

**ALL IN GOD'S HANDS.**

**Dr. Talmage on Divine Interposition in Human Affairs.**

**Fate of Nations as Well as of Individuals Settled in Heaven—World Not Governed in a Haphazard Way.**

(Copyright, 1920, by Louis Kloppsch.) Washington, Nov. 12.

The idea that things in this world are at loose ends and going at haphazard is in this discourse combated by Dr. Talmage. The text is Psalm 119, 8: "Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in Heaven."

This world has been in process of change ever since it was created—mountains born, mountains dying, and they have both cradle and grave. Once this planet was all fluid, and no being such as you or I have ever seen could have lived on it a minute. Our hemisphere turns its face to the sun and then turns its back. The axis of the earth's revolution has shifted. The earth's center of gravity is changed. Once flowers grew in the arctic and there was snow in the tropics. There has been a redistribution of land and sea, the land crumbling into the sea, the sea swallowing the land. Ice and fire have fought for the possession of this planet. The chemical composition of it is different now from what it once was. Volcanoes once terribly alive are dead, not one throb of fiery pulse, not one breath of vapor—the ocean changing its amount of saline quantities. The internal fires of the earth are gradually eating their way to the surfaces—upheaval and subsidence of vast realms of continent.

High up in the palace of the sun at least five things are settled—that nations which go continuously and persistently wrong perish; that happiness is the result of spiritual condition and not of earthly environment; that this world is a schoolhouse for splendid or disgraceful graduation; that with or without us the world is to be made over into a scene of arborecence and purity; that all who are adjoined to the unparalleled One of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Golgotha will be the subjects of a supernal felicity without any taking off.

Do you doubt my first proposition—that nations which go wrong perish? We have in this American nation all the elements of permanence and destruction. We need not borrow from others any trowels for upbuilding or torches for demolition. Elements of ruin—nihilism, infidelity, agnosticism, Sabbath desecration, inebriety, sensuality, extravagance, fraud; they are all here. Elements of safety—God-worshiping men and women by the scores of millions, honesty, benevolence, truthfulness, self sacrifice, industry, sobriety and more religion than has characterized any nation that has ever existed; they are all here. The only question is as to which of the forces will gain dominancy—the one class ascendancy, and this United States government, I think, will continue as long as the world exists; the other class ascendancy, and the United States goes into such small pieces that other governments would hardly think them worth picking up.

Have you ever noticed the size of the cemetery of dead nations, the vast Greenwood and Pere le Chaise, where mighty kingdoms were buried? Open the gate and walk through this cemetery and read the epitaphs. Here lies Carthage, born 100 years before Rome, great commercial metropolis on the bay of Tunis, a part of an empire that gave the alphabet to the Greeks and their great language to the Hebrews; her arms the terror of nations, commanding at one time 16,000 miles of coast; her Hamileer leading forth 30 myriads, or 300,000 troops; her Hannibal carrying out in manhood the oath he had taken in boyhood to preserve eternal enmity to Rome, leaving costly and imposing monuments at Agrigentum a glistening heap of ruins; Carthage, her colonies on every coast, her ships plowing every sea; Carthage—where are her splendours now? All extinguished. Where are her towers? The last one broken. Where are her towers and long ranges of magnificent architecture? Buried under the sands of the Bagradas. As ballast of foreign ships much of her radiant marble has been carried away to build the walls of trans-Mediterranean cathedrals, while other blocks have been blasted in modern times by the makers of the Tunis railway. And all of that great and mighty city and kingdom that the tourist finds to-day is here and there a broken arch of what was once a 50-mile aqueduct. Our talented and genial friend, Henry M. Field, in one of his matchless books of travel, labors hard to prove that the slight ruins of that city are really worth visiting. Carthage buried in the cemetery of dead nations. Not one altar to the true God did she rear. Not one of the Ten Commandments but she conspicuously violated. Her doom was settled in Heaven when it was decided far back in the eternities that the nation and kingdom that will not serve God shall perish.

Our own nation will be judged by the same moral laws by which all other nations have been judged. The judgment day for individuals will probably come far on in the future. Judgment day for nations is every day, every day weighed, every day approved or every day condemned. Never before in the history of this country has the American nation been more surely in the balances than it is this minute. Do right, and we go up. Do wrong, and we go down. I am not so anxious to know what this statesman or that warrior thinks we had better do with Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines as I am anxious to know what God thinks we had better do. The destiny of this

nation will not be decided on yonder capitoline hill or at Manila or at the presidential ballot box, for it will be settled in Heaven.

Another thing decided in the high places of the universe is that this world, with or without us, will be made over into a scene of arborecence and purity. Do not think that such a consummation depends upon our personal fidelity. It will be done anyhow. God's cause does not go a-begging. If all the soldiers of Jesus Christ now living should become deserters and go over to the enemy, that would not defeat the cause. A large part of the Bible is taken up with telling us what the world will be. There is a large army, human and angelic, now in the field, but God's reserve forces are more numerous and more mighty than those now at the front, and if He could in Gideon's time rout the Midianites with a crash of rocks, and if He could in Shamgar's time overcome a host with an ox goad, and if in Samson's time He could defeat an army with a bleached jawbone, and if the walls of Jericho went down under a blast of perforated ram's horn, and if in Christ's day blind eyes were cured by ointment of spit, then God can do anything He says He will do. As yet He has taken only one sword out of a whole armory of weapons. Do not get nervous, as if the Lord were going to be defeated. The redemption of these hemispheres was settled in Heaven, and Isaiah and Ezekiel and Habakkuk and Malachi and St. John only reported what the Lord God Almighty had decided upon. My only fear is that our regiment will not get into the fight to do something worthy of the Christ who redeemed us and we left in lazy encampment at Tampa when we ought to have been at Santiago.

Oh, that coming day of the world's perfection! The earth will be so changed that the sermology will be changed. There will be no more calls to repentance, for all will have repented; no more gathering of alms for the poor, for the poor will have been enriched; no hospital Sunday, for diseased bones will have been set and the wounds all healed, and the incurable diseases of other times will have been overcome by a materia medica and a pharmacy and a dentistry and a therapeutics that have conquered everything that afflicted the nerve or lung or tooth or eye or limb—healthology complete and universal. The poultice and the ointment and the panacea and the catholicon and the surgeon's knife and the dentist's forceps and the scientist's X ray will have fulfilled their mission. The social life of the world will be perfected. In that millennium age I imagine ourselves standing in front of a house lighted for levee. We enter among groups filled with gladness and talking good sense and rallying each other in pleasantries and in every possible way forwarding good neighborhood; no looking askance, no whispered backbitings, no strut of pretension, no oblivion of some one's presence because you do not want to know him; each one happy, determined on making some one else happy; words of honest appreciation instead of hollow flattery; suavities and genialities instead of infatuations and pomposities; equipping and upholstering and sculpture and painting paid for; two hours of mental and moral improvement; all the guests able to walk as steadily down the steps of that mansion as when they ascended them; no awakening next morning with aching head and bloodshot eye and incompetent for the day's duties; the social life as perfect as refinement and common sense and culture and prosperity and religion can make it; the earth made better than it was at the start, and all through gospelizing influences, directly or indirectly.

I suppose the greatest tidal wave that ever rolled the seas was that which in 1868 was started by the Peruvian earthquake. At Arica, Peru, the wave was 50 feet high and swung warships a mile forward on the land. At San Pedro, Cal., the wave was 60 feet high. It moved on to the Sandwich Islands and submerged some of them and beat against the shores of New Zealand and rolled up the beach of Japan and stopped not until it had encircled the entire globe. Oh, what a wave! But the earthquake that shook the mountain where our Lord died started a higher and swifter and mightier tidal wave that will roll round and round the earth until all its rebellions and abominations have gone under.

That was an exciting scene after the battle of Bosworth, which was fought between Richard III. and the earl of Richmond, the king falling and the earl triumphing, when Lord Stanley brought the crown and handed it to the earl, seated on horseback, while the dying and the dead of the battle were lying all around. But it is a more thrilling spectacle as we look forward through the centuries and see the last armed and imperial iniquity of the world slain and the crown of universal victory put upon the conqueror on the white horse of the Apocalypse and all nations "hail the power of Jesus' name." That the whole earth will be redeemed in one of the things long ago settled in Heaven.

Another thing decided in that high place is that all who are adjoined to the unparalleled One of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Golgotha will be the subjects of a supernal felicity without any taking off. The old adage says that "beggars must not be choosers," and the human race in its depleted state had better not be critical of the mode by which God would employ all of us. I could easily think of a plan more complimentary to our fallen humanity than that which is called the "plan of salvation." If God had allowed us to do part of the work of recovery and He do the rest, if we could do three-quarters of it and He do the last quarter, if we could accomplish most of it and He just put on the finishing touches, many could look with more complacency upon the projected reinstatement of the human family. No, no!

We must have our pride subjugated, our stubborn will made flexible and a supernatural power demonstrated in us at every step. A pretty plan of salvation that would be, of human drafting and manufacturing! It would be a doxology sung to ourselves. God must have all the glory, not one step of our heavenly throne made by earthly carpentry; not one string could we twist of the harp of our eternal rejoicing. Accept all as an unmerited donation from the skies, or we will never have it at all.

"Now," says some one, "if Christ is the only way what about the heathen, who have never heard of Him?" But you are not heathen, and why divert us from the question of our personal salvation? Satan is always introducing something irrelevant. He wants to take it out of a personality into an abstraction. Get our own salvation settled, and then we will discuss the salvation of other people. "But," says some one, "what percentage of the human race will be saved? What will be the comparative number saved and lost?" There Satan thrusts in the mathematics of redemption. He suggests that you find out the mathematical proportion of the redeemed. But he not received. I am now discussing the eternal welfare of only two persons, yourself and myself. Get ourselves right before we bother ourselves about getting others right. O Christ, come hither and master our case! Here are our sins—pardon them; our wounds—heal them; our burdens—lift them; our sorrows—comfort them. We want the Christ of Laramie to open our blind eyes, the Christ of Martha to help us in our domestic cares, the Christ of Olivet to help us preach our sermons, the Christ of Lake Galilee to still our temptations, the Christ of Lazarus to raise our dead. Not too tired is He to come, though He has on His whipped shoulders so long carried the world's woe and on His lacerated feet walked this way to accept our salvation.

By the bloody throes of the mountain on which Jesus died, and by the sepulcher where His mutilated body was inclosed in darkened crypt and by the Olivet from which He arose, while astonished disciples clutched for His robes to detain Him in their companionship, and by the radiant and omnipotent throne on which He sits waiting for the coming of all those whose redemption was settled in Heaven, I implore you to bow your head in immediate and final submission. Over exercise sorrow for what you have done and exercise trust in Him for what He is willing to do, and all is well for both worlds. Then you can swing out defiance to all opposition, human and diabolic. In conquering His foes He conquered yours. And have you noticed that passage in Colossians that represents Him "having despoiled principalities and powers, He made a show of them, openly triumphing," so bringing before us that overwhelming spectacle of a Roman triumph?

When Pompey landed at Brindisi, Italy, returned from his victories, he disbanded the brave men who had fought under him and sent them rejoicing to their homes, and, entering Rome, his emblazoned chariot was followed by princes in chains from kingdoms he had conquered, and flowers such as only grew under those Italian skies strewn the way, and he came under arches inscribed with the names of battlefields on which he had triumphed and rode by columns which told of the 1,500 cities he had destroyed and the 12,000,000 people he had conquered or slain. Then the banquet was spread, and out of the chalice filled to the brim they drank to the health of the conqueror. Bellarius, the great soldier, returned from his military achievements and was robed in purple, and in the procession were brought golden thrones and pillars of precious stones and the furniture of royal feasts, and amid the splendors of kingdoms overcome he was hailed to the hippodrome by shouts such as had seldom rung through the capital. Then also came the convivalities. In the year 374 Aurelian made his entrance to Rome in triumphal car, in which he stood while a winged figure of Victory held a wreath above his head. Zenobia, captive queen of Palmyra, walked behind his chariot, her person encircled with fetters of gold, under the weight of which she nearly fainted, but still a captive. And there were in the procession 200 lions and tigers and beasts of many kinds and 1,600 gladiators excused from the cruel amphitheater that they might decorate the day, and Persian and Arabian and Ethiopian ambassadors were in the procession and the long lines of captives, Egyptians, Syrians, Gauls, Goths and Vandals.

It was to such scenes that the New Testament refers when it spoke of Christ "having despoiled principalities and powers, He made a show of them, openly triumphing." But, oh, the difference in those triumphal! The Roman triumph represented arrogance, cruelty, oppression and wrong, but Christ's triumph meant emancipation and holiness and joy. The former was a procession of gross accompanied by a clank of chains, the other a procession of hosannas by millions set forever free. The only shackled ones of Christ's triumph will be Satan and his cohorts tied to our Lord's chariot wheel, with all the abominations of all the earth bound for an eternal captivity. Then will come a feast in which the chalice will be filled "with the new wine of the kingdom." Under arches commemorative of all the battles in which the bannered armies of the church militant through thousands of years of struggle have at last won the day Jesus will ride, Conqueror of earth and hell and Heaven. These armies, disbanded, will take palaces and thrones. "And they shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south and sit down in the kingdom of God." And may you and I, through the pardoning and sanctifying grace of Christ, be guests at that royal banquet!

**HONEST ELECTIONS.**  
**Hon. John Wanamaker Says that Ballot Reform is a National Need at This Time.**

New York, Nov. 14.—The World publishes the following signed statement from John Wanamaker, dated Philadelphia, November 13:

"The recent revelations of corruption in the conduct of elections in Philadelphia ought to deeply impress thoughtful citizens the entire country over with the urgent necessity for ballot reform. By ballot reform I mean such legal enactments and regulations as will first make the ballot absolutely secret and therefore absolutely free, and second such devices, whether mechanical or otherwise, as will make a true account and return of the votes legally cast as near as may be an absolute certainty. This, it seems to me, is the desideratum of modern politics in this country. Political freedom and equality are secured by constitutional and statutory enactments, and the only thing needful is an electoral system which will enable the free men of the country to cast their votes without intimidation or coercion and have their will thus freely expressed honestly recorded and returned. In Philadelphia we have not had an honest election for many years and the debauchery of the ballot has acquired the system and precision of a science.

"This has not been the growth of a day or a year, but has been perfected by a steady, systematic development of the most minute details of original ingenuity. The machine has educated its followers in election crime, rewarded them according to their perfection in fraudulent arts, and extolled and honored the leadership which best knew how to devise and avail itself of corrupt practices and protect and promote its debased tools and disciples. Of course it would have been impossible for the dominant machine in this city to have so thoroughly subordinated the electoral system to its dishonest uses had there been a minority organization of even ordinary honesty and competency. But there is no such minority organization in this city.

"What is called the democratic organization is but an agency of the corrupt republican machine. As a result the democratic vote has shrunk more than two-thirds because honest democrats declined to follow the leadership which treats the party organization as an article of merchandise, and that has no principle or purpose in politics other than its own sordid gain. All the machines are against ballot reform, for the machine cannot live and thrive a day if the people, the honest masses, whose hearts are right, can ever obtain an opportunity to express their condemnation freely and have it honestly returned and recorded. Ballot reform therefore I place first on the list of political needs of the hour, and in Pennsylvania it is the issue which overshadows all others in its deep importance and far reaching effects."

**ADULTERATED BEER.**  
**A Committee of Senators Hears from Brewmasters on This Subject.**

New York, Nov. 14.—The United States senate committee on manufactures on Monday continued its inquiry into the adulteration of ales, porter and beer. The first witness called was Max Schwartz, a chemist, consulting brewer and director of the United States brewers' academy. Senator Mason asked about the use of preservatives by brewers in the United States and the witness said he knew of none except salicylic acid, which is manufactured from coal tar and compounds of sulphurous acid. The use of such preservatives, Mr. Schwartz said, was a necessity to stay the natural decay in the component parts of beer. The preservatives are only used for beer to be shipped and not for beer manufactured for home consumption.

Mr. Schwartz said the proportion of salicylic acid, when used as a preservative, is one-half ounce for every barrel of beer, or about one part of acid to 10,000 parts of beer. Mr. Schwartz declared the proportion of preservatives in English and other imported ales and beers is much greater than in the locally brewed beers.

"I think," he went on, "a commission should be appointed to decide what material may be used for the production of a wholesome, palatable beer. Such a commission would find that cereals and sugar may be used as adjuncts for malt, and would doubtless recommend the use of preservatives." Albert W. Wigan, a brewmaster, said he agreed with Mr. Schwartz had said except as to the quantity of preservatives necessary. He thought Mr. Schwartz's estimate of half an ounce of salicylic acid to the barrel of beer too large. The only other preservative the witness uses is bisulphite of lime. No substitute is used for malt because the popular demand is for a lighter and more sparkling beer than can be made from pure malt.

**Steamer and 18 Lives Lost.**

London, Nov. 14.—On Friday night the Belgian steamer *Belgique*, from Antwerp for Alexandria, founderd off the Casquet rocks, near the island of Alderney, the scene of the tragic disaster which last March befell the steamer *Stella*. The night was stormy. A boat was launched with 16 men, but five of these died of exhaustion and three others were drowned in the endeavor of the ship *St. Kilda* to rescue them. Eighteen persons, including the captain, out of a total crew of 30, are believed to have been drowned.

**Suicide Club at Frankfurt.**

Frankfurt, Ind., Nov. 14.—Andrew Thompson last night committed suicide by taking morphine. The death has developed beyond doubt that there is a suicide club in this city and that two of the members have already carried out their obligations.

**Three Children Cremated.**

Sault Ste Marie, Mich., Nov. 14.—At Detroit, this county, on Sunday the three sons of Mrs. Kate Orr, aged 5, 6 and 5 years, were burned to death in a fire which originated in their home. The mother, a widow, was away at the time.

**NEWS OF OHIO.**

Gathered by Telegraph From All Parts of the State.

**A Peculiar Question.**

Columbus, O., Nov. 11.—A peculiar question has arisen over the death of Edward W. Buvinger, sheriff of Clermont county, on election day. Buvinger was a candidate for re-election on the democratic ticket, and was elected. The republicans claim that as Buvinger died at 4:50 p. m., before all the votes were cast, he ceased to be a candidate before the polls closed. Their candidate, John B. Cover, received the next highest number of votes, and they claim the office is his. The democrats claim a special election is necessary. Buvinger's term expires January 1. The vacancy up to that time will be filled by the commissioners, and the courts will then be called on to settle the matter.

**Caldwell's Plurality.**

Columbus, Nov. 11.—Returns from 68 counties of the 88 give Caldwell, for lieutenant governor, a plurality over Judge Patrick of 7,800. The counties yet to report are largely republican, and it is estimated that they will increase the plurality 10,000 more. At the best Caldwell's plurality will hardly be over 20,000. He is fully 30,000 behind Nash. Almost complete returns put Nash's plurality at 49,502. Sixty-eight counties, including all in which Jones had any considerable vote, give the golden rule 96,695. The other counties will not increase it much beyond 100,000.

**Blown to Atoms.**

Fremont, Nov. 14.—A wagon load of nitroglycerin owned by the Hercules Torpedo Co., exploded near Gibsonburg Monday afternoon. The driver, Ben Card, the team of horses and wagon were blown to atoms and considerable damage was done to nearby buildings. The explosion made a hole seven feet deep in the solid rock and trees in the vicinity were torn to splinters. People within a mile of the place were knocked flat, windows were shattered and houses moved from their foundations.

**A Diamond Robbery.**

Cleveland, Nov. 14.—One of the boldest jewelry robberies ever perpetrated in Cleveland occurred at 3:30 p. m., Monday. A box containing diamonds valued at between \$10,000 and \$15,000 was stolen from the office of the Sigler Bros. Co., at 54 Euclid avenue. Three men went into the store and asked to see some unset diamonds. While I. M. Sigler was showing them, one of them grabbed a tray of the gems and started down stairs, the two accomplices following at once.

**An Increased Plurality.**

Canton, O., Nov. 11.—The official canvass of the vote in Canton and Stark county, President McKinley's home city and county, was completed last night. The returns for the city show an increased plurality of 27 as compared with Bushnell's vote in 1897 and a decrease of 120 compared with McKinley for president in 1896. The county shows an increased republican plurality of 982 as compared with 1897 and of 676 as compared with 1896.

**Puddlers' Wages Advanced.**

Youngstown, Nov. 9.—At a wage conference yesterday between James H. Nutt, of the Iron Manufacturers' association, and a committee representing the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers the wage scale for November and December was placed on a basis of 15-10 cents, which makes the wages of puddlers \$5.50, an increase of 50 cents per ton. This is the highest price paid for puddling since 1880.

**Died from His Injuries.**

Cleveland, Nov. 10.—C. A. Carpenter, assistant chief engineer of the Buffalo division of the Lake Shore road, died Thursday morning at the Cleveland Central hospital. Death was due to a hemorrhage of the brain, the result of injuries sustained by being struck by passenger train No. 23 of the L. S. & M. S. road at Saylorhook on Tuesday.

**Opened with a Grand Parade.**

Springfield, Nov. 14.—With a grand parade, in which Gov. Bushnell participated, the industrial exposition which is to be the feature of the state and national grand convention which meets here during the next ten days was formally opened yesterday. Gov. Bushnell and others spoke.

**A Crash at a Crossing.**

Cleveland, Nov. 14.—At 6:20 p. m. Monday a Lake Shore locomotive drawing a caboose crashed into a Detroit street electric car at the crossing on the West Side and of the 11 passengers on the car four were badly injured. The others escaped with bruises and contusions.

**Jones Makes a Statement.**

Toledo, Nov. 10.—Mayor Jones has issued a signed statement in which he denies that he had said: "If my race has in any way contributed to the success of John R. McLean and a rebuke to the infamous policy of the administration I feel it has not been in vain."

**Wants Big Damages.**

Fremont, Nov. 11.—Ethan C. Allen has brought suit against Sandusky county for \$15,000 damages, by reason of alleged injuries sustained on a defective roadway.

**Trial May Last for Weeks.**

Cleveland, Nov. 14.—The trial of Ralph Hawley, the Big Consolidated conductor who shot Michael Cornwell during the street car strike, will begin next Monday. Prosecutor Keeler expects the trial to be the hardest fought criminal case during the present term of court, and that the trial will last for two weeks.

**Jury Disagreed.**

Lima, Nov. 14.—The jury in the \$20,000 breach of promise suit of Mrs. Lotie White vs. Justin Brewer, the Ada banker, disagreed after being out 30 hours.

**Wellington Secret Orders.**

**TRIBE OF BEN-HUR.**  
MELCHOIR COURT, No. 35, T. B. H., meets every second Monday evening of each month in Grand Army hall. Visiting members made welcome.  
A. G. Wall, Chief.  
R. Vanator, Scribe.

**GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.**  
HAMLIN POST, No. 219, G. A. R., meets every second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month at Grand Army hall.  
Visiting comrades are welcome.  
A. W. Griggs, Commander.  
C. Sage, Adjutant.

**WOODMEN OF THE WORLD.**  
WOODBINE CAMP, No. 60, meets each second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at Grand Army hall.  
Visiting sovereigns welcome.  
HOWARD HOLLENBACH, Camp Commander.  
Claude R. Lebeck, Clerk.

**ORDER OF CHOSEN FRIENDS.**  
LODGE No. 64, meets first and third Fridays of each month at Royal Arcanum hall. Visiting Chosen Friends welcome.  
F. H. Phelps, Counsellor.  
Mrs. L. A. Willard, secretary.

**ROYAL ARCANUM.**  
LODGE No. 563 meets every second and fourth Mondays of each month at Royal Arcanum hall. Visiting members welcome.  
E. W. Adams, Regent.  
R. N. Godwin, Sec'y.

**INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.**  
Lorain Lodge, No. 281, meets every Tuesday night at Odd Fellows' Hall. Visiting members welcome.  
J. O. Lang, Noble Grand.  
R. T. Spicer, Recording Secretary.

**WELLINGTON ENCAMPMENT, I. O. O. F., No. 247.**  
Meets on second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Odd Fellows' Hall. Visiting members welcome.  
John Pember, Chief Patriarch.  
A. H. Peirce, Scribe.

**KNIGHTS OF THE MACCABEES.**  
Wellington Tent, No. 195, meets on the second and fourth Fridays of each month at Maccabees Hall. Visiting Knights welcome.  
J. H. Youm, Commander.  
W. W. Helman, Record Keeper.

**MASONIC.**  
WELLINGTON LODGE, No. 127, F. & A. M., meets Tuesday night on or before each full moon and two weeks thereafter.  
Geo. W. Metzger, W. M.  
F. G. Yale, Secretary.

**WELLINGTON CHAPTER, No. 109, R. A. M., meets on Tuesday night following each full moon.**  
E. R. Stannard, High Priest.  
F. G. Yale, Secretary.

**KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.**  
Wellington Lodge, No. 440, K. of P., meets every Friday night at K. of P. Hall. Visiting Knights welcome.  
W. T. Burdick, Chancellor Com.  
R. T. Spicer, Keeper of Records and Seals.

**LADIES OF THE MACCABEES.**  
Wellington Hive, No. 89, meets on the first and third Friday nights of each month at Maccabees Hall. Visiting lady Maccabees welcome.  
Mrs. Alice Youm, Commander.  
Mrs. Emma Coates, Record Keeper.

**W. R. C.**  
Hamlin Relief Corps, No. 28, meets on the first and third Tuesday nights of each month at Grand Army Hall. Visitors welcome.  
Mrs. H. A. Knapp, President.  
Mrs. Ada Kerns, Secretary.

**REBEKAHS.**  
Lillywood Lodge, No. 252, meets on the first and third Wednesday nights of each month at Odd Fellows' Hall. Visiting Rebekahs welcome.  
Mrs. Bessie Wight, N. G.  
Mrs. Frances Williams, Rec. Sec'y.

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