SOME DIFFERENCE IN THINKING.

The Rev. George Hodges Prescribes Four

Spiritual Medicines. HOW TROUBLE OFTEN ENDS IN GOOD

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] It is altogether likely that everybody within the reach of this sermon will some day be sick. It is not everybody, however, he knows how to be sick. It is a great

thing to know how to be sick. The sickroom is a battlefield, and the fight that is fought there is not only a physical one; it is a spiritual combat also. And battles go, for the most part to the best prepared contestant. It has again and again been found that readiness counts for more general who planned out all the battles beorehand, and had every detail looked after and was perfectly ready.

If we are all going to be sick, let us learn how to be sick. And the best time to learn that is now while we are well. There is not much use preaching to sick people. It is a great deal better to preach to the sick people before they begin to get sick.

Leisure Is a Lost Art. Now, sickness gives almost everybody a chance to think. Somehow a good many people are so busy in this hurrying life that they seem to get no time for thought. There is not half an hour in the whole day when there is not something to be done, and done right off. The whole attention is taken up with a succession of business cares or household duties. Our modern life is lived on a perpetual run. Never had any people so many time-saving appliances as we have, and never has any people had less leisure time. We spend all that we save. Leisure is a word for whose meaning we consult the dictionary. We read about it with curiosity in old books. It is one of the lost arts.

There is plenty of thinking, but it is applied almost entirely to the visible and the temporary. There is little opportunity to consider the great truths of the human life. What are we here for? Where are we going? We hardly stop to ask. And if we sometimes question with old Pilate, what is truth? the chances are that we follow Pilate's example, and stay not for an answer. We have hardly time to say our

"Were you in the fight at Harper's Spiritual Value of Sickness Now, in the midst of this unending hustle "No. I had been sent by my father to

and bustle, in the midst of this noisy life, comes the angel of sickness, and we are led away out of it all, away from the sight and hearing of it, into a quiet room where we can think. And what shall we think about? The spiritual value of our sickness depends upon the answer to that question. We may go out of our sick room as we would go out of a prison, hating every remembrance of it, counting our confinement as just so many weeks stolen from us out of our life. Or we may go out as a victorious soldier goes from the field of triumph, wounded and broken, and weak and weary, but with his heart glad in the consciousness of a good fight bravely and successfully tought; or as a devout soul departs from the still sanc-tuary, with the glow in his face reflected from the face of God, and who goes out now in the strength of that blessed meeting, helped and uplifted, to uplift and help his

brother men.

The difference is very largely a difference in thinking. Meditation is the soul's medi-cine. If we take no medicine, or if we take the wrong kind of medicine the soul will suffer for it, like the body. It is of im-

to think when one is sick. Four Spiritual Medicine

I would prescribe four kinds of spiritual medicine—meditation upon the love of God and upon the sympathy of Christ, and upon

the fact of sin, and upon the fact of a shortness and uncertainty of human life. God loves us. Sometimes it is pretty hard to believe that in the midst of pain. But the great spiritual heroes, and saints, and doctors of the old time, who were closer to God than we are, and knew God better than we do, declared that suffering was even a sign of the great love of God. It is not necessary, I think, to emphasize the authority of Peter, and John and Paul. It gins a new era in a man's existance. If he has been living in the Dark Ages, now is a good time for the Reformation. is plain enough to see that they were mas ters in that realm of knowledge where mas tery depends on spiritual sympathy and appreciation and character, where spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and where one cannot see at all unless he first be born from above. They knew as much abou pain as we do, they had sufficient experience of it in their hard lives, and they knew 1,000 times more about God than we do. And they said that human pain has somehow a close relation to the divine fatherhood. "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him; for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure chastening God dealeth with you as with

sons." Understanding the Father. In different words and different ways, than they, we will do best, it seems to me

hasten at once and heal him? Instead of that, he stayed on where he was; and Lazarus got worst and worse day after day, and finally died. And yet Lazarus was so dear a friend to Jesus that they did not need to speak his name when they brought the news of his sickness but deemed it enough to say "he whom Thou lovest" is sick, knowing that the Master would understand. So man could be the dearest personal friend of

Christ, and yet be sick, and die. The Answer to Our Prayers. In the case of Lazarus we have not only the first chapter of the story, but the last, We can read it all the way through. And we can see how Jesus withheld the lesser blessing of recovery only that He might grant the greater blessing of new life. The story breaks off in the middle, in our human experience of sickness and death. We read only the sad part of it. We see Christ standing afar off, and seeming to pay no heed to prayer. They whom we love are sick, and death comes, and the blessing is hidden from our eyes. But the blessing fol-

hidden from our eyes. But the blessing follows. And our prayers are answered, if we could but know it, not as we asked, but infinitely better.

Sickness is only the beginning of God's dealings with our souls. We are reading the first chapter in the sick room, and what the next chapter will be we know not, extended the first chapter will be we know not, extended the first chapter will be we know not, extended the first chapter will be we know not, extended the first chapter will be we know not, extended the first chapter will be we know not, extended the first chapter will be we know not, extended the first chapter will be we know not, extended the first chapter will be we know not. the next chapter will be we know not, ex-cept that our Heavenly Father means that it shall be a new life somehow. The first thing is to trust him, to rely unreservedly

npon his infinitely wise and infinitely tender love, to say over and over to ourselves, "God is my father, God is caring for me, and doing

And God knows. That is the next thing

our infirmities. We can be sure in our sickness not only of the love of the Heavenly Father, but of the sympathy of the Son.

Our Lord represented himself to us in the gospel as the Good Shepherd. And one of the duties of the shepherd in that Syrian country was to lead the sheep. He never drove the sheep. He went on at the head of them and they followed. And so wherever they went he had gone before. All the hard and steep and thorny paths he had himself and steep and thorny paths he had himself

It is a great thing to feel that God unde stands us. One of the supreme blessings of the incarnation, of the revelation of God here in human flesh is that it assures us of the understanding, of the perfect sympathy, of God. It is wonderful to have God love us, but it is wonderfully unspeakable to have God down here on our human level, putting Himself in our place, making Him-

The Story Not a New One.

God knows all that sick people have to suffer, knows just how hard it is. All the manifold discomforts of the sickroom, all the painful weariness and the hourly strain upon the patience, and the slow creeping of the minute hand on its interminable journey around the figures of the clock, all the anxieties of the long day and the worries of the sleepless night, all the headaches and the heartaches, and the feeling that everythan numbers. The Germans beat the thing is going wrong in the house or getting french in their last war because they had a twisted at the office, and that we ought to be up, and that we are so weak that it tires us even to think of getting up—all that is known to God. Every bit of it had its like-ness somewhere in the life of Jesus.

As for downright pain, God knows what

that means. The cross testifies to that. He who hung there in the darkness, thorns upon His forehead, marks of the scourge cut deep into His shoulders, nails through His hands and through His feet, suffering torture of body and desolation of soul, is able to have sympathy. The cross is the symbol of the sympathy of God.

Accordingly, the last chapter of the gospels are good reading in the sick room, and Good Friday is a good day to think about. We will do well in the midst of pain to fix our attention upon that scene of Calvary, to take Christ as our example in the endurance of suffering, and to realize how much closer His pain and our pain rings us together.

The Fellowship of Suffering.

I met a good old man the other day who told me he was a Methodist, a "shouting Methodist," and yet that he would like to see a crucifix in every church. Probably he would like to have a picture of the crucifixion hung in every sick room. It is not fixion hung in every sick room. It is not unlikely that we have lost something in putting away out of the sight of our Protestant eyes that old, impressive, striking symbol of the love and sympathy of God. Jesus suffered as we suffer. And so he knows. We get into the fellowship of His sufferings through the door of the sick room. He comes day by day to be more to assume the comes of the sick room. us-more hopeful, more near, more neces sary, more beloved.

The cross, however, has a message abou sin as well as a message about sympathy.
And that is the next thing that we will do
well to think about when we are sick.
First, the love of God, and then the sympathy of Christ, and then the fact of sin.
Sickness always means sin. Directly or indirectly, it is always means sin. Directly of in-directly, it is always the outgrowth of sin. If there had been no sin there would have been no sickness in the world. The sickness may be the consequence of somebody else's sin. So closely are the lines of human lives intertwisted and tangled that if one member of the great human family suffers other members suffer with it, and if one commits sin the evil effects of that sin reach out and touch others than the sinner.

Worst Punishment of Sickness

That is one of the fearful things about sin that is one of the learning that it not only destroys the happiness of the sinner, but it strikes a sword through the hearts of his best friends, and poisons the lives of his innocent children. Sickness is hearts of his best friends, and poisons the lives of his innocent children. Sickness is always the punishment of some kind of sin. But it is one of God's punishments; and that means that it comes out of love, not out of anger; and that is not the reaching out of the hand of God to strike us, but, instead of that, is just the natural and inevitable of the property of the strike us, but instead of the property of the strike us, but instead of that, is just the natural and inevitable of the property of the p able consequence which is attached to sin like a shadow. It follows sin as a shadow

In sickness, accordingly, is a good time for a man to think about his sins. We get We get away out of our common course of life; we are set for a time quite on the outside of it. where we can see it. What sort of a life is it? What kind of days have we been spending? At what purposes have we been aiming? Is it a good life to close up right now and take with us, as a completed thing, for the inspection of the Great Judge? And, if it is not, then how would we better change it? Sickness suggests self-examin new resolutions. A severe affliction be

The Anticination of the End.

And, with this, comes in that fourth oc cupation which I suggested, the meditation of the sick person upon the shortness and uncertainty of human life. Everybody who is sick thinks about death. He may not say anything about it, but there it is, mind getting always more and more in the foreground some day, in some sickness, I must die. Every sickness awakens the consciousness of that inevitable destiny of man. And we wonder if it will be this

Death is probably much more dreadful in the anticipation that in the reality. We shrink from it, partly because it is the entrance upon an unknown and solitary journey; partly because it is a separation between us and those who are dearer to us

the sick room, and it interprets life. The thought gives somehow a different meaning to all the entries in our old journals and changes our ordinary estimations of value. Much that seems great, seems very small looked at from the point of view of death. looked at from the point of view of death. Money and society, gain and pleasure, our old anxieties about our dress and our dinner—these things interest us and are of importance to us to-day. But they who look back, as we all must sometimes, with one hand in the hand of death, set, no doubt, a different value upon all these things. It is no longer a question with them about the pleasures they possess down here; they are a great deal more interested about the credit they will find up above in the books of Heaven. What they have, will then of Heaven. What they have, will then matter nothing; what they are, will be the question of questions. What they may have thought about a score of theological

doctrines, for or against them, they will then utterly forget; only the Great Realities Are of Concern

to him who looks away from all the wrang "Lord, teach us to think that we must

AN ARTIFICIAL IVORY.

the Right Direction. Natural ivory is composed of tribasic phosphate of lime, magnesia, alumina, gela tine, albumen and calcium carbonate. Many attempts have been made to make an artificial substitute, but until lately they have proven unsuccessful. The Pharm Era reports experiments on the line of reproduction of the natural product by employits natural constituents. The process is, briefly, to treat quicklime with sufficient water to convert it to a hydrate, adding to to it, however, just before it becomes completely hydrated, an aqueous solution of phosphoric acid, and while thoroughly stir-ring, incorporating small quantities of cal-cium carbonate, magnesis, and alumina, and finelly the gelatine and albumen dis-

sotved in water.

Thus is obtained a plastic, intimately mixed mass, which is set aside to allow commixed mass, which is set aside to allow com-pletion of the action of the phosphoric acid upon the chalk. A day later, while the mixture is still plastic, it is pressed into the desired form and dried in a current of air at about 150° C., and after being kept for three or four weeks it becomes perfectly hard. The proportions, which can be col-ored by the addition of suitable substances, are quicklime, 100 parts; water, 300 parts phosphoric acid solution (1.05 specific gravity), 75 parts; calcium carbonate, 16 parts; magnesia,1 to 2 parts; alumina pregipitated, 5 parts; gelatine, 15 parts.

Negotiating a Loan,

Clothier and Furnisher.] Travers-See here, that last suit you have charged me \$50 for, and you know you never charged me but \$45 before. Tailor—Oh, well sir, we won't quarrel over uch a small matter. I'll give you credit

Travers-You don't happen to have it

about you, do you?

for the \$5.

The Courtship of a Clerk.

Clothier and Furnisher. 1

Briggs-Did you hear about Miss Grosgrain? She has married a drygoods clark. They met, he woo'd and won her, and so they were married. Griggs-Why, when did this all happ Briggs-While she was waiting for



Dating a head-may be a good policy-sometimes. But to date back -tradition says that Emperor Charles IV., while deer hunting in Bohemia, discovered the Carlsbad Springs. This is some 500 years ago. Since then this place has been the first health resort in Europe.

Carlsbad has but 12,000 of its own residents; every summer it has a population of 45,000, the others coming from all parts of the world, to avail themselves of its wonderful waters, that are so gifted with healing power. Goethe, Schiller, Bismarck, Moltke, emperors, all men of wealth and station, have found renewed

Can't go, you say, on account of

Don't need to. The genuine Carlsbad Sprudel Salts answer exactly the same purpose. Every drug store has them. The genuine have the signatle. A prominent medical authority says: "What we positively ascertained is, that Carlsbad Sprudel Salts in a high degree promotes organic pally by its alkaline constituents as an that it performs this wholesome action by stimulating, augmenting and chemically altering the whole process

This offer is open until January 1st., 1893. For particulars address the undersigned.

ACME BLACKING is made of pure alcohol, other liquid dressings are made of water. Water costs nothing. Alcohol is dear. Who can show us how to make it without alcohol so that we can make ACME BLACKING as chesp as water dressing, or put it in fancy pack-ages like many of the water dressings, and then charge for the outside appearance instead of charging for the con WOLFF & BANDOLPH, Philadelph

PIK-RON is enough to make six scratched and dulled cherry chairs look like newly finished mahoganies. It will do many other remarks

But, if you go on losing for some time or lose a good deal in a short time, you are

running down. Is that a trifle? Get back to your healthy

back to health. A book on CAREFUL LIV-ING will tell you what it is to

Emulsion of cod-liver oil is useful. Free. Scott & Bowns, Chemists, 130 South of Aven

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Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver
oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

artistically explained her. "The face for a Psyche," passed through his mind, "and all the more entrancing because nature has gifted her with that divinest of charms—the

incessant forgetfulness that she is so beautiful. She doesn't think in the least about the divinity of her profile. Self-consciousness, the curse of most feminine beauty, has

wistful eyes.

"He's told you?" she breathed. "But if you don't think me to blame at all, Mr. Thaxter, he—he must have given you a very generous version of the whole affair."
Then she drew herself up, and with almost a lofty calmless went on: "But we are going to-morrow. We have decided to push on toward Vallambrosa. No doubt you know it. They say it is so delightful, and very quiet there. Retirement is what I most care for, just now."

esture of despair. "And here I am, Miss Kennsird, come to you as an envoy from the King, who greatly desires the pleasure

of your acquaintance."

Perhaps Eric had without intention loudened his voice a little. Anyway, Mrs. Kennaird heard all that he had just said, and, considering the fact that Mrs. Madison had a minute ago uttered certain tidings of a most exhilarant sort to her, she was now uddenly transported once more with hope

"My dear," she said to Kathleen, as the latter drew backward several steps, with a distinct show of reluctance, even depreca-tion, "I trust that if Mr. Thaxter wishes to present you to the King you will not head tate to accompany him

But here Eric shook his head, and broke meely walf with her down toward this little fountain where the bronze tritons are, I will bring the King to her."

Mrs. Kennaird caught her daughter by the wrist. She was excessively agitated, and showed it, to the great secret amusement of

"Do you hear, my love?" she almost stammered. "The—the King is to be brought to you!" Half descending the steps which he had lately mounted, and removing his hat as he did so, Eric answered in tones of courtesy as

tranquil as they were careless:

"Oh, I assure you, King Clarimond never permits a lady to be presented to him. He's very royal, if you please, in other ways, but that is not one of them."

Pale, and inwardly quivering, Mrs. Ken-naird still held her daughter's wrist. As Eric passes down the 'awn, her voice, with brisk staccato whisper, shot into Kathleen's were pregnant with an intensity and demand:

"Come! Come, at once !"



course in natural science in one of the woman's colleges has elevated her opinion of humankind considerably since she began her studies. "Talk about the wickedness of human beings!" she wrote back home, not long ago, "it isn't a circumstance to the iniquity of these lower orders. Why, in watching some of the Ameba under the glass I've seen the whole ten commandments go to smash in a single half hour. Thei wickedness may be miscroscopical but it's awful. Whole families are eaten by some one enterprising member, they steal each one enterprising member, they steal each others wives and children and lie and rob and practice polygamy and they're slyer than lots of people, too. I'm going to study cells next term and I expect to find protoplasm the most depraved substance yet. I believe what theologian's call original sin in

people must be nothing but protoplasm working." It is proverbial that a man must ask his wife's leave to thrive. It is quite as true that a woman must ask her husband's leave to be bright and amiable. Sugar by fet-mentation turns to acetic acid. "The sweetest soul that ever looked through human eyes" will turn sharp and bitter under the ferment of rasping marital criti-

Two women spoke of a third; said one enthusiastically: "Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety." "True." murmured the other. last census report she is set down as just two years younger than her eldest son, and her life's story—I've heard it half a dozen times, and it's always a romance and always

If you value your youthful looks, dress five years beyond your real age. Your wardrobe more than aught else should take time by the forelock. The gav trappings of 16 go marvelously ill with gray hairs and the wearer of them is a sorry spectacle for gods, men or the observing sex.

Nothing is so underbred as quarreling, to say nothing of the waste of nervous energy, and there is neither bonor nor profit in it. It your adversary is a woman she can heal her self-esteem of your sharpest stabs in a bath of tea and tears. The manliness of a manly man puts him at a cruel, dumb disadvantage-a coward can always shelter beadvantage—a coward can always sneiter be-hind your womanhood. It is much better to resent insolence or positive burt with fine freezing courtesy than with the most clamorous sarcasm or the most hysterio

There is a story that a testy old landholder in the District of Columbia often said to our first President when he was planning the City of Magnificent Distances pianning the City of Magnificent Distances:
"Mr. Washington, I'd like to know what
you would have amounted to if you hadn't
married the Widow Curtis." Certainly
marriage with the wealthy widow helped
the handsome young soldier to the leadership in his province that afterward flowed
into the command of armies, and gave independence to a nation.

Strive to keep these things clear: your eyes, your complexion, your conscience; these things soft: your hair, your hands, your heart; these things clean: your lips, your name, your mind.

To know how to ride a horse, to shoot s gun and to tell the truth: once that was held to make the education of a gentleman, and it is still a very good foundation for

The lady managers of the World's Fair are already receiving most astonishing letters applying for space in the Woman's Building. The mother of three pairs of twins has written to say that she thinks she

world, except the quiet one I make here for myself."

Isn't it strange that in an afternoon of accidents I should have found Mr. Brown who bears the name of the remarkable man who began the war on his own account with a handful of men. The son who bears the father's name is now past 70 years of age; but he is still full of that fire which made his father such a marked man. I imagine

his father such a marked man. I imagine that he does not look unlike his parent did, when he died. His little vineyard of seven acres from which he picks a good living, unless all the evidences fail, stands ack from the main road some distance, and

John Brown's Little Office the house where he lives is just beside the waters of the lake. All about it are proofs

fornia, is preparing a sort of sketch or me-morial volume about the events of 1859 and those that preceded and followed it. She

may not write a large book, but a good part

Enlisting Recruits in Canada

from bondage—in fact, to recruit soldiers for the cause. I had been quite successful,

and had just returned to our home in Ash

abula county, intending to rejoin my father

a traitor in his party forced him to move

quickly and without proper preparation. He was a very ardent man, who knew no

ton would mean, and remained at home. I took no part in the war, except to go to

Doesn't Raise Grapes for Win

for a time.

Kansas and join one of the border regiments

"Let me see. It was early in 1862 that I

ame to this island and settled on this little

patch of land to raise fruit. I have led a

very secluded life, attending to my vine

yard and gathering my grapes.

of neatness and a reasonable degree of pros Relics of Harper's Ferry.

After we had chatted for a time we went down to a seat under the spreading branches of a tree, and there talked for an hour. Just to the left of us was a little office facing the house, in which the veteran preserves the relies of the contest at the little Virginia very sacred. His life and history is also a reverence to us all. There are seven of us left, four women and three men. All of name famous the world over. In it are books, manuscrips, and even some of the arms that were used at Harper's Ferry. Mr. Brown keeps the small building as a sort of workshop, where he may live among the memories sacred to his father. To pore over the mysteries of that place, the tragedy at Harper's Ferry, and expect

a strange yellow color. The very last of the fall fruit is being gathered as I come by accident upon one of the oldest of the sons of John Brown, and the one who bears his father's name. He is a most intelligent man and stands by his family record with a dignity that makes one feel an interest in it and him, no matter what may be his views

not know how they will be received, for it has moved so rapidly since those days that it is hard to say what will interest those of the present generation. But I am getting evidences every day, that thought about the "I am more than content with the judgment the country has made up of the events of 1859. They demanded much of life and death; but both were made without hesitation by those who were called upon to act. Look at the evidence of these facts. My father's grave at North Elba, in the interior



of New York, is visited every year by thousands of people who believe that in his attempt to destroy slavery he did to the full his duty as he saw it. No man does great things without great sacrifices, and my parent was no exception to the rule. His family shared his ambitions and are proud of his record. Despite the loss of a noble father who imported his grait and him. I would mean and remained at home. I

The Recovery of Watson's Body. him at Harper's Ferry, or rather mortally wounded, is, you know, buried by his side, and there is a touching story connected with my recovery of his remains. They were spirited away from the place where he died, and were not discovered for some years afterward. One day I received a letter from a doctor in Martinsville, Ind., informing me that they were in a medical school at Jeffer sonville in the Hoosier State. I went down found the identification complete, and the officers of the school surrendered the body to me without question. They were well preserved, and were being used as an an-atomical specimen for the education of young doctors. I brought them North and buried them beside my father, because I thought it fitting that the two men of ou

side.
"It is a good many years since these events at Harper's Ferry, and I have had many queer experiences in relation to them. few years ago I received a letter from a Confederate soldier, who was in or about the combat my father had in Vir-ginia. His letter was very frank and gen-

A Letter to a Confederate. "I preserved it carefully among the many missives which I have received since the war. My reply to that letter will indicate its spirit, for I have not the message at

OTTAWA COUNTY, O.

JUNE 18, 1879.

DEAR SIR—"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Those words expressed my thoughts, as I read your letter of the libth inst., giving some of vour own recollections of my father and brother Waison at the close of the assault at Harper's Ferry. You "aided my father to rise as he stumbled forward out of the engine house." You "improvised a couch out of a bench with a pair of overalls for a pillow for my dying brother, and you gave him a cup of water to quench his thirst, which won you his thanks." His th nks were, I know, sincere, for his was a soul of sincerity. Will you not with equal faith accept mine, and not only my own, but on behalf of all my father's family? Though you are a "South Carolinian and took part on the side of the South in the late war," this is no barrier to our sympathy and respect for you as a man who was faithful to his convictions. My ather, brothers and courades who fell at Harper's Ferry did not linte the people of the South, 'twas only toward her slavery that they cherished a sacred animosity. It may seem to Southern people paradoxical, and yet I know that the South never had truer friends than those she then considered her direst foes. When that day comes, as come it will, in which the white people of the late seceded States shall fully recognize and freely grant to every one without distinction of color, race or previous condition the rights they claim for JUNE 18, 1879. without distinction of color, race or pre-vious condition the rights they claim for themselves, and which are inherent in humanity, they will then appreciate the hearts of the men at Harper's Ferry who would have risked all for them, had the situation been reversed.

Waiting with some interest the publication of your reminiscences, and hoping sometime to offer a fraternal hand to you who gave a cup of water to my dying brother when you deemed him an enemy,

A Loss Not Without Its Return. "As you may imagine it was a touching letter that brought out this reply from me, for it was such an evidence of how the animosities of the war have softened with years, that I felt that our losses were not without return. I have a softened to the softened with years, that I felt that our losses were not without return. I have many more con tributions to the history of that time; but this one that I have given you is enough to illustrate how our family appreciates the changed conditions that have come upon the country since 1859, and through them gather fresh reverence every year for our

fits my business." We parted at the gate by the main road, and I walked toward the little wooden town which is called Put-in-Bay. An hour later, just as I was finding my way to the dock where the big steamers land for Detroit, Cleveland, Toledo and Sandusky, I met Mr. Brown again just under the spreading branches of the willow tree which marks the spot where are buried Perry's men, who fell in the memorable battle on Lake Erie, when the old Commodore sent the ringing message to the Government that has been cast in letters of gold: "We have met the

A Minister Saves the Life of a Neighbor. Mr. Isaac Snyder, a neighbor of mine, had an attack of the colic, and was wishing only

ard and gathering my grapes. See, I have wagonload almost ready for the Detroit

this spot where we were standing, and as we parted he said kindly: "Come and see me again, if you ever come this way."
FRANK A. BURK

that he could die. I gave him two doses of Chamberlain's Colie, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, and in a short time he was entirely relieved. No family should be without so valuable a medicine. JOHN S. BAKER, Evere Bedford county, Pa. WSu

HOUSEHOLD goods packed for shipment.
HAUGH & KEENAN, 33 Water street.
Su

John Brown, Jr.

enemy and they are ours."
We gossiped a little about the history of

for years. I never sell a pound of my grow-

oat, where I have sent all of my product ng for wine."
"You will excuse my farmer's garb," said he, as we walked along; "but I like it and it

the best with me, and making ready a blessing to give me. The Father loves me." That will help us to be patient. The Divine Sympathy.

our flesh upon Him, meeting our tempta-tions, bearing our sorrows, making acquaint-ance with pain. We have not an high priest, who cannot be touched with the feeding of

they all taught that. And unless we know than the life itself; partly, with some, bemore about the heavenly Father, and are closer to him and understand him better as Johnson said to Garrick when he saw the delightful rooms he lived in, "Ah. David, these are the things that make death terri-ble;" and then, beside all this, is the con-sciousness of sin. That is true which St. simple to accept that. "Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick."

That message, which is forever being carried by word, or letter, or telegram, hither and thither among the sons of men bringing Happy are they who can go on and finish the sentence—"But thanks be to God who giveth the victory, through our Lord Jesus consternation and foreboding with it, came "He whom thou lovest is sick." And we know that Christ was all the time healing the sick. Would he suffer it, then, that his best friend should be sick? Would he not A Thought That Interprets Life. We think of death in quiet moments in

die," prayed a good man, "that we must die," prayed a good man, "that we may be wise." We ought to go out of the sick-room with a new sight, with eyes opened to see things as they really are, and henceforth to prize them at their actual values.

It is evident that such a sickness would be a benediction. Out of such a sickness we would come into spiritual convalescence, into health of soul. "It is good for me that I have been in trouble," wrote one who had passed through some such beneficial experience," that I may learn thy statutes." "Before I was troubled, I went wrong; but now have I kept thy word." wrong; but now have I kept thy word."
GEORGE HODGES.

health here.

ture of "Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents, New York," on the botchanges in the system; that princiantacid throughout the organism, and

of secretion."

will be paid for a recipe enabling us to make Wolff's Acme Black-ING at such a price that the retailer can profitably sell it at 10c. a bottle. At present the retail price is 20c.

things which no other paint can da.
All retailers sell it.

The loss of flesh is a trifle. You think you need not mind it.

weight and generally you get

get there, and when Scott's

of it and preferred to appear otherwise. She had known no ore at the hotel, on her arrival, and afterward had desired complete isolation. The new acquaintanceships into which her mother had drifted were not shared by her; she remained calmly though and pretty tacade of the chief hotel, she at and pretty facade of the chief note, she at once perceived that Kathleen was being a great deal noticed and silently admired. "Little wonder, too," it swept through her mind; "for as she walks there now her form and face seem to embody this delightful thing of Chopin's that His Majesty's mu-

complishment overseas in New York, whence her stock had sprung. Everybody who could claim the faintest relationship with her would do so. "Queen Kathleen would rate for them as an ancestress worth having; that humilinting Dendudlow affair would be mercifully hidden (why not?) by sound it had ! "Clarimond and Kathleen!" There was not as much real honeyed roman-ticism in even "Romeo and Juliet!"

esuriful morrows. There were not more than 20 guests present, and these were near-

The Jerninghams, brother and sister, had evidently a great grudge against the King and his court, and it was pleasant for them to feel that their friends were of the same rather rancorous mind. They never spoke against Charimond, but they hinted that he was flippent and frivolous and had all the proverbial bad faith of the Princess. Brother and sister were oddly alike, both being tall and slim, both having a sunken act the cheeks and slaty-band ever with pink-edged lids. They both talked with a slight list, and in talking used their hands with the same jerky little gestures. Neither of them often said "I." it was nearly always "we" with them, so that after a while you got the impression that

applies on a sporte stem. Jarriet Jerningham made herself notably

"We hear your daughter is so wonderfully beautiful, Mrs. Kennaird," said the sister of the deposed Art Superintendent, "Pardon me, but we do! And it grieves us greatly to hear that she is indisposed to-. The waters sometimes affect people a few days just like that. We can't live away from them now, though at first we thought them really quite horrid. That is why my dear brother basn't departed from Saltravia. I mean since Mr. Eric Thaxter caused the King to treat him so eruelly. But perhaps you haven't heard shout that. No? Oh, then, I won't bore

"Is-is he in Saltravia?" I believe he is in Munich now, though there's a report that he will be back next

Pray, do you know him?"
"Yes. Yes, I've met him. He's a-a. New Yorker, you know."

ort when we were there."
"Oh, yes, there was," her listener might mentally have said, "only you know nothing about it." But Mrs. Kennaird was in

mute or vocal. penard," she presently faltered, "holds a position here under the King."
"Oh, yes, Art Superintendent, you know. Eric Thaxter, the adored friend of Clarito beg of you that you'll make me acquaintmend, took it away from us-that is, I mean from my brother-and gave it (with the King's full sanction) to this Mr. Lis-

"Pray, is it true," continued Miss Jerningham, "that he was engaged to a beautiful girl in New York who jilted him the moment she heard he'd lost all his money?" "Really, I think it is quite false," mur-mured Mrs. Kennaird. She got away from the villa as soon as decent politeness would permit. The late afternoon made the ex-quisitely tended and statuted lawns in front of the hotel look like squares and medallions of dark-green plush. From an immense Japanese pagoda that, burned with as many tints as if it had been builded out of a fallen rainbow, floated music made by one of the most perfect orchestras in Europe. Kathleen in a plain, dove-colored gown, without a single ornament of any kind, moved here and there amid the arabesque of box-edged paths, holding a book against one side of her bosom, as women are wont to do. She seemed wholly unaware of the attention, even the scrutiny, which she attracted, though she was perhaps perfectly well aware

Hat Clarimona and the Clarimona and the Clarimona and the Claringhams, my dear, will you not?"

Jerninghams, my dear, will you not?"

So," replied Kathleen, with much firm.

Then she looked at her mother very ediy, and pursued: "Now, mamma, let ies you present me to vour daughter! and the day for me to try and impress upon you that my social lite is ended. You must have seen that in Dresden. And as for a certain idea of yours, I can only say that it would be painful to me beyond words—painful and mertifying in the extreme—painful and mertifying in the extreme—painful and mertifying in the extreme—was it not so strongly flavored with an analyse of the day for me to try and impress upon you that my social lite is ended. You must have seen that in Dresden. And as for a certain idea of yours, I can only say that it would be painful to me beyond words—painful and mertifying in the extreme—painful and mertifying in the extreme—was it not so strongly flavored with an analyse of the first of the color and water of that dearest of all diamonds, youth!"

"My dear Mrs. Madison shook the myself, of whichever sex, make my life a burden with their longings." Here Mrs. Madison shook ther head, and so briskly that the gold—affair life to know her.

But alond Eric said, with his native curving nose. "Ah, Mrs. Kennaird, it's not a very mighty planet, after all. Don't bore yourself about Alonzo's proximity. When he knows that you've honored was the color and water of that dearest of all diamonds, youth!"

"My dear Mrs.

"My dear Mrs.

"My dear Mrs.

"My dear Mrs.

"It's that the gold—affair with his native curving nose. "Ah, Mrs. Kennaird, it's not a very mighty planet, after all. Don't bore yourself about Alonzo's proximity. When he knows that you've honored conduct to let you get the faintest glimpse of him. Oh, I know just how atrociously he behaved. He's told me, and I've scolded him without pity."

Wathleen bit her lip and watched the language of him. Oh, I know just how atrociously he behaved. He's told me, and I've scolded mists." And while sue rooming gover, that afternoon, in the most becoming gown that her limited wardrobe posing governoon that her coarning cheered her sessed, the new yearning cheered her spirit as an exlixir-like cordial warms the

blood. Because an aim was dazzling, even dizzying, should it for that reason be deserted? Ah, to think of the exquisite victory it would mean? How that horrible Marchioness of Dendudlow would writhe when she heard of it? To be the mother of a queen! There was something splendidly distinctive in the very boldness of the project. The fact that an effort like this teemed with novelty and daring was no sign that it would prove a failure. After all, so much depended on Kathleen's powers of fascination, and these were immense. Then, too, was she not just Amarican enough to be called an American girl, and was not this the next remarkable and stirring act for the American girl to commit? Margarette Kennaird surveyed herself in the dressing Margaretta mirror as she donned her bonnet, and thought how the matronly symmetries of her figure would grace a court. And then to have her portrait painted by some famous European artist and hung in the palace as that of the "Queen's mother." Perhaps several centuries after her death it would hang there. And for several centuries, no doubt, they would recollect her great ac-

the capacious mantle of history itself. "Queen Kathleen!" What a delightful It must be confessed that meditations of this kind produced an intoxicating effect upon this most curious of American "aristoerats." Her state of mind was almost an activated one by the time that a short stroll d brought her to the gates of the Jerningham villa. She felt herself on the verge of ociety here in Saltravia; felt that to-day might prove but the quiet threshold of many

ly all her own country folk. In the course half of them, finding that she already knew a few, that she had heard of a number more, and that certain others were not by any means of a desirable type. Then it entered her shrewd mind that this set, into which she had drifted, was altogether the wrong set, and that if she kept Kathleen quite out of it she would be doing a most prudent

nothing happened singly to this devoted brother and sister, but that human experience treated them to its good and its ill in perpetual due, as the rain and sun treat two

civil to Mrs. Kennaird, and after awhile they had a private chat together amid the general habble of the little modish drawing-

you with our private grievances. And yet, after all, they've become horribly public, ever since my dear brother was ousted from his position and that Alonzo Lispenard was made to replace him."
"Alonzo Lispenard!" broke from Mrs.

week for the great royal ball at the palace.

"True. I suppose you've met him in society over there-in the 'Four Hundred,' "Yes." said Mrs. Kennaird, feeling a

mood for any such comments, whether ute or vocal. "And so this Alonzo Lis-

"I see-I see." "He is in Munich. I've heard that, too. The whole piece of intelligence has given

not haughtily aloof.
When Mrs. Kennaird now drew near the great square, over which loomed the light

then at the Casino, she tells me, and not sel-

dom in the company of the King himself. He has the entree into the most difficult

Saltravian houses. Indeed, why not, since that Clarimond designs to be his

sicians are playing so finely." And then Mrs. Kennaird approached her daughter. But before she could reach her side, old

Mrs. Madison, with wrinkled face, gouty step and a cane his enough for a British

alienated Knickerbocker (for who could for-get that the Madisons were leading people in the palmy days of the Van Leriuses, and that a Madison once married a Van Lerius

as far back as 1796?) she was secretly throb bing with discomfort and chagrin. Alonzo Lispenard here in Saltravia! And not only that, but on terms of special favor with the King! It was ruin of all those de-licious hopes! For the very moment that he heard Clarimond had admired Kathleen what would he be sure to do? Prejudice his royal friend, beyond a doubt, against both herself and her child. Oh, it was too aggra"Retirement?" echoed Eric, with a mock

vating, too maddening! When she reached Kathleen Mrs. Kennaird grasped the girl's wrist with a tremor and force that instantly betrayed her

"My dear Kathleen," she began, "I have such wretched news." "Wretched news, mamma?" "Yes; don't stare at me. Everybody, hear, is staring at you. There! I won't elutch you in that idiotic style any more.

You-you know, my dear, that I-I have always prided myself on my repose." "Well, mamma?" "Let's walk along quietly toward the hotel, as if nothing had happened. I've just heard from Mrs. Madison that your

wonderful beauty and grace have set everybody talking about you."
"And is that all that has happened?" Kathicen asked, with a decided languor."
"No. I only wish it were! My dear child,

where did you think Alonzo Lispenard had gone after-after the breaking of your enagement? Don't look demoralized, now! Answer me!" Kathleen had visibly started, and her change of color was manifest. "Gone?" she repeated. "I heard that he was here in

was said about an Austrian Grand Duke having wanted him to purchase works of art for his private gallery. But I never believed the report. It was never confirmed I-"Kathleen! Believe the report now, if you choose!

Europe. You remember, mamma. Some

"Yes. But change the Austrian Grand Duke to a—a Saltravian King." Kathleen looked fixedly at her mother for several seconds as they moved still nearer to the steps of the hotel. When she spoke it was clearly to show that she had in a measure understood. "Alonzo is here?" she faltered. "You mean that? "He lives here, and lives under the very wing, so to speak, of Clarimond. It seem that his friend, Eris Thaxter, sent for him to come on here after the failure." Ther

to come on here after the failure." Then
Mrs. Kennaird gave a few further explanations which ended by the time they reached
the huge enclosed balcony of the hotel and
ascended the steps. Kathleen sank into a
chair, not trembling, but looking as if
tremors might at any moment begin.

"We must go away from here, mamma."
the presently said glancing up into here she presently said, glancing up into her mother's face while that lady stood in placid grandeur beside her. "We must go at

"Oh, now, my dear Kathleen! You surely

"He will think we came solely on his acmay return any hour. mamma; I will not stay. Let us go to Vall-ambrosa to-morrow. We intended going ambrosa to-morrow. We intended going there, you know, when you suddenly got this craze for Saltravia. Mrs. Kennaird tightened her lips together, stared straight ahead, and gave not a syllable of response. Oh, of course Kathleen must have her own way! It would be folly to keep her here against her will, for that will had modes of making itself felt which coercion sooner or later failed to profit by. And to think that the presence of this detestable Alonzo should shatter such a lordly edifice of shining and prismatic dream! Ah, it was too harrowing! In a certain sense Kathleen was right; the horrid creature might think she had come here because of him, though any thrills of dignity on the subject would have been idle if it were not that this bugbear was actually an intimate of the King. In that abominated capacity he was tate appointed, as one might say, to head herself and her daughter off. Scalding tears of ire and disappointment gathered to the eyes of Kath appointment gathered to the eyes of Kath-leen's mother while she stood and watched the spacious hotel grounds dotted with strollers and sweeping on toward the palace, white and splendid against its dark green mountain side. She had raised her handkerchief to brush away these fiery tears if in reality they should show signs of falling, when a kind of flurry among the people on the laurels made her curious to learn its cause. This soon be-

came plain, as she discerned a group at some distance away, headed by a man of noble and gracious presence. She had seen Clarimond a day or two ago, on the occasion when Kathleen had so evidently won his heed, and once having seen, it was not easy

"Yes," said Mrs. Kennaird, leeling a little dizzy and hardly knowing just what answer left her lips. "Quite right. It—er—was in the Tour Hundred," as you say."
"Such a queer name, isn't it?" babbled Miss Jerningham. "We can't get used to it, you know. There was nothing of that it, you know. There was nothing of that it." leen, rising. "Or will you remain here and shall I?" The words died on her lips, for just then old Mrs. Madison came puffing up the steps with a young gentleman of striking appearance at her side. "Mrs. Kennaird," called the old lady, "I couldn't stand the pressure of circumstances any longer. I'm compelled

> ed with your lovely daughter, so that I can can appease the longings of Mr. Eric Thax-ter, who is resolved to know her or die."
>
> "Mr. Thaxter certainly shall not die without knowing Kathleen," said Mrs. Kennaird, in her most dulcet tones. And then there was an exchange of introductions gone through quietly and quickly, as most well-bred persons manage to deal with such matters. Kathleen, who was one of those women made even more interestingly beautiful by weariness and pain, at once found herself liking Eric Thaxter. It had all come back to her that he had been "Lonz's foreign friend," and for this reason he was now all the statement of the statement with the statement of the statement with the statement of the statement

clad with a peculiar enticement. While Mrs. Madison bowed over her cane and held converse with Mrs. Kennaird, the girl, lowvoiced and spurred by a desperate sort of frankness, addressed Eric. ust heard, Mr. Thaxter," she said. "that Mr. Lispenard lives here, and with

"Yes," replied Eric, "but at present-

me great annoyance. I take for granted that he has told you of-of our broken en-'Yes, Miss Kennaird, he did tell me." Prepared though she somehow was for this candid reply, its gentle delivery sent the rose-tints flying into her face. Her eyes moistly sparkled as she fixed them on Eric's. "Oh, I'm so sorry mamma and I should have come here!" she exclaimed, though with a softness of tone that defeated her mother's thirsting ear. "We never dreamed that he was here. I

One of the Sons of John Brown at His Quiet Home on Lake Erie.

HE LIVES IN THE HISTORIC PAST.

The Family True to the Memory of the

Here of Harper's Ferry.

LETTER OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

POORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATORAL PUT-IN-BAY, LAKE ERIE, Nov. 6 .- "Yes this is Mr. Brown," said a strangely pio-turesque character, as he stood by his load of gathered fruit which he was making ready for market. "I am the son of John

Brown, of Ossawattomie, and the only one of the race living this side of the Rocky Mountains." The speaker is an old man with white hair and whiskers; but his eye is so clear, his step so elastic and his speech so full of vigor that I marvel after all his years and wonderful experiences that his powers are so

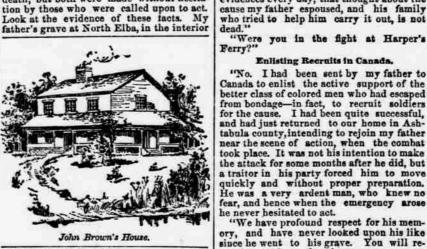
strong and complete. "I live on and enjoy these acres and the products they bear," he continued. "In my retirement I look back upon the events of the past with which my family name is connected with a mingled feeling of pride and sorrow. My father's memory is to me very sacred. His life and history is also a them live in California except myself. I have dwelt on this island almost ever since

Put-in-Bay in the Fail.

What a strange experience I have had this afternoon on the Island of Put-in-Bay in Lake Erie, the largest and most important, I believe, of those specks of land in its blue waters which are found between Sandusky and Detroit. The fruit season is just alosing, and the frosts of fall have turned closing, and the frosts of fall have turned with the special size of the season is just any mind.

"Yes, my sister Ruth, who lives in California, is preparing a sort of sketch or metals." to as long as I live.'

of her life has been spent in gathering up the threads of that time, and when her volume is printed the world will have some new facts in relation to John Brown. I do of the past.



father, who imparted his spirit and his pur-pose to all his children, we have lived to see his idol completed by other hands.

"Brother Watson, who was killed with

family who fell at the inception of the war which destroyed slavery should rest side by

hand this moment. Here it is: PUT-IN-BAY, LAKE ERIE,

Yours for the rights of all, John Brown, Jr. father's memory. He gave a noble life for a mighty sentiment. The cost to us was heavy, but we are born of a race who believe in giving up the dearest things of life, and even life itself for the right. As for myself, I do not mingle much with the