A DANGEROUS ACCOMPLISHMENT.

There dwells near me a little kid That's learnin' how to talk. He tries to do as he is bid An' does his best to walk. An' if I thought that he'd receive Advice, I'd give him some, And that would be to make believe That he was deaf and dumb.

I'd tell him to quit practicing His "ah goo" by the hour; To smile an' never do a thing But blossom like a flower. I'd show to him how often men Go slidin' down luck's hill By simply sayin' something when They ought to have kep' still.

It's kind o' hard, when you have tried To steer aright your bark To see your fragile hopes collide Agin some fool remark.

If I was him I'd change this bent, Nor try to rise above My present state, but be content To live an' laugh an' love.

-Washington Star.

A MODERN JONAH.

'There's a whale. Look! I just saw him spout," cried half a dozen people he after wheel house.

Bill Hawkins, the red faced quartermaster, lifted his eye momentarily from the flag he was mending and scanned the water.

"Humph," he said, deprecatingly, "only a little chap. Your big whales don't get down into this latitude. Still, a little whale is better'n no whale at all an' I've principles. Got a picture of one that Sam Coil drew hung up over m' bunk

"What makes you like whales?" asked the man who always spoke first. "Taught me religion, said the quar-termaster, briefly. "Never took much stock in religion till they showed me. Yer see, it was in '72, when I was bos'n's mate of the full rigged ship Silver Spray, went along easy enough, with a fair wind and just a gentle swell for about ten days. Then one night, Sam Coil, the bos'n, says t' me, says he, 'Bill, d' yer know somehow or other I don't like the

looks of that there sky.' 'What's the matter with the sky?' says I; I didn't see nothing in it t' get

scared at. "'It's dull and murky round the corners,' says Sam; 'an I'll lock myself in the brig if we don't catch trouble 'fore didn't believe that Jonah story in the Bible, 'cause I thought a sailorman ought to know something along that line himself, but I was convinced then and I

"Well, to be brief, sirs, we did, just as Sam said. By six bells the Silver Spray was rollin' like a raft; at seven bells, she was running under bare poles, 'cept for her jib and foresail, an' by midnight she was duckin' her head in every sea like a train goin' fuli tilt at a tunnel. Her deck was three inches deep with water, comin' both ways, and there was four men at the wheel. Dawn came creepin' out of the east at last, but it weren't no better. Nothin' happened, though, till just about three bells in the mornin' watch. Sam was bracin' himself near the lee rail, tryin' t' light his pipe when a side swell caught the Silver Spray and turned her over like a chip with a nail in Her rail went plumb under an' Sam

'Man overboard!' I yells, 'Man overboard!' and we all made a rush for one of the boats. Just as we had her clear of the davits, ready to lower, we saw Sam in the water close to the ship.

"'Don't yer come,' we heard him shout, 'don't yer come. There's a whale after me, and he'll land me before you can. Yer might get some bits of me by gettin' the whale, but it ain't worth

"He yelled some more, but the wind veered and carried the sound of his voice out to sea. Just a second more an' he went downward like lead on a log line. The whale,' gasps the mate, 'it's got

"Breathless, we kept watchin' the place where we seen Sam last, and pretty soon there shot up from the sea a stream of water ten feet high. Then a great shiny black back followed it for a second and then both disappeared.

"For twelve hours, sirs, that ship was the gloomiest hulk you could imagine. Everywhere there was some sign of Sam. Sam's pipe on the deck, wedged in a coil of rope; Sam's kit down below, and Sam's empty seat at grub time. We forgot all about the storm and it let up. The next night was calm, but cold. Ice-bergs in the neighborhood. It was my turn on deck, and every fifteen minutes we tested the temperature of the water.

"Up forward the watch was sniffin' the air an' peering out into the blackest darkness the Atlantic can get over it in them parts. Yer couldn' see anyhing off the ship 'cept the foam close alongside, while the binnacle light looked like the open lid of a galley stove. Well, sirs, just as I was going below, Tom Smith come up t' me and toched m' arm, kind of strange like. I couldn't see his face, but I judge it was pale, 'cause he was shakin's all over.

'D'yer hear it?' he says in a wobbly ·kind of voice.

'Hear what?' says I. "'Singin',' says he.
"'In the fo'c'sle?' says I, 'I'll go below

Out there, and he pointed off over the port beam into the dark.

Out there, and he pointed off over the sold it for enough to pay off the mort-

sound mighty much like singin' was waftin' itself at us out of the night. "'It's the sirens,' says Tom, leaning

up against the mainmast and staring the way it came. "'Has sirens got bass voices, Tom Smith?" says I, 'and are they given t' singing about the death light?"

Then we stopped and listened once more. It was still night and as the sound got gradually stronger and plainer, we could hear these words rolling in over the deep:

And the wind was blowin' hard,

Stuck fast in the foremast yard; Then the bos'n piped out an awful howl, 'We're all dead dogs,' says he, 'For the man who can watch that light

Don't sail on the ragin' sea.'

" 'Good Lord,' says Tom, 'our time's come sure. This is a doomed ship.'
"'Hold on,' says I, 'that there voice
I've heard before. There it goes again.' "In the meanwhile every man on deck was listenin' with all his ears and once more the voice struck up:

'Bunkin' on an iceberg, Sailin' with the tide, Ice enough for Christmas, Plenty more beside; Icicles for breakfast. Melted ice for tea, Sailing down from Iceland,

Icv as can be. "Well sirs, in just a minute more the watch up forward lets out a yell: 'Iceberg on the port bow.'
"The captain tumbled up on deck an'

just as we got the ship clear, we see a great gleaming mass slide by ahead. "'The Silver Spray, ahoy, yelled a deep voice outer the darkness, 'don't yer s'pose I know that there rig. Going t' leave me again are you? Heave to an' send a boat. It's cold sittin' here.'

"'It's Sam Coil's ghost,' howls the crew, most of them half scared t' death. 'It ain't,' said the voice from the iceberg, 'and I'll rawhide some of you fellers when I get aboard for being dis-

Well, sirs, we run out a boat, the men tumbled in and after a short row pulled up to the berg. Sam, for it was him all safe enough, slid off into the water and we picked him up.

'Is it you, Sam, for a fact?' says Tom, edging away from him. 'Of course it's me, says Sam. on that berg for twelve hours." 'Didn't the whale get you after all,

Sam?' I says. whale is better'n no whale at all an' I've got a hankering after whales on gen'ral of the lantern and he looked kind of queer when he says t' me:

'That's what he did. You remember about Jonah, matey, don't yer? Well-same thing in my case. Iceberg close by and I climbed up. Ain't got a ship's biscuit about yer, have yer?' "Well, sirs, for three days the whole

crew was that afraid of Sam that they wouldn't go near him. But I did. I had to. I was bos'n's mate. One day I was lcokin' at the whistle which bos'ns always carry and which Sam had around his neck when he went overboard. 'Ain't you using this new whistle no

more, Sam?' I asks.
"'No,' says he. 'I got it full er whale oil a few days back an' it don't taste good

t' my lips.'
"Yes, sirs, there was a time when I didn't believe that Jonah story in the Bible, 'cause I thought a sailorman ought self, but I was convinced then and I oined the Seamen's Chapel at Marble head soon as the Silver Spray touched

"Seven bells? Aye. aye, sir."— A. H. F. in The Brooklyn Eagle.

Crasping at a Sunbeam.

It's a common enough thing for children to try to pick up sunbeams, but the earnestness with which this attempt was made by a small boy in an elevated car

He was a very small boy, not more than two and one-half years old, and up with his mother.

There came into the car over one of the blinds a slender sunbeam which fell diagonally downward across the little fellow's dress, and when his eye fell upon this he reached down and carefully closed his hand over it and then raised his hand to his face and opened his things as they are will hear of the disfingers. But there wasn't any sunbeam

The passengers who saw this were as much interested in it all, in their way, but the great majority of casuals are the as the small boy was in his, and presentthey saw him try it again. Looking down he saw the sunbeam still there, just where it had been before when he had tried to grasp it, and he made the It is this class which is being absorbed effort again.

Reaching down he closed his fingers around it once more, and once more he raised his hand and opened it and looked inside for the sunbeam, once more to find-nothing there.

Then taller buildings cut off the ray, and the small boy's mind was diverted into some other channel.—New York

Farm Raised the Mortgage.

According to Sidney Lanier, "There is more in the man than there is in the but sometimes the land seems to take a notion to do things unaided. For behind them had said: instance, the Lincoln (Nebraska) Jour- "I beg your pardor nal tells this story:

A farmer who came to Buffalo Coun-Forty-three,' says Tom Smith as he ty from Missouri grew discouraged behauled up the thermometer, 'it's getting cause he didn't get rich the first year, and as there was a mortgage of seven hundred dollars on his farm, was about ready to throw up the whole business. But he determined to make one more effort and sowed eighty acres of wheat.

It happened to be a poor year for wheat, and the stand was not very good. Concluding that it wasn't worth harvesting, he pulled up stakes and went should undertake to compel them there fight the mortgage all by itself. The for you than that. There is a vacant farm was equal to the task.

The wheat ripened, fell down, and deposited the seed in the soil again. Next spring the wheat began to grow lustily. Some of the neighbors were honest enough to write about it down to the choose. fugitive in Missouri.

He got interested enough to come "'No, says he; 'no, not in the fo'c'sle. back and take a look. Then he stopped imitation of a Gainsborough in its de-"There, he cried again, 'd'yer hear gage and the rest of his debts, and had it, Bill? D'yer hear it?" it, Bill? D'yer hear it?'
"By this time I was getting kind of creepy m'self, 'cause, sure as you live, a clares there is no State like Nebraska.

Up-to-Date Illustrating.

"If," says a floating paragraph, "there is a battle in Europe, Asia or Africa a hundred years hence kodak pictures of it will appear in American papers the a blissful silence extending over a period same day, the outline being sent by ocean cable." But what is there remarkable in that? We already have papers which give us pictures of battles on the other side of the world the same day they are fought, and sometimes to be out of place, when they are not fought at all.—Louis-"Oh, it struck two bells in the first dog ville Courier-Journal.

And the wind was blowin' hard,
When a great green light like a burnin'
cheese

Thirty-six per cent. of the area of
the State of Washington is covered with
merchantable timber.

VENTRILOQUISM EXTRAORDINARY.

The Astonishing Performance Given by Sothern's Confederates on the Roof.

One of the peculiarities of Actor Sothern's elaborated jokes was the way in which he worked up to them. He pretended to have accidentally discovered that he possessed the gift of the born ventriloquist, and arranged an experiment or, the occasion of a supper party given in his honor at a pleasant house in a London suburb. There was a foolish kind of hanger-on of Sothern's, who loved to boast of his intimacy with the famous comedian. He had often said, "I wish you would let me help you in one of your practical jokes, Mr. Sothern." Sothern humored his desire. Mr. Edgar Pemberte 1 tells the story in his 'Memoir of Sothron.'

The comedy must, for my purpose, be reduced to a paragraph. You know how fond the professional ventriloquist is of talking up the chimney to an imaginary man on the roof. Sothern had arranged for his slavish confederate to mount the roof by a ladder and play the part of the voice on the roof, which he did to perfection, and Sothern's success as a ventriloquist was voted nothing short of marvelous. Supper being over, the party adjourned to another room. at which point Sothern said "Good night" to his friend above, at which cue it had been arranged that the scance should be concluded. Sothern had, however, plotted against his man, who, when he wished to descend, found that the ladder was gone. By hook or by crock the deceived confederate found his way to the chimney of the smoking room, where the supper party were settling down for a long evening. Presently a voice was heard calling down the chimney, "Sothern! Sothern! For heaven's sake come and help me! I can't get down, and it's raining like mad!" Sothern was taken aback for a moment, but only to be in ecstasies the next at the exclamations of his friends, who considered the voice only another example of Sothern's skill. "You said you could do no more, your voice was tired, and here it is stronger than ever!" Sothern, accepting the compliments of his friends, managed in a short conversation with the voice on the roof, to let his unhappy confederate understand that as soon as possible he would go out and help him down. After a time, just when Sothern was about to slip out and release his friend, his host went to the chimney and, all the more to emphasize Sothern's success, as he thought, called out "Are you still there?" This was the last straw upon the rain-drenched back of the sufferer. "Oh, go to blazes!" came the angry reply, and with it a piece of mortar that rattled in the grate, "you're a beast!"-The People.

England's Vagrants Vanishing.

One of the most notable documents issued in connection with poor law administration for many years is that which has just been prepared by the local government board on the subject of vagrancy in the eastern countries. For generations the tramps and casual class has been the despair of social reformers, and the hardest problem of all for poor law administrators. If we are to believe these figures, this class is now decreasing so rapidly that within a very few years it will be extinct if the present attracted the attention of the older pas- rate of decrease is maintained. The return gives the number of casuals in Norfolk and Suffolk for the four years, still in dresses. The seats in the car the four years are 29,037, 24,128, 15,095, 1897-1900. In Norfolk the figures for the four years are 29,037, 24,128, 15,095, and last year only 9,739. In Suffolk the were all taken, and the small boy stood and last year only 9,739. In Suffolk the corresponding decrease is from 23,943 to 12.838. For the two counties the decrease is just 60 per cent. From the details of the return we gather that the decrease is general over 38 out of 39 poor law unions of East Anglia.

The most conservative defenders of appearance of the tramp in the country in any considerable numbers in search of employment. A few such there still are, loafers and semi-criminals who deliberately prefer a vagrant life and a living upon odds and ends questionably picked up to any attempt at settled industry. into industry in some way or other. At any rate, it is disappearing from our roads and casual wards, and with it is decreasing quite the most unpleasant of all the responsibilities resting upon provincial boards of guardians .- London News.

How She Got Satisfaction.

They occupied two \$3.50 seats at the opera-those two women did. They wore high and costly hats on their heads and an aspect of grim de-

termination on their faces. For the young woman in a \$3.50 seat "I beg your pardon, but will you please remove your hats?"

And each had answered: 'No, I will not." When the first scene was over she asked them again, and again they an-

swered "No! Then she went to the head usher and made a complaint.
"Yes," he said, "it is a hardship, madam, but I hesitate to ask them to take off their hats, for I know them, and

I know they would refuse, and if back to Missouri, leaving the farm to would be a scene. But I can do better seat directly in front of them. Go and take that, and I will see that you are She took it.

"Keep your hats on ladies, if you cose. You will not incommoode me in the least." Then she put on her own hat, a close

sign, makeup, and general scope, and sat serenely with it on her head through all the rest of the performance. For she was only human, and the provocation was great.-Chicago Tribune.

Love Makes Arms Go Round.

They were seated side by side on the parier sofa, and there wasn't room enough between them for an argument. "George," murmured the maid, after of several minutes, "I'm afraid your arm must be very painful."
"Why do you think so, dearest?" ne

asked. "Because," she coyly replied, "it seems "Oh, well, never mind," said George. "It will come around all right."—Buf-falo Commercial.

Many a man has risen in the world by taking the bull by the horns.

ESTIMATING CHARACTER.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says the Divine Way Differs From the Human Way.

The American Nation Put Into the Royal Balance -- "The Lord Weigheth the Spirits."

[Copyright 1901.1 Washington, D. C.—In this discourse from a symbol of the Bible Dr. Talmage urges the adoption of an unusual mode of estimating character and shows how different is the divine way from the human way; text, Proverbs xvi, 2, "The Lord weigheth the spirits."

The subject of weights and measures is discussed among all nations in the subject.

discussed among all nations, is the subject of legislation, and has much to do with world's prosperity. A system of weights and measures was invented by Phidon, ruler of Argos, about 800 years be-Phidon, ruler of Argos, about 800 years before Christ. An ounce, a pound, a ton, were different in different lands. Henry III. decided that an ounce should be the weight of 640 dried grains of wheat from the middle of the ear. From the reign of William the Conqueror to Henry VIII. the English pound was the weight of 7680 grains of wheat. Queen Elizabeth decreed that a pound should be 7000 grains of wheat taken from the middle of the ear. The piece of platinum kept at the office of the exchequer in England in an atmosphere of sixty-two degrees F. decides for all Great Britain what a pound must be. phere of sixty-two degrees F. decides for all Great Britain what a pound must be. Scientific representatives from all lands met in 1869 in Paris and established inter-national standards of weights and meas-

You all know something of avoirdupois weight, of apothecaries' weight, of troy weight. You are familiar with the differweight. You are familiar with the different kinds of weighing machines, whether a Roman balance, which is our steelyard, or the more usual instrument consisting of a beam supported in the middle, having two basins of equal weight suspended to the extremities. Scales have been invented to weigh substances huge, like mountains, and others delicate enough to weigh infinitesimals. But in all the universe there has only been one balance that could weigh thoughts, emotions, affections, hatreds, ambitions. That balance was fashioned by an Almighty God. and is hung up for perpetual service. "The Lord weighth the spirits."

The drine weigher puts into the balance the spirit of charity and decides how

ance the spirit of charity and decides how much of it really exists. It may go for nothing at all. It may be that it says to the unfortunate, "Take this and do not bother me any pore." It may be according to bother me any more." It may be an occasional impulse. It may depend upon the condition of the liver or the style of breakfast partaken of a little while before. It may be called forth by the loveliness of the solicitor. It may be exercised in spirit of rivalry, which practically says, "My neighbor has given so much; therefore I must give as much." It is accidental or occasional or spasmodic. When such a spirit of charity is put into the balance and weighed, God and men and angels look on and say there is nothing of it.

It does not weigh so much as a dram, which is only the one-eighth part of an

which is only the one-eighth part of an ounce, or a scruple, which is only the twenty-fourth part of an ounce. A man may give his hundreds and thousands of dollars with such feelings and amid such circumstances, and he will get no heavenly

But into the divine scales another man's charity is placed. It starts from love of God and man. It is born in heaven. It is a lifelong characteristic. It may have a million dollars or a penury to bestow, but the manner in which that giver bestows it shows that it is a divinely imparted principle.

give to eat of the midst of the mount of that so ment there will as in the royal eth the spirits.

But if our characteristic.

The one penny given may, considering the limited circumstances, attract as much angelic and heavenly attention as though the check given in charity was so large it staggered the cashier of the bank to cash Perhaps no one but God heard that good

man's resolutions, but it amounted about to this: "From this present moment to my last moment on earth, God helping me, I will do all I can to make the world a purer world, a better world, a happier world." But the resolution shines out in his face, sweetens his conversation, enlarges his nature, controls his life and shows itself as plainly in the contribution of \$1 as though he had the means to con-tribute \$500,000.

When that charity is put into the royal balance, the heavens watch the weighing and invisible choirs chant from the clouds, and I catch one bar of the music—"Now abideth faith, hope, charity—these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

So also in the celestial scales is placed

the spirit of faith. In most cases faith de pends on whether or not the sun shines and the man had sound sleep last night, and whether the first person he meets in the morning tells him something agreeable or disagreeable. Some day the sales in his store do not amount to so much as he expected, and he goes home with enough complaints to fill the house as soon as he enters it. Another day the sales are twenty or forty per cent, larger than usual, and as he is putting the key into the door lock his family hear him whistling a tune most juoilant. He has faith that everything in his own affairs and in the affairs of church and state are tending toward better conditions until something depressing happens in his own personal experiences or under his own observation. ·But there is another man who by re-

pertance and prayer has put himself into alliance with the Almighty God. Made all right by the Saviour's grace, this man goes to work to make the world straight. He says to himself: "God lauched this world, and He never launched a failure. The Garden of Eden was a useless morass compared with what the whole world will be when it blossoms and leaves and flashes and resounds with its coming glory. God will save it anyhow, with me or without me, but I want to do my share. I have some equipment, not as much as some others, but what I have I will use. I have power to frown, and I will frown upon iniquity. I have power to smile, and I will smile encouragement upon all the struggling. I encouragement upon all the struggling. I have a vocabulary not so opulent as the vocabulary of some others, but I have a storehouse of good words, and I mean to scatter them in helpfulness. I will ascribe right motives to others when it is possible. If I can say anything good about others, I will say it. If I can say nothing but evil of them, I will keep my lips shut as tight as the lips of the Sphinx, which for 3000 years has looked off upon the sands of the desert and uttered not one word about the desolation. The scheme of reconstructing years has looked off upon the sands of the descrt and uttered not one word about the desolation. The scheme of reconstructing this world is too great for me to manage, but I am not expected to boss this job. I have faith to believe that the plan is well laid out and will be well executed. Give me a brick and a trowel, and I will begin now to help build the wall. I am not a soloist, but I can sing 'Rock of Ages' to a sick pauper. I cannot write a great book, but I can pick a cinder out of a child's eye or a splinter from under his thumb nail. I now enlist in this army that is going to take the world for God, and I defy all the evil powers, human and satanic, to discourage me. Count me into the service. I cannot play upon a musical instrument, but I can polish a cornet or string a harp or applaud the orchestra."

All through that man's experience there runs a faith that will keep him cheerful and busy and triumphant. I like the watchword of Cromwell's "Ironsides," the men who feared nothing and dared everything, going into the battle with the shout: "The Lord of hosts is with us. The God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah!" No balance that human brain ever planned or

human hand ever constructed is worthy of weighing such a spirit. Gold and pre cious stones are measured by the carat cious stones are measured by the carat, which is four grains. The dealer puts the diamond or the pearl on one side of the scales and the carat on the other, and tells you the weight. But we need something more delicately constructed to weigh that wonderful quality of faith which I am glad to know will be recognized and rewarded for all time and all eternity.

The earthly weighman counterpoises on metallic balances the iron, the coal, the articles of human food, the solids of earthly merchandise, but he cannot test or announce the amount of things spiritual.

Put also into those royal scales the ambitious spirit. Every healthy man and woman has ambition. The lack of it is a sure sign of idiocy or immorality. The only question is, What shall be the style of our ambition? To stack up a stupendous fortune, to acquire a resounding dous fortune, to acquire a resounding name, to sweep everything we can reach into the whirlpool of our own selfishness—that is debasing, ruinous and deathful. If in such a spirit we get what we start for, we only secure gigantic discontent. No man was ever made happy by what he got. It all depends upon the spirit with which we get it and the spirit with which we keep it and the spirit with which we keep it and the spirit with which we distribute it. Not since the world stood has there been any instance of complete hapthere been any instance of complete hap-piness from the amount of accumulation. Give the man of worldly ambition sixty years of brilliant successes. He sought for renown, and the nations speak his name; he sought for affluence, and he is put to his wits' end to find out the best stocks and bonds in which he may make his investments; he is director in enough banks vestments; he is director in enough banks and trustee in enough institutions and president of enough companies to bring on paresis, of which he is now dying. The royal balances are lifted to weigh the ambition which has controlled him a lifetime. What was the worth of that ambition? How much did it yield for usefulness and heaven? Less than a scruple, less than a grain of sand, less than an atom, less than nothing. Have a funeral a mile long with carriages; let the richest robes of ecclesiastics rustle about the casket; caricature the scene by choirs which chant 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.' That man's life is a failure, and if his heirs scuffle in the Surrogate's court about the incapacity of the testator to make a last will and testament it will only be a prolongation of the failure. The son, through dissipation great his court is to the same that the control of the failure. longation of the failure. The son, through dissipation, spent his share of the fortune before the father died, and so was cut off with a dollar; the daughter married against his will, and she is disinherited; relatives whom he could never bear the sight of will put in their claim, and after years of litigation so much of the estate as the law yers have not appropriated to themselves will go into hands which the testator never once thought of when in his last days he bade tearful farewells to the houses and lands and government securities he could not take along with him into the sepulcher.

I do not know the intermediate chapters of the volume of that young man's life, but I know the first chapter and the last chapter. The first chapter is made of high resolve in the strength of God, and the last chapter is filled with the rewards of a noble ambition. As his obsequies pass out to the cemetery the poor will weep because they will lose their best friend.

Many in whose temporal welfare and eternal salvation he bore a part will hear of

it in various places and culogize his mem ory, and God will say to the ascending ory, and God will say to the ascending spirit, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." In the hour of that soul's release and enthronement there will be heavenly acclamation as in the royal balances "the Lord weigh at the crimts."

But if our character and behavior as a nation are reversed and good morals give place to loose living and God is put away from our hearts, and our schools and our homes and our people and our literature be debauched, and anarchism and athe-ism have full sway, and our American abbath becomes a Parisian Sabbath, and infamous laws get a place on our statute books, and the marriage relation becomes joke instead of a sanctity, and the God to whom Columbus prayed to on the day of his landing from stormy seas and whom Benjamin Franklin publicly reverenced when he moved, amid derisive cries, the regular opening of the American Congress with prayer, shall in our national future with prayer, shall in our national future be insulted and blasphemed, then it will not be long before we will need another Edward Gibbon to write the decline and fall of the United States republic, and it ll not be another case of destruction by the Goths and Huns and Tartars and Tam-erlanes and Attilas or foreign opposition and hate, but it will be a case of world astounding national suicide.

The wish of this sermon is to emphasize the invisible, to show that there are other balances besides those made of brase and platinum and aluminium and set in earthly storehouses; that the spirit is the most important part of us; that the scales which weigh your body are not as important as the scales which weigh your soul. Depend not too much for happiness upon the visible. Pyrrhus was king and had large dominion, but was determined to nake war against the Romans, and Cineas, the friend of the king, said to him, when you have conquered them what will you do next?" "Then Sicily is near at hand and easy to master." "And what when you have conquered Sicity?" "Then we will pass over to Africa and take Carwe will pass over to Africa and the Car-thage, which cannot long withstand us."
"When these are conquered, what will you next attempt?" "Then we will fall in upon Greece and Macedonia and recover what we have lost there." "Well, when all are subdued what fruit do you expect from all your victories?" "Then," said all are subdued what fruit do you expect from all your victories?" "Then," said the king, "we will sit down and enjoy ourselves." "Sir." said Cineas, "may we not do it now? Have you not already a king dom of your own? And he that cannot enjoy himself with a kingdom cannot with the whole world."

the whole world."

I say to you who love the Lord the kingdom is within you. Make more of the invisible conquests; study a peace which the world has no bushel to measure, no steelyards to weigh. As far as possible we should make our balances like to the divine halances. divine balances.

divine balances.

What a world this will be when it is weighed after its regeneration shall have taken place! Scientists now guess at the number of tons our world weighs, and they put the Apennines and the Sierra Nevadas and Chimborazo and the Himalayas in the scales, but if weighed as to its morals at the present time in the royal balance the heaviest things would be the wars, the international hatreds, the crimes mountain high, the moral disasters that stagger the high, the moral disasters that stagger the hemispheres on their way through immensity. But when the gospel has gardenized the earth, as it will yet gardenize it, and the atmosphere shall be universal balm, and the soil shall produce universal harvest and fruitage, and the last cavalry horse shall go unsaddled, and the last gun carriage unwheeled, and the last fortress turned into a museum to show nations in peace what a horrid thing war once was, then the world will be weighed, and as the opposite side of the scales lifts as though it was light as a feather the right side of the scales will come down, weighing more than all else, those tremendous values that St. Peter enumerated—faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, high, the moral disasters that stagger the virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity.

godliness, brotherly kindness, charity.

God forbid that it should ever be written concerning us as individuals or communities or nations, as it was written on the wall of Belshazzar's banqueiing hall the hour when Daniel impeached the monarch and translated the fiery words which blanched the cheeks of the revelers and made them drop their chalices brimming with wine. "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting."

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

General Trade Conditions.

New York, (special)-Bradstreet's ays "The general situation is still favorde, the primary encouraging feature beng the fine outlook for the country's rops. General distribution, retarded itherto by the backward spring, has seen stimulated by warm, sunny veather.
"Reports as to quiet trade in iron and

teel come from the East, where the denand for pig iron is of a hand-tonouth character.

"The boot and shoe and allied trades tote considerable activity in manufacuring lines, the Eastern shoe shipments tave again exceeded the 190,000 case nark, and the total for the season is 10w nearly 50,000 cases ahead of last

"Such unanimity as to good crop reorts has rarely been seen at this per-od of the year. Much was made in peculative grain circles of dry weather it the Northwest, but recent rains have placed that section in a favorable conlition as regards the spring wheat. rom the winter wheat belt reports coninue optimistic, and especially favoraole advices being received from Kansas. "The feature of the week in textiles

s a perceptible improvement in the tone of most cotton goods, which are in ather better demand at large Eastern narkets. This, of course, does not apply to the print cloths situation, which s one of excessive stocks, curtailed profuction and of goods selling below cost n many instances. Export shipments of cotton goods are heavy, although new business is lighter.

"Wheat (including flour) shipments or the week aggregate 4.796,084 bushels, against 3,984,968 bushels corrected last week, 3,698,968 bushels in the corresponding week of 1900, 3,198,319 bushels in 1899, and 4,309,133 bushels in 1898. From July 1 to date wheat exports are 190,048,662 bushels, against 78.304.566 bushels last season and 209,-398.175 bushels in 1898-1899.

Corn exports for the week aggrerate 2,204,902 bushels, against 2,704,594 ushels corrected last week, 4,374,145 oushels in this week a year ago, 3,845,-318 bushels in 1899, and 6,164,451 bushels in 1898. From July 1 to date corn xports are 163.584.763 bushels, against 85,653,354 bushels last season and 151,-379,033 bushels in 1898-1899."

LATEST QUOTATIONS.

Flour.—Best Patent, \$4,5004.75; High Grade Extra, \$4,0004.25; Minnesota

Oakers, \$2.90a3.25. Wheat.—New York, No. 2 red, 79a 82c; Philadelphia, No. 2 red, 78a79c; Baltimore, 78a801/2c.

Corn.—New York, No. 2, 491/4c; Philadelphia, No. 2, 471/4a48c; Baltimore, No. 2, 50a51½c. Oats.—New York, No. 2, 33c; Philadelphia No. 2 white, 341/2a35c; Balti-

more, No. 2 white, 331/2 a 34c. Rye.-New York, No. 2, 61c; Philadelphia, No. 2, 60c; Baltimore, No. 2, Hay .- No. 1 timothy, \$17.00; No. 2 imothy, \$16.50; No. 3 timothy, \$15.50

No. 1 clover, mixed, \$15.50a 16.00; No. 2 clover, mixed, \$14.00a15.00; No. 1 clover, \$14.50; No. 2 clover, \$13.00214.00. Green Fruits and Vegetables .- Onons spring, per 100 bunches, 60a80c; do, new, Bermuda, per crate, \$1.25a 1.40; do Egyptian, per sack, \$2.25a2.40; Asparagus, Norfolk, per dozen, No. 1, \$1.50a2.00; do, Norfolk, per dozen, sec-

onds, \$1.00a1.25; do, Eastern Shore Md. per dozen, prime \$1.25a1.50. Cabbage, Charleston and North Carolina, per crate, 65a85c; do, Norfolk, per bbl, 75a Celery, Florida, per crate, \$1.50a 2.50. Apples, \$2.00a4.25. Oranges, \$2.00 13.00. Strawberries, per quart, 5112c. Potatoes.-We quote: White, Maryland and Pennsylvania primes, per bus, 50a55c; do. New York prime, per bus, 8a6oc; do, Michigan and Ohio, per us, 55a6oc; do, new, Florida, per bbl,

No. 2, \$2.00a3.00; do. do, Charleston, per bbl, No. 1, \$3.50a5.00; do, do, do, per bbl. No. 2. \$2.00a3.00. Sweets-Maryland and Virginia, kiln dried, per bl, \$2.25a2.50; do. North Carolina, per bbl, prime, \$2.50a3.00; do, fancy bright Jerseys, per bbl. \$2.50a3.00. Beans and Peas .-- We quote: New York marrow, choice hand picked, \$2.30 a2.35; do do medium do do, \$2.20a2.25; do do pea, do do, \$2.15a2.20. Blackeye

No. 1, \$3.50a4.50; do. do. do. per bbl,

peas, per bushel, choice new, \$1.75a 1.80. Black peas, per bushel, choice new, \$1.70. Green peas, per bushel \$1.25. Nearby white beans, hand pick-ed, per bushel. \$1.50a2.00. Beans, imported, per bushel, \$1,90a2.00. Butter.— Creamery, 15a19c; factory, 11a13c; imitation creamery, 13a17c; tate dairy, 15a18c.

Cheese .- Fancy, large, colored, 101/2c,

lancy, large, white, 101/4a101/2c; fancy,

small, colored, 111/2c; fancy, small white, 11 4c. Eggs.-State and Pennsylvania, 12a 13c; Southern, 11a12c; Western storage. 13c.

Provisions .- The market is firm. Jobbing prices: Bulk shoulders, 8a81/4c; do short ribs. 91/2c; do clear sides, 91/2c; bacon rib sides. 10c; do clear sides, 101/2c; bacon shoulders, 9c. Fat backs, 8½c. Sugar cured breasts. 11½c; sugar cured shoulders, 9c. Hams—Small, 11½c; large, 11c; smoked skinned hams. 121/2c; picnic hams, 81/4c. Lard-Best refined, pure, in tierces, 91/4c; in tubs, 91/4c per lb. Mess Pork, per bbl, \$16.00. Hides .- Quote: Green salted, 51/2c; do do, damaged, 6c; do do, Southern, 51/4c; green, 6c; do, damaged, 51/2c; dry flint. 13c; do do, damaged. 11e; dry salted, 11c; do do, damaged, 10a10}/2c dry calf, toc; dry glue, 6½c, Bull hides, per lb, green, 5½a6c; do do, per lb, green salted, 6c. Goatskins, 15a25c. Caliskins, green salted, 60a80c. Sheepskins, 60a75c. Spring lambskins, 30a

Live Poultry. - Market is steady. Quote: Hens, 10c; old roosters, each, 5a30c; spring chickens, 18a25c; winter lo, 2 to 21/2lbs, 16at8c. Ducks, 8age. Geese, apiece, 30a40c.

Live Stock.

East Liberty, Pa .- Cattle steady; exra. \$5.70a3.85; prime, \$5.50a5.65; good, \$5.30a5.40. Hogs lower; prime heavies ind best mediums, \$5.921/2a5.95; heavy Yorker \$5,90a5.9232; light do, \$5.85a 5.90: p gs, \$5.75a5.85; skips, \$4.75a5.25; roughs, \$4.00a5.50. Sheep slow; best vethers, \$4.35a4.40.

Chicago, Ill. - Cattle - Steers active; good to prime steers, \$5.30a6.00; poor o mediam, \$4.20a5.20; cows, \$2.00a4.70; heifers, \$2.90a4.90; calves active, \$4.25 a6.00; Texas fed steers, \$4.25a5.40.