IS THIS ALL GOSPEL?

A Modern Prophet's Eloquence Saves Him

From Severe Punishment.

A last (Friday) nignt's Waukesha, Wis., despatch says: The cloquence of Simon B. Needham, whose predictions of the second coming of Christ and the birth of a child on the date specified was incidentally connected with his arrest on a charge of illegitimate parentage preferred by Mrs. Clark, to-day saved the prophet from a long term in the penitentiary. Mr. Needlong term in the penitentiary. Mr. Needham addressed the court at some length giving a summary of the history of his life. So eloquently did he tell his story that when he withdrew his special plea of guilty and admitted his guilt Judge Sloan inflicted the nominal punishment of three days in the county jail. The case was called late in the afternoon, and considerable time was spent in finding twelve men who had not formed an opinion as to whether or not the prophet is insane. When a jury was finally secured Mr. Needham took the stand and asked the Judge the privilege of relating the history of his mother and himself, which was granted. Mr. Needham started his narrative with a statement that surprised people who had known him for years, stating that his mother was a slave, and that he was born in slavery. He told of their escape from bondage and their flight to Canada; told of his early struggles for an education, of his religious opinions. and of his arrest and imprisonment in Canada for seven years for preaching his opinions to the world. He said he was ready and willing to make Mrs. Clark his wife, which, owing to the divorce recently secured by Mrs. Needham, could be done lawfully.

WHAT CRONIN BELIEVED. Evidence of Patrick McGarry at the Inquest.

A last (Wednesday) night's Chicago despatch says: In the Cronin inquest today Patrick McGarry, a friend of Dr. Cronin, testified as to what Cronin told him regarding the investigation by a committee of the Clan-na Gael at Buffelo of charges that Alexander Sullivan appropriated funds of the Clan to his own use while a member of the Executive Board or "Triangle." McGarry s.id Cronin informed him that the charges were not only of misappropriation of funds, but that the Triangle had sent men to their death and to British prisons. The witness could not remember the exact amount of money mentioned by Cronir, but it approximated half a million. The witness then told of his visit to Toronto after Cronir's death, and the result of interviews with Reporter Long. The latter at first denied having sent the misleading despatches, but subsequently said he had sent a statement of the facts to Frank Scanlan, of this city. Cronin said to the witness, after the Buffalo investigation, that if he were murdered it would be at Alexander Sullivan's instigation. Cronin also said that the life of Dr. McCahey, of Philadelphia, who joined Cronin in reporting against Sullivan at the Buffalo investigation, was also in danger, and that an attempt had been made to decorable agree.

FIVE RAFTSMEN DROWNED. An Overloaded Bont Capsizes in the

Ottawa River. A Grenville (Que.) despatch says: A sad drowning accident took place here at noon to-day, by which five men lost their lives. A gang of raftsmen, nineteen in number, under the charge of Elisha Cooke, pilot, started to cross the river at the head of the Long Sault to join their raft, which was lying on the south shore of the river. The boat was overloaded considering the weather. The wind at the time blew a weather. The wind at the time blew a perfect hurricane and they had not proceeded very far before the boat became full of water and sank, leaving the human cargo floundering in the water. A number clung to the boat and were saved through the exertions of Wm. Cooke and Peter Leroy, who succeeded in reaching them by means of another boat. The remainder of the crew struck for the shore, but five of them sank and were lost. Their names are Eli Robillard, sen., Joseph Cooke, Louis Lemay, Geo. Saraein, of Grenville, and a Mr. Windsor, of Cumber-

[Willing to Test Electric Death. An Albany despatch says: Gen. Austin Lathrop has received a letter from a Phila-delphia man who said that he was poor and out of work, and that he had a large family to support. He had just seen a statement in some newspaper that Gen. Lathrop had some doubts whether the electrical apparatus which was to be placed in the three State prisons to execute murderers would destroy life instantaneously. If Gen. Lathrop would guarantee that the writer's family should be paid \$5,000 in cash on his death he would submachine. In case Gen. Lathrop should look favorably upon this offer, he would request him to insert a personal addressed to "A. F." in the Philadelphia Ledger.

Oklahoma Hotel Rules. 1. Gents going to bed with their boots on

will be charged extra. 2. Three raps at the door means that there is a murder in the house and you

paper, so that we know you've been here. 4. The other leg of the chair is in the closet if you need it. 5. If you are too cold put the oilcloth

6. Caroseen lamps extra; candles free, but they musin't burn all night. 7. Please don't empty the sawdust out of the pillers.

If there's no towel handy, use a piece of the carpet .- Spokane Globe

Military Inspection. Gen. Sir Fred Middleton will inspect the military camp at Niagara on the 18th He will afterwards inspect the Military College at Kingston and "A" Battery of Artillery. From Kingston he will go to Gananoque, proceeding afterwards to the camps at St. John, Que., and Sorel. It is probable that he will visit British Columbia in the autumn.

Every Man to His Trade Jinks (at a variety entertainment)—
"That fellow in front of us was about the only one who didn't applaud that good old song, 'Don't Despise a Man Because He Wears a Ragged Coat.' He must be a regular aristocrat, isn't he?"

Blinks—" Well, I dunno. Maybe he's a A Woman Wants to Know. Why is it that a man is better natured and more approachable after he has had a

than just after he has had his

oreakfast ?- A woman, in Washington Press Dr. R. A. GUNN, M. D., Dean and Profesor of Surgery of the United States Medical College, Editor of the "Medical Tri bune," author of "Gunn's New Improved Handbook of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," says: "Belonging as I do to a branch of the profession which believes that no School of Medicine knows all the truth regarding disease, and being inde-pendent enough to use any remedy that will help my patients without reference to the source from which it comes, I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure.

Henry Lair, a Mercer County (Ky.) farmer is 6 feet, two inches. His wife is two inches taller. Each of their seven sons is taller than their mother, the tallest being

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WHOLE NO 1,610 NO. 51.

POISON, ROMANOE, MYSTERY.

The Extraordinary Family History of Mrs. May brick.

ACCUSED OF HUSBAND MURDER. A London cablegram says: There is

now in the county jail at Liverpool Mrs. Florence Maybrick, aged 26, the widow of a wealthy Liverpool cotton broker, who was nearly twice her age. The whole affair is a mixture of poison, romance and mystery. Her husband is said to have been an arsenic eater. Her friends say he died from natural causes; his friends say she killed him with arsenic. They met about seven years ago on a steamer from America. She fell down the saloon stairs and he caught her. The acquaintance thus begun ripened into love, and they were married in few weeks. He died two months ago. The doctors who attended would not give a certificate, an inquest was held and an open verdict was returned. The body was buried, but rumors induced the police to re open the case. Another inquest was held, at which the evidence showed that Mrs. Maybrick purchased arsenic at chemists'; that the medicine, part of which she had given her husband, contained arsenic; that arsenical fly papers were found in her room soaking in water; that a letter to her lover, named Brierley, in very endearing terms, was intercepted, telling him all was safe, that he need not leave the country; that she attended her husband up to the time of his death, though for the last two days he was in charge of hired nurses; and that she had told the doctor she disliked her husband, with whom she often quarrelled. She was finally committed for trial at the assizes for wilful murder on Thursday. If she did poison her husband her homicidal tendency may be hereditary. Her mother was Miss Holbrook, of New York city, who went to Mobile, Alabama, before the war on a visit Mobile, Alabama, before the war on a visit to her uncle, Rev. J. H. Ingraham, the author of the book entitled "The Prince of the House of David." She married there William G. Chandler, a wealthy merchant. They lived happily together until Frank Dubassy, a captain on the Confederaic side, turned up. Chandler fell ill, no one attended him but herself, and it is said she killed him. She moved to Macon, Georgia, and married Dubassy. He was sent to Europe as a representative He was sent to Europe as a representative of the Confederate Government. Two days after sailing he died. At her request the body was thrown overboard. In two years she returned to New York, made a great sand with an actor, returned to Europe, and married Baron Von Reque. They led an adventurous life together. She separated from him, and lived as the wife of an attache of the British Legation in Teheran, Persia. Mrs. Maybrick was a daughter of Chandler, and has a fortune in her own Chandler, and has a fortune in her own right. Her mother had a mania for collecting poisons, and gathered specimens in all parts of the world, and she had an intimate knowledge of the nature and effect of each deadly agent. Maybrick was well known in New Orleans, and was a brother of the popular song writer, "Stephen Adams."

THE CZAR'S AMBITION.

He Gives Moro Than a Gentle Hint to the Shah-Big Dowry for a Princess.

A St. Petersburg despatch says: Prince George, the Czar's favorite son, and probably his successor, in view of the weak brain and general debility of the Czarewitch, will soon begin a tour of the world, starting from Paris, where his presence is intended to mark the Czar's adhesion to the French alliance. It is declared that the Czar is definitely committed to a panslavist policy, involving critical developments which are bound to have a violent end. It is said that the Czar told the Shah, and hotly too, that if while in England he should make any concession unfavorable to Russia, 100,000 soldiers on the frontier would be made to march into Persia.
It is reported that during the Shah's visit

a secret treaty was made between Russia and Persia for the temperary annexation of Northern Persia to Russia in certain

The Czar has bestowed a dowry of nillion roubles on Princess Militza Montenegro, who has been betrothed to Grand Duke Peter of Russia.

Signor Crispi appears to have obtained a definite pledge of German aid in the event of hostilities with France from a colonial or any other dispute. Austria is only committed to the first treaty, and is not bound to make common cause with Italy in every

quarrel with France.

A London cablegram says: The Czar's extreme favoritism to the Prince of Mon-tenegro has aroused the anger of all his conthern neighborg and in none of the Balkan States does the ill feeling run so high as in Servia. The Servian Russo philes are especially angry and ex-Queen Natalie is thrown into a state of ungovernable rage, alternating with that of fear for Karageorgevitch, the pretender to the throne of Servia, is a son in law of Prince Nikita, of Montenegro, whose ambition has been for years to found a Slavonic Empire in the Balkans. With the husband of his daughter as the ruler of one of the Balkan States, himself on the throne of another, and the Czar at his back, the goal of his ambition would seem to be not very diffi-

cult of attainment. The Difference.

Gentleman-And what are you in for, my Convict IIII - Fer takin' pictures, sir. " Mercy, I didn't know that photography

"It isn't, sir; but takin' ile pictures is." The Young Flend Again.

"There is nothing sentimental abou Mary," said Mrs. Palmer. "Even who her lover is with her they sit far apart." "Yes," spoke up little Harry, "as long

Electrocute-Electrocuting-Electrocuted Electrocution is the new word, which means what it says, and is therefore rapidly becoming popular with all persons except murderers.

The Face a Mirror.

Tubbs-I flatter myself that honesty is printed on my face. Grubbs-Well-er-ves. perhaps - with some allowance for typographical errors.

At Mr. Spurgeon's church in London on recent Sunday earnest prayer was offered for the conversion of the Prince of Wales. Evidently the need of this conversion was deeply felt by his audience, for a chorus of 'Amena" broke forth from the tabernacle

PESTILENCE THREATENED.

Several Persons Taken Alive From the Ruins.

DEATH ESTIMATE NOT LESSENED.

But One-fifth of the Debris Yet Looked Over.

WARNINGS THAT WERE NOT HEEDED.

The Very Latest This Afternoon. It was found yesterday that four and even six families were being crowded into a single house, that as high as fifty slept in one room, that the doors and windows were left closed to shut out the stench and dampness, and that as a result pneumonia was gaining an alarming foothold. Dr. P. M. Carrington, of the U. S. Marine Hospiof the disease in Johnstown. He ascribes it to crowded rooms, damp cellars and ex-posure. The cold drizzle that fell intermittingly yesterday added to the gravity of the situation. Mr. Sibbet, of the State Board of Health, inspected the river towns above Johnstown as far as Connellsvile.

He finds there is no immediate danger of

wreckage is full of corpses.

The coroner's jury yesterday proceeded to the South Fork and investigated the cause of breakage of the reservoir dam. Witnesses testified that slight breaks had appeared in the dam several times in past years, but had each time been clumsily repaired with straw, sticks and rubbish. The general impression is that the jury will declare that the Pittsburg Fishing Club, that owned the reservoir, was guilty of gross negligence. In that event many soits for damages again t the millionaire club will follow. An insurance agent esti-mates that the accident insurance policies

alone for this place amount to \$2,000,000.

The Altoona gang, by the use of dynamite, have located the day express which was sweptaway at Conemagh. The ruins still a mystery.

There was a small riot at the labor camp this morning on account of there not being food enough for the men or utensile to cook it with. Mr. Flynn, who is at the head of the labor bureau, made a speech to the men and stated that it was almost investible to set this. mpossible to get things down from the railroad.

Scenes and Incidents. "This is my last message." This is the telegram which Mrs. H. M. Ogle, manager of the Johnstown telegraph office, sent just before she was swallowed up in the flood. Long after the danger was imminent, and longer after death was almost certain, Mrs. Ogle sat in the Johnstown telegraph office, over which she had presided for nearly a quarter of a century, and sent warning telegrams down the fated valley to the towns and villages below. The warnings were little noticed, but Mrs. Ogledid her duty to the last. Before her despatch was fairly received in Pittsburg it is thought the telegraph office went on the crest of the flood. Mrs. Ogle's daughter perished with her.

The flood swept away eight million gallons of whickey. During the work of removing the rubbish from the Johnstown Methodist Episcopal hurch a man and his wife were found t was found necessary to bury them to ether. Just as the flood struck the city wedding was going on, and the principals were drowned just as the ceremony was completed. The ministers and nearly all the witnesses escaped.

When it is remembered that previous to the heavy rain of last week Johnstown's reservoir contained nearly seventy-six thousand million gallons of water some idea of the force of the terrible avalanche that the great reservoir was drained in an hour after the large dam gave way.

Long relief trains are rolling into Johns

town almost every hour. From east and west, north and south, come whole train loads of clothing and provisions, accompanied by special messages, having funds and large corps of volunteer physicians. Several hundred destitute people are being well cared for at Camp Hastings, on the Ebensburg road.

The special train of the Masonic Relief Association was sent from Pittsburg. The brother in charge spent the morning dis-tributing the food and clothing brought up among the Masonic sufferers.

Poor old John Jordan, of Conemaugh ! Many a tear ran over swarthy cheeks for him to day. All his family, his wife and him to-day. All his family, his wife and children, had been swept from his sight in the flood. He wandered over the gorge yesterday looking for them, and last night the police could not bring him away. At daylight he found his wife's sewing machine and called the workmen to help him. First they saw a little boy's jacket that he recognized and then they came upon the rest of them all buried together, the mother's burned arms still clinging to the little children. Then the white headed old man sat down in the ashes and caressed the dead bodies and talked to them just as if they were alive, until some one came and led him quietly away. Without a protest he went to the shore and sat down on a rock and talked to himself, and then got

up and disappeared in the hills.

The one thing that most impresses the thoughtful now is the supreme danger that menaces Pittsburg and all the region de-pendent on the Alleghany River below the Kiskiminitas for its water supply. Only those who have seen the valley of the Conemaugh since the flood can appreciate this danger of disease from the polluted

Where Johnstown's principal stores stood last Friday are now pitched 1,000 tents, and before to-night this number will probably be doubled. Under this shelter accommodated the members of the militia and thousands of workmen who are trying to clear the streets. Over 5,000 men are now thus employed in Johnstown proper. Contractor Flynn, who has charge of the army of laborers, said: "It will take 10,000 men thirty days to clear the ground so that the streets are passable and the work of rebuilding can be commonced.

dren." In the morgue the little ones lie in dozens where the adults are in half-dozens, drift of opinion among physicians, engineers and railroad men is that from 1,000

A grey-haired woman who applied for clothing at Johnstown asked that she might be given a black dress in exchange for the one first given her. "I have lost all my family," she added by way of apology, as the tears streamed down her wrinkled face, "and I would like to have a black dress if I could get one. "We have a black dress if I could get one. We have a black dress if "and I would like to have a black dress if I could get one. My herband and four children are in that awful pile by the stone bridge, and I am alone now." A black dress was found for her.

The horrors that have been enacted in that spot, the horrors that are seen there every hour, who can attempt to describe? Under and amid that mass of conglomerate rub bish are the remains of at least 1,000 persons who died the most frightful of deaths. This is the place where the fire broke out within twenty minutes after the flood. It has burned ever since. the disease from dead bodies except at The stone arch bridge acted as a dam Rockwood, where an immense collection of to the flood, and five towns were crushing each other against is. A thousand houses came down on the great wave of water, and were held there a solid mass in

the jaws of a Cyclopean vise. A kitchen stove upset. The mass took fire. A thousand people were imprisoned in these houses. A thousand more were on the roofs. For most of them there was no escape. The fire swept on from house to house. The prisoners saw it coming and shricked and screamed with terror, and ran up and down their narrow quarters in

an agony of fear. Thousands of people stood upon the river bank and saw and heard it all and still were powerless to help. They saw people kneeling in the flames and praying. They saw families gathered together with their arms around each other and waiting for death. shrieks resounded from the place of doom.
The fire burned on, aided by the water are perpeath, added. stold helpless on the bank and heard those heartrending sounds. What could they do? They could not fight the fire. Every fire engine in the town lay in that mass of

rubbish smashed to bits. For hours they had to wait until they could telegraph word to surrounding towns and hours more until the fire engines arrived at noon on At Ninevah yesterday 746 bodies were

Eddie Fisher, a youth who lost his mother and five sisters, oday, in a fit of despond-ency, threw himself from the roof of a building and was killed.

ESTIMATING THE NUMBER OF VICTIMA. Up to last night about 2,500 bodies had

seen found, while 2,000, at the lowest calculation, are in the burned debris in the river; 3,000 are in unsearched sandbanks round the Cambria Works; from 1,000 to ville to the bridge, and 1,000 or 2,000 below Hundreds were carried down to the broad rivers in the tremendous current and may never come into the hands of the living. Said Adjt. Gen. Hastings : my opinion the loss is greater than we can now show figures for.'

William Jones, of Braddock, thinks at least 10,000 to 12,000 were lost. The statement that 18,000 persons had registered at the registration bureau yesterday was incorrect. One of Gen. Hasting's aides said to day that so many persons had registered twice or more that the list had to be revised, and that the total was not more than 13,000 and perhaps 12,500. This registration not only comprehends the population of Johnstown and adjoining towns, which was about 33 000, but am braces points further away in the flooded region, the total population of which was at least 45,000. Chairman Hicks, of the Altoona delegation, who has been all over the district, says the loss is 12,500 to 14,000 A mother and daughter were rescued alive yesterday afternoon suffering from nervous shock and hunger. They were at once removed by rescuers and placed in charge of friends. Both will recover.

ENGINEER PARK'S STORY.

Resident Engineer Park, who was on the spot when the dam broke on Friday, says: On Thursday night I noticed that the was nearly seven feet from the top. When the water is at this height the lake is nearly three miles in length It rained hard on Thursday night and I rode up to the end of the lake on the eventful day and saw that the woods around there were teeming with a seething cauldron of water. Col. Unger, the President of the Fishing Club that owns the property, put 25 Italians to work to fix the dam. A farmer in the vicinity also lent a willing hand. To strengthen the dam plough was run along the top of it and earth was then thrown into the furrows On the west side a channel was dug and a sluice was constructed. We cut through to solid rock which was impossible to cut without blasting. Once we got the channel open the water leaped down to the bed rock, and a stream fully 20 feet wide and three feet deep rushed out on that end, while great quantities of water were coming n by the pier at the other end. And the in the face of this great escape of water from the dam it kept rising at the rate of 10 inches per hour. At noon I fully believed that it was practically impos horse and galloped down to South Fork and gave the alarm, telling the people at the same time of their dauger and advising them to get to a place of safety.

I also sent a couple of men to the telegraph tower, two miles away, and sent messages phists thoroughly.

How strikingly frequent is the reference to Johnstown and Cambria, and to other the children and "Mrs. Smith and five children" and "Mrs. Smith and five children" and "Mrs. Smith and five children and "Mrs. Smith and five children" and "Mrs. Smith and five children and "Mrs. Smith and five children" and "Mrs. Smith and "Mrs. her and was carried away. Then, by the timely warning given, the people at South but there is and has been a much greater difficulty in recovering the bodies of the children. Being lighter and smaller, they have often been swept into out-of-the-way recesses that are almost inaccessible. The down stream."

thing all over this district." Dr. Graff's plan of disposing of the debris above the bridge is to scatter oil over it and burn it

Yesterday workmen found three mem-bers of Benjamin Hoffman's family, who ness block of Johnstown stood, and above the stone arch bridge on which the Pennsylvania Railroad crossed the river, are seven acres of the wreckage of the flood. The horrors that have been crossed to the flood. preparing to retire when the flood struck the building. He had his socks in his pockets. His 20 year-old daughter was found close by attired in a night dress. The youngest member of the family, a 3-year-old infant, was also found beside the bed. It seems almost incredible that so many bodies remain unidentified. Thousands of people from the different sections of the State have seen them, yet they remain unidentified. At Nineveh they are burying all the unidentified dead but in the morgues

reply that the masonry was all right; that it had been "built to stand for centuries." and that such a thing as its giving way was among the impossibilities. But Webber did not hesitate to continue his warnings. arms around each other and waiting for Finally, according to his own statement, he death. They saw people going mad and was instructed to "shut up or he would be tearing their hair and laughing. They saw mon plunge into the narrow crevices be. that the officers of the club were tired of of the train lie about one hundred feet from the fourth buttress from the western end of the stone bridge. Parts of the parlor cars have to-day been found, as well as traces of the passengers. About 9 o'clock the baggage of Miss Annie Chiem, of Nash. ville, Tenn., was found. She was a missionary on her way to Brazil for the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. It is evident many the Methodist Church are the houses and sand stronger men is the spring freshets were due, and that the less he said that the cfficers of the club were tired of his croskings, and that the less he said about the dam from thence on the better it flames. Some saw their friends and some would be for him. Webber then laid his complete the cfficers of the club were tired of his croskings, and that the cfficers of the club were tired of his croskings, and that the less he said about the dam from thence on the better it flames. Some saw their friends and some would be for him. Webber then laid his complete the content of the club were tired of his crosking lay down on the ground and wept. All that night and all the next day and far into the morning of Monday these dreadful shrieks resounded from the tylace of doom. The fire burned on, aided by the water was not chosen, the appeal was not made at Halkisburg and the catastrophe ensued. Webber goes on to say that had the dam been repaired after the spring freshet of last year the disaster would not have oc-

curred. Rev. Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Johnstown for ten years. He declares that danger has been apprehended from the bursting of the reservoir for twenty-five years. five years. About twenty years ago an alarm was given in the middle of the night and the inhabitants were all ready to Physicians claim there are several hundred cases of pneumonia.

The damage to the Cambria Iron Works, it is now said, will not exceed \$300,000.

ing down the great gorge.

The reported drowning of Blind Tom and nis manager in the disaster is denied.

Blind Tom is now in Canada.

It had been reported that the entire family of Prof. Seymour, the phrenologist, who spent a few weeks tast winter in Hamilton, has been lost in the Johnstown disas scene of the flood, and word has since been received from him confirming the report. One of the most troublesome things to deal with at Johnstown is the great jam above the stone bridge. It is 1,200 feet above the stone bridge. It is 1,200 feet long, about 400 wide, and from 12 to 20 feet It is regarded as certain that in this immense mass of crushed buildings and debris the bodies of thousands of victims of the flood are buried. It is proposed to blast a channel through the jam divert into this channel the powerful current of the river. By means of this current the debris is to be taken away piecemeal. But the work will be slow and diffi-

Philadelphia's relief fund exceeds

GALT PEOPLE HAVE RELATIVES DROWNED. In so sweeping a destruction of human life it is scarcely possible that we in Canada could entirely escape sorrow. Amongst others who have anxiously awaited news from there has been Mr. James W. Scott, of the axe factory, who has one married sister living in Johnstown, Mrs. C. Wilson, and another, Mrs. W. Wilson, a widow, living in Conemangh. Word has at length reached him that the eldest son of Mrs. O. Wilson, married, and living in Conemaugh, was swept away and drowned, and a brother in law. Dr. Wilson, with his wife and family, were also lost. Mrs. C. Wilson and her family had just crossed the bridge when the torrent swept everything they had in the world away before it .- Galt Reporter.

WM ROBERTS. M. D., Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, in speaking of kidney disease, says:
'One-third die of uremic (uric acid) poisoning; a considerable number of dropsy; one-fifth from secondary pneumonia, pericarditis (inflammation of the heart sac) pleurisy, exhaustion, indigestion, or the complications of apoplexy, hardening of the liver, bowel ulcers, etc." The foregoing are only a few of the common symptoms of advanced kidney disease, and plains why Warner's Eafe Cure cures so many different symptoms, called diseases, and why it has such popularity. Ask your friends and neighbors about it.

Emma Juch was plumply asked her age by a Pittsburg reporter, and responded:
'Well'—with a laugh—"I will tell you traly, for I have nothing to hide. I don't look to be 21, do I?" "You most certainly do not. "Well"—with brilliant smile-" I am just 27."

-If you have nothing else to do, see how rapidly you can say, "Soup soothes theoroAS A LADY SEES IT.

A Spicy Lecture for Husbands on Home Duties.

Courtesies That mean Something When They are Reciprocal—The Head of the Household is often too Exclusive in His Conduct - Whynot be Sociable at Home

One can soldom pick up a paper of miscellaneous reading without coming across advice to wives to spend the major part of advice to wives to spend the major part of their existence in striving to retain their husband's love and admiration. Un-questionably this is right, and no good wife with a good husband but will find it her supreme delight, as well as duty, to daily strengthen the sweet cords that bind them together. But there are other sides to the question—shadowy, gloomy sides— and it is toward those wives who are consigned to dwell perennially in the gray somber lives their lords and masters make for them that I am impelled to say my say.

"Meet him at the door with a smile and a kiss"—that is an old, beautiful and sensible piece of advice that every wife in this country ought to be encouraged and able to carry out from the very depths of her heart, but, alas! that only the husbands who are in the minority deserve.

Suppose—and I call upon hundreds, aye, thousands, of wives in our midst to witness if I do not draw a picture they recognize all too readily—the wife has been up and down all night with the croupy baby, while all the unidentified dead but in the morgues in this vicinity no bodies have been buried unless identified.

UNHEEDED WARNINGS.

Among the reports from Johnstown is one to the effect that Herbert Webber, employed as a sort of guard by the South Fork Club, had more than once reported to the club that the dam needed looking after. Here is the story: He had repeatedly, he declared, called the attention of the members of the club to the various leakages at the dam, but he received the stereotyped you have the care of yourself!" Think you she will feel much like meeting him with a bright, cheerful, sunny smile and a with a bright, cheerful, sunny smile and a kiss when he comes in, perhaps a half hour later than usual, with his greeting: "Haven't you had dinner yet? What did you wait for me for? You know I detest

WHISPERING IN THE HUSBANDS' EARS.

having you wait."

I wish I could get the ear of the general masculine public for just a little while and whisper into it that perhaps it would be quite as well if the husbands took a little more pains to retain their wives' respect and affection. According to the inevitable law of nature a woman cannot be happy unless somebody loves her, enthrones her, crowns her and lets her know in unmistak able language that such is the case. I have heard men say: "Of course I love my wife. What do you take me for—a brute?" Well, no; not exactly such a detestable thing, or that delicate, ladylike little wife of yours never would have married you. But there is a resemblance between you But there is a resemblance between you But there is a resemblance between you and that quadruped in the fact that brutes never speak their feelings. Of what use to me is a gold mine in Australia or a diamond field in Brazil if the riches of them are not quarried? Where is the sense or reason of your loving your wife if you never speak of it, or look it, or act it? In fact, you don't love her if you do none of these things, for if there is a truer phorism than that "murder will out" it that love cannot be concealed.

I am well aware of the argument in favor of the sterner sex—that they are all day exposed to the friction of business, and when night comes, they ought to be received into a quiet, peaceful, happy home, where from the river, and this fact helped maintain a fatal feeling of security until the flood from above was actually heard roar-day subjected to something far worse than they may don slippers and smoking jacket. day subjected to something far worse than that is the monotonous, endless routine of domestic drudgery, which, home keeper, home lover that she is, wears and tears on the sensitive nerves in a way few men appreciate. When evening comes, the babies are asleep, she wants a little exhilarating change, something rather more effervescent than the pleasure of feeling alone in the same rooms she has occupied all day, watching the handsome features of her recumbent lord, or immersed in the in Paris Illustre. columns of a newspaper.

ON THE COSTLY MONUMENT.

Now, which shall it be? The husband's comfort or the wife's? I can tell you the result. It will be the survival of the fittest, and as he is the stronger physically and gets plenty of air and exercise the chances are nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand that before his eldest child is in its teens there will be a costly monument in some silent resting place—"Sacred to the memory of my beloved wife." While gets plenty of air and exercise the chances to the memory of my beloved wife." While if God's own truth were carved on that pure, white cross in letters of blazing gold they would read: "A woman's life wasted \$550,000.

New York city's relief fund has already gone beyond \$400,000.

they would read: "A would read in the death in the second sec

Yes, little things! I know a husband. bright, intellectual man, who is killing his wife by his "philosophy," he calls it, that he never fails to air upon every occasio ment or trouble. No matter how keenly she feels any pain, physical or emotional, he invariably freezes her with his formula: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Never a loving word of sympathy, a kiss or a caress—and yet he'd be insulted if you told him he didn't love her-never a word, " It is to bad, dear : but as it is unavoidable, can't l help you to bear it?" I know that wife would sacrifice ten years of her life if she could get out of her mind that cold, judicial, unsympathetic tone of voice and look that she will carry with her into eternity.

When that husband is in straits, which ne often is, and is depressed physically, for he is not in good health, and unstrum nervously, as is often the case; when his famous cold-hearted "What are you going to do about it?" is temporarily silencedthat wife of his, that he never did deserve disconsolately on his hand and sighed. and is killing by degrees, is all gentle, womanly sympathy, constant attention, tender ministration and hopeful encourage ment. And the next time he recovers the full force of his gigantic intellect, and it is "I hunted high and low for it. When did ment. And the next time he recovers the her turn to reap a reward, it comes like Banquo's ghost upon her, "I don't see what you are going to do about it.' But perhaps the wife to be most pitied is

abusive and tyrannical in little things—who treats her off and on as if she were his head servant without a salary, instead of Jones—One is at 20, when he watches his equal in head and heart, whose petty the hair coming out of his upper lip, and discourtesies and inattentions, familiar the other is at 40, when he though they are, always cause the same hopeless pang of despair to chill her heart this husband who, when company is and joking, and complimentary to her And she, trying to forget the parting words, perhaps, of the morning: "Understand jacts will this, the next time you invite company I interest.

wish to be formally consulted, as I believe I run this ranch"—cannot to save her immortal soul, look or feel pleased when at table that man tells the guests "how he table that man tells the guests "how he enjoys the delightful surprises his dear little wife gets up so nicely. Fine cook, isn't she? I tell you she beats my mother, and I thought she was the beat cook in the world. Let me give you this choice bit of white meat, darling, shall I?"—Mme. Emerce in New York Star.

The Johnstown Flood.

The rhythmic ring of a horse's feet Echoes along the city street, And the idle crowd swarms ent to see Whom can the reckless rider be.

With bloodless face and blazing eyes He dashes on, and wildly cries
"Fly, for the river's wrath is near!
Fly, for the Flood—the Flood is here!"

He passes, and they stand amazed; Then jest, and deem the rider crased— Some mischief-breeding addlepate— Then turn and see, and fly—too late!

With a moan and a groan, With a shrick and a roar, Down on the town The waters pour— A shivering crash, And it is no more!

The torrent sweeps on its changeless path, Grinding the puny walls like chaff,
In its awful play.
Like straws before the fresh'ning breeze,
Like sands beneath the beating seas,
They pass away.

The seething whirlpool boils and foams Above a thousand ruined homes, And on its bosom sped, All ghastly in waning light, Are borne into the coming night An army of the dead.

Tears for the souls that passed away;
But charity for those
Whose all was lost that bitter day;
Whose call for pity goes
Wp from heartsthat are sad and sore,
And laden down with woes;
Tears for the lives that are no more,
But charity for those. -Glen MacDonough.

The Song of the Advertiser. I am an advortiser great; In letters bold, and big and round, The praises of my wares I sound; Prosperity is my estate.

The people come, The people go In one continuous, Surging flow.

They buy the goods and come again, And I'm the happiest of men; And this the reason I relate: I am an advertiser great!

There is a shop across the way
Where ne'er is heard a human tread,
Where trade is paralyzed and dead,
Where ne'er a customer a day.

The people come, The people go-But never there; They do not know

There's such a shop beneath the skies, Because he does not advertise; While I with pleasure contemplate That I'm an advertiser great.

The secret of my fortune lies
In one small fact, which I may state,
Too many tradesmen learn too late;
If I have goods to advertise!

Then people come, And people go, In constant streams— For people know

That he who has good wares to sell Will surely advortise them well; And proudly I reiterate, I am an advertiser great!

" LITTLE FLOY." "Open wide the golden portals,
Swing the pearly gates afar;
Hail ber coming with glad music,
Light up every twinkling star,
Lo I she comes, returning homeward—
Cherubs, wave your wings for joy—
Comes the little truant angel,
Star-eyed, white-robed Little Floy,

"Downward on a mission went she,
With her playmate, gentle Spring;
Hand in hand they wandered earthward,
She with closely folded wing.
Earthly eyes with love were blinded,
Farthly hearts were filled with joy, And they never knew an angel Was the fairy, Little Fley.

"But the little foet grew weary;
Drooped their blossom day by day;
And with aching heart they watched her,
Krowing well she could not stay.
We can pity earthly sorrow,
But with us there's naught but joy—
Open wide the golden portals—
Welcome, welcome, Little Floy!"

The Eiffel Tower. The whole tower could be lifted by four men of average strength. The case has been proved. When it was about half its present height a few men actually did lift it. This is not humbug; the thing is perfeetly simple. The construction of the tower is based on the cantilever principle, and its bulk of 6,400 tons is so adjusted as to press on the foundation with less weight than that of a man in an arm-chair on the

Is the tower beautiful? No. But it has the erect, fragile looking elegance of an obelisk not hewn out of red granite, but knit of dark hued meshes.—Emile Michelet

A Mother's Vision.

Jennie Wright, the 9 year old daughter of a canal boatman, fell from the boat into the water off the Hoboken shore on Thursday. A search was made for the body, but from the spot where the woman had seen it

Ready to Take His Medicine.

" Did I ever say all that?" he asked de spondently, as she replaced the phonograph on the corner of the mantelpiece. " You did."

" And you can grind it out of that machine whenever you choose?"
"Certainly."

"And your father is a lawyer?"

" Mabel, when can I place the ring on your finger and call you my wife?" Had One. "Have you any particular object in loaf-

ing around here? asked the contractor of a new building of an idler who was in th way.
"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Well, what is it? "I want to dodge my creditors, and they will never think of looking for me where

there is any work going on.

Mr. Jones came home the other night feeling somewhat discouraged. Sitting down by the register, he leaned his head "I believe I'll throw up the sponge," he said, dejectedly.
"Good gracious, Jeptha, is that what

Life's Real Episodes.

Jones-There are only two periods in a she whose husband, while mean, smally man's life when he is greatly interested in his personal appearance."
Smith—When do they occur?"

During the Paris Exhibition no less than around, is so sweet, and polite, and elegant, and joking, and complimentary to her.

And she, trying to forget the parting words, jects will no doubt develop matters of great