

The Centre Democrat.

BELLE FONTE, PA.

The Largest, Cheapest and Best Paper PUBLISHED IN CENTRE COUNTY.

Services in the Evangelical Lutheran Church.

MONDAY MORNING, Sept. 26, 1881.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

Introduction by the Choir; Introit; Gloria Patri (Sung); Confession of Sin, in Concert; Kyrie (Sung); Supplication; Apostles' Creed, in Concert; Gloria in Excelsis (Sung); Litany, including Adaptations to the Occasion; Hymn: "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne"—Tune, Old Hundred; Scripture Lessons: Psalm xli, and extracts from John xiv; Hymn: "Jesus, while our Hearts are Bleeding"—Tune, Mount Vernon—Address; Prayer, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, in Concert; Hymn: "Nearer, my God, to Thee"—Tune, Bethany; Benediction.

Text:—"For when Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness."—Isaiah xlvii: 9.

[Not a word of the above address was written before it was delivered. It was reduced to writing after three days because of a very general desire, expressed by those who were present, to have it in print. The following is believed to be an accurate reproduction of the line of thought pursued, but it is not pretended that the phraseology is precisely the same.]

The nation mourns. We have assembled in God's house not to increase the honor of the dead, but for the benefit of the living. The illustrious departed himself truly said, "We can add to the dead no glory—we can give to them no immortality," and, it is equally true, we can take nothing from them. When death calls a man he is beyond the reach of human power.

We have come here out of respect to the honored memory of our deceased Chief Magistrate and to bow down in deep humility and make solemn confession before Almighty God, acknowledging our entire dependence upon Him—implore His mercy and guidance that we may be enabled to study aright His judgments that are in the earth, so that we may learn righteousness.

It is not an easy thing to make clear the lessons taught by this great bereavement. Yet, even to our short sight and weak comprehension great truths already appear. Perhaps the simplest way to introduce our reflections will be to take an illustration from the characters concerned in this tremendous tragedy. The assassin was a bad boy and grew into a bold, bad man, so that even those of his own family, it is reported, were led to expect and fear he would, at sometime, commit some horrible crime. He went on from bad to worse, hardening his heart, the evil within him developing until, demon-like, the foul deed was perpetrated which placed him beyond the possibility of doing further harm. Pharaoh's heart was hardened by what would have softened the hearts of others, and he continued in his stubborn and growing wickedness until he brought destruction upon himself and his hosts. God overruled Pharaoh's inhuman persecutions for the good of His chosen people. God overrules and will continue to overrule the fiendish act of this wretched murderer for the inexpressible benefit of all who sincerely put their trust in Him. James Abram Garfield was a good boy, a good youth and developed into a noble manhood and a rich, fully-rounded, Christian character until he became fit for a martyr, and in the shocking manner of his taking off he was enabled to effect results which no man could have produced in life. God honored him in accomplishing ends through his sad death that could not otherwise have been attained. Under the inscrutable direction of an all-wise and all-merciful Providence the evil defeats itself and is made to contribute and add lustre to the glorious victory of the good.

Let us now turn to a few of the many LESSONS OF THE HOUR.

1. Noble and unselfish purposes are reversed. General Garfield did not desire the nomination for the Presidency. It was while he was pleading, with unsurpassed eloquence, the fitness of another for that exalted place that attention was riveted upon himself as the proper man. We cannot forget how strong his expressed preference was to occupy the seat in the United States Senate to which he had been elected rather than take the executive chair. A superintending Providence, nevertheless, placed him in the executive mansion, and in it, during less than four months of active service, he founded a policy at once so assuring, so commanding and so far-reaching that half a dozen terms would have been too short to fully carry it out, but which has become fixed in effect as a fore-gone conclusion by the dreadful sacrifice of his precious life.

Chester A. Arthur shrank from accepting the nomination even for the Vice-Presidency, and when the fatal ball had struck the President, full of emotion, he said, out of the abundance of an overflowing heart, to the grief-stricken, heroic wife of the suffering chief, "God knows I do not want to be President." And yet to-day he fills the Presidential office, to carry on in detail and perplexity the work so broadly planned by his lamented predecessor. Oh! who could, without a shudder, have seen our now sainted Garfield go back and bear the almost unbearable burdens of that trying position after the sanctifying influences of sores experience had made him too pure for earth! The unexpected and undesired change was wrought in God's judgment, whose wisdom is higher than man's, that thus the inhabitants of the world might learn righteousness.

2. The homage of the people is turned from man to God. Had President Garfield been restored to physical health this nation would have been in danger of idolizing him. Although in the honest indignation of his great heart he might, apostle-like, have cried, "Stand up, I myself also am a man," yet, in their enthusiastic veneration, the people would not have heeded his warning, and not only the American, but with it other nations also, would have become guilty of idolatry. God in mercy exercised His judgments on the earth and said to the chosen one, "It is enough; come up higher," and in obeying the summons he carried with him the thoughts and affections of the people up, upward above the earth and all earthly things even to "the great white throne" that is above all thrones. Who will undertake to say such a death, ac-

complishing such a result, is untimely? Should we not rather solemnly praise and reverently thank God, not only for this life, but also for this death?

3. Christian woman is exalted in earthly power. It is our boast that Christianity has raised woman to a higher and broader sphere of usefulness. What a striking proof of this we see to-day! The wishes of a modest, quiet, devout woman are, as they ought to be, unreservedly honored and strictly observed. By a word she holds in check the extravagant impulses of a wounded nation, prevents improper ostentation and restrains unchristian and idolatrous demonstrations of grief. Common sense and Christian resignation touchingly characterize the nation's funeral because directed by a noble, submissive, heaven-minded woman. Though grief-stricken, yet not crushed, because Christ is her life.

Nor can we fail to notice the struggling widow of some years ago bearing the burden of poverty and obscurely, but truly and nobly rearing and educating her fatherless children—permitted to live on earth beyond the number of years usually allotted to mortals, she is suddenly brought before the admiring eyes of the world as a towering monument of true womanhood and Christian fortitude, standing firmly upon the Rock of Ages. We see her advanced in age and weak in body, but young in spirit and strong in the faith. These two never to be forgotten examples of the strength of purity and of consecrated hearts appear in bold relief, in shining light, under the thick cloud, unshaken amidst convulsions of feeling that cause the very foundations of earthly kingdoms to quake. Then, having taught by living example the great lessons the world so much needed, they will be permitted to retire to the welcome privacy of a humble, rural home, as persons too sacred to be kept long before the public gaze. Could the self-sacrificing son and husband himself have chosen anything more in accord with his best impulses than that through this severe ordeal the characters of his revered mother and loved wife should so stamp precious, living truths upon the bleeding heart of his country and the world in a manner that time can never efface?

4. Human distinctions are brought to a level.—Many occupying humble positions in life had learned to think last Kings and Queens and their sons and daughters, and others in high stations, did not have heart aches and shed tears like other people—but what do we see in this case? The crowned head of England dispenses with regal formality and court language, and the aged mother, herself similarly bereaved years ago, says in the tenderest pathos of widowhood, "With deep grief I and my children," &c. What a spectacle! The ruling Queen of one of the foremost nations of the earth, and Princes and Princesses divesting themselves of royalty for the time and purpose that they may lovingly approach and condole with the stricken American heart—just as two widowed mothers and their children, living side by side in lowly cottages in a country village, would sympathize with and console each other under heavy bereavement. The great principle of the common brotherhood of man—planted by God in the infancy of the human race—reasserted in our Declaration of Independence—incorporated into the very foundation of our government—here finds a practical and incontrovertible demonstration in the eyes of an astounded world awed into silence by the sublime conduct of true, widowed motherhood! That devout woman should thus be enabled to furnish a natural and permanent solution of the problem that has for ages convulsed the nations of the earth impresses us as one of the profoundest judgments of God, administered in wisdom, "that the inhabitants of the world should learn righteousness." Dare any one say a death producing such an effect is in vain, or even premature?

5. The civilized world is united in sentiment. Critics are silenced—the occupation of fault-finders is gone. Political dissensions are forgotten—bitter antagonisms are dead—personal animosities are buried. Union of hearts in the United States was never so complete—a common grief has cemented our union of States more firmly than heretofore. All parties, all classes, all shades of opinion are blended and bound together by a stronger and more loving tie than has ever before been recognized. Truly the man around whose death-bed all differences are dispelled dies not in vain.

Rulers and subjects of all civilized nations, nobles and common people, men, women and children vie with each other to give the tenderest expression to the same sentiment. The world united in opinion! It was never so. It could not be so now but for the purifying furnace through which we have been passing. "When God's judgments are in the earth," then "the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness."

6. Christianity is triumphant. Our nation has been brought to its knees in prayer. Other nations have been moved by the same impulse. Infidelity has been obliged to hide its head with confusion of face. But some say, "the prayers have not been answered—God has either not heard or He has not answered." Oh, no, God always hears and answers true prayer. The spirit of the prayers was that it might please God to do what would be best for the suffering one and best for all the people. The time, the circumstances, the very manner of the death could not have been more opportune to establish for all time the world-wide fame of the lamented dead. But what is far more important, he was permitted to give an exhibition to "the inhabitants of the world" of how a living Christian faith enables a man to receive without a word of revenge a cruel, wanton blow causing an agony of bodily suffering for long, weary weeks—to prove how a brave, heroic man strong in the strength imparted through faith can, without a murmur, endure and die for his country—for his age—for himself, he through this very ordeal became more spiritually acclimated to the atmosphere of Heaven and improved in the graces that characterize the society of the redeemed until he was "meat for the inheritance of the saints in light." Then he was raised above the perplexities, trials and pains of

earth to rest forever in the never wearying ecstatic activities of the Father's house full of glory unspeakable.

In view of all the facts stated, and of many more of which we cannot now give even a hint, and of still more that will be revealed as time rolls on, it was best for his own family—best for the American people—best for "the inhabitants of the world"—best for all the coming generations till time shall end, that it should be so now. Should we wish it otherwise? Can we not say, in fullest confidence, "God's judgments" are always best?

7. God teaches in unmistakable ways. Notice the striking contrasts. Less than seven months ago there were inauguration ceremonies on a grander scale than at any previous time—to-day we have what will be chronicled as the greatest mourning in history—there is before our minds the most cowardly, most dastardly act of the wretched assassin, and at the same instant, the most touching, most humble submission of earthly greatness and Christian resignation to Almighty Wisdom—the poorest of the poor weeping for the same cause that has bedewed thrones with tears—all indicating how God's judgments, in justice and mercy, in wisdom and love teach mankind righteousness.

God has given and preserved to us a government that fosters the women and the men who are made honored instruments in His hands to teach men righteousness for His glory. In the memorable words of him whose decease we mourn, "God reigns and the government at Washington still lives," and let us ever remember, the government at Washington lives because God reigns. No other government of the present, or the past, could endure such tests with so little strain, or confusion, or danger of dismemberment.

It is a comforting thought that in the quiet homes of this highly favored land are to be found, still living, women and men who would prove equally noble and note-worthy if suddenly called forth to give testimony before the world. Oh! virtue is not yet all dispelled from the earth! Because faithful and true in all the details of humble life, these loved ones were found prepared for high public station. So we, using well our God-given means, talents and opportunities, and acting well our part in our places, reading and applying aright God's lessons vouchsafed for our guidance, are, wherever and whoever we may be, to glorify God on earth in our bodies and in our spirits, and then we may glorify Him forever in the enjoyment of the rewards of the finally faithful—of the eternally blessed.

WEDDED ON PIKE'S PEAK.

TWO HEARTS MADE ONE 10,000 FEET ABOVE OTHER PEOPLE'S HEADS.

Colorado Springs Letter in the Denver Tribune.

C. A. Dutton, Herman A. Throcmorton, Mrs. H. A. Throcmorton, and Miss Nellie J. Throcmorton, of Boston, registered at the Manitou House last night. They made inquiry concerning the difficulties of ascending Pike's Peak, and in the course of the evening engaged the Rev. Dr. J. Edwards Smith to go with them to the summit of the peak for the purpose of performing a marriage ceremony. This morning at sunrise the six bronchos stood in front of the Manitou House and in a few minutes the entire party were in the saddle. The Rev. Dr. Smith was mounted upon a particularly lively brute, which after waltzing on two legs down the road, from the hotel to the bridge over the Fountain, wound up his performance by bucking the clergyman over the railing into the stream. Mr. Smith was rescued at once, and although not seriously injured the accident deranged the plans of the wedding party, for the clergyman declined to risk his health by continuing the trip, in spite of all persuasion and the offer of a safe and quiet animal. After much consultation the young gentleman suggested that Dr. Smith should come to this city (Colorado Springs) and from the United States telegraph office, which is connected with the signal station on the peak, perform the marriage ceremony by telegraph. The doctor consented to this arrangement, and thus by accident another element of romance was added to this already romantic affair. The summit was reached about noon, and Sergeant O'Keefe was found in charge of the station. He received his visitors with his usual hospitality, and when their intention of celebrating a wedding was announced was overjoyed and at once set about making arrangements. The instrument room of the signal station was decorated with flowers and flags, and then the sergeant seated himself at the telegraph instrument and sent a call down to the springs office, 10,000 feet below. Officer Jones, who was in charge, replied and informed the sergeant that the Rev. Dr. Smith had arrived and was ready to proceed with the ceremony. The young people joined hands and stood before the sergeant, the father and mother of the bride standing on either side, and the sergeant at the instrument read off the questions of the clergyman as they came thrilling over the wires. There was a rapid clicking for a moment and then sergeant O'Keefe, in a solemn voice, repeated the message:

"Charles A. Dutton, do you take Nellie J. Throcmorton to be your lawful and wedded wife?"

"I do," responded the bridegroom with evident emotion. The sergeant tapped the telegraph instrument and in a moment another message came and was read by him:

"Nellie J. Throcmorton, do you take Charles A. Dutton to be your lawful and wedded husband?"

"I do," said the bride in a low voice.

The sergeant heard it, however, and transmitted the reply. There was a moment's pause, and then came the solemn concluding words. Up from

the valley to that small stone keep, fourteen thousand feet above the ocean, came that message making two hearts one:

"Then I pronounce you man and wife."

NATHAN HALE, THE SPY.

THE MAN WHO BELIEVED ANY SERVICE FOR HIS COUNTRY WAS HONORABLE.

Edward Everett Hale.

Nathan Hale, who was hanged by General Howe when he was scarcely twenty-one years old, was born in Coventry, Conn., June 4, 1755. His education was conducted with a view to the life of a minister. He was trained in the school to which America owes so much, which is willing to push every doctrine to its ultimate—the school of the Puritans, who made America. At the time of the battle of Lexington Hale was not two years out of Yale college. The picked men of Yale and Harvard flung themselves into the army. There are many persons in this audience who have heard their fathers and mothers tell of the spirit with which Hale taught the Union school at New London. The school was of thirty-two boys, about half of whom were Latimers, and all but one of the rest were writers. In addition to this he kept for young ladies, through the summer from 5 o'clock to 7 o'clock every morning, another school, which was attended by about twenty scholars. The rising of the sun would seem to have been of a different calendar from ours, or the habits of the young people. His school house was very convenient, he writes. You have seen it and can judge. He was a favorite in society, handsome, athletic, frank, wide-awake in the great popular questions which excited society, and true to the old creed of every Connecticut man—independence in religion, and independence in government, he endeared himself to young and old. He had, in his farewell part at New Haven, discussed the questions whether the education of daughters be not more neglected than that of sons. Here he was in a high way to reform that error, if error there was. He contemplated seriously making the teaching of the young his profession for life, and New London his home. Had he done so you and I might have seen and talked with this delightful old man. We might have heard him tell of this and that abortive effort for freedom which failed because the sons of Connecticut stayed at home and left it to bounty-jumpers to fight their battles. But, thank God, his was another destiny, but this was not to be.

While Hale was a teacher in New London he was not of age. He was not, therefore, technically a "freeman." But he was enrolled in the militia, and he was profoundly interested in the military discipline which the time required. It is his prominence in the community as a favorite with the young which permits one of his age to speak out at the town meeting called after the battle of Lexington. He enrolls himself as a volunteer, writes to Coventry for his father's permission to serve in one of the companies of the new establishment, and having, of course, received that permission from the sturdy patriot, enlists in Webb's regiment, the Seventh Connecticut, asks the proprietors of the school to relieve him from further duty. The regiment was one raised by order of the general assembly that year for home defence and for the protection of the country at large. In this regiment Hale was first lieutenant, and after the first of September, captain. The company consisted of seventy-one men, and was organized before the end of July. Its first service was in the neighborhood of New London, but on the fourteenth of September it was marched, by Washington's order, to the camp at Cambridge.

The summer of 1775 was a dark season for the American cause. Hale was a minor no longer; he was of age, and immediately afterward his country was new born. Soon afterward Howe landed with his immense forces. The patriots concluded rightly that New York would be their point of attack, and General Heath was ordered there with most of the army. Hale made this march, passing through Norwich on the way, and through the summer was in active service. Of this service a few letters preserve our chief memorial. The first important duty in which he was engaged was the cutting out of an English sloop laden with supplies, which, though under the guns of the Asia man-of-war, was not safe from the audacity of the ambitious seamen soldiers of Webb's regiment. At the head of a boat load of men Hale boarded her at midnight to the pier. Her stores were distributed as clothing and as food in the army.

Washington summoned Knowlton to find some volunteer of intelligence who would find his way into the English lines and bring back trustworthy information. Knowlton summoned his own officers, but none of them volunteered. He tried, it is said, to induce one of them to undertake the dangerous service, and received the reply: "I am willing to be shot, but not to be hanged." Then one of his youngest captains spoke, and Nathan Hale said: "I will undertake it." He had come late to the meeting. He was pale with recent sickness. His college companion, Hull, had tried to dissuade him, but he was determined. "I wish to be useful," he said, "and every kind of

service for the public good becomes honorable." From that moment there is but little to be told till the end. He crossed to Long Island and obtained the information he was sent for. He sought a secluded cove on the north side of Long Island, where he was to wait for a boat. A boat landed and he went to meet it. It was the boat of a British frigate, and he was a prisoner. He was marched to New York, quickly tried, condemned, and sentenced to be hanged next morning. On the scaffold, after his letters to his family had been destroyed, and his request for a Bible had been denied, he says: "I only regret that I have but one life to give to my country!" It is not success in the field; it is not wisdom in the council; it is to ready self-sacrifice at the country's call; it is to readiness to die in the country's cause, that our presence here is due to-day, that men seek for any memorial, and bring together every wreath of laurel, which may bespeak their gratitude to Nathan Hale.

BEN BUTLER AT HOME.

HIS DEVOTION TO HIS WIFE AND FAMILY.

From a Sketch in New York Sun.

There is an air of comfort about his library, with the exception of one chair, which is Gen. Butler's favorite seat. It is necessary to keep one's sea legs on to occupy the chair. It is about as difficult to sit in a bicycle is to ride, but the manufacturer having furnished two legs of the chair, Gen. Butler contends that he has done his share, and that whoever occupies it must furnish the other two legs. A visitor who wanted to cross his legs found that the chair ran from under him like a frightened steed, and in a moment more he was gyrating his arms and legs among the wolf skins on the floor. Gen. Butler's face did not change a particle at the sight, but, as he puffed out a little bigger cloud of smoke, he said in guttural tones: "The chair is all right, if you keep your legs straight." It requires some ingenuity to master the seat, and Gen. Butler seems to revel in the exercise.

The book cases are adorned with busts of eminent lawyers, for whom Gen. Butler has unqualified words of praise. One richly-bound volume resting on a shelf is entitled "The Republican Court," and it gives the portraits of the most beautiful women of the Revolutionary time. The book was a Christmas present from Gen. Butler to his wife many years ago, and after he had been married to her about eleven years. Accompanying the gift he sent a letter, afterward pasted by Mrs. Butler on the fly leaf, in which letter he avows that no feature limned within the pages of the book by the burin of the engraver appeared to him half so beautiful as those which had for eleven years shed so much of light and joy into his life. The devotion of Gen. Butler to his charming wife, who died some years ago during his presence under a surgical operation, is instanced in many ways by his circle of friends, and his bold temper and rugged nature yield to nothing so quickly as to her memory. He has studiously kept her room in the condition in which she left it. Her pictures are nearly all within his own apartment, with specimens of her needlework and reminders of her womanly neatness. The volume of Shakespeare she used to read aloud, with the skill that came from her training as an actress, is treasured by the husband. The ardor with which, as a youth, he followed the beautiful actress from New England to the banks of the Ohio, where he at length made an irresistible declaration of his love, never dimmed through life, and seems now as strong in his devotion to her memory. Her theatrical genius found appreciation and opportunity in her own home, for Gen. Butler provided her with a theatre under her own roof, and one most complete in its appointments. It is now his billiard room, but it was then also his theatre. The billiard table is upon wheels resting on a track. When a performance was designed the billiard table was run upon its track against the wall, and covered with the flooring for the stage. The foot-lights were arranged, the scenery was placed, and the curtain was hung. There was a dressing room back of the stage, and a wardrobe adequate for all needs. Here Mrs. Butler and her little company of children and friends often gave theatrical entertainments to rare audiences, and no one appreciated the performances more than Maj. Gen. Ben Butler, the general manager. The billiard room has a polished hard-wood door and frescoed walls and ceilings. A rack contains a spangled Egyptian saddle, which was a present to Gen. Butler from the Kheive. A practical feature of the saddle is the construction of the stirrups, which have the spurs set into them. Paintings by Mrs. Ames are scattered about the house.

Mrs. Butler's picture is the first object that meets his eye in the morning, and the last that he looks upon at night.

Butler displayed great affection for his children constantly when in their presence, and when he was at home he wanted the boys about him. He would make some startling assertions now and then—such, for instance, as that Brother Jasper is right and that the "sun do move," and then he would marshal up the most ingenious arguments in order to excite his sons to assail them and try to break them down. He would claim that the earth

is as flat as a batter cake; that its centre is the polar region, which no man can penetrate; that it is surrounded by water, and that the arguments in favor of a globular earth, such as that the masts of ships are seen before the hulls and the tops of mountains before their bases, are all grounded upon a misconception of the law of perspective. He would set his boys to work to fight this theory, and he made it sometimes rather difficult for them to answer him because of his fertility in ingenious arguments.

Gen. Butler smokes Havana cigars as long as a penstaff, sits up late reading or talking, and retires about midnight. He is up again at 6 o'clock, looking as fresh as a school boy and ready for any amount of hard work, of which he seems never yet to have had too much. He makes a tour of his grounds, looks at the beautiful beds of foliage plants bordered with sweet alyssum, watches the coloring of the hydrangeas from buff to blue, by the charcoal he mixed with the earth about them, takes a look for his squirrels, and then walks into breakfast. His table has a mass of flowers in its centre, fresh from his conservatory, and as he settles into his seat, Peter, who appears in a swallow-tail coat and a white necktie, pins a boutonniere in the general's left lapel. Thirty years ago Mrs. Butler began this practice, and the general keeps it up. The coffee urn used by George Washington—affectionately termed "Uncle George" by the General—graces the table. There is a conspicuous cabinet in the dining room which is a fine specimen of antique Flemish carving. Its outline is a mass of mermaids, griffins, leaves and fruits, and although now 250 years old, it promises to last forever. Upon one shelf is a coffee set painted with the pictures of Gen. Butler and his staff. Gen. Butler is a hearty eater and he sips a little sherry at his meals. His breakfast over, Peter hands him one of his big Havana cigars, holds a light to its end and leads the way to the carriage that has just stopped at the door. As the general takes his seat Peter hands him a bouquet covered with tissue paper, and the driver cracks his whip. The carriage rolls away leaving a train of cigar smoke behind.

Gen. Butler seems to find happiness in little things, and one of the incidents of his day's pleasure is to just come within a second of missing the train to Boston, and yet not miss it. He often makes experiments in seeing how long he can remain in his house or office and then how fast he can go to the depot, and how near he can come to being left.

The Greatest Mistake.

Everybody is making mistakes. Everybody is finding out afterward that he has made a mistake. But there can be no greater mistake than the stopping to worry over a mistake already made. Temptation is irresistible when one has slipped on an orange peel, or a banana skin, to turn back and see just where and how he slipped. But if a man is in a hurry to the depot, he would do better to look out for the next slipping place, and guard against it, than to turn around and walk backward, with his eyes on the place where he slipped last, and his mind full of worry because he slipped there. And a man would stand a better chance of entering his train by letting those slipping places alone. "Forgetting those things which are behind, includes the forgetting to worry over the irredeemable past." "Reaching forth unto those things which are before," is the "one thing" for every child of God to do in spite of many mistakes which at the best he has certainly made.

The "Poor Girls."

The poorest girls in the world are those who never have been taught to work. There are thousands of them. They have been taught to despise labor and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. If misfortune comes upon their friends, as it often does, their case is hopeless. The most forlorn women on earth belong to this class. It belongs to parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. They do them a great wrong if they neglect it. Every daughter ought to be taught to earn her own living. The rich as well as the poor require this training. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly round—the rich are very likely to become poor, and the poor rich. Skill to labor is no disadvantage to the rich, and indispensable to the poor. Well-to-do parents must educate their children to work. No reform is more imperative than this.

A LITTLE fellow, turning over the leaves of a scrap book, came across the well known picture of some chickens just out of their shell. He examined the picture carefully, and then, with a grave, sagacious look, slowly remarked: "They came out 'cos they was afraid of being boiled."

A BOSTON medicant said to a gentleman: "I should like to have ten cents to appease my hunger. I have forty cents, and with ten more I could get quite a decent supper."

If Shakespeare had been familiar with double-barrelled shot guns he would have talked less of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.