

Advertisement section with various notices and rates.

Patronize Your Home Merchant.

The following is an exchange of words... 'You sympathized with me when your little girl was sick the other day?'

Deadly Attack of Whooping Cough.

When Ellen Hutton, of 203 Park Lane, Kansas City, Mo., writes as follows: 'Our two children had a severe attack of whooping cough, one of them in the paroxysm of coughing would often faint and bleed at the nose.'

Regimen of Lent.

A writer in the London Standard declares the idea that Lent is actually meant to be a popular festival. In the contrary, he declares Lent to be the very essence of true Lent and quite many striking examples.

Obituary.

Obituary notice for a man who died recently, mentioning his family and funeral arrangements.

Obituary.

Obituary notice for another individual, detailing their life and passing.

Obituary notice for a third individual, providing details of their death.

THE CHRISTIAN DRUNKEN BOY.

BY DR. W. L. B.

During the American war, I was surgeon in the United States army, and after the battle of Gettysburg there were many wounded soldiers in my hospital, among whom were twenty eight who had been wounded so severely that they required my services at once. Some whose legs had to be amputated, some their arms and others both legs and arm. One of the latter was a boy who had been but three months in the service, and being too young for a soldier had enlisted as drummer. When my assistant surgeon and one of my stewards wished to amputate his legs, he turned his head aside and positively refused to receive it. When the steward told him it was the doctor's orders he said, 'send the doctor to me.'

When I came to his bedside, I said, 'young man, why do you refuse amputation?' When I found you at the battlefield you were so far gone that I thought hardly worth while to pick you up, but when you opened those large blue eyes I thought you had a mother somewhere, who might at that moment be thinking of you. I did not want you to die on the field, so ordered you to be brought here, but you have lost so much blood that you are too weak to endure an operation without chloroform, therefore you had better let me give you some.'

He laid his head against me and looking me in the face, said, 'Doctor, one Sunday afternoon in Sabbath school, when I was nine and a half years old, I gave my heart to Christ. I learned to trust Him then, I have been trusting Him ever since, and I can trust Him now. He is my strength and my strength. He will support me while you amputate my arms and legs.'

I then asked him if he would allow me to give him a little brandy. Again he looked me in the face, saying, 'Doctor, when I was about five years old my mother laid by my side, and said "Charlie, I am praying to Jesus that you may never know the taste of strong drink; your papa died a drunkard and we don't want to drink with you." And I promised her, that if it was His will that you should grow up that you should never grow up against the bitter cup. I am now seventeen years old, but I have never tasted anything stronger than beer or coffee, and as I am, I shall probably never go into the presence of my God, would you send me there with brandy on my stomach?'

The look that boy gave me, I shall never forget. At that time I hated Jews, but I respected that boy's loyalty to his father, and when I saw how he loved and trusted Him to the last, there was something that touched my heart and I did for that boy what I have never done for any other soldier. I asked him if he wanted to see his chaplain. 'Oh, yes, sir,' was his answer.

When Chaplain E— came he at once knew the boy from having often met him at the best prayer meetings, and taking his hand said, 'Well, Charlie, I am sorry to see you in this sad condition.'

'Tearing toward me, he said "New Doctor, I am sorry, and I promise you that I will not need brandy while you take off my arm and leg. If you do not order amputation, I promised, but I had not the courage to take the knife in my hand to perform the operation without first going into the next room and taking a little stimulant myself to perform my duty. While cutting through the flesh, Charlie Coulson never proffered a word, but when I took the saw to separate the bones the lad took the corner of his pillow in his mouth, and all I could hear, his utterance was, "Oh Jesus, blessed Jesus, stand by me now." He kept his promise, and never groaned. That night I could not sleep, for which ever way I turned I saw those soft blue eyes and when I closed mine the words—"Blessed Jesus, stand by me now," kept ringing in my ears. Between twelve and one o'clock I left my room and visited the hospital, a thing I had never done before unless especially called, but such was my desire to see that boy, upon my arrival there I was informed by the night steward that sixteen of the hopeless cases had died, and had been carried down to the dead house. "How is Charlie Coulson, is he among the dead?" "No, sir," answered the steward, "he is sleeping as sweetly as a babe." When I came up to the bed where he lay, one of the nurses informed me that about 9 o'clock two members of the Young Men's Christian Association came through the hospital to read and sing hymns. They were accompanied by Chaplain E— who knelt by Charlie Coulson's bed and offered up a fervent prayer after which they sang, and while still upon their knees, the sweetest of all hymns, "Jesus lover of my soul," in which Charlie joined. I could not understand how that boy, who had no discernible such excruciating pain, could sing.

Freely after him amputated that dear boy's arm and leg for me, and it was no time at all. I heard the first gospel ever read and sung hymns. They were accompanied by Chaplain E— who knelt by Charlie Coulson's bed and offered up a fervent prayer after which they sang, and while still upon their knees, the sweetest of all hymns, "Jesus lover of my soul," in which Charlie joined. I could not understand how that boy, who had no discernible such excruciating pain, could sing.

When I heard that boy sing, I could not believe it was he. I felt as if I had seen another man rise up, and I said, "I am ready to go, and before I do, I desire to thank you with all my heart for your kindness to me. Doctor, you are a doctor, you do not believe in Jesus; will you please stand here and see me the loving my Savior in the last moment of my life?" I tried to say that I could not, for I had not the courage to stand by and see a Christian boy die rejoicing in the love of Jesus who I had never taught to love, so I hurriedly left the room. About twenty minutes later a steward, who found me in my private office carrying my hat with my hands, said "Doctor, Charlie Coulson wishes to see you." "I have just seen him," I answered, "but cannot see him again." "But, Doctor, do you know how he died?" "I do not know," I answered, "but he died as he lived, in the love of Jesus Christ, so when I want to introduce you before I die, will you promise me the doctor that what I am about to say to you, you will never forget?" I promised, and he said, "I have never while you amputated my arm and leg, I prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ to stand by me now."

These words were so important to me, that I could not understand how they were so simple and plain. The next afternoon, pain like a sword cut through my heart, and I could not remember what I was thinking. The next afternoon, pain like a sword cut through my heart, and I could not remember what I was thinking.

When I was in the hospital, I was told that the boy had died. I went to see him, and found him lying in his bed, his eyes closed, and his hands clasped in prayer. I felt as if I had seen another man rise up, and I said, "I am ready to go, and before I do, I desire to thank you with all my heart for your kindness to me. Doctor, you are a doctor, you do not believe in Jesus; will you please stand here and see me the loving my Savior in the last moment of my life?"

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New Spring Goods! Men's shirts, collars and cuffs, ties, hats, shoes, and various other clothing items with prices listed.

J. K. JOHNSTON, McConnellsburg, Pa. Advertisement for a local business.

PHILIP F. BLACK, Manufacturer of Sash, Doors, Newel Posts, Hand Rails, Stairs, Banisters, Turned Porch Columns, Posts, &c. McConnellsburg, Pa.

The Washing Problem SOLVED. By the NOVELTY UPRIGHT DOUBLE REFLEX WASHER. The only perfect washer. Unlike all others. Guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or Money Refunded.

Read and Reflect. CHINESE Sash and Cord. Dry Goods. Notions. Millinery. T. J. WIENER, Hancock, Maryland. Advertisement for a variety of goods and services.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. A comprehensive list of local businesses, including lawyers, doctors, and other professionals, with their names and addresses.