REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Excited Governor."

Texr: "Felix trembled and answered, Go thy way for this time. When I have a con-venient season I will call for thee."-Acts xxiv., 25

A city of marble was Cæsarea-wharves of marble, houses of marble, temples of mar-ble. This being the ordinary architecture of ble, This being the ordinary architecture of the place, you may imagine something of the splendor of Governor Felix's residence. In a room of that palace, floor tessellated, win-dows curtained, celling fretted, the whole seene affluent with Tyrian purple and starues and pictures and carvings, sat a very dark complexioned man of the name of Felix, and beside him a woman of extraordi-nary beauty, whom he had stolen by breaking up another domestic circle. She was only eighteen years of age, a princess by scoriæ of Mount Vesuvius, which in sudden eruption one day put an end to her abomi-

Well, one afternoon Drusilla, seated in the well, one atternoon Drushin, seated in the palace, weary with the magnificent stupidi-ties of the place, says to Felix: "You have a very distinguished prisoner, I believe, of the name of Paul. Do you know he is one of my countrymen? I should very much like to see him, and I should very much like to be been him, and I should very much like to bear him speak, for I have heard so much about his eloquence. Besides that the other day, when he was being tried in another room of this palace and the windows were open, I heard the applause that greeted the ch of Lawyer Tertuilus as he denounced Now, I very much wish I could hear Paul. Paul speak.^{*} Won't you let me hear him speak?" "Yes," said Felix, "I will. I will order him up now from the guardroom." Clank, clank, comes a chain up the marble

stairway, and there is a shuffle at the door, and in comes Paul, a little old man, prematurely old through exposure, only sixty years of age, but looking as though he were eighty. He bows very courteously before the gover-nor and the beautiful woman by his side. They say: "Paul, we have heard a great deal about your speaking. Give us now a speci-men of your eloquence." Oh, if there ever was a chance for a man to show off, Paul had a chance there! He might have har-angued them abcut Greeian art, about the wonderful waterworks he had seen at Corinth, about the Acropolis by moonlight, about prison life in Philippi, about "what I saw in Thessalonica," about "what I saw in Thessalonica," about the old mythologies, but "No!" Paul said to himself, "I am now on the way to martyrdom, and this man and woman will soon be dead, and this is my only opportunity to talk to them about the things of eternity."

And just there and then there broke in upon the scene a peal of thunder. It was the voice of a judgment day speaking through the words of the decrepit apostle. As that grand old missionary proceeded with his re-marks the stoop begins to go out of his shoulders, and he rises up, and his counte-nance is illumined with the glories of a future life, and his shackles rattle and grind as he lifts his fettered arm and with it hurls upon his abashed auditors the bolts of God's indignation. Felix grew very white about the lips. His heart beat unevenly. He put his hand to his brow as though to stop the quickness and violence of his thoughts. He drew his robe tighter about him, as under a sudden chill. His eyes giare, and his knees shake, and as he ciutches the side of his chair in a very paroxysm of terror he orders the sheriff to take Paul back to the guardroom. "Felix trembled and said: Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

A young man came one night to our ser-vices, with pencil in hand, to caricature the whole scene and make might of those who whole scene and make mith of those who should express any anxiety about their souls, but I met him at the door, his face very white, tears running down his cheek, as he said, "Do you think there is any chance for me?" Felix trembled, and so may God grant

of Tyrian purple in your palace will fade and the marble blocks of Cawarea will crumble, and the breakwater at the beach crumble, and the breakwater at the beach, made of great blocks of stone sixty feet long, must give way 'before the per-petual wash of the sca, but the redemption that Paul offers you will be forever? And yet and yet and yet you wave him back to the guardroom, saying: "Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." Again, Felix adjourned this subject of re-ligion and put off Paul's argument because he could not give up the honors of the world.

he could not give up the honors of the world. He was afraid somehow he would be com-promised himself in this matter. Remarks he made afterward showed him to be in-tensely ambitious. Oh, how he hugged the favor of men!

I never saw the honors of this world in their hollowness and hypocrisy so much as in the life and death of that wonderful man, Charles Sumner. As he went toward the place of burial, even Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, asked that his remains stop there on their way to Boston. The flags were at half mast, and the minute guns on Boston Common throbbed after his heart had ceased to beat. Was it always so? While he lived how censured of legislative resolutions ; how caricatured of the pictorials ; how charged with every motive mean and ridiculous; how all the urns of scorn and hatred and billingsgate emptied upon his head; how, when struck down in Senate chamber, there were hundreds of thousands of people who said, "Good for him; serves him right;" how he had to put the ocean between him and his maligners that he might have a little peace, and how, when he went off sick, they said he was broken hearted because he could not get to be President or Secretary of State !

O, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, who is that man that sleeps in your public hall covered with garlands and wrapped in the stars and stripes? Is that the man who, only a few months before, you denounced as the foe of republican and democratic institu-tions? Is that the same man? Ye American people, ye could not by one week of funeral culogium and newspaper leaders, which the dead senator could neither read nor hear, atone for twenty-five years of maltreatment and caricature.

When I see a man like that, pursued by all the hounds of the political kennel so long as he lives and then buried under a great pile of garlands and amid the lamentations of a whole nation, I say to myself . What an unutterably hypocritical thing is all human applause and all human favor! You tool twenty-five years in trying to pull down high fame and then take treats for more in the fame and then take twenty-five years in try ing to build his monument. My friends, wa there ever a better commentary on the hol lowness of all earthly favor? If there are young men who read this who are postpon ing religion in order that they may have the favors of this world. let me persuade them of their complete folly. If you are looking forward to gubernatorial, senatorial or pres-idential chair, let me show you your great mistake

mistake. Can it be that there is now any young man saying: "Let me have political office, let me have some of the high positions of trust and power, and then I will attend to religion, but not now. 'Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee "" will call for thee !

And now my subject takes a deepertone, and it shows what a dangerous thing is this deferring of religion. When Paul's chain rattled down the marble stairs of Felix, that was Felix's last chance for heaven. Judging from his character alterward, he was re-probate and abardoned. And so was Dru-

One day in the southern Italy there was a trembling of the earth, and the air got black with smoke intershot with liquid rocks, and Vesuvius rained upon Drusilla and upon her Vesuvius rained upon Drusilla and upon her son a horrible tempest of ashes and fire. They did not reject religion. They only put it off. They did not understand that that day, that that hour when Paul stood before them, was the pivotal hour upon which every-thing was poised, and that it tipped the wrong way. Their convenient season came when Paul and his guardsman entered the palace. It went away when Paul and his guardsman left. Have you never seen men waiting for a convenient season? There is such a great facination about it that, though instion about it th ou may have great respect to the truth you may have great respect to the truth of Christ, yet somehow there is in your soul the thought "Not quite yet. It is not time for me to become a Christian." I say to a boy, "Seek Christ." He says, "No. Wait until I get to be a young man." I say to the young man, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I come to midlife." I meet the same person in midlife, and I say, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I get old." I meet the same person in old age and say to him, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I am on my dying bed." I am called to his dying couch. His last moments have come, I bend over the couch and listen for his last words. I have partially to guess what they are by the motion of his lips, he is so feeble but rallying himself he whispers until I can hear him say, "I-am-waiting-for-a-I can tell you when your convenient season will come. I can tell you when your convenient season be 1894. I can tell you what kind of a day it will be. It will be the Sabbath day. I can tell you what hour it will be. It will I can tell you what hour it will be, It will be between 8 and 100'clock. In other words, it is now. Do you ask me how I know this is your convenient season? I know it be-cause you are here, and because the elect sons and daughters of God are praying for your redemption. Ah, I know it is your convenient season because some of you, like Felly termble as all your past life comes Felix, tremble as all your past life comes upon you with its sin, and all the future life comes upon you with its terror. This night air is agiare with torches to show you up or to show you down. It is rustling with wings to lift you into light or smite you into despair, and there is a rushing to and fro, and a beating against the door of your souls with a great thunder of emphasis, telling you, "Now, now is the best time, as it may be the only time. May God Almighty forbid that any of you. my brethren or sisters, act the part of Felix and Drusilla and put away this great subject. If you are going to be saved ever, why not begin to-night? Throw down your sins and take the Lord's pardon. Christ has been tramping after you many a day. An Indian and a white man became Christians. The Indian, almost as soon as he heard the gospel, believed and was saved, but the white man struggled on in darkness for a long while before he found light. After their peace in Christ the white man said to the Indian, "Why was it that I was kept so long in the darkness and you immediately found peace?" The Indian re-plied: "I will tell you. A prince comes The Indian repied: "I will tell you. A prince comes along, and he offers you a coat. You look at your coat, and you say, 'My coat is good enough,' and you refuse his offer, but the prince comes along, and he offers me the coat, and i look at my old blanket, and I throw that away and take his offer. You, sir," contin-ued the Indian, "are elinging to your own righteousness. you think you are good righteousness. you think you are good enough, and you keep your own righteous ness; but I have nothing, nothing, and so when Jesus offers me pardon and peace I when Jesus offers me pardon and peace I simply take it." My reader, why not now throw away the wornout blanket of your sin and take the robe of a Saviour's righteousness—a robe so white, so fair, so lustrous, that no fuller on earth can whiten it? O Shepherd, to-night bring home the lost sheep! O Father, to-night give a welcoming kiss to the wan prodiga!! O friend of Lazarus, to-night break down the door of the sepulcher and say to all these dead souls as by irresistible flat: "Live!" flat : "Live! Live!"

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR JUNE 24.

Lesson Text: Lessons of the Second Quarter-Golden Text: Deut. xxxii., 9-Com-

mentary.

LESSON I. -Jacob's Prevailing Prayer (Gen. LESSON I. —Jacob's Prevailing Prayer (Gen. xxxii, 9.12; xxiv., 30). Golden Text (Gen. xxxii, 26), "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." The first part of this lesson shows us Jacob filled with a sense of his up-worthiness, yet pleading and elinging to the promises of God. The second part shows us Jacob with his thigh out of joint, helpleas to resist any longer, elinging in his weakness and conscious need to the Mighty One, and obtaining that which he sought. The whole lesson teaches us how to obtain power with God and men. Here is found the word "Israel" for the first time. LESSON II.—Discord In Jacob's Family

LESSON II.-Discord In Jacob's Family (Gen. xxxvii., 1-11). Golden Text (Gen. xiv., 24), "See that ye fall not out by the way." Here we see Jacob's special love for Joseph, the beloved Rachel's firstborn, and are warned of the danger of having favorites among the children. But we see also the special love of God to Joseph in exalting him above father, mother and brothren, and choosing him to be a great deliverer, and before God, who cannot err, we bow with adoration, for none can say to Him, "What doest Thou?"

doest inou? LESSON III. -Joseph Sold Into Egypt (Gen. xxxvil., 23-36). Golden Text (Gen. 1, 20), "Ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good." Joseph now-enters upon his road to royalty, which means death to father, mother, brothers, sisters, home and friends, self and the world, to find one's all in God. It is the way of the cross and means auch suffering and long suffering with patience and joyfulness (Col. iv., 11). If we see God's instruments, we shall be sorely cast down and discouraged, but if we see God rather than His instruments, as Joseph did all will be are did, all will be well.

LESSON IV. - Joseph Ruler In Egypt (Gen. xli., 38-48). Golden Text (I Sam. ii., 30), "Them that honor Me I will honor." The twenty years' humiliation and suffering, the false accusations and imprisonment are now past, and the dreams are about to be fuifilled. past, and the dreams are about to be fulfilled. Joseph can now say from his position as ruler, in the joy of his gentile bride and his two sons, "God hath made me forget all my toil; God hath caused me to be fruitful" (Gen. xil., 51, 52). Through all his suffer-ings he was prosperous, for God was with him (Gen. xxxix., 2, 21), but it did not look so to human eyes. Now all can see it. See the application to us in Bom. viii., 19; I John iii., 2.

LESSON V.-Joseph Forgiving His Breth-ren (Gen. xiv., 1-15). Golden Text (Luke xvii., 3), "If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke bim, and it he repent forgive big." The electronic destination of the trespanse of trespanse of the trespanse of trespanse o him. The sin of twenty years is at last unhim." The sin of twenty years is at last the covered and brought home to them, but there is forgivness for them. They see now the reality and fuifiliment of the dreams they despised, and they bow down to their brother Joseph as their great and only de-liverer. When the Jews again look upon their brother loads after parhams 2009 years their brother Jesus, after perhaps 2000 years since they saw Him last on the cross and heeded not His cries, they will find a won-derful parallel to the history of Joseph.

LESSON VI. --Joseph's Last Days (Gen. L. 14-26). Golden Text (Prov. iv., 18), "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Still misunderstood by his brethren after so great kindness, he has again to comfort them and reassure them of his un-changing love. If we have treated Jesus in any degree like this, let us be ashamed and question His love no longer, but with im-plicit confidence make Him glad by our faith in Him. See Heb. xl., 22, as a fitting

LESSON VII. - Israel in Egypt (Ex. 1, 1-14). Golden Text (Ps. exxiv., 8), "Our help is in the name of the Lord." We now come must see the bondage word to Abraham concerning the affliction of his seed is being fulfilled (Gen. xv., 13), but the words of deliverance are just as true, and they also shall be fulfilled. This is again the story of the cross-humiliation before exultation LESSON VIII.—The Childhood of Moses (Ex. ii., 1). Golden Text (Ps. xcl., 15), "I will deliver him and honor him." Here is God working, even through His enemies, to accomplish His purposes. Those who fight against Him are all unconsciously made to further His ends to their own confusion. Consider Jochebed's faith and its reward in the light of Heb. xi., 23. Let your own heart fear no evil. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Consider the three arks of Scripture, of which this is the second, each made to preserve its contents. We are pre-served in Christ (Jude 1).

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

DON'T NEGLECT THE DISH CLOTHS. No articles in kitchen use are so likely to be neglected and abused as the dish cloths and dish towels. Put a teaspoonful of ammonia into the water in which these cloths are, or should be, washed every day. Rub soap on the towels; put them in the water and then rub them out; rinse; dry out doors. Dish cloths and towels need never look gray and dingy—a perpetual discomfort to all housekeepers. -- New York World.

TO CLEANSE SILK FABRICS.

For every quart of water needed, are, wash and grate one large potato. Put the potatoes into cold water and let them stand two days without stirring, then carefully pour off the clear liquor into a vessel of a convenient size in which to wash the silk.

The washing is done by dipping the silk up and down in the water; is there are spots draw the silk smoothly through the fingers, but do not rub it or allow it to wrinkle. Hang the silk over a line and let it drip nearly dry; then lay it flat on the table, and with a cloth wipe it first on one side and then on the other. If it must be pressed place it between flannel and use a moderately hot iron. Ribbon can be nicely smoothed by winding it around a large round roller of smooth wood covered with several thicknesses of cloth.

If you have new dress silk that is not to be made up for months, by all means get a large smooth piece of round wood to roll it on. Straight breadths of old silk are kept best if rolled in this way .- New York Dispatch.

MARKING CLOTHES.

A number of people shirk the very simple task of marking their clothes legibly and permanently, and this, too, at a time when almost everybody's things are sent to a professional wash, to be mixed up with heaps owned by strangers. Yet writing one's name on a collar or handkerchief is almost as simple as scribbling it on paper. A very little patience is required, and a fire should be close at hand to fix the ink indelibly. Printed tapes and letters to be sewn on are well enough in their way, but not much protection against an article being stolen, as they can be picked off by anybody. A name conspicuously inked on the material is a better safeguard.

With new brands of marking ink it is necessary to pay some slight attention to the directions issued with each bottle, so as not to write with a steel pen when a quill is demanded, nor to use heat when none is required, nor to mix liquids wrongly when two happen to be given. If a woman shricks out that two dozen fine new handkerchiefs and a whole batch of table napkins have dropped into holes where she printed her name she has evidently treated her chemicals by the opposite plan to that advised. However successful you may be yourself, never recommand your own favorite make of marking ink to anybody, for fear the process should be conducted the wrong way and you receive the blame. Even among our nearest and dearest friends there are some who insist on blundering over very simple work, and it is best for them to learn wisdom from their own exploits .- New York Advertiser.

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'Tis Sweet to the Indian.

"You may educate an Indian as much as you please, carry him through all the higher branches, and fairly steep him in moral philosophy, but you can't eliminate the spirit of revenge from his make up," said Harry Gibbs, of Seattle, at Willard's. "The Indians of the Puget Sound region, and who are scattered all over Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, are known under the general name of 'Siwash,' and are, for the most part, engaged in fishing or agricultural vocations, and have long since lost the martial instinct that once was strong within them. Nearly all the hops that are grown in the great Northwest are picked by these Siwash Indians, and many communities of them are well off and closely follow the customs of the whites.

"A great many of them, too, have been taken in hand and fairly well educated, but the eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth law is strong among them. An incident of this characteristic occurred recently in Oregon. About twenty-five years ago a Klamath Indian was foully murdered by three others, who departed for another portion of the Northwest. The murdered man left an infant child, a boy about a year old, and a squaw. When this boy was about eleven years of age his mother died and he was taken charge of by some white persons, who be-came interested in his brightness and sent him to school. He was an apt scholar and learned rapidly, and he did so well in the primary branches that his education was continued. At nineteen his studies ceased and he was given employment as a tally keeper at one of the Columbia River fisheries. It was remembered, after the occurrences that I am about to relate took place, that the young Indian was continually making inquiries of one sort or another of every visiting Siwash who appened to reach the neighborhood. At last one day he threw up his position and disappeared. Within the next two weeks three old Siwash Indians were found killed in three differ. ent sections of the PugetSound country. It turned out that they were the murderers of this young Indian's father. and that from his infancy to the time she died his mother had devoted herself to instilling into his mind the idea that it was his holy duty to avenge his father's death, and the spirit that is shown in that young Klamath Indian is strong in the heart of every one of them, and I believe will always remain so."-Washington Star.

The Girl of Sixteen.

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We saw a girl on the streets to-day, and for a moment wondered why her dress fit her so perfectly, and why she was so bright and pretty, why her bangs were curled just right, and why she was altogether about the prettiest thing on earth. Then it suddenly occurred to us that it was because she was sixteen years old. There never was a girl of sixteen that was not pretty; there never was a dress that would not look well on a girl of sixteen. Although the dogs may bark at a woman when she is twenty-five or thirty, she was pretty at sixteen .-Atchison Globe.

Smallpox Superstition.

The smallpox epidemic at Jora Sanko frightened the people so that the police had to place a guard to keep order in the streets owing to the Marwari females proceeding to the temple of Sitala by thousands to offer vows to the goddess. ---Germantown Record.



necessary flesh. Occan Port. N. J. DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir-We have used your "G.M.D." in our family and find nothing else to equal it. One of our children had the pheumonia, and one lung become consoli-dated, but by the use of the "Discovery" she has entirely recovered, and is new in good health.

it may be so with others.

I propose to give you two or three reasons why I think Felix sent Paul back to the guardroom and adjourned the whole subject of religion. The first reason was, he did not want to give up his sins. He looked around. There was Drusilia. He knew that when he became a Christian he must send her back to Azzius, her lawful husband, and he said to himself, "I will risk the destruction of my immortal soul sooner than I will do that. How many there are now who cannot get to be Christians because they will not abandon their sins! In vain all their prayers and all their churchgoing. You cannot keep these darling sins and win heaven, and now some of you will have to decide between the wine cup and unlawful amusements and lascivious gratifications on the one hand and eter nal salvation on the other.

Delilah sheared the locks of Samson ; Sa lome danced Herod into the pit; Drusilla blocked up the way to heaven for Felix. Yet when I present the subject now I fear that some of you will say : "Not quite yet. Don't be so precipitate in your demands. I have a few tickets yet that I have to use. I have a few engagements that I must keep. I want to stay a little longer in the whirt of conviviality-a few more guffaws of unclean laughter, a few more steps on the road to death, and then, sir. I will listen to what you say. 'Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.

Another reason why Felix sent Paul to the guardroom and adjourned this subject was he was so very busy. In ordinary times he found the affairs of state absorbing, but those were extraordinary times. The whole land was ripe for insurrection. The Sicarli, a band of assassins, were already prowling around the palace, and I suppose he thought, "I can't attend to religion while I am so pressed by affairs of state." It was business among other things that ruined his soul, and I suppose there are thousands of people who are not children of God because they have so much business. It is business in the store-

losses, gains, unfaithful employes. It is business in your law office-subponas, writs you have to write out, papers you have to file, arguments you have to make. It is your medical profession, with its broken nights and the exhausted anxieties of life hanging upon your treatment. It is your real estate office, your business with landlords and tenants and the failure of men to meet their obligations with you. Aye, with some of those who are here it is the annovance of the kitchen, and the sitting room and the parlor-the wearing economy of try-ing to meet large expenses with a small in-come. Ten thousand voices of "business, business, business" drown the voice of the eternal Spirit, silencing the voice of the advancing judgment day, overcoming the voice of eternity, and they cannot hear ; they canen. They say, "Go thy way for this Some of you look upon your goods, not listen. look upon your profession, you look upon your memorandum books, and you see the demands that are made this very week upon your time and your patience and your money, and while I am entreating you about your soul and the danger of procrastination you say: "Go thy way for this time. When rou say: "Go thy way for this time. When I have a convenient season, I will call for

Oh, Felix, why be bothered about the af-On, Feix, why be bothered about the al-lairs of this world so much more than about the affairs of eternity? Do you not know that when death comes you will have to stop business, though it be in the most exacting period of it—between the payment of the moment he comes you will have to go Death money and the taking of the receipt? The moment he comes you will have to go. Death waits for no man, however high, however low. Will you put your office, will you put your shop in comparison with the affairs of an eternal world, affairs that involve thrones, palaces, dominions eternal? Will you put 200 acres of ground against im-mensity? Will you put forty or fifty years of your life against millions of ages? Oh, Felix, you might better postpone everything else, for do you not know that the upholstering:

Raffroads in Japan.

Bixty-two applications for new railroad oncessions are under consideration by the authorities in Japan, the total length of the projected lines being about 1400 miles. Dur-ing the next twenty years the Government will build 1264 miles of road, which, added to the mileage now in operation, which, added to the mileage now in operation, will give a total of 1815 miles. Besides this there are now 1319 miles of road owned by private capital, the total lengths of roads now oper-ating being 1870 miles.

LEESON IX.-Mosses Sont as a Deliveren (Ex. iii., 10-20). Golden Text (Isa. xii., 10), "Fear thou not, for I am with thee." Mosses at the age of forty thought that Israel would see in him their deliverer, but at the age of eighty he is slow to obey the call of God and 'Who am I that I should go?" The great lesson for us is to hear God say : I am ; I will send thee ; I will be with thee. We are I will send thee it who are messengers for nothing except as we are messengers for God. The one who sends us is everything, and His message is everything. We are God. The one who could us is everything, and His message is everything. We are hothing except in so far as we carry His message correctly and in His name. LESSON X. —The Passover Instituted (Ex. Xil., 1-14). Goldan Text (I Cor. v., 7), "Christ, our passover, is sacrificed for us."

The great lessons here are the safety of the firstborn under the blood and their occupation as saved ones ; teaching us so strikingly that it is the blood alone that saves, but there is no safety for us unless we are under it; then as saved ones we are continually to feed upon Him who saves us, even as He said, "He that eateth Me, even he shall life by Me.

by Me." LESSON XL.—Passage of the Bed Sea (Ex. xiv., 19-29). Golden Text (Heb. ii., 29), "By faith they passed through the Bed Sea." In the cloud we see God as Israel's light and shield and guide and avenger. In the in-eident of the lesson we see how God leads His people into difficulties that He may show His power in their behalf; that He may be glorified. When we find ourselves in straits and see no way out, let us stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. Con-sider that He who divided the sea is our God, the creator of Heaven and earth, and there the creator of Heaven and earth, and there is nothing too hard for Him (Jer. xxxil., 17). Is nothing too hard for Him (Jer. XXXII., H). LESSON XII — The Anointed King, a Mis slonary Lesson (Ps. il., 1-12). Golden Text (Ps. il., 8), "Ask of Me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance." This Is the picture of the Lord God of Jacob and Joseph and Moses, Israel's great Deliverer and Messiah, who will in due time be King over all the earth, but not until He shall have received His bride, the church, and re-turned with her for the salvation of Israel and Ludgment of the patient. is the picture of the Lord God of Jacob and and judgment of the nations .- Lesson Helper.

The Tennyson Beacon.

The English Committee have accepted the design of John L. Pearson, a member of the Royal Academy, for the Tennyson memorial, which is to be an Iona cross thirty-four feet bigh, and called the Tennyson Beacon. The cross will bear an inscription showing that it was erected by the friends of Tenny-son in England and America. The beacon, which will occupy a commanding position

which will occupy a commanding position near Faringford, the home of the late laurente at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, will be 716 feet above high water and visible many miles landward and seaward.

Separate Coach Law.

It has been decided by the United States Courts that the Separate Coach law, provid-ing separate coaches on railroad trains for colored people and whites, is unconstitu-tional, thereby knocking out the Kentucky statute.

RECIPES.

Escalloped Tomatoes-Put a layer of tomatoes in an earthen dish; then one of bread crumbs, with a little sugar, butter, pepper and salt; another of tomatoes, another of bread, until the dish is full. Bake threequarters of an hour.

Asparagus Omelet-A nice breakfast dish is asparagus with eggs. Boil two pounds of the vegetable, cut off the tender tops and lay them on a buttered pie dish, seasoning with pepper and salt, and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Beat four eggs just enough to break the yolks and pour over the asparagus. Bake eight minutes in a good oven. Serve with slices of tender broiled ham.

Corn Muffins-Two cups of corn meal, sifted with a teaspoonful of salt, one and a half cups of rice, one teaspoonful (not heaping) of lard, enough boiling water to scald it all and leave it thick, two eggs well beaten, one-half teaspoonful saleratus, enough sour milk to make a rather thin batter. Grease your gem pans slightly with lard (we use the Southern muffin rings and like them better) and bake as you bake corn dodgers. And you will have some royal muffins.

Duchess Soup-This soup is one of Mrs. Rorer's and is a very good one. Put a quart of milk over the fire in a double boiler, with a blade of mace and slice esch of carrot and onion; rub together two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and when the milk boils remove the vegetables and stir in this roux; add three heaping tablespoonfuls of cheese, take from the fire and add the beaten yolks of three eggs. Season to taste and serve at once. A change is made by using chicken or veal stock instead of milk. or half of each.

Fried Hasty Pudding-Put one quart of water on to boil. Mix one pint of corn meal, one heaping tablespoonful of flour and one teaspoonful of salt with one pint of milk. Stir this gradually into the boiling water and boil three-quarters of an hour, stirring often. Fill a bread pan with cold water and let it stand a few minutes. Throw out the water and pour in the mush. When cold turn out on a platter, out in slices three-quarters of inch thick, roll them in flour and brown each side in hot fat in a frying pan. Or roll the slices in crumbs, dip in egg, roll in crumbs, and fry in deep

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