

THE BENDERS.

How They Worked - A Woman Whose Pleasure Was Assured in Cold Blood - Ten Victims in One Grave.

The story of the Bender family illustrates the possibilities for crime and gain that a new country sparsely settled offers. The Bender family consisted of an old man and his wife, a son and daughter, Kate. They kept a sort of wayside inn, with a saloon attached, about ten miles west of a little village called Neosho, in Neosho County, Kansas. Here travelers often stop at night, and it was usually the case that they took lodgings for the night. Their scheme was an ingenious one, and it was successfully played upon many a lonely man traveling through the country, whose dark was forever reared the instant he darkened the Benders' door. When they saw a traveler approaching some member of the family would stray out of the house and, by himself, by the wayside, and as the traveler came, an apparently hospitable offer was seldom declined.

The interior of the house was purposely arranged for the double purpose of murder and robbery. The front room was separated from the back by a thick curtain, arranged similar to those that are put over folding doors. When a man entered whom they intended to rob and murder he was invited to take a chair with his back to the curtain, and when he sat down his head would be against the curtain. Sometimes several travelers stopped over night at once, on which occasion many members of the family as possible would secret themselves behind the curtain, and when selecting a victim, would await the right moment to braze them. If a stranger came along who for any reason chose to stay at the house, then the family became exceedingly friendly and attentive. The old man told funny stories of early times and hair-breadth escapes on the plains. Games were proposed and all sorts of merriment indulged in. Among the games would be one in which the traveler had to get down on his knees on a pillow and close his eyes. The pillow would be placed directly over the trap-door, and at the right time Kate would step from the curtain, and, dealing the head with a large hammer, follow it up by a blow on the temple with a smaller hammer, which finished the traveler. The trap-door was then pulled and the victim fell into the cellar below. People were missed, and there were frequent inquiries for strangers who had been seen in the town of Neosho, but whose whereabouts could be traced no further. The Benders were regarded as tough characters, but nothing of a positive character was known against them.

A Wife's Devotion.

A remarkable case of a wife's devotion has been reported from North Bay, Canada, where, in a dreary and isolated spot, lived John Benoit, his wife and five children. Benoit's wife had been ridden for many months, and was helpless, confined to the household duties, which devolved upon the husband and the elder of the children. On this day Benoit, who had been absent from home at Benoit's Point, started to return, but when within 100 yards from the shore he found thick ice which prevented his going farther. He had to break his way through a window, and, unable to contain herself longer, rushed out of the house, without shoes or stockings, on to the ice, where she, as if by supernatural strength, managed to pull him out. By this time he had become unconscious, and for over three hours she endeavored to keep him alive by rubbing and keeping his body warm, in the hope that help would come, but to no avail, as he died at eleven o'clock at night. When his life was extinct, she then started, with his youngest child in her arms, for the near neighbor's, five miles distant, where help was secured and the body taken from the ice.

A City Romance.

One winter's evening about 8 o'clock a young lawyer was walking up Broadway after working late at his office. Before him stepped a young woman. He judged her to be a typewriter getting home late, and she was evidently nervous. Just opposite Bond street a half-drunken fellow comes rolling out of the Grand Central station. He catches a glimpse of the pretty typewriter, and as they get under a lamp-post speaks to her. She says nothing and waits faster. Fellow tries again - no use. Then he puts his arm around her waist. Typewriter screams. A police officer behind him follows a clip under the car. Typewriter scurries away. Fellow picks himself up and talks loudly. Nobody around. Follows down a side street, and then comes to a stop. He looks at his watch, and along comes another girl who knows the lawyer. He knocks the clubber down. Then the two friends go off together. Lawyer gets his arm bound up, and a policeman takes her once to a dinner at his friend's with his arm in a sling. Friend tells the story. Confusion follows. Married interest of a beautiful girl opposite. She was the typewriter. She was out on a charitable card on Broadway street and kept late. Tableau. Curtain run down on orange blossoms, bridal veil, etc. - *New York Letter.*

The Ruins of a Submerged City.

A city at the bottom of the sea was seen near Treptow, in Prussia, when a powerful south wind blew the waters of the Baltic away from the shore, uncovering a portion of ground usually hidden away from sight by the waves. It was the ruins of the city of Regimunde, once a flourishing commercial station, which was swallowed by the sea some five centuries ago. The unusual spectacle was not enjoyed for a few hours, when the storm clouds gathered and the waves returned to cover up the place which had once been the residence and field of labor of busy men. - *Chicago News.*

Beware of the Ivy.

There is one feature about ivy which is disastrous rather than romantic, which must be guarded against. It is its time and it will unroof your house. In any very old house you will find lifting the ivy, and through a small aperture sending a bright green, shooting through the ceiling into the room. The writer of this sheet well remembers reluctantly having to destroy a noble ivy, whose building it had overgrown - *Classical Magazine.*

Light from Wind.

Experiments are being made in France near the mouth of the Seine, on the production of electricity from the force of windmills. The suggestion to do so was made by the Duc de Feltra, and it is a system proposed by him that is to be tested. The wind works a dynamo electric machine employed in charging accumulators of suitable capacity. The electricity so produced and stored is to be used at will to make a focus of light. It is a system which will have the advantage of costing only the putting up of the machinery. The whole question to be ascertained is whether a sufficient amount of electricity can be stored to be used at will, when the wind is not blowing.

She Didn't Think So.

A young lady named What was recently married in New York. We haven't much to say of course. She thought her fate had passed, and she had never married before. - *Washington Critic.*

TALMAGE.

PICTURE OF THE NOTED BROOKLYN PREACHER

How He "Thinks Out" His Sermons - The World For a Congregation - Sunday Morning in His Church.

Poster Coates, in "A Day with Talmage," an article contributed to the *Boston Herald*, says: "After his midday meal Dr. Talmage spends an hour in pleasant conversation with the ladies of his family, and then he goes to his study, and with his secretary, begins the work of getting up his sermons, lectures and Friday night talks. Few men who have stood in the fierce light of the public life for 30 years have said so much and said it so well as Talmage. He aims to hit on some topic that is prominently before the public, and out of this draws a lesson that his hearers will not forget. Do not imagine that sermon writing is a matter of mere dictation; it is very difficult. Dr. Talmage has no trouble, apparently, in preparing a sermon for the dictation of the rate of his secretary, but before he can do this he has to 'think out' his sermon."

He first begins by having something to say, and then saying it. He delights in selecting odd texts and using short, sharp, snappy sentences. His sentences have come to him with a suddenness. He has learned to hear by heart while riding on cars, while walking in the streets, and even while lying in bed at night. He has a wonderful memory, and apt illustrations are a part of his tongue's end. He has been a close student of history, and he is never at a loss for names and dates.

So it comes that when he is ready to begin to dictate to his secretary his sermon is practically finished. It is memorized. He knows it by heart. After it is written he reads it once or twice carefully, and he can then repeat it word for word.

And now I shall tell you something that will surprise you. You have known for a long time that Dr. Talmage is popular. Everybody knows that. His sermons are one of the largest in the country. He is not in the world of Brooklyn Tabernacle can seat, on its main floor, more than 4,000 persons. Camp stools are always placed in the aisles and in the corridors. Thus 500 more persons can be accommodated, and by a series of annexes to the church, 1,300 more can be given seats or standing room. These annexes have been built recently. They surround the church, and when the sermon begins the partitions separating the church from the annexes are rolled up by pulleys, so that the preacher can be seen and his voice plainly heard.

The immediate congregation at each service consists of about 4,000 persons, and, as a rule, the church is not full. More are turned away than find room in the standing room. A big congregation, you say? Yes, indeed, but nothing like so vast a congregation as the Brooklyn preacher addresses every Monday morning of his life through the newspapers.

His Sunday morning sermon, or a portion of it, is published in some newspaper in nearly every city in this country. In a second volume the sermon is published by some newspaper in its entirety.

From a source that admits of no dispute I am enabled to state positively that Dr. Talmage's sermons are published in 13,000,000 copies every week here in America, and in 13,000,000 copies in other parts of the world.

Think of that for an audience! In continental Europe, in Australia, in Sweden, Russia, Norway, Denmark and India, 13,000,000 copies are published each week. On Monday morning, Dr. Talmage's sermons have also been translated and published in book form in at least 40 languages.

Nearly 15,000,000 copies of one sermon published every week in the year! Let us stop a moment until we exactly understand the surprising greatness of these figures. It is generally reckoned that an average of three persons read each copy of the daily newspapers published in this country. That would make a total of 45,000,000 persons, or nearly as many as are contained in the United States. Of course, he has no such audience as that, but he has the safe side of it, and divides the 13,000,000 copies of his sermons among the people of the world. The first object that strikes the visitor to the Brooklyn Tabernacle is the immense organ. Promptly at 7:15 o'clock the organist runs his fingers over the ivory keys, and a play of three selections, an organist that makes Dr. Talmage walk on the platform. His black broadcloth frock coat is thrown open. A turned down collar encircles his neck, and a black tie covers his snowy shirt front. He sits in a blue plush chair, and a moment is spent in prayer. Then he adjusts his glasses to his eyes and opens his bible. The organ plays a forth, "I raise you from Whom All Blessings Flow." A stout well-built man stands alone in the center of the platform. He is tall and thin, and his hair is white. He gives out his text in a clear, ringing voice, and repeats it twice. He usually begins the sermon by a hasty word picture of the scene where the text is laid, or by an anecdote. The sermon lasts 40 minutes. It is full of vigor and earnestness. Indeed, that is the characteristic of Talmage on the platform. He is in earnest. He talks quickly, and now tells a story in a low, sweet voice, and again he lectures forth like Vesuvius, and makes the chandeliers rattle with the sound of his voice. At times he is intensely humorous. Again, he has the audience in tears. Again, he is so dramatic that the congregation forgets itself upon you that if he had taken the stage instead of the pulpit he would have made a great actor.

SAID SAM JONES IN ATLANTA.

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I have been there. This evening I kissed my wife good-by. I never do so without looking at her pale face. Through rum and rum traffic of Cartersville - I walked in his shame and sin for three years after I was married. I think the color from his face and joy out of her heart, and while God blesses my home with peace and joy tonight I say I have never seen my wife's face look red with color since the day I drew that blood from her face by the consciousness that she was a drunkard's wife. God pity a man who doesn't fight wisely.

I heard a fellow say once that he heard of a buck that had horns six feet thick and a head three feet thick. I thought I drew that blood from her face by the consciousness that she was a drunkard's wife. God pity a man who doesn't fight wisely.

Some men are so in the habit of telling lies that they couldn't tell the truth at three fair trials. Truth is a way that leads to life. It is a way that leads to life. It is a way that leads to life. It is a way that leads to life.

It is said that every honest man has a patch of hair growing on the top of his head. Look at your patch. A man's patch of hair is a sign of his honesty. A man's patch of hair is a sign of his honesty.

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SHE WENT ASTRAY.

Seeking After What May Be Found in Her Own Paradise.

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She is permanently deprived of her charms of face and form, and made unattractive by the wasting effects of ailments and irregularities peculiar to her sex. To check this drain upon her strength and health, but upon her suitable qualities as well, is her first duty. This is safely and speedily accomplished by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a medicine of wonderful efficacy, and prepared especially for the alleviation of those suffering from "irregular" or "obscure" menstruation, or from any of the ailments incident to women - a boon to her sex. Druggists.

The consciousness of duty performed gives us much at midnight.

"Consumption can be cured." Dr. J. S. Coombs, Owensville, Ohio, says: "I have given Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil to four patients with Hypertrophied Glands of the Liver, and in every case it has done good. It is better remedial than any other I have used, and I have used many. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and I have used it in many cases of frequent pulse, fever, and other ailments. It has increased in weight from 16 to 25 lbs. and is now doing very well."

Each passing year deprives us of something. Major R. N. Abbott, of Springfield, Mo., was attacked with serious trouble, and after a long course of medical treatment, tried to find relief at Herdall Springs in Virginia. He was there for several months, but his health failed, and he was obliged to return home. He was then obliged to visit Carlsbad for a temporary relief. He has finished my fifth bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and each year I have been able to do my duty. I have been able to do my duty. I have been able to do my duty.

The main thing to find the right remedy, then, is to find the right remedy. The main thing to find the right remedy, then, is to find the right remedy. The main thing to find the right remedy, then, is to find the right remedy.

We are no longer happy so soon as we wish to be happier.

A Bloody Ailment is the result of "bad blood" in a family, and is a disease that is often fatal. It is a disease that is often fatal. It is a disease that is often fatal.

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DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

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Medical and scientific skill has at last solved the problem of the long needed medicine for the nervous system. It is a medicine that is often fatal. It is a medicine that is often fatal. It is a medicine that is often fatal.

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THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

THE TREATMENT OF MANY THOUSANDS OF CASES OF THOSE CHRONIC WEAKNESS AND DISTRESSING AFFECTIONS PECULIAR TO FEMALES.

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The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weakness and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing the cure for a woman's peculiar ailments.

As a soothing and strengthening medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is unequalled in its efficacy in allaying and subduing nervous excitement, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, nervousness, and other distressing symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the female system. It is a pure vegetable in its composition, and is perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to women's delicate organization. It is a pure vegetable in its composition, and is perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's friend," relieving nausea, weakness, indigestion, and other distressing symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the female system. It is a pure vegetable in its composition, and is perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

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