

REV. SHELDON'S NEW DISPENSATION.

His Teachings Said to Be Causing a Stir in Many Localities.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, a plain preacher of the teachings of the Nazarene is being hailed all over the world as the proclaimer of a new dispensation throughout Christendom. At the recent Endeavor convention in Detroit Mr. Sheldon, to his own discomfiture occupied the center of the stage, and few reports were sent out by the news syndicates that did not contain some reference to him. It all came about as a result of the fact that a few years ago Mr. Sheldon wrote a book. Other men have written books, but no man such a book as his. We are told that 6,000,000 copies of it have been sold. That it is beginning to revolutionize the whole country is a fact that is being noted by wise men who are in the habit of watching the trend of human events. To read the book means that the reader will accept the principles laid down. But what are those principles? They may all be summed up in the words, "primitive christianity." That is the christianity that obtained prior to sectarianism. Mr. Sheldon's book tells the story of a revival at Raymond. It all came about in an unexpected way. One day a man seeking employment called at Rev. Henry Maxwell's house and asked that worthy if he could aid him in any way. Mr. Maxwell was "sorry, but he could not, and closed the door. He was busy preparing the Sunday sermon. The following Sunday the same man occupied a rear pew under the gallery in the First church. Rev. Maxwell's congregation was of the wealthiest in Raymond. It was thrown into consternation when, at the conclusion of the pastor's sermon, the unfortunate man out of a job stepped up under the pulpit and facing them delivered the following words of reproof:

"I'm not an ordinary tramp, though I don't know of any teaching of Jesus that makes one kind of a tramp less worth saving than another. Do you?" He put the question as naturally as if the whole congregation had been a small private bible class. He paused just a moment and coughed painfully. Then he went on: "I lost my job ten months ago. I am a printer by trade. The new linotype machines are beautiful specimens of invention, but I know six men who have killed themselves inside of the year just on account of those machines. Of course I don't blame the newspapers for getting the machines. Meanwhile, what can a man do? I know I never learned but the one trade, and that's all I can do. I've tramped all over the country trying to find something. There are a good many others like me. I'm not complaining, am I? Just stating facts. But I was wondering, as I sat there under the gallery, if what you call following Jesus is the same thing as what he taught. What did he mean when he said, 'Follow me?' the minister said, 'here the man turned about and looked up at the pulpit, 'that it was necessary for the disciple of Jesus to follow his steps, and he said the steps were, obedience, faith, love and imitation. But I did not hear him tell just what he meant that to mean, especially the last step. What do Christians mean by following the steps of Jesus? I've tramped through this city for three days trying to find a job and in all that time I've not had a word of sympathy or comfort except from your minister here, who said he was sorry for me and hoped I would find a job somewhere. I suppose it is because you get so imposed on by the professional tramp that you have lost your interest in the other sort. I'm not blaming anybody, am I? Just stating facts? Of course I understand you can't all go out of your way to hunt up jobs for people like me. I'm not asking you to, but what I feel puzzled about is, what is meant by following Jesus?"

"All for Jesus, all for Jesus: All my being's ransomed powers; All my thoughts and all my doings, All my days and all my hours," and I kept wondering as I sat on the steps outside just what they meant by it. It seems to me there's an awful lot of trouble in the world that somehow wouldn't exist if all the people who sing such songs went and lived them out. I suppose I don't understand. But what would Jesus do? Is that what you mean by following his steps? It seems to me sometimes as if the people in the city churches had good clothes and nice houses to live in, and money to spend for luxuries, and could go away on summer vacations and all that, while the people outside of the churches, thousands of them, I mean, die in tenements and walk the streets for jobs, and never have a piano or a picture in the house, and grow up in misery and drunkenness and sin—the man gave a queer lurch over in the direction of the communion table and laid one grimy hand on it. His hat fell upon the carpet at his feet. A stir went through the congregation. Dr. West half rose from his feet, but as yet the silence was unbroken by any voice or movement worth mentioning in the audience. The man passed his other hand across his eyes, and then, without any warning, fell heavily forward on his face, full length, up the aisle. Henry Maxwell spoke, 'We will consider the service dismissed.' He was down the pulpit stairs and kneeling

by the prostrate form before any one else. The audience instantly rose and the aisle was crowded. Dr. West pronounced the man alive. He had fainted away. "Some heart trouble," the doctor also muttered as he helped carry him into the pastor's study. The effect may be only partly imagined. During the week that followed this poor unfortunate breathed his last.

The next day the work of reform begins. The News came out without a report of the prize fight because Editor Norman asked himself "What Would Jesus Do?" Subscribers fell off by the hundreds and advertisements were withdrawn.

While many old subscribers quit the paper new ones did not fill their places and the paper began to lose. Miss Vir-



REV. C. M. SHELDON.

in the arms of Rev. Henry Maxwell. Next Sunday he tells his congregation that "our brother who came here last Sunday is dead." Then he tells of his own conversion to primitive Christianity. He said:

"I want volunteers from the First church who will pledge themselves, earnestly, and honestly for an entire year not to do anything without first asking the question: What would Jesus do? And, after asking that question, each one will follow Jesus exactly as he knows how, no matter what the results may be. I will, of course, include myself in this company of volunteers and shall take for granted that my church here will not be surprised at my future conduct, as based upon this standard of action, and will not oppose whatever is done, if they think Christ would do it."

Thus the good work is begun. Fifty volunteers have joined the ranks. Strange to say some of the leading merchants and business men are included in the list. One of them is the owner of the "Raymond Daily News."

gina Page, an heiress and one of the converts of the First church, heard of the trouble at the News office and asked herself the question. Then she donated half a million dollars to the News. That gave it the victory.

In the meantime several other business institutions of Raymond were being run on like principles.

Extraordinary Legend Credited by Galicians.

An extraordinary legend has gained credence among the peasants of Galicia. Paul Kulczycki, a small farmer of Novosiolka, has had a portrait of the late Empress Elizabeth hanging in his bedroom for some years. Some time ago (according to Kulczycki, in September last, the month in which the empress was assassinated) blood began to trickle down the face of the portrait. Kulczycki showed the portrait to his neighbors, who were awestruck at the apparently supernatural sign. Finally a Greek Catholic priest



THE KISSING BUG.

(After the Goblins.)

A little kissing visitor Has come with us to stay, To kiss the girls and bite the boys And drive the germs away. You'd better mind yer doctor, And watch what yer're about, Or the kissin' bug 'll kiss yer if Yer don't watch out.

YOUNG LOVERS DIE.

MURDER AND SUICIDE COMPLETE THE ROMANCE.

Tale of Thwarted Hopes—Young Lover Invited His Sweetheart for Last Ride and Slew Her and Himself—Sutton's Rural Life.

The killing of Leona Elmore at Mason City, Ind., the other day by her lover, Roy Sutton, unfolds a tragic tale of love-unrequited that would stir the heart of a stoic. This is partly on account of the tender age of the principals, but for the most part owing to the passion which prompted the terrible deed. Roy Sutton was the son of a well-to-do farmer, who lives a little ways from the town of Mason. His sweetheart was a town-bred girl of great beauty, and, although but a trifle past 16, Sutton was six feet tall, and in every respect but that of reason a well-developed man. The two had been schoolmates, and Sutton had shown the one of his choice every attention which a school lover can bestow upon

begged her to fly with him that evening. He said he had made his plans and the time was come to make a decisive move. Leona, frightened almost by the impetuosity of his appeal, destroyed the note and went to a lawn party on the east side of the town. She had promised some days previously to be there, and she welcomed the engagement, which would take her from home that evening, when she knew Roy would call to receive his answer. He drove up to the pretty home of the Elmore family on Mason avenue, a charming residence set in a bower of foliage and surrounded by a broad, closely clipped lawn. Miss Elmore was gone out for the evening was the answer to his query. He knew where to find her. He knew the lawn fete was being given that night, and he more than suspected she would be there, and thither he drove.

When he arrived there he saw his sweetheart on the lawn. He did not dismount.

She came across the smooth lawn with a smile on her lips.

"Did you get my note, Leona?" he asked.

Then she recalled the missive, and the smile fled like a phantom. She looked up, half-terrified, into the steady eyes which were gazing down upon her and replied:

"Yes, Roy, I got it."

"Well," said the boy, nervously, "what is your answer?"

"There is no answer," said Leona, attempting to be gay, but the laugh she strove to call up died on her lips.

"Come and join us, won't you?" she asked, seeking to turn his thoughts into another channel.

"Come and take a ride with me," he said, in turn; "I'm going away in a day or two and I want to have a talk with you."

Leona paused for a moment between a desire to render obedience to her mother's wishes and disinclination to disappoint the youth who loved her and whose love she, in part at least, returned. She had been forbidden to go riding with Roy, but she compromised.

"Drive over to the house and I'll ask my mother," she said. "If she is willing I'll be glad to go."

She stepped into the buggy and Sutton drove directly to her home, where he asked Mrs. Elmore to allow her daughter to accompany him for a short drive. He pleaded that he was going to St. Louis in a day or two and would see Leona no more for a long time, if, indeed, he ever saw her again. He declared his plans were completed for his departure and he wanted one last talk with Leona. The appeal was a winning one and Mrs. Elmore relented and said Leona might go. Roy helped her into the buggy, turned the horse's head and drove away into the night.

It was 8:30 when the buggy vanished in the gloom which shrouded the streets beyond the rays of electric lamps. Nearly two hours later Scott Watkins, loitering leisurely home, stopped at a street crossing in the outskirts of the town to allow a buggy to pass. With idle curiosity he glanced under the hood of the vehicle to discover whether it contained a friend whom he might give a parting salutation, and when the rig was close enough for him to recognize its occupant he saw that it was Roy Sutton. At the same instant Sutton leaned forward to see who was standing on the crossing, and called feebly:

"Scotty!"

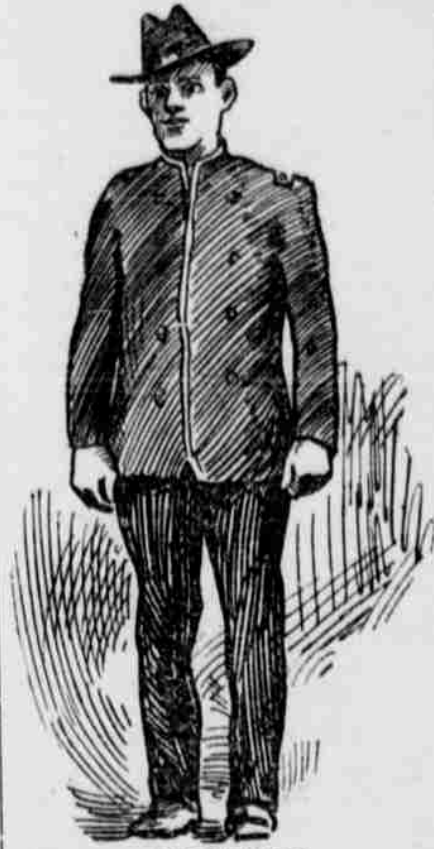
In an instant Watkins divined that something was wrong; that his friend was ill, or had been thrown from the rig and hurt, and he jumped into the buggy.

"What is it, Roy?" he asked.

"What's the matter, old man?"

"Scotty, I'm dying," said Sutton to the startled boy. "Drive me to the doctor's. I've shot myself."

Horrified beyond measure, Watkins gave the horse a cut of the whip that sent it flying toward Dr. Bird's office



ROY SUTTON.

the fair little one of his choice. Sutton's life on his father's farm had made him strong and had developed him beyond his years. He knew Mason City thoroughly. He knew what he could do there—remain on his father's farm, perhaps for years, succeed to the ownership of it in time, become a farmer, and remain right there treading the same paths, meeting the same friends, moving in the same circumscribed circle for the rest of his days. This prospect was intolerable to Roy Sutton. He dreamed of doing noble deeds in some other place than Mason City, of entering upon a wider sphere of action, of living a larger life. And so he went away from his home a year and a half ago to "try it out west."

He bade goodby to Leona Elmore and said he would come back for her when he made his fortune. Leona listened half doubtingly to the fancies Roy painted of a golden future, and she bade him goodby and he went away. Juanita, Neb., was the scene of his first endeavors away from the home which had sheltered him through his brief years of boyhood. There he worked on a farm, that calling lying nearest to his hand, but he promised himself it should not be for long. He would do better than that when he saw his way clearly. Then came the call to arms for the Spanish war, and Roy Sutton thought his chance had come. Like Putnam, he left his team standing in furrow and hastened to respond to his country's call. But his dreams of martial glory were doomed to fade away into nothingness. Although his regiment has been fighting its way to undying fame in the Philippines, Private Roy Sutton never heard the crack of a rifle or inhaled the intoxicating odor of powder smoke. He went to the Presidio in San Francisco with his regiment and there fell ill. The raw winds and dense fogs from the Pacific which are now threatening to wipe out the returned soldiers encamped there preyed upon his lungs and he developed pneumonia. In the camp hospital the surgeons shook their heads gravely and said his parents would best be notified, and when the message came flashing over the wires to Farmer Sutton that his boy had gone for a soldier and was lying close to death in the camp he hurried across the continent to aid him. He got trained nurses and a furlough for the suffering lad. He cared for him tenderly as the shepherd does for the stray lamb which has wandered from the fold into the rain and mist without, and when he was strong enough to be moved he obtained an honorable discharge, for the lad was under age for enlistment and they could not hold him if they would, and brought him home. And so Roy Sutton came back, but without the wealth and leaving undone the great things he had vaguely planned to do, and he sought out his old sweetheart, Leona Elmore. She was still heart-free and Roy told himself that it was for him she had waited. All this was in August of last year, and the attentions begun in boyhood were renewed.

His father then bought a grain elevator and the son was stationed there. His suit for the hand of the young girl became pressing. Her parents objected to her marrying so young.

Sutton proposed an elopement, but his fiancée wished to obey her mother. He was forbidden the house of the Elmore, but one day Miss Elmore received a note from her lover. He

The Recent Discovery of Valuable Roman Relics.

A remarkable discovery of valuables relating to the Roman period have been found in the vicinity of Rhayader, Radnorshire, England. The discovery was made by a young lad while loosening rocks on a hill. The find consists of one gold ring set with onyx, a gold armband in four pieces, and a gold necklace in ten pieces. Mr. Rear of the British Museum pronounced them to be clearly Roman and of great value. The find was a unique one for Wales. The ring was of massive gold, with an ant engraved on it. The work on armband and necklace was distinctly Celtic, and was of high and beautiful character. At the least it would be 1,000 years old, and probably more. In the necklace the setting was of exquisite workmanship, the filigree being of granulated gold. This was a far more valuable discovery than the Mostyn rings, the Mold bracelet, or any previous discoveries in Wales.

To Unite Three Great Rivers by Canals.

Hon. F. B. Loomis, United States minister to Venezuela, says: "Of late years there has been considerable talk of uniting the Orinoco, the Amazon and the Platte rivers by canals of large enough dimensions to permit of the passage of the large ocean vessels. This talk has gradually assumed the shape of a definite plan, until it is quite probable that a congress of the South American republic will soon be assembled to take some action on the matter. The project, if carried out—as I believe it will—would cost between \$200,000,000 and \$300,000,000, but there is no doubt that it would be well worth the cost. It is one of the most gigantic schemes the world has ever known, and its consummation will give to South America the greatest water-way system that has ever existed."

Discovery of a New Raphael Picture at Como.

An alleged new Raphael picture has been discovered at the exhibition of sacred art at Como. In one of the galleries of the exhibition there is a picture representing "The Massacre of the Innocents," belonging to Dr. Biondi of Pavia. A number of artists, attracted by the beauty of the painting, formed a committee to examine it attentively. The surface of the canvas was carefully scratched in the spot where the signature was expected to be, and below the varnish was found the signature, "Raph. VRRL," and the year, "MDX." The picture would, therefore, belong to the beginning of the last decade of Raphael's life, he having died in 1520. It is believed the picture was bought toward the middle of the seventeenth century at a sale of a cardinal's possessions.

Plague of Ants In An Indiana Town.

A plague of small ants is worrying the good housekeepers in the lower part of Breckenridge, Ind. The little pests get in the sugar bowls, play havoc with cakes and pies and drown themselves in the jelly and fruit preserves. It is well known that the large black ants devour the little red ones, and one bright lady introduced several of the big black ants into her home in order that they might eat the little ones up. The black ants did their work nobly, and now the house is free of the small pests. Since the bright woman made her successful experiment her neighbors frequently run over and ask, "Mrs. —, will you please lend me your big black ants for a day or so? I want to borrow them to eat my little ones."

The Coal Industry Thriving In Ireland.

An English paper writing on the subject of "Irish Coal" says it may come as a mild surprise to many to learn that within a three hours' journey of Dublin, Irish colliers producing some 80,000 tons a year are to be found in active operation, or at any rate in as active operation as can be expected from pits which are an hour's drive from the nearest railway station. There are two companies whose lines practically enclose the coal fields, but neither of them seems disposed to "plunge" to the extent of a branch. The coal is of the finest anthracite description, for which a good market exists in Dublin.

The worth of a moral force is measured by its results.



LEONA ELMORE.

and at the same time he turned again to Sutton. He asked in a dozen ways what was the matter, how it occurred, why he shot himself, and all other questions which sprang to his lips as his confused brain tried to grasp the full horror of the situation. Roy Sutton leaned limply against him and finally said:

"Down by the cemetery, Scotty—you'll find it. The gun—and something—else that'll explain—everything. Get me to—the doctor—quick."

The doctor was hastily aroused and when the sinking lad was stretched upon the operating table the cruel bullet holes and the jets of blood told their story all too well. Roy Sutton had little time for this world. There was a small wound in his chest, and another in his left forearm. He died a few hours later.

The man who has had to pay for a daughter's procession wedding doesn't think there is any great disgrace in an elopement.