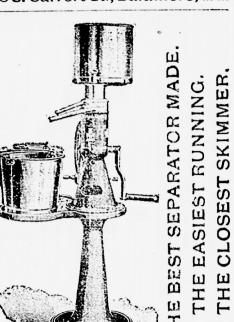
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DARKNESS ETERNAL. WHAT THE EARTH WOULD BE WITH

OUT THE GOSPEL Rev. Dr. Talmage Vividly Portray the Gloom of an Infidel World-Triumph of Atheism Would Mean

Death of Civilization [Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.] WASHINGTON, May 14.—In this sermon Dr. Talmage gives a glimpse of what the world would be if the gospel were abolished and the human race left without divine guidance. The text is Acts ii, 20, "The un shall be turned into darkness." Christianity is the rising sun of our ime, and men have tried with the uprolling vapors of skepticism and the smoke of their blasphemy to turn the sun into darkiess. Suppose the archangels of malice and horror should be let loose a little while and be allowed to extinguish and destroy the sun in the natural heavens! They would take the oceans from other worlds and pour them on the luminary of the planetary system, and the waters go

nissing down amid the ravines and the eaverns, and there is explosion after exdosion, until there are only a few peaks of fire left in the sun, and these are coolng down and going out until the vast and these are whitening and going out nountains of ashes and the valleys of ashes and the chasms of ashes. An exinguished sun! A dead sun! A buried sun! Let all worlds wail at the stupen-

lous obsequies Of course this withdrawal of the solar ight and heat throws our earth into a miversal chill, and the tropics become the emperate, and the temperate becomes the arctie, and there are frozen rivers and rozen lakes and frozen oceans. From arctic and antarctic regions the inhabitants gather in toward the center and find he equator as the poles. The slain forests are piled up into a great bonfire, and around them gather the shivering villages and cities. The wealth of the coal mines is hastily poured into the furnaces and stirred into rage of combustion, but soon the bonfires begin to lower, and the furnaces begin to go out, and the nations begin to die. Cotopaxi, Vesuvius, Etna, California geysers, cease to smoke, and the ice of hailstorms remains inmelted in their crater. All the flowers ave breathed their last breath. Ships vith sailors frozen at the mast, and elmsmen frozen at the wheel, and pas-Mrs. D. KRAFT, ELLICOTT CITY, MD engers frozen in the cabin, all nations

south. Child frosted and dead in the the hearth. Workmen with frozen hand on the hammer and frozen foot on the shuttle. Winter from sea to sea. All congealing winter. Perpetual winter. Globe of frigidity. Hemisphere shackled to hemisphere by chains of ice. Universal Nova Zembla. The earth an ice floe grinding against other ice floes. The archangels of malice and horror have done their work, and now they may take their thrones of glacier and look down upon the ruin they have wrought. What the destruction of the sun in the natural heavens would be to our physical earth, the destruction of Christianity would be to the moral world. The sun turned into darkness!

Infidelity a Tragedy. Infidelity in our time is considered a There are people who rejoice once, stating the lines you propose handling hear Christ assailed with quibble and quirk and misrepresentation and badinage and harlequinade. I propose today to take infidelity and atheism out of the realm of jocularity into one of tragedy and show you what infidels propose and what if they are successful they will accomplish. There are those in all our communities who yould like to see the Christian religion verthrown and who say the world would that is the end of this road and what is he terminus of this crusade and what this world will be when atheism and infidelity have triumphed over it, if they can. say, if they can. I reiterate it, if they can. In the first place, it will be the complete and unutterable degradation of womanhood. I will prove it by facts and arguaents which no honest man will dispute. In all communities and cities and states and nations where the Christian religion nas been dominant woman's condition has been ameliorated and improved, and she is deferred to and honored in a thousand things, and every gentleman takes off his hat before her. If your associations have been good, you know that the name of wife, mother, daughter, suggests gracious surroundings. You know there are no better schools and seminaries in this or our young ladies. You know that while woman may suffer injustice in Eng-

land and the United States she has more of her rights in Christendom than she has Woman and Christianity. Now, compare this with woman's condition in lands where Christianity has made little or no advance-in China, in Barbary, in Borneo, in Tartary, in Egypt, in Hindustan. The Burmese sell their wives and daughters as so many sheep. The Hindoo Bible makes it disgraceful and an outrage for a woman to listen to music or look out of the window in the absence of her husband and gives as a lawful ground for divorce a woman's beginning to eat before her husband has finished his meal. What mean those white bundles on the conds and rivers in China in the morning? Infanticide following gruel seclusion. Her birth a misfortune. Her life a torture. Her death a horror. The missionary of the cross today in group, women hidden and carefully semay hear the voice of the preacher, but may not be seen. No refinement. No lib-

infanticide. Female children destroyed simply because they are female. Woman narnessed to the plow as an ox. Woman veiled and barricaded and in all styles of heathen lands preaches generally to two groups-a group of men who do as they please and sit where they please; the other cluded in a side apartment, where they arty. No hope for this life. No hope for the life to come. Ringed nose. Cramped foot. Disfigured face. Embruted soul. Now, compare those two conditions. How far toward this latter condition that I speak of would woman go if Christian influences were withdrawn and Christianity were destroyed? It is only a question of dynamics. If an object be lifted to a certain point and not fastened, there and the lifting power be withdrawn, how long before that object will fall down to the point from which it started? It will fall down, and it will go still farther than the point from which it started. Christianity has lifted woman up from the very depths of degradation almost to the skies. If that lifting power be withdrawn, she falls clear back to the depth from which she was resaurected, not going any lower, because here is no lower depth. And yet, notwithstanding the fact that the only salvation of woman from degradation and woe is the Christian religion—and the only influence that has ever lifted her in the social scales is Christianity-I have read that there are women who reject Christianity.

I make no remark in regard to those persons. In the silence of your own soul nake your observations. Society Demoralized. overthrown, it means the demoralis idea of retribution. Take away the idea the tragedy afterward. And in the former windows, lanterns and similar purposes. of retribution and punishment from so- atheists and infidels laugh and mock, but These ingenious people also powder the ciety, and it will begin very soon to dis- in the latter God himself will laugh and shell, which they use for silver in their dead in its ruins.—Cairo Al-Mokattam, integrate, and take away from the minds | mock. He says so, 'I will laugh at their | water colors. of men the fear of hell, and there are a calamity and mock when their fear great many of them who would very soon turn this world into a hell. The majority of those who are indignant against the Bible because of the idea of punishment are men whose lives are bad or whose hearts are impure and who hate the Bible because of the idea of future punishment for the same reason that criminals hate the penitentiary. Oh. I have heard this

brave talk about people fearing nothing

of the consequences of sin in the next

world, and I have made up my mind it is

merely a coward's whistling to keep his

courage up. I have seen men flaunt their

immoralities in the face of the communi-

ty, and I have heard them defy the judg-

nent day and scoff at the idea of any fu ure consequence of their sin, but when they came to die they shricked until you could hear them for nearly two blocks, and in the summer night the neighbors got up to put the windows down because they could not endure the horror. I would not want to see a rail train with 500 Christian people on board go down through a drawbridge into a watery grave; I would not want to see 500 Christian people go into such disaster, but I tell you plainly that I could more easily see that than I could for any protracted time stand and see an infidel die, though his pillow were of eider down and under a canopy of vermilion. I have never been

I just looked in upon it for a minute or two, but the clutch of his fist was so dia bolic and the strength of his voice was so unnatural I could not endure it. "There is no hell, there is no hell, there is no hell!" the man had said for 60 years, but that night when I looked in the dying room of my infidel neighbor there was something on his countenance which seemed to say, "There is, there is, there is, there is!" The mightiest restraints today against theft, against immorality, against libertinism, against crime of all sorts-the mightiest restraints are the retributions of eternity. Men know that they can es ontinents of flame are reduced to a small | cape the law, but down in the offenders' acreage of fire, and that whitens and cools | soul there is the realization of the fact off until there are only a few coals left, that they cannot escape God. He stands at the end of the road of profligacy, and until there is not a spark left in all the he will not clear the guilty. Take all idea hearts and minds of men, and it would not be long before our cities would become Sodoms. The only restraints against the evil passions of the world today are Bible

able to brace up my nerves for such a

spectacle. There is something at such

time so indescribable in the countenance

Suppose now these generals of atheisn and infidelity got the victory and suppose they marshaled a great army made up of the majority of the world. They are in companies, in regiments, in brigades—the whole army. Forward, march, 'ye hosts of infidels and atheists, banners flying before, banners flying behind, banners inscribed with the words: "No God! No Christ! No Punishment! No Restraints! Down With the Bible! Do as You Please! The sun turned into darkness! Forward, march, ye great army of in

If Atheism Triumphed.

fidels and atheists! And first of all you will attack the churches. Away with these houses of worship! They have been standing there so long deluding the people and sorrows. All those churches ought to be extirpated, they have done so much to relieve the lost and bring home the wandering, and they have so long held up the lying, first at the north and then at the idea of eternal rest after the paroxysm of this life is over. Turn the St. Peters and eradle. Octogenarian frosted and dead at | St. Pauls and the temples and tabernacles into clubhouses. Away with those churches!

Forward, march, ye great army of in fidels and atheists, and next of all they scatter the Sabbath schools filled with bright eyed, rosy cheeked little ones who are singing songs on Sunday afternoon and getting instruction when they ought to be on the street corners playing marble or swearing on the commons. Away with them! Forward, march, ye great army of infidels and atheists, and next of all they will attack Christian asylums, the institutions of mercy supported by Christian philanthropies. Never mind the blind eyes and the deaf ears and the crippled orphans fight their own way and the half to hear Christianity caricatured and to reformed go back to their evil habits. Forward, march, ye great army of infidels and atheists, and with your battleaxes hew down the cross and split up the man-

ger of Bethlehem. Army of Destruction, On, ye great army of infidels and athe ists, and now they come to the grayevards and the cemeteries of the earth. Pull down the sculpture above Greenwood's gate, for it means the Resurrection. Tear e better without it. I want to show you | away at the entrance of Laurel Hill the figure of Old Mortality and the chisel. On ve great army of infidels and atheists, into he graveyards and cemeteries, and where you see "Asleep In Jesus" cut it away, and where you find a marble story of heaven blast it, and where you find over a little child's grave "Suffer Little Children o Come Unto Me" substitute the words 'delusion" and "sham," and where you find an angel in marble strike off the wings, and when you come to a family vault chisel on the door, "Dead once, dead

forever. But on, ye great army of infidels and atheists, on! They will attempt to scale heaven. There are heights to be taken. Pile hill on hill and Pelion upon Ossa, and then they hoist the ladders against the walls of heaven. On and on until they blow up the foundations of jasper and the country than the schools and seminaries gates of pearl. They charge up the steep. Now they aim for the throne of him who liveth forever and ever. They would take down from their high place the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost. "Down with them!" they say. "Down with them from the throne!" they say, "Down forever! Down out of sight! He is not God. He

has no right to sit there. Down with him! Down with Christ!' Back to Barbarism. A world without a head, a universe without a king. Orphan constellations. Fatherless galaxies. Anarchy supreme. A dethroned Jehovah. An assassinated God. Patricide, regicide, deicide. That is what they mean. That is what they will have if they can. I say, if they can. Civilization hurled back into semibarbarism and semibarbarism driven back into Hottentot savagery. The wheel of pro gress turned the other way and turned toward the dark ages. The clock of the cen turies put back 2,000 years. Go back, you Sandwich Islands, from your schools and from your colleges and from your reform ed condition to what you were in 1820, when the missionaries first came. Call home the 500 missionaries from India and overthrow their 2,000 schools, where they are trying to educate the heathen, and scatter the 140,000 little children that they have gathered out of barbarism into civili zation. Obliterate all the work of Dr. Duff in India, of David Abeel in China, of Dr. King in Greece, of Judson in Burma, of David Brainerd amid the American aborigines, and send home the 3,000 missionaries of the cross who are toiling in foreign lands, toiling for Christ's sake, toiling themselves into the grave. Tell these 3,000 men of God that they are of no use. Send home the medical missionaries who are doctoring the bodies as well as the souls of the dying nations. Go home, London Missionary society. Go home, American Board of Foreign Missions. Go home ye Moravians and relinquish back into darkness and squalor and death the na tions whom ye have begun to lift. A Nefarious Plot.

Oh, my friends, there has never been such a nefarious plot on earth as that which infidelity and atheism have planned. We were shocked a few years ago because of the attempt to blow up the parliament houses in London, but if infidelity and atheism succeed in their attempt they will dynamite a world. Let them have their full way, and this world will be a habitation of three rooms-a habitation with just three rooms, the one a madhouse, another a lazaretto, the other a pandemothe theater the tragedy comes first and

young men, stand back from that chasm! CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bough Signature of hat It think

From such a chasm of individual, na-

You see the practical drift of my sermon want you to know where that road leads. Stand back from that chasm of ruin. The time is going to come (you and I may not live to see it, but it will come: just as cer tainly as there is a God it will come when the infidels and the atheists who openly and out and out and above board preach and practice infidelity and atheism will be considered as criminals against society, as they are now criminals against God. Society will push out the leper, and the wretch with soul gangrened and ichorous and vermin covered and rotting apart with his beastiality will be left to die in the ditch and be denied decent burial, and men will come with spades and cover up the carcass where it falls, that it poison not the air, and the only text in all the Bible appropriate for the funeral sermon will be Jeremiah xxii, 19, "He shall be

buried with the burial of an ass.'

Victory For Christianity. A thousand voices come up to me thi nour, saying: "Do you really think infidelity will succeed? Has Christianity re eived its deathblow? and will the Bible become obsolete?" Yes, when the smoke of the city chimney arrests and destroys the moonday sun. Josephus says about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem the sun was turned into darkness, but only the clouds rolled between the sun and the earth. The sun went right on. It is the same sun, the same luminary, as when at the beginning it shot out like an electric spark from God's finger, and today it is warming the nations, and today it is gilding the sea, and today it is filling the earth with its light. The same old sun, not at all wornout, though its light steps 190,000,000 miles a second, though its pulations are 450,000,000,000,000 undulations in a second. The same sun with beautiful white light made up of the violet, and the indigo, and the blue, and the green, and the red, and the yellow, and the crange—the seven beautiful colors. now just as when the solar spectrum first

divided them. At the beginning God said: "Let there e light," and light was, and light is, and light shall be. So Christianity is rolling on, and it is going to warm all nations, and all nations are to bask in its light Men may shut the window blinds so they annot see it, or they may smoke the pipe of speculation until they are shadowed un der their own vaporing, but the Lord God is a sun! This white light of the gospel made up of all the beautiful colors of earth and heaven-vlolet plucked from amid the spring grass, and the indigo of the southern jungles, and the blue of the skies, and the green of the foliage, and the vellow of the autumnal woods, and the orange of the southern groves, and the red of the sunsets. All the beauties of earth and heaven brought out by this spiritual spectrum. Great Britain is going o take all Europe for God. The United tates are going to take America for God. Both of them together will take all Asia for God. All three of them will take Africa for God. "Who art thou, O great nountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." "The mouth of the Lord

hath spoken it." Halleluiah, amen! CHANGED HIS MANNER.

Entrance of Noted "Gun" Men Made Him Polite and Attentive. He was a meek and patient little tele graph editor out in Denver, but sometimes ne felt murderously inclined, as telegraph editors often do. He had been left all alone in the office-city editor out shaking limbs and the darkened intellects. Let | dice with his assistant and reporters all paralyzed old age pick up its own food and | on their "runs" or assignments. Three A. P. wires and the usual specials were unloading copy on him. He was not so very mad about his own extra work, for that was not far out of the ordinary, but for the delinquent and (in his opinion) utterly worthless local department, and by the time he had entertained and taken notes for the usual early evening run of volunteer purveyors of information about

their precious selves he was ready for desperate deeds. There came a calm, and he settled down to "catch up" when he suddenly became conscious of a presence in the room—three of them. in fact. They were neat looking young fellows of medium size, well and quietly dressed as western garb goes, and, with hats off, stood waiting for the man of telegraph to look up. Presently and after due deliberation he vouchsafed a glance and a grunt of interrogation. The stranger nearest the desk politely but quickly seized the opportunity and in-

"City editor?" "Nope." (Pegging away at his copy.) "Any reporters in?" "Nope." (Still pegging away.) "We have a little item I thought you night like for your paper. "Better come in again later and eporter.'

"But, pardon me, we can't wait; have o catch the 9:50 train east." "Well," growled the man of wires what's your item?" and he looked as if e would like to eat the quiet trio, "item" "Well, you see," said the neat little man vith the blue eyes and the pink mustache, Luke Short he sends for us to come down to Dodge and help him straighter things out. You know, he's marshal down there, and the gang gives him hours t

pull his freight. He 'lows he stays, and he telegraphs us to come down and ride up and down the avenue and look at cints of interest with him. Me? Why my name's Masterson—Bat Masterson Maybe you've heard of me. And this is Mr. Holliday, Mr. Editor-'Doc' Holliday -and this is Mr. Collins-'Shotgun' Collins they used to nominate him down at And by that time the erstwhile surly

elegraph editor was the politest man in the room. He was breathing hard, but he was jollying the visitors for all he was worth. For verily Masterson had a record for something like 24 dead ones and three or four wounded, and Holliday was called 'Doc' because he had given up dentistry o become a peacemaker of the border type. He also had a dozen or so in the cemeteries of the west. Collins had earned the so briquet "Shotgun" because his favorite weapon had once been a fowling piece of large caliber, but he had sawed off the barrels and carved the stock into a pistol butt. Loading both barrels with generous cargoes of hardware, he could clean out a

whole street with great economy of time and effort. And that is why the surly telegraph editor became a very Chesterfield of polite ness and insisted on sparing the time to purchase a stirrup cup for his distinguish ed visitors. It may be added that they went to Dodge and rode up and down the street and they didn't find it necessary to "shoot anybody up" either.—Minneapolis Times.

Shell Windows. Among the various and curious objects brought from Manila by some of our returning soldiers none excite more interest than the delicate, platelike shells called conchas, not only because they belong to the usually unattractive and rough shelled oyster family, but from the fact that shells serve as windows in many of the buildings in the Philippines. The shell is nearly round, about four inches in diameter, compressed, and so thin that it is nearly transparent. In nium. These infidel bands of music have appearance the interior of the shell reonly just begun their concert—yea, they sembles isinglass, with opalescent tints, have only been stringing their instru- the exterior being slightly rough. The crying of the child carried the cot bodily ments. I today put before you their whole animal is so exceedingly flat that when the outside lest the inmates should be disturb-If infidelity triumph and Christianity programme from beginning unto close, valves are closed they apparently touch. ed and foil their plans. The mother, how-This is probably the sa tion of society. The one idea in the Bible | the farce afterward, but in this infidel | lusk which is known in China as the Chithat atheists and infidels most hate is the drama of death the farce comes first and nese window oyster and which is used for

> The better class of houses in Manila have window frames which slide in groves, so as to be opened or closed, as desired, and tional, worldwide ruin, stand back. Oh, in these are set the conchas, which soften the bright tropical sun rays. As a further protection against light and heat blinds are used which run in the grooves with the windows. The governor's palace, which was rebuilt about 200 years ago, has for windows the same sliding frames set with many panes of the window oyster. -Our Animal Friends.

Kissing In the Streets. Several states in New England have statutes forbidding kissing in the streets. The laws are old ones and obsolete.

SUBSTANTIAL JUSTICE.

Pennsylvania Squire's Origina Way of Reaching It. Squire Henry Grelle of Beltzhoover i ttracting some attention as a magistrate Ho administers justice impartially in his homely way, and, while some of his decisions may not be according to the books, still they carry the force of originality Squire Grelle does not like lawyers. He believes that they stir up too much troubl by dragging musty old books into his ffice and insisting that he follow the precedents they dig from them. He has the full approval of his constituents. His justice is the sort that is equitable between man and man and not that misnamed stuff that depends on the technicalities lawbooks for a standing. One of Squire Grelle's early cases wa brought against a friend of his, who was accused of cruelty to animals. The man had been bothered by a vicious dog, and he shot at it. The bullet cut a piece off its tail, but did no other harm. The trial attracted a large crowd. There was con-

the witnesses said it was a gentle animal, and others declared that it ought to be "I will reserf my decision until next veeg," said the squire after he had heard He was not satisfied as to the dog, and while he had the case under consideration he made some inquiries in the neighborhood. He learned that the dog was a bad But the maining of it by depriving it of part of its tail was undoubtedly cruel act, and he did not see how he could get over that, even to favor his friend. When the day came for him to give his lecision, it was evident to the crowd that had gathered in his office that he had made up his mind. He called the defendant up. "You admid shooting this dog?" asked

"Yes, I do, squire, but that dog is"-"Dot will do. Sid down," and he called the owner of the dog forward. "Your dog is a bad dog," he said to him. "No, he isn't squire," said the man he's as gentle as"— "Dot will do. Sid down. I haf my mind made up. I fine the defendant \$1 and gosts for shooting dot dog." There was applause from the side of the room on which the friends of the dog were gathered. "Order, order!" commanded the squire I haf not vinished. I will fine the defend

ant \$1 and gosts for shooting dot dog, bud I will gif him one more shot at the dog.' -Pittsburg Times. The Secret Service Chief. Mr. John E. Wilkie, chief of the govern nent secret service, who has just distinguished himself anew by unearthing a oand of counterfeiters, is a graduate from newspaperdom. John, like all good re porters, was in his early youth a good dea of an enthusiast. He served his appren ticeship as night police reporter on the Chicago Tribune, and on the day that he was appointed to that position (an event that took place about 4 o'clock in the afternoon) he had dressed rather more care fully than usual-whether for a wedding

or a matinee or a mere promenade his tory telleth not. The then city editor of The Tribune, Mr. Fred Hall, as mild mannered a gentleman as ever rewarded "scoop," smiled pleasantly on his boy reporter and advised him to "change those nice clothes" before reporting at police headquarters. Even in those days Mr. Hall was a trifle ner, toward 8 o'clock, he passed in the hallway a tall figure, the chief points in whose make up were a wide sombrero,

pair of tall boots and a bulging hip pocket. He gasped gently and, on reach ing his desk, inquired of his assistant 'Who was that confounded bandit?" "That, sir," replied the assistant, "was Johnny Wilkie. He goes on night police "Ah," sighed the chief contentedly. think he'll do." And it seems as if the Johnny Wilkie of today catches thieves as well as he once dressed for the task of writing about them.

Listening to the Preacher. "If it be difficult for some people to lis ten, it is ten times harder for other people to follow, for it is evident a person may listen and not follow," writes Ian Maclaren of "The Art of Listening to a Sermon' in The Ladies' Home Journal 'Very few are accustomed to think about the same thing or indeed to think about anything for 30 minutes. After a brief space their interest flags, and they fall behind. They have long ago lost the thread of the preacher's argument and have almost forgotten his subject. The sermon which suits such a desultory mind is one of 20 paragraphs, each paragraph an anecdote or an illustration or a startling idea,

so that wherever the hearer joins in he can be instantly at home. "Sensible people ought, however, to re member that a series of amusing lantern slides and a work of severe art are not the same, and if any one is to expound the gospel of Christ worthily he must reason as he goes and ask his hearers to think The chain may be of gold, but there ought to be links securely fastened together, and a hearer should try them as they pass through his hands. If one does not brace himself for the effort of hearing a sermon, he will almost certainly finish up by complaining either that the preacher was dull No sermon is worth hearing into which the preacher has not put his whole strength, and no sermon can be heard aright unless the hearer gives his whole

strength also." A Contractionist. "It is hard to get ahead of that daugh er of mine," said the portly man who

fully realizes that he was once young him-"Last night I had occasion to go into the drawing room. The light was turned down, and I almost stumbled over my daughter and her best young man, who were sitting very close to each other on the sofa. I shouldn't have minded that so much if I hadn't discovered that the young man had his arm around my daughter's waist. "'What does this mean?" I demanded

sternly, although I felt more like laughing to see the young man drop all proceed-'Why, papa,' my daughter replied in ocently, 'we were talking about political matters, and I asked Mr. Brown if he was an expansionist, and he said he wasn't More than that, he was an out and our ontractionist. Then he illustrated his meaning, and I was so interested that I got caught within the zone of contraction. "There is going to be a wedding up a

my house some day, but I don't think the

young man fully realizes the treasure he

s getting."—Detroit Free Press. Retribution. A remarkable tragedy occurred in the rillage of Mewmieh, near Sidon. A villager, having sold some property, consult ed with his wife as to where they should hide the purchase money, and together they decided to place it in their infant's cot, under the mattress. That night thre robbers, knowing that the villager had the money in his possession, broke into his house, and on being interrupted by the ever, woke up, and hearing the child' cries rushed out with her husband. The robbers meanwhile were continuing their search in the house, when the building collapsed, burying the three marauders

Only One of the Kind. "It really is the most extraordinary regiment that went to the war," said the nan who makes it a point to keep posted when one of the many regiments came up for discussion. "In what way?" asked the man wh pays little attention to details. "Why, it is the only one whose friends have not prefixed 'The Fighting' to its number."-Chicago Post.

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flicting evidence as to the dog. Some of KEYSTONE * HOUSE, 522 WEST LEXINGTON STREET

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18.23 A. M.—Main Line, Shippensburg, Frederick, Emmitsburg and N. and W. R. R. to 9.30 A. M.—Accom. for Union Bridge and Han-10.17 A. M.-Accom. for Union Bridge, York,

Gettysburg.

12.25 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove,

12.25 p. m.—Accom, for Union Bridge.

13.32 p. m.—Express for York and B. & H. Div.

14.00 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove.

14.08 p. m.—Ex. Main Line Points, also Fredick, Emmitsburg, Shippensburg and N. & †5.16 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove. †6.10 p. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge. †11.25 p. M.—Accom. for Emory Grove.

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