LEAVES FROM AN OLD DIARY. SOME SOUTHERN WOMEN, WHO LEFT AN INTERESTING IMPRESSION.

A Muscular Miss Carries a Two Bushel Sack of Corn to the Top of a Mountain. Another Risks Her Life to Save Her Corn - A Pet Calf Slaughtered Suffering of a Female Spy.

While my command was lying near Kelly's Ferry on the Tennessee river, below Chatta-noogs, in December 1863, I made several rambles over the mountains in that vicinity in search of wild turkeys and deer. On the top of the mountain not far from our camp was a little farm owned and occupied by a widow forty-five or fitty years of age and her buxom daughters. To reach their log cottage on the mountain crest was no easy matter-The path was tortuous and steep, and in several places dangerous, winding along the edges of precipices where a misstep would have sent one headlong down to death hundreds of feet below. Accompanied by some others, I climbed the path one a ternoon and finally reached the top. We were hospitably entertained, the family preparing us a dinner of stewed chicken, corn cakes and such other

delicacies as they possessed. In conversation with the family I asked how in the world they got their provisions up to their mountain home. They told me they almost daily went up and down the mountain path I had clibmed an hour or two before, and they did not regard the task as either very difficult or dangerous. When I ventured to express a doubt about their ability to do so, they all laughed, and one of them, a strapping damsel of 18, said she could them, a strapping damsel of is, said she could not only climb the path, but could carry a two-bushel bug of corn from the bottom to the top of it, without difficulty.

I at once offered to give her a bag of corn if she would perform the task.

"All right," said she; "Pil be at the base of the mountaint borocorn, at superior.

of the mountain to-morrow at sunrise, it you'll promise to have the corn there." I promised, and chatted with the family till ader sundown, my comrades in the mean-

time having left no.

I was scared at the very thought of descending that dangerous mountain path in the dusk of the evening. I didn't attempt it, but took a roundabout trail that led to the base of the mountain some two or three miles distant. Even this trail was a bad one, and as darkness overtook me I more than once lost it, but could not go far into the thicket on either side without meeting obstacles that prevented my further progress and induced me to carefully retrace my steps to the trail. It was a weary and cheerless walk, down, down, down, with brambles and bushes brushing against me at every few steps, no matter how carefully I felt my may along the trail. It was said the mountains were infested with bushwackers and as this thought struck me I could have kicked myself for remaining so long with the mountaineers, or for even climbing the mountaineers, or even climbing the mountain at all. Suddefily I heard the short, sharp barking of a dog that evidently had heard me approach-ing, and took this means of giving alarm. The alarm was taken up by other dogs, and then I wished I had risked breaking my neck by going down the precipitous path had ascended. But it was too late to retreat I was half way down the mountain, and the logs in front of me were perhaps no more dangerous than those I would meet at the use where I had stopped if I ventured to urn. So I drew my revolver and moved I came out into a little clear ng-not half an acre in extent-in which could dimly see the outline of a cabin. I had no sooner entered the clearing than half a dozen dogs, barking furiously, came bound ing towards me. I could not see them until they were close upon me. I fired and crip-pled one of them, and the whole pack ran yelping back to the cabin.

eatled "halioo" three or four times, when I was answered by a gruff "halloo from the cabin as the owner raised the wir " Call off your dogs," said L

"Who are you, and what do you want?"
was the answer.
"I'm a soldier, and want to get to the foot of the mountain. Call oil your dogs, or I'll

shoot them," was my reply.

The dogs were called off and the mountaineer in answer to questions gave me some rather obscure directions as how to get to the foot of the mountain. On I trudged in the dark through briars and brambles, and over rocks and loose stones, losing the trail occasionally, but continuing to go down, down, down. I was at last gladdened by the sight of the Tennessee river, and after a walk along its banks for some distance reached

my camp. THE MUSCULAR MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN. Next morning almost the first person I met at the foot of the mountain was the maiden who had beasted of her ability to carry a twobushel sack of corn up the steep path that I had feared to descend empty handed the pre-ceding evening. She was not a targe woman-not much above the medium height—but like Lady Jane in Patience, she was "massive." Without being positively pretty, she had an interesting face, dark hazel eyes, a well formed nose and mouth, a ruddy, healthy complexion, and a head covered with a thick crop of dark hair. There was nothing swan-like about her neck, and yet it did not seen to be unduly developed or out of proportion with her broad shoulders and deep chest. She were no stays or corset or bustle or any other kind of fashionable appliance to im-prove or spoil her shape. She was none of your wasp-waisted maidens, and yet contrasted with her swelling hips and massive chest her girth was not too large to be in good proportion. She was plainly dressed, her skirt being short enough to show a foot that had never been misshaped by attempting to cram it into a shoe too small for it. She did not wear a number one shoe—more likely it was a six or eight—and yet it was shapely. and well-litted to the sinewy ankle and swelling calf, the outline of which could be seen above it. Her hands were sun-browned seen above it. Her hands were sun-browned and her arms hung gracefully by her side as she stood there erect but not stiff-confident but not unduly bold, the impersonation of a mountain maid with a back bone, waiting for the sack of corn I had promised her. I for the sack of corn I had promised her. I gave it her of course, and after a pleasant chat in the course of which I suggested that she might get the corn to the top of the mountain If carried the e by the half-peck, she smouldered the sack and marched off under the load as briskly and steadily as though she scarcely felt its weight. Entering the mountain path she ascended with steady step until she reached outle a height, when, throwing she reached quite a height, when, throwing the sack from her shoulder upon a rock by the wayside, she sat down to rest. I kissed my hand to her, and in acknowledging the salute, she pointed up the mountain, and after a short breathing spell shouldered the heavy sack and soon disappeared from view behind one of the jutting knobs among which the pathway zigzagged. I had fully intended to climb the mountain that day and see the young Amazon, but circumstances prevented I never saw her more but I have no doub she accomplished her self-imposed task, and chuckled at the great bargain she had made in securing so valuable a prize on such easy

A DIFFERENT KIND OF A GIRL While on a fe raging tour among the farms in Northern Alabama, I stopped at a farmhouse, where I met an old man, an old woman and a tall, slim girl, with rather thin features and ilashing black eyes. Without paying much attention to the family, I went to the little barn near by and took an inventory of its scanty contents. The corn-crib was empty; there was a small stack of hay and a lew bundles of unbusked corn, at which a cow, with a crumpted horn, was

The girl watched my every movement, and seemed to regard me as an impertment meddler. In a short time she approached

If you are looking for corn you won't get any here. My brothers have been in the army for two years past, and the only crops grown on this place within that time I have planted and gathered with my own hands. planted and gathered with my own names, planted and gathered with my own names. They have been but poor crops—vegetables, roots and corn—scarcely enough to keep us from starving, and now we have little left, as

I agreed with her that the homestead did not appear to be in the best condition, and ironically suggested that it would perhaps have presented a better appearance if her brothers had stald at home like good boys and attended to the farm instead of joining

"My brothers are not rebels; they are

right along, and he intends going ahead till he gets all the states back into the Union. Just now the Yankee invader needs corn and hay and I am trying to find it."

At this moment one of my ubiquitous wagon-masters was discovered tugging at the door of a small shed that adjoined the house. He had not succeeded in breaking the lock, but had forced the door far enough open to peep in and discover the contents.

As soon as the girl saw him she sprang towards him rapidly, and with tlashing eyes and angry gesture said:

"Don't you dare to break open that door!"

door "Lieutenant, there's a whole lot of corn in there, and I believe the cellar's full and maybe the garret. Let's search the house." "Get away from that door," said the girl to the wagon-master. "Search the house, if you want to, from cellar to garret, but keep away from this crib, it contains only a few you want to, from cellar to garret, but keep away from this crib; it contains only a few bushels of corn, and that is all my poor parents have to live on, and when its gone, God knows what will become of them. It shall not be stolen from them; I will defend it with my life, and not an ear shall be taken except over my dead body."

it with my life, and not an ear shall be taken except over my dead body."

"You forget yourself, miss; you are but a slight girl, while we are a company of armed men. You would not risk your life at such odds to save a lew bushels of corn?"

"I would risk my life to save my father and mother from starvation; and I will lose my life right here before a bushel of that corn shall be taken from them," and she planted her back defiantly against the door.

planted her back defiantly against the door, as though she should say

"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly From its firm base as soon as I." The big wagon-master looked admiringly at the girl and deprecatingly at me, and giv-ing his head a peculiar jerk, he said: "I reckon we might as well move on with the train. This 'ere corn ain't of no account no how; we'll find better and more of it not far I nodded assent, and asked the girl ber

" Jane Tanner," was the answer. "Good-bye; we'll forage further to the front, and if we succeed in filling our wagons we will not disturb you; if not, we will re-turn and inspect the contents of that little erib," and I rode off with as severe an ex-pression as I could assume.

SUPPING WITH THE SAUCY REBEL. A few miles to the front we filled our wagons, and the train returned to camp by a bearer and better road ; but feeling an interest in the spunky Miss Tanner, I returned ia the barricaded corn-crib.

Miss Tanner smilingly met me at the door.
"I knew you would come back," she said.

"Yes, I've come for the corn." "Ob, no, you haven't; but you shall nevertheless have a little of it. I have prepared some corn-meal, and in a little while we will have some hot cakes baked, and some bacon fried, and these, with a cup of milk and a few trifles from the cellar, will make a support better than we usually have, and therefore good enough for a Yankee invader," she said with mock sarcasm. "Now, go in and talk with papa till support is ready; he was a soldier himself long ago."

AN OLD SOLDIER AND POLITICIAN. In conversation with the old gentleman, I learned that he had been a soldier in the war of 1812, and also in the Mexican war ; had voted for Madison, Monroe and Jackson and then swung off to Harrison in 1840, to Cla-in 1844, and to old Zach in 1848, returning to the Democratic party in 1852 and voting for "Pierce and King," the latter being, in his estimation, Alabama's greatest statesman. In 1856 he voted for "Buck and Breck," and in 1850 for the "Little Giant" of Himois. He had opposed secession with all his might, as did the entire population, almost, of Northern Alabama, but discusson came, and—and—the boys—well—they 'listed, like all the others, in

the Confederate army,
By this time supper was ready, and I relished it. During my stay I tried to convince Miss Tanner that it was my purpose to call again and confiscate her corn. But she knew

"I was terribly frightened at first," said she, "when I saw that big fellow trying to break the door open; but after I had made my little speech, I saw tears in that big fel-low's eyes, and you didn't look half as severe as you thought you were looking. I knew my corn was safe as far as you two were con cerned. But, oh, I don't know who may come next; I wish this war was over and we could be friends instead of enemies." "So do I." and I rode off.

HOW I TRIED TO SAVE A PRETTY WOMAN'S

On the 17th of July, 1865, when our regiment was lying at Camp Scribner, near Cowan, Tenn., I was detailed to take command of 50 men as guard to a forage train. We mare hed, perhaps, four miles along the base of the mountain to a place named Will-iam's Cove. Here we loaded the wagons (16 in number) with sheaf-wheat belonging to: farmer who was "serving his country" in the rebel army. His wife was in charge of the home and farm. She was a bright, interligent and very pretty little woman, and she had clustered around her three or four very pretty little children. She bore with becoming patience the loss of her stacks of wheat, and saw the teamsters and the guard capture dozens of her chickens and I don't know how many young pigs, and though her heart was aching, she smiled through her tears and asked me whether I could not save what remained of her property. I told her that I was not in charge of the train, but only commanded the guard that was to protect it if attacked; I would see that no further depredations were committed by the quart, and would seek to the officer in guard, an I would speak to the officer in charge of the train and do all that I could to

induce him to prevent individual foraging. Induce him to prevent individual foraging.

The little woman gushed with gratitude, thanked me a thousand times for my good offices, and begged me to stay until the train moved off. There was a pet calf running in the meadow with horns just budding from its pretty head, and it had such large, mild, innocent eyes, and it was the only playmate the dear children had left, except a pair of ducks with green heads, that were considered. ducks, with green heads, that were ing on the margin of a little stream that ran down the "cove." If I could only save the calf and ducks for the children I would win their mother's eternal gratitude; and when her husband came home, which she hoped would be very soon, she would tell him how kindly I had dealt with her and her little

My heart was touched by the earnest ap peal of the little woman, whose smiles and tears and hopes and fears chased each other over her pretty face in rapid succession; and I resolved to save the call at all hazards. The train moved off with the officer in charge at the head of the line, and I had a portion of the guard thrown forward under command of a sergeant, I having taken the responsibility to bring up the rear guard. Every soldier had left the farm before I

Every soldier had left the farm before I left, and the calf and ducks were still there. I thought I had done an act of Christian kindness, and I know the little woman thought so, too. I had scarcely got out of the premises, however, before I found a squad of my rear guard engaged in a desperate battle with a hive of bees. The hive had been overturned and the rascals were stealing the honey but death as been overturned and the rascals were stealing the honey, but dearly were they paying
for it. The bees darted at their eyes, their
noses, their mouths, their hands—indeed,
they swarmed all over them and finally
drove them off. I was right glad of it. I
admired the bees for so spunkily defending
their sweets, until one of them darted at me
and jabbed me in the hand. I ordered the
men to at come hurry forward, and I did the men to at once hurry forward, and I did the

AT DOUBLE QUICK. In an hour or so we reached camp, and when I placed my guard in line I had no difficulty in distinguishing the gang that had robbed, or attempted to rob, the beehive. Every man of them had bunged eyes and lips and cars and noses and hands. I rejoiced over their wounds almost as much

rejoiced over their wounds almost as much as I did over having saved to the pretty Southern woman her pet calf and ducks. But what was my sorrow and indignation to learn, an hour or two later, that the beefighters, after having been driven from the hive, instead of at once rejoining the com-mand as I had ordered them, had returned to the meadow, capturest the pet call and green-headed ducks, carried them to camp, slaughtered them, cooked them, and had the audacity to ask me whether I would have reast duck or siewed yeal. I took yeal.

SAD STORY OF A PENALE SPY.

I was riding through Atlanta in September 1864, taking a view of the ruin that had been made by the terrible siege it had sustained for a month or more. Seeing some soldiers quenching their thirst at a pump that stood in an enclosed yard, adjoining a frame house, I dismounted to get a draft of water from the "My brothers are not rebels; they are just as patriotic as you or any other Yankee soldier. They are just as good Union men as you, and did all they could to prevent secssion; but as that was impossible, and war followed, and the South was invaded and devastated, they did just what you would have done had you been here—they stood by their country and resisted the Yankee invader; and they did right."

"Well, the Yankee invader is marching

"Well, the Yankee invader is marching alabash from which the men were drinking

lanta the following day, in accordance with

Gen. Sherman's orders, The reader will remember that after At-The reader will remember that after Atlanta was captured, Gen. Shorman issued orders that all families, the male representatives of which were in the Confederate service, should leave the city; that Gen. Hood and the mayor of Atlanta protested against the order as barbarous, but submitted to the inevitable, and that a truce was agreed upon between the opposing commanders, wherein it was stipulated thata detachment of federal troops should escort the expelled families to the town of Rough and Ready, some miles south, and there turn them over to a detachment of Confederale troops.

This truce was about expiring at the time

This truce was about expiring at the time I met the Southern mother and her sick chil-

dren.
"It I could but see Gen. Sherman," said "If I could but see dear of the see to leave my home with my children almost dying."
"Gen. Sherman's order is no doubt a very proper one," I said, "but he did not mean that it should operate to the detriment of sick and dying women and children. Make known to him your and their condition, and I think you can remain here and have proper profection."

per protection."
"No, no," said she: "I have exhausted every effort to see Gen. Sherman, and I have been repulsed by guards and orderlies and adjutants, and I don't know how many woman, and have done much perilous service for the Union cause. I carry in my vice for the Union cause. I carry in my bosom now a locket containing a portrait which if I could show Gen. Sherman would be a passport to his favor. No, the portrait is not my husband's; it is of one of Gen. Sherman's spies, to whom I have, time and again, given valuable information. I was in Atlanta from the commencement to the end of the terrible seige and had many opportunities of sending valuable information to Sherman. The general does not of course know me, but he knows this picture, and could I but see him, I am sure I would not be banished from my home."

I tried to induce the poor woman to be-

I tried to induce the poor woman to be-lieve that it would not be so very difficult to get an interview with Gen. Sherman, if she would go about it in the right way, and even volunteered my services to assist her. But she shook her head; said it was no use; everything had been done that could be done and there was nothing for her to do but leave

the town. I asked her where she proposed to go. She said to Athens, Ga. I told her it would be folly to go there, for the Union troops would be there almost as soon as she, and then pro-bably she would have to go somewhere else. I advised her to go North at once, where if she was as good a Union woman as she said she was, she would be warmly welcomed, and even if she were not she would have food and medicine, shelter for herself and sick children, and wouldn't be disturbed by the clang of arms and the dangers of such a siege as she had been subjected to in At-lanta.

"I have considered all these things," said she; "and yet I am going to my old home at Athens; I will meet my mother there, and possibly my brothers. I know very well that Gen. Sherman's army will not stop here. It will go to Athens and everywhere else in the state till the Confederates are driven

Every now and then as she talked she ad-Justed the pillows of her sick children, smoothed back their golden tresses, mois-tened their perhed lips, fanned their fevered brows, and with motherly tenderness tried

brows, and with motherly tenderness tried to sooth them to sleep, or assuage the pain with which their little bedies were racked.

I bid the good woman good-bye, and role straight to Gen. Sherman's head-quarters, to see if something could not be done for her and her sick children. The general was absent on important business. Towards evening I called again, with like result. Gen Sherman to the control of the country of the result. Gen. Sherman had much more im portant matters to attend to than to look after a woman and her sick children; but I was free-footed just then and early the following morning I rode up to the house where I had left them. The doors and windows were wide open. The house was deserted. The mother and the sick children and the household goods were gone. They had been taken like thousands of others no doubt to Rough and Ready, in a joiling government wagon, to be there delivered to the tender mercies of the Confederates, and perhaps be sent by them to their old home at Athens— perhaps not! As I mused over their probable fate I went

to the pump and drowned my sorrow in a drink of water from the calabash that was dangling beside it. Many years have passed since these events occurred, and I have never heard a word from the muscular mountaineer who shoul-dered the two bushel sack of corn; nor of spunky Jennie Tanner who was willing to lose her life to save her old parents; nor of the secesh planter's pretty wife whose "calf" I vainly tried to save; nor of the female spy

A Remarkable Woman No female figure in French history stands out bolder or more distinct than Madame de Maintenon. She was born in a prison. When 5 years old and on a voyage to Martinique she sickened into apparent death, and was about to be buried in the sea, when her mother insisted on once more seeing her child. It was found that the heart's action had not stopped, and she was saved from the deep. At 17 she married Paul Scarron, the burlesque writer at his death she took charge of the illegitimate children of Louis NIV, became his mistress, was raised to a Marquisate: was with the queen when that much neglected woman died; married the king, founded the famous institution of St. Cyr—a home for poor girls—and died in the odor of sanctity when st years old. She was undoubtedly a worldly. 84 years old. She was undoubtedly a worldly wise woman, with an over-prudent nature, dominated by long-headed selfishness, punc-tilious about her salvation just as she would have been about properly investing her money; without sensibility of passion, hating everything that could expose her to contempt and, in fact, resolving to make the best o

My little Florentine. Florence, my Florentine : Subtle, articss little farry, When I told her that I loved her Turned on me her bright blue eyes, Stayed those steps so light and airy, Turned and looked me in the face With so arch and sweet's grace That I could not but have loved her Were it only for that look, Both my hands in hers she took, Asking "Why I loved her

Then I asked myself the question, Wondering at the strange suggestion Looking in her matchless eyes. Bivaling Itsiia's skles In their az are depths and splendor Surely mortal could not gaze On them, feeling not the blaze Of their beauty, pure yet tender As the maids of Araby-Beautiful transcendently : Still it was not for her eye-. Though they were brighter than the faire-t Precious gems that mortals pri-Laid in caskets rich and rarest

Knowing only that I loved her, Still I asked me, " Why I loved her Then I stroked her golden tresses, That strove forever to eclipse, In their cart in woven caresses Her most pale and spiritual brow And I pressed her sweetest lips, Drowning in kisses her accents low (Does the May bee love the nectar That crowns each little star reflector. Pausies and forget-me-nots. Thronging the grassy meadow plots ')
And I heard her thrilling voice, Coming from love's sweetest throne, softly whispering: "My own!" (Such is love's monopoly!)

And it made my soul rejoice.

With a joy unutterable, Wide diffused, immeasurable, Still I fashioned no reply, Knowing only—" That I loved her." Awhile in dubious reverie mused, and when I looked again A tear was glistening in hereye,
"O, tell me quickly—tell me why
You love me?" And I would have fata Shaped some reason why I loved her: But I could not! So I said:
"I knew not how it could be so
That I loved and did not knew Wherefore, but-'t was even so

Then a joy beamed in her face. And her arms in close embrace

Wound around me, and her eyes Twin mirrors of most agure skies Flashed worlds of tenderness to mir And her silvery voice divine Warbied forth her secret thought; Now I know that thou dost love me And I only asked to prove thee True love has a hidden source, And thou could'st not feel its force And its Cepth, if thou dost know asons why thou lovest me so." Loving ever, thus I loved her, Never knowing why I lover her

Only knowing that "I loved her!" -John Harman, Ashley. THE DEACON'S WEEK.

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow, and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn, but he did not give it out; he laid his book down on the table, and looked

about on his church.

He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, fully in earnest to do his Lord's work, and do it with all his might, but he did sometimes feel discouraged. His congregation was mixture of farmers and mechanics, for Sugar Hollow was cut in two by Sugar brook, a brawling, noisy stream that turned the wheel of many a mill and manufactory, yet on the hills around it there was still a scattered population eating their bread in the full perception of the primeval curse. So he had to contend with the keen brain and skeptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on power to hammer at theological problems as well as hot iron, with the jealousy and re pulsion and bitter feeting that has bred the communistic hordes abroad and at home; while perhaps he had a still harder task to awaken the sluggish souls of those who used their days to struggle with barren hillside and rocky pasture for mere food and clothlug, and their nights to sleep the dull sleep

ing, and their nights to sleep the dull sleep of physical latigue and mental vacuity. It seemed sometimes to Mr. Parkes that nothing but the trump of Gabriel could arouse his people from their sins and make them believe on the Lord and foliow His lootsteps. To-day—no—a long time before to-day he had mused and prayed till an idea took shape in his thought, and now he was to put it in practice; yet he felt peculiarly responsible and solemnized as he looked about him and foreboded the success of his experiment. Then there flashed across him, as words of Scripture will come back to the as words of Scripture will come back to the habitual Bible-reader, the noble utterance of Gamaliel concerning Peter and his brethren when they stood before the council: this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye can-not overthrow it." So with a sense of strength the minister spoke. "My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I did not give any notice to

know, though I did not give any notice to that effect, that this week is the Week of Prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it for this once a week of practice instead. I think we may discover some things, some of the things of God, in this manner, that a succession of prayer-meetings would not per-haps so thoroughly reveal to us. Now when I say this I don't mean to have you go home and vaguely endeavor to walk straight in the and vaguely endeavor to wake straight in the old way: I want you to take 'topics,' as they are called, for the prayer-meetings. For instance, Monday is prayer for the temperance work. Try all that day to be temperate in speech, in act, in indulgence of any kind that is hurtful to you. The next day is for Sunday schools; go and visit your scholars, such of you as are teachers, and try to feel. such of you as are teachers, and try to feel that they have living souls to save. Wednes-day is a day for fellowship meeting; we are cordially invited to attend a union meeting ordinary invited to attend a union meeting of this sort at Bantam. Few of us can go twenty-five miles to be with our brethren there; let us spend that day in cultivating our brethren here; let us go and see those who have been cold to us for some reason, heal up our breaches of friendship, confess our shortcomings one to another, and act as if, in our Master's words, 'all ye are brethren.'

"Thursday is the day to pray for the fam-Intrision; let us each try to be to our families on that day in our measure what the Lord is to His family, the church, remembering the words, 'Fathers, provoke not your children to anger'; 'Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.'
These are the texts rarely commented upon These are the texts rarely commented upon. I have noticed, in our conference meetings : we are more apt to speak of the obedience due from children, and the submission and meekness our wives owe us, forgetting that duties are always reciprocal.

"Friday the church is to be prayed for.

Let us then each for himself try to act that day, just as we think Christ our great Ex-emplar, would have acted in our places. Let us try to prove to ourselves and the world about us that we have not taken upon us His name lightly or in vain. Saturday is prayer-day for the heathen and foreign mis-Brethren, you know and I know that there are heathen at our doors here ; le every one of you who will, take that day to preach the gospel to some one who does not hear it anywhere else. Perhaps you will find work that ye know not of lying in your midst. And let us all on Saturday evening meet here again and choose some one brother to relate his experience of the week. You who are willing to try this method, please to

who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immov-

'Let us sing the doxology," Parkes; and it was sung with full fervor. The new idea had roused the church fully; it was something fixed and positive to do: it was the lever-point Archimedes longed for, and each felt ready and strong to move

Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they looked downcast, troubled, weary, as the pastor expected. When the box for ballots was passed about, each one tore a bit of paper from the sheet placed in the hymn-books for that purpose and wrote on it a name. The pastor said, after he had counted them:

Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen on "I'm sorry for 't," said the deacon, rising up and taking off his overcoat. "I ha'n't got the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I

tell ye."
"That isn't what we want," said Mr.
Parkes. "We want to know the whole ex-

perience of some one among us, and we know you will not tell us either more or less than what you did experience."

Deacon Emmons was a short, thick-set

Deacon Emmons was a short, thick-set man, with a shrewd, kindly face and gray hair, who kept the village store, and had a well-earned reputation for honesty.

"Well, brethren," said he, "I dono why I shouldn't tell it. I am pretty well ashamed of myself, no doubt, but I ought to be, and maybe I shall profit by what I've found out these six days back. I'll tell you just as it come. Monday I looked about me to begin with. I am amazing fond of coffee, and it a'n't good for me, the doctor says it a'n't; but dear me, it does set a man up a'n't; but dear me, it does set a man up a'n't; but dear me, it does set a man upgood, cold mornings, to have a cup of hot,
sweet, tasty drink, and I haven't had the
grit to refuse! I knew it made me what
folks cali nervous, and I call cross before
night come; and I knew it fetched on spelis
of low spirits when our folks couldn't get a
word out of me—not a good one, any way;
so I thought I'd try on that to begin with.
I tell you it come hard! I hankered after
that drink of coiles dreadful! Seemed as
though I couldn't eat my breakfast without it.
I feel to pity a man that loves liquor more'n I I feel to pity a manthat loves liquor more'n I ever did in my life before; but I feel sure they can stop if they try, for I've stopped, and I'm a goin' to stay stopped. "Well, come to dinner, there was another

tight. I do set by pie the most of anything. I was fetched up on pie, as you may say. Our folks always had it three times a day, and the doctor he's been talkin' and talkin to me about eatin' pie. I have the dyspepsy like everything, and it makes me useless by spells, and oureliable as a weather-cock. An peris, and our liable as a weather-cock. An Doctor Drake he says there won't nothing help me but to diet. I was readin't he Bible that morning while I was waiting for breakfast, for't was Monday, and wife was kind of set back with washin' and all, and I come acrost that part where it says that the bodies of Christians are temples of the Holy Ghost. Wall, thinks I, we'd our but to take agre of 'en. Well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of 'em well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of ein if they be, and see that they're kep' clean and pleasant, like the church; and nobody can be clean nor pleasant that has dyspepsy. But, come to pie, I felt as though I couldn't! and, to ye, I didn't! I eet a piece right against my conscience; facin' what I knew I ought to do, I went and done what I ought not be I tell we my conscience made music not to. I tell ye my conscience made mus not to. I tell ye my conscience made music
of me consider'ble, and I said I wouldn't
never sneer at a drinkin' man no more when
he slipped up. I'd feel for him, and belp
him, for I see just how it was. So that day's
practice giv' out, but it learnt me a good deal
more'n I knew before.

"I started out next day to look up my
lible lears." They haven't really tended to

"I started out next day to look up my Bible-class. They haven't really tended up to Sunday School as they ought to along back, but I was busy, here and there, and there didn't seem to be a real chance to get to it. Well, 'twould take the evening to tell it all, but I found one real sick, been a-bed for three weeks, and was so glad to see me that I felt fair ashamed. Seemed as frough I heard the Lord for the first time sayin': Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.' Then another man's old mother says to me before be come in from the shed, says she: 'He's been come in from the shed, says she : 'He's been a-sayin' that if folks practised what they preached you'd ha' come round to look him np afore now, but he reckoned you kinder looked down on mill-hands. I'm aw/ul glad you come.' Brethering, so was I' I tell you, that day's work done me good, I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons, now I tell ye, but I learned more about the Lord's wis-

dom than a month of Sundays ever showed

A smile be could not repress passed over A representation of the deacon had forgotten all external issues in coming so close to the heart of things; but the smile

close to the heart of things; but the smile passed as he said:

"Brother Emmons, do you remember what the Master said: 'If any man will do His will, he shail know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself'?"

"Well, it's so," answered the deacon; 'I's so right along. Why, I never thought so much of my Rible-class, nor took no seek int'rest in 'em as I do to-day—not since I begon to teach. I b'lieve they'll come more reg'lar now, too.

reg'lar now, too.

"Now come fellowship-day. I thought that would be all plain sailin'; seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant towardst everybody; so I went around seein! towardst everybody: so I went around seein' folks that was neighbors, and 'twas easy; but when I come home at noon spell, Phitury says, says she: 'Square Tucker's black built is into th' orchard a tearin' around, and he's knocked two lengths o' fence down flat!' Well, the old Adam riz up then, you'd better Vilays. That black built had beauty b'lieve. That black bull had been a breakin into my lots ever since we got in th' after-math, and it's Square Tucker's ience, and he won't make it bull-strong as he'd oughter, and that orehard was a young one jest comin' to bear, and all the new wood crisp as cracklin's with frost. You'd better b'lieve I didn't have much feller feelin' with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to his house and Tucker. I jest put over to his house and spoke pretty free to him, when he looked up and says, says he: 'Fellowship-meetin' day, a'n'tit, deacon?' I'd ruther he'd ha' slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty distinct what sort of life I'd been livin' all the years I'd been a professor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue and temper one day!" day !

"Breth-e-ren," interrupted a slow, harsh voice, somewhat broken with emotion, " I'l tell the rest on 't. Josiah Emmons come around like a man an' a Christian right there. He asked me for to forgive him and not to think 't was the fault of his religion, because t was his'n and nothin' else. I think more of t was his o and nothin else. I think more of him to-day than I ever done before. I was one that wouldn't say I'd practise with the rest of ye. I thought't was everlastin non-sense. I'd ruther go to forty-nine prayer-meetins than work at bein' good a week. I b'lieve my hope has been one of them that perish; it ha'n't worked, and I leave it behind to day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seen, one honest Christian man father. was seein' one honest Christian man fetches me round to 't.

Amos Tucker sat down and buried his grizzled head in his rough hands.

"Bless the Lord!" said the quavering tones of a still older man from a far corner of the house, and many a glistening eye gave signt response. "Go on, Brother Emmons," said the min

Well, when next day come I got well, when next day come 1 got up to make the fire, and my boy Joe had forgot the kindlins. I'd opened my mouth to give him Jesse, when it come over me suddin that this was the day of prayer for the family relation. I thought I wouldn't say nothin'. I jest fetched in the kindlins myself, and when the fire burnt up good I called wife.

called wife.
" 'Dear me!' says she. 'I've got such headache, 'Siab, but I'll come in a minnit.' didn't mind that, for women are always havin' aches, and I was jest a goin' to say so, when I remembered the tex' about not bein' bitter against 'em, so I says : 'Philury, v. lay a-bed. I expect Emmy and me can githe vittles to-day.' I declare, she turn over and give me such a look; why, struck right in. There was my wife, it had worked for an' waited on me twenty pail o' water she'd always drawed herself, and then I milked the cow. in Philory was up fryin' the potatoes, and tears a shinin' on her white face. She aidin't say nothin', she's kinder still, but she hadn't no need to. I telt a leetle meaner'n I di the day before. But 't wan't nothin' to m condition when I was goin', towards night down the sullar stairs for some apples so' the children could have a roast, and I have Joe up in the kirchen say to Emmy: 'I do b'lieve, Em, pa's goin' to die.' 'Why. Josiar Emmons, how you talk!' 'Well, I do; he's so everlastin' pleasant an' good-natered I can't but think he's struck with

death.'
"I tell ye, brethren, I set right down on them suffar stairs and cried. I did, reely, Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me jest as He did at Peter. Why, there was my own children never see me ac real fatherly and pretty in all their lives. I'd growled and scolded and prayed at 'em, and tried to fetch 'em up jest as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, ye know, but I hadn't never thought that they'd got right and rea-son to expect I'd do my part as well as they Seemed as though I was finding more about Josiah Emmons' shortcomin's

than was real agreeable.

"Come around Friday I got back to the store. I'd kind o' left it to the boys the early part of the week, and things was a little cuterin', but I did have sense not to tear round and use sharp words so much as com-mon. I began to think 't was gettin' easy to practise after five days, when in come Judge Herrick's wife after some curt'in calico. I had a han'some piece, all done off with roses an' things, but there was a fault in the an' things, but there was a fault in the weavin'—every now and then a thin streak. She didn't notice it, but she was pleased with the figures on 't, and she sald she'd take the whole piece. Well, jest as I was wrappin' in up, what Mr. Parkes here said about tryin' to act jest as the Lord would in our place, come acrost me. Why, I turned as red as a beet, I know I did. It made me all of a tremble. There was I advantageous all of a tremble. There was I, a door-keeper in the tents of my God, as David says, reality cheatin', and cheatin' a woman. I tell ye, brethren, I was all of a sweat. 'Mis' Herrick,' says I, 'I don't b'lieve you've looked real close at this goods; 't ain't thorough wove,' says I. So she didn't take it; but what fetched me was to think how many times I'd done sech mean, onreliable little things 10 done seen mean, on elimine little things to turn a penny, and all the time sayin' and prayin' that 1 wanted to be like. Christ, I kep' a-trippen of myself up all day jest in the ordinary business, and 1 was a peg lower down when night come than 1 was a Thursday. I'd ruther, as far as the hard work is concerned, lay a mile of fourhard work is concerned, lay a mile of fourfoot stone wall than undertake to do a man's

livin' Christian duty for twelve workin' hours; and the helt of that is, it's because I ain't used to it, and I ought to be. "So this mornin' came around, and I felt a mite more check. 'T was missionary morn-in', and seemed as if 't was a sight easier to preach than to practise. I thought I'd begin to old Mis' Vedder's. So I put a Testament in my pecket and knocked to her door. Says I. 'Good-mornin', ma'ann,' and then I stopped. Words seemed to hang somehow. I didn't want to pop right out that I'd come over and try 'n convert her folks. I hemmed and swallowed a little, and fin'lly I said, says I: "We don't see you to meetin' very frequent, Mis' Vedder."

"No, you don't,' ses she, as quick as a to old Mis' Vedder's. So I put a Testament

wink. 'I stay at home and mind my bust-" Well, we should like to hev you come

along with us and do ye good,' says 1, sort o conciliatin'.
" ' Look a-here, Deacon!' she snapped, 'I've lived along side of you fifteen year, and you knowed I never went to meetin' we a'n't a pious lot, and you knowed it we're poorer 'n death and uglier 'n sie. we're poorer 'n death and uglier 'n sin. Jim he drinks and swears, and Maiviny dono her letters. She knows a heap she hadn't ought to besides. Now what are you a comin' here to-day for, I'd like to know, and talkin' so glib about meetin'? Go to meetin'! I'll go or come jest as I darn please, for all you, Now get out o' this!' Why, she come at me with a broom-stick. There wasn't no need with a broom-stick. There wasn't no need on 't; what she said was enough, I hadn't never asked her nor her'n to so much as think of goodness before. Then I went to another place jest like that—I won't call no more names; and sure enough there was ten children in rags, the hall on 'em, and the man half drunk. He giv'it to me, too; and I don't wonder. I'd never lifted a hand to serve nor save 'em before in all these years. I'd said consider'ble about the heathen in foreign parts, and give some little for to conforeign parts, and give some little for to convert 'em, and I had looked right over the heads of them that was next door. Seemed as if I could hear Him say: 'These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone. I couldn't face another soul to-day, brethren. I come home, and here I be. I've been searched through and through and found wantin'. God be merciful to me a He dropped into his seat and bowed his

head; and many another bent too. It was plain that the deacon's experience was not the only one among the brethren. Mr. Parkes rose and prayed as he had never prayed before; the week of practice had fired his heart too. And it began a memorable year for the church in Sugar Hollow; not a year of ex-citement or enthusiasm, but one when they heard their Lord saying, as to Israel of old: "Go forward," and they obeyed His voice. The Sunday school flourished the church services were fully attended, every good services were funly attended, every goas, thing was helped on its way and peace reigned in their homes and hearts, imper-fect, perhaps, as new growths are, but still an offshoot of the peace past understanding. And another year they will keep another week of practice, by common consent. THE CHILDRES'S HOME.

Described in a Composition by One of the Boys
. Who is in the Institution. The children's Home is a large house it was built for poor children that baven't any father or mother or those that are poor and haven't any home. There are \$1 boys and 42 girls live in the home. It has a great many rooms. It has 7 sleeping rooms. There ar two play rooms, one for the boys and one for the girls, and we have a room they call it the Laundry; it has two machines to make the clothes go around; that is what makes the clothes clean. Four boys turn the machines at one time, I sett turns a half hour. There is a little room in the boys playroom, where

Mrs. Jennie does the patching. She is busy from morning till night. We have a wash room to wash our faces and comb our hair. There are 3 big stoves in our house they give a great deal of heat. Down in the cellar there is a great big furnace; the heat goes all through the house. There is also a coal cellar a coal oil cellar and a potato cellar. We have an eating room and a kitchen and a bread pantry and a dish pantry. Some men built a fire escape around the home so if there should happen to be a fire the children could get out in safety without being burned We have a big school room to learn how to read, write, and spell. We study Arithme tic, Geography and we do some We have an tiplication and subtraction. We have an tiplication and subtraction. Our playground tiplication and subtraction. We have an organ in our school room. Our playground is pretty big; the boys play horse in summer in the shed. They play ball and hide and seek in summer. In summer we put up the swings; there is a gymnasium on our playground. To put the swings up the boys guide up high and jump off of the swings to see how far they can jump, some can jump a big distance. We have a shed down on our playground it was built there to go in when it rains.

The boys and girls have learned pieces for the entertainment. We have a big lawn full of fruit trees peaches and appies cherries grapes, and piums, and pears, When summer comes our grass gets green and grows up big; it is cut down with the lawn mower. Our lawn looks very pretty in the summer. We have a little room in the home where we keep the sunday clothes, it is called the ward robe. In our wash room there are four foot robe. In our wash room there are four foot tubs; in summer we wash our leet in them when we run bare footed. Down below our house we have a big garden to raise all kinds of vegetables and down below is a spring house to keep the milk and butter cool. And there is a barn; it has 3 cows in it. Some men put a pole up and put a fire slarm box on it. Our box is No.71 If there should happen to be a fire the fire men and the borses with the engine would be here in a hurry so as to save everyone in the house It a fire would break it would cause great ex ent, every body in the house would be

Around near the front door there is a little room that the little children go and learn how to sew ; some kintergartner things such as cows and sheep and lambs. Miss Cole teaches them to sing and march around. Miss Cole first teaches the children to write and spell and read then they come out in the metic and Spelling, and maybe they up in the fourth reader if they try. Next to the parlor is a sitting room, where the sew-ing is done. Miss Kallie Ervin makes the clothes and there she has a sewing Machine to sew them with. She is kept busy as a bee from morning till night. The sitting room is a comfortable place. In the evening the ladies take a seat in there and read the news. Next to the sitting room is a little room for the sick. Miss Susan attends to sick and she is kept busy from morning till night. She gets their dinner and supper and breakfast for them, I don't know what the children would do it Miss Susan would go away from the Home; they would say I want Miss

Our home is four stories high and there i Veranda around it. Down in the boys dayroom the boys have made a house, They have two boxes with moss inside o them; they have china eggs that they get on easter; they take the moss and make a nest and put the eggs in the nest; then put little hims rabbits around the eggs; they have a little wooden menagerie: it has animals in but they are not alive; we have tin horses and a little livery stable and steam boats and a little wooden dog; they say it keeps watch

over the house at night.

The girls try to keep their house as good as ours, but they can't; the boys get ahead of them. Some of the boys made bows and arrows and shoot at a mark to see how good they can shoot. There are one or two of the oys that can shoot a good mark. In the summer the boys make little gardens and pretend they are farmers. Some of the chil-dren like it at the home; it is a nice place for poor children. Some wish that they were in the country or some place so they wouldn't be here but for my part I think ill be best to stay at our comfortable home till some one came to take us away.
WILLIE HALLAWAY.

A SHINEK'S STORY. How a Young Bootblack Struck an Idea or Pumps and the Results of It.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.
Down in the lobby of the Monongahela house, there may be found at chance times, a steuder built little lad, with light hair, and a keen expressive blue eye-a boy of not more than 11 or 15 years of age, plying the vocation of a bootblack. Just a few days ago, Mr. Thomas B. Atterbury, the well-known glass manufacturer, passed through the lobby, and had his boots blacked by the urchin mentioned, and while he was "shining 'em up," the gentleman tell into conversation with the "I'm not goin' to shine shoes very ong. Fact is, I'm tired of it, and am goin' to live on my money."
"Why, now much have you got?" queried

he gentlemon. "I've got just \$28,000," replied the boy. The amount being so large, and the circumstance so peculiar, Mr. Atterbury inquired how he came to possess such a large sum o

"10's a kind of a long story," said the boy, as he plied the brush vigorously, "but 1'il tell you it. You see the first thing I ever knew when I was little was that I woke up one morning, and everything was green around me. That was when I was found in the Allegheny park, and I guess I was two years old. I was taken to the Allegheny mayor's office, and then a woman named Mrs. Armstrong adopted me and raised me. I've been a bootblack since I was quite young, and my name is Jimmy Costello. Well, one day last summer I was down on the wharf here, and summer I was down on the whart nere, and I see some men pumping the water out of a barge. I thought it took them an awful long time to pump that water out, and I got to thinking. By and by I thought I could make a pump, and I drew out on a stone what I thought. I tell you, mister, when I looked at it I shivered, and the more I looked the more I shivered, as I knew I could mam out that water better than those could pump out that water better than those

"I saved up my money, and I first goes to a tinner on Wylie avenue, named Schaefer, and I gets him to make me a long, round, air-tight tin, just like a big tomato can. I din't tell him what I wants it for, but goes to another tinner and gets him to make me a

ouple of tin pipes."
"What did you go to the second tinner Why, you see, I was afraid he might find out what I was a doing. When I got those pipes I got some more, and then, one night when the folks at home goes to bed, I just put them pipes and things together, and I emptied a tub of water with it in one minute, and I tell you that made me shiver more'n it did when I drawed it out on the stone. Then I went an got an ax, and I chopped up Then I went an got an ax, and I chopped up that there pump into little bits, because I didn't want anyone else to know what I was a doing. I went on saving up my money, and when I thought I had enough I told a man name Reilly, whose boots I used to shine, that I wanted him to get me a patent. Why,' says he to me, 'It will cost money,' I just told him I had it, an' I gave him \$i2 an' he get me a ratent. I tell you it was a

an' he got me a patent. I telf you it was a mightly pretty thing, with a great red seal an' pretty ribbons on it, an' then I knows I was One day, not a creat while ago, a man "One day, not a oreat white ago, a man-came up to our house on Fifteenth street, an' he wanted to see me, an' when he began talkin' about my pump I knowed what he was after. You see, when I got my patent they had to have a guardeen appointed for me, an' Mr. Reilly was the man. Well, this man as was talking to me asked me what I would take for that patent, an' I just thought 530,000 would be a good price, and I told him so. He said he would give me \$25,000, but I just got him up to \$25,000. His name but I just got him up to £25,000. His name is it. Morehead, and he told me he was from Washington. That's just why I'm going to quit shining, as I will get \$000 every year. I know that some of the money is down in that bank with the big lions in front of it."

Won't you make a drawing for me of your pump?" asked the gentleman.

The lad was furnished with pencil and paper, and made the drawing, displaying a wonderful mechanical knowledge. The gentleman then asked for the date of the patent,

and proceeded to make an investigation, was ascertained that a patent for a pump who combines the vacuum and syphon principle had been granted on November 17 of the past year. Such is the story of a bootblack

had been granted on past year. Such is the story of a bootblack's beginning in the inventive world.

Fomething new is Dr. Hann's Teething Lotion to bathe babies gums. If relieves all pain and is harmless. Frice, 25 cents.

Parents remember Dr. Hann's Cough and Croup Medicine relieves inflammation of the

Croup Medicine relieves inflammation of throat and tubes of the langs and cares con and croup. Price, 25 cents. mi-imday

An Inventor's Advice. An Inventor's Advice,
George Stevenson when advising young men
how to get on would finish by saying "be as I
have done-persevere." For fifteen years he
plodded and worked before giving the missing
touches to his locomotive. In as many day,
those persevering in the use of Dr. Pierce's,
"Golden Medical Discovery," have experienced
great reinf and found themselves on the high
road to health, layer complaints, impure blood,
chronic lung d'senses and many others yield to
its healing influences never to return. All draggists.

Physicians Have Found Out
That a contaminating and foreign element in
the blood, developed by indigestion, is the cause
of rheumatism. This settles upon the sensitive
sub-entaneous covering of the muscles and ligaments of the joints, causing constant and shiftting pain, and aggregating as a calcareous,
chalkey deposit which produces stiffness and
distortion of the joints. No fact, which experience has demonstrated in regard to Hostetter's
Stomach Bitters, has stronger evidence to support than this, namely, that this medicine of
comprehensive uses checks the formidable and
atroclous disease, nor is it less positively estab-Physicians Have Found Out atrocions disease, nor is it less positively estab-lished that it is preferable to the poisons often used to arrest it, since the medicine contains only salutary ingredients. It is also a signal

remedy for malarial fevers, constipution, dys-pepsia, kidney and bladder allments, debility and other disorders. See that you get the gen-Ma. I. B. Noxon, Cashier of the First National Bank, of Sing Sing, N. Y., suffered greatly from Costiveness and Dyspepala, due to overwork and want of regular exercise. After wasting much time and money in seeking a remedy, he began taking the old reliable Brandreth's Pills, two every night for three weeks. He now has a good appetite and capital digestion, and will answer any written or personal inquiry regarding his remarkable cure. mart-iwd

his remarkable cure.

There Area Few Druggists
who care to make a large profit on a worthless
article than to wait for the prosperity that ultimately results from honest dealing. These are
the men who, when asked for a honeon's Capcine Plaster, will recommend some cheap and
trashy substitute or imitation, saying it is "just
as good." Sometimes they will do up and sell
the miserable imitation without remark, allowing the customer to suppose he has Benson's.
If the valueless plaster is returned, Cheap John
will say he has made a mistake:—if not, he has
done a good stroke of business. The public are
cautioned against John and all his file. Buy of
respectable druggists only. The genuine Benson's plaster has the "Three Seals" trade mark
and the word "Capcine" cut in the centre.

mb-M,W.Sw

The Same Human Nature.

Many vain attempts are made to repeat the remarkable success of Benson's Capetae Plaster, This splendid remedy is known, soid and used everywhere, and its prompt action and unrivalled curative powers have won for it heats of friends. Imitations have spring up under similar sounding names, suchas "Capsicia," "Capsician," etc., intended to deceive the careless and unwary. These articles possess none of the virtues of the ground. Therefore we hope the people will assist us to protect what are at once their interests and outs. Ask for Benson's Plaster and examine what is given you, and make sare that the word "Capetae" is cut in the middle of the plaster fitself, and the "Three seals," trademark is on the face cloth. Any rematable keater will show you these safeguards without lesitation. If you cannot remember the name—Benson's Capsine Plaster—cut this paragraph from the paper. Many vain attempts are made to repeat the re-

We should have Better Preaching 11 the preachers were all sound and healthy men. Cally in may have had the dyspepsia, but it did him no good as a theologian. A Methodist minister, of Bartford, Coun., writes that Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" caved him of chronic liver disease and indigestion. His brethren of all denominations are respectfully invited to note the fact. Sick preachers are in peor condition to proclaim the gospel news. Sound bodies are wanted.

A Remarkable, Good Man

Is he who attends to the comfort of his family
and will not let his little ones suffer with affection of the Throat and Lungs, whereby their
lives may be endangered, but who should at all
times give them that sovereign remedy, Kemp's
Balsam. Price 50 cents and \$1. Trial size free.
For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 North
Queen street.

(4)

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consump-tion. For sale by H. E. Cochran, Druggist, No. 139 North Queen street.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shephard, of Harrisburg, Ill, says:
"Having received so much benefit from Electric
Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore or my
let for eight years: my dectors told me I would
have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated.
I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters
and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and
my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters
are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's
Arnica Salve at 25 ets, per box by il. B. Cochran,
Druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen Street, Lancaster, Pa.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaran-teed to cure you. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Queen street.

A Startling Discovery. Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Huron Dak., writes that his wife had been troubled with soute Bronchitts for many years, and that all remedies tried gave no permanent relief, until he procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds, which had magical effect, and procured a permanent cure. It is guaranteed to cure all Discases of Throat, Lungs, or Bronchial Tubes. Trial Bottles Free at Cochran's Drug Store, 137 and 130 North Queen Street, Lancaster, Pa. Large size \$4.00.

Thas(5)

For lame back, side or chest, use Shilch's Por-ous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 139 North Queen street.

It has always been understood that consumution was incurable, but it has recently been discovered that Kemp's Balsam for the Threat and Lungs is giving more relief than any know'remedy. It is one relief than any know'remedy. It is one of the consumer of

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitts. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Queen street.

A GREAT DISCOVERY. The greatest discovery of the ninetcenth contury is Dr. Leslie's Special Prescription for sick headache, which is the discovery of an eminent physician and used by him for over thirty years before giving it to the public, and it stands today without a rival. Read advertisement in another column.

For a cough or sore throat, the best medicine is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute. SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 73 cents per bottle. For sale by H. R. Cochma, Druggist, No. 139 North Queen street.

Nervous Debilitated Men Nervous Debilitated Men
You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the
use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic lieft with
Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy
relief and permanent cure of Nervous Bebility
loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred
troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood
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