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PAID-UP CAPITAL	$1,000,000.00
SURPLUS	1,000,000.00
RESERVE REQUIREMENTS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS	661,290.75
TOTAL	$2,661,290.75

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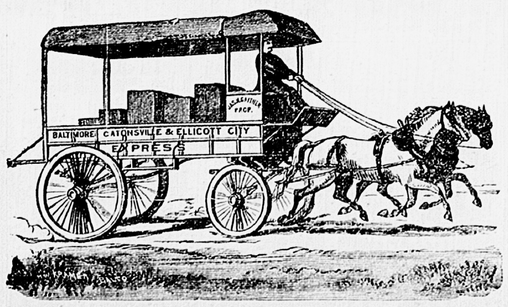

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ALL KINDS OF HAULING IN THE CITY.
CALL 666, FOR BIDS ON ALL WORK.

THE CLOCK.

By J. T. Kingsley Tarpey.

The clock stood between the two cheese presses, against the wall facing the window, and from the first it had the air of being the most important piece of furniture in the room. But it was only when I became more used to the ways of the house that I fully realized the part that it played. The beauty of the case had gained my respect at once—the fine and delicate inlaying of brass in the polished wood, the brass dial plate, with its quaint engraving of sun, moon and stars, the beautifully wrought iron hands. These had the homage that was their due long before I learned the sovereign power of the old clock itself. Everything about the house was regulated by it. The animals outside listened for the stroke of the hour before they began their clamors. Georgie had a different tune for every quarter that it struck of the allotted time for churning. If the clock said 9, the family went to bed, though my watch only pointed to 10 minutes past 8. But they were wise in their generation, for they knew the old tyrant would have them out of bed again before 2 in the morning.

On Saturday night the greatest ceremony of winding took place, and in the earlier part of that day the clock set all inferior timekeepers, including the sun, at defiance. It usually gained from 20 to 25 minutes in seven days, and as it was always set half an hour fast you could count toward the end of the week on having dinner an hour earlier than you ordered it. It was exactly the same if an appointment had to be kept or a train caught.

There was an attitude of contemptuous pity in the household for the people whose clocks did not keep the same time. I had an unavailing argument with John on the subject. He admitted that the old clock was "a bit faster than other clocks," but he could not see that it was any the worse for that, and as for its being set half an hour fast—well, it might be fast by my time or London time, but it was the time they kept in that part. No, he couldn't say who started it nor when it was started. It had always been like that as long as he could remember. Station time? Oh, nobody went by station time, not even the trains. Farmers couldn't trust to station time. And church time was something between. It was all a matter of custom. In Ireland, he understood, they were half an hour slow. That wouldn't suit in Cheshire. John was still young enough to feel great pride when he wore his father's watch on market days. It was not very long since the day his mother had first intrusted him with it and had watched with anxious eyes as he drove off with his sister in the old spring cart. Perhaps the most important duty on market day was that of "bringing back the time." It was a function as serious as the ancient one of bringing home the sacred fire, and it could scarcely have been performed successfully save by the old silver watch and the eldest son of the house.

Once, during harvest, there was a question as to whether Georgie might not be trusted to go to market. There seemed to be no doubt in any one's mind that he could dispose of the butter and eggs, but at last, though the pressure of work was great, it was John that went.

"You see, he had to bring back the time," his mother explained; then, seeing my look of surprise, she went on apologetically: "Georgie—well, Georgie is only a lad. He's not like John. I never thought to trust any of them with our master's watch, but John was always old for his years. They are good children, all of them, but I should not like to see any of them but John bring back the time and wind the clock."

"The life of the farm seems bound up in the old clock," I said musingly. "If it stopped, I think the whole thing would come to an end."

Mrs. Pimlott stood silent for a moment, and, as I glanced at her, I saw the shadow of a memory cross her face. "It did stop once," she said at last, "many, many years ago. Our master, you know, he died when they were all little ones—John and Ann and all. He was ill a long time, weeks and months, and I could think of nothing, care for nothing, but that. I scarcely remembered that I had children in those days. And near the end my baby sickened and died. I had always been fond of my babies till that time, but I never cried when she went. I think I hardly noticed. I think—I would have let all the children go if I could have kept him a bit longer, and afterward—I never took no notice of them nor of anything. It wasn't that I cried or took on. I was never that sort. Neighbors came in, and some one must have minded the children and the stock and that, for they didn't die, but I never took notice, and at last some one went to the vicar, and he said he'd come and see what he could do, and he talked very kind and said I knew where to lay the burden and how the world was full of trouble. And the words were like pebbles against the window. 'And your little children, Mrs. Pimlott,' he said. 'You must rouse yourself for the sake of your little ones.' And when he had gone I sat there trying to think what it all meant, and I thought of the children, but only to wonder why they were there. And suddenly I looked at the clock, and I saw that it had stopped, and I thought how vexed our master would have been to see it, and in a minute something came over me like a flood, and I broke down and cried—well, I can't tell you how I cried. And when I came to myself a bit I felt something pulling at my apron, and there was John and Ann had crept in, and the poor little mites were crying too. And—well, the clock stopping like that somehow made me see things different. Our master was always that particular about the clock. And after I'd wound it up and set it going—well, the rest seemed to come easier. No; we've never let it run down since then."—Speaker.

Locomotives Run With Oil.

All the locomotives on the Santa Fe railroad in California are run with petroleum for fuel. The supply comes from a big petroleum ranch near Fullerton, where there are 12 wells yielding an average of 400 barrels a day. Altogether there are 52 locomotives on the California division fitted with oil burners, and they have not only proved eminently successful, but cost no more than coal burners. A ton of old will carry them twice as many miles as a ton of coal and haul the same load. Coal is worth $7 a ton and oil about the same price.

The petroleum output in southern California now amounts to 45,000 barrels a day, and it is all consumed upon the Pacific coast. It was discovered about ten years ago and has been in use for about five years. A tank steamer runs regularly between Santa Barbara and San Francisco, carrying refined petroleum to the latter market. The Southern Pacific runs its local trains by oil, and it is also consumed as fuel in several manufacturing establishments in this section. There is no smoke and there are no cinders. The locomotive tenders on the Santa Fe road are big tanks, and the engineer feeds the fire with a key.—Los Angeles Letter.

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TALMAGE'S BIG AUDIENCE.

The Doctor, Through His Syndicate, Preaches Weekly to 30,000,000.

Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage was recently interviewed at his summer home on Divinity hill, at the southern end of Easthampton, Long Island, where he was enjoying a few days' recreation with his wife prior to starting for South Carolina, where he was to address an open air meeting.

An important part of Dr. Talmage's summer work will be the addresses he will make at Chautauqua meetings throughout the eastern, western and middle states. He expects to be at his Easthampton home again in the middle of July, whence he will go to Northampton, Mass., where he is to address a Chautauqua meeting. After that he will return to Easthampton for a fortnight. Then he leaves for Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, where he has engagements to address large open air assemblages. Most of August he hopes to pass at Easthampton to enjoy the midsummer bathing season at his cottage on the dunes. Dr. Talmage has passed most of his vacations at Easthampton since his college days. Last summer he was absent on a trip through Oregon and California.

Speaking of his plans for the future, Dr. Talmage said that he had not resigned his pastorate in Washington with any idea of lessening his labors, but rather that he might concentrate his efforts upon the work before him. The requirements of his church he had always met by his presence in the pulpit week after week, never in a score of years missing two Sundays in a year. Although an extensive traveler, he had always been at his post on the Sabbath. Now he is in receipt of many urgent invitations to preach in pulpits in large cities all over the country, and his retirement from the Washington church will enable him to fill these many engagements.

While he has been interviewed by committees from many churches and has received letters of inquiry from all parts of the country he has not encouraged any congregation to make him a formal call, as he finds the freedom from regular pastoral duties leaves him leisure to complete important literary work for which he has made contracts with publishers and syndicates. A series of books which he has undertaken will also keep him absorbed for many years.

The regular sermon which Dr. Talmage furnishes to a number of newspaper syndicates each week enables him to address a congregation of 30,000,000 people in America and Europe. This branch of his work has developed beyond anything he could have imagined 20 years ago, when he first began furnishing his sermons for regular publication in the press.

He has the highest appreciation of the importance of the press as a factor in modern religious life and hails with pleasure the opportunity to extend his efforts in this direction by availing himself of the liberty he now enjoys to engage in extra literary work. The coming years are to be devoted to more work of a wider range than he has ever undertaken since he entered the ministry.

Among the distinguished clergymen who have cottages at Divinity Hill, Easthampton, in the neighborhood of Dr. Talmage's cottage, or at Georgica, a short distance farther along the beach to the westward, are the Rev. Dr. James M. McLeod of Scranton, Pa.; Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton, who is now abroad; the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton, the Dev. Dr. Richey and the Rev. Alban Richey, the Rev. Dr. Jewett, the Rev. Dr. Greer, the Rev. Dr. Barrell and the Rev. J. Nevitt Steele of Trinity.

The Rev. Dr. Hillis of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, spent a few days at Easthampton recently.

A Rare Old Couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pendergrass, who live near Scottsville, are perhaps the oldest and most remarkable couple in Kentucky. Mr. Pendergrass is nearing his ninety-seventh year and frequently walks from his farm to Scottsville, a distance of five miles. Recently his eyesight began to fail, but with this exception his faculties are as active as when 40 years of age. He has followed the pursuit of farming all of his life, can do as much work in a day as a young man and has scarcely been ill for more than a day in 70 years.

His wife is one year his senior and is more vigorous than most women at 50. She readily threads a cambric needle without the aid of glasses, and age does not appear to have impaired her faculties in the least. This aged couple, who have reared to manhood and womanhood 14 children, all of whom are married, living and have children, not only bid fair to reach the century mark, but from all indications will be in many respects young when they shall have rounded out 100 years upon earth.—Scottsville (Ky.) Times.

A Spellbinder Indeed!

The Hon. Letcher Owsley of Lancaster, Ky., the speaker of the day, was then introduced, and from his lips there came one of those matchless gems of oratory that inspire the soul with better thoughts and higher aims and lift mankind above the sordid things of earth to a realm of bliss. With that eloquence born of a young life descended from one of those grand old strains that have made Kentucky famous for her brilliant sons and lovely daughters the speaker wove into one grand, sweet song the most beautiful, the most sublime thoughts, and as he spoke a living picture of that friendship, that fraternal love, that binds all men together in one common brotherhood framed itself in the hearts of his hearers. The audience sat as if spellbound throughout, and when the speaker had finished there was universal regret that the rippling music of his words could not, like Tennyson's brook, flow on forever.—Winchester Sun.

The Restless Englishman.

I asked my hotel proprietor at Nice a few days ago if the season had been a good one.

"Oh, passable," said he; "there has been no lack of visitors, but these English demons cannot rest a moment in one place. Where do you think they are off to this year?"

"Malta? Cairo?"

"Yes, but worse than that. To Omdurman, sir; Omdurman!"

"The deuce! They lose no time!"

"No. The day after Omdurman was captured they began to advertise Omdurman. Cook's took it in hand, and I should not be surprised if there are already a temple, a theater and a casino there!"—L'Eclair (Paris).

Bishop Whipple.

The London Chronicle said the other day: "By far the most picturesque figure at Exeter hall this week has been the Right Rev. Dr. Henry Benjamin Whipple, bishop of Minnesota. Known in the Red Indian language as 'Straight Tongue,' or the 'Truthful One,' and variously in the United States as 'Apostle of the Indians,' he has taken a conspicuous part in the centenary celebrations of the Church Missionary society. His life has been spent among the Indians, and he is 77 years of age. Not even when he was offered in 1870 by the archbishop of Canterbury the bishopric of the Sandwich Islands would he desert his old flock."

FINGERS OF ICE.

A Husband's Return From the Other World.

The road ran through a beautiful, half cleared wood, and at the end, on a slight rise of ground, stood the madhouse. Of course it was not called a madhouse, or people would not have sent their mentally unhinged friends there. It bore the euphonious appellation of "Dr. Brier's Home Sanitarium" and was consequently well patronized. People usually dislike calling a thing by its proper name.

The perfectly kept grounds were surrounded by a high iron fence, within which the harmless inmates wandered at will during certain hours of the day.

On a rustic bench sat a young woman. Her eyes were closed, and as she remained in repose she was beautiful, with a Spanish type of beauty that no other nation can equal.

Suddenly she started up with a wild motion of the hand toward her throat as though she were being choked. The dark eyes showed intense fright, and the whole face was convulsed. Gradually the frenzy passed away, and she sank down upon the bench again, with a weary little laugh. The soft breeze rustled the leaves of the trees and murmured a gentle lullaby. Slowly the beautiful head sank lower and lower until it was pillowed on a fleecy wrap which lay on the end of the bench, and she slept.

At that exact hour it happened that a curious woman, accompanied by a friend, asked permission of one of the physicians on the staff to be shown through the place. He had the misfortune to be one of her friends, so he acquiesced; but being busy at the time he turned her over to the mercies of a young doctor, who, finding the curious woman and her friend rather amiable, did his utmost to entertain them.

And so it occurred that after going through the building they sauntered about the grounds and saw the Spanish beauty lying asleep, with her face as calm and sweet as that of a sleeping child.

"Oh," cried the curious woman ecstatically, "do tell us about her!"

The young doctor smoothed his budding mustache and looked about him. No one was visible.

"We don't often tell the history of our patients," he began hesitatingly, "but this is a rather peculiar case, and if you specially desire"—

"Oh, do tell us!" cried the curious woman, with a world of persuasion in her voice. "I assure you it will go no farther. Is she Spanish?"

They moved away slightly that their voices might not disturb the sleeper. The young doctor replied:

"Oh, yes! She was born in Castile, and while yet little more than a child—hardly 16, I believe—married for wealth and position a Spaniard three times her age.

"Affairs went smoothly for two years, when the husband contracted a disease, which proved fatal. Now it would have been much nicer and more like what one reads in Sunday school books if he had bidden his relatives an affectionate farewell as he lay on his deathbed, but instead of doing that he called his young wife to him and said in tones so low that no one but she could hear, 'Inez, if you marry again, I shall come back from the grave, and, with the icy fingers of death, I shall choke you—choke you.' His face was convulsed with passion, and shortly afterward he died. He was buried with the pomps and ceremonies required in a Spanish family of position, and for two years the widow remained in seclusion.

"At the end of that time she came forth more beautiful than ever and joined a party of friends traveling in England. There she met the man who was to be her future husband—a handsome, athletic young American of the Anglo-Saxon type.

"Her former husband's dying words so haunted her that at first she repulsed the American's suit. However, he followed her to her home in Castile, and at last, sensibly concluding that these haunting words were merely the ravings of a delirious man, she married the American.

"They came to America to live and for a time were very happy, but after a time they—that is, she"—

The young doctor paused and cleared his throat. The curious woman and her friend exchanged glances.

"She began to suffer from a strange hallucination," he went on. "At night she often woke with a scream, believing that the icy fingers of her former husband were choking her. The matter grew worse, until she felt the fingers not only at night, but also in her waking hours. Numberless physicians were consulted, but they offered no remedy.

"Her husband was heartbroken and tried everything in his power to save her, but nothing availed, and she gradually grew worse until it was necessary to bring her here. Do you notice the crimson roses pinned on the front of her gown? They seem to be the only thing she cares for. Her husband comes every week and brings a huge bunch of them. She likes the flowers, but pays no attention to him. Some day the icy fingers will close tightly together, and that will be the end."

"And can she not be cured?" asked the curious woman.

"Oh, no!" said the young doctor. "Quite hopeless."—Exchange.

Oldest Woman In the World.

One of the oldest tribes that once inhabited southern California was the Tanche. Today the remnant of the thousands they once could raise are a miserable five, who squat, tolerated, but not invited, upon the land their forefathers had owned. Yet these five would possess a distinction if their case were only known, for the oldest is the oldest woman in the world, and the youngest is almost a marvel of longevity.

The grandmother is now 145 years of age, her oldest child is 120, and her grandchild, the youngest of the quintet, is 98. Their united ages are considerably over 600, a record equaled by no other family on record. The old grandmother, whom courtesy denominates living, is sleeping out her second century. She wakens only to take nourishment. Her hair is as white as carded wool, and her flesh has wasted away from inactivity until nothing but the skin and bone remain. They have to lead her when she walks, her appearance reminding the stranger of the sorceress "She" after she came out of the fatal fire.—San Francisco Call.

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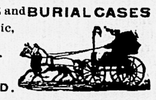
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