ONLY A SMILE.

Only a smile that was given me On the crowded street one day, But it pierced the gloom of my saddened he Like the sudden sunbeam's ray. The shadows of doubt hung over me. And the burden of pain I bore, And the voice of hope I sould not hear, Though I listened o'er and o'er.

But there came a rift in the growd should And a face I knew passed by, And the smile I caught was brighter to me

Than the blue of a summer sky; For it gave me back the sunshine And it scattered each soher thought, And my heart rejoiced in the kindly warmtl

Which that kindly smile had wrought.

-Exchang

ON BOARD THE PRINCESS.

At the last moment she came aboard and asked to see the captain, who joined her shortly in the saloon. "What can I do for he inquired, reassuringly, seeing her embarrassment.

"I want your advice, captain. I am in a most unconventional position. The fact is, I—well—my fiance is very ill on your boat. How he happened to be here I do not know, and there was no time to find out, so I came to take care of him until he is well. Then—well, of course, then we shall be married—." And she rose, blushing, incoherent, evidently excited and nervous. There was a pause while the cantain tilted his cap over one ear, the better to scratch his head. "I guess Barwood is the man you mean. He took passage for Cook's inlet. Goin' to change at Sitka for the Dora. Yes, he's real sick with fever, " the captain paused, evidently at a loss, and she continued, apologetically
"It is an odd proceeding, I know, but—

oh, I could not let him go so far-alonewhen he was ill. We have been engaged for some time, and I was to join him at Seattle, but was taken suddenly ill. I have no near relatives to know or care what becomes of me—," and her mouth curled in a weary smile. "So I came as soon as I in a weary smile. was able to travel. He failed to meet me, as I expected. And at the last moment before the Princess sailed, I learned that he was here and ill. I have come to care for him; he needs me—." And the sudden dignity was pathetic. The captain looked uncomfortable and blurted "But he don't need you. He is well taken She saw no hidden meaning in his words, but hastened to say 'Pardon me, I am certain you are careful of the comfort of your passengers; but I mean a woman's constant care and nursing -"and a fond look shone in her eyes under which fatigue had drawn dark circles. Then the captain had done with temporizing. "There is a woman with him With both hands gripping her breast as though his words carried a hurt.

alone. Do you know who she is?" "I ain't much acquainted with either of em Only I know she is a hosnital nurse and seems to have taken care of him during a spell of the fever he had a few weeks

"Ah," she interrupted, "he has been ill

that was why he never wrote.' "Mebbe so," the captain admitted dry "Anyhow he was taken down with a relapse the day before yesterday, when he He sent for her at once, sayin' as how she'd nursed him all through the first bout o' the fever and he wanted her agin. She come right away and—well, she's ben here with him ever sence-" A

relieved expression crossed the girl's face "She is a professional nurse, no doubt. We shall not interfere with each other. Perhaps he will want me, too," and she smiled with rosy assurance. The captain's dubions shake of the head was effected while she gathered her parcels and hand-

bag.
"Before I go to my stateroom may I see him? You will take me to him?"

The captain led the way and knocked at a closed door. It was quickly opened and a fair, slight woman in checked gingham, with blonde hair tucked into a nurse's cap, came out.

'Mr. Barwood is asleep," she said, in whisper, "and must not be disturbed." She looked inquiringly at the captain, who pulled at his whiskers with one hand and jerked the other toward his companion 'This young lady wants to see Mr. Bar-

"But I have his physician's orders to admit nobody," the nurse said coldly, still blocking the door. The visitor shrank back timidly, but the captain, with pity for both, softening his voice, insisted "Well, I guess he'll have to suspend rules in favor of this young lady-Mr. Barwood's It was the nurse's turn to blanch and shrink.

"Mr. Barwood is asleep now," she said. weakly, after a heavy pause. "I am going on deck for some fresh air. Will you come, too?" There was so much more the manner than words that the girl followed obediently. The captain excused himself and the two proceeded above in silence. By this time the steamer was well out in the sound. On the right towered the mountains; gloomy mountains of chaos, the grayness relieved only by the emerald of glaciers, or the foamy veil of a cascade To the south the verge loomed distant, half hid by mists from the under world. For a space the women stood motionless, cowed by the sense of nothingness; then the nurse

"Excuse a seeming impertinence, but may I ask what claim you have upon Mr. Barwood ?"

The reply was cold, with suppressed "I may excuse it better when I know your right to ask;" but she sank upon a coil of rope near, and the proud head was bent, when the answer came. "The right of his affianced wife, who has left all-honor, friends, everything-to price. Gimme back dem hands." And take care of him; to love him; to-to marry so saying, he started off to find an honest

The nurse spoke with a low and pas sionate tremor. The other toyed with the end of the rope, nor raised her eyes while

she spoke in wooden tones. "It is all odd, unreal, but it does not occur to me to doubt you. Stranger though you are, I am sure you are honest, and I--I am only mistaken. It is all plain—he pered sob to the sea, but the waves were busy with their endless striving, and a screaming eagle mocked them both.

The nurse came softly and sat beside "You have left all for him and so have I and now we have both lost himwe have only each other."

'Thank you," said the newcomer, simply, "but it is only I who need suffer; on-ly I who am to blame. I should not have "but it is only I who need suffer; oncome. But I thought he would want me -would need me," and there was a pitiful

note of extenuation in her voice as she rose and paced the deck, "but I see now that I was wrong, for this is the end."

"But you love him?"

'Spare me-he loves you." The nurse went to her and took her hand 'How do I know he loves me? I know that he sent for me-that he asked me to be his wife-to go to the lands of gold with him. I promised, believing him free, be-lieving that I was dear to him, as he is the half of life to me. But now, ah, he may-

nay, he ought, still love you, and-" "Let us see," the other interrupted, and

Both women entered; the nurse ad- ly vanced.

"Yes, I am here. Do you want any-

thing?" room; they alighted on the still, grey-clad figure by the door; his teeth chattered against the goblet; the water dripped from public that Mr. Moody was very ill, but his nerveless lips. Pointing with one bony hand, he said, hoarsely: "Who is it? Margaret, look there! Who is it?" The figure sufferer fell back on his pillow with a moan of relief-"Thank God!"

That night he raved with fever, and neither woman left his bedside. "Margaret"—he would gasp—"send her away is she comes again." Then to the other: " don't know you, but you look like a ghost. When you meet that other one, her ghost, tell her---when I heard she---was dead, was sad. Then I was sick and Margaret came, and --- was I sad still, Margaret?

"Yes, very much grieved, dear." "Of course, I did not want her to die for I loved her once, but now-ah, now I love you, don't I, Margaret?"—and he held both her hands, and cried over them like a tired child. And Margaret wept too, but the ghost only grew whiter, and slipped out and up to the deck. Low hung and wan the moon gleamed sickly through a winding sheet of cloud, at the quiet watcher who gazed up at her with dry, wide open eyes. "You brave old thing! the woman said, "your heart is dead, and yet you smile and shine. Well, so shall

In a day or two his fever was broken. "You do not need my help now," she said to Margaret. "He is out of danger; he will soon be well and you will be happy. Then she made her eyes shine and her lips smile. "And when—sometime—let him know he was mistaken. I did not die. But do not tell him yet; the 'ghost' must trouble him no more."

At Sitka, on the side of old Baranoff castle, there is a high knoll, overlooking the One evening at sunset, a woman stood there and watched a small boat put she said vaguely: "I-I thought he was out from shore. It was the Dora, bound ing, as if for support, upon the shoulder of you work to do." the woman in nurse's garb. Both faced a glowing cauldron; behind, the dim the boat was a mere speck and the sun do. down, she turned to go. The bell from the peace enwrapt her as she descended.-Chi- was: "I am not going to throw my cago Daily News.

John Wesley.

John Wesley contested the three kingdoms in the cause of Christ during a campaign which lasted 40 years. He did it for the most part on horseback. He paid bestrode a beast. Eight thousand miles died preached less frequently than 5,000 times. inns where he lodged, they would have made for themselves a history of prices.

jealous wife. In the course of this unparalleled contest Wesley visited again and again the most out-of-the-way districts-the remotest corners of England-places which to-day lie far removed even from the searcher after the picturesque. In 1899, when the map of England looks like a gridiron of railways, none but the sturdiest of pedestrians, the most determined of cyclists can retrace the steps of Wesley and his horse amphitheaters in Cornwall and Northumberland, in Lancashire and Berkshire, where he preached his gospel to the heath-

en. Exertion so prolonged, enthusiasm so sustained, argues a remarkable man, while filled with young people at every service. the organization he created, the system he founded, the view of life he promulgated, is still a great fact among us. No other name than Wesley's lies embalmed as his

Good Clock.

A lady visiting in the South was told a story of an old colored man, who came to a watchmaker with the two hands of a clock. "I want yer to fix up dese hands. Dey

ain't kept no correct time for mo' den six "Well, where is the clock?" responded

the watchmaker. "Out at my house."

"But I must have the clock." 'Didn't I tell yer dar's nuffin de matter wid de clock 'cepting ke han's? An' here dey be. You just want de clock so you kin tinker wid it, and charge me a

A Violator of the Juvenile Code.

The Sabbath school teacher had been telling the class about Joseph, particularly with reference to his coat of many colors, and how his father had rewarded him fo being a good boy, for Joseph, she said, told loves you, he will marry you. As for me his father whenever he caught any of his brothers in the act of doing wrong, says the Baltimore News.

'Can any little boy or girl tell me what Joseph was?" the teacher asked, hoping that some of them had caught the idea that he was Jacob's favorite. "I know," one of the little girls said

holding up her hand.

"A tattle-tale!" was the reply.

-Sucribe for the WATCHMAN.

Dwight Lyman Moody has Fought the Good Fight.

Death of the Great Preacher Who Did Much for Uplifting of Human Family.—Peaceful Close of Good Life.—Surrounded by Devoted Family his Last Thoughts Were of his Great Work.—Sketch of

D. L. Moody, the famous evangelist, died at his home in Northfield, Mass., at noon on Friday Dec. 22nd.

It was not expected by the members of Mr. Moody's family and immediate circle of friends that death would be the result the nurse following, she led the way, nor of his illness until the day before. The paused until they stood again at the door cause of death was a general breaking of the sick man's room. "We will go in together and then—" She said no more, heart had been weak for a long time and for at that moment a man's voice was exertions put forth in connection with heard, high, querulous, "Margaret! Mar-meetings in the West in November brought on a collapse from which he failed to ral-

The evangelist broke down in Kansas City, Mo., where he was holding services. about a month before, and the seriousness of "Only you stay with me, dearest." His his condition was so apparent to the physivoice quavered, but with tender cadence; clans who were called to attend him that his eyes were glazed with delirium. She they forced him to abandon his tour and brought him a glass of water, and slipped return to his home with all possible speed. her arm under his head that he might After he reached Northfield eminent physidrink. His eyes roved restlessly about the cians were consulted and everything was done to prolong life. A bulletin issued the that a little improvement was noticed. That week the patient showed a steady gain until Friday, when he showed sympsank into a chair out of his sight, and the toms of nervousness, accompanied by weakness, which caused the family much anx-

> GREAT PREACHER'S LAST HOURS. Mr. Moody knew at 8 o'clock Thursday evening that he could not recover. He was satisfied that this was so, and when the

knowledge came to him his words were: "The world is receding and heaven is opening.

During the night Mr. Moody had a number of sinking spells. He was, however, kindness itself to those about him. At 2 o'clock Saturday morning Dr. N. P. Wood. the family physician, who spent the night at the home, was called at the request of Mr. Moody. The patient was perspiring and he requested his son-in-law. A. P. Fitt, who spent the first of the night with him, to call the physician that he might note the symptoms

Dr. Wood administered a hypodermic injection of strychnia. This caused the heart to perform its duties more regularly, and Mr. Moody himself requested his sonin-law, Mr. Fitt, and Dr. Wood to retire. Mr. Moody's eldest son, Will R. Moody, who had been sleeping the first of the night, spent the last half with his father. At 7:30 Friday morning Dr. Wood was called, and when he reached Mr. Moody's room found his patient in a semi-conscious condition. When Mr. Moody recovered consciousness he said, with all his old vivacity. "What's the matter; what's going on here?"

Some member of the family replied "Father, you have not been quite so well and so we came in to see you.

FINAL THOUGHTS OF WORK. A little later he said to his boys: "I for Cook's inlet. On the forward deck have always been an ambitious man, not stood two figures; the man seemed lean- ambitious to lay up wealth, but to leave

In substance Mr. Moody urged his two the sun, a copper globe on the horizon. boys and his son-in-law, Mr. Fitt, to see Before them, all the western sea and sky, that the schools in East Northfield, at Mount Hermon and the Chicago Bible Inmountains, the darkening east, and the stitute should receive the best care. This lonely watcher on the castle hill. When they assured Mr. Moody that they would

During the forenoon Mrs. Fitt, his and Sankey to that city were their services convent called to prayer, the sunset gun daughter, said to Mr. Moody: "Father, ever attended by greater crowds that on any more civilized country, strange to say, boomed out and the echoes of war and we cannot spare you," Mr. Moody's reply away. If God has more work for me to do, I'll not die."

Just before 12 o'clock the watchers saw that the end was approaching, and exactly at noon the great preacher passed away. MOODY'S NOBLE CAREER.

Dwight Lyman Moody was born in for the most part on horseback. He paid northfield, Franklin county, Massachumore turnpikes than any man who ever setts, on February 5th, 1837. His father when the boy was four years old, was his annual record for many a long leaving a widow with nine children and a year, during each of which he seldom mortgaged farm mortgaged farm.

Such limited education as he could ac-Had he but preserved his scores at all the quire during a very few years' attendance at the town schools was young Moody's intellectual preparation for the career before And throughout it all he never knew what him. At seventeen he quitted the farm depression of spirits meant-though he had and went to Boston to seek his fortune. much to try him, suits in chancery and a His mother's brother, a shoe merchant there, gave him a place upon two conditions -that he should be governed in all things by his advice and that he attend regularly the Sunday school and the church service of the Mount Vernon Congregational church. He united with that church in 1856, after having been kept upon

probation for a year. Shortly after his profession of Christianity Moody went to Chicago and for the time being stuck to his last-the shoe trade. and stand by the rocks and the natural He joined the Plymouth Congregational church, and "did something" as soon as he had saved from his meagre salary a sum which happened to be requisite-rented four pews and saw to it that they were He also made known his desire to take part in the prayer meetings, but the offer was

somewhat summarily declined. HIS FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS.

Neither offended nor daunted, he proposed himself as a teacher in the Sunday school, and was put off with the informa tion that his services would be accepted if he found his own pupils. He did not desire an easier commission. The very next Sun-day he led into the Sunday school room eighteen ragged boys whom he had spent the week drumming up from the highways and byways. Not satisfied with this, a little later he converted a forsaken old tavern in the northern part of the city into a mission all his own. His classes grew so rapidly that a large auditorium. North Market Hall, was rented. At this point first occurred an incident which afterwards recurred so frequently as to become one of the most marked and important accompaniments of his career; he succeeded in ateresting in him and his work a man of means, afterwards, if not then, a "mer-chant prince"—John V. Farwell. Ever afterwards he was distinguished by his faculty of securing large financial support from men of wealth for he had wonderful common sense and good business abilities. Mr. Farwell equipped the new mission and Sunday school and acted with Mr Moody as superintendent. The latter, by personal canvassing, obtained sixty teachers and speedily had a regular average attendance of about one thousand pupils.

HEAD OF THE Y. M. C. A. He was now so deeply engaged in religious work that in 1860, at the age of who needed it would ever know. As hustwenty-three, he sundered all ties of business, and gave his entire time to his mission and other enterprises. To solve his with what he preaches, and his faith in God personal pecuniary problem he dispensed has helped us through many a difficulty with a living room and slept upon a bench in the Young Men's Christian Association building. After a time the Christian Com-

mission, and afterwards the Young Men's bespeaks love and harmony. The house is Christian Association, appointed him lay a big white structure with green blinds, missionary. In 1863 the Illinois Street almost hidden by massive elms. There are church was built for his converts, and he dainty white chintz curtains at the winbecame its unordained pastor. In 1865 he had attained a prominence in his field which led to his election as president of thing about the old-fashioned rockers and the Young Men's Christian Association, and shortly afterwards, out of his close relations with Mr. Farwell, arose Farwell Hall, the home of the Young Men's Chris-

tian Association In 1867 Mr. Moody went abroad, but the visit began and ended quietly. Effecting his famous junction with the evangelistic singer, Ira D. Sankey, he again, in the spring of 1873, essayed the invasion of Great Britain. It was a vertible triumph and the beginning of his world-wide reputation. His intense earnestness struck a tremendous response. From city to city throughout the United Kingdom and Ireland the two went, bringing about some of the most extraordinary "awakenings" ever

MARVELOUS WORK IN ENGLAND. The people of the London slums stopped and listened to this bright, fresh, hearty New Englander, who got down to their own level and extended a cordial, chubby hand in greeting, while he offered them a religion not of sackcloth and ashes, but of

ejoicing and thanksgiving. uccess. He rose to his pulpit—and it was any pulpit, regardless of place or denomination-with a smile on his lips and in his siderable volume is distinctly visible, as did not limit the scope of his work, for it recognized no creeds, but "preached the a valley and is quite surrounded by hills. gospel to all men."

Pews were never empty and their occupants never went to sleep when Moody preached, and people who never went to church, who boast of a "religion of their own," a "moral religion, based on "common sense" and "things tangible," with a Moody preach and Sankey sing just to get inspiration from their cheerfulnees and

Their British fame ripened for them the field in America, and upon their return in 1875 they organized in the principal cities prepared for us long before we came in the meetings to which thousands thronged day and night. Philadelphians recall vividly the tremendous inspiration that marked the Moody and Sankey meetings in this city the year last named. They have never been paralleled by any relig-

ions demonstration known here. When it was decided to invite them to Philadelphia a committee of fifteen ministers, representing all the evangelical denominations of the city, was appointed to arrange for their coming. This committee organized by electing Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., of the Episcopal church, chairman, and Rev. C. P. Masden, of the Reform church as secretary. The ministers' committee then appointed a committee of thirteen prominent and well-known business gentlemen of the various denominations to conduct the business arrangements for the meeting. The committee elected George H. Stuart chairman, John R. Whitney treasurer and Thomas K. Cree secretary. This committee at once proceeded to business. They secured the old freight depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, Thirteenth and Market streets, which was transformed into an auditorium which accommodated 10,150 persons with seats. The musical services were placed in the hands of a well-trained choir of 500 voices under the leadership of Mr. Sankey. At none of the subsequent visits of Moody

this memorable occasion. WONDERFUL NORTHFIELD MOVEMENT. As far back as 1879 he began building up at Northfield, the place of his birth and the hardships of his early life, a centre of religious and educational work. In that year he founded the Northfield Seminary for Girls. In 1881 he established an academy for boys at Mount Hermon, four miles from Northfield, on the other side of the Connecticut river. In 1890 he founded his Bible Training School for the instruction of Sunday school teachers and religious workers in general. During the last half dozen years his summer schools and Bible conferences have attracted thousands

of earnest religious workers. A great builder from the start, as has been indicated, Mr. Moody must be credited in addition with a total of some twenty structures at Northfield, and Chicago Avenue church and the Bible and Institute edifices in Chicago, which he was conspicuously instrumental in causing the erection of the fine edifices of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York, Boston Philadelphia, San Francisco, Baltimore and Scranton, Pa. In Great Britain and Ireland the following buildings are attributed either to his personal efforts or to the inspiration derived from his work: Chriscian Union buildings, Dublin; Christian Institute building, Glasgow; Carubber's Close Mission, Edinburgh; Conference Hall, Stratford; Down Lodge Hall, Wandsworth, London, and the Young Men's Christian Association building, Liverpool.

As a writer Mr. Moody has been fairly voluminous, though many of his volumes are revised stenographic reports of his sermons. The titles of some, which are not ostensibly collections of discourses, are: 'The Second Coming of Christ'' (1877) 'The Way and the Word' (1877); "Secret Power, or the Secret of Success in Christian Life and Work" (1881); "The Way to God

and How to Find It" (1884), etc. In 1862 Mr. Moody married Miss Emma Revell, a sister of Fleming H. Revell, the publisher, and her interest and help in her husband's work have always been of great service to him. During the five weeks of his illness she scarcely left his side. A writer who visited the Moody home during the great preacher's illness draws a picture of the domestic life of the remarkable man whose death will be the source of grief the world over. Mrs. Moody, standing by the bedside of her dying husband, is thus

auoted: "Something of that life? It has been a life of work; a work which he loves, a work which has made his character beautiful. and made him a model for all who were fortunate enough to be near him. His disposition has ever been sweet and humble. and his character forceful and strong. The nfluence of his simple presence is wonderful. I know of no day or hour in Mr. Moody's life when he has ceased for a moment to preach his religion; not always in words; Scripture lessons are not all of his religion. It was sometimes in what he did not say, when most of us would have spoken, or the pressure of his hand, or an act of kindness which no one bat he one band and father, counselor, companion, guide, he has acted always in accordance and made the travel smooth over many a rough road." The very atmosphere of the Moody home

almost hidden by massive elms. There are dows, with fluted ruffles falling over boxes of bright flowers; and within there is somecushions and round tables and books, and the cozy glow from open fires, that makes one feel it is really a home.

Big Holes of Boer Land.

They are Numerous and are Regarded as Fathom

All that district lying between Zeerust to the west and Rustenburg in the east. and extending down to Krugersdorp and Potchefstroom in the south, near the source of the Malmani river, in the Transvaal, has numerous holes which are regarded by the Boer as fathomless. The whole of the ground in some parts seems a crustration and quite hollow underneath. This can be distinctly heard and traced, when heavy wagons are rolling along any of the hard roads, from the empty dead sound that reechoes and the vibrating noise, they make,

when far away and quite unseen. It is exemplified clearly in more than one place on the old road between Potchefstroom-the old capital of the Transvaaland Rustenburg, where the road has actual-Therein was the secret of Mr. Moody's ly fallen in in more places than one to what appears waterworn caves underneath and in two places an underground river of coneyes which gave practical living proof of well as heard, rushing at some considerable what his religion had done for him. Creeds depth. The same hollow sound is experienced on the hilly ground surrounding was Mr. Moody's contention that Christ Pretoria, which lies itself somewhat low in This we found to our cost during the Boer rebellion of 1880 and 1881, when the infantry-regulars and volunteers---were always conveyed out in mule wagons to the

scene of any engagement. The rumble of these wagons, together with those of the artilliery, over those roads comfortable logic behind it, went to hear could be distinctly heard miles away, and gave full warning to the Boer scouts. They simply placed their ears to their ramrod. stuck upright on the ground, and they

Between Potchefstroom and Pretoria are the celebrated cayes of Wonderfontein. They are entered half-way up the side of a stiff hill, and after wandering through cloisters of caves with lovely stalactites. varying from six to thirty-six inches in length, suspended from their roofs, and with the same, thicker if not so long, standing up from the floor where the lime water has dropped for centuries past, you come upon one of those underground rivers, rushing through the cave with a tremendous velocity. The rush of water can be heard long before it becomes visible, and accompanied as it is on nearing the spot by a strong current of air, some difficulty is experienced in keeping the candles burning.

When you approach close to where this stream flows it has all the appearance as if passing through a huge trough or half-cut pipe of quite ten feet diameter, and the ce is so great that it is with considerable difficulty one is enabled to draw out a tumbler of water anything like full. Needless to say, it is always as cold as if passing through a bed of ice, and also as bright and clear as crystal. In the caves already mentioned it passes

through in three different channels, and seems to get lost in the bowels of the earth. Those caves, which are decidedly interesting, and well worthy of a visit, and would be a fortune to their possessor in are little known to the ordinary busy There are similar caves, however, within an easy ride of Krugersdorp, leased by an enterprising Scotchman Johannesburg, who has had them lit up with acetelyne gas, which gives a grand and imposing sight to them. He has further fitted up in one of the larger caves an open restaurant and bar, and thrown it otherwise into a series of lounges, all of which, if modern, is very effective. It was also this enterprising gentleman's intention, and which will no doubt be carried out when the present Transvaal troubles are over, to have erected, along with the Acetelyne Gas company, machinery and works for the making of carbite, the material for which is found in abundance at these caves, and possessing the proper fall of water and the position all combining to

make it a lucrative and valuable manu-Besides these subterrannean rivers, there are various mineral springs, which come oubbling up from the bowels of the earth, while others flow out of and under huge bowlders in the Transvaal. They are looked upon by the Boers as unfathomable, and talked about with a considerable amount of semi-religion or ghostly awe.

The most important, or at least best known of these holes or springs is termed 'The Warm Bath,'' some 70 miles north of Pretoria. They are now accessible by rail, the main line to Pietersburg passing them, and can be reached in a few hours from Pretoria. They are decidedly sulphurous springs, and come out at a boiling temperature. They are looked upon, and with good reason, as the great healer of all external ailments, and are found very beneficial in cases of bad wounds, eruptions, sores of all sorts, sciatica, rheumatism, gout, and many other sicknesses.

Mourned Him for Dead hought She Was a Widow and About to Marri Again, but Husband Came Back.

Several months ago a pretty young woman, about thirty years of age, moved to Phœnixville and introduced herself as Miss Margaret Devereaux. She possessed a fine soprano voice and was soon in great denand as a singer in church choirs. She taught music and painting, and was placed in charge of the choir of St. Mary's Roman Catholic church. She told a few of her friends that she had once been married to an actor by the name of Clark, who had gone to South America, where he died of fever. She was very popular with the opposite sex and it was rumored that a well known young man about the town was about to lead her to the altar.

An end was suddenly put to all such rumors by a telegram from Brooklyn saying that her supposed dead husband, Mr. Clark, had arrived there from South America in good health. Miss Devereaux hastily packed her trunk and hastened to Brooklyn where she met her husband, and they will, it is said soon begin housekeeping in the city of churches. A score Phœnixville young men are disconsolate, and the church choirs miss the sweet soprano who for several months was their

star attraction The two children who also constitute a part of the Clark household, and who were left in charge of their grandmother Devereaux after their papa's supposed death in South America, will become part of the re-

Tersely Told.

-- A raw potato will remove mud stains from black clothes.

-Massachusetts has spent \$20,000 to get rid of the gypsy moth -Beef's heart should always be soaked

in vinegar and water. -Small Oriental rugs make effective coverings for floor cushic -A tiny bit of blue in water you wash

glass in adds to its brilliancy.

-Strong lye or soft soap will keep pots and pans clean and bright. -Raw whites of eggs is an excellent nourishment for ailing children. -Dried orange peel, allowed to smolder

will kill a bad odor. -A sink should be rubbed with lamp oil twice a week to keep it clean. -One town in Missouri furnishes 60,000

pounds of frog legs a year. -Table oilcloth is a sanitary substitute for wall paper in the kitchen.

-Newspapers wrapped around ice will prevent it from melting too rapidly. -London butter is made from frozen

cream imported from New Zealand. -Clean the inside of decanters with tea leaves, or chopped potato parings. -Do not startle a child. Many nervous

liseases may be traced to that source. -If salt gets moist and refuses to be shaken, add a pinch of baking powder. -Tough meat is always improved by

soaking a few hours in vinegar and water. -Cover your kegged pickles with strips of horse radish, and they will not mold. -Meats for roasting should not be washed but should be wiped with a damp

cloth. -A polished floor is never sticky if linseed oil is mixed with the turpentine and beeswax.

-Pure butter, eaten in moderation, will furnish the oils required by the human system. -Of fish, the oily varieties are not easily

digested, and are not favorites with the -Absorbent cotton, if quickly applied when milk or cream is spilled on cloth.

will prevent a stain. -If you care for a perfumed bed open the pillows and sprinkle sachet powder among the feathers.

-The ends of pie crust that are left over be made into little patties and filled with jam. -Doilies are no longer used at dinner.

They are permissible only at luncheon served on a polished table. -High heels originated in Persia, where they were worn to raise the feet from the

burning sands. -A new stove polisher, accompanied by a bottle of liquid polish, is self-feeding and does efficient work.

-Never clean an oil painting with soap. Go over it very carefully with a piece of wool saturated with linseed oil. -A brilliant black varnish is made by

mixing a small quantity of fine lamp black with French spirit varnish. -Crude petroleum is very good for cleaning any kind of hard wood, and is the

cheapest furniture polish possible. -Remove grass stains from linen by first dipping the spots in ammonia water and then washing them in warm soap suds. -Liver should always be parboiled and

viped dry before frying. This not only keeps the juice but softens the meat. -Pulverize a teaspoonful of borax; put in your last rinsing water and your clothes

-No article of furniture should receive more attention than the refrigerator. It should be washed and dried every day.

-To prevent sausages from shriveling cover them with cold water and allow them to come to a boil. Then drain them and -When a receipt says "one cupful" you

may be safe in using half a pint. "Salt to taste" means a teaspoonful to a pint of liquid. *-- A test for distinguishing diamonds from paste and glass is to touch them with the tongue. The diamond feels much the

colder. -The oldest woman's club is the Philadelphia Female Society for the Relief and Employment of the Poor. It was organized

-In cleaning a sewing machine with paraffin, never allow it to remain on the nachine, as it heats the bearings and causes them to wear out.

-Red wine stains may be removed from

table linen with thick sour milk. Let it remain for several hours, then wash the place in lukewarm water. -Lettuce or celery may be kept fresh

and crisp for several days by wrapping in a cloth wrung out of cold water and then pinning the whole in a thick newspaper. -A good way to extract the juice from beef for those who require that nourishment is to broil the beef on a gridiron for a

few minutes, and then squeeze with a lemon squeezer. Add a little salt. -Burn juniper berries in a room that has been freshly painted or papered. Keep the widows closed for twelve hours; then air thoroughly and the room is habit-

-To whiten the kitchen table spread over it a thin paste made of chloride of lime and hot water. Leave it on all night.

and in the morning wash it off thoroughly -A meat fret, which is intended for making the meat tender without destroying the juices or mutilating the steak, cuts it by piercing tiny holes through the sur-

-To remove white marks from mahogany furniture rub the stains with a little sweet oil. Rub it off and then apply a few drops of spirits of wine and polish with an old silk handkerchief.

-A useful washing fluid is made by boiling together half a pound of slaked lime and a pound of soda in six quarts of water for two hours. Let it settle and then pour off the clean liquid.

-In polishing walnut furniture, take three parts of linseed oil to one part of spirits of turpentine. Put on with a woolen cloth, and when dry, rub with woolen. The polish will conceal a disfigured surface.

-A cupful of leftover mashed potatoes may be made into croquettes by the addition of the yolk of two eggs, a little grated nutmeg, a half spoonful of onion juice, a pinch of salt and a little chopped parsley.

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