

Belleville, Pa., Jan. 5, 1900.

ONLY A SMILE.

Only a smile that was given me On the crowded street one day...

ON BOARD THE PRINCESS.

At the last moment she came aboard and asked to see the captain, who joined her shortly in the saloon...

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."

"Only you stay with me, dearest," His voice quavered, but with tender cadence; his eyes were glazed with delirium...

At Sitka, on the side of old Baranoff castle, there is a high knoll, overlooking the sea. One evening at sunset, women stood there and watched a small boat put out from shore...

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.

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.

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.

"Well, where is the clock?" responded the watchmaker. "Out at my house."

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...

Dwight Lyman Moody has Fought the Good Fight.

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

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 of his illness until the day before.

The evangelist broke down in Kansas City, Mo., where he was holding services, about a month before, and the seriousness of his condition was so apparent to the physicians who were called to attend him that they forced him to abandon his tour and return to his home with all possible speed.

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 Mr. Moody's, was called at the request of Mr. Moody.

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

A little later he said to his boys: "I have always been an ambitious man, not ambitious to lay up wealth, but to leave you work to do."

In a substance Mr. Moody urged his two boys to go to the schools in East Northfield, at Mount Hermon and the Chicago Bible Institute should receive the best care. They thus assured Mr. Moody that they would do.

During the forenoon Mrs. Fitt, his daughter, said to Mr. Moody: "Father, we cannot spare you," Mr. Moody's reply was: "I am not going to throw my life away. If God has more work for me to do, I'll not die."

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He was now so deeply engaged in religious work that in 1860, at the age of twenty-three, he surrendered all ties of business, and gave his entire time to his mission and other enterprises. To solve his personal pecuniary problem he dispensed with a living room and slept upon a bench in the Young Men's Christian Association building.

mission, and afterwards the Young Men's Christian Association, appointed him lay missionary. In 1863 the Illinois Street church was built for his converts, and he became its unordained pastor. In 1865 he had attained a prominence in his field which led to his election as president of 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 Christian Association.

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 joy and thanksgiving.

There was the secret of Mr. Moody's success. He rose to his pulpit—and it was any pulpit, regardless of place or denomination—with a smile on his lips and in his eyes which gave practical living proof of what his religion had done for him. He did not limit the scope of his work, for it was Mr. Moody's contention that Christ recognized no creeds, but "preached the gospel to all men."

Peers were never empty and their occupations never 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 comfortable logic behind it, went to hear Moody preach and Sankey sing just to get inspiration from their cheerfulness and marvel at their faith.

Their British fame ripened for them the field in America, and upon their return in 1875 they organized in the principal cities the meetings to which thousands thronged day and night. Philadelphia recalled 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 religious 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. J. P. Masten, of the Reformed church, 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.

As far back as 1870 he began building up at Northfield, the place of his birth and of 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, in the heart of the Connecticut river. In 1880 he founded his Bible Training School for the instruction of Sunday school teachers and religious workers in general.

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 accredited either to his personal efforts or to the inspiration derived from his work: Christian 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 of his more notable 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 1882 Mr. Moody married Miss Emma C. 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 sojourned with him. 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 to the world over.

"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 forcible and strong. The influence 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 some times when 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 but he would need it would ever know. As husband and father, counselor, companion, guide, he has acted always in accordance with what he preaches, and his faith in God has helped us through many a difficulty and made the travel smooth over many a rough road."

speaks love and harmony. The house is a big white structure with green blinds, almost hidden by massive elms. There are dainty white chintz curtains at the windows, with fluted ruffles falling over boxes of bright flowers; and within there is something about the old-fashioned rockers and cushions 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 Fathomless. 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 Boers as fathomless.

It is exemplified clearly in more than one place on the old road between Potchefstroom—the old capital of the Transvaal—and Rustenburg, where the road has actually fallen in in more places than one to what appears waterwork caves underneath, and in two places an underground river of considerable volume is distinctly visible, as well as heard, rushing at some considerable depth.

The rumble of these wagons, together with those of the artillery, over those roads 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 could hear our approach as soon as we left the capital, and were, therefore, always prepared for us long before we came in sight.

Between Potchefstroom and Pretoria are the celebrated caves of "onderfontein." 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 line 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 streaming through a huge trough or half-cut pipe of quite ten feet diameter, and the force 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 running 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. These caves, which are decidedly interesting, and well worthy of a visit, and would be a fortune to their possessor in any more civilized country, strange to say, are little known to the ordinary Boer handier. There are similar caves, however, within an easy ride of Krugersdorp, leased by an enterprising Scotchman of Johannesburg, who has had them lit up with acetylene 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 in 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 not doubt be carried out when the present Transvaal troubles are over, to have erected, along with the acetylene gas company, machinery and works for the making of carbide, 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 manufacture.

Besides these subterranean rivers, there are various mineral springs, which come bubbling up from the bowels of the earth, while others flow out of and under huge boulders in the Transvaal. They are looked upon by the Boers as unapproachable, and talked about with a considerable amount of semi-religious or ghostly awe. The most important, or at least best known of these holes or springs is termed "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, sciatia, rheumatism, gout, and many other sicknesses.

Mourning Him for Dead.

Thought She Was a Widow and About to Marry Again, but Husband Came Back.

Several months ago a pretty young woman, about thirty years of age, moved to Phoenixville and introduced herself as Miss Margaret Devereaux. She possessed a fine soprano voice and was soon in great demand 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 of Phoenixville 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 reunited Brooklyn family. The very atmosphere of the Moody home

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 cushions. —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 alling 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 chipped potato parings. —Do not startle a child. Many nervous diseases 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 epicure. —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 may be made into little patties and filled with jam. —Dollies 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 polish, 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 wiped dry before frying. This not only keeps the liver tender but softens the meat. —Pulverize a teaspoonful of borax; put in your last rinsing water and your clothes will come out white instead of yellow. —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 fry.

—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 1785. —In cleaning a sewing machine with paraffin, never allow it to remain on the machine, 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 windows closed for twelve hours; then air thoroughly and the room is habitable. —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 surface. —To remove white marks from mahogany furniture rub the stains with a mild sweet oil. Rub it off and then apply a few drops of spirits of wine and polish with an oil 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 clear 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.

MADE YOUNG AGAIN.—"One of Dr. King's New Life Pills each night for two weeks has put me in my 'teens' again!" writes D. H. Turner of Dempsseytown, Pa. They're the best in the world for Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Purely vegetable. Nerve gripe. Only 25 cents at F. P. Green's drug store.

—Scribble for the WATCHMAN.