

SAYS THE WORLD IS FLAT

Canadian City Clerk also Says Earth is Stationary.

NOLAW OF GRAVITATION

Is Willing to Debate the Question With Scientists.—Earth Rests on Water Not Air.

It is asserted that on the Niagara peninsula, five out of six persons believe that the earth we live on is flat and not globular.

Mr. McClelland is well educated and has made extensive study of astronomy. After much investigation he concluded that the earth is flat, and rests on water instead of air.

The earth, Mr. McClelland thinks, is stationary, while the sun travels back and forth above it.

Mr. McClelland points to the fact that the sun and moon are both seen shining at the same time, as unassailable evidence that the earth is not ball-like in shape.

He scorns the gravitation theory. There is no such thing as gravitation, he contends, and he asserts that the theory is merely an invention of astronomers to bolster up the superstition, as he calls it, that the earth is a globe.

As for the moon, Mr. McClelland is confident that it is not more than 500 miles away. The theory that the stars are as big as the earth is pronounced altogether ridiculous.

Mr. McClelland issued a challenge recently to members of the Royal astronomical society, living in Toronto and Hamilton, to meet him on the public platform and publicly discuss with him the question whether the earth is round or flat.

Then Mr. McClelland posted an offer, and it stands to-day, to pay \$100 for a single proof that the earth is round like a ball.

Believers in Mr. McClelland's theory can't understand why the astronomers don't come forward if they have any evidence that the earth is a globe.

Falling in his attempts to get up a debate with astronomers, Mr. McClelland is going to give a lecture in Hamilton on astronomy, and he has invited Toronto and Hamilton astronomers to take seats on the platform.

When Dr. Marsh and his friends heard that he was in the hall, they foiled his plans by taking up all the time themselves, and Mr. McClelland didn't get a chance to say a word.

The Elephant as Nurse.

A woman in India tells this story of an elephant's skill as a nurse.—"Thou art hungry doubtless, big mother," said Remmi, emerging presently from the hut with the baby in her arms.

WATCHING A NAVAL BATTLE.

Disappointing When Considered as a Spectacle.

One of the most disappointing things in this world is to witness a naval battle," said an old-time war correspondent who was present at Santiago when Cervera's fleet was destroyed.

"At a distance of a mile from the scene of the fighting, about all the sounds heard on water is a succession of dull thuds very unlike the crash of giant guns and cannons fired ashore.

"About the only magnificent sight afforded by the modern battleship in action is the tongues of flame as they leap out of the throats of the great guns to the accompaniment of puffs of white smoke.

"To prove what slight noise is heard from a gun at sea, let me tell you an instance when our press boat was chased by a Spanish gunboat that was firing at us for an hour without us knowing it.

"Do you s'pose that fellow is following us, or do you think he is just doing patrol duty?" I asked the Captain.

"We'll find out pretty quick," was the answer, as the prow of our steamer was headed about and we started on a new tack.

"Out of the darkness from the direction of the gunboat came a flash of lightning.

"We're going to have a storm, I think, I remarked to the Captain. 'Did you see that lightning?'

"We kept our eyes peeled for the storm and were watching the gunboat, which had changed its course, proving that it was heading for us, when a second flash of lightning came out of the darkness.

"We're going to get something worse than a storm if we don't look out—those dagoes are firing at us!" said the Captain. "We haven't a light aboard, but they can keep track of us by the smoke out of the funnel. I should say they were about three miles off."

"Can't you get a bit more of a wiggle on you?" I asked, anxiously. "Seems to me they are closing up on us."

"They were closing up indeed, and the worst of it was that our coal was of little use for steaming purposes. The Captain called the steward, who said he had eleven cans of lard that might be helpful, and lard in that climate being like so much liquid oil we took it below and threw it on the coal, and it sent up a blaze that reached like a torch clear out of the top of the funnel.

How the Japanese Army Moves



on the Backs of Korean Coolies.

Gold in Manchuria.

In Manchuria gold has been found along the Amur river and its tributaries in the north, on the Sungari and its tributaries in the center, and in the Chang-Palshan mountains and the Liaotung peninsula in the north.

IN LONDON TOWN

My young Southern cousin and I were doing the National Gallery. We were in the Turner Room, surrounded by those pictures for all the world like a series of inverted sunsets.

I was weary with the task and turned toward a seat with a hope of persuading Adele to rest a bit, when my eye fell on the occupants of two chairs nearest us.

Evidently two of London's smart set. They had reached a crisis. By what ways they had arrived I could not guess. They were utterly oblivious of their surroundings. She was a dainty bit of a woman, awfully chic in appearance, very little, pretty, fitted out better than even Bond Street's best.

He sat sidewise, his arm over the back of his chair; she rested her forearm against the back of her chair and her hand lay in his naturally, as a lotus bud rests upon its element.

A second, and the eye took in the details of this living picture. I gave a gasp of surprise—of sympathy.

"What's the matter?" asked Adele. My eyes carried hers to the two.

"Nonsense. They are too old for romance," declared Adele with the insouciance of youth.

They were of my own time and generation, but then I myself felt somewhat the worse for wear.

"That's the very little woman we saw yesterday as we came from our stall to Greenwich. I remember the peculiar shade of that gown."

The same woman, but I had not recalled her face until Adele spoke. I had not noted the tint of her gown. Somehow the remembrance of the look of her face against the gray stones of the pier made me feel as if I were weaving the web of some story about the dainty little creature.

"Adele," I said, "if you are going to do that Hogarth cuddy yonder go by yourself. I will wait here."

I sat thinking of a crisis of my own to which I had come long ago, when I heard the little woman say:

"It must end, Hugh. Yesterday when we came up from the river, you know—we passed a poor girl crouched on the stone steps. You hurried me on when I would have stopped to give her a shilling or two. You said: 'You must not even breathe the air with such.' We were gay with our gay companions, all laughingly hurrying from the rain. She—do you recall her face? Where do you suppose she is now? In the river?"

I recalled the girl. Such passive despair, I, having had no one to prevent me, flung her a sixpence or two. But that girl wanted a richer gift than any in that passing crowd had for giving. She wanted—Death.

"What does the girl matter?" said the man; "what is she to us?" "You would not let me give her a shilling—she gave me—"

"Gave you?" "Sight of her gave me insight, Hugh. Gave me sight of myself. I am as she is—"

"Dorothy." The pain in the man's voice was acrid.

"In the sight of our world—in sight of heaven, Hugh, we have done no harm, unless loving be so; but, Hugh, the spirit of the law! I keep saying over and over to myself, 'I am as she is—'"

The man said nothing, but I would not have worn his face then for a block of Standard Oil stock.

"It must end, Hugh—we met too late. Over and over I keep saying: I am like her—like her."

"Come, old poke," cried Adele, coming toward me, for she had done the shrimp girl and the marriage in a mode series in short order. "Take me away back to that Madonna of Carlo Dolci's with the dear bright flowers, but—never mind, so old, so tired—"

"I swear I am but forty. I will go with you, will let your old bones get a little rest."

So we went. As we went toward the great iron gates our view of Landseer's lions was obstructed by a glittering trap, the restlessness of the two splendid horses attracting notice of the passer-by. Said one:

"Lady Dorothy Lumley's." I had a name for the heroine of my new story that was a-weaving.

Two days later I read in the Times: "Died of heart failure, Lady Dorothy Lumley, wife of —," and the rest of it.

It gave me quite a turn and I should have sat all day with only my pipe for companion, moaning over the death of a woman I had seen but twice, but that Adele had tired of all London had to show and craved now a certain American wild flower—Southern, that.

I thought I knew a little shop where, if anywhere except along its own Alabama brookside, it might be found. So we started on our search: Adele, at my side, teasing to be petted and prettily homesick, for Adele was pretty at anything.

Arrived, Adele was in her element. She found among the flowers new friends and greeted old, but could not discover her calyanthis.

given: "Lord Lumley's, 59 Grosvenor street." Started, I turned. Was that dainty little ghost of a woman going to haunt me?

One of those perfect valets, next to speechless before his employers, loquacious with his kind, was ordering to the given address heaps of lilies, white passion flowers and what not—all that could be found in the cold candor of snowy scented blossoming.

"Says my master, says 'e: 'Get the best.' Oh, 'e's a great 'un. Up'n go with 'im—'e don't change 'is mind first. A day ago it was h-America, and 'im going to 'unt mountain lions in New Mexico. Now, to-day, it's h-off to the wars, it is."

"Gentleman in khaki ordered South, is 'e?" "Gentleman goin' South. No change this tie. 'E just stopped me in 'our parkin' long enough to send me 'ere, and, says 'e: 'Get the best.' Oh, 'e's a great 'un, Sir Hugh Claverling."

The hero of the story that was a-weaving had found a name.

The little shopman, elated to very unsalesmanlike zeal by Adele's joy in his collection, with utter disregard of his own business or knowledge—but he should let that of others alone—was about to present to Adele the rest of my day, by telling her that she could gain sight and scent of her longed-for bloom at Kew Gardens.

Just as the lead of cool, white blossoming splendor left the shop Adele said she was ready to go, and she came up and clasped both hands about my arm, and I knew that moment—Kew Gardens.

Two years later I was back in London where all the world crowded to a coronation. But I came at Adele's bidding.

She was to be married and I must come to look upon the maid of her choice. She had been taken by an erratic father to all sorts of outlandish places since I had piloted her over London. The father was an old Confederate general whose hill acres had turned to a set of coal mines, and whose lowland plantations were about to sprout oil, while two new railroads had seen fit to cross themselves and uprear a city on his private "wild lands."

The shadow of Big Ben fell a-pear us as we watched together. Adele and I, the London crowds welcoming home the South African soldiers.

In the procession the man who, next to Lord Kitchener, looked the most tired of all the noise and blare of applause, happened to look our way.

As his eye fell on us his face lit with the flashing of a uniquely pleasant smile. Adele caught my arm and waved in her other hand a bit of lawn and lace: "Look," she said, "that is he whom you must love for my sake, that is Hugh."

I looked at the man's face, and recognized—Sir Hugh Claverling. I turned to look at Adele. She had not the least recollection of that incident of two years ago in the National Gallery. I wondered had he.

I asked myself: "Is that dainty little ghost of a woman going to haunt me?"—Martha Young, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Barbarous Punishment.

It was sixty years ago that England abolished flogging at sea; it has long been abolished in our army and navy; and now the Czar of Russia has abolished the harshest remnants of the barbaric punishments of former times, namely, castigation with cudgels and cat-o-nine tails, chaining to the car and shaving the head, which were still inflicted for certain offenses on persons exiled to penal settlements or to the mines.

Castigation with the cat-o-nine tails and even with cudgels not infrequently ended in death, and was one of the harshest forms of the death penalty, being death by torture. The abolition of the cudgel and of the "cat" does not, however, mean the prohibition of corporal punishment altogether.

The revised statute of June 15 prescribes chastisement with birch rods up to 100 blows. Barbaric punishment can be inflicted by birch rods, if not as severely as by "cat" or cudgel. The better way would be to abolish punishment by flagellation altogether. Leslie's Weekly.

Tales That Will Serve.

The marine reporter, contributing to a publication in Gloucester, Mass., reports that a swordfish attacked a fishing schooner, rammed the vessel, and in its wriggling effort to escape, sawed a hole in the bottom. He added that, half the crew bailing and the other half managing the sails, the boat reached harbor at the point of sinking. It was stated in a contemporary of this city that a customer in a restaurant, being served with a tough steak, seized the latter and beat the waiter insensible. Many are the contributions to the gayety of the wise and gullibility of the credulous. These tales will adorn more than one serious fireside argument. And they will do as well as some other tales.—St. Louis Republic.

Pirates of the Red Sea.

The Italian cruiser Barbarigo, which has just arrived at Naples from the Red Sea, reports that piracy is still rampant, and adds that jail birds from the Italian territory form a disagreeably large proportion of those practicing it. The last operation engaged in by the Barbarigo was the capture of an Arab dhow having on board 214 good rifles and 12,000 cartridges. The attack was first delivered from the Italian steam pinace Antelope, but the dhow made a stout resistance, the crew only surrendering after a savage fight on the deck with a boarding party.—London Globe.



A mother's love starts a man or woman on the right path. The right remedy at the right time fits a mother for the ordeal. Motherhood is often looked forward to with feelings of great dread by most women.

At such a time when she is nervous, dyspeptic, irritable and in need of a uterine tonic—something which will calm the nervous system through the special organs, and a strength builder, she will find Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription just what is needed.

Here is a medicine that has stood the test of a third of a century with approval, in that time it has sold more largely than any other remedy put up specially for women's weaknesses. It is guaranteed by the proprietors not to contain a particle of alcohol— which could only do harm to a sensitive system.

The World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, offer a \$500 reward for women who cannot be cured of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Protrusion, or Falling of Womb. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation, biliousness and headache.

A New Fence Law.

The new line fence law which was recently approved by Governor Pennypacker, will be of interest to every farmer and property owner in this state. The act provides that each property owner must keep up half of the line fence and if he does not the adjoining property owner can put up the fence and collect the cost for so doing.

In case of disputes the township auditors are made the arbitrators. In this capacity township auditors will be important officers hereafter as line fence disputes are numerous.

Reduced Rates to Williamsport, Pa.

Account Knights Templar Parade.

On account of the Knights Templar parade at Williamsport, Pa., May 23, 1905, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Williamsport, Pa., from Renovo, Lewisburg, Creasy, Selingsgrove, Mt. Carmel, Halifax, Fassetts, and intermediate points at greatly reduced rates—practically one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold and good going and returning only on May 23.

It Will Surprise you—try it.

It is the medicine above all others for catarrh and is worth its weight in gold. Ely's Cream Balm does all that is claimed for it.—B. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

My son was afflicted with catarrh. He used Ely's Cream Balm and the disagreeable catarrh all left him.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

The Balm does not irritate or cause sneezing. Sold by druggists at 50 cts. or mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., New York.

"Alas! I know not which way to turn," cried the maiden in distress. And then, with the inconsistency of her sex, she promptly turned pale.

Sick Wives and Daughters.

You have often seen them with pale faces, poor appetite, head and back ache, symptoms common to the sex. Fathers and mothers, lose no time in securing Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. It will cost only one dollar and is much cheaper than sickness. Write to Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for a free sample bottle.

Within twelve hours of last week 12,039 immigrants arrived in New York, breaking all records, while it is said 90,000 Russian Hebrews are preparing to emigrate to this country. Yet there are Americans who think restriction of our immigration laws unnecessary.

The profit of a gold mine depends, not on the amount of rock crushed under the stamps but upon the amount of gold which can be extracted from the rock. In a similar way the value of the food which is eaten does not depend on the quantity which is taken into the stomach but upon the amount of nourishment extracted from it by the organs of nutrition and digestion.

When these organs are diseased they fail to extract the nourishment in sufficient quantities to supply the needs of the several organs of the body, and these organs cannot work without nourishment. The result is heart "trouble," liver "trouble," and many another ailment. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, acting on every organ of the digestive and nutritive system, restores it to health and vigor. It cures diseases remote from the stomach through the stomach in which they originated. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains neither alcohol nor narcotics.

Here is Relief for Women.

Mother Gray, a nurse in New York, discovered an aromatic pleasant herb drink for women's ills, call it AUSTRIAN-LEAF. It is the most certain monthly regulator. Cures female weakness and Backache, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary troubles. At all Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample FREE. Address: The Mother Gray Co., Lektro, N. Y.

LOTTERIES IN DANGER.

Business Men May Have to Abandon Premiums by Drawing.

It is extremely likely that business men who are in the habit of attracting trade by distributing coupon tickets with each purchase, each ticket a chance on some valuable premium, to be given away by drawing, will have to abandon this method of bringing business to their houses, for the postal department is tightening the lines about them.

Erie has received a great deal of attention along this line during the past winter, and the different merchants' and business men's organizations are seeing that the matter is not allowed to drop out of sight.

The post office department has ruled that such drawings are clearly violations of the law, and that all publications carrying advertisements of such schemes shall be thrown out of the mails.

Merchants generally maintain that the so-called "lottery" is legal as when used to simply bring business and when no money is taken for tickets which are distributed.

Town Betterment.

A Western Community Benefitted by School Children.

Every summer a village improvement society in a western community has the school children assist it in making the town attractive, and the plan has proved a big success. The day the public schools close members of the society visit them and organize a junior association among the children, and prizes are offered for the best work done.

Eight awards are offered—first, second and third prizes of \$5, \$3 and \$2 respectively for the greatest improvement in the back yards, and the same for front yards to the middle of the street; \$3 for the best window box in a home where there was no ground to cultivate, and \$5 for the largest number of contributing members added to the club.

The children do all the work of the yards. About fifty children enter the lists. Visits are made by members of the club about July 1st to the houses of all the enrolled competitors and conditions carefully noted. Suggestions for laying out and planting the gardens are also made. Rounds are again made before the opening of school to note the change.

By this plan there is a general cleaning up of back and front yards, the lawns are cared for and flowers are to be seen everywhere. The plan can be tried in any community in the land to good advantage.

The Deadly Hat Pin.

Did you ever notice a bevy of school girls with their jaunty hats perched on their heads and nintenths of them with pins projecting beyond their hats for several inches? The great mystery is that more than one eye has not been gouged with these instruments of torture.

A crusade among mothers would not be a bad thing against the use of hat pins, or if they must be used get them of a length that will answer the purpose and not project to a dangerous length beyond the hat. The old fashioned rubber hat tape used to fill the bill nicely without injury to the scalp of the wearer or menace to persons they come in contact with. Mothers, before we have the sight of some of our little ones ruined and eyes disfigured look out for the hat pin and see that it is not of unnecessary length.

Hearst Buys the Cosmopolitan

The Cosmopolitan Magazine has become the property of William R. Hearst. Mr. Hearst has gone to Europe on the Kronprinz Wilhelm, but the details of the transaction by which John Brisben Walker relinquishes the ownership of the magazine have been concluded. The magazine was founded by Mr. Walker in 1889, since which time it has been uninterruptedly under his control as editor and publisher.

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Veterinary Specifics cure diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs and Poultry by acting directly on the sick parts without loss of time.

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