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J. W. SAMPSELL Oct., 27, 1838. Administrator.

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#### CHECKMATE.

Through ancient oriel window The mellow sunlight strayed; Lit up the dusky recess Where youth and winsome maid

Engaged in mimic warfare. There, carved with cunning hand, Were slender, fvory chessmen. Brought home from eastern land. The pastime grew to earnest; How swift the hours had flown:

He watched her dainty fingers, Then said, in undertone: "Why strive against me longer? The game is almost done. If fate should crown me victor

I ask your heart, dear one!" "Nay, not so fast, Sir Boaster!

No loser yet am I. Behold! Your queen's in danger! Look where the perils lie." "My queen?" he swift retorted (A knight leaped o'er the field!) Thus would I guard her honor,

Had I the right to shield." Who plays a losing part! She may defend her castle

While love invades her heart

One last move! Then the victor, With joyous eyes, elate, Low bending, softly whispered: "Sweet, is it not, checkmate?" -Helen I. Allen, in Atlanta Constitution.

## HIS LAST FAVOR.

By HOFFMAN ATKINSON.

THEY were decidedly a dirty pair of men. I don't know that they were dirtier than the rest of us, but they were not the sort of fellows their mothers would have talked to for five minutes without suggesting roap.

You see, when life becomes a matter of lying down at night, if you are lucky enough not to be on guard or picket duty, wherever your company line may happen to be, and that without reference to the weather or the condition of the ground; and of getting up at daylight and scrambling for a tin cup of field-made coffee, with some flint-like don't it?" crackers, and, perhaps, a small chunk of salt fat pork; and then of falling in morning following it, opportunities ch!" for making careful toilettes are few and far between. When we came into the service, we

carried knapsacks filled with changes lot of other elegancies. Not only did they cut on the collar bone like the scorn to the real soldier. Later, we laughed in our dirty philosophy as we remembered the pangs we felt at tosswhole regiment threw them away and set their teeth tight for that awfully long day's march, ending with a fight. Of course there were breaks in this marching all day and sleeping in the men had to be stepped around; one dirt at night. Occasionally we fought -generally on Sundays: Heaven knows why-and sometimes we had a few days in one resting place, when the fellow who owned a piece of soap, if he were get under shelter in some deserted and clothes were bloody. house or outhouse; but, of course, the officers usually got these plums in the udding. Still, to be fair about it, the the west.

So that explains why my two com- and left him. rades were dirty. One of them, the been a fresh-faced, rather chubby Ind ican by the fall of '62, and, instead of colored jaws. The man he was talking with, his chum and "partner," was, perhaps, 30 years old.

He had been a frequent wanderer, and, I fancy, a shiftless ne'er-do-well. A smattering of every known trade was made him quite equal to offering to who comes over on his side in a row. build a cathedral or repair a chronometer. They were not bad types of volunteer soldiers, although their uniforms were much the worse for wear, Wear in campaigning means mud and grease, to my nothing of rents and burned holes. The attrition of genteel poverty doesn't show on a private's uniform.

They were sitting on a low bank made by the road, and the younger man was fretting at his ungainly shoe and a sore place on the ankle where the sharp edge of the coarse, unbound army beather had badly chafed the stockingless skin, and made every step cause

him the greatest pain. "I wish I could go barefoot, like used to when I was a boy," he growled. "I'd feel better, and travel better."

Just then the bugles along the brigade sounded "Attention," and the soldiers slouched into their regular column formation, and stood awaiting orders. The mules in the wagons fingled their chains, as they moved, against the

"Forward!" and the straggling, weary march began again, the men in front keeping a pretty even pace, but those in the rear having short, vexatious halts every time a hill, a patch of bad mud, or other obstacle rolled the ranks back on them; a tiny halt wave it would be at first, but it would grow larger and larger in proportion to the

length of the column of soldiers. If an infantryman hates and despise anything on the march, it is a cavalryman. Apart from the aggravation of seeing a fellow-soldier carried on a horse, there is the irritation of having to crowd half off the road to let a trooper pass in a cloud of dust; and the poor devil with his musket, his blanket rolled diagonally across his body, his canteen, haversack, and other burdens, sees a lazy lonfer in the trooper who carries nothing of weight and makes good time with no greater exertion

than that of jabbing spurs into his horse once in awhile.

Hence, the infantry assail the stray trooper with such remarks as these: "We must be attacked from the rear, now the cavalry is going to the front!" "Can't trust the fools for sense 'less they're given a horse apiece to help "Speak low, boys, you'll frighten the cavalry." "See a dead cavalryman and look around for an honest sutler."

pithy, never polite. But the dreary, stumbling march over the worn mud roads that day was interrupted by a longer halt than usual, and then the spltting of musketry in front told that something was happening which promised to break the monotony.

Army volunteer jibes are sometimes

"Howly smoke!" said a red-haired Irish private, unslinging a smoke-andgrease-defiled skillet which had been flapping against his back since daylight, "there's goin' to be a foight purty soon, fellers!"

Back galloped an aide-de-camp, a dandy boy, afraid of nothing but sour generals and lame horses, and yelled something to our colonel. Down went half a dozen panels of the rail fence on the left of the road, and the leading company jumped through the gap the column following. The regiment. through and in the field, swung diagonally "left into line," and the rear companies shed everything but guns as they ran forward faster than mere double-quick.

As the line was at right angles to the road and going toward the cedars at the top of the field, bang! bang! came from the top of the slope, and we saw through the trees a few mounted men riding away like mad. A few shots were wasted after them, and we were where they had fired from,

The ridge sloped down the other side. and in the valley, rising to higher ground opposite, our skirmishers were already at work. It was rather jolly to get a few minutes' halt here, and to see the detached puffs of smoke way down below, while we ourselves were safe and sound!

"Looks pooty to see fellows shootin' when you don't have to take it yerself,

"You bet; but the way things look, some luckier fellows will soon be watchand marching all day to a similar camp- ing us giving exhibitions down there ing ground, with the same kind of ourselves, and that won't be so nice.

Bugles were calling, aids galloping. mounted officers passing back of the lines, while the men were bringing cartridges to the front of their belts, of underclothes, and socks, and Bibles, re-tying shoes, and generally getting and daguerreotypes of grandma, and ready for the "fuse." A little fun was passing here and there as a recruit was chaffed or some country wag made a mischief, but they were a thing of joke. Officers repressed this and looked serious.

"Forward!" and off the men started down the slope, trying with indifferent ing them over the fence, when the success to keep the line, broken so frequently by stumps and dead trunks and small guilles. We passed where the skirmishers were shooting—the firing sounding heavier from our right. Two dead, flat on his back, hands elenched. one knee drawn up, and sightless eyeballs staring at the clouds. "He's got his medicite." The other was composedly waiting for some one to belp him wise, weed it before lending it. Then to the rear. He had managed to banthere were blissful days when we could dage clumsily his shin, and his hands "What's up, boss?"

"Cussed rebel liked to blowed the whole leg off me. Don't gr officers had, taken as a class, to put up it anywhere else-leastways, don't feel with pretty much what was going in it. Watch out for 'em. They're wicked this morning." And we stumbled on

Right across our front rumbled a batyounger, was a farmer's son who had tery of brass field pieces on a dead run, uphill as it was. The horses, with bowed when he joined us; bue he was pretty | heads, lashed into a gallop, seemed to jerk the pieces forward at each stride, round, pink cheeks, he had flat, tan- and the guns careened and bounced so that it was a miracle how the artillerymen kept their seats on the caissons Something like a cheer went up from cur line, for it was a regular battery, and volunteer infantry feel toward regniar artillery as a big man with his flats his, and a sublime impudence which feels toward a small man with a pistol

Just as we reached the top of the slope we caught it. From the fence on the line of the timber shead a volley was poured inte us. In an instant every man was dows. Some couldn't get up until they were iffted. A riderless horse, crazed with fear, galloped, tail in the air, right through us as we rose firing and went at the fence. Everyone was firing now, mostly too high, and the "Johnnies" behind the fence gave as good as they got that's certain.

There was no time to spare to count noses yet, even if the smoke allowed it. Officers swore and waved their swords. men yelled and went shead blindly. until the fence was reached, and a few desperate devils who wouldn't go back clubbed or jabbed with the bayonet untill they quit fighting and-we had cartled the position in spite of the furious and stubborn opposition they had given ts. We were victors.

Then, to straighten the lines, close up, and await the next orders; for the

work had only just begun. "Where's Joe?"

"Back there; think he caught it in the lungs. See him spittin' a power of blood as he dropped." A "The colonel's on foot. I see him

a-wringin' his paw, and the blood sprinklin' around-got his knuckles cracked, likely." "Some of our fellows must be dodgin'.

This ain't all that's left of our company. Surely there must be a lot more somewhere. Here comes one of 'em Surely there must be a lot more somewheres. Hello, Shorty! Thought you'd wait till we got to a tavern, did you?"

"Hold on, boys! I tried to save the captain. No use. He's down for good. Got any water? My canteen's busted. Hole right through it." And he exhibited a battered canteen, with the ragged tin edge of a bullet-hole showing over its soiled brown cloth cover.

"Bill, where's your gun?" Some awkward cuss knocked it out of my hands as we got up to charge Like enough it's ruined. Lieutenan. want to go back and get me a gun. I'm no use here without one, and was an

idios to come up barehanded; but I

wouldn't like anyone to say I flinched." Useless to tell how the battle raged. how at times it seemed as if the lines ahead of us were too stiff to get through; how each charge by us or on us left fewer men and officers; how we fought at times in companies where we were comparative strangers - aiways finding our own again, and always finding fewer men in it; how madly the few water courses crossed were drunk from, all muddy and defiled as they were; how a fellow wanted to smoke until his mouth and throat ached: how our last balt for the day proved, after all, to be our restingplace for the night, little as we suspected it; and how that day was so long that the events of the morning scemed like old things passed a year ago. But the log fires, with scanty ra tions saved, and a pipe of niggerhead tobacco, brought peace to those unburt or not attending to the wounded. At such times there is no consolation which is so satisfying as that derived from a

In a log hut, in a mile in the rear of the last position carried, were lanterns and groans. All the floor was cumbered with resting figures, and, at a crude table in each room, officiated what had been a surgeon in the morning, but gore-be-pattered, grim, and with all the human sympathy splashed out by human blood, was a butcher tonight.

A hospital steward with assistants would remove the last burden from the table and substitute another, groaning, perhaps, but often strangely quiet, though great drops of beaded sweat might stand on the temples and the teeth be clenched until the jaw muscles stood out rigid as stone. Most of the boys were true grit clean through, and bore their terrible suffering like the brave men they were.

To this temporary field hospital came the colonel-not for aid for his bandaged hand; that was an episode; but his wounded men were calamities. To the once chubby farmer's son, lying one of a row on the floor, came the colonel, speaking kindly: "Why, Charlie, I knew you were hurt, but thought t only a scratch. How badly are you

hit?" "Well, colonel, they took my foot . but," with a weak chuckle, "I got joke on the doctor, anyhow. The foot he's left me is as sound as a nut, and the one he tuck off wasn't worth much, any how. It had two corns on it that had been pestering me ever since I enlistcd, an' there was something like a bunion coming on it, too. So I ain't near as bad off as I might be. But, colonel I'm afraid it lets me out of the regiment. I suppose there's nothing for it but to stay home like one o' the old women home-guards, or enlist again as a cussed eavalryman. That's what disgraces me."

It doesn't matter what the colonel said about one of his boys being disgraced; but it made the lad feel the worse for the loss of his foot and his place in the regiment.

Could the colonel get anything for the wounded one?

Well, if he could get a few ripe applesermed as if they would taste good and

Next day, a foraging party took the boy's chum as one of its members. all-mindful of the boy's longing for apples.

The sergeant warned him that, like as not, some of the bushwhack, ra were still hanging around just such places as that orchard on the hillside, and that he'd better look out.

He was careful, so careful that when there appeared above the rail fence a stock head, surmounted by a dark slouch hat with the bush whackers' sign of a square white paper on it, the boy's artner promptly sent a minie ball crushing through it—that is, through the head; the aim was just below the hat-and went on seeking a few more apples. He had determined to go back o the forage wagons, when a second ushwhacker fired at him. As he wheeled about, he caught part of the contents of a second barrel, buckshot oaded. A rapid run soon brought him up to his party.

The fellow plugged you in the face, said the sergeant. "Lucky he carried one o' them shotguns. If he'd a rifle he'd have snuffed you out."

"I reckon," replied the apple bearer, smearing the blood from his cheek. and crawling on to one of the wagons.

Reaching camp, he bore his apples to he hospital, now arranged in some semblance of order, with large tents surrounding the log slaughter-house. He asked the orderly to let him carry his handful of fruit in to his wounded chum.

"See the doctor; no one can't go in 'less he says so.' "Hello," said the dector; "how did you get hurt?"

"Guerrilla salted me with a double barr'led shotgun. "Tain't the face, doctor, it's something here," opening his blouse and gray flannel shirt and pointing to a tiny hole and a few drops of blood just below his hairy chest.

"The deuce!" said the surgeon, scrutinizing it; "I suppose you know it's mortal?" "So I allow," said the chum, simply;

"but Charlie's bound to have his apples all the same. See't he gets 'em," and he sat down quietly to await the change. -Saturday Evening Post.

A Far-Seeing Husband. Mrs. Midley-Charles is such a dear fellow! He never goes away without

kissing me. Mrs. Sowerby-You don't suppose there is anything like "business before pleasure" in his mind when he is going away, do you, dear?-Boston TranTHE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in International Series for January 8, 1800-Christ's First Disciples John 1:85-40.

[Arranged from Peloubet's Select Notes.] GOLDEN TEXT.—Behold the Lamb of God.-John 1:36.

TIME.-February, A. D. 27, directly after THE LESSON.

I. John Prepares the Way Before Him .- John 1:19-34; Mark 1:1-8; Luke 3:1-18. John was the voice of one crying in the wilderness: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." He prepared the way (1) by preaching repentance and reformation as the one condition of the coming of the kingdom of Heaven to themselves or their nation. (2) John prepared the way by announcing that the kingdom of Heaven was at band. (3) By baptism, symbolizing and confirming men in the new life and preparation for the new kingdom. (4) He pointed to Jesus as "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.

II. The Baptism of Jesus.-Vs. 32. 33; Matt. 3:13-17; Mark 1:9-11; Luke as "Citisen Sunday," those elergymen 3:21, 22. This was Jesus' public en- committing themselves to the plan trance upon His work, a public declara- pledging themselves to try on one Suntion of His position as opposed to all sin and on the side of true religion.

III. The Temptation of Jesus .- Matt. 4:1-11; Mark 1:12, 13; Luke 4:1-13. January A. D. 27. Jesus was tempted "like as we are, yet without sin."

IV. Jesus Gains His First Two Disciples Through John the Baptist .- Vs. 35-40. After His 40 days' experience of emptation in the wilderness, and His victory, Jesus returned to Bethabara (Bethany), where John was baptizing. John recognized Him as the one whom he had baptized, and upon whom the Spirit had descended like a dove, and he pointed him out to his disciples as the Messiah.

35. "The next day:" After the first testimony and recognition of Jesus on His return from the scene of His temp-tation. "Two of His disciples:" One was Andrew (v. 40). The other was probably the Apostle John himself.

36. "Looking upon (the word expresses a fixed, carnest gaze) Jesus as He walked," or was taking a walk. "Behold the Lamb of God!" The words He had used the day before.

37. "And they followed Jesus:" The Greek means originally, "they walked in the same road:" hence to attend on. to follow as a disciple, in the same spiritual path

38. "Saw them." The original means "looked steadfastly on them as if studying them." Then Jesus turned. He met them half way in their search. 'What seek ye?" This is the first word of Jesus' ministry, so far as recorded; and with His second sentence, "Come and see," expresses the attitude of Christ toward men, His welcome, and the way they are to find the blessings He has to give.

IV. How Jesus Gained His Third Disciple, by Invitation of Another Disciple.-Vs. 41, 42. 41. "He first findeth:" Either (1) the first thing he did after he left Jesus was to find his brother; or, (2) (as Godet), the two disciples set themselves to seek each "his own brother:" that is, the one Peter, the other James. Of the two, Andrew was the first who succeeded in finding his.

42. "And he brought him to Jesus:" With him, as with all who find Jesus. the first desire was to make known to those they loved their new-found treaspresent name. "Thou shalt be called Cephas:" Cephas is Aramaic. This language would not be familiar at Ephcaus, where John wrote, therefore he translates it for them into Greek. "Which is by interpretation, a stone:" The sense would perhaps be given better by keeping the equivalent proper name-by interpretation Peter, that is a stone, or rather a mass of rock detached from the living rock.

V. How Jesus Gained His Fourth Dis ciple-by His Direct Invitation.-Va. 43, 44. 43. "Jesus would go," was minded. had a purpose, to go "forth into Galllee:" There had been His home and there were the friends and acquaintapoes of years. "Findeth Philip:" Jesus seeks him out.

VI. How Jesus Gained His Fifth Disciple-Through Another Disciple.-Vs. 45, 46. 45. "Philip findeth Nathanael:" Observe that the young disciple does not wait, but as soon as he has found Christ begins to declare his discovery to others. So with Andrew above (41). with the woman of Samaria (chap. 4:28, 29), with Paul after his conversion (Acts 9:20). "We have found Him, of whom Moses in the law:" The Penta teuch, the five books of Moses, thus distinguished from the other books of the Old Testament (see Gen. 49:10; Num. 24:17-19; Deut. 18:15). "And the prophets, did write (lst. 7:14; 9:6, 7; 52:13-15; 53:1-12; Ez. 34:23-31; Dan.

9:14-27). 46. "Can there any good thing:" Any eminent, great personage and grand and world-wide movement. "Come out of Nazareth:" Because Nazareth was a small town, near to Cana, Nathanael's home, with probably not the best reputation in the neighboring town, but not necessarily a rude, degraded, vicious, or disreputable place. Nathannel's surprise may have arisen from his expectation that the Messiah was to come from Bethlehem as forefold, and not from Nazareth. "Come and see:" That was the true answer to such an objection (see above on v. 39).

Wheat and Chaff. It requires abundant grace to with stand abundant prosperity.

Facts never blink under the sunlight of evidence. Adversity tests faith, and prosperity tests love.

Scars of suffering here, may mean stars of glory there. Never despair when you look at any

The Great Physician never lacks ps tience, and He knows that the bitterest medicine often cures the quickest. work.

### SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Mentana has 90 Methodist churches The Letheran church has 112 institu-tions of learning in the United States. In France degrees and diplomas an granted by the government, and not by the universities, as in this country.

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The students of Princeton supports foreign missionary, who is elected year. ly by popular vote.

The Lutherans of Waynesboro, Pa. have decided to adopt the use of individual communion cups.

The will of James W. Keep, late of Westfield, Mass., leaves the sum of \$5, 000 to Northfield seminary.

The number admitted to church membership in the Universalist church during 1897 was 2,512, showing a net gain of 503 names, and a total membership of 51,247.

In nearly 300 London churches and chapels on a recent Sunday sermons were preached by clergymen of every denomination on the duties of citizenship. Five years ago a movement took shape to establish what is now known day in the year at the time of the elections to inculeate the principles of good citizenship.

### NOT A LOVE MATCH.

Queon Withelmine's Marriage Will Be Largely Governed by Hensons of State.

It has been widely heralded that the engagement of Holland's young queen and the prince of Wled is one in which love cuts more of a digure than anything else. There is very good reason to believe that, while there may be more affection between the two than is usually the case in royal marriages, reasons of state have as much to do with the prospective union as anything else. One of these reasons has just been pointed out by a European authority. The royal family and the people of Holland generally want to avoid the possioility that by the marriage of the young sovereign to a prince of a ruling family it might happen after some time that through inheritance a ruler of a foreign country might become also king of Rolland. This might easily happen if the young queen should marry a prince of any ruling European house. The Dutch royal family and the people of Rolland do not wish to repeat the experiences which the country has had in the past. Such marriages were the ressons for the Dutch war of independence in the sixteenth century, and indirectly for the dividing of Belgium and Helland into two kingdems in 1859.

Just such a consort as was desired by the Dutch people is found in the prince of Wied, whose family is absolutely without political influence in Germany. During the dominance of Napoleon in a large part of European affairs the Wieds were deprived of their throne. After the execuation of Germany by the French it was considered best by the rulers of all the large German states not to restore their thrones to the smaller princes, included among whom were the princes of Wied. The former territory of the Wieds was therefore given to Prussia in 1815, since when the princes of Wied have been Pruestan subjects, with less influence in ure. "Thou art Simon:" That is your Germany than many of the oldest noble Mererth ily to considered to be of equal birth to the other royal German families. Their title remains, but that is all, as they have very small family possessions. As Butwer mays: "The mate for beauty should be a man, not a money chest," and when the beauty is also a queen this rule should held doubly good. The prince, being an exceedingly presentable young fellow and without any chance of bringing up complications such se the cautious Hollanders feared, was just the man to mate with her majesty Queen Wilhelmina. Hence his selection. His royal highness is poor, but his wife will have enough for both. and she to believed to know enough to se manage effairs that her royal consort will be held in sheek should he ever manifest meh gay tendencies as have characterized the ruler of the neighboring kingdom of Belgium.—Ohi-

cago Chroniefe. Set-Back Church.

There is a colored people's church in the country near Troy, S. C., named Set-Back, from the character of the discipline of its members. "The Amen corner" is occupied by those in a high state of grace, and from there on to the door the spiritual value of the seats gradunity decreases. The vilous sinner atts by the door till an improvement in conduct gives him promotion. The cardinal vices are fighting and bad lamguage; se quick-tempered Jane never knew the delights of the "Amen cor-ner." "Miss Liebeth, I 'clar ter gracious. I bin up ter de stove five times han'runnin', when det hyperit Nancy case me ter be sot back! Eber time she sees me git most up ter her she 'low: 'Jake been roun' our way a heap lately! He don't seem ter set en much sto' by you, Jane, or you think fur'-en so on till I jee bless her out fo' I kin think, en Brer Banks sets me back! Ef I could kill das nigger out my way, I could march straight ter de glory-seat!"-Truth.

Plain Enough. Mrs. Beasley-I can't understand how he Malvins manage to live so well on his income.

Mr. Beasley-I can. I went up to his office to see him, yesterday, and 27 men who were waiting in the hall cried out in chorus asking what firm I was col-lecting for.—Cleveland Londer.

Rothing Too Soft for Her. Uncle Batch—He might at least have given you s pure gold ring. Minnie-Why, uncle, pure gold is too

"For a powly-wedded woman?