

A TEXAN INNOCENT.

INGENUOUS NARRATIVE OF HOW HE WAS PLAYED FOR A GOOD THING.

While Looking at the Tall Buildings in New York Everything Portable About Him Was Carried Off by Entire Strangers—Fared Even Worse in Chicago.

Alfred S. Wagner, general traveling passenger agent of the Texas and Pacific, has returned to Dallas from a visit to St. Louis, Chicago and New York. It was his first trip out of Texas. He went away with a look of childish innocence and guilelessness in his eye and came back with the sordid, glassy stare of a bunco steerer or the calculating glance of a burglar. He is old and sad and tired. He says he lived ten years in three weeks, and when he left he was going at the rate of a year a second. If he had stayed another half day he would have been 2,000 years old, as they count like in Texas.

His experiences began in St. Louis. He was standing on the corner of Fourth and Olive, looking around at the big buildings, when a nicely dressed fellow slapped him on the back and said:

"Hello, Johnnie! How are all the boys in Fort Worth?"

That was what Wagner had been looking for.

"Go on off, now. I am from Texas, but my name is not Johnnie, and I am not from Fort Worth."

"Where are you from—Dallas?"

"That's right."

"Well, how are Cooper Nott and Barney Fegan and Billie Crush and Ed Bixby getting on?"

Wagner loosened up a little, and reported on the condition of the celebrities named.

"And my old friend, Tom Kingsley, is he still there?"

"You bet!"

"I think you said your name was Wright?"

"No, sir; my name is A. S. Wagner of the Texas and Pacific, the old reliable."

"Yes, that's right. Wagner, let's go and have something." And they did.

After talking awhile Wagner's new found acquaintance had to meet an engagement, and Alf strolled into the Planters' to see what was going on.

At the door he met a youngster who looked at him a second and then walked up and grasped his hand.

"Hello, Wagner! When did you leave Dallas?"

"Yesterday morning."

"How can Harry Hatch and Jim Boyle and old man Starr Jones get on without you?"

What boots it to tell the conversation that cost Wagner \$10? It ought to be enough to know that it did cost him a bill. Vowing never to be worked again, Alfred went on to New York. He had letters of introduction to some people, but was afraid to present them, lest they might turn out to be the wrong people. Besides, his St. Louis experience had made him a little shy of Cooper Nott's friends. On the second day of his stay in the great metropolis he was down in City Hall Park.

"Look at that man on the spire of the Tribune building," exclaimed a voice at his shoulder.

Wagner looked and looked long, but he did not see the man on the spire and when he turned around the owner of the voice had disappeared. He strolled around a few minutes. He remembered that he had an engagement to meet a friend and reached for his watch. The timepiece was gone. So he went and bought another and kept the matter silent.

Wagner believed that the next man who got anything off of him would be a dandy. He strapped his new watch around his waist with a trace chain, secured his shoes by straps over his shoulders, fastened his necktie to both his vest and shirt and felt reasonably secure. That night he went down to a music hall to see the greatest vaudeville in America. As he was leaving one man on a corner said:

"May I trouble you for a match, sir?"

Wagner unbuttoned and reached in his pocket for the match. He handed the match, the man grabbed his right hand while another snatched his pocket-book from his inside vest pocket. Before Wagner could recover from his surprise both men were lost in the crowd.

He had no adventures in Chicago, because it is said he would not venture out of the hotel without an experienced bodyguard. This is what he says of his trip:

"I had the hottest time you ever read about. It was a continual whirl from the time I left Dallas till I got back, and I am glad to get back to a place where you can shake hands with a man without keeping your other hand on a gun or a knife. My! but those towns are warm ones. New York is said to contain 3,000,000 people. I believe that 2,975,000 of them are confidence men and the other 25,000 are honest just because it pays. Texas is good enough for me for awhile."

The Velocity of Light.

It requires four years and four months for a ray of light to reach us from the nearest star, and yet light travels at the rate of 186,330 miles in a second. At this rate a first-class express train running at the speed of thirty-seven miles an hour, would require a continuous run of 75,000,000 of years to reach Alpha Centauri. It would take 250,000,000 of years for a cannon ball travelling at the usual speed of such projectiles to reach this same point which is our nearest star neighbor.

BUILDERS OF THE MONITOR.

Only One Survivor of Those Connected With the Construction of the "Cheese Box."

Representative Sperry, of Connecticut, is probably the last survivor of the gentlemen who were closely associated in the construction of the famous Monitor that fought with the Merrimac in Hampton Roads. The three builders of the "Yankee cheese box" were John Ericsson, a Swede, known the world over as the inventor; Cornelius S. Bushnell, of New Haven, and John A. Griswold, of Troy, N. Y., the last two being interested with Mr. Ericsson as part owners. Mr. Bushnell and Mr. Sperry were close friends, and the latter went on Mr. Bushnell's bond for \$200,000. It should be borne in mind—what is not generally known by students of American history—that the Monitor was owned by private parties, and not by the Government when she fought the historic battle. The three gentlemen named were authorized by the Government to build the Monitor, and if she was able to do what was promised, the Government would purchase her. There was a great deal of skepticism about the craft, but the Government advanced some money for her construction, and for that reason the builders were required to give bond for the return of the money if the boat was a failure.

Mr. Sperry remembers vividly the day of the battle for the failure of the Monitor meant more to him than disaster to the Federals. It would have taken every dollar of his property to satisfy the Government bond.

Senator Lindsay's Wish.

"If I had plenty of money to do with as I wished," said Senator Lindsay of Kentucky to a party of friends at the Hotel Wellington the other morning, "I'd have music played at all of my meals and get cigars made at \$50 a hundred. Those are two luxuries I would most surely indulge myself in. I'd have the music played by a small orchestra, say a horn and two or three violins and a flute and a bass viol, and I'd have it play soft, harmonious airs while I ate, and now and then I'd have some vocal music given by colored voices. There's a peculiar harmony in a negro's singing tone. I'd have 'em sing such things as 'When the Watermelon Hangs Upon the Vine.' That's a song calculated to inspire the most sluggish appetite. I remember hearing it once on a Mississippi River boat. A lot of us were aboard, and in the party was Hooker of Mississippi. There were some darkies aboard who played instrumental music with banjos, guitars, and a fiddle. I asked 'em if they ever sung, and they said they did sometimes. Well, they struck up 'When the Watermelon Hangs Upon the Vine.' Hooker had never heard it before and it nearly set him crazy."

Rough on the Showman.

"When I was running a circus," said a retired showman, "I never lost an opportunity of advertising. I always had my eye on the main chance, and I made everything pay. I always made it a point to get my name everywhere, and whenever any one asked for my autograph you may be sure he got it."

"Once when I went to a little town a great string of boys and girls stood in line waiting for a chance to get my autograph on the small cards they carried. I wrote them as fast as I could, thinking to myself: 'Jim, old boy, your name is getting to be a household word.'"

"When I looked round the tent that afternoon I thought all the school children in the town were there. That meant money, and I was feeling pretty happy until I commenced looking over the receipts, then I found 400 of my autographs with the words 'Admit bearer' written above them. That is the only time in my life I was ever 'done' by school children."

The Salt Habit.

The amount of salt required in the system is comparatively small, and if the diet has been rightly compounded, very little is necessary. Some go so far as to discard its use altogether, but whether this is wise or not we will not here consider. Excessive use of salt paralyzes the nerves of taste, and in addition there is a direct tax on the skin and kidneys in removing it from the blood. It is now pretty well settled that an excessive use of salt does overtax the kidneys in its removal, and that the great number of cases of derangement and disease of these organs is due to this cause.

Queen Victoria's Boudoir.

The Queen's boudoir in Windsor Castle is shown only to a few favored visitors. Its state has remained unaltered since Her Majesty's widowhood. On the door is inscribed: "Every article in this room my deeply lamented husband selected for me in the twenty-fourth year of my reign." The Queen's bridal wreath, with the first bouquet Prince Albert presented to her, lies withered within a glass case, and on every side are evidences of the thoughtful devotion of the Prince Consort to his wife.

Preserving Languages by Machine.

The Bureau of Ethnology in Washington is utilizing the graphophone to preserve the Indian language and others which bid fair to become obsolete. A delegation of native Hawaiians visited the bureau recently and recorded their language for preservation. One of the delegation made a speech and another sang a song.

Report by Phonograph.

A municipal council in France has ordered its proceedings to be reported by phonograph. Should the expedient prove successful, shorthand writing will be dispensed with.



GOD'S GIFTS.

Pile on the logs! the bright flames start

And up the roaring chimney race;

How grateful should we be, sweet heart,

For just this little fireplace!

Draw near, and sum our blessings, sweet;

While we are housed and clothed and fed

The bleak winds hound from street to street

Souls that share not life's daily bread.

Thank God for home! and if a knock

Sound at the door this icy night,

O let us hasten to unlock

And bring a brother to the light!

It was for this God's gifts were lent—

To light the way for those that roam;

It was for this the Christ was sent—

To shelter those who had no home!

—Frank Stanton.

VALUE OF THE EPISTLES.

"Part of the difference in form between the teaching of Christ and that of the Apostle comes from the fact that St. Paul preached the gospel along the lines of his own experience," says The Living Church (P. E.) of Chicago. "Certain critics talk disdainfully about his metaphysical rendering of the grandly simple truths of Jesus, but St. Paul had to defend the truth against philosophical attacks, and he was wise to meet such attacks in the most effective way. Christ was to him philosophy as well as salvation, for He was the fulness that filleth all things. To him God in Christ settled every question, both in the heavens and on the earth, and he was ever ready to give to Jew or Gentile a reason for the faith that was in him. This controversy, like all other theological controversies, is being overruled by the great Head of the church for the intellectual and spiritual profit of His people. Incidental harm may be done in the confusing of mind and shaking of faith for a few timid believers, but the good will be permanent and valuable. Already it is sending our greatest interpreters of Scripture back to an earnest and impartial study of the Epistles, with the object of seeing things with Paul's own eyes, rethinking his thoughts, and stating them with fidelity and persuasiveness. The result will be a larger apprehension of the value of the Epistles to the church in our day, and a clearer understanding of the necessity of completing the picture of Christ in the Gospels by the teaching of the Apostles."

Old Human Nature's Rebirth.

"Mr. Moody thinks that when he was born of the spirit he 'got a new nature,' and one entirely different from that with which he came into the world. The evidence of it he finds in the new desires and the new directions of his life. We suspect," says the Universalist Leader of Boston and Chicago, "that if Mr. Moody should take a careful inventory of the faculties and powers that make up his 'nature' he would find them to be precisely the same that he had before his conversion. His energies may be differently directed, he may have tastes, sympathies, purposes, standards, affections, which he had not before; and speaking in the language of literature rather than of science he may say that he is another man, with a new nature. But Mr. Moody is a literalist. His contention is that the 'old nature' has been expelled and a literally new nature put in its place. That belief is a superstition and a needless burden on Christianity. The glory of man is, that his nature, his old common human nature, is capable of rebirth into the consciousness of higher, truer, holier life."

Come to Christ, Now.

You think it is such an easy thing to turn and accept the offers of salvation, so rich, so free, so pressing; but what if the time should come—and it does come to some—when you cannot make yourself want to accept them?

They tell us if you take one of a migratory flock of birds out of the line which the God-given instinct has formed, and is guiding to its distant home, and cage it behind iron bars, it will beat its wings against the cage in its frantic efforts to rise and go on its journey. But let the season pass in which birds migrate, then open the cage; your bird will not go now. You may take it in your hand and toss it high into the air; it is of no use; the instinct for motion has passed; the bird returns heavily to the same spot.

O young hearts! now God's Spirit moves you to accept Christ, but the time may come when the door may in vain be held open for you; you cannot arise and go.

The Beauty of Forgiveness.

Ian Maclaren, in an article in "The British Weekly," on "Forgiving One Another," makes this recommendation, which can profitably be adopted by those who stand upon their dignity and refuse to forgive, and also by those who feel that they have been treated unjustly. "No amount of hatred or ill usage can injure anyone if only he possesses his soul in patience; from this discipline of suffering he may rather win the virtues of meekness and charity. His one danger arises not from his enemy, but from himself—that he should dwell upon petty wrongs, and grow garrulous about himself, and in the end become peevish and irritable. Persecutors in history never injured their victims by fire or sword; they sadly succeeded when the blood of the persecuted turned into gall. He who thinks kindly of his enemy gathers a quick reward into his own bosom. How soon will it all be over! How little does any man's word matter! How great is the love of God!"

The Laws of God.

Commenting on the remark which Daniel Webster once made in the United States Senate that it is not worth while to re-enact the laws of God Almighty, Dr. Lyman Abbott, in a recent speech, observed that it is never worth while to enact any others. "The only thing you can do," he said, "is to know what are the laws of right and truth and righteousness, and then incorporate them in your nation." This bears out our own impression that Sinai is not yet obsolete, despite the reported presumptuous project of building a railroad to its summit. Reverence for divine law still exists in many hearts. And the best thing human society can do is to write the eternal principles of that law on its statute books and on its own heart.

Who Should Fill the Pews.

A minister recently gave notice to his people that he should resign his charge because of his inability to fill the pews. No other cause for his resignation exists. He likes everybody in the church, and everybody likes him. He fills the pulpit, and fills it well. The congregation should fill the pews. If it has come to this, that a minister must not only fill the pulpit, but the pews, also, we had better shut up church.

The Bible Confirmed.

A piece of a tablet has been discovered which gives a Babylonian account of the deluge, dating back to 2140 B. C. Such discoveries show the nature of the Old Testament stories, and, without endowing them with infallibility, prove, by contrast, their moral superiority to the legends current in all that Eastern world.

A New Degree.

Mr. Moody says that he would rather have the letters "G. S." signifying Good Samaritan, written after his name than Ph. D. or D. D. It is not impossible for a man to have all three of these titles, and to deserve them all.

Finding the Eternal Life.

Build new domes of thought in your mind, and presently you will find that, instead of your finding the eternal life, the eternal life has found you.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Get More and You Get Less

Why is it every sarsaparilla which tries to sell itself, ranges itself against Ayer's as the standard? Why is it that all have to offer extra inducements—bigger bottles, fancy wrappers, cheaper price—anything, everything, but the one inducement of quality?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has never been equaled by any cheap imitation of it, and quality tells, just as blood tells.

It is the Standard.

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than twenty-five years, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. A preparation must possess great merit to maintain such a reputation. I believe your sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier that has ever been introduced to the general public. I often hear other manufacturers say that this is 'as good as Ayer's,' but no one ever yet heard it said that Ayer's was 'as good' as any other kind. They always set Ayer's up as the standard of excellence."—S. F. BURCE, Duluth, Minn.

Something to know!

Our very large line of Latest patterns of Wall Paper with ceilings and border to match. All full measurements and all white backs. Elegant designs as low as 3c per roll.

Window Shades

with roller fixtures, fringed and plain. Some as low as 10c; better, 25c, 35c, 50c,

Elegant Carpets

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Antique Bedroom Suits

Full suits \$18.00. Woven wire springs, \$1.75.

Soft top mattresses, good ticks, \$2.50.

Feather pillows, \$1.75 per pair.

GOOD CANE SEAT CHAIRS for parlor use 3.75 set. Rockers to match, 1.25. Large size No. 8 cook stove, \$20.00; red cross ranges \$21. Tin wash boilers with covers, 49c. Tin pails—14qt, 14c; 10qt, 10c; 8qt, 8c; 2qt covered, 5c.

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W. E. MILLER, FORKSVILLE, PA.

N. B. All parties knowing themselves indebted to me will confer a great favor by calling and paying the amount due, as I need money badly at once.

Respectfully yours, W. E. MILLER.

Will Last Ten Days!

The Sale of L.L. Berman's Stock of Children's Clothing.

If you have not already taken advantage of this opportunity for purchasing Children's Suits, age from 4 to 16 years, at less than half price, it will pay you to do so now.

Don't let it pass without getting some of the bargains which we are offering.

Such good clothes have never been sold at these prices before.

Children's suits, which Berman made to wholesale at \$1.50

We sell at 85c

Suits, which Berman made to wholesale at \$2.50

We sell at 1.50

All wool suits, which Berman made to wholesale at \$3.00

age from 4 to 15,

We sell at 1.75

The best all wool worsteds, which Berman made to wholesale 5.00 and 6.00

We sell at 3.00.

Come and buy them now as this is the last chance.

All the winter goods—men's, boy's and Children's Overcoats; Ladies' Coats and Capes; Ladies' and Gents' underwear; will be sold at

Less than Half Price

Biggest bargains in Ladies' and Gent's shoes ever offered.

New goods for spring and summer arriving daily.

The latest styles of Neckwear and men's shirts just received

also knobby footwear at very low prices.

Come and see for yourself, whether you buy or not, will be glad to show our stock and prices. It will surely be to your own interest.

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