

CEREMONY WILL BE SIMPLE.

The Harrison-Dimmock Wedding Will Be a Quiet Affair.

No details have been arranged yet for the wedding of ex-President Harrison...

Those who are close to the ex-president think he will have, if possible, all of his old cabinet members present...

The ceremony will be performed in the daytime, probably at 11 o'clock, by the pastor of St. Thomas church, New York, Rev. S. Wesley Brown.

The ex-president, being a Presbyterian, is not used to the forms and ceremonies of the Episcopal church...

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HE'S HAUNTED.

Telegraph Operator Who Caused a Wreck Gives Himself Up.

James Gallagher, formerly a telegraph operator for the Washburn road at Springfield, Ill., has given himself up to the Chicago police...

When I saw the awful mistake I had made, I said, "I ran away and succeeded in making my escape. Since then I have wandered all over the country, but the scenes that wrecked train, mixed with the cries of the injured and dying, haunted me, and even at the present time I see it all."

Who are following you and where are they now? asked the sergeant.

"Oh, it's the dead ones, their friends and others, they are all around me. See, here they come now, and with a shriek the man suddenly jumped from his chair and pointed at the wall."

Information was received from Springfield that Gallagher is the son of a widow living there. About five years ago, when a mere boy, he began work as a telegraph operator for the Washburn road at Springfield Junction, and afterward worked at Decatur and other points on the line in this state.

When he was a steady position at Lexington, Mo., and while there a wreck occurred on the road, which resulted in the death of several persons and the destruction of a number of valuable race horses.

The Pity of Washington. The doubt has never been raised in any respectable quarter that Washington was not a man of strong religious faith.

One would need to read hardly more than his farewell message to be convinced of that. In that document, it will be remembered, Washington distinctly says that religion and morality are inseparable.

Washington was a Christian, says this writer. "Study his private life among the shades of Mount Vernon. Contemplate his career as a soldier, the head of the army. Scrutinize the acts of his administration as chief magistrate of the republic, and you will constantly find proofs that he was governed by Christian principle."

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THE SALVATION ARMY.

MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH WRITES OF ITS WORK IN AMERICA.

How the People Are Reached—The Stomach—Statistics of the Work Done in This Country—The War Cry—How It is Principally Sold.

It is not enough in such a field as ours to build a church and open its doors and call to the passing people, "Come and hear of God; repent and become good."

This Salvation Army has undertaken to do in many ways: First, it parades the streets where these people lounge. After its waving colors and uniformed troops flock the poor, the ragged, the drunken, the dirty, the criminal, and the desperate classes, and you can often see them trooping to the Army hall, which has been made suitable for them in all its appointments and where a welcome is extended to one and all, for if any have the preference in our Salvation meetings, it should certainly be given to the most drunken and debilitated.

Miss Eleanor Winslow becomes a Disciple of Christian Science.

Miss Eleanor Winslow is studying Christian Science in the city of New York. To say that it is a beautiful and one who may make it fashionable.

Miss Eleanor Winslow is one of the beauties of the day. Men, and women, too, raved over her picture when it was exhibited at the portrait show.

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A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH WRITES OF ITS WORK IN AMERICA.

The Diver Was Pinned Beneath Wreckage With Fifty Feet of Water Above—Felt the Water Creeping Under His Armor. Each Moment an Eternity.

Captain Charles Smith of Bridgeport, Conn., who had a thrilling struggle with death 50 feet under the water, told the story of his experience today.

The wreck lay quite deep—deeper than I usually care to go, although I have been down to the bottom of the sea many times. After the mast was cut by the board and the deck was torn off by the waves the cross timbers were strewn over the wreck, and many were suspended over the decks and into the hold.

When the crew was scattered, the mass slowly over and fell partially into the hold and I was caught with it and held fast. You cannot see very far in such a depth of water, and when I found myself pinned in, how I could not tell, I jerked the life line three times, which is the signal to rise.

When I was in the water, I felt myself rising a few feet, and then all the wreckage fell in upon me and everything came to a standstill. I jerked the life line repeatedly, but there was no response. I tried to move, but found the air pipe was somehow caught so that any movement shut off the current of air.

In the meantime those on the wrecking ship were wondering what had happened. It seemed to them as though the signals to haul up were quickly followed by others to lower, and then by one to stop.

The man at the life line became confused at these contradictory orders, and hoping to take a safe course, ordered the derrick to haul on the blocks. Nothing yielded to the strain, although the wrecking ship creaked greatly.

The men at the pumps worked for dear life, until they were exhausted and had to be relieved. Still no signs of release.

All this while I was wondering, and the captain, "why I was not hauled up, when I came to the conclusion that my lifeline had certainly been fouled when the wreckage shifted and that my signals were not properly sent up."

It had now become black as night and I had cut out a small hole in the valve of my right hand rubber glove by catching hold of some iron bolts, and the water had come in and filled the glove full, exerting a terribly painful pressure on my hand, and was slowly oozing past the clamps at my wrist and had reached my elbow.

It seemed to me that I was floating in the water, and I found I could climb up to the surface. I found myself becoming confused through the great air pressure in my helmet, and I had almost concluded that I should never clear myself, when suddenly the wreckage gave a lurch, and I found I could climb up to the surface.

Grasping my ax, I cut away at my feet, but some iron stays were in the way. As I hung there it seemed a lifetime, when again the tide favored me, and I began working desperately.

Suddenly the whole mass broke and I fell rapidly, and I became so entangled that I was actually held head downward, as I was carried up. It seemed another eternity before I reached the surface.

When I came up, the men at first did not suppose I was there, as there was such a mass of tangled material, and their surprise you can imagine. I began to rise, and the wreckage, felt first. When I was hauled upon deck and my helmet opened, it seemed as though my eyes were on fire, so terribly did they burn from the fire of air pressure.

"It was," concluded the captain, "the closest I have ever had to death, and I have had a great deal of experience in these lines, and I assure you, I am not a bit afraid."

Captain Smith is a powerful six-footer, 40 years of age, and has followed his dangerous calling some 18 years. His wide experience in these lines stood him in good stead in the thrilling event which followed his experience.—New York Journal.

After Paderewski. Chicago University May Engage the Wonderful Pianist.

Ignace Jan Paderewski is to be the guest of honor at a reception to be given March 13 by President Harper of the University of Chicago.

President Harper is under suspicion of setting a trap for the man of the Leonine head. It is hinted he has designs on the magnificent gift of his guest for his prospective conservatory of music.

Efforts have been renewed at the university lately to complete the details for a musical department that shall eclipse anything of the kind in this country and rival similar schools in Europe.

It is to be on a scale in keeping with all the other enterprises undertaken by the wonderful "Aladdin of Chicago." The plans as discussed thus far contemplate a musical temple, to cost \$500,000 or more.

Dr. Harper is said to have his hungry eyes already on several noted leaders in our art music, and so, whether Paderewski suspects the trap, or refuses to play in the presence of the masters of academic music, he may take this as a quiet tip that there is a golden opportunity to win the everlasting loyalty of Chicago.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

CLEVELAND ROW--13-30-7. Washington Policy Players Have Faith in Luck Housing Market.

The sun was just sinking in the west when one of Washington's sporty colored citizens crossed the Long bridge and entered a policy shop in Jackson City. That he was in hard luck was apparent. But with a dime in his hand he approached the manager of the peculiar gambling place.

"I plays dat on de Cleveland row," he said.

"The Cleveland row! Why, I don't know that row. What's the number?"

"Why, everybody knows 'em. Day is 13-30-7."

"Why, dose numbers dey represent de ducks wat de president done shot on his last tree trips. Now, last night I done have a dream, and I dreamed of de president shooting ducks tree times, and den I dream of gold bonds a-man from everywhere, and of dat don't mean play de Cleveland row and change your luck, I don't know nothin' 'bout de policy business."—Washington Post.

COLONY IS A SUCCESS.

MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH WRITES OF ITS WORK IN AMERICA.

For several months past the industrial, financial and other conditions existing in what is known as the Old Soldiers' colony, at Fitzgerald, Ga., have been under investigation at the hands of interested parties, and it is stated that recently an appeal to industry and perseverance are working far toward making one of the favored garden spots of the South an ideal home for survivors of the war.

The plan of the colony was devised by P. H. Fitzgerald, of Indianapolis, Ind., in 1884. Connected with the pension service for years this gentleman incorporated a company with a capital stock of half a million dollars, interested veterans and others, and purchased 34,000 acres near Tifton. A town site was laid out, parcels of ground allotted, and 9,500 people now live within its five-mile radius.

The site of the city of Fitzgerald is in the county of Fitzgerald, five miles east of Evergreen, to consist solely of residences and hotels and to be a pleasure resort. The site of the city of Fitzgerald is in the county of Fitzgerald, five miles east of Evergreen, to consist solely of residences and hotels and to be a pleasure resort.

The original plan to provide veterans with a cheap home, where the State would mill the stump of the cut-down trees still mark the site of the forest. People have been too busy to burn them out. Stumps still stand in many of the streets.

The road simply banks them, and the houses are entirely subservient to utility. No time has been wasted in frills of any kind. The present rate of building is three houses a day.

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ANOTHER CONGRESSMAN.

MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH WRITES OF ITS WORK IN AMERICA.

Paine's Celery Compound, the Great Spring Remedy, Made Him Well.

A congressman is a public servant in the full sense of the word. He is responsible to his constituents, to his party, to himself—the honorable office is full of hard, thankless work, and heavy responsibility.

Congressman William W. Gross is grateful to the friend who directed him to Paine's celery compound, when prolonged official work had well nigh exhausted his health and strength. His letter reads:

Committee on Expenditures in the War Dept., House Rep. 17, 8. Washington, D. C., Feb. 28, 1893. I found relief in Paine's celery compound for my indigestion. Its action on the circulation and digestion was also beneficial.

Very truly yours, WILLIAM W. GROSS.

There is something wrong when one feels "tired all the time." It is contrary to every condition of good health. There ought to be no necessity of drumming into the ears of tired men and women who feel they are broken in health, and are every day losing in weight and strength, the urgent need of taking Paine's celery compound, now in spring, to restore their spent nerves and purify their blood.

Some of the earliest good results noticed from taking Paine's celery compound during these spring days is a regularity of the bowels, a better appetite, sound sleep, and good digestion. A healthy blood supply is regulated by the nerves, and when these vital tissues become fatigued and badly nourished, the bad effect is seen in failing digestion, distressing, ringing sounds in the ears, dizzy spells, depression, neuralgia and lassitude. Spring days afford every one the opportunity for shaking off old weaknesses and persistent disorders.

Physicians of every school have been from the start urged to inquire into the formula of Paine's celery compound, that they might satisfy themselves of its wonderful power of making the sick well. Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., as soon as he presented Paine's celery compound to his fellow physicians, was always anxious to have the invigorator tried in cases that resisted the usual methods of treatment, that he might prove the truth of every claim made for his newly discovered formula for Paine's celery compound. The great remedy always gave relief, and in 99 cases out of 100 made people well.

Paine's celery compound cannot be judged by the standard of any ordinary medicine, sarsaparilla or nerve tonic. It is a great modern, scientific discovery, singularly unlike any remedial agent that has ever aimed to effect a similar purpose—to make people well.

Paine's celery compound is the one real spring remedy known today that never fails to benefit. Get Paine's celery compound, and only Paine's celery compound if you wish to be well.

Look Out For Imitations of Walter Baker & Co.'s Premium No. 1 Chocolate. Always ask for, and see that you get, the article made by

WALTER BAKER & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

INCEDTENESS. A borrower on a long life's way. Ever in debt to time and circumstance. In turmoil 'd and mid the conourse any. And when in passive mood aslie a stray, This is rehed off to my remembrance.

Of time I borrow every passing hour And largely draw my health's upspring font. From myriid minds I cul rich thoughts that show, And to true Love, in her sequestered bow, I am indebted by a long account.

The morning salutation by the way, The garden's best, the best of celestial day. The silent hand grasp, when celestial day First dawns to those whose steps we faintly would Are lent, to be returned in kind again.