breast with satin strings which tie under the chin. A very fascinating bonnet for

street wear during the more bitter cold weather will consist of a mauve rosette

with muskrat skin ear tabs. For skating and Christmas merry-making a dainty little

beetle with narrow velvet strings makes a cozy and very healthful hat for cold even-

ings under the wintry sky.
Guipure and Venetian laces will be used

to keep Jack Frost out of the otherwise ex-

will be more brief this year than usual so

as to show the figure. Those who have abandoned the corset will wear the Paisley

or Bay State shawl. Corsets will be worn

PAIR PEAD USE THY POISING

The Umbrella Flend

by those who prefer them, and there will be

pendence will be shown this year than

usual, both among the women and the men, in the matter of dress. This is a hopeful

sign. The newspaper paragrapher has done much, I believe, to kill off the extremist and the toady. Comfort will be the first

FATE OF THE SOUVENIR SPOON.

Table etiquette will continue to be in

favor among those who can afford it. The souvenir spoon will hold its place for the

winter, perhaps, but not longer. Those who retain their faculties will not go very

largely into the purchase of spoons that are so heavily embossed and oxydized in the

bowl that they injure the teeth and inflame

The true gentlemen who remain seated in

the roof and stand up in the aisle, will con-

tinue to ostensibly slumber or read the

paper and thus endear themselves to the public.

The man with the wet umbrella, who eats

onions and then seeks to conceal the fact by the use of stimulants, will still continue to

frequent crowded cars and rest his elbows

on the bosom of the meek merchant from

the country.

Money will be plenty this winter among well-to-do people, it is said, and should they fear a temporary stringency the rem-

edv is easy, for they will only have to skip a dividend or two, a practice which is be-coming more and more popular among our

THE TRANSFER OF POWER.

Experiment of Carrying the Porce of

Water Fall Over a Hundred Miles.

A momentous experiment has been and

cessfully made at Frankfort-on-Main. En-

300 horse-power, drives a "rotation current" dynamo, which converts the "energy" into the form of a combination of alternating

currents. These currents are next "transformed" into a current of high pressure

and small strength-the current which is sent on its hundred mile journey to Frank-

It is transmitted through three thin cop-

per wires of no more than 4 mm. diameter. These wires are erected in the same way as

ordinary telegraph lines. The poles to which they are attached are eight metres in

height and placed at a distance of about

sixty metres from one another. The num-

ber of poles employed amounts to about 3,000, and the necessary copper wire is of

about 930 kilometres length and 60,000 kilo-grammes weight. It may be noted in con-

dusion that the useful nergy recovered at

at Frankfort is about 75 per cent, of the en-

ergy expended in Lauffen. About a quar ter is lost on the journey.

AN EDITOR'S TESTIMONY.

A THREATENED CATARRHAL LUNG

DISEASE AVERTED.

A Permanent Recovery Made, After Doc

ful Recovery.

stronger:

tors and Medicines Failed-A Wonder-

It is conceded by all who have used Pe-

rn-na that it is the best remedy in existence

for Acute and Chronic Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Consumption. Scores of unsolicited testimonials from all parts of

the United States leave no room for doubt as to the permanent efficacy of this remedy in such cases. When everything else fails

of Ohio, gives in a few, clear, concise sentences exactly what Pe-ru-na did for

him, in such a convincing manner, that a volume of argument could not make it

Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co.—Gents: Per-mit me in this connection to state (unsolic-

ited) what your wonderful medicine, Peru-na, did for me. I was taken sick last

February with bronchitis and catarrhal fever. My head was in a terrible condition

-could neither see nor hear scarcely-and

my lungs were very badly affected, being so

tight and sore that I could hardly breathe.

I coughed almost constantly. For two months I tried all our local physicians, all

the cough medicines I could get hold of, and many other medicines which were recom-mended to me. About the middle of March

I concluded to try Pe-ru-na. I had not taken half a bottle until I began to im-

prove. My lungs were relieved of their

soreness and tightness, and my cough stopped entirely. I used three bottles of it and was completely cured, and have felt better ever since than I had for years.

Yours truly, W. T. POWELL, Editor and Publisher "Independent."

Anyone wishing to correspond with Mr. Powell in relation to any detail of his case

should enclose stamp for reply. Pe-ru-na cures every case of Acute Catarrh,

Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Laryngitis, La Grippe nd Influenza, without exception.

Pe-ru-na cures nearly every case of Chronic

Catarrh, Ozena, Chronic Follicular Pharyn-gitis, Catarrhal Deafness and Consumption, in first and second stages. Pe-ru-na is also very useful in the last stage of consumption,

and never fails to bring relief, however bad

the case may be.

For treatise on Catarrh, Coughs, Colds,
Consumption and all climatic diseases of

winter, send for Family Physician No. 2. Address Peruna Medicine Company, Colum-

CLARINGTON, MONROE Co., O.

oremost financiers.

Mall Budget.]

BILL NYB.

thing to consider.

the mouth.

no fuss made over the fact. More inde

chest of society. Shoulder capes

me up some of the finest pearls that lie there, such lack of faith will merely increase my own in yourself, since it is never hard to associate distinction with modesty. But here we are, almost at Eric's very doors. You are doubtless tired, and I have come to meet you, I am well aware, with a

kind of pitiless unexpectedness."

As the King passed he put his hand into that of Alonzo, letting it rest there with a Nothing could have been more simply royal than the way in which he performed this quiet act them to live thrifty, reputable lives. Besides, we're not to begin our bachelor days. transient yet earnest pressure. while standing at the arches and ivy-muf-fiel gateway which led to Eric's monastic residence of dark gray stone. To Alonzo his depar ure and that of his merry court were as graceful as had been their coming and their salutations but a brief while since When they had all passed away toward the ace he turned to Eric with an agitated sob

"For a poor devil like myself, old fellow,

such goodness positively is painful!"

Eric fondly took his arm, and they walked together below the Gothic gateway up toward the little round-towered medie val abode which rose just beyond. "My dear Lonz, this is one of the happiest moments I have ever known since I came to Saltravia, and saying that certainly is saying much. But for you to call yourself a "poor devil"—you, whom I once envied as the luckiest of mortals, with your talents, your good looks and your millions! It's like dreaming a grisly dream."
"I never had any real talents, Eric.

Like my good looks, they're only something you've dreamed. "Preposterous! You're slow, I admit."
"Slow? I'm the mcrest plodder."

"But some day you might produce a mas-And some day I believe you will. As it was, all that wealth stood in the way a purple robe, and below it is the dress of will rather adorn than harm. Besides, you will have another potent incentive."

"You meau-Most men who lose their money are in a turmoil of distress about their butcher's bills. But after all, though the salary offered you by the King is not precisely enormous—"
"He is exceedingly liberal, Eric."

"Still, for Saltravia, it can't be called meager. And you will find, my dear Louz, that it possesses one pungent charm-you can so often draw it with an entirely guilty

"I see. You mean that I shall not have

"You will have a great deal to do, in one sense-little in another. The King, you know, is enormously rich, and has, notwithstanding his many charities, a passion for purchasing and possessing what is beautiful in art He will require you, at the end of every three months or so, to show him a certain proof of faithful stewardship."
"I quite understand, Eric. I must account to him for the sums of money that I

"Good Heavens!" cried Eric, giving one of his laughs which smote the bland evening air with almost flute-like sweetness: you must do nothing of the sort. If you sil to convince Clarimond that you have made your purchases with avoidance of all rush and reckless economies—that you have, in other words, been prudently and discreetly extravagant-I am not at all sure what adverse views he may adopt regarding your proper endowments for the position you have assumed. He would prefer to take for granted that you have brought him treasures of art which have been rather chosen for their excessive ideal value as hits of true beauty than because fashion or false tradition had touched them with any vulgar spell. But I babble on, and you are fatigued. You long for your bath, for a change of linen, and then for a quiet little dinner, at which you may wash down more of my inmittee with some really choice wine, a gift from the King himself."

They presently passed within doors, but elore they did so Alonzo begged to linger a few moments on the terrace which they had now ascends in The huge hills had deepened from the to the mellowest azure, and the hard below glimmered below coasts, and plaway between either, like a water life of throbbing fire, burned the evening star. Freshening each instant with the advent of darkness, a breeze played at so brisk a speed along the valley that you might wonder how it could bear such heavy odors of pine, of garland flowers and of wild flowers as well, in its viewless but dewy

The dwelling of his friend, as Alonzo soon found, was in no way suggestive of being inhabited by a King's petted idol. So-briety and simplicity prevailed everywhere, yet the cloister-like sombreness never bevenled bursts of refreshing brilliance in a fall of rare tapestry or a stretch of blazoned window. While the two friends tarried ate that evening in the groined dining room, with its tall wax candles (having been left to their eigars, coffee and Burgundy by a servant of perfect training), they talked of many things. But chief among these topics the recent troubles of Alonzo stood forth. He had told all which had passed between himself and Kathleen,

"I don't altogether approve my own conduct, now that I look back upon it." 'Approve it!" exclaimed Eric. "My dear boy, you are delicious. Why, it's just as if Caligula should declare to day that he had behaved a trifle impolitely yester-

"Really, Eric, I was not prepared-" "To be called cruel? Of course you were not. You expected to have me agree with you that you've been a martyr."
"I have been—to that horrible Mrs. Ken-

"But by your own showing you quite de-feated her. Kathleen was willing to defy

her authority." Willing-yes." "And you wanted the poor girl to pros-

trate herself before you in an ecstacy of submission. Of course you did. All lovers, n like circumstances, do. Don't bite your lips and glare at me, dear Long. It she in you a new spirit of rebellion for which I which they gazed. The moon herself moved am totally unprepared. All ays before through a lair of stagnant ebon cloud, edgam totally unprepared. All ays before this you have recognized my right to soold you when you deserved it."
"But you've never before scolded me unjustly, Eric. Let us talk, however, of something else. How is it that you, so

suplent in the way of lovers, have for wife among all these charming ladies of "I marry a Saltravian lady!" broke from Eric, while he nearly spilled the glass of Chambertin that he was litting to his lips.

"You might as well talk of my marrying some celestial creature who had lately as rived here from the planet Mars." "What do you mean? I thought they

adored you. me of them detest me, my dear Long."

"Ah! jealousy of the King?"
"Partly. But there's another cogent reason. Many of them look upon me as a "A vandal, you?"

"Yes, and it's so odd when one thinks of gloom. it. A vandal of culture! I swooped down on their dear valley and shattered (at Clarimond's command) its immemorial ugliness. Talk of the romance of the past! Adobe buts are scarcely dissimilar than were some of their ancestral lodgments. Oh, yes, I've been to them, as it were, a very barbarian

"But this was the King's tyranny, not

"They imagine that I have put all these atrocious refinements into Clarimond's head. They realize that he is that anomalous and unprecedented person, a nineteenth century King; but they blame me, at the same time, for aggravating his fallacies."

"Then they think it is a fullacy to believe in surrounding oneself with beauty?" "They prefer to surround themselves with memories. And they had many, Saltravia, you know, is ridiculously old.
After all, it was a very stern demolition. I

eight or nine centuries old. I was quite STUDYING THE PLAY. "Pitiless as Caligula?"

"Ah, Lonz, you're angry at mel "Well, well, persevere in your grudge,

and you'll make me apologize." Here Eri looked with melancholy at his half-cor sumed cigar. "An apology, you know, is the murder of a prejudice, and I'm so fond of my prejudices! They're my cherished children. I spend half my time in training together by even the semblance of a quar-

Alonzo started. "Are we to live here to gether, you and I?" he asked.

"Not unless you desire it."
"Oh, Eric!" And Alonzo's eyes filled
with tears. "In this lovely castle!"
"A castle pour vivre, my friend."
"But—but, Eric! It's too infernally

"Internally sweet is just what I want to be called. It reminds me of fin de sieole art. It makes me think of Leconte de Lile's poetry. Baudelaire (as that wonderful saver of happy things, Oscar Wilde, not long ago declared, when he dropped into Saltravia and spent a few days in the palace with Clarimond) is chiefly great as a poet for having discovered the beauty in ugliness. Nothing except that is left us now in this unacademic age. The moment that one is classical nowadays he is denounced as commonplace."

But Alonzo was not listening. If his wounded life needed a balsamic touch it was just these tidings that here in this lovely valley, in this choice abode, he should secure a lasting home with the friend of his heart. "It is too kind, too generous of you,

Eric," he at length found voice to say. "And of it. Now your luxury slips from you like a purple robe, and below it is the dress of pinin taffetas that an occasional paint stain slib radow than home. Built rather adom then home the continuent you have decided that I am always to return to—yourself?"

"Unless you are very bored. Then you will be frank and tell me, and then we shall certainly quarrel. For the instant I become conscious that I have bored anybody my egotism will leap forth like a tiger. It's a crime of which no one has yet had the andacity to accuse me. I keep a jew-eled Eastern dirk ready to plunge into any such offender; for when he commits his offence I wish my crime as an assassin to possess at least the saving grace of pictur-"Oh, Eric, how good you are, how good

you are?"
"Crime," continued Eric, pouring himself
another glass of Burgundy, "was never so
disreputably prosale as now. That reminds
me, dear Lonz. I shall speak to the King you are! to-morrow on this particular subject. I shall ask him if he will not kindly punish any new act of assassination at which the weapon used has been of an inferior and vulgar sort, with something prettily six-teenth century in the way of torture previous to the actual infliction of death.

"I am back with you again in Paris," smiled Alonzo, while listening like this, to all your serious absurdities. But are you sure that if I don't take the place of any Saltravian bride I shall not stand in the way of one with a different nationality You tell me that the hotels off yonder by the springs are often peopled by American

"Oh, yes. They come here in summer, though they have not yet fully found out the marvellous quality of the springs. You see, before the unexpected accession of Clarimond to the throne, Saltravia had been for years in desuctude. The old King, his kinsman, ill and half-blind for nearly twenty years, had a loathing of foreigners, and resisted even the request of so august an authority as the Emperor himself that the hotels should be redecorated and made attractive for a wholly new order of guests. "And Clarimond has changed all that He opens his arms to Americans. And you? Don't you open your's to any one feminine American in particular?" Eric answered at first with a shrug. "My dear boy, I've been so horribly busy. Be-

"Ah, there's a besides?" "Oh, a very commonplace one. If you recall, I staid on in Paris for a good while of the mellowest azure, the hard by the heart of the that the color a pale pool of sky the heart of the mountains flanked like the heart of moment he was the old, radiant trifler, with not a hint of that hidden sorrow, which, it occurred to his hearer, that he might possibly never learn. "Frankly, as I've now made up my mind, I could never marry an

American woman unless she were a mute."
"Eric! what do you mean?" The voice of the American woman, my dear Lonz, is a horror!"

Alonzo laughed. "Why except the American man?" "I don't. But one doesn't marry the Am-

erican man. "True. One doesn't. But I've known not a few American girls whose voices-"
"Of course you have. So have I. Oh, yes, these exceptions are vocally enchant-ing. But the ordinary girl of my own couning. But the ordinary girl of my own country always reminds me, when she is charming, of a splendid, full blown thistle. There are few lovelier flowers than the thistle, when seen in perfection. It has unique perfume, and a symmetry that repays the closest observance. But try to pluck it and you are true to recall." are sure to recoil."
"Bah!" replied Alonzo, laughing; "it's

the same affair with a moss rose."

Eric frowned with a great gloom. "Lonz you have done the most scandalous injury. I can pardon the man who smites me on the cheek or who robs me from the person. But for him who wantonly spoils one of my smiles I can only cherish a Borgian batred."

Then they both broke into a laugh, their eyes meeting in amical joyance under the wax lights that beamed on their fruits and wine. "I won't admit your hatred to be quite Borgian," urged Alonzo, "for I'm sure this velvet Burgundy hasn't been poisoned."

"You poison it with your own sarcasms,"
returned Eric. Then, after a slight pause;
"There will be a late moon to-night. Shall we watch it for a moment from the ter

They were presently standing together on the stone walk outside, feeling their tem-ples fanned by a breeze that seemed to blow straight from the ruddy moonrise at ing it with spectral fire; but her light flooded the hollow of a great gorge in the mountain just below her, and stole from its coverts of clustered leafage shapes that were mystic enough for the pictured thoughts of a darkened soul. Alonzo had some such fancy as this, and had just lost himself in the easy witchery of At, when his friend's voice roused him with a faint,

impatient cry. What is it?" he said, starting as if from a real dream. "Look—the palsee," replied Eric. "It's

fairly ablaze with lights. Alonzo turned and saw that this was true, and that throngs of shadowy shapes were gathered in the grand courtyard before the wide-flung illumined doors. Suddenly the crackings of whips were heard, and three or four vehicles that might have been coaches of state rolled into momentary distinctness, and were then swallowed again by the

"She has crossed the frontier once more, after numberless threats," muttered Eric.
"Intolerable woman, to come at such a time as this! But so like her-so like her! It has all been premeditated, just to cause talk and give trouble. Hark! They are cheering

Alonzo listened, and heard a volume of sound by no means deafening.
"Is it not absurd?" pursued Eric.

"It's like an opera bouffe with a grand chorus of Saltravian citizens, you know, about two dozen strong. And what's ab-surder still, she's horribly unpopular here; "Of whom, pray, a

"Of whom, pray, are you speaking?" asked Alonzo, with evident interest.
"Of the Princess of Brindiai, mother of the King, and the most insolent and arrogant woman in Europe."
[To be Continued next Sunday.]

Bill Nye Investigates Mathematical Accuracy Upon the Stage.

PASHION NOTES FOR BOTH SEXES. Etiquette Often Requires Dress Suits to Be Worn in the Morning.

WOMEN WILL BUY SOME NEW CLOTHES

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR. NEW YORK, Oct. 23 .- Recently I went to the London theater for an afternoon of pure and innocent delight. The London theater is not so English as I had expected to find it from its name. It is an American theater where one can see a play that is mathematically and dramatically accurate.

Friends of mine told me to go there and study the mechanism of a play so that when I write another border drama I can see how to put the border on without puckering the drama. I can never be thankful enough that I did so. I put in the entire afternoon studying the construction of a play that has been thrilling the Bowery for a long time. In this play a maid with a feather duster is seen at the beginning of the first act dusting the parlor and trying to think of her piece. This is well done and dramatically accurate. The plot now proceeds to unfold itself. In the second act a villain appears with pink whiskers made for a smaller man. He moves about the stage to melancholy music.

IMPRESSIONS OF EVA HAMILTON. The piece all the way through is so dramatically accurate that I could go out for an hour and know exactly where they would be when I came back. But I went there stly to see Eva Hamilton. I wanted to see how she would succeed as an actress. thought that if she acquitted herself nicely I could write a play for her next year. But she did not do very well. She wore yachting clothes and a scared look, but her voice was as devoid of emotion as that of John L. Sullivan, and her statements were as devoid of sympathetic effect as those made by the man who calls trains in the Union depot at Pittsburg.
Go home, little Eva. Go back to your old

life, whatever it may be. Do not attempt to be emotional when an Eastside audience frightens you and your lines light out like a scared jack rabbit at the early dawn. It is high time you called a halt. Go not to the quiet grave of that deluded man whose name you are pasting on the deadwalls in order to get new clothes and bait the old dead all for w victims. I am glad the press united on this evil angel of a soft hearted man whose life was ruined by her. Such women discourage a young darmatist like myself from writing the great Ametican play. Let us change the play.

FASHIONS FOR MALE BIPEDS.

Men's clothes this fall in New York will resent more bright colors than heretofore, and the cherry, scarlet, crimson and other bright shades for scarfs, mainly in satin, are very noticeable. I write these items regarding men's apparel because very many friends sort of look to me as authority each season, and expect me to furnish tips on etiquette and clothing, as I am constantly in touch with the highest and best authority.

Four-in-hands now are now no longer the only searf that is tied by the proprietor. There are two or three of them which require a steady nerve, a Christian spirit and an outside income. It is no longer de rigger to part the coat tails and arrange them in the lap on sitting down. It has been ta-booed because it gives the impression that one is too thoughtful of his clothing, and economy and ettiquette do not harmonize. Gloves will run in various shades of tan and lack and tan; also the color of the Colorado and Colorado Claro cigar. A navy blue cheviot suit with a tan colored glove makes a very pretty contrast. The cheviot in dark blue and black will be very popular. Efforts will be made to force into favor the old-fashioned vest, made of all kinds of brocaded, twilled and startling designs, but quiet people who desire to lead different lives will adhere to the vest made of the

same material as the suit. WHEN DRESS SUITS WILL BE WORK, Full dress will be worn this winter in light on the following morning. It will also be worn on the following day by men from Staten Island and New Jersey who have missed the night boat. Nothing can look sadder than the man from Perth Amboy who is coming home at noon in a dress suit which has a little chocolate eclaire down the front to remind him of the an-nual dinner of the Society for the Prevention of Publicity for Charity.

A movement is now on foot to open a sort of gents' exchange, to be called the Subur-ban Gents' Consolidated Exchange, where



out of town men may drop in and shuck their business suits and assume the evening dress, then after the dinner, if still sufficiently lucid, they may swap back and go home. There have been, of course, small places of this kind before, but this is to be arranged on a larger and broader plan than ever before known, and a competent person will preside at all hours.

A great improvement in men's apparel this year will consist of the coat shirt, which is open the entire length in front and so therefore saves that terrible wear and tear of the soul caused by climbing hand over hand up the dark interior of a hot and

freshly-ironed shirt. GETTING INTO A SHIRT.

Let those whose lot has been a more pleasant and accessible one speak sneeringly and lightly mayhap of the man whose sex has doomed him to a life of unceasing struggle upward through one of these stiff and airtight garments, but to a man whose hair has been worn off in this way it is no learning matter. Nearly all landscape. laughing matter. Nearly all laundresses pin the shirt together at the neck, and no man is ever prepared for this, so he drifts farther and farther away from that direct and narrow way which I am told is extremely lonesome. The coat shirt is not open in the back, but otherwise of course is, to the casual observer, similar to the shirt in common use except that it may be put on

in common use except that it may be put on without the usual affidavits.

The chest protector worn in the evening over the shirt front, with evening dress, is growing in favor along with the lung pad, the liver pad and the foot pad. Those who cannot afford the gorgeous satin chest covering, which costs from \$10 to \$12, will find a chean and pleasing substitute in the find a cheap and pleasing substitute in the Saltravia, you know, is ridiculously old.

After all, it was a very stern demolition. I probably tore up hearthstones that were where Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is unknown.

Sunday paper. Some put the street vest on underneath the shirt on cold evenings. This gives to the thin and narrow chested

child of wealth a better figure also and obscures his bright and piercing wishbone. Try it.

DIVINE

A BONNET OF BLUEJAY'S BREAST. A Supreme Ideal Set Up by the First Ladies will have different clothes this year throughout. A great deal of mauve is to be worn this year, also green and every shade of browns and chestnut. Soft and fussy effects will be sought after considerably. A nice warm bonnet, direct from Paris, is made of a nest little bluejay's of the Commandments.

CHOICE MAKES LOVE POSSIBLE.

The Tree in the Garden of Eden Was Really a Tree of Liberty.

REV. MR. HODGES SUNDAY SERMON IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

We ought to love God. It is our duty to love God. We are commanded to love God. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." The Old Testament and the New Testament unite in emphasizing that injunction. It is not likely, however, that text ever persuaded anybody into loving God. Love laughs at injunctions, pays no need to duty, absolutely cannot be comnanded. Obedience can be got that way, but love, never. It is of the very nature and essence of

love that it must grow in a willing heart. Figs will grow on thistles quite as readily as love at the word of law. There is no such thing as love by regulation. Love is the manifestation of an untramme ed choice. If the choice is bindered, unwillingly directed, made under dictation, it is no choice, and the object chosen is not loved. Probably God sent temptation within reach of man that he might thus make it possible for .us to really love Him. The test of love is preference. Love comes out into the light and is discovered when there is a choice to be made between two, or for and against. THE DOCTRINE OF FREE WILL.

Man, hedged about with imperative inno-ence, without a chance to choose between God and the devil, compelled to obey God, having no way of showing any voluntary loyalty to God, would never have loved God. God set that forbidden tree in the midst of Eden that man might use His gift at will, and might thus be able to render God a willing service; that is, a loving service. He took away bondage and compulsion when He planted that old tree in Eden. That was a liberty tree. That was the one fact in the world which kept man from being a machine. With that great tree shading his ath men was a man having the power of path, man was a man, having the power of choice, a responsible being, the possessor of s free will.

And so able to love God. Every temptation, every opportunity to do wrong, from Eden down, has given man a chance to vindicate his manhood, to choose as a man may and show God that he loves Him. The best way in the whole world for a man to show his love for God is to say "no" to the devil and to stand up on the side of God. But we must not do that because we are commanded to do it, because we are afraid not to do it, but because we want to do it; if there is to be any real love in it. must be the free choice of a willing heart. Love cannot be commanded.

THE IDEAL OF THE BIBLE. The purpose of the great commandmen is not to establith obedience, but to pro-claim an ideal. The spirit of it is not that we must love God because we must, but that God wants us to love Him. The two supreme commandments of the gospel show us that sort of man that God approves of. They hold up an ideal. They reveal the Divine standard of human manhood. The manliest man to be found anywhere in this great efamily of God is he who loves God with all

his heart, and soul, and mind, and strength;

and who loves his neighbor as he loves But if we desire to love God better than we do, we will have to find some other text than that to help us. Take this one: "We love Him because He first loved us." God loved us. Before Christ came, bringing that message from the divine Father, and writing it in the sight of all the world over ergy in the form of the electric current has the arms of that Good Friday cross on Caltransformed from Lauffer on the vary Hill, people deemed it too good to be true. In days of prosperity, in the sun-shine, in the strength of health, and in the Neckar to the Electrical exhibition at true. Frankfort-a distance of some 108 English riankiori—a distance of some 198 English time of content, it was thought that per-miles. The power is originally obtained haps it might be true. Up above there, from a turbine placed in a channel of the somewhere among the everlasting stars,

river Neckar. This turbine, which is of there might, perhaps, be a beneficient Creaming dynamo, which converts the "energy" into Father. But WHEN THE SUN WENT DOWN and darkness came down upon the earth. when adversity nd accident lay in wait along the path, when pain came and death after it, and all things seemed to be going wrong, almost everybody lost sight of that beautiful dream. It was not true. God did not care. God is not love. The psalmist and the prophets who had better eyes than other people to see God, somehow kept their faith. But others lost heart,

feared God, but did not love Him.

The truth is, there is no revelation of the love of God in all the pages of the Book of Nature; I mean of that side of God's love that touches us as individuals. History teaches plainly enough, most people think, that God cares for the race. God has all these centuries been teaching and bettering the race. He has seemed sometimes to be a stern schoolmaster; He has punished those who would not learn His lesson with inevitable and unsparing severity, listening to no excuses, never pardoning human ignorance; that is, so far as this world goes. And that is just as far as man can see. But it has all been for the best. That is plain enough. We can look back now and see that. All the plagues and the famines, all the wars and the martyrdoms-we can see their place in the general bettering of human life. The world has all along been growing better. This year, which is getting now into its last months, is the best year that men ever lived in since the year 1. God cares for the race. He is a careful Father, possibly a loving

one, at least that far. CARE FOR THE INDIVIDUAL. Pe-ru-na cures. When other sources of relief have been sought in vain Pe-ru-na to the race. Our good and evil fortune is inextricably intermingled with the fortunes. Whatever is good for the of the race. Whatever is good for the world at large—or, perhaps, I would better asy, whatever has been good for the world at large in the past—helps us Our brethren all along have died that we may live. Over and over men have gone to death, as the Parsians marked into the tragic distall. the Russians murched into that tragic ditel of Schweidnitz, that those who came behind might pass over them and win the victory. But how about those poor fellows down there in the ditch? Did God love them when he gave them death instead of triumph? You and I get into the black shadow of pain, and we look up and the face of God is hidden from our eyes. It may be that our pain may somehow help our brother, but doesn't God care more, then, for our brother than he does for us? God is love, St. John tells us. We love Him, St. John says, because He first loved us. But does God love us? Has not God deserted us, lost sight for us, forgotten us, remembering only the great race of man? And we realize the infinity of God; and we remind ourselves that this whole planet is but a grain of dust in the vast illuminated universe of God; what is man, what is any one individual, that God should be mindfu of him? Is not God mindful only of the race? The great God, out among the ever-lasting stars, must not a vast number of us small creatures be set together before we can be of size enough for God to see?

THE VALUE OF A MAN. Of course, we have a ready and effectual answer to that last fear of the human heart. God is a spirit, and the size of body matter not with Him. No amount of material substance can compare in value with a thinking brain. No weight of rock can enter into competition with a soul. The great sun, and all the suns melted together nto one vast white-hot furnace of interminable flame, are not worth a soul. Where ever God finds a man He finds a being akin to His own self, something indeed Divine. Every man is of value, must in the very

LOVE. nature of things be of value, in the eyes of God.

But when we ask if God really loves us,

then the book of nature has no satisfying answer, and the pages of human philosophy have no satisfying answer. "God is love" is not written so that we can be sure of it in any book but one. "We have known and any book but one. "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us;" that was not spelled out with the alphabet of common experience; a Christian said that, a Christian apostle who had learned of one who was different from all other men, a disciple of the Supreme Spiritual Master whom the Father Himself instructed. Christ is the only authoritative teacher of the love of God. We know and believe the love that God bath to us, because Christ has taught us.

TEACHINGS OF THE BIBLE

Christ taught God's love for man in the blessed words that He spoke. The Christi n name for God is Father. God is our Father. That is the one word in which is summed up all that Jesus taught of God. See how it stands in the Christian religion at the very beginning of the Christian Creed, "I be-lieve in God, the Father," and at the very opening of the lips in the petitions of the Christian prayer, "Our Father." Jesus Himself said that name so lovingly, with such a singular and memorable tendernes in His tone, that they who heard Him speak it never torgot the sound of His blessed voice in the syllables of the Syrian word.

And they set it down in the pages of the Gospels untranslated, just as He pronounced it, to come down to us a testimony to that close and confident, and filial relation which Jesus held with the Eternal. "Abba" was the word for "Father" in the language of that country. It was the name which the little Galilean children learned in their cradles. Abba—father. Jesus tooked up

to the great God and called Him, and taught us to call Him, by that loving name. THE SMALLEST AND OBSCUEEST. God is our Eather. All that is true of the means God's individual knowledge of us. It mother of his children.

means God's individual care for each one of Mme. Boulanger will us. Christ said, whatever our questioning hearts may say,—Christ said for all who are able to believe Him, able to trust Him,-that God does care. Christ answered the universal question. The heavenly Father loves the smallest and obscurest of all His children. Not one but of the whole great number, not even the prodigals, are forgot-

ten of God. And Christ taught God's love in other ways than by the lesson of his words. He taught it by the lesson of his life. For the life of Jesus, even more than the words of Jesus, was a revelation of God. We do not Jesus, was a revelation of deep into the pro-need, I think, to go very deep into the profundities of theology to see that. must be better than any man; that is plain enough. And the better a man is the truer is the revelation which he bears of God, the higher the idea of God which he makes possible in the hearts of men about him.

REVELATION THROUGH THE SON And when you find an ideal man, a man who sets a standard of manhood such as no saint or hero in all history has ever touched, before his day or since; when you find such a man, such a divine man, is he not a revelation, and the truest of all revelations, of the Most High God? The highest truth that has ever been revealed, or discovered, or dreamed of about God is that God is like Christ. And that truth must be true. Henceforward, it be-comes impossible for one who honestly and intelligently thinks about it to believe anything less than that. God is like Christ And every child knows how Christ was the supreme incarnation of love. To love men as Christ loved them has ever since been the unrealized ideal of every Christian bene-

How patient he was with the ignorant how generous in making all allowance with the sinner, how full of sympathy with all sorrow, how he went about doing good and trying in all manner of ways to get more love into this unbrotherly world—all this is written in the plain pages of the Christian gospel. Christ gave us a better rule for loving our brother than the second commandment. He said that we should love others as He loved us. That touches the supremest possibility of human affection. MISSION OF THE SAVIOR

The Father does seem a long way off, and very great, and incorporeal, and invisible, and almost impersonal, and so, perhaps, hard to love. But it is not hard to love Christ. How can anybody help loving Cnrist? And whoever loves Christ loves Whoever has seen Christ and known Christ has seen and known the Father. Christ is the very closest we can possibly Finally, Christ taught the love of God

for us, not only in the life that He lived, but in the death that He died. God is our Father and our Father loves us: and God is like Christ, and so God loves us. But that old question comes back sometimes, in spite of that—that old question about the pessibility of any union between love and pain. Pain comes, and we begin to doubt. Then the cross teaches its wonderful lesson of strength and comfort. For here is Christ, whom the Father loves supremely, set in the midst of sorrow. His friends have forsaken Him; His enemies, who hate Him without a cause, crowd in about Him; He saken Him; His enemies, who hate Him without a cause, crowd in about Him; He has experience of suffering; the shadow of death falls about Him, and the sky is black above Him. If pain means that God forabove Him. If pain means that God forgets, then God has forgotten. Yet, out of all these depths of anguish, out of all this blackness of desolation, He who knows God

hest of all who ever breathed looks up into His Father's face, and calls Him Father. We wonder if pain and love can really go together, and behold here they are together at the cross of Jesus. He whom God loves, suffers; love unspeakable, suffering unspeakable. Henceforth let no sorrowing soul fear that God has forgotten. The Father never forgets. The Father loves eternally. George Hodges.

A WONDERFUL UNICYCLE The Novel Machine for Locomotion In-

vented by an Indiana Man. Henry Gantz's unicycle is rapidly approaching completion out at Hazelwood, says the Indianapolis News, as an excuse for printing the picture.



inventor, it is rumored, has not yet discovcovered how to guide the "critter," but promises a complete solution of that question in a few days. He claims that he can make 83 miles an hour with it, and that it will cost no more than an ordinary bicycle. If his invention is a success then the rail-roads ought to quit business, and Gantz ought to may taxes on \$160,000,000 of invested railroad dead capital in Indiana. It is suggested that persons wanting preliminary practice for this wheel take it by rolling lown hill in a barrel or tying themselves to

STORE and office furniture to order. HAUGH & KEENAN, 33 Water street. BOULANGER'S WIDOW.

Crowds of Parisians Are Visiting Her Home at Versailles.

NO PARTING MESSAGE FOR HER. Uncomplimentary Stories About Baron Hirsch and His Wealth.

THE HEBREW REFUGEES IN PARIS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. PARIS, October 15 .- Versailles! Ho for Versailles! is the word for rich Paris in October. A la Anglaise they go on the top of the swellest of coaches, winding their lines and cracking their whips over the backs of stylish four-in-hands. And at Versailles one sees these days not the miles of pictures in which are portrayed everything which this restless land has done, not the dainty palaces of the Trianons, not the royal playhouse, the little Swiss village where Marie Antoinette amused herself, not even the Temple of Love-he sees the quiet home of the widow of General Boulanger.

Here, since the noble General abandoned her for Mme. Bonnemain, she has b en living a quiet life of devotion and charity. After the woman who had replaced her died, in July last, she offered out of pity for the General to go to Brussels and share his exile. He never answered her letter. When he erected the monument to his mistress in the cemetery at Brussels, he arranged that it mark the ashes of three pertenderest and wisest fatherhood is true of God. And nothing is true of Him, though it be written in all the theologies, which contradicts that name. God is our own Father. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." That means God's individual knowledge of us. It means God's individual knowledge of us.

Mme. Boulanger will receive a pension— \$700 a year I think. He had nothing from the beginning of his exile. The French law gives the pension to a divorced widow, when the act of separation is in her favor,

Verdict of the Parisland

In Paris the news of the General's suicide produced a wave of sympathy and even tenderness. There was a feeling even among the hostile that the sad end made jeers and unkindness out of place. The common verdict was well expressed by the woman at the news stand I patronize: "A great General, Mile., but feeble in the head." At Brussels the intimate friends of the General had feared such an end. His grief has een uncontrolled since Mme. Bonnemain's On the broken column which marked her grave he bad engraved:

MARGUERITE. bre. 1855-15 Juillet, 1891. 13 Decembre. A bientot

A bientot means simply "I shall see you on." In spite of the sadness of it one cannot suppress contempt for the weakness of the end. The world had a right to look for at least a soldier's death from General Boulanger; instead we have that of a 'ove-lorn swain. Instead of the "Marseillaise" for a death hymn we have the lachrymose strains of "Marguerite." Instead of a vigorous and manly last word, we have a pitiful wail: "I shall kill myself to-morrow, not because I despair of the future of my party, but because I cannot endureany longer the frightful loss I sustained two months and a haif ago." Had he been 18 we might have forgiven him; but 54—Bahi

Enterprise of a Photographer,

A remarkable case of instantaneous photography occurred at the scene of the tragedy. A photographer was working near the tomb, saw the General go to the grave, heard the sound of the pistol, divined the situation, and with a business-like prompt-ness which would have done credit to an American, rushed his camera to the spot and took a picture of the scene before even the guards of the cemetery were able to get there.

guards of the cemetery were able to get there.

There was nothing in Boulanger himself to create or to sustain the following he had. His bubble was blown by advertising. If the Government will now establish in Paria a Boulanger museum, it will furnish the people an object lesson, which they need more than statues to Gambetta, arches to Napoleon or pictures of blood-curding battles. The museum should contain samples of all the articles which were used to work up the General's fame: copies of the 600 or more songs composed in his honor; samples of the handkerchiefs bearing his picture which once were so popular; copies of the pipe heads, cane beads, brooches, scarf pins, bracelets, medals made in his likeness; the glassware and pottery decorated with his exploits; packages of the tobacco, butter, cheese and what-not named after him; files of the journals established to support him. After a visit to such a collection no Frenchman, I fancy, while ever be couled again into thinking that heads as a support him the time for the content of the collection as the content of the content of the collection into thinking that heads as a collection into thinking that heads a collection in the time of the content of the collection as the content of the collection into thinking that heads a collection is the content of the collection into thinking that heads a collection is the content of the collection in the content of the collection is the content of the collection into thinking that heads a collection is the content of the collection in the content of the collection is the content of the collection in the content of the collection is the content of the collection in the content of the collection is the content of the collection in the content of the collection is the content of the collection in the content of the collection is the collection in the collection in the collection is the collection in the collection in the collection is the collection in t lection no Frenchman, I fancy, will ever be gulled again into thinking that because a man is advertised like a patent medicine he

is capable of managing the nation. Uziy Stories About B ron Hirsch, But I started at Versuilles. There is another association there which is of timely Interest Baron Hirsch whose great scheme for assisting the Hebrews, has interested Americans so much, rented a portion of the same for the people. As the people are conscious that the great park is theirs, they hated their rich tenant cordially. One story they tell about him is that his guests who were invited to hunt were never allowed to

were invited to hunt were never allowed to carry home any game, the great Baron keeping it to seli.

In Paris where he has a mansion many disagreeable things are said about Baron Hirsch, how once he said to a great professor whom he had employed to give lessons to a child: "Here, Professor, is a cigar. You don't have such at your house. That cost 25 cents." And, again, when he served strawberries in January at a dinner party, how he advised the company to "eat all you want. They cost a good deal, but I do not mind." These later, however, I do not vouch for. There is an anti-Hebrew party in Paris which loves to circulate slurs on the race, whose influence in France they fear.

Hebrew Refugees in Paris.

There is no place in the wor'd where one sees the necessity for Baron Hirsch's scheme for relieving the Hebrew refugees from Russia more plainly than here in Paris. They come here daily in troops-30, 40, 50, 60 families in a day. And such families! Ten children is a small number; oftener there are 12, dren is a small number; other taker are 12, 11 and 18. They come penniless, as a rule. Frequently they have been well-to-do in Russia, but the severity of the laws against them has compelled them to fly before they could realize anything from their property. A man reached Paris from Russia hist week who had owned 1s houses in the town from which he had been driven. He had not a sou in his pocket.

who had owned It houses in the town from which he had been driven. He had not a sou in his pocket.

Nothing can be more dreadful than their condition. Recently, in company with some devoted friends who have gone in Toynbee Hall style among the Hebrews of Paris to work, I visited some of the refugees who had recently arrived. In the top of an old house in a street so narrow that we had diffully in passing a cart which had ventured in, we found a family of 16 children occupying a room not more than 12 feet square. They had brought with them in flesing their bodding and samovar. All the Hebrews bring this tea urn. It is of brass, and they treasure it as if it were a household god. At night the bedding is spread on the floor for the 18 persons to occupy. Frequently refugees who have not even such a shelter are allowed to sit through the night in this room. The hope of most of these families is to get tickets to America or the Argentine Republic. These are furnished by the Hebrew Alliance, which has its he dquarters in Paris. But how the refugees will be better off in those lands than they are here, it is difficult to see. They do not speak the language. Work is difficult to get, Here they can get nothing but distributing handbills or selling small stuff. The bridges and squares these days are dotted with vendors of candies, cakes, shoestrings, cheap bills or selling small stuff. The bridges and squares these days are dotted with vendors of candies, cakes, shoestrings, cheap ewelry, toys. Usually these merch ats are lebrews. No license is required for the usiness, though if they get out of the teritory assigned them their goods can be conscated.

America's Gift to the Suffering. The means for relieving this flood of misery are inadequate. The city of Paris

does not give relief to foreigners. The Rothschild Committee is a splendid organi-zation, but it is so overwhelmed with applications that it is difficult to get anything from it. There is only one cheap soup house. The only work among Christians here is the "Paris Mission to the Hebrews." It is the work of three persons who, depending upon voluntary subscriptions to sustain them and their undertaking, have gone into the Hetheir undertaking, have gone into the Hebrew quarter to live. They visit among the poor daily, helping and teaching them as the case demands, giving them relief as they have means, now a franc in money, now a garment. This summer this mission sear requests to the Americans visiting the city to give them any contributions of cast-of garments they might have. Two bundles were received! Services are held several times a week and the Gospel preached. A dispensary is open once a week.

This self-sacrificing, devoted, daily work among the poor has made a strong impression in the Hebrew quarter, and the mission has a host of frends among Hebrews who would not on any consideration listen to the Gospel preached in the hall.

As for Baron Hirsch's scheme, it is for the future. All the refugees in Paris may be starred to death before such a colossal or

future. All the refugees in Paris may be starved to death before such a colossal or-ganization can be put into operation. What is needed now is daily bread. IDA M. TARBELL

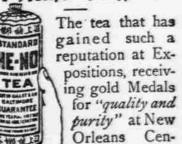
SENSATION OF ELECTROCUTION.

Man Who Was Severely Shocked Tells How the Current Made Him Feel. Pall Mall Budget.]

Albert Moyse, the master machinist of the Montmorenci Cotton Mill, near Quebec, has just had an experience which goes to show that the sensations of a criminal in the electrocution chair are rather pleasant than otherwise. "As soon as I touched the wire," he says, "I felt myself drawn up with remarkable rapidity. Blue flame shot from my eyes. It was intensely blue, and yet brilliant. I felt a sensation such as I never experienced before. As far as I could realize the feeling was pleasurable. I felt that my time had come, and then I lost consciousness. I afterwards learned that this experience had not taken more than two nds. Those who saw the accident said that as soon as my hand touched the wire I was dragged up like a flash, dashed bodily against the ceiling four feet above the wire, and then thrown to the floor, where I lay for over an hour unconscious. At the time I got the shock the power was running through the wire at 1,100 volts. The motor

had not been turned off at all. "When I came to my senses," the victim went on to say, "I was lying at the bottom of a flat-bottomed cart and was being driven home. For over ten minutes I could not remember a thing. Memory had entirely left me. The man who was driving me was one of the mill hands, and I had often seen him, yet I could not remember who ne was. Finally, when I fully regained my senses, I began to suffer for the first time. All over my body came tingling, pricking sensations, which were agonizing. Sparks would at intervals shoot from my eyes. My body was so sore that I could not bear my

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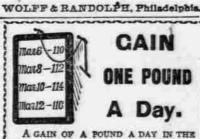
it is good for the skin. Alcohol is the chief

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Acme Blacking retails at 20c. and at that price sells readily. Many people are so accustomed to buying a dressing or blacking at 5c. and 10c. a bottle that they cannot understand that a blacking can be cheap at 20c. We want to meet them with cheapness if we can, and to ac-

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