"Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom; Plant hate, and hate will grow; You can sow to-day-to-morrow shall bring The blossom that proves what sort of a thing Is the seed, the seed that you sow."

-The Churchman

CHIP'S CURE.

Every now and then a horseman, broad hatted and be-weaponed, with jangling Mexican spurs and leather "chap" leggings, dismounted, tied his "cayuse" pony to the gnawed rack, and eined the group of cowboys lounging the shade of Ashburn's post-office. With each comer the first question was:

"How's Chip?"
"No better," Old Man Ashburn re-

plied each time.

"Looks to me like that thar was a mighty heavy load to put onto a child like Chip," said Santa Fe, the cowboy with the gaudy Mexican sash about his waist. "A load uv pain an' misery big enough to break a man down, an' che nuth'n' but a child!"

"Yer right, only she h'ain't a child," replied red-cheeked Posy; "she's-How old, Ashburn?"

"Seventeen," Ashburn answered. "Hanged if I knowed," said Santa Fe. "Reckon yer right; but I got so ust to seein' her amongst us, a-ridin' cayuses an' dancin' an' laughin' singin' like a happy child, that I'd plumb forgot she'd growed up."

"Me, too," said Keddy Rose. "I'm mighty afeared she'll never ride mur run no more," said Old Man Ashburn. "Ever sence she was a-throwed she's be'n a-gittin' slowly but shorely

worse an' worse, an'----' "Wal," interrupted Santa Fe, with grim earnestness, "I h'ain't never be'n sorry fer the way we ran out o' the game?" Range the cuss that roped the cayuse an' got her throwed."

"Nur me!" cried a cowboy chorus. At the sound of a faint call, Old Man Ashburn hastened within the building. Presently he appeared, dragging carefully behind him a splint-bottomed rocking-chair, in which reclined the wasted form of little Chip, Ashburn's crippled daughter.

At sight of her, the impulsive cowboys waved their broad hats and went through the motions of shouting lustily. But very little sound came from their dis-tended mouths.

"Hello, boys!" the little cripple saluted, weakly. "I jest couldn't stay in there any longer when I heard you all talking. Pa didn't want me to come, but I told him—"

'She 'lowed," interrupted Ashburn, "that she'd come out yere if she'd to crawl on her hands an' knees; an' I reckon she'd --- '

"You bet she'd a-done it!" broke in Santa Fe. "That's what she'd a-done," agreed

Reddy Rose. "How nice the sunshine seems!" said the little cripple. "I've been a-thinkin" often that mebby I'd never git out into it ag'in to run an' ride as I ust to. Some

"Sant," whispered Posy, "hanged if I h'ain't sorry we stopped at runnin' out the cuss that got her throwed."
"Me, too!" returned Santa Fe.

to a killed him then an' thar!" "That's what we ort!" agreed Reddy

Even the slight exertion attendant upon the short trip from the little bed-

room to the door seemed almost too much for Chip's enfeebled frame. face grew paler, and she leaned wearily back in the old rocking chair. "Mebby I'll never see you again,

boys," she piped. I---" "Old Man, interruped Posy, "you better take her back now."

"But I don't want to go," the girl protested. "I want to stay and see the oys, an'----

As easily as if she had been of but a feather's weight, Posy took her in his strong arms and carried her back into her little bedroom carefully and very tenderly. His brown cheek was close to her pale one.

"An' who, Chip?" he whispered.
"An' you, Posy," she answered,

"Boys," Old Man Ashburn was saying as Posy rejoined the group about the door, "things look mighty black. She's a-sufferin' an' a sufferin' an'-

Posy rushed to his cayuse, flung himself into the saddle, and dashed away across the prairie, followed by his com-

"I couldn't stand it," he told them, as the ponies bounded away to the eastward. "I jest couldn't stand to hear that pore ole cuss a tellin' of little Chip a-gettin' nearder an' nearder death, an' he, her dad, not able to help her!"
"Say," said Sante Fe, suddenly, "we

"You bet!" interruped Posy. "We

ort, an' we will do-Thar comes Hank!" broke in Reddy Rose, as the little mules and faded buckboard that comprised the turnout of Hank Bitters, the mail-carrier, emerged from the distant timber.

"Hank's got a passenger,"
Obedient to the touch of the huge Mexican spurs, the cayuses bounded toward the approaching vehicle at the cowboys' favorite gait, a keen run.

Hank Bitters's passenger, an old gentleman with a phenomenally bald head and a general appearance of almost owlish wisdom, had been growing more and more uncomfortable, ever since entering the cattle country. The conversa-tion of the stage driver, and later, of Hank Bitters, had not served to allay any of his apprehension.

W'y," said Hank, with great gravity, plumb pizon! An' reckless! Wal, reck. a-runnin' nur no way." ess h'ain't no name for it! They're

His auditor shivered.

Kill a man! Jest as quick as to eat!

He paused and gazed thoughtfully at the tail hat of h s companion. "Tve knowed em to shoot a States man jest fer wearin' a plug hat!" "My stars!" shivered the passenger.

"Knowed wuss'n that. W'y, out on the Soap River Range—"

And Hank Bitters luridly pictured the sepravity of the cowboys of the Soap River region.

"But surely they would not harm me," quavered the passenger, "if they were apprised of my identity!"
"Which?"

"If they knew who I was." "Mebby they'd let you off easy," con-soled Hank.

"And when we come in contact with them, you will do your best to soothe "I'll do what I kin," returned Hank.

"But it's mighty finnicky business." And so he worked upon the fears of his passenger till the old gentleman gazed apprehensively about, as if he expected to see a dozen fierce cowboys leap from behind every bush, to make of his person an impromptu revolver-target. He was nearly ready to cry out with alarm when, as they emerged from the timber, he beheld Santa Fe and his comrades careering towards them. The yells of recognition with which they greeted Hank, while still rods away, sent a great

thrill of terror through the old gentle-"Tell them who I am!" he whispered, hoarsely. "Tell them I am a man of peace bound on an errand of mercy!"

"I'll do the best I kin," returned Hank, with an inward convulsion. "But it's mighty risky business! They're pizon, plumb pizon!"

As the cowboys circled about the buckboard the passenger almost gave up

"Tell them!" he whispered to Hank. That worthy, with a tremendous wink at Santa Fe, called out: "Don't be brash, boys! This yere

gent's on his way to visit a ole-time friend down on the Cimarron, what's got a crippled boy. As a favor to me don't hurt him. Name's Doc Bristow, M. D., uv-"

"What?" cried Posy. "A doctor? Got yer tools an' medicine along, Doc?" "Yes, sir," quavered the physician.

"Got them along!" cried Posy. "Then "Hold on " broke in Santa Fe, catching Posy's idea. "We don't want no botch doctor. Doc, air you up to yer

"I hardly___" "I mean, do you know yer biz? Do you size up with the balance uv the doc-

Dr. Bristow's professional pride, up in arms in an instant, overcame his fears. 'Know my business, sir? Up with other physicians, sir? Why, sir, I can say without a particle of boasting that I stand head and shoulders above my professional rivals-head and shoulders, sir! I am the author of---"

He named a work with a sonorous and complicated medical title, that conveyed little or no meaning to his hearers.

"I performed, sir, one of the most remarkable cures of the present century by restoring Senator Heywood to vigorous health

"B'lieve I heared about that," said Santa Fe. "'Lowed he'd die, didn't they?

"Certainly! Ninety-nine cases out of every hundred thus attacked succumb. Therefore I am justly accorded great credit for my almost miraculous cure.

"Boys," said Posy, "we want him!"
"That's what we do," agreed Reddy Rose

As the cowboys reached this decision the party was within a hundred yards of Ashburn's post office.

stop yere a while." The physician's air of gratified pro-

fessional pride was instantly superseded "Oh, gentlemen, spare me!" he qua-red. "I will not wear it again if you vered.

object to its appearance!" "'Pearance uv what?" asked Santa "My hat-'plug,' I think you call it!"

Hank Bitters threatened to explode with delight, but the cowboys never even smiled.

The physician was so loath to leave the vehicle that he had to be dragged out by force.

"Take it easy, Doc," soothed Posy. Dr, Bristow, little reassured, mentally

anathematized the day he left his city home to throw himself into the clutches of these white savages. "Doc," began Posy, "kin you cure a girl what's mighty nigh dead frum bein"

throwed from a cayuse?" Dr. Bristow's professional instinct got the better of a portion of his fears.

"I think I can safely say I can, sir, if a cure is possible," he said. Posy led the way to Chip's bedside. "Chip, this yere is Doc Bristow. Doc,

this yere is Ole Man Ashburn, Chip's Come, ole man!" Ashburn followed him out of doors,

and Dr. Bristow was alone with his The cowboys were very grave when

the physician reappeared.
"Gentlemen —" he began. "Means you an' Sant, I reckon, Posy."

said Reddy Rose. "What'll it be with little Chip, Doc?"

asked Posy.
"Although her case is extremely precarious," replied the physician, deliberately, "with proper nursing and the care of a skilled physician, she can be restored to health. A delicate and dangerous operation is necessary. If she survives that and is attended by --

"She will be! The big doctor'll be thar," said Posy. "Who might he be, if I may ask?"

questioned the physician.
"Doc Bristow," answered Posy. "But I cannot remain. My engage-"Blank engagement! In that thar

"That we all love, every last one uv us," broke in Santa Fe."

dy liose.

Dr. Brimstow seemed to fully realize what Posy's words implied.

Next day, long before the hour for performing the operation that was to end or save Chip's life, the cowboys had congregated in the shade of Ashburn's postofice. Posy was not with them.

'Posy,'' little Chip was saying, as she feebly stroked the rough head bent above her: 'fit I—if I-don't git out again, give

her, "if I—if I don't git out again, give minutes after twelve. Her each of the boys one of these."

Then she weakly draw from beneath and yet the conditions of her pillow as many looks of hair, tied kept.—Ness Fork Observer.

with little pieces of ribbon, as there were cowboys in the group outside. There was one for Posy, also, he noticed through the mist of tears that dimmed

Little Chip softly stroked Posy's rough head, as he bent still lower till his lips touched hers, and a hot tear fell on each cheek. Then, far braver than he, she turned her face away.

"Good-by, Posy," she said. He staggered out of the room, and dashing the tears from his eyes, grasped the doctor's arm with a force that made him wince, and whispered hoarsely:

"Go in, now, an'-an' if her good-by was the last one, God forgive ye! This yere iron"—half drawing his revolver— 'never misses fire, an'-Wal, you'll never go offen the Range!"

Dr. Bristow had made no idle boast when he spoke of his professional skill, and all of that skill was called into action to preserve unsnapped the chord that bound poor little suffering Chip to life. When the operation was over and the crisis past, the great physician tot-tered through the door and fell fainting into Posy's arms. "She is safe!" he gasped, as he opened

his eyes. As if moved by a common impulse, the cowboys mounted their cayuses and galloped off across the prairie at whirlwind speed. Two miles away they halted, and gave vent to their rejoicing in yells both loud and long.

A month latter, when little Chip was able to hop about quite smartly on her crutches, Dr. Bristow asked of Posy, of whom he seemed to stand in dreadful fear, if he might leave for his Eastern home on the following day.

"But, Doc, I thought you was keen to go out on the Cimarron?" Nothing was further from Dr. Bris-tow's desire. He told himself that if he could but return home, it would take a most powerful attraction indeed to draw

him away from it. Santa Fe and Old Man Ashburn held several mysterious conferences, in which Posy was not invited to take part. The result was apparent next day. Instead of the faded buckboard. Hank Bitters arrived in a long spring wagon, which, as Reddy Rose said, was simply "gorgis" with red paint of the reddest red; and Hank himself was gotten up for the great occasion "regardless," in an uncomfortable suit of new store clothes, topped off by a collar that persisted in riding his red neck most outrageously. A clerical looking personage who ac companied him was saluted by the cow-boys with shouts of "Preacher Blue!"

The cowboys were all in holiday attire, and even Old Man Ashburn was quite "smartly" arrayed. Posy stared in wonder at the group, but from the way little Chip smiled and blushed, it was evidently not at all a mystery to her.

"Posy," began Santa Fe, awkwardly, "I want to say fer me an' the boys an' Ole Man, yere, that we 'low we know how you an' Chip feel towards each other, an'—an'—"

"We reckon you both show mighty good taste," broke in Reddy Rose. 'Knowin' this," went on Santa Fe, we

-that is-you-wal-you're goin' to git married yere an' now, an' -- an' yere's yer weddin' present from me an' the boys! Soon's it's over you're goin' to start on a weddin' tower. We 'low Chip needs "Doc," said Posy, "you'll have to travel;" and Santa Fe thrust a roll of bills into the hands of the astonished

The latter presently essayed to express all his thanks, but the cowboys, seeing his embarrassment, drowned his words by wild yells.

After Posy and Chip had been made one, Dr. Bristow was the first to be equal to the occasion. He first proposed and carried out the kissing of the bride. The cowboys followed suit, and Posy, still half-dazed, was nearly knocked of? his feet by a rush of comrades to claim tribute from the tempting mouth of the new made bride.

When the very red spring wagon departed, its occupants were Posy, Chip, i)r. Bristow, beside Hank Bitters, the truthful. Just before they entered the timber, they waved an adieu to the cowbops congregated before Ashburn's post-

Santa Fe unwound his gaudy Mexican scarf and waved it in response, and the other cowboys industriously swung their hats and yelled till the red wagon and its occupants had passed from sight .--Frank Leslie's.

A Burglar's Imperturbability.

The remarkable coolness of a Pitts. burg burglar assisted him to escape. Ha broke into a laundry, and while sorting the garments into a large clothes basket was surprised by two officers, who appeared at a window opening into the yard. The fellow worked so systematically and quietly that the officials thought that perhaps he was an employe of the establishment, and they, therefore asked him why he worked at so late an hour. He replied: "I am getting the things ready for the girls, who will be up soon to do the ironing. I get \$40 a month, and have to work awful hard to keep my place." He then went to the window, and putting his arms on the sill said: 'My, but this is a disagreeable night to be out in. I would not like to be in the place of either of you gentlemen. Won't you come inside and take a drink? I will open the wine cellar for you." The officers started for the kitchen door ia the rear part of the yard, and the thief thereupon made for the front door and escaped, carrying with him many of the garments, - Times-Democrat,

A Faithful Servant,

"But——"
"An'," interrupted Posy, "the cuss that got her hurt was run off the Range, but the cuss that kin cure her, but won't, will never leave the "But and the servant, who stayed with her found a servant, who stayed with her found as the "But and the servant, who stayed with her found as the "But and the servant, who stayed with her found as the "But and the servant, who stayed with her found as the servant where the servant was run of the servant who stayed with her found as the servant was run of the servant who stayed with her found as the servant was run of the servant who stayed with her found as the servant was run of the servant who stayed with her found as the servant was run of the won't, will never leave the Range years. It turned out, when the will was a-runnin nur no way."

"That's what he won't!" agreed Reddied possessed of to the favorite domestic, on condition, however, that she should every year spend at least ten minutes at her grave. The fortunate legatee's friends lived in the North, near Carlisle, and she returned to them. She fuiths the terms of the will, however, by coming up the last night of every second year to London. She goes to the churchyard ten minutes before twelve and remains til ten minutes after twelve. Her visits to the grave are thus made every two years, and yet the conditions of the will are kept.—New York Observer. omestic, on condition, however, that

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR DECEMBER 9.

Lesson Text: Gideon's Army, Judg. vii., 1-8-Golden Text: Zech. iv., 6-Commentary on the Lesson.

The summary of the history of Israel under the Judges for 450 years, as given in our last lesson, was that they fors ok the Lord and served idols, then their enemies oppressed them, then they cried unto the Lord in their distress and he raised up Judges who delivered them, the Lord being with the Judge; after the Judge's death they sinned again, were again oppressed, cried, were again delivered, and thus they lived, sinning and repenting. The book of Judges opens up again delivered, and thus they lived, sinning and repenting. The book of Judges opens up to us this history and tells us who the oppressors were and who the deliverers were whom Gol raised up; the manner and duration of the various oppressions, and the manner of the deliverance, with the number of years they rested. Up to the present lesson the oppressors were the Kings of Mesopotamia, Moab, and Canaan, for periods of eight, eighteen and twenty years; the deliverers were Athmiel, Ehud and Shamgar, Deborah and Barak, and the years of rest were forty, eighty and forty years respectively. After the rule Barak, and the years of rest were forty, eighty and forty years respectively. After the rule of Deborah and Barak the next oppressors were the Midianites, who for seven years had cruelly oppressed Israel when God called Gideon to be their deliverer. The record of his call and the appearance of the Lord to him is found in the previous chapter, where we learn that the secret of his success as a savior and judge of his people was in these words of the Lord to him: "Go in this thy might, have not I sent thee; surely I will be with thee" (vl., 14-16), which is just the secret of the life of every true believer to-day. Being encouraged by God he overthrew his father's altar to Baai and built an altar unto the Lord and offered sacrifice; the spirit of the Lord and offered sacrifice; the spirit of the Lord came upon him, he blew a trumpet, sent out messengers and gathered an army of 32,000 men. To day's lesson tells us of the

sent out messengers and gathered an army of 32,000 men. To day's lesson tells us of the sifting of that army down to 390 men, with whom God wrought israel's deliverance.

1. "Jerubbaal, who is Gideon." Gideon signified a "feller or bruiser," and is a type of the Lord Jesus, the great deliverer and judge who came to destroy the works of the devil and who will bruise satan under our feet shortly. He was the youngest of a poor family in the tribe of Manasseh (vi. 15), but the spirit of the Lord qualified him for the work to which he was called and made him a successful leader of men. God chooses the foolish and the weak to confound the the foolish and the weak to confound the wise and mighty that no flesh may glory in

His presence, Jerubbaal signifies "a contender Baal," and Gideon was so called by his father after he had overthrown the altar of Baal (vi., 31, 32); if any one will be filled with the spirit and used of God they must first be willing to overthrow all the idols of pride and self and let the Lord alone possess and control them. Baal signifies "lord," and all the other lords must be set aside that Jesus

may reign supreme.
"The well of Harod;" it is somewhat remarkable that such a terror-stricken host as Gideon's army proved to be should camp by a well whose name signifies "terror or trem-bling." The best well in all the Bible is the one of which the Savior speaks when He says "the water that I shall give him shall be in "the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John iv., 14); where this well is, there should be no fear, but rather such strong and fearless words as these: "Though an host should camp against me, my heart shall not fear." (Ps. xxvii., 3)

2. "The Lord said unto Gideon." Did your heart ever say: "Oh, if I could only hear the Lord speak to me I would be strong and of good courage." Well, be sure of this, that just as truly as the Lord spoke to Gideon. He

Lord speak to me I would be strong and of good courage." Well, be sure of this, that just as truly as the Lord spoke to Gideon, He is speaking to you to-day in His word; and until you are sure of this the Biblewill never be a very precious book to you. "The people are too many, . . lest Israel vaunt themselves against Me," A small company surely, when compared with the great host of Midian, and yet God says they are too many. Numbers are not to God what they Numbers are not to God what they are to us, and until we can see the unseen Almighty One rather than the seen multitude who are only flesh we shall not be valiant for God. "Fear not," said Elisha to his servants as they stood apparently helpless and alone in that encompassed city, "for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." but he saw the unseen Lord and His hosts (II Kings vi., 16, 17). "There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few" (I Sam. xiv., 6), said Jonathan to his armor bearer. "Lord it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many or with them that have no power" (II Chr. xiv., 11), cried Asa unto the Lord his God. And who can tell how much the faith of these men was strengthened by the memory of Gideon's not to God what they was strengthened by the memory of Gideon's three hundred, and by the promise that one should chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight (Deut. xxxii., 30). God will show His power wherever there is implicit reliance on Him, but He will not give His

glory to another nor have any flesh boast itself in His presence. (Isa. xlii., 8; xlviii., 11; I Cor. i., 24.) itself in His presence. (Isa. XIII., 8; XIVIII., 11; I Cor. i., 24.)

3. "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return." This was in accordance with the law, and the reason was, lest they should make others to be fearful and faint hearted. (Deut. xx., 8.) A fearful or discouraged person is not one whom the Lord can use; therefore He so often exhorts His people to "Be strong and courageous." (Deut. xxxi, 6, 7, 23; Josh. i., 6, 9, 18; x, 25; xxiii., 6; Ps. xxvii., 14; xxxi., 24, and many others.) There is one text which, it seems to me, ought to cure all discouraged workers for Christ, and it is this: "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He has set judgment in the earth." (Isa. xiii., 4.) Now if our glorious Captain is so sure of success, if He is going to see of the travail of success, if He is going to see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied (Isa. xliii., 11), where His soul and be satisfied ilsa xiii., il), where is there any room for a moment's fear or discouragement on the part of those who believe in Him and are ready to follow Him! Twenty-two thousand returned, leaving only 10,000 who were not afraid; more than two-thirds were counted out among the fearful. Is there as large a proportion of the same kind in the army of Christ to-day! What think you! And if so, what will become of them?

4. "The people are yet too many; bring them down unto the water, and I will try them for thee there." It 32,000 was a comparatively small army with which to contend with Midian, what shall we think of only 10,000; and what must Gideon have thought when the Lord said to him: "The people are yet too many?" The process of weakening down our apparent strength for service is not an uncommon one; but the Lord knows what He is doing, and He must have well tried material; faith says: "Even so, Father," and yields and obeys, although it seems more and more like courting utter failure. Gideon might have said: "Lord, if You send me with less than 10,000 I cannot go, for it would be sheer madness," but he evidently had no such thoughts; he was not managing this business and he had perfect confidence in the Lord.

5-7. "By the three hundred men that

confidence in the Lord.

5-7. "By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you." The 10,000 were brought down to the water to drink; 9,700 knelt down to drink, while the other 300 lifted the water to their mouths with their hands, and that simple test decided who should go. What a little thing, and what should go. What a little thing, and what was there in it? Why should not a soldier kneel down and take a good drink, and what virtue was there in lapping it like a dog? It was simply a matter of self indulgence or gratification in a very innocent and harmless thing, but it was at a very critical time. The three hundred seemed to feel the importance of the work before them so much, and their hearts were so set on the conquest of their enemies and the deliverance of their people that they had no time nor inclination to think of their own personal case or comfort or gratification; theirs was a whole hearted service for their God and their country, and this test was God's way of selecting them. In the matter of the fearful ones it is easy to see why they should go home, but it is not so easy, at first sight, to see why these 9700 should be set aside, until we remember that anything less than complete and persistent denial of self, in things harmless in themselves but evidencing a desire for self case or indulgence, is unbecoming in followers of Him who pleased not Himself—did not His own will—sought not His own glory; who has said: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me;" "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath he cannot be my disciple." The Chirstian is not at home in this world, but is supposed to be with all his might pressing his way on through it; and, as one running a race, he through it; and, as one running a race, he loes not seek amusement here and there by the way along the race course, but with his eye upon the goal and his heart upon the prize before him he rids himself of every weight and hindrance that he may attain to the blessedness of the first resurrection and the joys of the marriage of the Lamb. This is his own personal attitude there as to is his own personal attitude; then as to the Midianites and all oppressors of God's people, he will with equal zeal seek their overthrow; and as to those who run the race, or war the warfare with him, he would have

or war the warfare with him, he would have them share his joy by an equal degree of zeal and self denial.

8. "So the people took victua's, and their trumpeta." When the time of conflict came, we see the 300 divided into three companies, and each man with a torch in his left hand and a trumpet in his right hand, their eyes upon their captain, ready to do as he does (10-20). At the appointed signal every torch flames forth from the vessel in which it had been hid, and at the same instant every trumpet sounds, and the cry is heard from every throat: "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Among the hosts of Midian every man's sword is against his fellow; the men of Israel come together and pursue after them, and of the 135,000 of Midian's army 120,000 fall in the battle (viii., 10). parsue after them, and of the loaded of all an's army 120,000 fall in the battle (viii., 10). Thus the enemy is subdued, Israel is again delivered, and the land has rest forty years in the days of Gideon (viii., 28). Let the delivered, and the land has rest forty years in the days of Gideon (viii., 28). Let the faithful, self-denying followers of the true Gideon flame forth the torch of a consistent life—for "the life is the light"—Christ in you the hope of glory; and at the same time sound the trumpet of faithful testimony, and there will surely be some confusion among the ranks of the enemy. Let us fix our eyes upon Jesus and follow Him, that he may make us fishers of the properties and upon Jesus and follow Him, that he may make us fishers of men. Our souls and bodies are His by creation and redemption; the whole earth is His also; and the enemy, the devil, has no right to one foot of it, or one atom of us; let the faithful then arise and by deeds and words. by life and testi-mony win souls to Christ and hasten the time when Satan shall be cast out and the whole earth filled with the glory of the Lord. - Lesson Helper.

FROM the ratio of increase in the vote cast at the last Presidential election, calculated on such figures as may be compared with those of 1884, it is apparent that the growth of population in the United States during this decade is even greater than that of the decade from 1870 to 1880. During this latter period the population increased, in round numbers, from 38,560,000 to 50,155,000, or about 30 per cent. The census of 1890 should, at this rate, show a total of 65,200,000, to which add the increase by immigration-say 5,258,000-making an aggregate of over 70,000,000. The following figures of arrivals of immigrants since the last census more than sustain the total

above given as the increase by immigration: 1890. 447.277[1895. 395,346]
1891. 609,431 1895. 334,233
1892. 788,932 1887 490,109
1833. 603,302 1887 890001218), 380,000 Total......5,262,828

If the increment by immigration increases during the coming decade as it has in the present, it will be well within bounds to claim a population of 100,000,000 at the beginning of the twentieth century. This would comprise five-sixths of the total Englishspeaking people which Mr. Gladstone has recently computed will be in existence in 1900.

THE most plausible view among man. doctors was that baldness was especially liable to follow the wearing of a tight-fitting hat, the blood vessels being constricted and the scalp deprived of the necessary supply of blood. But this view has been contraverted by a fact brought to light about the Parsees of India. The Parsees are compelled to keep the head covered during the day by a hat so tight as to crease the scalp and possibly the skull, and at night they wear a skull cap, and yet not one of them has been known to be bald. The Orientals say that worry causes the hair to fall, and it may be true in some cases. The general state of health naturally affects the scalp, but the fact remains that no special cause can be given for baldness.

George Augustus Sala. George Augustus Sala, the well known Eng-lish writer, on his last Australian trip wrote as

follows to the London Daily Telegraph: "I especially have a pleasant remembra of the ship's doctor-a very experienced maritime medico indeed, who tended me most kindly during a horrible spell of bronchitis and spasmodic asthma, provoked by the sea fog which had swooped down on us just after we left San Francisco. But the doctor's prescriptions and the increasing warmth of the temperature as we neared the Tropics, and in paricular, a couple of ALLCOCK'S POHOUS PLAS-TERS clapped on—one on the chest and another between the shoulder blades—soon set me

Representative Crain is the only native Texas a Congress.

The Golden Gate Special, The Golden Gate Special.

The Union and Central Pacific Roads and Pulman Company put on, Dec. 5, a weekly train of Pulman Vestibule Cars, to run between Council Bluffs and San Francisco, Steam heat, electric light, separate bathrooms for ladies and gentlemen, barber shop, observation and smoking rooms, and a female attendant for ladies and children, make it "THE FINEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD."

A Sensible Man Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Langs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all Throat and Lung Troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle Free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large Bottles 50c and \$1.

Oscar Wilde has cut off his ringlets and cov-

A Rud cal Cure for Epiteptic Fits.

An Old, Reliable Firm.

One of the most pleasant and satisfactory experiences in business is the evidence of confidence occasionally shown by the public to a long-established firm. The John P. Loveli Arms Co., 147 Washington Street, received a few days ago, from a man in Tennessee, of whom they had no previous knowledge, a registered letter containing a Five Hundred Dollar bill, with an order for sixty-six dollars' worth of goods, requesting the change to be returned. A careful examination of the bill proved its value and the order was filled as desired. The sender lived in a remote locality where the Postoffice was his only means o' communication and the bill referred to was his most convenient sum to inclose. It would not be remarkable if this firm, who have been dentified with historical Dock Square for forty-cight years, should thus win the confidence of Bost as or New England people, but it is worthy of note that their success in business has grown out of the sound reputation that extends throughout the United States. Any one who has seen their advertisements of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Cutlery, Sporting Goods and Fishing Tackle in this paper can feel perfectly safe in sending them any amount of money and be sure to get the full value in return, or if unsatisfactory in any way, their money refunded. All of our readers wanting goods in their line will do well to send 6 ets. in stamps for their large 100 page illustrated catalogue.

It costs \$1.200,000 per annum to keep the streets of Paris clean. An Old, Reliable Firm

IT costs \$1,200,000 per annum to keep the streets of Paris clean.

A Tremendous Sensation

Would have been created one hundred years ago by the sight of one of our modern express trains whizzing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Just think how our grandfathers would have stared at such a spectacle! It takes a good deal to astonish people now-adays, but some of the marvelous cure of consumption, wrought by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, have created widespread amazement. Consumption is at last acknowledged curable. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only known remedy for it. If taken at the right time—which, bear in mind, is not when the lungs are nearly gone—it will go right to the seat of the disease and accomplish its work as nothing else in the world can.

A faith cure church has just been built at Jersey Ci:y, N. J.

" Had Been Worried Eighteen Years." It should have read "married," but the proof-reader observed that it amounted to about the same thing, and so did not draw his blue pencil through the error. Unfortunately there was considerable truth in his observation. Thousands of husbands are constantly worried aimost to despair by the fill health that afflicts their wives, and often robs life of comfort and happiness. There is but one safe and sure way to change all this for the better. The ladies should use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

THE River Nile is lover than lefore known

"Give Him \$2, and Let Him Guest." We once heard a man complain of feeling badly, and wondered what afled him. A humorous friend said: "Give a doctor \$2, and let him guess." It was a cutting satire on some doctors, who don't always guess right. You need not guess what alls you when your food don't digest, when your bowels and stomach are inactive, and when your head aches every day, and you are languid and casily fatigued. You are billous, and Dr. Pierce's Pieasant Purgative Pellets will bring you out all right. Smail, sugar-ccated, easy to take. Of druggists. "Give Him \$2, and Let Him Guese."

Our railways represents 9,000,000,000 of good

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 War en St., N. Y., will receive the recipe free of charge. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c.per bottle

2: JACOBS OIL INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

The Ex-Governor of Ohlo writes as follows: "Indorse the valuable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, for Rheumatism and other Charles A. Vogeler Co.,

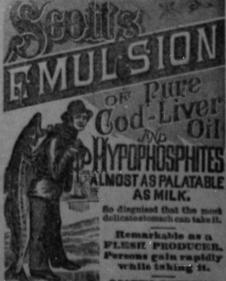
Baltimore, Md. Diamond Vera - Cura FOR DYSPEPSIA.

AND ALL STOMACH TROUBLES SUCH AS: Indigention, Sour-Stomach, Heartburn, Runsea, 616-cliness, Countypation, Fullmens after eating, Food Ricing in the Mouth and Citagereable taste after eating, Nervousness and Low-Spirits.

At Druggists and Dealers or sent by mail on re-ceipt of 25 cts. (5 toxes \$1,90) in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent Stamp. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Battimore, M.A.







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