

HARMONY IS LIGHTLY BROKEN

Presbyterians Inculge in a Moment of Acrimonious Debate.

BUT PEACE IS RAPIDLY RESTORED

Difference Arises Over Telegram Which Delegate Wished to Send to President Roosevelt, but Unanimously Quickly Rejected.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., May 23.—Today was half work and half play for the Presbyterian general assembly.

The harmony that prevailed since the opening of the general assembly received a slight shock this morning. Although the shock was of but momentary duration, it caused the only commotion that has stirred the body since the sessions began.

After disposition had been made of the reports of the board of relief and the special committee on evangelistic work Rev. Frederick K. Stanley of Atlantic City, N. J., sought to obtain recognition from the moderator and took the platform.

Telegram to President.

"As a number of us journeyed through Nevada a few days ago on our way to this general assembly our special train stopped at Reno and we had the pleasure of listening to a very good speech by our president.

"I wish to introduce," began Mr. Stanley, "a resolution with regard to the memorable trip of the president of the United States, who is about to turn his face again to the national capital.

Opposition is Defeated.

Moderator Coyle hesitated for a moment and then remarked in a decisive tone: "I do not think that this would be the proper disposition of this resolution."

NEW LIFE FOR MEN

The Long Sought "Elixir of Life," Discovered by German and English Physicians; Not Only Prolongs Life, but Gives the Vigor and Vitality of a Bull.

Sample Sent Free to Any Man Who Will Write for It.

After years of research, eminent physicians have discovered a remedy which is indorsed by the leading members of the medical profession as permanent in its effect.

The principal ingredient in an animal extract taken from a healthy young bull, is scientifically prepared by the best chemists in the world.

It is a true remedy. This is the test by which the Missouri Drug Company, which offer a sample free treatment to be tried. After a few days' use, it goes direct to the seat of the trouble, no matter of how long standing, giving strength and development where it is needed.

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the attention of the assembly until the hour of adjournment.

This afternoon four special trains conveyed the assembly to Long Beach, where the delegates indulged in surf bathing, carriage drives and other seaside amusements.

Session at Lexington.

LEXINGTON, Ky., May 23.—At today's session of the Presbyterian general assembly Rev. J. L. Caldwell of Pine Bluff, Ark., delivered the sermon. Communications were received from Dr. Hathaway, secretary of the American Sabbath union, asking the southern assembly to adopt the union as the northern assembly and inviting the board to attend the meeting at St. Louis, and from the Presbyterian Historical society of Philadelphia soliciting the historical records of the church for exhibition.

PRIVATE JOHN ALLEN TALKS

His Experiences in St. Louis and His Storied Bouts with Missouri's Governor.

Private John Allen of Tupelo, Miss., a member of the government commission of the St. Louis exposition, did not figure to any great extent in the ceremonies of dedication of that enterprise, but he was there all right, for several good stories of his invention or experience have been brought back to Washington.

FOUR KILLED IN ELEVATOR

Cage with its Human Freight Drops for Fifty Feet—Victims Badly Mangled.

PITTSBURG, May 23.—One man and three women were killed and five or six injured last night at 1024 Fifth avenue, a building occupied by a dancing academy.

Mamma is cross all the time

Have patience with her—she can't help it. She doesn't know what is the matter with her—perhaps you do not yourself; but rest assured it is a case of "nerves."

Nerve Food Pills

are made in a form to be easily taken at any and all times. One of the greatest troubles in curing a case of this kind is that a woman will not take medicine regularly.

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Searles' Rummage Sale

Short Story by Alice Louise Lee.

The house was cold and cheerless. Even the cat howled dimly at the back door, preferring the atmosphere without. The hot air pipes emitted blasts of cold.

The library grate was gray with ashes. Mrs. Lillian was expending all her energies in the first story of the Rogers' block, persuading her friend that they could make use of their neighbor's cast off things.

Lemuel pulled his overcoat collar up around his ears, and drew his hat down to meet it. Then he seated himself in his accustomed chair at the dining table and surveyed the collation of cold scraps spread out before him. In their midst, was a note from his wife.

"Darling, I have the most awful confession to make. But it is not my fault and I know you will forgive me, and get me another. I am so sorry that you have not a hot dinner. Do relent and come to the sale. The men are all calling it Searles' sale. Isn't that absurd? The dinner is hot and good. Do come for 25 cents. I am so sorry, but I could not help it, and you will forgive me will you not?"

"If any one can make head or tail out of that note he's welcome to it. Searles' sale, indeed. Wait until I get hold of a few facts and I'll make it hot for 'em," was Lemuel's comment.

He set his teeth resolutely into a piece of yesterday's roast.

"I see myself down there to dinner. I've said I'd not set foot inside their blooming show, and I won't."

The rummage sale was really a case of Searles versus the rest of the church, at a time when rummage sales were yet experiments in the land.

Mr. Searles ate his lunch deliberately, fed the cat, poked at the furnace, and started back to the bank. At the front door he hesitated. There hung Lillian's house key, forgotten. He must get it to her, but how? His dignity forbade his invasion of the Rogers' block.

He walked slowly down Main street, turned to the right and picked his way through the alley. A negro, Sammy by name, aged 11, according to the best of his own reckoning, crossed the alley.

"Hi, there, Sam!" yelled Searles.

Sam returned with a skip when he saw his old-time patron's hand disappearing into his pocket.

"Here, Sam, take this dime and this key, and give one of them to Mrs. Searles at the rummage sale."

Sam grinned, dropped the dime into his pocket, and disappeared in the rear of the Rogers' block. A window was open. He looked cautiously within. Coats, hats, dresses, wrappers and what not, hung on the walls and were heaped on counters. The room was deserted by both sellers and buyers as the crowd was being fed at that hour.

Just as Searles turned to go, a pair of trousers, hanging near the window, caught his eye. They were made of the finest broadcloth, not worn in the least. Searles had a weakness for clothes and bargains in the name. These trousers looked about his length. A gust of wind blew the price tag into view.

"By the great guns," Searles commented, "only 25."

Sam came around the corner. Searles collared the youth, led him into the recess of the alley, thrust 25 into his hand, and some pointed directions into his head. He was to keep his mouth shut and bring the bundle straight to the bank.

Twenty-five minutes later Searles learned that his bargain was too short in the legs and too tight in the hand. He had likewise seen himself standing on tip toe, craning his neck into a back window of the Rogers block. And, even as he had seen himself, some one else probably had seen him. There was the rub.

Still, those trousers were good and could be made better. If the story of their purchase got out he could invite the jokers to view a pair of elegant new trousers—at least, they would be elegant when overhauled by his tailor, Long, up in the city. He should go tomorrow.

Having thus fortified himself against attack, he went home and met a solemn little wife. Searles' heart sank the moment he looked at her. The story of his method of attending the sale was probably all over town and this was the way it affected Lillian. Lillian sat on his knee, and said: "Lemuel, why don't you ask me to confess?"

"Confess!" exclaimed Searles in surprise. A tear rolled down her cheek.

"You didn't even read my note."

"A light broke in on Searles. He began to laugh.

"It's no laughing matter to lose your muff, sobbed Lillian. Oh, Lemmy, it's awful. I laid it down at the sale—cost 25—and some one made a mistake and sold it for 25 cents and we can't find it. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Searles forgot the trousers. He threw his head back and roared.

"I can't see anything to laugh at," observed his wife, her tones luffed by his coat front. "You would not laugh if you had to have your fingers freeze all the rest of the winter, unless," she liberated one eye and surveyed his face, "unless you'll give me another, Lemmy, dear."

But Lemuel suddenly hardened his heart now that the trousers were over.

"I can't afford to run rummage sales on 25 muffs," he grumbled, and returned to his paper.

The next day Searles and his dress suit case repaired to the city, only to find that the way of the transgressor is hard. The tailor shook his head over the trousers. He feared that when the garment was enlarged the old seams would show.

Searles went up the following week, according to instructions, and found a pair of uncomfortably tight trousers, with long, faded streaks conspicuously showing themselves a quarter of an inch from every seam.

Long advised his customer to allow him to send the garment around the corner to a dyer who would make the entire garment one shade darker, and so conceal the streaks.

Searles asked the price of the suggested treatment and he said: "Take 'em." The tailor followed him to the door.

"I forgot to tell you that I was obliged to reline them throughout, as the old lining was so worn."

Searles half way down the stairs made a remark. The tailor did not hear distinctly, but accepted it as a pleasant "Good-day," and returned it.

One week later Searles was seated in the train, homeward bound. At his feet stood his dress suit case, containing a pair of elegant dark blue trousers which proved themselves a "good mail," the dyeing process having stricken them. Their weary owner was employed in tlembling on the back of an old letter.

Searles added the column three times. Then, tearing up the envelope, he scattered it piece by piece along eighteen miles of track. He hoped the distance would effectively separate those items.

He carried his suit case home, reflecting on his blessings. Three weeks had elapsed since the sale, and he had not heard one word concerning his share in it. The trousers were so nearly new that he would not have to tell his wife a lie about them, and after all they were a bargain. In this amiable frame of mind he walked into his library.

Lillian had just come in. She was warming ten small plump, red fingers over the grate. She exhibited each chilly digit to

him in turn. The muff had not been recovered.

"Want to see my new trousers?" asked Searles cheerfully, wishing to change the subject.

He shook out the trousers in all their freshness and folds and swung them before his wife's eyes. She merely vouchsafed them a glance.

"How much did they cost?"

Lemuel had anticipated this question, hence the figuring on the train. Just 25 at Long's," he replied glibly.

Mrs. Searles took hold of the hem of one leg gingerly. She elevated her nose.

"Ugh, how they smell!"

Searles knew that the odor was due to the recent dyeing, but all he said was: "Store smell on the cloth, probably."

His wife picked up the other trouser leg. She sniffed a coming interest. She turned the legs over and tried the quality of the cloth. She examined the hems and gazed at the seams with a critical eye. Then she raised her child-like blue eyes to her husband's face.

"Lemmy, how can you tell such stories? They were made just as I thought at the time it was ridiculously cheap, because I remember you paid just 25 for them, and then grew stout so fast that you really never wore them much."

Searles reached for a chair, and sat down wearily. The trousers fell on the floor in a heap. His own old trousers. And he, Lemuel Searles, banker, had—he groaned aloud.

"Lemmy, what is the matter?"

"Lillian, you have one strong point for which I am very thankful! You never see a joke."

Lillian looked puzzled, and Lemuel thoughtfully. His eyes fell on her red hands. His face became animated.

"Lily, how would you like to go up to the city tomorrow and look at muffs?"

"Oh, Lemmy!"

"And a collar—"

"Of seal skin—"

"You darling!"

"You shall have 'em both if you will do me a little favor—"

"I'll be anything in the world for you."

"But this is something you are not to do—you are not to tell."

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