firm, came to the village. He was married man with a wife and child whom he neglected: his habits were bad and his manners coarse. But the village girls thought him a model of manly beauty, and he said nothing about his wife.

He took Belle to picnica, walked with her, drove out alone with her. The man knew that no girl of respectable parentage in the city would admit a stranger to such intimacy, and did not give the village girl credit for the modesty and purity which she really pos sessed.

At heart Belle disliked him. She saw that he was vulgar and feared that he was not a good man. But he sent her one day a neck-chain and pendant, set with sham rubies. It was just what she wanted to set off her white throat. It was a great temptation, and after a little hesitation she took the chain and wore it to a picnic the next day.

As Pollard came toward her, his eye lighted with triumph. His voice had a jeering tone when he spoke to her which was now to it. He had now a hold upon her. The chain was like a yoke upon her neck. Belle had heaped all of her gaudy little ornaments upon her person that

afternoon. There were the ear-rings

that Tom had given her, and Joe's pin, and Dave's bracelet. Ben Paull was to be at the picnic and she wished to look her best in his eyes. Presently the stranger, Pollard, folowed her to the spring where she had gone for water. The other young men happened to be standing together and

saw them exchange a few words. Then Pollard kissed her. He boasted of it when he came back She objected," he said. "But she had not thanked me for my necklace. It was worth a kiss. She had to pay." "A good idea!" exclaimed Dave.

She'll pay me for my bracelet." "And me for the ear-rings!" cried "And me for the pin she wears," said

another. Ben looked at them with scorn and rage in his heart. The jokers were vulgar. But what was the girl who had subjected herself to their coarse jokes? When she came up, pale with mortification, he avoided her. The girl who was hung with the offerings of

other men could never be his wife. Belle has her poor rings and necklace still, and a sense of shame and mortification that time will hardly

No young girl should accept gifts from any man. The girl who does it betrays the fact that she is not carefully guarded by parental training, and that comes with satiety. And this is true her own instinct is not fine enough to

Масе Парру. A day or two ago a man who lived lorty or fifty miles west of Detroit hung out difficulty, and to tire of anything if about the Third street depot in a way to arouse Officer Button's curiosity, and he finally approached the stranger and

> asked: "Waiting for any particular train?" "I'm in a fix," responded the man. "I came in on a little business, but have lost my return ticket and haven't a cent to buy another." As it was plain that he had been

> drinking considerably the officer advised him to "look around" for the missing ticket. About an hour later, being a good deal drunker than before he approached

the officer and said: "I'm all right now." "Found the ticket, eh?" "Yes. I hadu't lost it."

"In your wallet, was it?"

"No. I jess remembered five minutes ago that I sold her to a broker up 'er street and am having a --- of a time with 'er proceeds! Hooray fr G'ge Wash'ton an' liberty."

White Swelling swe ling come on his r ght leg below the knee, which contracted the andscles so that his leg was drawn up at right angles. I considered him a co-firmed cr pple. I wa about to take him to Cincinn ti for an peration, and began giving him Hoo 1's Sarsapari 1 to get up his st ength. The medicine woke up his appett e a.d toon pieces of bone were discharged from the sore. We continued with Hood's Sarsatrated him, so nervous and worked up parilla and in a few mo this he had perfect use of his leg. He now runs everywhere, and apparent's

is as well as ever."-long L. McMurnay, Notary Pub ic, Ravenswood, W. V. Hood's Sarsaparilla

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lice."

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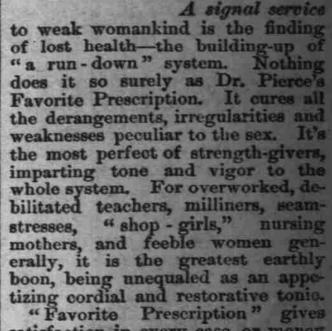
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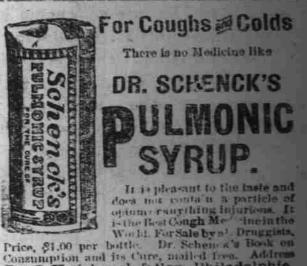
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