

A Broad Minded Divine.

EVERYONE IN SYRACUSE KNOWS
REV. S. R. CATHROP.

A Scholarly, Christian Man and a Beloved Pastor, Who Believes in Training the Body as Well as the Mind.



REV. DR. CATHROP, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The Twenty-ninth day of April is a notable day in the history of the May Memorial Church in Syracuse, as it is the anniversary of the installation of the Rev. Samuel R. Cathrop, D. D., the eminent divine who so long has ministered to them spiritually as pastor of the Church.

Dr. Cathrop was born in England and received his preparatory scholastic training at St. Paul's School, London. Entering Trinity College, Cambridge, he soon became a bright figure in that brilliant coterie of scholars, literary men and wise that followed in the traditions of Macaulay and his associates at the university. In the middle of the century he visited Syracuse and received his first impressions of the young city that nearly a score of years later he was to choose as his home and in which his labors have been so long and effective. The masterly pulpit addresses of Dr. Cathrop have had their fundamentals drawn from the deepest research. His people have been instructed by him, not only in things spiritual, but in the elements of the broadest culture, in literature, in art and in science. His young men have been taught a muscular system of morality. In these and in many other ways has he endeavored himself to his congregation, which is one of the most highly cultured and wealthy in the city.

Dr. Cathrop has a striking personality. To the eye he is a most picturesque figure. His head and face, framed in luxuriant masses of silky, snow white hair and beard, are of the type of Bryant and Longfellow. Although over seventy years old, his rather spare figure is firm and erect, and every movement is active and graceful. His whole life long he has been an ardent swimmer and promoter of athletic sports, and even at his advanced age, plays tennis with all the vigor and skill of a young man. To Syracuseans, perhaps, this remarkably versatile man is most widely known, apart from his profession, as a scientist.

On a bright April morning a reporter followed the winding driveway that curves around the hill leads to Cathrop Lodge, an old-fashioned, red brick mansion, surrounded by a grove of oaks and chestnuts. Wearing a black skull cap and a black coat of semi-circular cut, the master of Cathrop Lodge graciously received the reporter who called to inquire about his health, for, though manifestly representing all possible evidences of his suffering, Dr. Cathrop for many years has been the victim of a distressing affliction, until by fortunate chance he was led to take the remedy which has effectually cured him.

During more than half of his pastorate in Syracuse, Dr. Cathrop has been troubled with rheumatism, and at intervals he suffered excruciating agony from it. At times the pain was so great as to prevent him from walking. Many remedies were tried without success, and he and his friends had given up hope of a permanent cure or of more than temporary relief when he took the preparation that drove the disease completely from his system.

In a letter written to the editor of *The Evening News*, of Syracuse, last year, Dr. Cathrop told of his affliction and its cure. This is Dr. Cathrop's letter:

To the Editor of *The Evening News*—Dear Sir: More than thirty-five years ago I wrenched my left knee, throwing it almost from its socket. Great swelling followed, and the general joints kept leaking from the joint.

This made me lame for years, and from time to time the weak knee would give out

entirely, and the swelling would commence. This was always occasioned by some strain like a sudden stop. The knee gradually recovered, but always was weaker than the other.

About fifteen years ago the swelling recommenced, this time without any wrench at all, and before long I realized that this was rheumatism settling in the weakest part of the body. The trouble came so often that I was obliged to carry an opiate in my pocket everywhere I went. I had generally a packet in my waistcoat pocket, but in going to a conference at Buffalo I forgot it, and as the car was damp and cold, before I got to Buffalo my knee was swollen to twice its natural size.

I had seen the good effects that Pink Pills were having in such cases, and I tried them myself with the result that I have never had a twinge or a swelling since. This was effected by taking seven or eight boxes.

I need not say that I am thankful for my recovered independence, but I will add that my knee is far stronger than it has been for thirty-five years.

I took one pill at my meals three times a day.

I gladly give you this statement.

Yours, S. R. CATHROP.

Since writing this letter Dr. Cathrop has not had any visits from his old enemy and is even more content now in his recommendation of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than he was then. To the reporter he said:

"I am continually recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to acquaintances and those I chance to meet who are troubled with rheumatism or locomotor ataxia. "Pink Pills," continued Dr. Cathrop, "are the best thing of the kind I know of. They are infinitely superior to most medicines that are put up for sale. I know pretty well what the pills contain, and I consider it an excellent prescription. It is such a one as I might get from my doctor, but he would not give it in such a compact form and so convenient to take."

"I recommend the pills highly to all who are troubled with rheumatism, locomotor ataxia, or any impoverishment of the blood."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come in glowing reports of the excellent results following their use. An analysis proves that they contain in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of influenza, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, that fixed feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. There are no ill effects following the use of this wonderful medicine, and it can be given to children with perfect safety.



MAY MEMORIAL CHURCH, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade-mark and wrapper at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies. From *The Evening News*, Syracuse, N. Y.

"Clarence."

By Bret Harte.
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"Am I to understand from my second, gentlemen," he said, looking around the group, "that you are not satisfied?"

"The fight was square enough," said Pinckney's second, in some embarrassment, "but I reckon that he"—pointing to the dead man—"did not know who you were?"

"Do you mean that he did not know that I was the son of a man proficient in the use of arms?"

"I reckon that's about it," returned the second, glancing at the others.

"I am glad to say, sir, that I have a better opinion of his courage," said Clarence, lifting his hat to the dead body, as he turned away.

Yet he was conscious of no remorse, concern or even pity in his act. Perhaps this was visible in his face, for the group appeared awed by this perfection of the duelist's coolness, and even returned his formal parting salutation with a vague and timid respect. He thanked the deputy, regained the hotel, saddled his horse and galloped away.

But not toward the rancho. Now that he could think of his future, that had no place in his reflections; even the episode of Susy was forgotten in the new and strange conceptions of himself and his irresponsibility which had come upon him with the killing of Pinckney and the words of his second. It was his dead father who had stiffened his arm and directed the fatal shot! It was the hereditary influence—which others had been so quick to recognize—that had brought about this completing climax of his trouble. How else could he account for it that he, a conscientious, peaceful, sensitive man, tender and forgiving as he believed himself to be, could now feel so little sorrow or compunction for his culminating act? He had read of successful duelists who were haunted by remorse for their first victim; who retained a terrible consciousness of the appearance of the dead man; he had no such feeling; he had only a grim contentment in the wiped out inefficient life, and contempt for the limp and helpless body. He suddenly recalled the callousness as a boy,



"You're done for him," said the deputy.

when face to face with the victims of the Indian massacre his sense of fastidious superciliousness in the discovery of the body of Susy's mother—surely it was the cold blood of his father influencing him even thus. What had he to do with affection, with domestic happiness, with the ordinary ambitions of man's life, whose blood was frozen at its source! Yet even with this very thought came once more the old inconsistent tenderness he had as a boy lavished upon the almost unknown and fugitive father who had forsaken his childish companionship, and remembered him only by secret gifts. He remembered how he had worshipped him even while the pious padre at San Jose were endeavoring to eliminate this terrible poison from his blood and combat his hereditary instinct in his conflicts with his school fellows. And it was a part of his inconsistency that, riding away from the scene of his first bloodshed, his eyes were dimmed with moisture, not for the victim, but for the one being whom he believed had impelled him to the act.

This and more was in his mind during his long ride to Fair Plains, his journey by coach to Embascadero, his midnight passage across the dark waters of Francisco—but what should be his future was still unsettled.

As he wound around the crest of Russian hill and looked down again upon the awakened city he was startled to see that it was fluttering and streaming with bunting! From every public building and hotel; from the roofs of private houses, and even the windows of lonely dwellings flapped and waved the striped and starry banner. The steady breath of the sea carried it out from masts and yards of ships at their wharves—from the battlements of the forts at Alcatraz and Yerba Buena. He remembered that the ferryman had told him that the news from Fort Sumter had swept the city with a convulsion of patriotic sentiment, and that there was no doubt that the state was saved to the union. He looked down upon it with haggard and bewildered eyes—and then a strange gasp and fullness of his throat! For afar a solitary bugle had blown—the "reveille" at Fort Alcatraz!

(To be continued.)

Cabot W. Mullen, 15 yards, \$1. Cabot A. Mullen, 17 yards, \$1. Hope Mullen, bleached, 12 yards, \$1. Other goods in proportion, at 25¢, 50¢ and 75¢.

MIGRATING TARANTULAS.

How the Vicious Spider Moves in Herds Over the Country.

An old military friend of mine told me not long since that in the summer of 1890 he and a companion were traveling before day one morning, to escape the terrible heat of the latter hours along the bank of the Colorado river, on the Arizona side, where, as J. D. Gillilan, in the *Christian Advocate*, juggling along and chatting as they went, or listening to a distant tumult of some drowsy sand owl, their horses suddenly snorted and stopped short, and endeavored to turn about. They brought their guns into position and peered into the dissolving darkness, expecting to see some "varmint" or skulking Indian, but nothing appeared in view. They urged their horses, but not a step did or would they budge, except in the wrong way, when their eyes lighted upon a long, black, flat, serpentine-looking zone or ribbon stretching as far as the eye could reach in either direction and directly across their path. One of them dismounted, and upon reconnoitering found it to be nothing more nor less than a mighty multitude of silent, soft-footed, marching tarantulas, migrating somewhere, they could not tell where. Their animals could not leap over them, and would not go through, so there was but one alternative, if they did not care to stay there, and that was to return about two miles to where they had just broken camp.

Coming again later in the day they found the host had passed by, but had left in their wake thousands that had been killed by a little enemy that follows them—a small bird that stabs the monster spider to death wherever found.

HISTORY ON ITS BACK.

This Turtle Carries as Many Inscriptions as an Obelisk.

A turtle of the loggerhead variety, weighing seven hundred pounds, was caught on the beach at Grove City, Fla., recently.

It is a remarkable specimen, not only because of its great size but because of three inscriptions on its shell, which show that it is nearing the century mark and has been quite a traveler. The first inscription was dated "St. Augustine, Fla., 1821," and reads:

On Oct. 20, 1820, Spain ceded Florida to the United States. Hurrah for Uncle Sam!

The second inscription was made at Key West, Fla., April 26, 1861, and is as follows:

A schooner brings the news that Gen. Beauregard fired on Fort Sumter April 12, 1861. I shall stick to my state.

The third inscription was dated Jupiter Inlet, Florida, March 4, 1894, and is as follows:

May you never get in the soup, but if you do may Chauncey Depew be present to enjoy you.

When caught the turtle had just left its nest and was making for the water. It was released after the following inscription had been added:

Grove City, Fla., June 1, 1895.—This country needs free silver and a strong foreign policy.

The turtle made at once for deep water.

WEDDED BY ELECTRICITY.

From Alpha to Omega the Affair Was Run by Chained Lighting.

At a wedding in one of the midwest cities, just before the entrance of the bride, the room burst into a flood of light from the numerous multi-colored electric lamps hidden among the decorations. The entrance of the bride couple was signalled by the automatic ringing of electrical bells and playing of electrical musical instruments. During the wedding breakfast, after the first course, the light faded, and then suddenly there glowed illuminations from a swarm of electric lamps. Hidden among the masses of flowers, glowing from the hearts of jellies and from translucent vases it seemed as if the gnomes of the lower world were everywhere at work.

In this magical entertainment it followed that the bride herself must not be left out. In her hair gleamed an untwinkling star, and, at the first toast, two serpents slowly uncoiled themselves—altogether too suggestively—from the bottle standing before the happy couple. Coffee was prepared in view of the company by an electric heater, and congratulatory speeches were applauded rapturously by an electric kettle-drum placed under the table. Upon the dispersion of the company the electric current set off a novel pyrotechnic display.

The temperature at the bottom of the Foreman mine in Virginia City, a depth of 2,100 feet, is 110½ degrees.

No Soap, If You Please.

It may be doubted if a tub bath in Jamaica is a luxury. The bathhouses make a brave show in a row of low brick buildings in the rear of the hotels, each little house with a big stone tank for a bath-tub. A New York Sun correspondent says of them:

I went out to see the baths on my first day in Kingston, and was surprised to see a sign nailed against the wall bearing the words:

"Gentlemen are requested not to use soap in the baths."

"Why are gentlemen requested not to use soap in the baths?" I asked the hotel clerk, a dignified young woman of dark complexion.

"Because it soils the water and makes it unpleasant for the next bather," she said.

"But do your guests all bathe in the same water?" I asked.

"Oh yes," she replied. "You see the tanks are so large and the pipes are small. It takes all night to fill the tanks, and the water had to last all

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