

HEAD OF THE NAVY.

A PERSONAL FRIEND'S ESTIMATE OF SECRETARY JOHN D. LONG.

The Kind of a Man the Nation Has to Cope With Possible Emergencies—He Stands the Present Strain Well and Shows No Disposition to Get Rattled.

There is no more safe, careful, prudent man connected with our government than John D. Long, writes a Baltimore newspaper man who has known him since boyhood. He is a Republican in politics, but a patriot in sentiment. All his life he has been a promoter of peace, a counsellor against hastiness, a defender of whatsoever is right and just, but absolutely inflexible in the maintenance of justice.

You might imagine that the present strain, incidental to the loss of the Maine and the incidental stress of public opinion, would have a tendency to rattle a man occupying the position of Secretary of the Navy. It might rattle some men, but it will never rattle John D. Long. Amid all this uproar and excitement, when hot-headed people are striving to find some sort of excuse to lay the responsibility for the wrecking of the vessel upon secret enemies; when everybody is perplexed and unable to understand why it should happen that one of our vessels of war is blown up immediately following the retirement of Minister de Lome; when



SECRETARY LONG.

the feverish inclinations of belligerent citizens are having their influence and people are becoming unreasonable and prone to criticise our officials for not doing this, or that, or something else, Mr. Long is as calm and unmoved as if nothing had happened, and is pursuing his investigations according to the strict custom prevailing in the naval service, through and by which the blame for the loss of the Maine will be laid just where it belongs.

The American people can rest perfectly secure in the conviction that no influence can be brought to bear upon John D. Long which can, for an instant, swerve him from his duty to the American people. If the Maine was lost through an accident within herself, that will be the report that the Navy Department will issue. If it was the fault of anybody he will be punished. If it was due to outside treachery the people will be truly and plainly told so.

John D. Long is the soul of honor, one of those men who are so brave they dare face the truth, dare speak, dare live it. When he was an obscure young man studying law he was upright, fearless, guided by principle, ambitious, but not inordinately so. He aspired to shine in politics, but the man doesn't live who ever had the temerity to ask John Long his price.

In personal appearance Secretary Long is short, chunky and rotund. In frame he resembles the popular idea of Napoleon more than President McKinley does. His head is phenomenally large, his face broad, full, pleasant of expression, and he has a wonderfully agreeable, persuasive, sympathetic voice. His manner is that of a man entirely master of himself, and no matter how illustrious the company or how distinguished the surroundings, Mr. Long invariably holds up his end and impresses everyone with unaffected greatness.

When General Butler entertained some desire to be renominated for the Governorship of Massachusetts he said: "There is only one man in the State I'm afraid of and he is Long. If he wants it he can be elected hands down."

It is extremely fortunate that such a man is at the head of the Navy Department. Anybody can be Secretary when all is quiet, and everything is plain, easy sailing; but it takes a tried, trustworthy and responsible mind to exercise, without excitement, the official functions certain to lead to the unknown, and which may lead to the unexpected.

In this trying hour the people will have a chance to judge and learn what manner of man is at the head of that branch of our service upon which great reliance would have to be placed in any critical time, and it will be found that John D. Long will measure up to all that is expected and required of him, and will have a headful of brains and a heartful of nerve to spare, for he is one of the safest statesmen the administrative branch of our government contains.

The World's Largest Family.
Mrs. Sallie Hinton, of Turkey Foot Precinct, Scott county, Ky., is probably the head of the largest family in the world. She is the mother of twelve children, all alive and married. She is the grandmother of fifty-seven grandchildren and the great-grandmother of twenty-two great-grandchildren, all of whom live within a few miles of her. All of her sons and sons-in-law are Democrats. She is seventy-one years old and an active lady, does all her milking, cooking and other housework and enjoys the very best of health.

EASTERN GIRLS GOING WEST

Agents in New York Engaging Waitresses for the Pacific Slope.

A number of agents in New York are engaging girls to work as waitresses in California and in Denver and other cities in the far West. It appears that Eastern girls are more popular than Western girls in restaurants out there, and that the places that employ girls from New York, and other Eastern cities are rushed with business.

The employment of these girls began last summer, when an agent hired fifty young women to go from New York to Denver. He succeeded in getting them all employment within twenty-four hours. This induced him to try other cities, and he found there was a demand for Eastern girls in the restaurants of Western cities. He returned to New York, and now it is said that an exodus of waitresses to the West has set in. One New York restaurant keeper who employs women said:

"It seems odd that in California they should want Eastern girls rather than Western girls for waitresses; but all the same if the present exodus goes on it will soon be hard to get a good-looking waitress to stay in New York. A number of them have left two of our establishments to take employment in a hotel at Coronado Beach, San Diego, Cal., and to-day I learned that four more had secured employment in a hotel at Los Angeles. When one goes others follow her example."

Knell of London Landmarks.

London is losing its old landmarks at an alarming rate. In the neighborhood of Holborn the course of destruction has been particularly noticeable during the year gone past. The demolition now in progress of a number of ancient houses on the north side of that thoroughfare will cover with oblivion many a spot of historic interest. The clearance begins at Furnival's Inn, and one may take a last glimpse of the top set of chambers, in which Charles Dickens wrote part of the "Pickwick Papers." Thence the labors of the "housebreaker" extend to the famous "Old Bell," which has already been razed to the ground.

Between these two points two other licensed houses, pleasant with the flavor of by gone days, and more than one building with an interesting history, are doomed. Bidler's Hotel, which is to be rebuilt and enlarged, is a relic of the early days of the Queen's reign, and the removal of the present structure means the destruction of the Horse and Groom at the corner of Leather lane. This house claims to have been licensed for close upon a couple of hundred years, but the buildings are probably at least a century older, and it is one of the quaintest hostels in London. Former associations of the house connect it with the highwaymen who plied their calling on the Great North road, and Jonathan Wild, the notorious thief-taker, whose skeleton rests in the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields, hard by, was once a regular customer at the tavern whose days are numbered.

People Are Queer.

"Well, people are queer." It was Mr. Dodge Fenders, of No. 2010 Perambulator Avenue, Flatbush, Borough of Brooklyn, Greater New York, U. S. A., who was speaking.

"As is well known, the Borough of Brooklyn, which contributes about 1,000,000 of Greater New York's 3,500,000 inhabitants, is criss-crossed with trolley lines. The first thing I get into in the morning is a trolley car, and I ride forty minutes with a fat man standing on one of my feet and a slim man stepping on the other at two minute intervals. The last thing I get out of at night is also a trolley car, and I have had therein another forty minutes of trolley torture.

"When I was at my old home in Binghamton last summer, father said he was going to give me a grand treat. I asked him what the treat was.

"Never mind; it's something great, Dodge," he cried, enthusiastically. Come on, my boy, come on; it'll be great!"

"But what is it, paw? I insisted. "It's great, my boy; out of sight," he cried, grasping me by the arm. 'Come on, an' I'll give ye a jiminy crackin' long ride, 'way up to Beeswacker's Corners, on the new trolley car line!'"

A Novelist with 4,000,000 Readers.
The most popular novelists are those who are least known to literary people. Who has heard of Emma Jane Worboise, or of the late Mr. Smith, of "Family Herald" fame? And among French novelists Zola and Daudet and Ohnet we know, but very few have heard of Reichsborg, whose death was announced yesterday. Yet Reichsborg—"the king of feuilletonists," as he was called—had probably more readers than any novelist alive or dead, and made as much money by one novel as any other novelist by two. He wrote exclusively for the Petit Journal. He had, it was calculated, 4,000,000 readers for every story he wrote, and he used to receive £4,000 for the serial rights alone.

124-Mile Cycle Path.

Cyclists are apparently regarded with especial favor in Austria. A path for their use has been laid down by the side of the high road all the way from Gratz to Trieste, a distance of 124 miles. The path is said to be only about a yard in width.

A Queer Bit of Financiering.

A girl doesn't love every man she is willing to go to a dollar and a half show with.—Acheson Globe.

RELIGIOUS OPINION.

ANSWERED PRAYER.

Father, whose tenderness has wrapped me round
In a great need, to what shall I compare
Strength thou hast sent in answer to my prayer?

Not to the help some falling vine has found,
That trailing listless on the frozen ground
Clings suddenly to some high trellis there,
Lifting itself once more into the air
With timid tendrils on the lattice wound.

Rather to help the drooping plant has won,
That weary with the beating of the rains
Feels quickening in its own responsive veins

The sudden shining of a distant sun.
When from within the strength and gladness are,
My soul knows that its help comes from afar.

—Alice Wellington Rollins.

WHAT OF THE NEXT GENERATION?

"The religious condition as it presents itself to us is threatening, rather than in a desperate or discouraging condition," says the New York Christian Intelligencer (Ref.). "The serious question is, What of the next generation? If men hold to religion and yet forsake the church; if they try to serve God, do justly, and practice mercy, and yet use the appointed means of grace, and by example, if not precept, teach their children to value lightly the Sabbath, the sanctuary, and the institutions of religion, will not the next generation depart still further from the service of God and of duty toward fellow-man? These are questions which awaken solicitude. The religious situation to-day demands thought and study from many points of view. It calls very possibly for the readjusting of many ideas and methods. It needs in the ministry the best the church can give of native ability, thorough training, and intelligent, consecrated piety. It needs on the part of church members consistent living, godly lives, which alone will convince the world of the worth of the church and the religion it represents and promotes. Observation and experience combine with statistics to prove there is no reason for Christian workers to become discouraged, though there are enough symptoms of religious decline to demand earnest efforts and fervent prayers that it may not become general or fatal."

The Problem of Current Needs.

"Nor have we any idea in mind that it is possible now to galvanize old revival machinery with new power," observes the Central Christian Advocate (Meth.) of St. Louis. "The men who fancy that what we need most is the 'old-time class-meeting,' and that the general use of 'the mourners' bench' would revivify the church, have not yet begun to study the problem of our current needs. What we need is a spirit of consecrated ingenuity, of zealous inquiry, of holy zeal, which will devise fresh methods of securing conversions; modern revival helps and appliances adapted to the spirit and life of to-day. Has the vital spirit of Methodism died out—the spirit that seeks to adapt means to ends, that invents new methods of reaching men, that is fertile and quick in devising a new way to get hold of the unconverted, when old-time methods seem to be obsolete? This inventive spirit will prompt men who are in touch with God, and who really want to help others into the kingdom, in the search for the right means to be used. Instead of using old-time machinery, why not, when that fails to produce the best results, search out new methods?"

How to Bear Criticism.

We often hear of branches which this one or that one would propose as an addition to the curricula of our theological seminaries, while there are others who think that theological courses as arranged at the present day are too diffusive, and that while seeking to be broadly comprehensive, they lack in intensity and depth. And now "The Watchman" has suggested that one of the things that a seminary should teach its students is how to bear criticism with patience and equanimity. A minister is sure to be criticised, and he is sure to need criticism at times. No one, clergyman or layman, has any reason to object to criticism so long as it is fair and kindly. Perhaps a few paternal counsels on this head from theological professors, who, of course, are never themselves criticised, would be timely.

Foundations of Christianity.

Scarcely anything in moral culture has been harder than to get out of men's thoughts the principle of merit. As rectitude has always implied the control of the inferior propensities, and as this has commonly been enforced

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by law and encouraged by rewards, morality has widely taken the shape of obedience to external command; and the man who has practised it has instinctively felt that his compliance with law entitled him to approval and to such compensation as should be reasonable.

The whole orthodox Christian system rests upon this principle of merit. Salvation is a reward which, human excellence being altogether insufficient to earn it, is purchased for men by the attributed merits of Christ: i. e., of God Himself.

The way to receive power is to give of all you have.

A Ministerial Standard.

"The ministry as a divine calling in recent years has been declining in public esteem," says the Congregationalist of Boston. "For this decline ministers and churches are mainly responsible. They have determined the standard of value, have decided what qualities they want in a minister, and what preparation is necessary to fit him for his position. People generally have accepted their standard. A generation ago the ministry stood highest among the learned professions. To-day it stands lowest. The Massachusetts Bar Association would treat as ridiculous an application for membership with a degree of preparation in law which in theology would satisfy a Massachusetts ministerial association. Medical or dental associations would prosecute men who assumed to practise medicine or dentistry with no more knowledge of their business than the knowledge of theology which would make a candidate acceptable to ministerial associations."

Great Thoughts.

A man who does not know how to learn from his mistakes turns the best schoolmaster out of his life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Activity is only beautiful when it is holy; that is to say, when it is spent in the service of that which passeth not away.—Amiel's Journal.

Moral energy grows with the obstacles against which it is measured; and the putting forth of moral energy as the purpose of our lives is the highest exemplification of humanity. When we put forth the highest moral energy, then we touch the stars of life.—Felix Adler.

Everybody Called.

The gospel invitation is to all, without distinction of rank or wealth or poverty. Even the most wicked may be sharers alike with the purest. "Who-soever will, let him come." Richard Baxter once said:—

"I am so thankful the gospel invitation says 'who-soever.' If it said 'Let Richard Baxter come, and I will in no wise cast him out, I should be afraid there was another Richard Baxter in the world, and it might mean him.'"

Try and Trust.

There are two little words in our language which I always admired—try and trust. You know not what you can or cannot effect until you try; and if you make your trials in the exercise of trust in God, mountains of imaginary difficulties will be afforded which you have never anticipated.—Samuel Smiles.

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