

WESLEY'S ROMANCE.

THE SWEET, SAD LOVE STORY OF THE GREAT PREACHER.

The Struggle Between His Affection For Sophia Canston and What He Believed to Be His Religious Duty—Partisans of Each Side Took Active Parts.

It was at the house of Governor Oglethorpe in the early days of Georgia, says a writer in the Boston Herald.

In the evening Sophia Canston was there, and the general had her sing for them some old love songs of England and Scotland, and sang from the opera of London. She danced, too, and recited, and completely overawed the young youth with her beauty and accomplishments.

That night, under the palm-tree trees near the governor's house, with the dark-eyed, handsome girl beside him, and with her entrancing voice in his ears, with the cypress wine and Grimaldi's delectation hot in his blood, John Wesley became aware that he loved her.

The revelation was a shock to him, for he had been preaching celibacy since he was a small boy. He had felt himself wedded to the church, to his great faith and mission in life. The strife of spirit threw him into a fever.

Miss Canston did the only thing that a young lady in her state of mind could do. She nursed him, and he allowed her to. This circumstance was sufficient proof to their friends that marriage was certain. If more proof was needed, he raved of her in his delirium. Miss Canston brought her aunt to hear him, and between them they fancied him quite decided to marry Sophia. He asked her many times if she would or could marry him, "and if she should indeed marry her." He went through with the marriage ceremony of the Church of England, for the benefit of imaginary couples who stood at his bedside.

After his recovery Wesley's friends came to congratulate him on his engagement. But ever since his miraculous rescue from fire in his childhood he had been convinced that he had been singled out by his Maker for some special purpose, and now he was prostrating himself before an earthly idol and forgetting his mission.

Alarmed for his soul, he rushed to the bishop and the Moravian missionaries for advice. They had the same hard, unrelenting convictions which tormented Wesley, and they advised him to give up his idol and turn to his God. Wesley knew not what to do. He wandered in the forests praying aloud for light as to his walk before God. He knelt under the blooming grape vines, and shielded by the long, gray moss from any living eye sought wisdom and comfort.

That night he asked advice a second time of the elder.

"We have considered your case," said the bishop. "Will you abide by our decision?"

"I will abide by your decision."

Then the bishop said, "We advise you to proceed no further in this matter."

"So be it!" said Wesley, and that was the end.

Poor Sophia was heartbroken. Her relatives were incensed and compelled her to marry a Mr. Williamson, though she begged Wesley to intercede in her behalf. Even after she was married she wrote to Wesley and cast pitiful glances at him until in his desperation one day he forbade her to attend holy communion. He explained this afternoon on technical grounds, but the tide had turned and the people of Georgia were against him. A charge of slander was instituted, but the assailants, knowing that they had small chance of success, delayed the trial from week to week until life in Georgia became unbearable. He made arrangements to leave the colony. But even in this the Canstons thwarted him. He was forbidden to leave the province.

He never went out that Sophia did not pass and repass him several times, and often she was known to look in upon him when he was at prayer in his own house.

During all these trials he continued to conduct his parish as usual, although he was a sort of prisoner at large. At 6 o'clock one evening the little flock gathered in the church for prayers. Wesley led as usual. Delamotte was there with the friends who still remained loyal. After the service Wesley was seen to return to his home. But the faithful Delamotte had planned an escape from this slow torture. Three faithful friends led the young cleric through the darkness to the pier. There an Indian skiff bore him down the river. A sailing vessel was in waiting, and soon John Wesley was leaving the land of his love forever.

Mrs. Shakespeare.

Shakespeare, who was born in April, 1564, was in his nineteenth year when he married, writes Dr. William J. Rolfe in 'The Ladies' Home Journal.' Of Anne's birth or baptism we have no record, but the inscription on her grave informs us that she was 67 years old when she died, Aug. 6, 1623. She must therefore have been at least 26 at the time of her marriage. Some biographers have taken the ground that the "smart" young woman of 26 entrapped the boy of 18 into this match, which, from a worldly point of view, was so imprudent, but I fancy that the boy himself would have disdained to urge any such excuse for his conduct.

Tracks of Extinct Birds.

Several tracks of an extinct species of gigantic bird have at different times been found in the stone quarry at Holyoke, Mass. The last set discovered shows that the bird had a foot 11 inches long, armed with three nails or claws to each foot. The tracks average 4 feet 10 inches apart, and 11 of them have been revealed to view. They are perfect, even the toe nails being plainly distinct.—St. Louis Republic.

With the Charcoal Brazier.

Many cases of suicide have thus been brought about by means of burning charcoal, of which one example may suffice, that of son of Berthollet, the celebrated chemist. This young man became affected with great mental depression, which rendered life insupportable to him. Retiring to a small room, he locked the door, closed up crevices which might admit fresh air, lighted a charcoal brazier, and with a second watch before him noted down the time, together with his sensations as the gas accumulated.

He detailed the approach and rapid progress of delirium until the writing became larger and larger, more and more confused, and at length illegible, and the writer fell dead upon the floor.—Notes and Queries.

Count D'OPPEY.

The most splendid person I ever remember seeing had a little pencil sketch in his hand, evidently intended for publication through Thackeray's good offices, which he left behind him on the table.

It was a very feeble sketch. It seemed scarcely possible that so grand a being should not be a bolder draftsman. He seemed to fill the bow window with radiance, as if he were Apollo. He leaned against his chair, with one elbow resting on its back, with shining studs and curls and boots.—'Chapters From Some Memoirs,' Mrs. Ritchie.

Don't Get Around In Time.

Tommy—Do you say your prayers every night?
Jimmy—Yes.
"And does your maw say hers?"
"Yes."
"And does your paw?"
"Naw. Paw don't need to. It's almost daylight when he gets to bed."—Cincinnati Tribune.

As a Gentle Reminder.

Dimpleton—My father-in-law has a birthday next week, and I must give him something.

Briggs—Have you decided what it shall be?

Dimpleton—Yes. I think I shall send him a motto with the words, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."—New York Herald.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25cts., 50cts., \$1.00. Sold by J. C. King & Co.

No "Drawings" In His Ear.

Have you any special name to describe the wrinkles, or convolutions, or plaiting, or whatever is the proper name for the inequalities in the inner surface of the outer ear? A woman artist, discussing a man, disclosed the artist's name for them. She said the man could not be trusted "because he has no drawings in his ear." She meant that the inner surface of the "shell" of the ear was smooth.—New York Sun.

Wise.

Chollie—Baw Jove, do you know, I think I'll be cremated when I'm dead.
Miss Figg—Why, Mr. Lytwayte?
Chollie—Just fawney, now, a fellow being in the grave for a year or so and then dug up again faw some purpose or another. Don't you see, his clothes would be all out of fashion by that time.—Indianapolis Journal.



AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral

SAVED HIS LIFE

So says Mr. T. M. Reed, a highly-respected Merchant of Middletown, Ill., of a Young Man who was supposed to be in Consumption.

"One of my customers, some years ago, had a son who had all the symptoms of consumption. The usual medicines afforded him no relief, and he steadily failed until he was unable to leave his bed. His mother applied to me for some remedy and I recommended Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The young man took it according to directions, and soon began to improve until he became well and strong."—T. M. REED, Middletown, Ill.

"Some time ago, I caught a severe cold, my throat and lungs were badly inflamed, and I had a terrible cough. It was supposed that I was a victim of consumption, and my friends had little hope of recovery. But I bought a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, took it, and was entirely cured. No doubt, it saved my life."—L. JONES, Emerts Cove, Tenn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Received Highest Awards
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Thomas L. Cyphert, late of Reynoldsville, Jefferson county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to C. J. Kerr, whose postoffice address is Reynoldsville, Jefferson county, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to the Administrator, and those having claims against it will present them properly authenticated to the Administrator for settlement.
C. J. Kerr, Adm'r. of T. L. Cyphert, dec'd.
March 15th, 1893.

THE PARIS BOULEVARDS.

A Kaleidoscopic View of Life to Be Found Nowhere Else.

In no other streets in the wide world can one see such varied types as on the grand boulevards of Paris. Why, a trip through them, on top of an omnibus, from the Bastille to the Madeleine—and it takes perhaps an hour—will give you a kaleidoscopic view of life to be found nowhere else. At the Bastille, the Boulevard des Filles du Calvaire and du Temple, you meet the laboring classes, on Sundays in their "bestest best" and on weekdays in white blouses and cotton jackets. Beyond the Place de la Republique the picture changes. Here are the little merchants and shopkeepers and some large ones too. Farther on, up near Rue Vivienne, new blood enters this great artery of Paris—it is tinged with a golden sheen, for we are in the heart of the exchanges, among brokers and coulisiers—aye, among just such types as Zola drew from for his book entitled "Money." Now the shops are becoming more gay and beautiful, the cafes more elegant, and the siren voices of Paris make its joys even more alluring and more tempting. To appreciate it you must do more than view it from an outsider's standpoint. You must take part in it, live in it, and for the time being forget that you ever were anything but a confirmed and hardened boulevardier.

There, follow my advice, and I will guarantee that you will see Paris as Paris is and not as tourists see or describe it. Sit down with me at the terrace of yonder cafe and watch the stream of humanity as it flows by. What a cosmopolitan throng! Rich and poor, merchants and clerks, unmistakable Britishers, blasé journalists, fetching looking actresses, chic little Parisiennes of the petite bourgeoisie, newsboys and beggars—aye, and Americans, too—all "touching elbows," as the French say. Is it not dizzy to look upon, in its whirling activity, its abandoned merrymaking?

See that young exquisite with pointed patent leather boots? Poor fellow! He has mislaid his brain and might find it there. He is one of the society men of the boulevard.—F. R. Layland in Home and Country.

Little Superstitions.

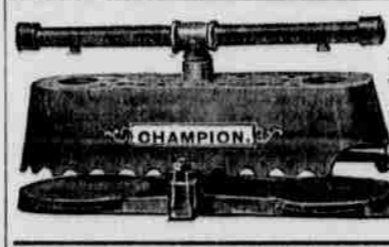
"I don't believe there is a man living who is without his pet superstition," remarked a secondhand furniture man. "We constantly have people who sell us articles of household use and come in after a few weeks—sometimes only days—and try to buy them back again, with the explanation that they have had 'bad luck' ever since the sale was made and never would have good luck again until the bargain was undone.

"One woman who had sold us her grandmother's clock fairly wept because it was gone before she could buy it in again. This idea is not confined to uneducated or ignorant people by any means. "At this very time I know a Louisville business man of great culture and refinement who is vigorously pursuing an old wooden desk which he owned many years ago—a desk on which he made an enormous amount of money by a few lucky strokes of his pen. The desk passed from hand to hand and out of his possession. He is now earnestly endeavoring to trace it and purchase it, believing that recent business reverses and hard times will flee away if he can only stretch his legs once more under that same old desk."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Discovery.

It has remained for the public library committee of the English town of Ealing to discover that Mr. Hall Caine's latest novel, "The Manxman," is a highly improper and immoral book. The committee have unanimously voted to withdraw it from circulation. The clergyman who is chairman denounced it as disgraceful. A woman member declared it to be shameful.

"Bonnie Doon" was by Burns. The Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena made the droll mistake of saying that the English had but one melody worth listening to, and that was "Bonnie Doon."



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