

## PRIESTLY DUTY.



Converting a savage is as hard as taming a rhinoceros, which it is said, will die of a broken heart before it will abate its natural ferocity. The second nature of an Indian is hate of the white man, and this inherent dislike must be subdued to a respect for a white teacher before any good impression will take hold. To see a savage, therefore, at the feet of a Christian missionary learning the divine precepts is an exhibition of wonderful will power of the former over the latter. An instance of the kind is the mission service of Rev. L. N. St. Onge, P. P., who, through very trying exposure during ten years of hard Indian missionary life in the Rocky Mountain region, pursued his noble calling. Of this he writes that he encountered a worse enemy than the savage (developed from his mode of life and taking hold of him with the tenacity of death itself). With this enemy he struggled very hard, while, like the Indian's prejudice, he had to grapple because it was violent, and, like his own will power over the savage—that which he employed to conquer and subdue—was in its nature as overpowering as the influence he exerted on the savage mind. It penetrated with magical effects and made its permanent result. Let him explain. In 1882 he wrote from Glen Falls, N. Y., stating, "I am kept in bed by rheumatism and am a cripple trying the virtues of your great remedy. I could not bear the pain yesterday, but a single application stopped it and made me sleep comfortably. I trust it will reduce the swelling and allow me to walk." Oct. 29, 1888, he writes again: "Everything I used failed to relieve me until I tried St. Jacobs Oil. One application was sufficient to stop the pain, and a very few applications reduced the swelling. I am now able to walk. I therefore recommend that remedy to every one afflicted as I was, and consider it a duty to give it its unqualified praise." As a priestly duty he makes it known. The same sense of heroic duty prompted him, and in conquering the instincts of the savage by patience he has by patience found the greatest discovery of the age.

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It is purely a Medicine  
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Laxative. It is pleasant  
to the taste, and an  
easy taken by children  
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BUY THE FAMOUS Waterbury's  
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## INCIDENTS OF THE ALTAR.

A Maid on a Summer Morn—Why Men Don't Marry.

CUPID AMONG THE MIDGETS.

A Feud Settled By a Wedding—How a St. Louis Druggist Lost a Bride—An Incident of Leap Year—A Matrimonial Tale.

Pluck and Luck.

A maid went out one summer morn, She searched the fields all over;  
When to her home she did return,  
She brought a four-leaf clover.

Her sister who remained at home,  
To bask conceived a notion,  
And made some biscuits light as foam  
That float upon the ocean.

She's wedded been who made the bread  
For half a year and over,  
But not a suitor had the maid  
Who found the four-leaf clover.

Why Men Don't Marry.

A contributor writes to the St. Paul Globe: Why does not my friend marry, when he might win any young lady for his bride? Is a question two hours asked very often, and I have thought long and deeply on the subject myself. Why do not young men marry as they did in the generation gone by? Mr. Editor, it is not, as you say, because of their inability to do so, but because of their inability to think it as you say, but in another sense. Very few young men possess the ability to settle down to the kind of home life which most girls expect to lead. The exalted idea which girls have of how they should live in this fast age is enough to forever put to flight any stray thoughts of matrimony which may enter the mind of the average young man. Money is indeed at the bottom of the whole question. Give young men more money and there will be more marriages. When I say give men more money I refer to those who work, for if I am not mistaken it is in the ranks of the toilers that we find the greatest difficulty to marry. A man must earn a large salary to support a wife in these days. If a man gets married he must hire somebody to keep house for him. This is undeniable in a majority of cases. Well, I to marry I should insist that my wife's own fair hands prepare the tea table or the meal as well as share it with me, that I might enjoy it the better. I am a firm believer in the powerful influence which woman may wield over man for good or evil, just as she will it—therefore I believe the destiny of the young men of to-day lies in the hands of the girls. Where woman's influence leads society, there man will follow every time. Just as long as woman's every want is supplied, even when gratified just so long will marriages decrease. Then throw not the blame on the young men of to-day; they are blamed for enough, God knows.

The girls of to-day themselves willing to make a little sacrifice and be content with less expensive clothes and less jewelry, and give up a little of their passion for balls, theaters, and so on, a man might find courage to look for a wife who knows something beside playing a piano without going into the country. As it is he has no home, and must find solace in something, so he seeks the saloon, the club room or the comfort of a vice or cigar.

A society exists now I believe it to be detrimental to the happiness of the sexes to encourage matrimony, and until girls are willing to make some sacrifice at the matrimonial altar and become wives in fact as well as in name, I believe it to be unwise to encourage matrimony in every sense of the word. I have written this with an honest desire to defend the position of young men from the attacks of the press and pulpit.

Midgets to Marry.

Boston Globe: Love enters the breasts of the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve as well as the giant races of mankind. That the ill-fated loves with the same devotion and with as much ardor as his brother-in-law brother has been demonstrated in Boston within the past twenty-four hours.

Two souls with but a single thought,  
Two hearts that beat as one.

And Princess Ida, a blonde beauty of the most pronounced type, is the adored one. Princess Ida came on to Boston from Vaucluse, Ill., her birthplace, last Monday night, and was met by her mother, Mrs. Mary Sherwood. Owing to circumstances over which the princess had no control, she met the gallant general, and before their acquaintance had been of many hours, they knew they had been created for each other. Since the arrival of the princess the general has been a most devoted lover, and yesterday he screwed his courage up to that point where he felt himself bold enough to make known his burning love, and forthwith went forth to "die or conquer." He sued most earnestly for her hand, and in return she smilingly replied that she reciprocated his love, and would with gladness heart become Mrs. General Joseph Totman. Right there and then the day was set, and in music hall, on the afternoon of March 3, will be witnessed a marriage ceremony the uniqueness of which has never been heard of in the city of culture and refinement.

The stage will be converted into a bower of beauty, made so by sweet-smelling blossoms and rare tropical plants. An orchestra of twenty lady musicians, all dressed in spotless white, will discourse the wedding march and other appropriate music. The bride will be attended by a retinue of maids, all members of the dwarf family, and the general will have with him small men, although none so small as he.

The affair is under the direct supervision of William Austin of music hall fame, and one of Boston's best known and most popular clergymen will unite the smallest couple that ever stood before the marriage altar in this city. Two skillful penmen have been engaged to write the invitations, 10,000 of which will be sent to the first people of the city and state.

A word about the bride and groom. It would be difficult and would require a diligent search before a couple could be found having more marked beauty than the Princess Ida and General Totman can boast of. Together they present a striking appearance, and cannot fail of attracting every more attention than was ever bestowed upon General Tom and Mrs. Thumb. Princess Ida is eighteen years old.

It is said to say that this wedding ceremony will be witnessed by a much larger assemblage than has been present at any previous occasion of the kind in Boston.

A Feud Settled by Marriage.

New York Journal: A bitter feud of nearly fifty years standing between a family of Roseland, N. J., and one of

Cedar Grove is in a fair way of settling on the settlement of a young member of each family. Jack Tellman, of Roseland, is the son of a wealthy farmer. He is tall and handsome, about twenty-two years old, is popular with the young men, and the girls consider him a great catch. His bride was until Sunday night Miss Minnie Van Iderberg, the daughter of Jabez Van Iderberg, of Cedar Grove. She is about nineteen years old, of medium height, well educated, her form is perfect and her face as pretty as that of any girl within a radius of 100 miles of her home.

The Tellmans and Van Iderbergs have been on bad terms since way back in 1840, when Jack's father and Minnie's grandfather had a long and bitter law fight over a claim of land, part of which was claimed by the Tellmans, and settled in a manner not satisfactory to both parties, and since that time bad blood has existed between the families. On frequent occasions there have been serious fights between the young and middle-aged men of the families; in fact whenever the young men met they fought.

Last summer Minnie Van Iderberg came to Roseland to visit an old schoolmate, Annie Walker. After dinner they went out on horseback. After half an hour's ride they went toward the high bluff at Deep Lake, South Roseland. When near it Miss Van Iderberg's horse shied at some object suddenly appearing under the bluff, throwing his rider a distance of twenty feet into the water.

Jack Tellman, who was approaching on horseback with a friend named Charlie Kenworthy, saw the accident, and rushed to the rescue. He dashed around the side of the bluff, dismounted and sprang into the lake. After a severe struggle he reached the shore with Miss Van Iderberg. She murmured, "Saved!" "Saved!" she murmured again.

After lying apparently dead for a few minutes she revived, but when Miss Walker told her that she owed her life to a Tellman she swooned again. Finally she was taken home by Miss Walker and Mr. Kenworthy. Her parents were informed of her little adventure in which one of their enemies had figured. They warned her not to have anything further to do with him.

She was but human, however, and an everlasting love sprang up in her heart for the man who had risked his life to save her. She met him frequently at a quiet little place near the bluff which she now calls her death. The fact of the meetings was known only to Miss Walker and Mr. Kenworthy, but the families of the young lovers got wind of the state of affairs on Sunday and raised a great row.

On Sunday night Minnie went to church. She has not since been seen. Jack Tellman also disappeared on Sunday night.

The two were seen to meet after the church service and seemed suddenly to disappear from view.

On Sunday members of both families received letters from the runaways, stating that they were married in Orange late Sunday night.

They are now in Philadelphia. Jack is well supplied with money, and says that he may take his bride through the west before returning home.

Everybody here and in Cedar Grove, however, believes that the couple will soon return and that the families will become reconciled and united in the friendship of fifty years ago.

He Lost His Bride.

Chicago Tribune: Miss Eva Simpkinson, daughter of Henry Simpkinson, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Cincinnati, closed recently with Walter E. Cameron, a young man about town, and they were married in Lexington. Elegant invitations were issued a few days ago for the marriage of Miss Simpkinson to Charles H. Judge, of St. Louis. The event was a surprise, and the place Wednesday evening, February 29, at the Walnut Hill Methodist Episcopal church. It seems that the young lady, who is twenty-one years of age and a society belle, objected to the match, and to escape Walter Cameron. The Simpkinson family is one of the oldest and wealthiest in the city. Miss Eva's grandfather, John Simpkinson, is a millionaire and a magnificent reception was held to announce the marriage to his residence after the marriage to Mr. Judge. Miss Simpkinson did not tell her relatives of her rash act, and they were greatly surprised to hear what she had done. Charles H. Judge is a promising young man, formerly a resident of this city, while Cameron is one of a class of young fellows who is considered fast. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron returned to Cincinnati after the ceremony, but have no hope of obtaining the pardon of the wife's relatives, who feel that they have been disgraced. Of course the preparations for the next week's wedding, which would have been one of the most fashionable and notable of the year, have been discontinued.

How a Woman Would Propose.

New York Sun: I think it would be funny to hear a woman propose to a man. I wonder how she would do it.

"I thought of it when my lover saw, and I never loved anybody before—but, well, of course—I could marry plenty. There's Harry Thompson—and Mr. Jones—I know they would—if I—but I'd rather have you than any body."

"When shall the wedding day be?"  
"Let me see: the 21st—no, I've got to go to a wedding on the 15th—I think it will be the 15th—I don't know. And then there's Mrs. Wilkerson's German on the 20th, and the wedding of Miss Little on the 25th—if Mary Farlowen doesn't give her garden party. Let us say some time next month, dearest."

After Thirty Years.

A correspondent writes to the Atlanta Constitution from Chayton, Ga.: Your correspondent has recently had the pleasure of interviewing a Mr. James H. Whiten, who has just returned from a thirty years' stay in the wild west. His experiences in frontier life, which is full of Indian skirmishes, bear hunts, etc., is quite interesting; but the separation from his wife of a period of thirty years, and that at the time of their meeting, is the most interesting feature of his story.

In January, 1857, Mr. Whiten was married to Miss Nancy Fowler, a beautiful young lady who resided near Westminister, S. W. Kentucky. He was very ambitious to prepare for his wife a commodious home, both being very poor at the time of their marriage. He made up his mind to try his fortune in the west. The gold fever was spreading through this country at that time like a contagion, and Pike's Peak was the objective point. So in the following spring, when winter's winds had given place to the breezes of spring, and before the honeymoon had fairly warmed, vows of everlasting devotion and fidelity were exchanged, and Mr. Whiten turned his face westward.

After roughing it five years among desperadoes and Indians, and having gained a considerable amount, he decided to return to his Nancy; but not so to be. The civil war was then in full blast, and while passing through the state of Texas, Mr. Wilson was called on for his services and had to respond. During his term of service he was separated from his wife, but no answer

ever came. Through an acquaintance he was informed that his wife had refused to marry him. In the soldiers' camp, in the state of Kansas, the news of Lee's surrender reached him. Being destitute of means, of which to travel, and having learned through an effort to establish a communication that the one he loved was in the west, he decided to live, he returned to Colorado, there to spend the balance of his days in the solitude of the west. For twenty-two years, said Mr. Whiten, "I wandered over the plains and prairies, my thoughts ever turning me back to the place where I kissed her goodbye. It seems that his grief instead of relaxing, grew more poignant. In the fall of 1887 he met an old friend, Joe Steel, in Montana. Mr. Steel told him it was unlikely that his wife was still living; that she had a faint recollection of a marriage in an adjoining county of a Mr. Southern to a Mrs. Whiten, who had long since given up her former husband for dead, and that Southern was a friend of his, and he was informed, and that the widow's postoffice was East Madison, S. C. Enthralled by these glad tidings, Mr. Whiten directed three letters to Fort Madison, one to Mrs. Southern, one to Mrs. Whiten and one to Mr. Whiten, a supposed son of his. Eagerly did he wait for a reply, but none came. The letters remained in the post office until one day the postmaster at that place was fixing to make a legal disposition of them, when a gentleman, Mr. John Latham, happened to step in. The postmaster casually asked Latham if he knew any one by the name of Nancy Southern or Nancy Whiten. Latham happened to be well acquainted with the widow, and, by the request of the postmaster, carried the letter to Mrs. Southern. She answered him at once, explaining her second marriage; that she heard he was dead, and expressed great anxiety to see him. Mr. W. at once took the train for Westminister, S. C. Having been by her letter, informed that she lived at the same old place. Arriving at Westminister, he proceeded to the old country home, where the parting took place. Then, under the willow tree in the yard, where they parted thirty years before, they met again. Time and trouble had, of course, left its impress on both. Said Mr. Whiten: "Though the black curls she once wore were streaked with gray, and the rosy tint of her cheeks was dimmed, the tint of the rose had left the cheek, yet she was as dear to me as ever. We are now living together as happily as when we parted in the spring of 1857. My son came to me last Christmas, and he told me ever saw him—and we all had a jolly time."

Backed Out at the Altar.

There was a remarkable scene at an intended marriage at the house of a Fredericktown, N. B., clergyman the other afternoon. At 4 o'clock a young man, a well-known resident of Candigan, and a young lady, both of whom were well known in the city, were getting married. The ceremony had been commenced and the prospective bride said she would accept the young man as her husband. The minister began to read a picture of marriage, and the bride said she was unhappy. Without waiting to hear the bright side of the picture she pushed her lover's hand away, declaring: "I will not have you." The young man was thunderstruck, and for the moment he was unable to induce her to change her mind. She seized her wraps and left the house, and the marriage was indefinitely postponed.

Very Romantic.

San Francisco Chronicle: She was very romantic. Her father was a millionaire whose life had been devoted to sausage-making. She was naturally, but all the poetry of her family was right in her. She was beloved by another millionaire's son, but she had been reading romances and stuff, and when he proposed to her she declared he must be a poor artist. "I couldn't be any other kind of an artist," she said. "I mean you must pretend to be a poor artist. I don't know you. You must come and make love to me and I will fall in love with you. Pa will object and make a row. We will elope and get married, and when it is all over we'll tell him, and it will be delightful." And so he became a poor artist and took a poor studio and dabbed on canvases and pretended to paint pictures. And there was another millionaire's daughter got to coming to his studio and waiting for him to paint a picture of her. And so he became a poor artist and took a poor studio and dabbed on canvases and pretended to paint pictures. And there was another millionaire's daughter got to coming to his studio and waiting for him to paint a picture of her.

THE COMMANDER OF THE POST.

By Wallace P. Reed, in Atlanta Constitution.

It was very dull at Cottonboro during the summer of '64. The village was situated on a small river in Florida leading to the gulf, and it was supposed to be a place of some strategic importance.

For four years a small force of federals had been endeavoring at odd times to capture Cottonboro and a small force of confederates had succeeded in keeping them back.

A hot July sun was blazing down on Cottonboro and the streets were deserted. Here and there in some shady nook might have been seen a few soldiers playing cards, and telling stories, but there was no other sign of life.

Colonel Melton was pacing the sidewalk in front of his headquarters. He was the commander of the post, but he had very little to do. There was no fighting in prospect, and it was not necessary to keep the men under very strict discipline.

The commander of the post surveyed the situation. He felt the deadening influence of the sultry summer heat, and gasped for breath.

"I must take a nap," he said, "there is nothing to be done here." Just then he saw a cloud of dust in the distance, a mile or so away.

"I will wait," he remarked, "there may be trouble in that quarter." The commander was right. In a very few minutes a number of cavalrymen rode in with a captured spy.

"Shall we hang him or try him?" asked the leader of the party. Colonel Melton was about to give an order when the spy fell upon the face of the prisoner. He saw a handsome youth covered with dust, and bearing the marks of travel and exposure.

"Leave him to me," said the colonel quickly. "I will question him privately." When the prisoner was alone with the commander of the post the latter said: "Clara, I penetrated your disguise at a glance. How is it that you are here?" The prisoner gave a captious nod, such as only a woman could give.

"John Melton," she replied, "I am sorry to look upon your hated face again." "But you are in trouble," answered the commander gravely, "and I must see you out of it." "I scorn your help!" cried the disguised spy. "You deserted me after I had been a faithful wife for years, and you left me to face the world and earn my own living. My talents found employment down this way as a spy, and I went into the business with a full knowledge of the consequences. You may tell your men to take me out and shoot me."

"I cannot do that," replied the commander, "nor can I allow you to be tried. If you are held for trial you will be searched by a crowd of rude soldiers. My wife must not be subjected to such indignities." "Your wife?" sneered the spy. "What did you care for her when you ran away from her?" The colonel shivered, and then looked straight into the woman's eyes.

"That was my reason," he said, "and I have never regretted my action. I wish you were dead, but I don't propose to have a hand in heaping disgrace upon you." The woman's eyes fell, but in a moment she recovered herself.

"Then, John Melton," she said, "I am safe." "You are," answered the commander of the post, "not a hair of your head will be harmed." He spoke with an air of authority, and the woman looked at him with a newly kindled interest in her eyes.

"John," she said softly. "None of that," responded the colonel. "When I left you, it was for good and all. I must get you out of this scrape, but you must never cross my path again."

"But what are you going to do?" asked the spy. "Leave it to me," said the colonel. Then he called in a couple of soldiers and told them to bind the spy's hands. "Leave his feet unbound," said the colonel, "I am going to make the fellow take a walk with me."

"How is that, colonel," inquired Captain Dallas. "A secret of state," whispered the colonel, "it is the only way to get it. I will walk with him to the place where he has buried his papers."

"Good!" cried the captain. "Well, as his hands are tied, it is safe." In the course of a few moments the commander of the post started off to the woods with his prisoner.

"Lead me to me," he said, "and I will come back by himself," said a soldier to a comrade, with a significant wink. All the soldiers smiled as they watched the couple.

The couple went to do a little shooting himself," they said. "Well, it is all right." Colonel Melton escorted his prisoner through the woods for a mile or so. At last he paused.

"Clara," he said, "do you know where you are now?" "Yes," she answered, "I could now make my way back to the lines if I left free." The colonel cut the spy's bonds.

"Goodbye, Clara," he said. "But you?" asked the spy. "What will become of you?" "Be off at once!" shouted the colonel, "I must return, and you must not lose a moment."

The frightened woman sped away through the forest. The commander of the post quietly followed her trail for an hour or two. When he was satisfied that she had reached a place of safety he retraced his steps.

He was almost in sight of Cottonboro when he drew a pistol and placed it against his head. The discovery of Colonel Melton's dead body excited the garrison at Cottonboro to a high pitch of wrath, but there was nothing to be done.

"That d-d spy!" said one of the officers. "He got loose in some way and murdered the best soldier in Florida." This was the general verdict, and was thought the spy had taken advantage of the colonel, and had assassinated him.

Nor did the spy ever find out the true explanation. She knew the magnanimity of her husband, but she never knew the secret of his death. Perhaps the commander of the post did not care to live in the same world with his wife. Perhaps he preferred death rather than return to Cottonboro with his prisoner.

No one ever knew. But a gray haired woman in one of the northwestern states spends hours at a time in her little cottage with folded arms, thinking of the mysterious chapter in her life.

"If only I knew," she whispers every day to herself. "If I only knew." But she never will know, and the world will never know.

Every person is interested in their own affairs, and if it meets the eye of any one who is suffering from the effects of a torpid liver, we will admit that he is interested in getting well. Got a bottle of Prickly Ash Bitters, use it as directed, and you will always be glad you read this item.

In pendant a beautiful design represents a bird of Paradise, the breast of which is formed by a cluster of 100 rubies, and the wings and long tail by as many brilliant diamonds. In the mouth of the bird a pearl is held.

KIDNEY and bladder troubles produce a feeling of utter despondency. A genial stimulant and tonic, and an unfailing remedy for all such troubles, may be found in Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm.

A hot July sun was blazing down on Cottonboro and the streets were deserted. Here and there in some shady nook might have been seen a few soldiers playing cards, and telling stories, but there was no other sign of life.



Who is WEAK, NERVOUS, DEBILITATED, who in his FOLLY and IGNORANCE has TRIED away his VIGORS of BODY, MIND and NERVE, causing exhausting results, and who is suffering from NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, DROPSY, BRUISES, WOUNDS, etc., who is suffering from all the EFFECTS leading to CHRONIC DISEASE, should consult at once the CELEBRATED Dr. Clarke, Established 1841, Dr. Clarke has made NERVOUS DEBILITY, CHRONIC and all Diseases of the GENITAL URINARY ORGANS a Life Work. It makes NO difference WHAT you have taken or WHO has failed to cure you. SP-PRICKLY ASH BITTERS, use it as directed, and you will always be glad you read this item.

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