

A WAY THEY HAVE

What This Gentleman Says Only Corroborates the Story of Thousands

The particulars related by this representative citizen of Watertown are similar to hundreds of residents of Oswego. When there are so many people all anxious to tell about the benefits received from the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, the greatest skeptic in Oswego must be convinced. Read this:

Mr. S. Gardner, grocer, 85 Mill street, Watertown, says: "I had kidney trouble for several years, but always as bad as one time as another, but sufficient to cause considerable pain and especially so if I stood a great deal or ever exerted myself. As the disorder developed I had trouble with the kidney secretions, retention at one time, edema at another. I used juniper oil and often got a little relief, but Doan's Kidney Pills helped me from the start. My wife used them too, and she, as well as I, was greatly relieved. We recommend this valuable preparation to others suffering as we suffered."

Plenty of proof like this in Oswego. Call at Vovinkel's drug store for particulars.

For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Company, Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—DOAN'S—and take no other.

Advertisement for 'ZIONA' medicine, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing its benefits for various ailments like rheumatism, neuralgia, and general weakness.

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER R. Co.

THE FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE (Change of Time.) On and after Sunday, November 1st 1901, trains will leave Oswego as follows:

TRAINS DEPART. Going West—Daily, 4:00 A. M.; on Sept. Sunday, 6:30 A. M.; 1:05 P. M. 5:05 P. M. Going East—Except Sunday, 6:05 A. M.; 9:20 A. M.; 1:20 P. M.; 6:30 P. M. Phoenix line—Daily except Sunday 9:00 A. M., 10:15 A. M., 3:30 P. M., 5:45 P. M., 9:35 P. M.; Sunday, 9:30 A. M.; 9:35 P. M.

TRAINS ARRIVE. From the West—Daily 11:15 A. M. except Sunday, 12:55 P. M. 8:15 P. M. 9:30 P. M. From the East—Except Sunday, 5:20 A. M., 11:55 A. M., 4:45 P. M., 9:05 P. M. Phoenix line—Except Sunday, 8:20 A. M., 10:30 P. M., 3:35 P. M., 6:40 P. M., 10:30 P. M. Sunday only, 9:30 A. M. 7:40 P. M.

A. H. SMITH, General Superintendent. GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent. G. O. GARDNER, General Agent, Watertown, N. Y.

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA & WESTERN RAILROAD.

6:50 A. M. - New York, Philadelphia and New York Express. (Arrive in New York at 8:00 P. M.) 10:55 A. M. - New York, Philadelphia and New York Express. (Arrive in New York at 8:00 P. M.) 4:20 P. M. - New York, Philadelphia and New York Express. (Arrive in New York at 8:00 P. M.) 9:15 P. M. - New York, Philadelphia and New York Express. (Arrive in New York at 8:00 P. M.)

NEW YORK ONTARIO & WESTERN RAILROAD. Time Card in Effect September 17th, 1902. TRAINS LEAVE OSWEGO South Bound Express for New York, 8:45 am Local for Norwich, 7:40 am Local for New York, 11:25 am Express for Norwich, 3:55 pm NORTH BOUND Arrive in Oswego Chicago Lam., all points West 8:45 am Express from Norwich, 11:30 am Local from Norwich, 5:30 am Express from New York, 8:00 am

The Record Train is guaranteed to hold. For sale at Stewart's drug store, market street.

Talmage's Sermon

Washington, April 13.—In the following discourse, prepared by Dr. Talmage before his illness, the folly and danger of postponing the acceptance of the gospel invitation are exposed on the text, Luke xiv, 18, "And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

After the invitations to a levee are sent out the regrets come in. One man apologizes for nonattendance on one ground, another on another ground. The most of the regrets are founded on prior engagements. So in my text a great banquet was spread, the invitations were circulated, and now the regrets come in. The one gives an agricultural reason, the other a stock dealer's reason, the other a domestic reason. All poor reasons. The fact was, they did not want to go. "And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

So now God spreads a great banquet. It is the gospel feast, and the table reaches across the hemisphere, and the invitations go out, and multitudes come and sit down and drink out of the chalice of God's love, while other multitudes decline coming, the one giving this apology, and the other giving that apology, "and they all with one consent begin to make excuse." I propose, so far as God may help me, to examine the apologies which men make for not entering the Christian life.

Apology the first: I am not sure there is anything valuable in the Christian religion. It is pleaded that there are so many impositions in this day; so many things that seem to be real are sham. A gilded outside may have a hollow inside. There is so much quackery in physics, in ethics, in politics, that men come to the habit of incredulity, and after awhile they allow that incredulity to collide with our holy religion. But, my friends, I think religion has made a pretty good record in the world. How many wounds it has saved! How many pillars of fire it has lifted in the midnight wilderness! How many sinners struck deserts it hath turned into the gardens of the Lord! How hath it stilled the chopped sea! What rosy light it hath sent streaming through the rift of the storm-cloud! What pools of cool water it hath gathered for thirsty Hagar and Ishmael! What manna writer than coriander seed it hath dropped all around the camp of dazed and bewildered pilgrims! What promises it hath sent out like holy watchers to keep the lamps burning around deathbeds, through the darkness that lowers into the sepulcher! What flashes of resurrection morn!

A Religion of Heroes. Besides that, this religion has made so many heroes. It brought Sumner, Field, the Methodist, across the Atlantic ocean with his silver trumpet to blow the acceptable year of the Lord until it seemed as if all our American cities would take the kingdom of heaven by violence. It sent Jehudi Ashmun into Africa alone, in a continent of naked barbarians, to lift the standard of civilization and Christianity. It made John Milton among poets, Raphael among painters, Christopher Wren among architects, Thorwaldsen among sculptors, Handel among musicians, Dupont among military commanders, and to give new wings to the imagination and better determination to the will and greater usefulness to the life and grander nobility to the soul there is nothing in all the earth like our Christian religion. Nothing in religion? Why, then, all those Christians were deceived when in their dying moment they thought they saw the castles of the blessed, and your child, that with unutterable agony you put away into the grave, will never see him again nor hear his sweet voice nor feel the throbs of his young heart. There is nothing in religion? Sickness will come upon you. Roll and turn on your pillow, no relief. The medicine may be bitter, the night may be dark, the pain may be sharp, no relief. Christ never comes to the sick-room. Let the pain stab; let the fever burn; curse it and die. There is nothing in religion? After awhile death will come. You will hear the pawing of the pale horse on the threshold. The spirit will be breaking away from the body, and it will take flight—whither, whither? There is no God, no ministering angels, to conduct, no Christ, no heaven, no home. Nothing in religion? Oh, you are not willing to adopt such a dismal theory!

The Use of a Skeptic. And yet the world is full of skeptics. And let me say there is no class of people for whom I have a warmer sympathy than for skeptics. We do not know how to treat them. We deride them, we caricature them. We instead of taking them by the soft hand of Christian love, clutch them with the iron pinchers of ecclesiasticalism. Oh, if you knew how those men had fallen away from Christianity and become skeptics you would not be so rough on them! Some were brought up in homes where religion was overdone. The most wretched day in the week was Sunday. Religion was driven into them with a triplanner. They had a surplus of prayer meetings. They were stuffed and choked with catechisms. They were told by their parents that they were the worst children that ever lived because they liked to ride down hill better than to read "Pilgrim's Progress." They never heard their parents

talk of religion but with the corners of the mouth drawn down and the eyes rolled up. Others went into skepticism through maltreatment on the part of some who professed religion. There is a man who says, "My partner in business was conspicuous in prayer meetings, and he was officious in all religious circles, but he cheated me out of \$3,000, and I don't want any of that religion." Then there are others who get into skepticism by a natural persistence in asking questions, why or how? How can God be one being in three persons? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. How can God be a complete sovereign and yet man a free agent? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. They cannot understand why a holy God lets sin come into the world. Neither can I. They say: "There is a great mystery; here is a disciple of fashion, frivolous and godless all his days; he lives on to be an octogenarian. Here is a Christian mother, training her children for God and for heaven, self-sacrificing, Christlike, indispensable seemingly to that household; she gets a cancer and dies." The skeptic says, "I can't explain that." Neither can I.

I can see how men reason themselves into skepticism. With burning feet I have trodden that blistering way. I know what it is to have a hundred nights poured into one hour. There are men in the arid desert of doubt who would give their thousands of dollars if they could get back to the old religion of their fathers. Such men are not to be caricatured, but helped, and not through their heads, but through their hearts. When these men really do come into the kingdom of God, they will be worth far more to the cause of Christ than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity. Thomas Chalmers once a skeptic, Robert Hall once a skeptic, Christians Evans once a skeptic; but when they did lay hold of the gospel chariot how they made it speed ahead! If, therefore, I address men and women who have drifted away into skepticism, I throw out no scorn; I rather implore you by the memory of those good old times when you knelt at your mother's knee and said your evening prayer and those other days of sickness when she watched all night and gave you the medicine at just the right time and turned the pillow when it was hot and with hand long ago turned to dust soothed your pain, and with that voice you will never hear again unless you join her in the better country told you never mind, you would be better by and by, and by that dying couch where she talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words—by all those memories I ask you to come and take the same religion. It was good enough for her; it is good enough for you. Aye, I make a better plea: By the wounds and the death throes of the Son of God, who approaches you in infinite love with torn brow and lacerated hands and whipped back, crying, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!"

Another Apology. Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because of the incorrigibility of their temperament. Now, we admit it is harder for some people to become Christians than for others, but the grace of God never came to a mountain that it could not climb or to a abyss that it could not fathom or to a boulder that it could not break. The wildest horse that ever trod Arabian sands has been broken to hit and trace. The maddest torrent tumbling from mountain steeping has been harnessed to the mill wheel and the factory band, setting a thousand shuttles all a-buzz and a-chatter. And the wildest, the haughtiest, the most unmanageable man ever created by the grace of God may be subdued and sent out on ministry of kindness, as God sends an August thunderstorm to water the wild flowers down in the grass. Peter, with nature tempestuous as the sea that he once tried to walk, at one look from Christ went out and went bitterly. Rich harvests of grace may grow on the summit of the jagged steep, and flocks of Christian graces may find pasture in fields of granite and rock. Though your disposition may be all a-battle with fretfulness, though you have a temper a-gleam with quick lightnings, though your avarice be like that of the horse leech, crying, "Give!" though damnable impurities have wrapped you in all-consuming fire, God can drive that devil out of your soul, and over the chaos and the darkness he can say, "Let there be light." Converting grace has lifted the drunkard from the ditch and snatched the knife from the hand of the assassin and the false keys from the burglar and in the pestiferous lanes of the city met the daughter of sin under the dim lamplight and scattered her sorrow and her guilt with the words, "Thy sins are forgiven; go, and sin no more." For scarlet sin a sapphire atonement.

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because of the inconsistency of those who profess religion. There are thousands of poor farmers. They do not know the nature of soils or the proper rotation of crops. Their corn is shorter in the stalk and smaller in the ear. They have ten less bushels by the acre than their neighbors. But who declines being a farmer because there are so many poor farmers? There are thousands of incompetent mechanics. They buy at the wrong time. They get cheated in the sale of their goods. Every bale of goods is to them a bale of disaster. They fail after awhile and go out of business. But who declines to be a merchant because there are so many incompetent merchants? There are thousands of poor lawyers. They cannot draw a declaration that will stand the test. They cannot recover just damages. They cannot help a defendant escape from the justice of his persecutors. They are the worst performers against any case in which

they are retained. But who declines to be a lawyer because there are so many incompetent lawyers? Yet there are tens of thousands of people who decline being religious because there are so many unworthy Christians. Now, I say it is illogical. Poor lawyers are nothing against justice; poor physicians are nothing against health; poor farmers are nothing against agriculture, and mean, contemptible professors of religion are nothing against our glorious Christianity.

Sometimes you have been riding along on a summer night by a swamp, and you have seen lights that kindled over decayed vegetation—lights which are called jack-o'-lantern or will-o'-the-wisp. These lights are merely poisonous misadventures. My friends, on your way to heaven you will want a better light than the will-o'-the-wisp which dances on the rotten character of moribund Christians. Exclamations from poisonous trees in our neighbor's garden will make a very poor balm for our wounds.

Sickness will come, and we will be pushed out toward the Red Sea which divides this world from the next, and not the inconsistency of Christians, but the rod of faith, will wade back the waters as a commander wheels his host. The judgment will come, with its thunder and its solemnities. Oh, then we will not stop and say, "There was a mean Christian; there was an impure Christian." In that day as now, "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself, but if thou scornest thou alone shalt bear it." Why, my brother, the inconsistency of Christians, so far from being an argument to keep you away from God, ought to be an argument to drive you to him. The best place for a skillful doctor is in a neighborhood where there are all poor doctors, the best place for an enterprising merchant to open his store is in a place where the bargain makers do not understand their business, and the best place for you who want to become the illustrious and complete Christian, the best place for you is to come right down among us who are so incompetent and so inconsistent sometimes. Show us how. Give us an example.

Other persons apologize for not becoming Christians because they lack time, as though religion muddled the brain of the accountant or tripped the leg of the author or thickened the tongue of the orator or weakened the arm of the mechanic or scattered the wits of the lawyer or interrupted the sales of the merchant. They built their store doors against it and fight it back with trowels and with yardsticks and cry, "Away with your religion from our store, our office, our factory!" They do not understand that religion in this workaday world will help you to do anything you ought to do. It can lay a keel; it can sail a ship; it can buy a cargo; it can work a pulley; it can pave a street; it can fit a wrist-band; it can write a constitution; it can marshal a host. It is as appropriate to the astronomer as his telescope, to the musician as his laboratory, to the mason as his plumb line, to the carpenter as his plane, to the child as his marbles, to grandfather as his staff.

Time to be Religious. No time to be religious here! You have no time not to be religious. You might as well have no clerks in your store, no books in your library, no compass on your ship, no rifle in the battle, no bat for your hand, no coat for your back, no shoes for your feet. Better travel on toward eternity bare-footed and bare-headed and houseless and homeless and friendless than to go through life without religion. Did religion make Raleigh any less of a statesman or Havelock any less of a soldier or Grintell any less of a merchant or West any less of a painter? Why, my friends, religion is the best security in every bargain; it is the sweetest note in every song; it is the brightest gem in every coronet. No time to be religious? Why, you will have to take time to be sick, to be troubled, to die. Our world is only the wharf from which we are to embark for heaven. No time to secure the friendship of Christ? No time to buy a bump and trim it for that walk through the darkness which otherwise will be illumined only by the whitewash of the tombstones? No time to educate the eye for heavenly splendors or the hand for choicest harps or the ear for everlasting songs or the soul for honor, glory and immortality? One would think we had time for nothing else.

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because it is time enough yet. That is very like those persons who send regrets and say, "I will come in perhaps at 11 or 12 o'clock." I will not be there at the opening of the banquet, but I will be there at the close. Not yet! Not yet! Now, I do not give any hopeful view of this life. There is nothing in my nature, nothing in the grace of God, that tends toward a life of human life. I have not much sympathy with Addison's description of the "Vision of Mirza," where he represents human life as being a bridge of a hundred arches and both ends of the bridge covered with clouds, and the race coming out, the most of them falling down through the first span and all of them falling down through the last span. It is a very dismal picture. I have not much sympathy with the Spanish proverb which says, "The sky is good and the earth is good; that which is bad is between the earth and the sky." But, while we as Christian men are bound to take a cheerful view of life, we must also confess that life is a great uncertainty and that man who says "I can't become a Christian because there is time enough yet" is running a risk infinite. You do not know whether the fact that this day is your last day or whether it is your first day.

Why He Resigned. For the sake of his duty the late Senator William J. Sewell sacrificed his ambition and for a time threw himself open to misinterpretation. The New York Times prints the real explanation of what people who did not know the facts thought, to say the least, an ungrateful action. At the outbreak of the Spanish war Senator Sewell sought and obtained a commission as brigadier general. He was a veteran of the civil war and stood a good chance of being sent to the front, but after his appointment the president sent for him. "You will have to decline the commission," said Mr. McKinley, who then explained that the administration needed his support in the senate. "I have set my heart on getting into the saddle again," said the senator, "and New Jersey will send you somebody else whom you can depend on to take my place in the senate."

But a new man cannot take your place on the military affairs committee," replied the president, and then in a gently compelling tone ended the interview by saying, "Your commander in chief needs you where you are." Senator Sewell went to his hotel and wrote his refusal of the commission he so much coveted. It was not until months after that he explained to his friends that he was simply doing his duty as a soldier.

Lord Dufferin's Great Memory. Lord Dufferin relates in his recollections delivered in 1891 to the students of St. Andrew's university that he sat down and wrote out every word of his speech and learned it so carefully by heart that he knew that no untoward accident or interruption could interfere with its delivery. The speech lasted an hour and a half, and Lord Dufferin was able to go through it without once looking at a note. Lord Dufferin had a curious practice in Canada, where apparently in those days shorthand writers in many places were not plentiful. He frequently, at the request of the reporters, rehearsed his speech previous to a meeting, and he was surprised to find how this enabled him to clarify and condense what he intended to say an hour later when he addressed his audience.—London Spectator.

Repeating a Loan. When General Pitt Rivers was in Cleveland the other day, he received a call from a young man who gave his name as Lieutenant Ira C. Farley and who professed his business by pressing a two-dollar bill into the general's hand. "What's this for?" gasped General Lee in blank astonishment. Then the visitor explained that he had served under Marco in Cuba from 1895 to 1897 and that in August of the latter year, being sick and out of funds, he had applied to Lee for transportation home. The general had assisted him and offered to lend him money, but he would accept only \$2. Lieutenant Farley explained, was the first opportunity he had had of meeting his benefactor, and he hastened to repay the loan.

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after awhile may not answer to the brakes. The Delusion in Delay. Be not among those who give their whole life to the world and then give their corpse to God. It does not seem fair that while our pulses are in full play of health we serve ourselves and serve the world and then make God at last the present of a coffin. It does not seem right that we run our ship from coast to coast carrying cargoes for ourselves and then, when the ship is crushed in the rocks, give to God the shivered timbers. It is a great thing for a man on his dying pillow to repent—better that than never at all; but how much better, how much more generous, it would have been if he had repented fifty years before! My friends, you will never get over these procrastinations.

Here is a delusion. People think, "I can go on in sin and worldliness, but after awhile I will repent and then it will be as though I had come at the very start." What a mistake! No one ever gets fully over procrastination. If you give your soul to God some other time than this, you will enter heaven with only half the capacity for enjoyment and knowledge you might have had. There will be heights of blessedness you might have attained that then you will never reach; thrives of glory on which you might have been seated, but which you will never climb. We will never get over procrastination, neither in time nor in eternity.

We have started on a march from which there is no retreat. The shadows of eternity gather on our pathway. How insignificant is time compared with the vast eternity! As I was thinking of this one day while coming down over the Allegheny mountains at noon, by that wonderful pass which you all have heard described as the Horseshoe—a depression in the side of the mountain where the train almost turns back again upon itself, and to-day may appropriate is the name of the Horseshoe—and thinking on this very theme and preparing this very sermon, it seemed to me as if the great courier of eternity speeding along had just struck the mountain with one hoof and gone on into illimitable space. So short is time, so insignificant is earth, compared with the vast eternity! This moment voices roll down the sky and all the worlds of light are ready to rejoice at your disentanglement. Rush not into the presence of the King ragged with sin when you may have this robe of righteousness. Dash not your foot to pieces against the throne of a crucified Christ. Throw not your crown of life off the battlements. All the scribes of God are at this hour ready with volumes of living light to record the news of your soul emancipated. (Copyright, 1902, Louis Kloppsch, N. Y.)

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GANG PLANK BROKE.

Fifty People Thrown into North River. All Rescued. New York, April 14.—Fifty persons had narrow escapes from drowning when a gangplank leading to a boat at the foot of West 42d street broke and a number of people were thrown into the North river. Fortunately seven or eight launches and rowboats were in the immediate vicinity and assisted in the rescue. There were four or five rowboats under the gangplank and 20 of the men and women tumbled into these, sustaining injuries about the head and body.

A crew of life savers is stationed nearby and they quickly got to work. The women were first pulled out of the water and then the men were rescued. Amбуlances were summoned and the unconscious persons revived by the surgeons while those hurt had their wounds dressed.

128 Bills Vetoed. Albany, April 14.—Governor Odell has again applied the pruning knife to appropriations and in a batch of 128 bills vetoed has cut out \$120,000 in what he calls useless or extravagant appropriations of public moneys. Those vetoed do not include items in the general appropriation and supply bills, which will be finished Monday.

Funeral of Wade, Hampton. Columbia, S. C., April 14.—The funeral of the late General Wade Hampton took place here Sunday. The occasion was marked by much ceremony and unprecedented demonstration of respect. The outpouring of people was spontaneous. Every railroad ran special trains. Veterans and the most prominent men and women in South Carolina were here.

Conference With Manager Robinson. Puncasutawney, Pa., April 14.—To-day Mr. Mitchell will hold a conference with Manager Robinson of the Rochester and Pittsburg company. The strikers are not satisfied with the agreement alleged to have been entered into by Messrs. Mitchell and Robinson at Indianapolis last week.

Jamestown Strike Settles. Jamestown, N. Y., April 14.—The strike of the employes of the Jamestown Railway company was amicably settled Sunday afternoon. Beyond the fact that in the future the union will be recognized, no details of the settlement have been given out. The strike began nearly a year ago.

Will Not Leave Schenectady. Schenectady, N. Y., April 14.—The report that the General Electric company's proposed issue of \$19,758,800 is for the purpose of buying the plant of the Harmony mills in Cohoes and removing to that city was emphatically denied and characterized as absurd by Hinsdill Parsons, fourth vice president of the General Electric company.

Western New York Turnfest. Utica, N. Y., April 14.—Delegates from Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Auburn and Utica, representing the Western New York Turn district, met here, E. Sean of Rochester presiding. It was decided that the Western New York Turnfest be held in Rochester late in June or early in July.

Syracuse Man Dies Suddenly. Colorado Springs, Col., April 14.—David F. Clark, aged 83 years, a tourist, fell dead in a restaurant here. An autopsy revealed the fact that death was due to a blood clot in the heart. The deceased was on his way home to Syracuse, N. Y., after spending the winter on the Pacific coast. He was accompanied by S. M. Blandin, his nephew. The body will be sent East.

A VALUABLE MEDICINE.

For Coughs and Colds in Children. I have not the slightest hesitancy in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to all who are suffering from coughs or colds," says Charles M. Ockler, Esq., a well-known watchmaker of Colorado, Cojona. "It has been some two years since the City Dispensary first called my attention to this valuable medicine and I have repeatedly used it and it has always been beneficial. It has cured me quickly of all chest colds. It is especially effective for children and seldom takes more than one bottle to cure them of hoarseness. I have persuaded many to try this valuable medicine, and they are all as well pleased as myself over the result." For sale by A. D. McIntyre's Pharmacy, 37 East Bridge and 95 East First street, and Stone & Company Lake shore Drug Store, Cor. West Second and Ulster streets.—1 apr 21 m w 14

HOTEL EMPIRE, Broadway & 63d St. N. Y. City.

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Mollison & Dowdle ISSUE FIRE, Policies. ALSO BONDS OF INDEMNITY.

Human Freak With Horns and Tusks

There has recently appeared in Watertown, Ga., one of the greatest natural curiosities ever seen. This freak is a man with two well developed horns, similar in appearance to the horns of a goat, growing out of the top of his head and turning slightly back, with about the same angle and curve as goats' horns. He also has two prominent tusks protruding from his mouth, extending probably three inches from his gums. They grow out in the place of, instead of in the place of, his teeth.

The man resembles the North American Indian in appearance very much, being probably a shade darker in color. His father is said to be an American negro and his mother an Indian of the Black Hawk tribe. He has long, jet black hair, a piercing eye, but seems a rather stupid. He is six feet high, weighs 190 pounds and is said to be twenty-three years old. In every respect except the deformities mentioned he seems to be a perfect specimen.

This freak of nature is said to be the result of a fright his mother received, and the horns and the tusks represent the goat and the elephant. She was attending a circus one day, when in passing too near one of the goats it jumped upon her, butted her to the ground and came near killing her. In the scuffle with the goat she got almost into an elephant's mouth, being right under the monster beast's tusks. When the child was born, it had horns of a goat and in place of its eyes teeth came tusks, probably three inches in length, protruding fully two inches from its mouth. The horns are about five inches long.

Death Pool of The Long Ju Ju

Long Ju Ju is one of the many fetish centers that dot the jungles of central and western Africa. Long Ju Ju is one of the most notorious Meccas of the slaves of fetishism.

Some interesting figures concerning the Long Ju Ju have just come out of the interior from a correspondent with the Aro expedition. It is estimated that every year 800 pilgrims journey to the sacred spot to receive the fetish decree and advice which is vouchsafed to them by the recognized power. To most of them it is a dear experience. About fifty of them are sacrificed annually in order that their skulls may be offered to the gods, while fully 200 people are sold into slavery. The remainder are allowed to go away free. The approach to the Ju Ju is through dense bush, which gradually becomes thicker and thicker until the entrance is reached. The Ju Ju is an oval shaped pit 70 feet deep, 60 yards long and 50 yards wide. In entering, the visitor climbs down the precipitous sides of rock into a narrow gorge and into running water. The water gushes forth from the solid rock in two largestreams,



ALTAR OF SKULLS IN LONG JU JU POOL. which issue below a small island on which are two altars, one made from many trade guns struck muzzle downward into the ground and topped with human skulls. The other is made of wood and supports more skulls, bones, feathers, blood, eggs and other votive offerings to the Ju Ju. The sacrificial functions of the Ju Ju are performed on the left side of the entrance, opposite the island, where a flat topped bush has been hewn out of the rock. The waters as well as the walls and whole interior of the charnel house abound in fetich objects. At the left of the entrance through which the visitor is escorted pass the great evidences of the devotion of the native worshippers to their belief in fetishism. There is the skull of a scores who have been sacrificed in order that the Ju Ju might be fully administered and the spirit world communicated with through ancestral offerings.