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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

In 1897.

FICTION: **The Martian**, the new novel by Du Maurier, the eagerly expected successor to "Trilby," begun in October Number, 1896, with illustrations from the author's drawings. A new novel by Frank R. Stockton—developing a Twentieth Century Renaissance—full of humorous situations and characteristically illustrated. **A pair of patient lovers**, by William Dean Howells. Other striking novelettes by American authors. Short stories by Mark Twain, Thomas Nelson Page, Richard Harding Davis, Owen Wister, John Kendrick Bangs, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Octave Thanet, Mary E. Wilkins, and other popular writers.

SCIENCE: Story of the progress of science during the nineteenth century, a series of papers by Dr. Henry Smith Williams, supplemented by contributions on special subjects by expert scientists. Articles on the relations of curious psychological manifestations to physiology by Dr. Andrew Wilson.

AMERICAN FEATURES: **The Mexico of To-day**, a series by Charles F. Lummis, splendidly illustrated—the result of a recent visit to Mexico undertaken for Harper's Magazine. Mexico is pre-eminently a silver-producing country, and its monetary operations rest entirely on a silver basis. Owing to the keen discussion of certain economic problems in connection with issues of urgent importance in American politics, these papers will command general attention. **American Historical Papers** by Woodrow Wilson, John Bach McMaster and James Barnes. The true story of **Sheridan's Ride**, by Gen. G. A. Forsyth. Continuation of Howell's **Personal Reminiscences** of eminent literary Americans.

AFRICA AND THE EAST: **White Man's Africa**, a fully illustrated series of papers by Poultney Bigelow, the result of personal observations during a recent trip to Africa, covering the whole field of European exploitation of that country. Illustrated articles by Stephen Bonsal on the transformations going on in **Eastern Siberia**, recently visited by the author. **Hungarian Sketches**, written and drawn by F. Hopkinson Smith. The full story of the recent Coronation of the Czar, by Richard Harding Davis, illustrated by R. Caton Woodville, who was commissioned by Queen Victoria to paint a picture of the ceremony.

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Harper's Weekly

In 1897.

With the end of 1896 Harper's Weekly will have lived forty years. In that time it has participated with all the zeal and power at its command in the great political events of the most interesting and important period in the history of the country, and it has spread before its readers the accomplishments of science, arts, and letters for the instruction of the human mind and the amelioration of human conditions and of manners.

What the Weekly has been in its spirit and purpose, as these have been manifested principally in its editorial pages, it will continue to be.

It is impossible to announce with precision all that the Weekly will contain during the year 1897. It were as easy to announce what is about to happen in the world, what triumphs for **good government** are to be won, what **advances** of the **people** are to be made, what is to be the outcome of the continuous struggle between the spirits of **war** and **peace**, what is to happen in the **far East**, what is to be the **state of Europe** twelve months hence, what **new marvels of science** are to be revealed, or what are to be the **achievements of arts and letters**, for the Weekly to be a pictorial record of all this.

CARTOONS will continue to be a feature.

SERIAL STORIES. A New England story by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, will begin in January. A tale of a Greek uprising against the Turks, by Mr. E. E. Benson, the author of "Dodo," will follow. A sequel to "The House-Boat on the Styx," will follow," by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, illustrated by Mr. Peter Newell.

More **Short Stories** will appear in the Weekly than it has been possible to publish during 1896.

Departments: Mr. W. D. Howell's "Life and Letters" have been among the most charming features of periodical literature; Mr. E. S. Martin, and others will contribute observations on what is going on in "This Busy World;" "Amateur Sport" will remain the most important department of its kind in the country.

The Weekly will continue to present to its readers the world's news **most interesting to Americans**, to make important advances in both the literary and artistic features, and to retain for itself the leading place in the illustrated journalism of the world.

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Harper's Bazar

In 1897.

The BAZAR, a thoroughly up-to-date periodical, will enter upon its Thirtieth Volume in 1897.

As a fashion journal it is unsurpassed, and is an indispensable requisite for every well-dressed woman. Katharine De Forest writes a weekly letter on current fashions from Paris. In **New York Fashions**, and in the fortnightly pattern-sheet supplement, ladies find full details, directions and diagrams for gowns, wraps, and children's clothing. Sandoz, Baude and Chapuis draw and engrave the newest and finest Parisian designs every week.

The **serials** for 1897 will be: **The Red Bridge Neighborhood**, by Maria Louise Pool; and **Father Quinnallon**, by Octave Thanet. Short stories will be constantly presented by brilliant writers, among whom are Mary E. Wilkins, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Marion Harland, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Viola Roseboro, and Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

What Women are Doing in various parts of the Union will form a series of special interest.

Other interesting features are The Out-door Woman, devoted to healthful sports and pastimes; Music, a weekly critical summary of music in New York; Amateur Theatricals, Entertainments and Needlework, Culture and Etiquette, Good Housekeeping, "What Girls are Doing," "Current Social events," and Personals gleaned from original sources.

Women and Men. Colonel T. W. Higginson will regularly continue his valuable essays.

Answers to Correspondents. This column is conducted for the benefit and convenience of readers, and all questions received are answered in rotation, as promptly and fully as practicable.

Art. The BAZAR is a notable picture-gallery, reproducing the most beautiful works of American and foreign artists, as presented in the annual Paris and New York exhibitions.

Wit and Humor. Everybody turns for a hearty laugh to the BAZAR'S last page.

An All-Round Woman's Paper—What more appropriate gift can be made to wife, daughter or sister than a subscription to Harper's Bazar? Secure it as a welcome visitor in your household for 1897.

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THE KEELEY CURE

Is a special boon to business men who, having drifted unconsciously into the drink habit and awaken to find the disease of alcoholism fastened upon them, rendering them unfit to manage affairs requiring a clear brain. A four weeks course of treatment at the

PITTSBURG KEELEY INSTITUTE,
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restores to them all their powers, mental and physical, destroys the abnormal appetite, and restores them to the condition they were in before they indulged in stimulants. This has been done in more than 1000 cases treated here, and among them some of your own neighbors, to whom we can refer with confidence as to the absolute safety and efficiency of the Keeley Cure. The fullest and most searching investigation is invited. Send for pamphlet giving full information.

Woman's Work

Is never done, and it is especially wearing and wearisome to those whose blood is impure and unfit properly to tone, sustain, and renew the wasting of nerve, muscle and tissue. It is more because of this condition of the blood that women are run down,

Tired, Weak, Nervous,

Than because of the work itself. Every physician says so, and that the only remedy is in building up by taking a good nerve tonic, blood purifier and vitalizer like Hood's Sarsaparilla. For the troubles *Peculiar to Women* at change of season, climate or life, or resulting from hard work, nervousness, and impure blood, thousands have found relief and cure in

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—OF—

Somerset, Penn'a.

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Surplus, $26,000.

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All work guaranteed. Look at my stock before making your purchases.

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BREAST THE TIDE.

W. R. BAKER.

When the storms of life o'ertake you,
Let not courage e'er forsake you;
Yield not to the tempest tamely;
Battle with it firmly, gamely—
Breast the tide.

What a spectacle ignoble
Is the man, who, when in trouble,
Folds his hands with look despairing
When he should, with high-souled daring
Breast the tide.

Though the winds should fiercely bluster,
Clouds of inky blackness muster;
Winds ere long will be declining,
Clouds display a silv'ry lining.
Breast the tide.

Folly 'tis to let disaster
Energy and pluck o'ermaster;
Fortune will show less of rigor,
If you ply the oar with vigor.
Breast the tide.

Courage only can avail you
When the winds and waves assail you.
Onward! Onward! or be driven
On the rock, your boat all riven!
Breast the tide.

N. Y. Ledger.

JACK'S SWEETHEART.

Jack was a genius. There never was such a fellow as Jack—at least so everybody in the hidden away little fishing village of Bracebridge would tell you, from the most ancient fisherman down to the tiniest inhabitant of this picturesque spot by the sea. Jack was as kind at heart as he was clever in head, and as he possessed the happy knack of working both ends at the same time; the result was that he was pointed out as being the cleverest lad in the village and as kindly a soul as might be found for many a mile along the coast.

He was scarcely a lad—23 years might be written against him—for did not the register of the old church tell how on Oct. 10, 1863, Jack was born? He was the only child of John and Mary Barton, and they loved him with all the love which every only child seems to win from its parents.

Yes, Jack was a genius. From his earliest years he would go down to the beach with paper and pencil and draw the fishing smacks and the boats with the mariners mending their nets and remedying the mishaps which had befallen their craft during a gale. His talent increased with years, and the young fellow was prudent, carefully cultivating that which seemed to be his gift. His pictures of the sea had even been exhibited in the show windows of the nearest market town, some six miles away, and folk tramped away to Rockmanton to see "Jack's picters on show."

And what said Addie—she was called little Addie—of all this? Well, Addie was Jack's sweetheart, and now you know all that she would say. Little Addie had her story to tell, or, rather, John Barton used to tell it for her. In fact, the telling of the story was an annual event with the fisherman. He was never tired of telling how 16 years ago they had the fiercest storm that had within memory found its way near Bracebridge. He had made Addie's birthday the morning when the sea had sent her, and it took a lot to convince him that the little sea waif was quite 3 years old when he saved her from the wreck. So on the anniversary of that terrible time John and his wife, Jack and his heroine would sit around the fire and listen to the story once again, while little Addie would shudder and Jack would hold her hand tighter, as much as to say, "Well, I've got you now, you see."

"My eye, an it was a time, too," John would say. It's a wonder we didn't all put off that morning to sea. The mackerel sayson was in full swing, but Job Bates turned to us and said: 'Look 'e, meates, there's a storm a brewin out yonder, an a good un too. If 'e want to see your hoames again, stop a bit.' An Job proved himself a good weather prophet, for, true enough, before an hour was up we'd got it—aye, as I never saw it afore and hope never to see it again."

And he would tell how, just before the daybreak, a vessel was sighted in distress; how a dozen strong hearted fellows, himself among them, put out the safest craft they could get, leaving their wives and little ones and neighbors to wait on the cliffs, and there, with anxious hearts, watch the gallant crew tossed on the water for three hours ere they could get within a couple of hundred yards of the sinking vessel. It was too late. She went down. Then John Barton would warm to his story.

"Bless 'e, my pet," he would say, running his great fingers through Addie's fair, brown hair, "we'd a'most left without seein' our precious find. Why, they must have thrown 'e overboard. Ah, you may smile, little waun—thrown 'e overboard just as they were goin' down, for the next minute I caught sight of 'e bound to a rough little raft. How we pulled then! Our muscles stood out like whipcords, and in another minute we had got a rope around the raft's end, and, as I found 'e, so I claimed 'e."

So that is how little Addie came to be in the fisherman's home. And the love that she and Jack had learned in childhood had grown stronger and deeper as the one became prettier with the early days of womanhood and the other more earnest and devoted as a man. The more they were together, greater became their love, and no wonder Addie was flushed with excitement and laughing almost wildly at the news contained in a letter addressed to her lover. It came by the carrier in the morning, for letters were looked upon as veritable curiosities at Bracebridge — everybody's friends, everybody's relations all seemed to live together on one spot.

ROSELLE ROCKMANTON, CORNWALL.

I have seen your pictures in Mr. Peck's shop window in town. If you care to come and see me and bring some of your work, I think I may feel inclined to intrust you with a small commission.

JAMES ROBERTSON.

Such was the letter which Addie had read at least twenty times and Jack had stared at for fully an hour. It was the one topic that day over the dinner table.

There was an excited little party waiting for the carrier, as Jack was to return with him to Rockmanton. And then, when he did come and the happy fellow took his seat beside the driver, it was only John Barton who could bid his boy "good luck;" little Addie could but wave her handkerchief as the carrier cracked his whip and smile upon her lover till he turned the corner at the top of the hill.

James Robertson was looked upon by the good people of Rockmanton as a man with a sad side to his life. He was always alone, and during the three years he had lived in Roselle nobody had learned anything about him. His face betokened a kindly heart within. Though he might have been 40 or 60, it was the face of a comparatively young man aged before his time.

Only a few days previously he had stopped in front of Mrs. Peck's shop in the High street and had been struck with the cleverness which characterized a pair of pictures in the window. One represented a storm, with the mighty waves fighting one against the other for the mastery, while its companion was a contrast depicting a peaceful morning on a rockbound coast with the seat at rest. He inquired the painter's name and address and made him the kindly offer.

On the afternoon that his letter had reached its destination he was seated in the cozy parlor of Roselle when his housekeeper announced "Mr. Jack Barton." In another moment Jack was standing before his unknown friend.

"Sit down, my boy, sit down," said James Robertson. "So you are responsible for those two pictures in Mrs. Peck's shop, eh?"

"Yes, sir," Jack replied.

"Well, they are exceedingly clever. Now let me see what you have brought to show me."

And quickly a dozen sketches were upon the table, every one of which James Robertson scanned with the eye of a connoisseur. After examining the last he threw it down again with the explanation:

"Well, you shall do it. I wanted to give my commission to a man who had spent his life on the sea. The man who paints my picture must hear and see every wave as he depicts it with his brush. Now I can trust you to do this. I will tell you the subject. A girl standing on the seashore, looking out to sea as if watching and longing for some one to come. She must be a beautiful girl, just blossoming into womanhood, with—yes, fair, brown hair. You may clothe her as you will—as a fisherman's daughter—only the face must be there. I have only one copy of the face I want you to paint. I can not let it go, but you can come here and work. Then when you are ready to fill in the background, you can go back to your home and paint the seashore, with its cliffs and rocks. As to what I will pay you, let that rest. I can afford to reward you liberally."

James Robertson seemed to realize that sad side of his life which everybody in the town associated with his name. With a sigh, suppressed but unmistakable, he drew from his pocket an old brown leather pocketbook and with a touch of gentleness took out a few old letters as though they were precious to him. Then he found a small packet, which he looked upon as though he longed to press it to his lips, but he was not alone. From this he took a tiny curl of brown hair and laid it in the palm of his hand as if it were too great a treasure to place elsewhere, and then a small portrait, evidently taken from the inside of a brooch. The recollections seemed more than he could bear, and, never heeding that he was not alone, he bent his head in his hands by the mantelboard, and, with the sigh of a man broken hearted, stood quietly there for some time. Then, rousing himself, he said:

"Ah, take no notice. The sight of these reminds me of those I still love. Now, just look at that picture. Could you enlarge upon it?"

It was the face of a beautiful woman about 21 years of age. Jack started a little when he saw it and said:

"I shall not forget that face."

"Yes," said James Robertson sadly, "she was very beautiful."

"But, sir," Jack said, "I do not think I need work here. Let me work at my home. May I look at the portrait again, sir?" I will bring your picture finished before many weeks are gone. You may trust me to do it," the young fellow said earnestly. "You will not be disappointed as to the faithfulness of the likeness."

Jack was so sincere that James Robertson had not the heart to offer any objection to the course he proposed.

Jack's luck was on the tip of everybody's tongue in Bracebridge, and when old Job Bates said, "I twold 'e as how the boy was born to peant picters," there was not a dissenting voice. It was now nearly a month since the date of James Robertson's commission, and but the last few finishing touches were required to perfect the picture. Addie had sat daily to the young man, and when he told her how his unknown friend had bid him paint the girl looking for somebody she said:

"Well, I shall look for you, Jack, all the time."

She made a pretty picture, with her bright eyes and fair brown hair, and when the youthful artist came to paint the rocks and moss covered bowlders behind her and the sea gently coming toward her feet he would go down to the seashore with her, and the old folk would shake their heads and say:

"Ye may well be proud lass," to which the girl would simply reply, "I'm very happy."

At last the picture was complete. Jack wrote to his friend that he would bring it on Monday. Once again the carrier stopped at the fisherman's door, but this time is was not for Addie to remain behind and wave her hand to her lover until he turned the road at the top of the hill, but Jack and his sweetheart sat side by side in the cart, so that "Mr. Robertson might see what the real thing was like." At least so said the light hearted painter.

The old mare seemed to go more slowly than ever, but at last Rockmanton was reached, and the two young lovers stood hand in hand beneath the porch where the roses grew. It was kind of the housekeeper to bid Addie come and sit in her room while "Mr. Barton" talked over matters with James Robertston. He was standing by the mantelboard, evidently waiting for his caller, and he did not stay for Jack to remove the covering, but hastily took it away himself to see how faithfully his instructions had been carried out. He took the canvas in his hands, and, evidently under great emotion, gazed at it for a moment. Then, with an agonized cry, he sank into a chair, still holding the picture, almost frantically, and cried out:

"My wife! My wife! My darling Roselle!"

He saw no one in the room, but, with tears rolling down his cheeks, seemed to speak within himself. "Just as you were, Roselle. Just the same as when we first met. Those eyes are yours. Your smile is just as it used to be for me. Don't look at me, darling Roselle. Don't smile just now. Oh, why were you taken from me? Why did our child go too? I love you better than all the world, but the angels loved you best." Then he became himself once again, and turning to the young man, said:

"You must not think anything of this. I lost my wife and child at sea. They were on their way out to me, but the vessel was never heard of again. You have put upon that canvas the face of my wife just as she was. I thank you with all my heart. It is just as my little daughter would have been had the sea not claimed her. God bless you! God bless you!" And the broken hearted man clasped Jack's hand and pressed it long and fervently.

For the first time the thought flashed across the young man's mind. Was he holding the hand of Addie's father? He seemed to realize it all and asked excitedly:

"How long is this ago?"

"Sixteen years," replied James Robertson quietly.

"Sixteen years—my Addie—16 years?"

"Why do you look like that? Tell me, man, tell me!"

"Because—oh, it can't be true!—I painted that picture from a living model. The girl whose face you see there lives. She was found 16 years ago, saved from the sea, and"—

But Robertson cried out, his whole frame trembling:

"Great heavens! Where is she? Take me to her. Let me see if she is my child. I shall know my little Roselle. Don't trifle with me, young man, and, oh, don't disappoint me now!"

"She is in the house," said Jack.

James Robertson flew from the room. It was pitiful to see him.

"Roselle, Roselle, my little Roselle!" he cried. "Come to me. Where are you? I'm looking for you."

Little Addie sat quietly in the housekeeper's room. She heard the name and bent her head to listen. She seemed as if in doubt, but a smile was in her anxious look and her childhood's days seemed with her once more. She was with her mother, who held her in her arms and kissed her many times, calling her "My little Roselle." The name was on her lips when the man, half frantic with expectation, reached the door, still crying out the name by which her mother called her.

He looked for a moment upon the girl before him—only a moment—and then, with a cry of joy born only in a father's heart, took her to himself with a strong embrace, kissing her passionately and weeping as though his heart would break, yet a smile of relief was there with his tears. And his child never for a moment took her arms from around his neck, but seemed to accept the truth, when the man, brought low with emotion, cried out:

"My little Roselle, have I found you at last?"

He took her on his knee, Jack standing quietly by, and then he told her how, when quite a tiny thing, she and her mother were on their way to join him in a distant country; how they never came, for the vessel was lost; how he had lived alone ever since then, for who could share the love he had for his wife and child? And then Jack chimed in with "the birthday" story, and the father, child and lover sat there many hours, the happy man often looking down to say, "My little Roselle," and to kiss her once again.

"But, father, you will have to call me Addie—little Addie. It is the name Jack knows and loves me by."

James Robertson understood. Jack had his reward.—Detroit Journal.

The Grandest Remedy.

Mr. R. B. Greeve, merchant, of Chilhowie, Va., certifies that he had consumption, was given up to die, sought all medical treatment that money could procure, tried all cough remedies he could hear of, but got no relief; spent many nights sitting up in a chair; was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery, and was cured by use of two bottles. For past three years have been attending to business, and says Dr. King's New Discovery is the grandest remedy ever made, as it has done so much for him and also for others in his community. Dr. King's New Discovery is guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. It don't fail. Trial bottles free at Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

As Boys See Them.

"I don't see the use of puttin' Mamie in short pants," said Mamie's brother scornfully the third day after she had appeared in her new bloomers.

"Willie!" exclaimed Mamie sharply.

"Well, I don't," retorted Willie. "Now you've got 'em you can't climb a tree an' you know you can't, so what's the use of puttin' up a bluff that you're a boy?"—Omaha Bee.

Fred's Volcano.

Small Fred was working with clay on his little table, and instead of the cups and balls which he had been accustomed to making, was trying to reproduce some of the school work of the older children. "Look here," he called out to mamma, "I've made a volcano and here's the saliva all running down."—Youth's Companion.

Concerning Funerals and Funeral Services.

A paper read by Rev. T. J. Bristow, Somerset, Pa., before the Ministerial Association.

It is appointed unto men once to die. The body after death must be decently laid to rest, burial being by consent of all christian people the proper way of its disposal. Cremation is heathenish and no more sanitary than proper burial. Whatever way is adopted will not interfere with the doctrine of the resurrection of the body in a spiritual form; there are marvels in nature as great as that. In the interment of the dead there is room in this age for reform, as also in the religious services at funerals. In most cases the funeral is too costly. The sum of one hundred dollars and more is frequently paid for the casket containing the body, and there is not value received in this decent receptacle. It has been affirmed that in the city of New York funerals average in cost five hundred dollars, and that only considerate and economic people can afford to die there. People of moderate circumstances imitate the affluent in the funerals of their dead, and plunge themselves into debt. We are not pleading for parsimony and meanness, but have to say that the funeral as it is often observed is sadly extravagant, and like a grimace at death. We hear the phrase "a pretty corpse," and are reminded of Sairey Gamp where Charles Dickens satirized the nurse of his time, who when called in to look at a patient said, as she pinned down his arms, "My! wouldn't he make a lovely corpse." There is too much exhibition of the dead for good taste and feeling. The memory of the living face is better than that of the dead, and except in the case of public men of service in the church or state, we think the body should not be exposed to the public gaze. This feeling is growing, for you will often see in funeral notices that the interment will be private. It is repugnant to those who treat departure from this life in a serious manner, to look upon the pomp and vanity which go right up to the gates of death. Flowers, too, are all very well, but if there were more of what they teach in the lives of our dear ones, it would be better than the costliest display after death.

We have been at funerals where the tired and wornout mother has been laid away with flowers in profusion, but a little less bending over the wash tub and of the drudgery of household life while she yet lived would have been better. With regard to the service of the burial of the dead, we are glad to see that much needed reforms are being made. It was thought in some places, at least, that no person could be properly buried without a funeral sermon. These are rarely delivered now, a brief address being deemed most appropriate. I have heard remarks full of strong and sulphurous adjectives by men who have sat in the carriages in waiting, because the minister prolonged the agony of bereavement by prating and holding a long service on a cold day. Singing, we think, should, as a rule, be omitted from the funeral ceremony. Where, however, the best can be had and the sweetest, it is very well, but usually the singing at a funeral does more harm than good. Said a bereaved mother to the writer once: "I wish they had not sung at the funeral, for every word went to my heart like a knife." The word of God should be read, with selections appropriate to the case, a tender prayer offered, and a few words of comfort given. It is not the place of the minister to pronounce final judgment on the impenitent whom he may bury; what is implied will be sad enough, and the man who will suffer the damnation of his fellow mortal to roll off his tongue, is not fit to occupy the position of the christian minister. Although a Presbyterian, I believe there is no better service for the dead than the Episcopal form, all of our attenuated services are pieced out of that; in it all are treated alike, and a hope only expressed in each case. "As our hope is this our brother doth." Eulogy of the dead is wrong in every case. A good life does not need it, and certainly a bad life should not have it. In Chicago not long ago, a rich man died and was buried, the minister landing him to the skies, and giving him a first class passage to paradise. At the close an honest Dutchman touched the minister on the shoulder and said: "Mine friend, did yer know the corpse ven he vas alive?" It is always unwise to attempt this thing, because if done at all, the flattery must be laid on thick, or the dead will be condemned by our faint praise. We think that one man, the pastor of the deceased, or in the case of one outside the fold, the minister preferred should take the whole service. It can then be kept within the proper limit as to time, and if this were made the rule no other minister in attendance would feel hurt if not called upon to play second violin by the officiating brother. We are to treat this thing from a common sense, and philosophic standpoint. Death is sure to come, and we shall be frequently called upon to minister consolation. We must do this in a manly way, and discountenance all things prevailing which are in bad form and worse taste. We do not want to say as one preacher did, "This hymn was selected by the corpse," or when at the funeral of the village butcher the minister said, "He was a kind man and never hurt a living thing." Perhaps the climax of absurdity has been reached in this line by the pastor who said, "This venerable woman lived in the holy estate of marriage for forty years, and died in hope of a better life."

The conclusion of the service at the grave should be brief, but time should be taken to say in one form or another, that the body is buried in hope of the resurrection; that in a word it is christian burial. The inevitable approach of death to all and the frequency of the burial service should lead us to perform these duties in resignation to our heavenly Father's will, and while full of human sympathy, there should be no wandering to a weak sentimentalism. Enough is enough, even at a service of this kind when we should show all proper respect for the feelings of the living, as for the virtues of the dead. Laertes was anxious that the full service for the dead should be performed at the burial of his sister, Ophelia, and when the priest refused, because the manner of her death was doubtful, said, "Must no more be done!" and when the priest replied, got the better of his own superstition as he said,

"Lay her in the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
Shall violets spring.
I tell the churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou lies howling."

We teach that this is not our rest, therefore let us not add to the anguish of survivors by preaching calamity, when the gates of life, rather than of death, are flung open for our loved ones.

Life concerns us in reality more than death. But little is revealed in the scriptures of the future life, but enough is taught both in the old and new testaments for our comfort.

Our divine Lord "has brought life and immortality to light by the gospel," and a good death will be the logical sequence of a good life.

"Cowards die a thousand deaths in fearing one," and it will be well for us if the same immortal pen which gave to us these words may also describe our departure.

"Nothing in all his life became him as the way he left it."

Chesterfield, the prince of good manners, had a very lingering death, continuing in life long after physicians said he must go. He asked the pardon and indulgence of those who waited on him because he died so slowly. In conclusion then, our funeral services should be shorn of the frivolities and customs which often make them repulsive. They should be tender, sympathetic, humane and short. There should be always a plain, outspoken statement of our faith in Christ, and the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. Let us lay aside the frivolities that so easily beset us, and attend to this matter in a commonsense way. The funniest jokes and merriest stories are often perpetrated just after the funeral service; the reason is that the mind will rebound from the tension and torture of a prolonged chattering funeral discourse and its usual accompaniments.

Fats and Food.

Fats, including all palatable oils, are valuable as foods, and under favorable conditions may be digested and absorbed in considerable quantities by a healthy adult.

A study of physiology shows that nature has bestowed great attention upon the means for the digestion, absorption and assimilation of fatty substances by the human body. This fact may be taken as an indication that fat is naturally a beneficial food. Yet it is a popular supposition that fat is unwholesome; and in many cases the eating of fat does cause stomach disorder.

To live naturally everyone should spend part of the day in physical exercise, preferably in the open air. Exercise is requisite for the digestion of fat. Lack of exercise is one reason why, in many cases, fats "disagree" with the eater.

The digestibility of different fats varies. Butter and cod liver oil are in the front rank as regards ease of digestion.

It is not easy to overestimate the value of cod liver oil as a tonic for a child born with an inclination to consumption, as indicated by coughs, lameness or curvature of the spine. The value of good butter in the same connection is not widely enough recognized.

The writer was recently asked by the anxious mother of a young girl of consumptive tendencies whether her fondness for butter was not unnatural and harmful. To such a person the taste for fatty foods is a natural craving for a perfectly proper and wholesome food. The craving should not be discouraged at all, but plentiful indulgence in outdoor air and exercise should be insisted upon as a necessary condition of digesting the fats; otherwise symptoms of stomach disorder will appear; blotches and pimples will often occur upon the face, and general ill health will result.

Fatty, heat-producing foods are especially called for in winter. Chemistry demonstrates it, and it is proved also by the wide use of fat in cold regions, both by animals and by men.

A dressing of olive oil greatly increases the food value of the common potato, and at the same time adds much to its palatableness.—Youth's Companion.