

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 23. 1900.

THE PARSON'S LIMIT.

He'd been preaching and exorting For a score of years or so

In a portion of the vineyard Where the harvesting was slow, Where the temporal inducement.

For his ceaseless diligence Was a promise of four hundred For his yearly recompense

Unrelenting was the ardor He devoted to the cause,

And, though slowly came the dollars. Still he labored without pause,

Till one day they came and told him, As he kicked against the pricks. That they'd raised their offered stipene

From four hundred up to six. Then the good man sank exhausted

As he feebly made reply:
"Don't, I pray you men and brethren, Thus my patience overtry, For to glean the four you've promised

Hath so warped my vital store That 'twould kill me if you taxed me To collect two hundred more !"

Boston Courier

HER APPLAUSE.

The Little Contralto was not really so very little, but she stood between a tall soprano and a still loftier barytone, and the people who screwed round their heads and looked up from the pews below naturally measured her against the surrounding heights. Moreover, the contralto—the solo-ist—was amply developed in all three dimensions, and therefore the adjective of size was a most convenient one for distinguishing the singer of second rank from her who stood in the front row and placidly returned the stares of curious worshippers; for the wealthy and fashionable congrega tion was rather proud of its choir and fond of discussing all the singers, even those in the chorus, but of course it could not be

expected to remember all the names.

Now the Big Contralto and her husband were fond of going to grand opera and stopping in for a little bite to eat afterward. They did this one Saturday night, and coming out of the cafe early Sunday morning a trifle over-heated-for the room was -found the streets stuffed with a cold raw fog. The result was that a direful soreness settled down on the throat of the Big Contralto, and kept her at home all day manipulating poultices, gargles, and what not. She sent word to the organist to omit her solo from the special musical service in the afternoon. But the organist swore, as if it were any week-day, and shook his head: the programs were all printed, on little squares of heavy glazed paper, and the wealthy and fashionable congregation must not be disappointed by the omission of a number; in short, the Little Contralto must sing the solo.

joyful hope that it nearly burst its lodgings-and crescendos. "I shall be more than satisfied if I can got through any way," away the fog and substituted a sky that she thought; "I can't hope to do feeling laughed like a blue-eyed girl, so the atwork. I shall feel nothing but that forest tendance was sure to be large. "This is of ears turned toward me dow my great day of days," she thought. "Now at last—oh, if I could only flash out like a "Then the minister advanced to the minist I'm so glad it's Sullivan's 'God Shall Wipe

Away All Tears.' I love it !" was very early. When little pen fenced off for the choir from the vealed the broad field of red-lined pews below, through which two vergers, blackrobed and stooping from the hips, were clacking softly about on the tiled pavements, bringing in the stack of silver collection-plates and making other prepara-The tall memorial windows, untouched by the sun, so far from lighting Then the soprano nudged her elbow, and the place, only cast a rich mantle over the

vergers were there; however, they were not looking, so she raised her skirts surprisingly high, swept with exaggerated majesty down to the front row, turned, raised her evebrows, and bowed loftily to the tenor's vacant chair, to the Big Contralto's, and breath and moistened her lips, while her to the basso's in gleeful mockery of the haughty soprano's manner. Then she noticed something in a dark corner of the gallery. "Gracious Peter! There's a per- but so strange in the stillness that she she dropped on her knees as if in prayer. The person looking was a shrinking little looked up into her face, then made some

from her plain bonnet. occupied in practicing. Hers was a sensitive nature, with a great hunger for applause—a temperament crueler to its possessor than the Inquisition—and she was an enthusiast on music. To fill one's world with melody—to preach with that sweet eloquence, richer than ever spoken words can hope to be, that nobler rhetoric which speaks so intimately yet so mysteriously to the germ of purity within each one of us-this was her dream. "Oh, Professor," she had once said to the organist, who was also her teacher of singing, 'I would rather fail in singing than succeed in anything else." You see, she was an

"My favorite pupil, be happy! Your ambition will be gratified," the organist

"Oh, Professor!" with a little grasp of joy. "Yes," he continued with a twinkle in his eye, "you will fail in singing-"

"Oh. Professor!" "Until you learn to forget that you have a voice. You sing too much with your

'Why-'' in an aggrieved tone, 'shall I sing with my ears?" This was flippant, but he was too deeply interested in the

head and replied: "You would be surer of fame if you could." Then, seriously: "Believe me, no singer was ever truly great by the voice. No, the voice may be marvellous, dazzling, like the flashing of sunbeams on the waves, but it is not great with the greatness of the ocean. Mrs. Rossmore has a voice-heautiful-pure-but you feel as if a snow storm had passed—co-old! Ah, my dear young lady," springing up and shaking both

She was thinking of this as she sat in the dark gallery slowly pulling off her gloves. It frightened her a little. "How can I help being self-conscious, when it is my first solo in church?" she asked herself. "He says my tones are sticky all over with rules and methods, like fresh stain on wood, and I shall never do anything till they soak in and become second nature. I suppose he is right. Oh, if I should fail—and be laughed at!" Her cheeks burned in the darkness.

Presently a man came in and began to the church, extinguishing the glory of stained glass, and bringing out the warm tints of the interior, the red pews, the She saw the little widow now-a sweet face whose hollow eyes and every trait told of bereavement, desolation of the heart, and patient sorrow. Intermittent streams of worshippers began to trickle up the aisles, with a rustling of skirts and a clacking of pew doors. Somehow the Little Contralto's fright seemed to increase with each new arrival, and as the members of the choir came in, one by one, her heart sank as an elevator drops from floor to floor, and with the same internal commo tion that the dropping produces. Each one asked for the Big Contralto, who was usually an early arrival. The sopranothe owner of the icy voice—raised her eye-brows and said, "Isn't that too bard!" And when the Little Contralto faltered, "I am to sing her solo," she was sure the corners of the other's mouth twitched sarcastically. Then the tenor—she never could bear him, anyway, because his face was broader than it was long-he gave an unnecessarily protracted expression of regret, and merely said "Oh!" when the soprano told him of the unhappy little substitute. The handsome basso frankly smiled. This might easily have signified pleasure and good-will, but the Little Contralto knew it was amusement, and hated him. She leaned on the railing with her pale face in her hands, quite miserable, and sorely tempted to give up and go home sick. The variegated throng below, whispering, smiling, fanning, settling themselves comfortably on the seats, seemed to her like the pitiless Roman populace lounging at ease in the amphitheatre to enjoy some

martyr's death. At length the organist arrived. He seemed to appreciate her feelings at a glance, for he came down and laid a privileged hand on her shoulder, with a smile of encouragement. "It will be all right," he whispered, "only don't forget to forget that voice. And remember," tapping with one finger over his heart, "it is greater to stir one human heart than to tickle forty

connoisseurs." The choir arose, the building shook with the first rumble of the organ, and the clergy marched in, preceded by a solemn verger in gold eye-glasses. The Little Contralto's heart-sickness gradually evaporated as the service progressed. The broad swing of the anthems and well-known hymns, the strong voices singing with her, gave courage and confidence. But during the long pray-The buttons on the Little Contralto's ers her nerves became shaky again. tailor-made gown had their hands full as the minister prayed for peace she was she walked to church that afternoon, for anxiously running over the air she was to her heart was so distended with pride and sing, and mentally rehearsing its pianissimos "This is of ears turned toward me down there. Oh,

Then the minister advanced to the chancel comet or something and startle the world! rail and placidly read the program of the "special musical service," and when he mentioned the contralto solo she started climbed the winding stairs and entered the time she had heard of it. It was the second number, following an "Aria for Bass," gallery pews the church was dark and still. through which she trembled, and locked A few electric lamps, turned very low, re- and unlocked her clammy fingers. The basso sat down and there was a pause. Heavens! how indifferent the people were! They sat unmoved, fanning, dreaming, as f magnificent work like this were an every day matter. She had often noticed but never before felt it, this heart-chilling, unapplausive propriety of a church audience.

deepened gloom.

The Little Contralto gave one glance round. She was excited, and would have round. She was excited, and would have faculties, but they were slipping away like scared dogs. Her feet and hands were cold scared dogs. Her feet and hands were cold scared dogs. she stood up quickly in confusion. upon herself. There was nothing to fear ! But what is abuse or argument to a stampeded nervous system? The organ was sounding the prelude, and she drew a deep

She opened her mouth and a voice floatson looking!" and to cover her confusion scarcely recognized it. Before she had sung two bars a woman below turned and woman scarcely visible in the gloom, but smiling remark to a companion. The singher thin gray hair caught a ray from some ing wavered. Some one up in the front lamp. A widow's veil was thrown back pews coughed, then another answered from the rear; two girls were tittering together After a decent period the Little Contralto rose and slipped into a chair. It was her first opportunity for thought since she had learned of her calling and election at the since she had learned of her calling the since she ha morning service, for the interval had been organ. I am failing." Thereupon she flatted a high note and cut another short to save herself from breaking down, and imagined she heard the wide-faced tenor whispering remarks to the soprano. There were two pages more of this agony before her—she would rather have had the dentist prying round with his screw-driver in a back tooth-and the hardest part was the knowledge that she was doing herself an injustice, frightful, perhaps irremediable. If she could only control herself, cast off this confusion, forget-ah! the organist was right-forget her voice for one little

moment, she might yet save the day. There came a pause, brief but blessed The discouraged singer passed her hand-kerchief quickly across her forehead and cast a timid glance around the balcony. All eyes were upon her, of course. Some were critical, others indifferent; but the little gray-haired widow was leaning forward with clasped hands, and the expression on her deep-lined motherly face was of tender sympathy and concern.

"You dear little sorrow-worn soul, I will sing to you," thought the Little Contralto, with a rush of feeling; "you have suffered-I will sing this all for you" With the stirring of that kindly emotion it seemed as if her inner spirit had burst young woman's success to indulge indigna-tion, so he smiled kindly as he shook his the air with a deep breath of joy. It met the soul of the master-composer pouring again from the great pipes of the organ, and her whole being thrilled with the embrace. They were throbbing in unisonhis soul and hers; she sang on, exalted, vivified. One after another turned and ooked up in surprise, but they could not shake her, for her thoughts had left the

earth behind

"Neither sorrow nor crying, Neither shall there be any more pain. And God shall wipe away all tears-all tears from their eyes.'

The full tones swelled and died in cadences of velvet softness. The end was reached. The Little Contralto started at the thought that she had been singing in She had forgotten-lost herself. How had she done? Had she failed? There was a creaking of pew backs as the people shifted their positions, the coughing began again in all directions, the two girls arrange the music on the organ and the still giggling. But the little widow in the stands. Then the lights went up all over dark corner, what was she doing? Gently sobbing in her handkerchief.

And the Little Contralto, too, taken by surprise, just choked off a rising sob; but deep blue ceiling, and the frescoed walls. she knew that she had not altogether failed.-Reginald Banfield Chase, in Harper' Bazar.

A War Directory.

The following list will be found useful by readers of the war news. The pronuniation of the more difficult words is give

Aapies River (Arpies)-Runs through retoria into the Limpopo. Afrikander-A white man born in South Africa, of European stock.

Berg-A mountain. Bethulie (Beth-ooly) - Town in Drange Free State. Biltong-Boer provender. Dried meat. Boer-A peasant.

Burgher-Males over 16 years old posessing the franchise.
Commandant—Commander. Commando-A body of Boers.

Commandeer - To mobilize; to requisi-Dam-An artificial lake. Disselboom-Pole of an 'ox wagon. Donga-A water hole or deep ditch.

Dop—Boer brandy.
Dopper—The Puritanical-Lutheran Boer Dorp—A village. Drift—A ford. Etshowe (Etsh-owy) - Camp in Zululand.

Residence of Commissi Field Cornet-A magistrate with certain nilitary powers. Fontein—A spring. Gaberoues(Gab-ber-oons)—Very impor-

ant native town, ninety miles north of Mafeking. Geldenhuis (Geld-den-hise) — Formerly nember of the Volksraad for Johannes

Griqualand West (Greek-a-land) District f Kimberley diamond mines. Kantoor (Kantore) -- Rocky mining valy near Barberton, in Transvaal. Klip-A stone. Kloof-A ravine.

Komati Poort (Ko-marty-poort) -- Bordrtown, Transvaal and Portuguese terri-Kopje-A hillock.

Kraal-A cattle pound, or collection of native huts. Krantz-A cleft between hills Laager-A Boer camp.

Mealies-Indian corn; staple food of naves, and much grown and used by the Boers for bread, etc Nek-The saddle connecting two hills.

Oorlog-War. Palapswe (Pal-larp-sway) - Very large ative town in Bechuanaland, Chief Kha-

na's headquarters. Poort-A pass between or over the moun-

Pont-A ferry. Ramathlabama (Ray-math-lay-barm-er) -Near Mafeking; British camp. Rooinek—Literally red neck. Boer term or English soldiers.

Schuin's Hoogte (Skeins-hoog-tay)—Hill n Natal; just over the Transvaal border. Battle in war of 1881. Sluit-A dry ditch Spruit-A small stream

Taal-Boer Low Dutch Language. Trek-Traveling by ox wagon. Uitlander-A nonburgher of the Trans-Veldt-The South African prairie.

Veldt Cornet-See Field Cornet. Vereeniging (Fur-eeny-ging)—First sta-ion on the Transvaal side of the Vaal River Custom-house. Vierkleur-The four-colored Boer flag,

ed, white, blue and green. Vlei-A small lake Voorlooper-The boy leading the first pan of an ox team. Voortrekker—The older generation Boers, who took part in the Great Trek of

Zarp-A Boer policeman. Zoutspansberg (Zoot-pans-berg) — Very large northern district of Transvaal. Highv mineralized.

Like An Antediluvian.

Death of a Man Who Lived Longer Than Any Other

The other day Jesus de Garcia died near Chino, Santa Cruz, Cal. He was the oldest California Mission Indian. For many years he received help from neighbors, but of late the county has aided him. He was often seen gathering brush from the road-side and fields, with which to make the fires to cook his meple. He asserted he was 140 years old, and the county star ingering in his memory seemed to give force to the assertion. He said that he helped in the building of the San Gabriel mission and also remembered the erection of the San

Luis Rey mission. and withered, looking the age attributed him. He was out in a field, and it is presumed that he dropped down and his strength failing him, was unable to rise. When found he had reached the end of his

long life. There is no way to verify his statement as to the age through the mission records, because he was born before the missions were established in California, He was a very old man when the oldest inhabitants of Chino and vicinity were boys. Some years ago an Indian named Justiana Rosas died in Santa Cruz at the age of 123 years. But Garcia, if the story is true, lived longer than any other man since Methuselah passed away. In all of Garcia's existence it is not believed that he had ever been 100

miles away from the place he was born in. Not Kept in Stock.

The young married woman had been telephoning to the grocer's for an order of supplies, says the Detroit Free Press. A girl had taken her order and had just said goodby. Suddenly the young married attorney for his county and District Judge, woman remembered that she had a turkey in which latter office he was serving when for tomorrow's dinner and must have some thing with which to make the dressing.

"Hello," she called hurriedly. Then a pleasant girl's voice answered 'Hello.'

"I want you to send up two loaves of stale bread," said the Y. M. W.

Worked Their Way Up.

New Men in Congrese Who Have Risen From Lowly Rank Among the Toilers.

Among the new members of the Fiftysixth Congress there is an unusually large proportion of what are known as "self-made" men-men who have risen from lowly stations to places of honor and trust by force of their own efforts and merits. Young Americans may learn some salutary essons from the careers of some of our present law-makers, says the Chicago "Inter

Ocean. About the biggest jump is that made by Francis W. Cushman of Tacoma, Wash. This is his first year in the House, and in attaining this honor he has passed through the successive stages of common laborer, or section hand on a railroad to cowboy; from the ranch to the lumber camp, to teaching, to the law and finally to Congress. He started in Iowa, From there Nebraska, and from Nebraska to Washington.

Only twenty-five years ago James W. Ryan was driving mules in Mahoney City, Pa. When a mere lad his parents moved to this mining town, and young Ryan began to make money by driving a mule cart about in the mines. By this means he supported himself till he was 16 years old Then he was graduated from the high school. His high marks brought him into such prominence with the school board that they offered him the position of teacher in the public schools. He saved enough money to carry him through the four years needed to study law. Admitted to the bar he soon began to make a mark, and now he

is a member of the national Congress.

The career of John L. Sheppard of Texas is not dissimilar. His father died when he was only a boy, and his mother took up a small farm in Texas, moving there from Alabama. Between the seasons of planting and harvesting the boy studied bard and faithfully. When he was sufficiently advanced in the common branches he began to study law. This he did entirely home reading and without tuition. He was admitted to the bar, however, and a practice of only three years brought him sufficiently before the public to bring him the district attorneyship of seven counties. The next step was judgeship, and the next his present distinguished posi-

The Pacific coast has also furnished self-made man. This is Russel J. Waters of California. He was raised on a farm in Massachusetts. He worked at odd jobs as a factory hand, and in his spare moments attended school. He learned the trade of a machinist. What he knew of lessons fired Him with a desire to know more, and he continued to study hard. He went to a finishing school and worked himself up there in to a professorship in Latin and mathematics. Obeying the mandate, "Young man, go West!" he emigrated to Chicago, studied law, pushed further West to California, engaged in banking, gas, and publishing enterprises, and became prominent in many public institutions in Los Angeles, whence he now returns across the continent to begin his career as a national states-

man. James C. Needham, from the Seventh California district, was born at Carson City Nev., in an emigrant wagon, while his parents were pressing across the plains to California. From public schools young Needham passed through college, entered the War Department at Washington, was graduated in law, and now ten years later comes to Congress. He never previously held any

elective office. In the Middle States, Gilbert Haugan of Iowa had a remarkable career. He was a merchant at the age of 14. In the first two yrs. of small sales he had saved up enough to make the first deposit in payment for a farm. When only 18 he purchased a farm and continued his education until equipped to enter a business college. He was thus enabled to pursue hardware, grain, live stock implement and importation enterprises. From township and county offices he reached his state Legislature, which proved, as in many cases, his way to Congress.

Farming was the first occupation of two other Iowa Congressman, McPherson and Smith. The former reached Washington by way of the law school, district attorney ship, and state attorney-general ship. The latter taught school until able to purchase some law books and enter law school, whence he went into successful practice, stepping into the capitol from his district

William A. Reeder began his career as a school teacher. He was 14 years old when he first became a pedagogue. He followed his vocation in the public schools until 33 years old, saving enough to enter the bank-ing business and to establish the largest ir-

rigation farm in his state. Phanor Breazeale, of Louisiana, clerked in a dry goods store, studied law, edited a newspaper, and was elected district attor-ney before receiving the Congressional nom-

From the bench of clothing cutter to the House of Representatives was the strides made by Frank C. Watcher, who comes from Maryland. After learning his trade, he developed the industry of examining, adjusting, and refining woolen clothes.

Henry C. Smith, of Michigan, was em-

ployed as a farm and factory hand until 18, when he commenced to work himself Garcia was short in stature, wrinkled through college by doing chores for a farmer in return for his board and by teaching during vacations. He was chosen orator for his college in an intercollegiate contest, and his eloquence brough him so much into public notice that he was engaged to stump for the Greenback campaign under Zach Chandler, then chairman of the Republican state committee, He subsequentbegan to practice law and has participat ed in every campaign since his first.

> Edgar Weeks, also of Michigan, climbed the ladder of success to national importance by the rounds of printer's apprentice, law student, soldier, newspaper proprietor, prosecuting attorney and Probate Judge. Joseph W. Fordney, his colleague, began life in the lumber woods, logging and estimating pine timber, and thus acquired a practical knowledge of the lumber bus ness, in which he has since grown wealthy Until within 20 years John S. Robinson, of Nebraska, was working as a mechanic i a hinge factory in West Virginia, where he saved sufficient to begin the study of law at the age of 23. Moving West, he became

nominated for Congress. From a common molder to leading criminal lawyer of his state was the record made, in only a few years by William D, Daly from the Hoboken, N. J. district. He was made leader of his party on the floor of the New Jersey Assembly immediately upon entering that body; later became his party's leader in the State Senate, and in his late Congressional campaign sang the Little Contralto. Her voice soared voice can only sing with your soul if you would sing into theirs."

stale bread," said the Y. M. W.

"Madam," answered the same pleasant voice, "we don't keep stale bread at the like a bird that has regained its liberty. He was made leader of his party on the

earned the distinction of whipping Major Z. K. Pangborn, the veteran school teacher

whipped Daly.
Thomas Cusack, from one of the Chicago listricts, began business as a sign painter and grew rich in an extension of his trade

before entering successful politics.

George W. Weymouth, Fitchburg, Mass. began as a minor employe in the mills of his native town. He is now president and director in half the business enterprises in

that up-to-date city. William S. Green, of Fall River, Mass. began life as a clerk in an insurance office He subsequently went into the same business for himself. He added the calling of an auctioneer to that of insurance, and had as well a very considerable clientage of pa-trons in real-estate transactions.

Farmer Killed His Neighbor. His Daughter, Who was Sitting Up With Her Beau

Took Him for a Burglar A load of shot from farmer David S. Long's gun carried death to John Becker, housebreaker, at Long's home, in North Cornwall township, Lebanon county, on Sunday night. The man was shot in the

back as he was fleeing from the place, and he was instantly killed. Long surrendered himself to the authorities, disclaiming any intention to kill. He was held in \$1,000 bail on a charge of involuntary manslaughter.

The farmer and his wife had retired, and Miss Eva Long, a daughter, was enter-

taining a man in the parlor, when the young people's attention was attracted by the furious barking of the dogs in their kennels, and then the noise of some one on the front porch. After hearing a window raised and then foot falls on the floor above. Miss Long aroused her father. Securing a gun, and against the wisher

of his wife and daughter, who feared he would be shot, Long, accompanied by the young man, who carried a lantern, went in search of the burglar. They heard the man coming downstairs, and hurried to the porch just in time to see him climbing hrough an open window.

The fellow was disappearing in the darkness when Long fired, aiming low, as he says, to wound him in the legs. As the gun was discharged the stranger leaped off the porch, and the load, instead of striking him in the legs, entered his back and pass-ed through his heart. The body was carried into the house and Long identified the dead man, whom he had formerly employ-ed as a laborer. Becker was 28 years old and unmarried. His home was at Mid-

An examination of the house showed that Becker had gained entrance by forcing window. Five rooms on the second floor were disturbed, but no booty was found on Becker's body.

Found in a Closet

wo Boys Missing Since August-A Spring Lock Imprisoned Them

Plumbers working in an unoccupied ouse on Edgecomb avenue, New York, on Tuesday found in a closet the decomposed bodies of two boys. They were identified by their parents as Martin Loefler, aged 9, and Charles Byrnes, aged 11. They had been missing since August 3rd last, when they left their homes nearby, saying they were going to pick apples. The building in which the bodies were found is a new flat house, and has never been occupied. When it was completed it was locked up, and all that remained to be done on it was

the plumbing. Tuesday afternoon two plumbers entered the strong odor. It was strongest on the days later in Rose Hill cemetry. second floor. They opened a closet built into the wall, and there found the bodies

of the boys. The door has a spring lock and no knob inside, so that a person entering and clos-ing the door would be unable to get out again unless it was opened from the outside. It is supposed the boys were playing hide and seek, and went into the closet

and closed the door. The whole city was searched for the boys last August, their pictures published in the newspapers and the river dragged, and their parents had given up all hope of ever hearing from them.

Cost of War \$355,000,000.

Expenses Thus far Largely Due to Philippine Seizure The New York Herald says: From the beginning of the war with Spain to the present time the total expenditures of the Government on account of that war and on account of the hostilities in the Philippines amount to about \$355,000,000, as follows

The national defense fund of \$50,000,000 voted by Congress at the commencement of the war was placed at the disposal of the President without any limitations whatver, and allotments from it were made to the various departments to meet expenditures for which Congress has not specifical-

y appropriated. largest allotment, \$29,973,274,22. was made to the Navy Department, and was principally used for the purchase of essels, guns, ammunition and supplies.

-The largest orchards in the world are those of the Millers, of Hampshire county, and Pancake, of Romney, West Virginia. Descriptions and views of those rehards have been sent to the Paris Exposition. During the past year they cleared 1,735 acres of timber land in the heart of the Allegheny Mountains and planted last fall 181,000 trees. With their bearing or-chards, from which they shipped over 100 carloads of peaches and plums two years ago, they now have 200,000 peach and plum trees.

SUNSET.

God sits upon the mountains. As a robe The clouds enwrap him; and the abashed Slips at His back away. Dependent man ! What hast thou done with this, thy latest

day, Now passing from thee? What have been its deeds ? And, sum thy tho'ts as deeds, for such

Shaping thy being for its final part Among the immortalities. Hast scarred th

Or fashioned it toward beauty, since the dawn? -Mrs. Rebecca Lauck Turner, in the Methodist Magazine.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The Biblical Millennium and Union of Denominations.

I have been verily delighted reading, in what we call "secular" newspapers, re-ports of the discussion concerning the 'Biblical Millennium" and Union of Christians Denominations. It is specially 'pleasant'' because the discussion seems to e conducted in a Christian spirit. If it were otherwise I should have no word to express on the subject. The free and tolerant discussion of such subjects in the papers will always provide a public and

everlasting benefit.

As to the Biblical Millennium we know just enough to charitably differ; enough to secure what God has wisely ordered for us to "Watch" and "Be ye also ready."
The "Post" and the "Pre" in the Millennium will never appear until the good

time coming is here. Perhaps the same may be said of the mode of baptism. Christians everywhere continue to differ in their belief and practice on that subject, leaving room for "charity," but never for unchristian controversy. Certain it is, we have never seen more "charity" manifest among Christians on that subject than there is today.

In regard to the union of Christian denominations, I sincerely hope that our scholarly Doctors of Divinity will continue to preach and write about it and never think of ceasing to do this good and needful Gospel service. In his last prayer for believers Christ prayed in three petitions

"That they all may be one."

The great Apostle exhorts all Christians to attain unto "unity" and "love which is

the bond of perfectness."
As a Presbyterian I fully believe that the six or more separate denominations of Presbyterians should unite and form one

Presbyterian family in the church.

I believe, also, that the seven or more separate Methodist denominations, and a similar number of the Baptist divisions, should do likewise. For obvious reasons, there are too many churches of these divided flocks. For more than fifty years I have never yet met a prominent business man who did not agree with me on this point. Mankind set apart in separate families is Scriptural, but certain separations without cause in the same family is not Scriptural. In Canada five separate Methodist denominations, the M. E., P. E., B. C., W. M. and P. M. (Methodist Episcopal, Protestant Methodists, Bible Christians, Wesleyan Methodists and Primitive Methodists) have united under one name, "The Methodist." Divine guidance "Jesus Christ the Head over all things to the church," the one church of the future will formulate in His

time and in His way.

We should pray, speak and write freely concerning it, for Christ would never have prayed that prayer if it were not to be answered and realized "That they all may be R. CRITTENDEN

A Marvelous Story.

A Man Finds His Wife Alive In Her Coffin After She Had Been Buried Three Days.

Bishop Samuel Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal church, told in Chicago on Saturday a marvelous story of physical phenomena, in which he asserted that a husband heard his wife calling after she had been buried, and that on hastily reopening the grave, found her unconscious but still alive. The minister declined to give the real names, using the name of Smith. As Fallow's tells the story, some years ago Mrs. Charles Smith, the wife of a young man living on the North side, was taken seriously ill and died in a short time. She was

She was buried in the afternoon. In the middle of the night Mr. Smith was awakened by some one calling his name. He heard the name two or three times. Charles" very distinctly. He did not associate the voice with any one he knew, and said to himself that it was an hallucniation. Being a man of materialistic views, he attached no superstitious meaning to the matter, and soon fell into a troubled sleep

again. After a little while he was awakened by the voice again, this time more insistant: "Charles, Charles, Charles!"

Just as day was breaking, for the third time he heard the call again, this time entreatingly, the minister declares. This time he recognized the voice very distinctly as that of his wife. Moved by some unexplainable impulse, he sprang up, searched the room throughly, found no one, and rushed into where a friend was asleep. "Come, get up! We must go to Rose Hill,

he cried His friend tried to dissuade him. but to no purpose. They harnessed a horse to a light buggy, took spades and pickaxes, and drove to the cemetry at daybreak et breakneck speed. As quickly as they dug down to the coffin, and opened it. The young

wife was just turning over in the casket. Although alive, she was unconscious. Presumable she had been in a stupor the entite time. She was taken home, recovered anc is alive today. She has no idea that she was ever buried alive, and probably if she had known all of the circumstances at that time the shock would have killed her. She was told that she had been very ill, and had recovered almost miraculously.

Another Elopement. The Man 42 ears Old, the Girl Only 14.

A story cornes from Austin, Potter county to the effer that Frank Blodgett, an itinerant preacher, and who is 42 years old eloped a few nights ago with Carrie, the 14 year old daughter of James Howland. Blodgett had been employed some time by Mr. Howland. He is well known in certain sections of Clinton, Potter, Lycoming counties, he having made speeches at different times. He showed a fondness for Howland's daughter, but the parents never suspected any thing wrong, owing to the tender age of the child. They were rudely awakened recently by Blodgett asking that he be allowed to marry the girl. This the parents refused to do and the elopement was the result. Carrie retired that night as usual, and some time in the early morning, it, was discovered that she was not in her room. Part of her wardrobe was gone and Blodgett also had disappeared. It is believed that they went

STOOD DEATH OFF .- E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a grave-digger. He says: "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but continued their use until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life." This remedy expels malaria, kills disease germs and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, cures constipation, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, female complaints; gives perfect health. Only 50 cents at F. P. Green's drug store.

to New York state.