

DOES IT PRESAGE THE END OF THE WORLD?

Chicago Preacher Sees in "Kissing Bug" the Locust Shadowed in Book of Revelations.

A new and terrible significance is attached to the advent of the "kissing bug" by Professor A. M. Leonard, the apostle of the Mission of the Messenger of Truth, in Chicago.

He read extensively from the book of Revelation, applying each verse to several recent calamities, such as the cyclone at St. Louis, the sinking of La Bourgogne, and the tornado in Wisconsin.

"And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth; and unto them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power."

"And it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree, but only those men which have not the seal of God upon their foreheads."

"And to them it was given that they should not kill them, but that they should be tormented five months; and their torment was as the torment of a scorpion when he striketh a man."

"This is what is said of the coming of the so-called 'kissing bug' in the Bible. This insect which has stung men all over the country, and which is unknown to the scientists."

"Professor Choate of the Field museum has said that there has never been known an instance of the real 'kissing bug,' or pipples, which lives

the heavens are above us and that the destroying angel was cast out into the bottomless pit, which is upon this earth itself. From this pit shall rise the source of destruction of all mankind.

"I regard the appearance of this bug as a final warning to the people of this earth to prepare for the hereafter. If they do not heed it is their own fault. How many in this audience accept the statements which I have made as true?"

by those who cannot, as he does, rush away to sylvan shades at the very first approach of warm weather, frequently appears of a morning on the incoming train a veritable wreck from loss of sleep occasioned by those weird and uncanny sounds that are a foe to the slumber of mortals, though perhaps forming a part of the orchestra which interprets terpsichorean measures for Titanie in the moonlight arrayed in diaphanous garments of cobwebs.

La Cavalleri, the prettiest woman here, perhaps in Europe, is now the wife of the Prince Barantinsky, a member of a proud Russian family, with whom she ran away last April, says a recent cable from Paris.

His family are furious at the marriage and the prince may not take his plebian wife to Russian.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT TORTURES.

Country Life During the Hot Weather Is Not a Blissful Dream.

The fantasy of a poetical mind can with very little effort call up for mental review such a fairlike ensemble as Shakespeare has so gracefully depicted in that light and airy creation of his, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but the practical prose slave who sees things only as they actually exist in his own particular circle shrugs his shoulders superciliously and offsets sentiment by a description of a midsummer night reality ungarmented by any decorative frills of imagination.

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AN ENLARGED PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "KISSING BUG'S" DEADLY STINGER.

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HERE IS A PICTURE OF THE "KISSING BUG," SAID TO BE AN ENEMY OF SINNERS.

in the South, biting a man. What, then, is this mysterious insect but the visitation of one of the last of those torments which the Bible has declared shall come, and which precedes the final destruction."

Professor Leonard then went on to describe the kissing bug as he has been described by the several victims, and read more extracts from the book of Revelation showing that the new bug corresponded with the fearsome scorpions seen by the apostle John in his wonderful vision.

"What is the meaning of this gathering of nations in the East?" continued Professor Leonard. "It means the time of that last terrible battle is near, after which the scriptures say that 200,000,000 angels shall appear and destroy a third of mankind. All the events which I have related to you have appeared in exactly the order they are named in the Bible. If there had been one lapse in the chain there would have been room for you to doubt that the scriptures were being fulfilled. If the mysterious bug or reptile had appeared years ago it would not have had the effect that its present appearance has when the forces of the world are gathering for a terrible war.

the other. Between two princes she chose the Russian. Prince Barantinsky is a rather uninteresting person of small intelligence and dissipated ways. He has spent a great deal of money, and implicitly believes that he is a distinguished personage. If he is it is purely because of his family descent, for the first thing he has ever done of moment except eat and drink is to marry a washerwoman's daughter. In most respects, however, the girl gets the worst of the bargain, as all the prince's attributes were those owned by his ancestors, while his bride has undoubted qualities, the greatest of which is beauty. La Cavalleri sang at one of the leading entertainment houses, Foll Bergere. She carried all before her with her beauty. Her complexion is of a beautiful pink and white, her eyes of a heavenly blue, her figure perfection. Her expression is of the chaste, religious sort so popular here at the present time. Their wooing lasted many months. The prince had rivaled by the score. He loaded the singer with jewels and presents. He carried her off from the Prince d'Orleans, who was duly furious, and who, it was said, was ready to fight another of his ridiculous duels about the matter, but who managed to control himself. The prince and princess are spending an idyllic honeymoon. It is not likely that the bride will return to the stage, though it is not clear how the nobleman is situated financially.

reckoned in insectology. To add to his discomfort giant bugs with resounding thuds of the most startling character dash their brains out against the screens in a vain effort to join the circle about the evening lamp, and a bat perchance lives up matters by frantically flying with blind swirls and whirrs over his head until capture or retirement is inevitable. At last in bed the gentle mosquito proceeds to warble near at hand, if a netting prevents a personal caress, just to show there is no hard feeling, and he keeps up a lengthy monologue that were he a dog would cause the sleepless martyr to declare that his bark was worse than his bite. The dog, however, is not to be left out of the midsummer night's reality. He is generally one that sleeps all day long and bays the moon, whether there is one or not, from bedtime to daybreak. An asinine rooster, who mistakenly regards midnight as morning, adds his note to the voices of the night, and when poor, tired humanity thinks at last there is a respite the industrious running fly begs to differ with him, thus finishing what is a truthful picture of what a midsummer night is in reality, with apologies to Shakespeare that there cannot be more found who enjoy the dream and less who wrestle with the nightmare.—Philadelphia Times.

any ordinary horse to break them. Crupper, breastplate, martingale—these are used or left aside, according to the build, tricks, and temper of the mount, with a single eye to usefulness, and no thought of the ornamental. I speak of workaday attire and saddlery, not of the feathered glories of a holiday rig-out; and, speaking thus, it must be said that the Australian's outfit is planned with a single eye to utility.—Harper's Magazine.

The Father of Arizona. Charles D. Poston, upon whom the territory of Arizona has just conferred a pension of \$25 a month, is known as "the Father of Arizona." He is the first delegate to congress from that section. He has been a world-wide traveler and is full of stories of China sea pirates and how he governed his little kingdom of Tubac.

No Mustaches There. Men exposed to the rigors of the Alaskan winter never wear mustaches. They wear full beards to protect the throat and face, but keep the upper lip clean shaven. The moisture from the breath congeals so quickly that a mustache becomes imbedded in a solid cake of ice and the face is frozen in a short time. Civilization needs more wrong fearin, man-lovin men, and less God-lovin pretense.

TACKLED A BIG TIGER

PLUCKY FIGHT THAT LASTED A WEEK.

Well Dog Was Pretty Boldly Minded, and All the Money in India Couldn't Buy It Now—A Contention Fought with a Tiger in the Outskirts of Jaipur, and a Great Scrampering to Places of Safety.

Tigers are not so common in India now as they used to be years ago, and so when a big man-eater was discovered recently in a garden in the outskirts of Jaipur, next to a lawn on which several men and women were playing tennis, there naturally was a big panic and a great scampering to places of safety.

Capt. R. G. Burton of the English army is stationed at Jaipur, and he was enjoying a siesta when one of his house servants ran in with the news that a man-eater had just entered the compound of an empty bungalow near by. Capt. Burton, with a friend and some native servants, started out to slay the beast. A bull terrier, pet of the captain, followed, and when they got to the compound the terrier made a rush into a big patch of jungle grass there and began barking furiously. Fearing that his pet would be torn to pieces, the captain called the terrier to come back. The dog paid no attention to the summons, but continued to dart about in the grass, snapping and snarling at the intruder.

To the surprise of the whole party the tiger turned tail and fled from the dog, but on reaching the open the beast sprang upon one of the captain's native servants and disemboweled him with one sweep of a monster paw. Before they could open fire upon it the tiger had cleared a hedge, crossed the tennis ground to the accompaniment of a wild chorus of shrieks as the players fled in dismay, and hid among the bushes in a garden adjoining the court. By this time a dozen other men armed with rifles had joined in the chase.

The bull terrier had stuck close to the heels of the man-eater, and by his barking directed them to the beast's new hiding place. Again the dog bearded the tiger, but this time at some distance to itself, for it came darting out of the bushes with blood streaming from a long cut in its side made by the tiger's claws. The terrier pluckily returned to the attack, however, and as before the tiger fled from it. As it darted into the open with the terrier at its heels, every man in the party opened fire, wounding the beast severely. It managed to get in to a small jungle, however, and as by this time it had fallen dark and as it was believed the tiger's wounds would prevent its escape, the chase was abandoned until morning. It was with the greatest difficulty that the terrier was induced to leave the spot.

At daylight it was found that the tiger had made its escape. That it had been severely wounded was shown by a big pool of blood in the jungle where it had sought refuge. Capt. Burton determined to have the beast's skin, and, accompanied only by the bull terrier, he set out on a hunt for the tiger.

On the fifth day, when he had just decided to abandon the chase, he was appealed to by some natives in a village about ten miles from Jaipur to rid them of a tiger that had seized and mauled a man that day. It proved to be the Jaipur tiger, with a broken leg. The captain organized a party, and with the bull terrier to scent the trail, they started out to track the tiger down.

That same afternoon the terrier drove the tiger out of some thick cover into a clump of bushes, and then followed into the bushes and closed with it. The hunters could hear a terrific combat going on, but could not see a thing. Presently the snarling and snapping and rushing around in the bush came to an end, and the hunters were convinced that the plucky dog had been killed.

While they were holding a council to determine how to get the tiger out where they could shoot it, the terrier crawled out to them. The gallant little fellow was covered with cuts and blood. Capt. Burton washed the blood off with water from a canteen and gave him a drink. Then before they could stop it the dog darted back into the bushes and renewed the battle. This attack was short, however, for the dog was exhausted. Capt. Burton decided that the only way to keep the tiger from killing his pet was to go into the bush after it, and he crept in, while the beast was in the act of striking the terrier, he took a snap shot that brought the man-eater down on the instant. It was a lucky shot, the ball having entered the tiger's brain through the ear. The bull terrier was cut up so badly that it was unable to move, but it recovered from his hurts, and Capt. Burton now says there isn't money enough in India to buy the dog.

A Country with One Policeman. There is one country in the world and probably only one, that gets along with a single policeman, and that is Iceland. Iceland is peopled by the descendants of Vikings, including many famous warriors and heroes, but they are so law-abiding that they have no need of policemen. The solitary officer, in spite of his great responsibility, has an easy time. He is maintained more for ornament and dignity than for use. The Icelanders think it would not do to have a capital without a policeman, and so they keep one. This police force is large in one sense. Its member is six feet high, broad-shouldered, and handsomely uniformed.—Green Bag.

"I said the wrong thing to the wrong man at the wrong time," was the confession of a New Hampshire postmaster when he came to a realizing sense of his error in insulting the editor of the local newspaper, who had called at the postoffice and asked for an explanation concerning delayed mail. Joseph Jefferson tells a story of a friend of his who was playing Richard III, on the Texas frontier. When it came to the wailing scene of Lady Anne as intelligent spectator jumped up and shouted: "Don't you believe him, martyr. He's two Mexican wives down in San Antonio."

"A Good Name At Home"

Is a Tower of Strength Abroad." In Lowell, Mass., where Hood's Sarsaparilla is made, it still has a larger sale than all other blood purifiers. Its fame and cures and sales have spread abroad, and it is universally recognized as the best blood medicine money can buy. Remember



Last year the lawyers in a Pennsylvania town adopted the precedent of closing their offices from July 17 to August 5, to give time for vacation. The move was found so successful—all the attorneys being united for it—that it will prevail again this season.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Before Frederick S. Church began to study art he was a soldier in the civil war and an express messenger. He recently declared that he would be perfectly happy could he paint but one picture a year and destroy that if, when finished, he did not approve of it.

Read, Laugh and Learn. When buying a package of "Faultless Starch" ask your grocer for the book that goes with it free. It will afford you lots of amusement and add to your stock of knowledge. All grocers sell it, 10c.

It is not generally known that S. Coleridge Taylor, who composed the cantata played at the last festival in Norwich, England, is a full-blooded negro. Mr. Bligham declares the composer of "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" the coming musical genius.

REGISTER OF TREASURY.

Hon. Judson W. Lyons, Register of the United States Treasury, in a letter from Washington, D. C., says: April 23, 1899. Pe-ru-na Drug Mfg. Co., Columbus, O.: Gentlemen—I find Pe-ru-na to be an excellent remedy for the catarrhal af-



Hon. Judson W. Lyons, Register of the Treasury. ffections of spring and summer, and those who suffer from depression from the heat of the summer will find no remedy the equal of Pe-ru-na.

Judson W. Lyons. No man is better known in the financial world than Judson W. Lyons. His name on every piece of money of recent date, makes his signature one of the most familiar ones in the United States. Hon. Lyons address is Augusta, Ga. He is a member of the National Republican committee, and is a prominent and influential politician. He is a particular friend of President McKinley.

Remember that cholera morbus, cholera infantum, summer complaint, bilious colic, diarrhoea and dysentery are each and all catarrh of the bowels. Catarrh is the only correct name for these affections. Pe-ru-na is an absolute specific for these ailments, which are so common in summer. Dr. Hartman, in a practice of over forty years, never lost a single case of cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhoea, or cholera morbus, and his only remedy was Pe-ru-na. Those desiring further particulars should send for a free copy of "Summer Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.



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