

IOWA BAPTIST STANDARD.

VOL. 1.

DES MOINES, IOWA, FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1897.

NO. 1.

IOWA BAPTIST STANDARD.

Will Publish the

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IOWA BAPTIST STANDARD.

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ARD PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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Rev. F. Lomack, - Editor,
J. H. Tucker, - Manager.

Communications must be brief and to the point.
Write on but one side of the paper. We will not
return rejected manuscripts. All correspondence
must be signed by the writer, and the address
must be given, so that we may be able to return
them.

Send Money by Post Office Order, Money Order,
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BAPTIST STANDARD, Corner School and B Sts.,
Des Moines, Iowa.

EDITORIALS.

SALUTATORY.

It has become an inexorable law that each and every newspaper shall tell the public why it is brought into existence. The IOWA BAPTIST STANDARD will comply with that law and state its position briefly. There has been a demand from all parts of the state that the Afro-American be again represented at the capital of the state of Iowa by a newspaper with the courage of its convictions. The demand has come from all, regardless of creed or color. It is the hope and earnest desire of THE IOWA BAPTIST STANDARD to do all it can in the progressive movements of the age.

The IOWA BAPTIST STANDARD will give the news of the Baptist people of the state and the nation, but it will not do so to the exclusion of any sect or creed; all will find a welcome within its columns, for the news pertain to each. The elevation of one sect will enhance the value of all for good in their chosen fields and the reverse of this proposition is equally true.

This paper will feel free to discuss secular as well as religious questions or any question which concerns the weal or woe of the Afro-Americans. It will be a NEWS paper all the time.

It will favor and work for the advancement of the people in general and the Afro-American in particular.

It will be in favor of pushing to the front worthy and capable men and women.

It will advocate the release of the Afro-Americans from the ignorance, care and cupid of members of the same race.

It will oppose lynch law at all times and under all circumstances.

It will insist that that which is a wrongful act for white citizen is equally wrong for a black citizen.

It believes that an Afro-American citizen should have same rights to go to Annapolis, Md., or West Point, as any other citizen of these United States; that the Afro-American being subject to draft or enlistment in time of war, should have the protection of the stars and stripes in times of peace.

It believes that any man who forgets the LIVING PRESENT and seeks to find reason for affiliation with any movement or party solely on ancient history, is a slave to party and forgets the vital principles which may underlie such party or movement.

It believes that there should be no places or positions under the general, state or county governments marked "for Negroes only." It believes in the merit system.

This is in brief the position of THE IOWA BAPTIST STANDARD. The department for religious discussion will be a leading feature and will interest Baptist, Methodist, Christians and any one seeking reliable information.

LOMACK and TUCKER,
Editor and Manager.

COLOR LINE.

There is a probability that three colored boys will enter Annapolis Naval Academy. Mr. Smith of Chicago, Mr. Bundy of Ohio, and one from North Carolina. There are some very strange things seen in public print in connection with the probable entry of a colored

youth to that institution. The school is supported from the public treasury, and yet there seems to be great doubt as to whether or not any one of color will be able to complete the studies taught in this institution. There is nothing said in the public print when an Irish-American, German-American or Swedish-American passes the necessary examination and enters the academy, but this land of "liberty" is all astir when an Afro-American has the intelligence to pass the examination and desires to receive the same treatment accorded other citizens with equal responsibility.

There are 7,500 Afro-American voters in Mr. Bundy's district and they should make it their duty to see that he enters that school, is well treated and graduates, or they should know the reason why—make their votes tell a tale of woe. In fact it is the concern of every Afro-American in the land, and should be made a national issue with them. If the government has not the power to stop this unjust discrimination among citizens and defenders of the flag, who has?

West Point has been the scene of several disgraceful acts at the hands of the students there. The Whittaker Grant affair will be remembered by many of our readers. Whittaker was an Afro-American youth and the Grant is known as "Col." Fred. The Afro-American voters of New York showed the stuff they were made of when they assisted in defeating "Col." Fred for Secretary of State. By that act they preserved their manhood and self-respect. The late Frederick Douglass refused to enter the campaign in his behalf. None of these men were thrown out of the republican party, but on the contrary, were welcomed on their return with open arms. A vote in the right direction will stop this groundless prejudice.

We must look to our own interest or we will accomplish nothing.

Speak the truth plainly and to the point, let it effect whom it may.

A special bill for the purpose of cutting the salary of the Governor's messenger, our esteemed fellow-townsmen, "Billy" Coulson, failed to pass. This is as it should be as there is no man in the employment of the state that more faithfully and honestly earns his pay.

The voters of Des Moines by a vote of about 3 to 1 declared for municipal ownership of the electric light plant, at Monday's election. Just what the outcome will be remains to be seen as it is experimenting on a large scale and we are in no position to make prediction of any kind.

There seems to be trouble in the camp of the Afro-American politicians of Omaha, and all because Col. Frank E. Moores, the newly elected mayor, has seen fit to consult Dr. M. O. Ricketts, the ablest man among them, before giving any appointments to the several hundreds of Afro-American office seekers. We know of no better man than Dr. Ricketts to consult as he stands head and shoulders above them all when it comes qualifications as a leader.

A large number of ladies and gentlemen met in the room of Prof. Sinclair Monday evening for the purpose of preparing for the Chautauqu exercises in July. The program will consist of about 40 choruses and will be some of the best talent in the city. Every occasion of this kind breaks down a barrier of cast and does good in more than one direction. Mr. Booker T. Washington has been invited to address a Des Moines audience twice inside of a year. It is a deserving compliment, and Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll will have to look to his laurels in Polk county.

A colored man was charged with an "attempted assault" upon a white woman near Richmond, Va. The woman testified that the man was never nearer to her than 150 feet. He was convicted and sentenced to 10 years in the penitentiary. Will wonders never cease?

BRIEF LETS.

—Subscribe for the Iowa Baptist Standard and keep up with the times.

Master Burie Smith visited in Grinnell Sunday with his sister Miss Cora. He found her in excellent health and is delighted with her new home.

Mrs. Geo. Staples who has been ill for some time is very much improved and able to be out. The improvement in boarding houses owned and operated by colored ladies is very marked. We have four first-class places—Mrs. R. J. Hall, on Walnut, Mrs. Ella Davis, corner 10th and High, Mrs. Haight, on 5th and Grand Ave., and Mrs. Miligan, on 2nd and Grand Ave. It is a pleasure to read of the fact that they are all doing a nice business.

Mrs. A. O. Smith was under the doctor's care during part of the last week, but she is improving rapidly.

Mrs. Eliza Bell left Tuesday as a delegate to the A. M. E. Sunday School convention at Cedar Rapids. Mrs. Bell will undoubtedly keep up the high standing in which the school has always been represented heretofore.

Mrs. Ella Williams has been employed at the National States Wives for a long time, and she is a worthy and industrious young lady and merits a good position. She has been successful in getting out of the time worn paths in which so many of the young ladies of our race have been employed.

These ladies are much better and the remuneration very good. We hope to see our citizens combine their efforts in finding more and better positions for our capable women and men.

Edward W. Thompson, is at the large dry goods house of Harris-Emercy Co., as floor walker. He is an intelligent, upright young man and his success will open new fields to other worthy young men.

Revs. Levee and Johnson are attending the A. M. E. District Conference being held at Cedar Rapids this week. There was some talk of sending a delegate to see if the visits of the Presiding Elder to the churches will be discontinued as the sum paid annually to that office will more than pay the interest on the church's indebtedness.

Miss Daisy Hannan was given a surprise party by her young friends last Friday evening at her residence corner 10th and High Sts., the occasion being the celebration of her 21st Anniversary. She has recently arrived here with mother, Mrs. Davis, and they have made many friends by their intelligent and lady-like ways. They are a valuable addition to the society of the city. Miss Hannan was the recipient of a beautiful silk parasol, a case for her pen and a fine handkerchief from the friends present.

A. S. Baniel, ex-captain of the Avantage recently published in this city, is now holding the position of Police Court clerk at the 2nd street station at Chicago, Ill. His salary is \$100 per month. In Iowa he sought to be door keeper of the House of Representatives and met an overwhelming defeat. He could have secured a janitorship or some other position, as there seems to be an unwritten law in Iowa that an Afro-American, no matter how great his ability, cannot rise above a servant's position.

Frank Blackburn is the collector and distributor for the well known house of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York city. His territory comprises Des Moines and Central Iowa. He was in Indiana last Monday and reports a good business and kind courteous treatment. Frank is thoroughly reliable, a good business man, an excellent scholar and a gentleman every day in the year. The house he represents is one of the oldest and best in the country.

Mrs. Frank Blackburn and Mrs. Wm. Coulson have received an invitation to sing in Macon Mo., the latter part of this month. It is a compliment worthy bestowal.

Mrs. Annie Lomack the wife of the editor, left Monday for an extended visit to parents and friends in Keokuk.

N. Middleton of Webster City, was in the city for a few days this week on business.

The Dumas Chorus Club under the direction of Prof. G. I. Holt, will give a musical and literary concert at the First African Baptist church, corner School and B Sts. Tuesday June 1st. The program will be very choice and the talent of the best of the best of the city afforded. It will be an evening of delightful entertainment and those who fail to come will miss an exceedingly rare treat.

Chas. H. Harris and Frank Johnson, will leave for Layton, Ohio, next Tuesday. Charley has been employed at the state capitol during the sessions of 1896 and 1897 and Frank has been at the 4th street Billiard Hall. They are two good boys and wish them success in their new home.

There will be a Baby Show at Burns M. E. church, Tuesday evening, May 25, and a prize of \$1.00 will be given to the prettiest baby. A short program will be rendered, after which the ladies will sell nice notions, and also some ice cream and cake. All persons having children over 6 months old and under 2 years and 6 months are invited by the Pastor, Rev. T. A. Clark, to put them in the contest.

W. R. Frazier of the Frankel Clothing Co., returned from Oklahoma Wednesday and reports a splendid time. He went overland and had a good opportunity to view the scenery. The last words he was heard to say when he drove out of the city limits, were: "Oh, where is John Hardy?" John was expected to make the trip with him.

Master Henry Stanton is quite sick at the home of his parents, 101st Pleasant St.

There will be a musical and literary entertainment given at the Eighth Church of Christ, 9th and Park sts., May 27th.

Mrs. Wm. Strouthers is quite ill at her home, 13th and Day sts.

Don't forget the Baby Show at Burns M. E. Church, on the 25th. Admission 10c.

Des Moines Lodge, No. 7, K of P is progressing nicely. The officers are: Chancellor, Commander, Rev. F. Lomack; vice Chancellor, H. H. Davis; Prelate, Dennis Barrows; Master of the Work, Henry Taylor; Keeper of Records and Seals, Dr. E. F. Johnson; Master of Finance, Chas. Cousins; Master of Exchequer, Henry West; Master at Arms, W. R. Frazier; Inner Guard, Wm. Lowry; Outer Guard, Dr. Black. This lodge meet each Tuesday evening during May and twice a month thereafter. They are quartered at the Masonic Hall, corner 6th and Walnut sts.

Rev. J. W. Garrett, Baptist Evangelist is holding a series of meetings at the First Side Baptist church. The attendance is good and the work is fruitful.

Dr. E. F. Johnson has fitted up nice office rooms at 607 W. Walnut street, over the Hub Shoe Store and greets all with pleasure who call upon him.

G. H. Staples has also fitted up a very pleasant office in the same building with Dr. Johnson and gives special attention to the treatment of corns and bunions.

Rev. W. A. Scarey is attending the Iowa University at Iowa City. He also has charge of a church there and is making the most of a splendid opportunity. He is a young man with his future in his own hands.

Mr. John W. Thompson after the adjournment of the legislature, spent several days visiting parents and friends at his home near Keokuk. He will re-enter the Des Moines Business College and complete his course in stenography and book-keeping.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

The Iowa Baptist Standard desires to give a complete synopsis of the religious affairs of the state. Every pastor can help us. The name of the Pastor and the clerk of the church will be published free if they are forwarded to this paper. The Sunday services and the subject of discourses will be given free of charge.

The Iowa Baptist Standard will be mailed on Friday morning and will reach the remote parts of the state in time to be read.

We start with 1,500 copies and will publish more if it is necessary in order to place a copy in the hands of all who are interested in having fearless advocates in the capital city of Iowa.

The Baptist of Iowa have complained at their inability to have mention made of any worthy act done by them. This being the case their attitude is plain. While we speak thus, The Iowa Baptist Standard will not be guilty of committing the same error and will extend the same courtesy to all denominations. Send us the new in brief: Take advantage of our special subscription rate and do all you can for us and we will appreciate all such efforts.

BAPTIST CONVENTION.
Some of the Prominent Women Who Will Take Part in the Various

Pittsburg, Pa., May 18th.—For a week to come the no longer "Smoky City" will be the Mecca of distinguished divines, laymen and women workers of the Baptist denomination from all parts of the union.

It is "Anniversary week" in the Baptist calendar both in this country and in England, and the ruling powers and lights of the church assemble to legislate concerning the home mission society, the historical and publication societies and the missionary union. In accordance with time-honored precedent the women have been given the right of line, and the annual meeting of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society opened yesterday afternoon and evening with fellowship meetings and greetings.

Today the delegates assembled in the Fourth avenue church and after devotional service there was an open parliament conducted by Miss Frances M. Schuyler. A special hour was devoted to short talks by home missionaries. Miss Jeannette Gedalus told how the Baptists were proclaiming the Messiah to the Jews; Miss Fannie Elliot narrated some experiences in the lifting up of the Afro-Americans; Mrs. Marie Coriell Davis showed how the Great Spirit was being revealed to the Indians; Mrs. Kerr B. Tupper talked of the opening of the eyes of the Chinese, while Miss Emma F. Prisons dilated with earnestness upon the topic: "Standing for Truth Among the Mormons." After a service of praise and and prayer a recess was taken. Tonight there will be a demonstration in celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the society. Mrs. L. C. Barnes will deliver the address of welcome, Mrs. J. N. Crouse, the president, will respond, and an historical address will be delivered by the first chairman of the executive board, Mrs. E. R. Dickerson. Tomorrow will be devoted to the anniversary meetings of the home mission, historical and publication societies.

—The Y. W. C. A. inaugurated a series of after business hours musical socials last Wednesday evening. The idea is to have at stated intervals an hour of music in the evening from 5:30 to 6:30 and is certainly a very commendable movement.

John W. Heath who was formerly in the coal business at 315 5th st. is now in the expressing and furniture moving business and guarantees satisfaction and prompt delivery. Office 315 5th Street.

Miss Jessie Stewart who received a very severe shaking up from a run away accident is much improved.

Rev. Wm. Brown, Moderator of the Iowa Baptist Association, will remain in Fort Madison for at least a week.

Don't forget the Grand concert to be given by the Dumas Choral Club at the First African Baptist church, corner School and B sts., on June 1st.

Mrs. Bell of Rock Island, Ill., the daughter of Mrs. Ella Davis, 10th and High sts. is expected in the city Monday or Tuesday.

We have had many calls this week and they were almost unanimous in the opinion that the Baptist of the state were badly in need of a new paper.

BOYD-TIMMS NUPITALS.
Mr. J. L. Boyd and Mrs. A. L. Timms were married at the East Side Baptist church on Wednesday last week. The pastor Rev. Stewart, officiated and Miss Estella Burnham played the wedding march. Mrs. S. Burnside was bridesmaid and Henry Taylor groom's best man. A large number of the friends of the parties were present to witness the impressive ceremony.

Mrs. Timms is pleasing in manner, intelligent and industrious and will make a valuable helpmeet to her husband. She is the daughter of Mr. Worthington of Galesburg, Ill. Mr. Worthington came to Galesburg at an early day, and by industry and frugality was able to purchase a farm. That farm today is in the hands of the city and is proportionately valuable. Mr. Boyd is a barber by trade and was never known to be out of employment. He is steady and economical and cannot fail to do well with so valuable an assistant. They will make Bedford, Iowa their future home, where he has purchased a barber shop.

The reception was given by Mr. and Mrs. Milligan on third street. It was probably due to lack of information and knowledge of the customs of the present century that it was stated that "Mrs. Lines" the bride, gave the reception. However the reception was well attended and highly enjoyed by a large number of friends.

EX-SENATOR REVELS.
(New Orleans Republican.)
The Rev. Dr. Hiram R. Revels, D. D., the first colored man to occupy a seat in the United States Senate, is still alive, and is now devoting all of his time to the cause of Christ, being a minister of the M. E. church. Dr. Revels lives in Holly Springs, Miss., and was sent to the United States Senate from Mississippi as the successor of Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate States.

Dr. Revels was a member of the senate during the early days of reconstruction, and if we remember right, voted to impeach Andrew Johnson. Of his contemporaries in the senate, only Senator Morrill, of Vermont, is now a member thereof.

During his term of service he was the cynosure of all eyes, being the first colored man to occupy a seat in either branch of Congress. Be it said to his credit he comportment himself with dignity and reflected honor upon the State he represented.

The people of the United States express great sympathy for the Christians in Turkey. They do not seem to realize that during the past month upward of 10 American citizens were murdered on American soil without law or the semblance of law. What is the difference between Christianity as practiced in America and Mohammedanism as practiced in Turkey?

There are five Afro-Americans attending the State University at Iowa City. They are in the law, collegiate and medical departments.

Rev. J. W. Washington, of the Zion Baptist church, Rock Island, Ill., has let the contract for a new stone structure. The corner stone will be laid June 22. Mr. Washington has many friends here who will be glad to note the good work he is doing for the people of Rock Island. On with the good work.

A colored lady purchased tickets for two seats in the parquet of the Star theatre in New York city last week but when the tickets were presented the ladies were refused admission to the seats they had purchased and were offered their money or seats in the balcony but they refused both and a law suit is contemplated. The ticket seller could not tell one of the ladies from white but it only takes one drop of Negro blood to make a man "fall to our side of the count."

A Georgia town decided that a Chinaman is as good as a white man and admitted him to church membership. Then he married a black woman, when he was promptly requested to go to the African church. It strikes him now that the color line in the United States is a little mixed.

To have a bad habit is to have a hard master.

Our old clothes have lost us some friends, but not so many as our opinions about our neighbors.

If the eastern hostilities could be reduced to a war of words the Greek language would come in very handy indeed.

Give self power to move a mountain, and it will put a big sign out on it to show who did it, as the house movers do.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria has disappeared, and now it will be in order to search the Parisian music halls if his subjects wish to know just who he is.

Recent expressions by Cuban leaders indicate that they have lost hope of assistance from the United States; but they keep right on fighting, while we persevere in doing police duty for Spain.

Sir Isaac Holden, the millionaire member of Parliament from Yorkshire, now nearly 30 years old, believes with him that phosphates of lime, in which flour is so rich, are good for growing children, and that the phosphates of the elderly by making bones dense and weighty muscles rigid, "furring" the large blood vessels like an old boiler, and "choking the capillary arteries." So he eats hardly any bread, his favorite food being oranges, bananas and meat.

Such enormous sums are being paid for houses and windows in London along the route of the royal procession on June 22 next, and so costly are the preparations made by the people of the metropolis for the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's ascension to the throne that during the last three months her Majesty's life has been insured to the tune of nearly \$5,000,000 by shopkeepers, window brokers, house agents and speculators, who are anxious to protect themselves against loss in the possible event of the venerable sovereign's death before the date of the jubilee.

By the last census it appears that the population of France is now 38,229,969, an increase in five years of only 135,819, and this mainly through immigration. For several years past the death rate has exceeded the birth rate. These facts become still more significant when a comparison is made between France and her neighbors. In Germany the increase of population during the last five years has been 2,851,431, nearly 3,000,000, as against 134,000 in France. The contrast is still more striking when these figures are compared with those of the past. At the beginning of the century France outnumbered Prussia three to one. To-day Prussia contains almost an equal population, and as for the whole of Germany, there are five Germans to every four Frenchmen.

A cablegram from London says: In consequence of the efforts of the government of Massachusetts, the American Antiquarian and Massachusetts Historical societies, the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth and the New England Society of New York, backed up by the desires of the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London, the consistory court of the diocese of London assembled March 25 in the old chapel of St. Paul's Cathedral in order to determine the question of the restoration of the log of the Mayflower to the United States. After formal discussion the chancellor said: "I order in the undertaking here given by Mr. Bayard to place the log in a fit place, where persons concerned can have access thereto, and a proper certified copy being deposited at Fulham that the original be given up to Mr. Bayard for transmission to the President of the United States."

Reports in regard to winter wheat are discouraging. The continuous rains, followed by high water in the streams, have flooded the low lands in many portions of southern Illinois, so that what was not winter killed has been utterly ruined by water. Reports from nearly half of the counties in the state, including almost all of the winter-wheat growing counties, are that two-thirds of the wheat seeded last fall (1,749,000 acres was winter killed or destroyed by floods, and the condition of the remaining third—580,000 acres—is so poor that under the most favorable conditions only one-third of an average crop may be expected. The outlook is that little more than enough wheat for seed will be harvested in Illinois this season, and the people will have to depend on other states for wheat for consumption, a condition that has occurred but once in the agricultural history of the state.

Weyer says it is all over, and the Cuban rebellion is as meek as a whipped child. Gomez says Spain is about to give it up as the toughest job she ever contracted for. And between the two are the trocha, yellow fever, smallpox and a brand new bicycle track for those on either side who like to scorch.

The shameful charge is made in Baltimore that school commissioners and politicians are selling appointments of teachers. If there is any truth in it, the offenders richly deserve to be fined and imprisoned.

Because she was sufficiently prompt in bringing him his morning coffee J. Linker, a Chicago barber, called Annie Egan "a lobster." Annie had her employer arrested and he was fined a small sum and costs of court. Annie would now like to call Mr. Linker "a sausage," but the lesson of the law serves as a bridle to her tongue.

The time will soon be here when the gallant young man asks the delicate girl at his side if she will have some ice cream. And she modestly replies: "Only a freezerful, please."

MAMMY'S CHILE.

LOG cabin nestles in the bend of a tiny clearing in the edge of a great forest of whispering pines. On the right a dark brown stream swirls swiftly, yet noiselessly between sedgy banks, finally losing itself in the bosom of a glassy black lake deep in the heart of the swamps.

On the left a field of fair young cotton stretches in even, monotonous drills as far as the eye can reach, the tender plant faintly green along the ridges of grayish-black soil of the furrows. The June sun beats down most ardently upon wood and field, a steady, burnished, golden glory, and the intense heat refracted from its rays against the scorching earth rises man-high, quivering like the exposed nerve surface of a timorous soul, swaying, shimmering, rising and falling in a fantastic saraband over all the arid uplands.

Near the edge of the field a man bends over a hoe, industriously working among the young plants. He is a bondsman, a slave, but yet he is happy, for the little, tall, graceful black woman who bends so steadily above the wash tub propped against the cabin-side is his wife. He has chosen her from among all the dusky maidens on the big plantation, and in his heart is a great love and as great a hope that by steady work he may soon buy her freedom and his own.

His thoughts dwell upon this subject as he works, singing as he keeps time with slow, monotonous chopping of his hoe on the dry, loose soil. His melody is trivial and primitive, full of monotonous repetition, but the vocal harmonies are rich, full, strange, of barbaric originality, not easy to write or interpret. But the voice of the woman repeats the refrain in a soft, tremulous crescendo that rises now and again into an almost prophetic wail, and there is no sweeter music in the world to his untrained ear than her mournful voice as it quivers back to him upon the vibrant air: "Out'n de wilderness he led his children."

"Crowning the hill a lordly white mansion glimmers through the green foliage and from a side gate in the green hedge a path runs in sinuous curves between lush fields of grass and clover down to the little cabin in the edge of the wood. Through the little gate comes a girl, tall, lithe, and scantily clothed. Her limbs are bare, and she holds a cotton basket over her head to shield her face from the sun, her black eyes glowing from beneath the coarse screen with sidereal fires. She does not tarry on the path that the sun has kissed to scorching intensity, her bare, slender brown feet barely touch the hot, white sand as she dances over the path with many fan-tastic steps, keeping time to the swift rhythm of her body and limbs with a low crooning, musically, weirdly monotonous, the juba tune dear up to the very heart, and which forms an accompaniment to his best beloved song. The girl joins the woman at the tub outside the hut, plunging her long brown arms among the snowy linen floating in the azure water. She has left off dancing now, but she still hums the tune, and keeps time with her work as she rubs and wrings the dainty white garments. In the doorway of the cabin, that is sharply outlined against the gloom of the interior, a figure appears suddenly, a tiny ebony tot, a scant snowy white garment barely covering its cupid-like dusky body. It stands uncertainly on its wobbly infant feet and crows inquiringly, insistently: "Mammy, mammy!" The woman leaves the tub suddenly, catching the little black pickaninny in her arms, a swift gleam of the holy joy of motherhood illumining her face. "Mammy's chile!" she murmurs passionately, and then, holding the infant high in her arms, she calls to the man hoeing in the field. He laughs and brandishes his hoe, making grotesque motions to attract the baby's wandering gaze.

The sun beats down with the same fiercely burnished rays upon the cabin, the mysterious stream, the whispering wood, and the path leading from the mansion through the hayfield is just as hot. But the green shutters of the mansion are tightly closed, the trim yard is in disorder, and the erstwhile fair blooming garden is trampled out of recognition by many feet. A curious spectacle is being enacted in the ruined garden. In the gravelled space before the wide piazza a block has been erected. To the right is huddled a shrunken group of men and women, scantily clad, bare of head and foot, their knotty hands telling eloquent tales of days of ceaseless toil with hoe and plow. Facing them a curious, eager group of sun-tanned white men afoot and astride of glistening animals murmur and comment on the commonplace heart-breaking tragedy.

The slender-limbed yellow girl has mounted the block, and in her liquid black eyes there is a gleam of resigned comprehension. The strident voice of the auctioneer assaults the crooning summer silence; there is a murmur among the white men, and the girl steps down—the whole current of her life changed by a few brutal words. One after another the shrinking black victims tremulously mount the over-turned tub that does duty for a block, and now it is the turn of the woman whose home and heart are centered in the tiny cabin, the tip of whose smokeless chimney can be seen over the green ledge. Her fate, also, is quickly decided.

She—"But a woman can make money go farther than a man can." He—"Yes! I've known you to travel half over the city to spend half a dollar when a man would have parted with it at the first store he went into!"—Boston Transcript.

How It Travels. She—"But a woman can make money go farther than a man can." He—"Yes! I've known you to travel half over the city to spend half a dollar when a man would have parted with it at the first store he went into!"—Boston Transcript.

Costly Meal of a Pig. A peasant living near Milan recently bought a pig, which, when killed, was found to have swallowed a metal matchbox containing two notes of the value of \$250.

IN THE ODD CORNER.

SOME STRANGE, QUEER AND CURIOUS PHASES OF LIFE.

A Strange Race of People Found in the Archipelago of the Bay of Bengal—Spontaneous Combustion of Charcoal—Boy Made Crazy by Hypnotism.

When You Come Home at Night. By William Veith. HERE are lonely hours for the sweet young wife. In the home you have taken her to. Lonely hours when her thoughts go back. To the home that she has left. And she longs for the sound of her mother's voice. And the touch of her gentle hand.

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Lettuce, spinach, radishes and similar vegetables were brought to maturity in almost half the time ordinarily required. By applying the arc light directly to the plants their growth was so accelerated that many ran to seed before the edible leaves were formed. Plants placed within five feet of the lamp died and wilted shortly after being taken out of the soil. The effect upon flowering plants, especially upon the daisy, petunia and violet, was equally remarkable. The blooms were hastened in their growth and their number multiplied. The colors were frequently made more brilliant. On the other hand, they faded sooner. A Mr. Rawson, who owns a fancy truck farm near Boston and has tried similar methods, finds that the gain from one crop of lettuce is sufficient to pay the expense of running the electric lights during a whole season.

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Such relations are impossible to establish except in youth, but once made they are for life. As people grow older these friends and associates of youth are apt to be more appreciated and old relations are oftentimes resumed that have been suffered to languish for many years. These links with the past form a chain that, next to the ties of blood, makes one of the strongest relations of social life.

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LONG TRIP IN THE AIR.

REMARKABLE VOYAGE THAT WAS RECENTLY MADE.

Afloat Longer Than Other Balloons—Traveled Three Hundred and Seventy-Five Miles—New Instruments Were Tested.

THE amount of attention devoted to navigation of the air is constantly on the increase both in America and Europe, says the New York Herald. The remarkable experiments in which kites have been used as an important factor which were carried on in the vicinity of this city during last summer and fall are still fresh in the minds of most persons. They demonstrated the feasibility of lifting heavy weights by the force of the wind exercised on kites, and will, no doubt, prove of immense advantage to future aeronauts in the way of enabling them to direct their balloons. Those who are interested in following up such matter await with extreme hopefulness the result of the proposed voyage to the polar regions by Swedish scientists, which was postponed last summer on the critical moment owing to unfavorable winds and weather; but the subject is receiving the closest attention is shown by the remarkable voyage recently made by a balloon named Touring Club, which accomplished the journey of 608 kilometers (375 miles) from Paris to Agen. This record has never been surpassed in length, except by two ascents during the siege of Paris by the balloon Ville d'Orleans, which landed in Norway, and the Gen. Charrier, which landed at Ansbach, in Bavaria. Both of these distances exceed the record of the Touring Club by a few kilometers only. Only one of the forty-four ascents made under the auspices of the Society for Aerial Navigation of Berlin, and only two mentioned of the sixty-four balloons sent up during the siege of Paris have equaled the distance record of the Touring Club. His brother, Jerome Tuttle, was famous for his triple somersault turn, and was an athlete of world wide notoriety. For a time Torret followed his brother, but he changed his life and returned to his old home and began to preach. Upon one occasion the circus with which he traveled came to Macon. Tuttle secured a pile of balloons, placed himself at the main entrance and offered a bet to all who came. His old associates were rather surprised at the sudden change. Now Tuttle has conducted the exercises of his own funeral, and although he is apparently in a good physical condition, has prepared for the end.

Preached His Own Funeral Sermon. From the Atlanta Constitution: Mr. Torret Tuttle, a local evangelist of Millidgeville, started the community several days ago by appearing upon the street corner for the purpose of preaching his own funeral sermon. He mounted a dry goods box, selected an appropriate text, and pronounced eloquent encomiums upon himself. He gave a vivid description of his future place of abode, and told of what he had done to deserve the reward. In former days Tuttle was a well known circus man, and for a number of years traveled with Barnum. His brother, Jerome Tuttle, was famous for his triple somersault turn, and was an athlete of world wide notoriety. For a time Torret followed his brother, but he changed his life and returned to his old home and began to preach. Upon one occasion the circus with which he traveled came to Macon. Tuttle secured a pile of balloons, placed himself at the main entrance and offered a bet to all who came. His old associates were rather surprised at the sudden change. Now Tuttle has conducted the exercises of his own funeral, and although he is apparently in a good physical condition, has prepared for the end.

The Old Hound's Farewell. An affecting account of the death of an old hound is given by his owner in the "Animal World." Hector was a Chinese, and trusted dog, the leader of a pack of hounds. The old dog became lame on the hind legs, and was left to infirm for the field, and was left at home when the pack went out. Year by year his feebleness grew upon him, but he was well cared for, and passed his time mainly in sleeping beside the kitchen fire. His long absence from the hunting-field caused his fine, deep-toned note to be almost forgotten. "One afternoon," says the owner, "I was writing in my room, when suddenly I heard the splendid note, as I thought at the moment, of a strange hound, and listened to hear it again; when, instead of its being repeated, the whole pack in the kennel near my house gave one burst, as if in full cry, and as the sounds died away and all was again hushed in stillness, my huntsman rushed into the room, saying, in an agitated voice: 'Hector is dead, sir!' That splendid note of what I had thought a strange hound had been the old dog's farewell call to the pack. They had heard and had answered."

Australasian Federation. The long discussed project of a federation of England's Australasian colonies, somewhat after the model furnished by the Dominion of Canada, has taken definite form in resolutions adopted by a federal convention at Adelaide, in which the colonies of Victoria, New South Wales, Tasmania, South Australia and Western Australia were represented by delegates. Under the plan proposed, each of the colonies will control its local affairs as now; but a federal parliament, to be composed of a senate and a house of representatives, will have exclusive powers over customs and excise taxes, and over military and naval affairs. There is to be freedom of trade between the colonies just as there is between our American states. The executive is to consist of a governor-general appointed by the queen. Queensland, which ranks third of the seven Australasian colonies in point of area, and fourth in population, has not thus far participated in the federation movement.

Arctic Exploration. The Swedish government has made official announcement of the purpose of Prof. Andree to start from Dane's island near Spitzbergen, about the end of June with his balloon in search of the North Pole, and has requested officials in high latitudes to report the balloon if sighted. The government is giving Prof. Andree's project hearty support, and as his balloon house at Dane's Island is already complete and much of his equipment is there, the annoying delays of last year which caused the abandonment of the attempt should be avoided. Lieutenant Peary's plan for attempting to reach the Pole by a succession of sledge journeys, with bases of supplies for a line of retreat, annually renewed by vessels sent out for that purpose, has been approved by the council of the American Geographical society and aid promised.

The Pneumatic Tire Exploded. While Ed Geers, a horse trainer, was driving a spirited filly at Selma, Ala., one of the pneumatic tires on the sulky burst with a loud report. The filly ran away, seriously kicking the trainer, who has a broken arm, cut face and scalp and seriously injured ankle.

Postal Facilities in 1800. A Business Letter's Slow Stages a Century Ago. In 1800 not only was the field of business enterprise restricted, but the transaction of business within that field was slow and difficult, says the Atlantic. The merchant kept his own books, or, as we would have his own accounts; wrote all his letters with a quill and when they were written let the ink dry by sprinkling it with sand. There were then no envelopes, no postage stamps, no letter boxes in the streets, no collection of the mail. The letter written, the paper carefully folded, and carried to the post office, addressed and prepaid at rates which would now seem extortionate. To send a letter which was a single sheet of paper, large or small, from Boston to New York or Philadelphia cost 18 1/2 cents and to Washington 25 cents; and this when the purchasing power of a cent was five times what it is at present. To carry a letter from Philadelphia to the capital of the United States, to Boston and bring back an answer by return mail would have consumed from twelve to eighteen days, according to the season of the year and the weather.

A Second Jim Blinso. An incident recalling John Hay's famous story of Jim Blinso, engineer of the Prairie Belle, who held her "nozzle agin the bank till the last galoot" was ashore, has occurred on the Chattahoochee river in the wreck of the steamer Griggs. The steamer struck a snag and ripped open her bottom. She began to fill and the pilot headed her to a sandbar, while the engineer crowded on all steam, though the water was already running over a portion of her deck. Reaching the sandbar, the vessel careened, and the water rushing in, caught the brave engineer at his post in the engine room. He died there.

Waste. Science declares that nothing in nature is wasted. Let me say to you that, nothing anywhere is wasted, except in case of a man who throws himself away.—Rev. E. T. Lee.

Reflections of a Bachelor. Probably Jonah was trying to get out of cleaning house. The great necessity in a woman's life is love; the great necessity in a man's life is doubt. Somehow mothers are always fatter than you think their daughters will be at the same age. Men are like wild animals—they won't do much damage so long as they are fed at the right time. A woman always has an idea that she can make a man fidget and act uncomfortable whenever she looks at him hard. The man that puts on a nonchalant air when he asks a woman to marry him is the same boy who used to whistle when he went past a graveyard at night.

Useful Household Hints. When meats are being roasted and there is danger of their becoming too brown place a basin of water in the oven. The steam will prevent scorching and the meat will cook better. An old cook noted for making the most delicious of loaf cakes was asked her secret for never having a failure and replied: "It is all in the baking; the richer the cake the slower must be the oven." And regarding the boiling of eggs: If, when the shell is cut from the end the egg is found not to be sufficiently cooked to please the palate, it may be again put into boiling water, cooked still longer if the top is sprinkled thickly with salt. When it is done remove the coating of salt and the egg will be the same as if the shell had just been broken off.

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THE FIRST LIGHTHOUSES.

They Were an Outgrowth of the Reasoning on Headlands. When ships are sailing upon the ocean the lights of heaven are their guides. Even in the dark ages, when the compass and sextant were unknown instruments, the seemingly motionless pole-star hung like a beacon light in the northern heavens, and the rising and setting of the sun and stars distinguished the east from the west, says the St. Nicholas. When, however, ships came near the land the lights of heaven are not sufficient safety to guide them. Rocks lie in their way unseen in the night; reefs and shoals spread under the water; while unsuspected currents sweep the frail craft all blindly upon these dangers. Nevertheless, ships were sailed along dangerous coasts for centuries before a plain system of marking dangerous places was invented. The early mariners were bold and reckless rovers, more than half pirates, who seldom owned a roof of the coasts along which they sailed, and contented themselves with lighted lanterns on the masts of their vessels. The first lighthouse was then, of a system of light-houses was when, the merchants with whom the reckless mariners traded in those dark ages built beacons near the harbor mouths to guide the ships into port, by day and lighted fires for their guidance at night. As such a harbor-guide had to be a sure landmark in the day time and a light by night, it soon took on a settled shape—a tower on which could be built a fire; and such a tower was usually built of stone. This method of guiding ships into the ports which they sought was scarcely established before human wickedness, used it as a means of their destruction. Bands of robbers, or, as they came to be called, "wreckers," would hide themselves somewhere near the haven sought by a richly laden vessel, and after overpowering the fire-keepers, would extinguish the beacon-fire on the night on which the ship was expected. Then they would light another fire near some treacherous reef. The mariner sailing boldly toward the false light, would dash his vessel to destruction on the reef, whereupon the robber band would plunder the wreck and make off with the booty.

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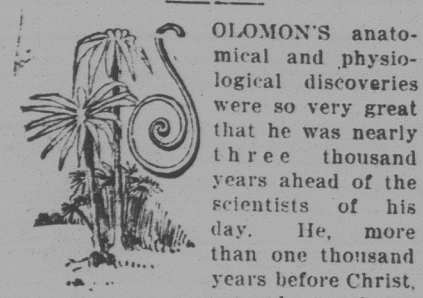
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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HEALTH OF THE BODY" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "Till a Dart Strike Through His Liver"—Proverbs VII-23—The Gospel of Purity in Body and in Soul.



OLOMON'S anatomical and physiological discoveries were so very great that he was nearly three thousand years ahead of the scientists of his day. He, more than one thousand years before Christ, seemed to know about the circulation of the blood, which Harvey discovered sixteen hundred and nineteen years after Christ, for when Solomon, in Ecclesiastes, describing the human body, speaks of the pitcher at the fountain, he evidently means the three canals leading from the heart that receive the blood like pitchers. When he speaks in Ecclesiastes of the silver cord of life, he evidently means the spinal marrow, and when he speaks of the golden chain, he means the nervous system, and when he speaks of the electric light of the modern dissecting room, but by the dim light of a comparatively dark age, and yet had seen its important functions in the God-built castle of the human body, its selecting and secreting power, its curative cells, its elongated branching tubes, a Divine workmanship in central and right and left lobe, and the hepatic artery through which flow the crimson tides, this vital organ is like the eye of God in that it never sleeps.

Solomon knew of it, and had noticed either in vivisection or post-mortem what awful attacks sin and dissipation make upon it, until the fiat of Almighty God bids the body and soul separate, one it commands to the grave, and the other it sends to judgment, and the judgment is not glancing off or making a slight wound, but piercing it from side to side "till a dart strike through his liver." Galen and Hippocrates ascribe to the liver the most of the world's moral depression, and the word melancholy means black bile.

I preach to you the Gospel of Health. In taking a diagnosis of diseases of the soul you must also take a diagnosis of diseases of the body. As if to recognize this, one whole book of the New Testament was written by a physician, Luke was a medical doctor, and he discourses much of the physical conditions, and he tells of the good Samaritan's medication of the wounds by pouring in oil and wine, and recognizes hunger as a hindrance to hearing the Gospel, so that the five thousand were fed; he also records the tremendous fact that there are two mighty fortresses in the human body, the heart and the liver; the heart the fortress of the graces, the liver the fortress of the furies. You may have the head filled with all intellectualities, and the ear with all musical appreciations, and the mouth with all eloquence, and the hand with all industries, and the heart with all generalities, and yet "a dart strike through the liver."

My friend, Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Jones, of Philadelphia, a translated spirit now, wrote a book entitled, "Man, Moral and Physical," in which he shows how different the same things may appear to different people. He says: "After the great battle on the Mincio in 1859, between the French and the Sardinians on the one side and the Austrians on the other, so disastrous to the latter, the defeated army retreated, followed by the victors. A description of the march of each army is given by two correspondents of the London Times, one of whom traveled with the successful host, the other with the defeated. The difference in views and statements of the same place, scenes and events, is remarkable. The former are said to be marching through a beautiful and luxuriant country during the day, and at night encamping where they are supplied with an abundance of the best provisions, and all sorts of rural dainties. There is nothing of war about the proceeding except the stimulus and excitement. On the side of the poor Austrians it is just the reverse. In his letter of the same date, describing the same places and a march over the same road, the writer can scarcely find words to set forth the suffering, impatience and disgust existing around him. What was pleasant to the former was intolerable to the latter. What made all this difference?" asks the author. "One condition only: the French are victorious, the Austrians have been defeated."

So, my dear brother, the road you are traveling is the same you have been traveling a long while, but the difference in your physical conditions makes it look different, and therefore the two reports you have given yourself are as widely different as the reports in the London Times from the two correspondents: Edward Payson, sometimes so far up on the Mount that it seemed as if the centripetal force of earth could no longer hold him,

sometimes through a physical disorder was so far down that it seemed as if the nether world would clutch him. Poor William Cowper was a most excellent Christian, and will be loved in the Christian church as long as it sings his hymns beginning "There is a fountain filled with blood," "Oh, for a closer walk with God," "What various hindrances we meet," and "God moves in a mysterious way."

Yet was he so overcome of melancholy, of black bile, that it was only through the mistake of the cab driver who took him to a wrong place, instead of the river bank, that he did not commit suicide. Spiritual condition so mightily affected by the physical state, what a great opportunity this gives to the Christian physician, for he can feel at the same time both the pulse of the body and the pulse of the soul, and he can administer to both at once, and if medicine is needed, he can give that, and if spiritual counsel is needed he can give that—an earthly and a Divine prescription at the same time—and call on not only the apothecary of earth, but the pharmacy of heaven! Ah, that is the kind of doctor I want at my bedside, one that cannot only count out the right number of drops, but who can also pray. That is the kind of doctor I have had in my house when sickening death came. I do not want any of your profane or atheistic doctors around my loved ones when the balances of life are trembling. A doctor who has gone through the medical college, and in dissecting room has traversed the wonders of the human mechanism, and found no God in any of the labyrinths, is a fool, and cannot doctor me or mine. But, oh, that kind of doctor! What a comfort they have been in many of our households! And they ought to have a warm place in our prayers as well as praise on our tongues.

My object at this point is not only to emoliate the criticisms of those in good health against those in poor health, but to show Christian people who are attributions what is the matter with them. Do not charge against the heart the crime of another portion of your organism. Do not conclude that because the path to heaven is not arched with as fine a foliage, or the banks beautifully snowed with exquisite chrysanthemums as once, that therefore you are on the wrong road. The road will bring you out at the same gate whether you walk with the stride of an athlete or come up on crutches. Thousands of Christians, morbid about their experiences, and morbid about their business, and morbid about the present, and morbid about the future, need the sermon I am now preaching. * * *

Some years ago a scientific lecturer went through the country exhibiting on great canvases different parts of the human body when healthy, and the same parts when diseased. And what the organs want now is some clear scientific showing to our young people on blazing canvases the drunkard's liver, the idler's liver, the libertine's liver, the gambler's liver. Perhaps the spectacle might stop some young man before he comes to the catastrophe, and the dart strike through his liver.

My hearer, this is the first sermon you have heard on the Gospel of Health, and it may be the last you will ever hear on that subject, and I charge you, in the name of God, and Christ, and usefulness, and eternal death, take better care of your health. When some of you die, if your friends put on your tombstone a truthful epitaph, it will read: "Here lies the victim of late suppers," or it will say: "Behold what lobster salad at midnight will do for a man," or it will be: "Ten cigars a day closed my earthly existence," or it will be: "Thought I could do at seventy what I did at twenty, and I am here," or it will be: "Here is the consequence of sitting a half day with wet feet," or it will be: "This woman I have stacked my harvest of wild oats," or instead of words, the stone-cutter will chisel for an epitaph on the tombstone two figures—namely, a dart and a liver.

There is a kind of sickness that is beautiful when it comes from overwork for God, or one's country, or one's own family. I have seen wounds that were glorious. I have seen an empty sleeve that was more beautiful than the most muscular forearm. I have seen a green shade over the eye, shot out in battle, that was more beautiful than any two eyes that had passed without injury. I have seen an old missionary worn out with the malaria of African jungles, who looked to me more radiant than a rubicund gymnast. I have seen a mother after six weeks' lying-in with scarlet fever, with a glory around her pale and wan face that surpassed the angelic. It all depends on how you got your sickness and in what battle your wounds.

If we must get sick and worn out, let it be in God's service and in the effort to make the world good. Not in the service of sin. No! No! One of the most pathetic scenes that I ever witnessed, and I often see it, is that of men or women converted in the fifties or sixties or seventies wanting to be useful, but they so served the world and Satan in the earlier part of their life that they have no physical energy left for the service of God. They sacrificed nerves, muscles, lungs, heart and liver on the wrong altar, and now when their sword is all hacked up and their ammunition all gone, they enlist for Emmanuel. When the high-metred cavalry horse, which that man spurred into many a cavalry charge with clamping bit and flaming eye and neck clothed with thunder, is worn out and spavined and ring-boned and spring-hair he is ready to the great Captain of our Salvation on the white horse and offers his services. With such persons might have been, through the good habits of a lifetime, crushing their battle-ax through the helmeted iniquities, they are spending their days and nights in discussing the best way of curing their indigestion, and quieting their tangled nerves, and rousing their lagging appetite, and trying to extract the dart from their outraged liver. Better converted late than never! Oh, yes; for they will get to heaven. But they will go afoot when they might have wheeled up the steep hills of the sky in Elijah's chariot. There is an old hymn that we used to sing in the country meeting house

when I was a boy, and I remember how the old folks' voices trembled with emotion while they sang it. I have forgotten all but two lines, but those lines are the peroration of my sermon: "Till we see us from a thousand snares To mind religion young."

MADE MISERABLE BY "13."

This Conductor Has Good Reason to Be Superstitious. No more firm believer in the proverbial bad luck associated with the number 13 is to be found in the city than Conductor Samuel Sharp of a Germantown local train, says the Philadelphia Record. His parents had thirteen children, of whom he was the youngest, and none of them ever prospered. As the thirteenth child, however, Samuel has had more troubles than any of his brothers and sisters. After countless mishaps during his school days he started in to earn his living as a newsboy on the cars when he was 13 years of age. On Friday, the 13th day of the month, not long after he came to the service, there was a wreck on the road and he was laid up in a hospital with a couple of broken ribs for thirteen weeks. Some years later, when a brakeman, his uncle died and left him \$1,200, but just as he was about to get married on the money the bank failed and he lost it all, feeling, of course, more disappointed than if it had never been left to him. Gradually he worked his way up and became baggage master, and then he did marry. Unwittingly, however, he went to work sleeping in 1313 South 13th street, and his young wife died within the year, leaving him broken-hearted. Since he has been conductor of his train has run over thirteen men, and he hopes that he has now reached the limit. It is an utter impossibility to get him to punch the thirteenth trip on a commutation ticket, and when hard pressed he hands his punch to the passenger, with the request to do it for him.

Don't Eat Unless You Are Hungry.

There is a good old maxim which runs as follows: "In time of peace prepare for war," and this is as true in connection with the question of diet in health as in other things. Too many people assume that because they enjoy fairly good health, no improvement need be effected in their diet, but that this position is eminently untenable none who carefully consider the subject will deny. Those whose practice brings them into contact with the wealthier classes had frequently an opportunity of estimating the bad effects of improper diet. As regards the poor, they are unable to procure meat on account of their poverty, and, as a result, their diet is composed largely of carbohydrates. In the case of general sickness, or even without unfavorable climatic conditions, both classes seem to be unable to resist attack of disease. It is for the most part the apparently healthy people who are so quickly stricken down by disease, while the chronic invalid may pass through unscathed, and yet no one seem to understand that their conditions were present from the start. The healthy man or woman to disease, and it would not be proper for us to publicly speak with particularity of these matters; only we may say that the mother felt a gripe that her boy should frequent the theater—a course in which he was encouraged by his father, who was himself fond of attending the play. This, we fear, was one fatal cause. Sensation, in fiction no doubt became the young woman's favorite reading. He met the young woman whom he secretly married at the merry-go-round of a seaside resort. When the trial of this sorrowful case was near its end, it will be remembered that in his own behalf he referred to as being "stage like," as though he were enacting a part in a tragedy. One other thing can be spoken of—that of hearing the mother when at our house refer warmly to a great deal of the fiction of the day, not merely the highly sensational and immoral, but that which has for its motive, love—earth love, and not heaven love. He read through her miserable son not long after this, from a secret marriage, and a love, alas, that had neither mother nor the Lord God and his Holy Spirit as its approving witness! In the providence of God let us hope that this danger signal, erected upon a great mother's sorrow, may serve as a salutary beacon of warning to some who may be drifting perilously near the soul engulfing eddies.

One Cause of Freak Bills.

Senator Forney, of the Kansas state senate, has a young daughter who tells why her father introduced so many freak bills in the senate. "Whenever he ran up against anything he would like," she says, "he would come home and write a bill again. There is one of his railroad bills, for instance. We drove to town to church one night, and there was a freight train on the crossing, and it kept us there for twenty minutes. It annoyed me, and I thought he went home and wrote that bill to prohibit trains from obstructing crossings more than five minutes. Then one night somebody stole all our chickens. The next day he wrote his chicken bill. But you will notice that the bill doesn't protect ducks. Pa don't like ducks. And he said if anybody wanted to steal them it was all right, but he would punish them enough. When he got up to write a bill we always knew that something had happened to him."

Service Done in God's Name.

By implicitly following the divine guidance point by point and step by step, yielding our will and desires to God's leading, we can find our mission and fulfill it. However humble the station, if we are ready to give a word of sympathy to the sorrowing. Lighten the burden of those around you. Every little deed of love and charity will make clearer and brighter the path which leads to better things beyond. Remember, true faithfulness regards nothing as small or unimportant. Some one has said that if the Lord sent two angels to earth, one to rule an empire and the other to clean a street, they would each regard their employment as equally distinguished. To spurn the plainer tasks is to miss the true mission at last. Each allotted task placed before us must be done. Not one round on the ladder can be missed. The loftier height is gained by common fidelities day by day. Success is possible only as we are constantly guided by the unseen Hand. Not to fulfill the mission given us is soon to be left without one, dropped out, set aside, while others do our work for us, receive the honor and reward which should have been ours. If we would grow into great usefulness we must see to it that we never fall even in the smallest duty. True service done in God's name will never fail to bring blessing in this world and, when our earthly mission shall have ceased, a reward in heaven.

The Gift of Peace.

So many people when Lent is over, ruin all the good they gained by leaving it all behind them. But the person who will put into practice all the good deeds, all the prayers and devotions, which he used in Lent for the rest of his days, he is the one who

RELIGIOUS READING.

RELIGION AND REFORM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Carlyle Harris and His Mother—Sensational Theatrical Exhibitions Have an Evil Tendency with Young Men—Service Done in God's Name.

The Common Lot. "HAT is life?" I asked the child, who came through all the happy day. Without a care, without a cloud to mar the sunshine of his life. No thought has he of days to come, or sorrows, or sorrows, or sorrows, or sorrows, or sorrows. He looks at me but he knows not the truth that I know.

That joy and grief, and hope and fear, Alternate triumph'd in his breast; His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!— Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb— The changing spirits' rise and fall; No thought has he of days to come, or sorrows, or sorrows, or sorrows, or sorrows, or sorrows. He looks at me but he knows not the truth that I know.

He loved—but whom he loved, the grave Hath lost in its unconscious womb. His rest was fair—but naught could save Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen; Encounter'd all that troubles thee; He kiss'd what thou hast kiss'd; He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night, Sun, moon and stars, the earth and main, Erewhile his portion, life and light To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye That once their shades and glory threw, Have left in vaster silent sky No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race, The deeds of heroes, and the wrongs of men, Of him afford no other trace Than this—There lived a Man!

Carlyle Harris and His Mother. Commenting on an editorial in a late number of Woman's Voice which begins with the words, "The Mother of Carlyle Harris was a lecturer on social purity," and querying, how we are to explain the strange fact that these mothers who were teachers of others should fail so lamentably in teaching their own sons. Josiah W. Leeds writes as follows: Frances Macready Harris (who was also known as Hope Carleton), was the capacity of lecturer, and likewise a contributor to the illustrated Christian Weekly and other papers) was twice a guest in our house at Germantown, Philadelphia. She had her own sorrow, before the greatest of all (her son's wife-murder) utterly overwhelmed her, and doubtless out of them was at times prompted to write and speak from her experience.

Both herself, and I believe, her husband are living, and it would not be proper for us to publicly speak with particularity of these matters; only we may say that the mother felt a gripe that her boy should frequent the theater—a course in which he was encouraged by his father, who was himself fond of attending the play. This, we fear, was one fatal cause. Sensation, in fiction no doubt became the young woman's favorite reading. He met the young woman whom he secretly married at the merry-go-round of a seaside resort. When the trial of this sorrowful case was near its end, it will be remembered that in his own behalf he referred to as being "stage like," as though he were enacting a part in a tragedy. One other thing can be spoken of—that of hearing the mother when at our house refer warmly to a great deal of the fiction of the day, not merely the highly sensational and immoral, but that which has for its motive, love—earth love, and not heaven love. He read through her miserable son not long after this, from a secret marriage, and a love, alas, that had neither mother nor the Lord God and his Holy Spirit as its approving witness! In the providence of God let us hope that this danger signal, erected upon a great mother's sorrow, may serve as a salutary beacon of warning to some who may be drifting perilously near the soul engulfing eddies.

Referring to the new law prohibiting the sale of liquor to natives in the Transvaal, the South African Financial Record states that out of the 24,618 natives employed by the 44 mining companies, 12.3 per cent of them were constantly drunk. With this fact before them, the Record says that, "arguing from the standpoint of pure expediency, it would have been advantageous to the government of the Transvaal to have paid the entire revenue derived from the canteen licenses for the privilege of closing them."

The Paramount Question. I believe that the miseries consequent on the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors are so great as to command imperiously the attention of all devoted lives, and that, while the abolition of American slavery was numerically first, the abolition of the liquor traffic is not morally second.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.

Children. Conjugal devotion that is both childless and atheistic lacks just that consummating ingredient of tenacity which can alone secure marriage from being anything but a sentimental experiment.—Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst.

The Queen's Ring. There is a ring which our good queen cherishes more than anything else she possesses save her betrothal and wedding ring—a circle of flat gold in which shines a ruby cross surrounded with diamonds, signifying the sovereign's union with her nation; her coronation ring, in fact, which she has worn every evening since the day it became hers by right, and which is jealously guarded when not encircling her finger.—The Gentlewoman.

All the Sad World Needs. So many gods, so many needs, So many paths that wind and wind, While just the art of being kind Is all the sad world needs.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Tired Cry. "What is it that I labor and solicit for, when it is but very little that I want and it will not be long that I shall need anything?"—Seneca.

Of Course. "She—Don't you think it is always difficult to tell a woman's age?—He—She always tells us as if it was."—Richmond Dispatch.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Why He Quit—The Sick Bootblack—It Pays to Be Good—Story of the Split Wafers—Ants That Were Useful—Other Sketches.

From a Poem Entitled "A Day in Autumn." "NE RUMBLE through the woods with me, Thou dear companion of my days,— These wondrously quiet days, They sleep in Autumn's golden haze."

The gawk leaves, twinkling in the breeze, Still to the forest branches cling; They like blossoms on the trees— The brightest blossoms of the spring.

Flowers linger in each sheltered nook, And still the cheerful song of bird, And murmur of the bee and brook, Through all the quiet groves are heard.

And bell of kinc, that sauntering, And squirrel chirping as he hides Where gorgeously, with crimson boughs, The creeper clothes the oak's gray sides.

How mild the light in all the skies! How brightly the south wind blows! His rest is in his deep repose. These whispers of the flowing air, These waters that in music fall, These sounds of peaceful life declare The Love that keeps and hushes all.

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He was annoyed by the man's familiarity, and roughly told him: "I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps."

The tramp replied: "You need not be so cranky and high minded, my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good a family as you are, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. What is more, I always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to John Barleycorn and he will bring you to just the same place I am."

Struck with his words, the gentleman set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots misshapen, his clothing filthy. "Then was it drinking that made you like this?"

"Yes, it was, and it will bring you to the same if you stick to it."

Picking up his untouched glass, he poured the contents upon the floor and said: "Then it's time I quit," and left the saloon never to enter it again.—Classmate.

The Sick Bootblack. The rich men who build hospitals are not the only benevolent ones. The New York shoeblack of whom Dr. Talmage tells this story, showed a spirit of sweet selflessness:

"A reporter sat down on one of the city hall benches and whistled to one of the shiners. The boy came up to his work provokingly slow, and had just begun, when a larger boy shoved him aside and began the work, and the reporter reproved him as being a bully, and the boy replied: "Oh, that's all right, I am going to do it for 'im. You see he's been sick in the hospital more'n a month; so you boys turn in and give 'im a lift."

"Do all the boys help him?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, sir; when they ain't got no job themselves and Jim gets one, they turn in and help 'im; for he ain't strong yet, you see."

"How much percentage does he give you?" asked the reporter.

"The boy replied: "I don't keep none of it. I ain't no such sneaky fellow. All the boys give up what they get for his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking on a sick boy, I would."

"The reporter gave him a twenty-five cent piece, and said, "You keep ten cents for yourself, and give the rest to Jim."

"Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim."

The Split Wafers. A man who now stands high in the mercantile community related to me the following little incident of his early life: "At the age of sixteen I entered the store of Silas Sturdevant as a clerk. One day shortly after my installation into the office, I was employed in sealing and resubscribing a lot of business circulars—several hundred of them. That was long before the days of gluten, and I used small red wafers for securing the missives. While I was thus busy Mr. Sturdevant came into the counting room; and when I observed that he was watching me I worked the best I could, hoping to get a word of approbation. By and by he spoke to me.

"Young man, don't you think half a wafer would secure one of those circulars just as well as a whole one?" I looked up, probably exhibiting as much surprise as surprise.

"If you split your wafers," he added, "you will accomplish all you desire and at the same time make a saving of just one-half."

He turned away, and while I was thinking what a mean old wafer-splitter he was, a lady entered who had been appointed one of a committee to obtain subscriptions towards building an orphan asylum. One public-spirited man had given the land, and now they wished to raise two hundred thousand dollars, if possible, for the buildings and necessary endowments. Mr. Sturdevant said he had already been consulted on the subject.

"Yes," thought I, "and I guess that's all it will amount to." But he took the paper and wrote his name; and then he said: "I will give five thousand dollars." I could scarcely believe my ears.

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OLIVE GREEN FOR WARSHIPS

This Color Stands Heat the Tests of Water and Sky.

If war were declared tomorrow olive green would be the color adopted by all the ships of the navy. The navy department is prepared to issue a general order directing the use of this color when emergency demands it.

ALASKA'S LIVING MASTODONS.

The Land of Wonders Lays Another Claim to Distinction.

The remarkable assertion is made by a member of the Alaska Historical society, writing in Forest and Stream, that perhaps the mastodon remains of which have been found in a well-preserved condition in various parts of Alaska and Siberia, are not yet entirely extinct.

Ending of a Feud.

The feud between Col. Bull Strong, the noted bushwhacker during the war, and Ed Callahan, chairman of the democratic county committee, ended suddenly at Jackson, Ky., the other day.

Newspapers.

The total number of copies of newspapers printed throughout the world in one year is 12,000,000,000. To print these requires 781,240 tons of paper, or 1,562,480,000 pounds, while it would take the fastest press 333 years to print a single edition, which would produce a stack of papers nearly 50 miles high.

Subscribe For The Iowa Baptist Standard. Clerks of the different churches should send in their orders for services and we gladly publish them.

Read the IOWA BAPTIST STANDARD

And Keep up with the TIMES.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

When He Tried the Role of Prison-Fighter.

It is not generally known that Mr. Joseph Jefferson once studied the manly art of self-defense, so-called prize fighting, says the Augusta Chronicle.

NOT THE 25TH PRESIDENT.

A Mistake That Has Been Made About Major McKinley.

The St. Nicholas magazine and several newspapers, in referring to the recent inauguration, announced Maj. McKinley as the twenty-fifth president of the United States, says the New York Times.

The Deepest Wells.

Men of science are interested in all very deep borings in the earth on account of the opportunity which they offer for experiments on the internal temperature of the globe.

Subscription for a Hearse.

The citizens of Lubec, Maine, are to buy a new hearse by voluntary subscription. The proposition made is this: Each subscriber agrees to pay \$1. with the proviso, "that if he should have use for the same" (the hearse, of course) within two years he shall be entitled to a rebate equal to the sum subscribed. It is evident that the subscribers who have occasion to use the hearse will be "dead in it."

Coal Gas for Condemned Murderers.

In Paris the subject of painless execution is being discussed again, and M. Berthelot, the distinguished chemist, is credited with the opinion that the lethal chamber, being ordinary coal gas, is a suitable method.

A PLUCKY SPARROW.

It Whips a Bantam and Indulges in a War Dance Over its Victory.

The sparrow, in whatever part of the world he is found, seems to earn a reputation for a degree of persistency and pugnacity altogether disproportionate to his size, says Worthington's Magazine.

THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINE.

He is Absolutely Unamiable and Free from All Care.

The central Australian aborigine is the living representative of a stone age, who still fashions his spear-heads and knives from flint or sandstone, and forms the most primitive of the aboriginal people of the world.

Smokers in London.

The London newspapers have frequently poked their ponderous fun at the habit of smoking alleged to be prevalent among the ladies of the United States, and have raised their voices in thankfulness that English ladies are not like their American sisters.

Hard Times in Persia.

People who are inclined to bemoan the hard time should remember that there are many who are in much worse condition than themselves.

Elevation.

The elevation of woman was going on with rapidity. All were pleased save the elevator, who swore softly to himself resign his job if the firm allowed its introduction of a bargain sale on the fourteenth floor to become a habit.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Eighth Church of Christ.

The Eighth Church of Christ, Corner 5th and Park sts., Preaching at 11 a. m., Sunday School at 12 m., Praying at 7 p. m., Prayer meeting Thursday eve, Rev. Haske, Pastor.

Rev. Timothy Reeves, pastor

first A. M. E. church, Mr. Chas. Stewart and Mrs. Eliza Bell attended the district conference at Cedar Rapids this week.

CHURCH NOTICES.

First African Baptist Church corner School and B streets. Preaching at 11 a. m., Sunday School at 12 m., Praying at 7 p. m., Rev. F. Lomack pastor.

STATE'S DUTY TO PRISONER.

He Should Come Out of Prison Equipped to Earn a Living.

The average age of the convicts of the United States is not far from 26 years. Therefore the men constituting this body are undeveloped men so far as age is concerned, and, as already stated, they are undeveloped in their moral and intellectual faculties.

THE DURR LIGHT.

What the Apparatus Consists of—Its Remarkable Power.

The remarkable light which has been brought forward by the German and known as the Durr light is declared to be equally capable of use for interior illumination. It is originated by automatic evaporation and over-heating of the vapors from ordinary lamp petroleum, says the Railway Review.

An Old Controversy.

The strange possibility of armed conflict that the United States has known in its history, and northwestern Colorado on the Wyoming border. The land is fit for little but grazing.

Innocent Man Hanged.

Jesse Hibden, one of the two men for whose supposed murder George Jones was hanged about three years ago at Fort Smith, Ark., has been discovered in prison at Wichita, Kan., where he is serving a term for peddling whisky among the Indians.

A Meddling Nose.

"You've got a very peculiar nose," "Well, that's none of your business, is it?" "No, but you seem fond of putting it in other people's."—Truth.

KATE GREENAWAY.

She Has Done Much to Revolutionize the Dress of Children.

Everyone has heard the name of Kate Greenaway, the talented English artist, who has done more to revolutionize children's dress than any other living woman, says the Boston Globe.

SKULL LINED WITH CELLULOID

Surgeons Perform a New Operation for Depression of Skull.

After experimenting nearly a year with the skull of a young Grecian Samson, surgeons at Bellevue hospital, New York, have found a certain cure for cases of depressed skull, which have nearly always heretofore meant death, says an exchange.

Bunyan with a Purpose.

An interesting story comes to us from Boston, where they tell it with bated breath. It appears that the officials in charge of the juvenile department of the Boston public library have noticed for the past week or two an unusual demand for copies of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

A Fire.

Louisa Lavello, aged thirty, of Philadelphia, Pa., was frightfully burned about the face and body by the explosion of a kerosene lamp, which she was carrying down stairs while walking in her sleep.

Catherine Snider's Other Name.

Mrs. Aljindie Coswinnelbosy of Toledo has just sued her husband for divorce. She is a Russian, and to simplify matters she has naturalized her name to Catherine Snider after her arrival in this country, but her real name had to go on the legal document.

A Very Interesting Meeting.

A very interesting meeting of the B. B. & Reading Circle was held at the residence of the president, Mrs. W. H. Warwick. Dr. E. F. Johnson will lecture at the next meeting which will be with Mrs. R. A. Wilburn at 130 1/2 N. Street. All members are requested to be present.

First African Baptist Church.

Preaching at 11 a. m., Sunday School at 12 m., Praying at 7 p. m., Rev. F. Lomack pastor.

THE NEW WOMAN.

Cheap Witticism at Her Expense—A Splendid Creature.

"I glory in the new woman, in that so often she is rich and beautiful," says a writer in the Home Companion.

A Chance to See Mercury.

It is only once in a while that this planet is easily visible, and perhaps the readers of the Companion will be glad to know that they will have an excellent opportunity to see it on April 27, and for two or three days before and after. It will not set until nearly two hours after the sun goes down, and will be fairly conspicuous in the western twilight as a ruddy star of the first magnitude, rather brighter than Aldebaran, and a little south and east of the Pleiades.

Don't Forget the Dumas Choral Club Concert.

June 15th 1st. The First African Baptist church.

TO HONOR A HERO.

A Statue of the Great Von Moltke to Be Erected at Breslau.

There will shortly be erected in the city of Breslau says the New York Herald, a noteworthy memorial, which will form a fitting addition to the monument lately completed there in honor of the Emperor William I., in which the people of the province of Schleswig expressed their reverence for the character and their acknowledgment of the achievements of the great Kaiser.

Advertisement for Frankel Clothing Co. featuring a suit sale. Text includes: 'INVESTIGATE THIS SUIT SALE OF OURS.', 'There never was a time when you could buy a suit so advantageously as now.', '\$9.65 For Men's Stylish Spring Suits, in attractive patterns—suits which sell regularly for \$12, \$13 and \$14—splendid values at these prices, too.', '\$14.65 For Stylish Spring Suits, in Fancy Cheviots, Tweeds, Mixtures, etc., which sell regularly for \$16.50 to \$18.', 'The quicker you come the better your chance. Won't take long to lower the piles on the tables.', 'Moershell, Duffy & Fotheringham, 621 West Walnut Street', '20 Per Cent Off Sale Ends Saturday Night.', '20 Per Cent off Muslin, Calicos, Wash Goods, Dress Goods, Millinery—Off Everything in the Store', 'If your purchase is \$1.00, 80c Pays the Bill. If your purchase is \$5.00, \$4.00 Pays the Bill.', 'Tell your neighbors the good News.'