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NO. 5.

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IN REMORIAM.

[From the Newport Times.]

As was announced in our last issue, the funeral services of the late John W. Graves were held in the opera house Sunday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, November 15, 1891.

In the center of the hall stood a neat monument. The lower portion was pearly white, while the upper portion was black velvet. About this part of the monument were placed the three links, one of which was appropriately broken. This monument was surrounded by the chairs and pedestals, etc., of the order, and upon his chair, for he was an officer greatly respected by his brothers, hung the official regalia of his station, worn so often in lodge duties.

The lodge marched into the hall at just 2:30, and the choir sang an appropriate hymn. Following came the ceremonies of the order, which were very impressive. The responsive reading of the chaplain and those who were beautiful indeed. Then rose Captain J. J. Winstan and delivered some very well chosen remarks of sympathy and condolence and comfort to the friends and mourners. The following is the ADDRESS:

BROTHERS: Odd Fellows and FRIENDS: It is a sad and solemn event that calls us together to-day. We are here to perform a funeral service, and yet it lacks one very essential element for a funeral—we are denied the poor privilege of taking a last look at the remains of our departed brother. The sea, the great restless, restless, relentless sea, holds him in its clasp and refuses to yield him up. But if we could be permitted to have his remains here for interment, we would have been reminded of the fact that yesterday, as it were, he was all activity, full of life and hope, but now he is but a lump of lifeless, helpless, useless clay, and we ask ourselves the question, Where is the intelligence that once beamed from his loving eyes, and caused them to shed tears of sympathy, that moved his lips to speak kind words, and prompted his hands to the performance of good deeds? Where is that invisible, intangible something, that we know exists, but cannot see, and we cannot bury?

But I would say to the sorrowing, let us not think of our loved ones, whether buried beneath the clouds of earth, or under the sad sea waves; let us not think of them as being there, but think of them rather as souls disenthralled—set free from the trials and cares of this earthly life and passed on to a realm of eternal rest.

A few days ago I was sitting by the sea, watching the waves as they rolled upon the shore in endless procession, and I was watching the men as they passed in and out on the jetty, engaged in their daily toil, and I thought what a constant struggle life was, and gradually my thoughts framed into rhyme, (I will not call it poetry; but as the thoughts seem to fit this occasion, I will repeat them:)

Sitting by the sea shore with its constant ebb and flow, Watching the billows as they swiftly come and go, Watching the sea birds as they soar above their nest, Wondering if in Nature there is ever any rest.

In the busy city where the noisy throng, 'Mid care and strife and turmoil, madly rush along, Making life a struggle, a burden at the best, Causing one to wonder if there's ever any rest.

steps as the shadows of evening gather around her home. And I know how hard it is for her to realize that he will never come to her again. And I know how her heart is filled with anguish when her little boy in his innocence shall ask, "Why don't papa come?" but all I can say to her is, Your husband has finished his life work and he has left you yours to perform, left you a heavy burden, more, perhaps, than you feel you can bear; but he can never help you more; the world can help you but little or do ought to console you in your great sorrow; God alone can help you. Try to be brave, then, and perform the double duty which is left for you and which your husband would gladly have shared could he have been permitted to do so. You have a little boy to whom you will now have to be both father and mother, too young to even profit by the good example of his father's life, only so far as you may be able to teach it to him. Strive to impress upon him the good lessons that may be derived from it, and may he, above all else, retain that one great quality, a love and veneration for his mother, so that in your declining years you may see and know that God has helped you by giving you a noble son to lean upon. And in conclusion let me say that, wherever you may be, remember your husband was an Odd Fellow, and that thousands of good men are solemnly pledged to be your friends.

This lodge will miss him. He was an active member and earnest worker, the principal of "friendship, love, and truth," were ingrained into his very soul, and as we look upon the chair that he has left vacant, and the broken link, we realize in part what a loss we have sustained, and we can hardly offer to the world a better example of what an Odd Fellow should be, than we find in the life and character of J. W. Graves.

Christians by Deputy. A suit of most thrilling interest to the Christian world has just been filed at Detroit. The Rev. Ed Lemontals sees the Rev. John McCarroll, rector of the Grace Episcopal church in that city, for \$5,000 salary as assistant rector in 1888-9. The plaintiff was an accomplished ex-professor of languages in that city and there is plenty of proof that he performed the services specified for the time mentioned in his complaint. When interviewed on his suit, and on the kind of work he had done, the Rev. Lemontals said: "I performed the mental work."

"What do you mean by the mental work?" "I attended the funerals of poor people and prayed by the bedside of poor, sick people. There is a woman at whose house I pray. Wherever there was an opportunity to pray, I was there and went down on my knees." "Didn't Dr. McCarroll attend some of the funerals and pray with some of the sick?" "Only when they were rich and there was money in it," Lemontals replied.

To be sure this is only one side of the case, but it is only one more indication of the luxurious drift in all large and wealthy church establishments. This same spirit has long permeated the great church centers of England, where bishops and canons do the superior elegance on enormous salaries and ministering unto the poor lambs of the flock, whose fleeces is not white and thick enough for the higher clericals to touch.

The real secret is hidden in those words "where there was money in it." In wealthy church establishments, piety's standard has grown to be gold. To keep in touch with this standard, the religious figurehead can not mingle with the common herd of poverty found in the most gilt-edged parishes as a sort of "necessary evil." Hence the figureheads are Christians by deputy. They can't afford to lose caste. They must hire a cheaper article for the mental work—people who have not so much splendor and respectability at stake.

If the lowly Nazarene, in his fisherman's garments, should appear in one of his elaborate congregations to-day, quite a number of his followers would decline an introduction. They can't take any risks.—Spokane Chronicle.

Mark Twain's Courtship. "Mark Twain's" wife was a Miss Langdon, of Elmira. When Mark first met her he was not so distinguished as now. Her father was a judge, and doubtless expected "family" and social importance in his son-in-law. Clemens, however, became interested in his daughter, and after awhile proposed,

but was rejected. "Well," he said to the lady, "I didn't much believe you'd have me, but I thought I'd try." After awhile he "tried" again, with the same result, and then remarked with his celebrated drawl: "I think a great deal more of you than if you'd have said 'yes,' but it's hard to bear." A third time he tried to get her, and then came the most difficult part of his task—to address the old gentleman, "Judge" Langdon. He said to the dignified millionaire, "have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?" "No indeed," replied the millionaire, sternly; "no, sir, I have not." "Well, look sharp and you will," said the author of Innocents Abroad. And that is the way he asked the judicial luminary for his daughter's hand.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN. Can Only be Studied Three Hours in a Century. WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 25.—In his annual report to the secretary of the navy, Commodore Dewey, chief of the bureau of equipment, summarizes the work of his bureau during the year as follows: "During the past fiscal year, fifty-three vessels have been either wholly or partially equipped under this bureau at an expenditure for labor and material of \$664,280." Commodore Dewey incloses the reports of the superintendents of the naval observatory and nautical almanac office and naval inspector of electric lighting. The superintendent of the observatory says: "April 15, 1893, a total solar eclipse occurs under circumstances so favorable that its observation is extremely desirable. The central line of shadow sweeps across South America, the Atlantic ocean, and Northern Africa, and the duration of totality is four minutes forty-two seconds, near Ceres, Brazil, and four minutes ten seconds near Be-thurnt, Senegambia. Many of the most important questions relating to the constitution of the sun can be studied only during total eclipses, and as the whole time available for that purpose is only about three hours a century, the necessity for utilizing every available eclipse is evident, if we are ever to comprehend that wonder on which the existence of the human race depends." He hopes means may be provided for the sending of at least one party to Ceres, and if possible another to Be-thurnt.

Our November Weather. The mean temperature for November was higher than in any preceding November in twenty-two years. The next highest was 46.7 degrees, in 1877, and the lowest was 38 degrees, in 1872. The large amount of rain falling so early, (5.19 in. in October, and 6.93 in. in November, equalling 12.12 in.) before the heavier hauling was done, has given us very bad roads, which will probably continue until spring. However, in return it has put the ground in fine condition for the plow, and given the grass a good start, which is still growing finely. Highest barometer for the month, 30.429; lowest, 29.624, on the 30th; mean, 30.114.

Things a Woman Can Do. Of the modern daughter of Eve a Boston paper says: "She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that." "Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that." "She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail." "She is as cool as a cucumber in a half dozen dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt." "She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to a woman she hates, while two men would be pounding each other's heads, before they had exchanged ten words." "She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base-ball pitcher." "She can say 'no!' in such a low voice that it means 'yes!'" "She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony was performed." "She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing a desire to murder the infant." "She can do more in an hour, and do it better." "She can drive a man crazy in twenty-four hours and then bring him back to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do that.—Ex.

Then pealed the bells, more loud and deep, God is not dead, nor doth he sleep! The wrong shall fall the light prevail, With 'Peace on earth, good will to men.' LONGFELLOW.

Why Dr. Price's Baking Powder is Superior to all others.

No great efforts are made by other manufacturers to procure and use pure materials. It is true that one other company has the facilities, but its greed and cupidity induced it in an evil hour to use ammonia, in order to swell its profits. Hence the Price Baking Powder Company stands alone in its fight for a pure baking powder. No other article of human food receives greater care in its production, or has attained higher perfection. Dr. Price's Cream is surely a perfect baking powder. Free from every taint of impurity. No other article used in the kitchen has so many steadfast friends among the housewives of America.