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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

DAY SERMON.

Subject: "May time Thoughts."

at the foot of Mount Le-sen led and winter whitened mountain. Then when the

wn the side of the mountain t luxuriance to the gardens at the fountain of garfrom Lebanon.

and the little child said : notice. See! It is spelled all in flowers, 'Got is Love,' 'Got is a stars on the sky, lessons in flowers

laid out all through the in decided by decree of government in do flowers should be planted in the beautiful of flowers should be flowers planted in the there-should be flowers planted at his realm and gardens laid out, penially decreed that there should be strong and present the should be poetry. His poetry

e, ye women who watched Him hang tell e, ye executioners who lifted and let Him has tell me, thou sun that disist hide and let Him are. I have some into My garden to gather these that the lift is the lift of the lift.

If there he no especial taste and no especial ments, you will find there the holly-leek, and the dallodil, and the dahla. If

time. You cannot tell where these Christians have been save by the orightening face of the keeps out the glare of the sun from the poor man's cot. Such characters are perhaps bet-

and attraction, while outside so completely unfortunate. Mexican cactus all the time from what they should be, really have in man said to me years ago: "Do you think I ought to become a member of the church?"

ferry. It was very early in the morning, and I saw a milkman putting a large quantity of water into his can, and I said: That is enough, sir,' and he got off the eart and in-suited me, and I kneeked him down. Well." said he, "do you think I could ever become a Christian?" That man had in his soul the grace of the Lord Jesus, but outside he was full of thorns, and full of brambles, and full of exasperations, but he could not hear the story of a Saviour's mercy told without hav-

ing the tears roll down his cheek. There was loveliness within, but roughness outside. Mexican eactus all the time. But I remember in boyhood that we had in our father's garden what we called the Giant of Battle, a peculiar rose, very red and very flery. Suggestive flower, it was called the Giant of Battle. And so in the garden of the Lord we find that kind of flower—the Pauls and Martin Luthers, the Wyelifs, the John Knoxes—giants of battle. What in other men is a spark, in them is a confingration. they pray, their prayers take fire; when they suffer, they sweat great drops of blood; when they preach, it is a pentecest; when they fight, it is Thermopylæ; when they die, "Why have we not more of them in the church of Christ at this time?" I answar your ques-tion by asking another. "Why have we not more Cromwells and Humbold is in the world?"

God wants only a few giants of battle. They do their work, and they do it well. But I find also in the church of God s plant I shall call the snowdrop, very beautiful, but cold. It is very pure—pure as the snowdrop, beautiful as the snowdrop and as cold as the snowdrop. No special sympathy. That kind of man never losss his patience; he never weeps, he never flashes with anger; he never utters a rash word. Aiways cold, aiways precise, always passive beautiful snowdrop, but I don't like him. I would rather have one Giant of Bat-

tie than 5000 snowstrops.

Give me a man who may make some mis-takes in his ardor for the Lord's service tather than that kind of nature which spends be whole life in doing but one thing, and that is keeping equilibrium. There are snow-drops in all the churches—men without any sympathy. Very good: they are in the sympathy. Very good; they are garden of the Lord; therefore I know they garden of the Lord; therefore I know they ought to be there, but always snowdrops.

Ton have seen in some places perhaps a more places perhaps a more places perhaps a more places perhaps a more places perhaps a person in this house who has ever seen more right to complain of anything.

than one century plant in full bloom, and when you see the century plant your emotions are stirred. You look at it and say, itions are stirred. You look at it and say, "This flower has been gathering up its beauty for a whole century, and it will not bloom again for another hundred years." Well, I have to tell you that in this garden of the church, spoken of in my text, there is a century plant. THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-

church, spoken of in my text, there is a century plant.

In has gathered up its bloom from all the ages of eternity, and 19 centuries age it put forth its glory. It is not only a century plant, but a passion flower—the passion flower of Christ, a crimson flower, blood at the root and blood on the leaves, the passion flower of Jesus, the century plant of eternity. Come, owinds from the couth, and winds from the parlume of south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and scatter the perfume of this flower through all Nations.

His worth, if all the Nations knew, Sure the whole earth would love. Him too.

Thou, the Christ of all the ages, hast gar-ments smelling of myrrh and aloes and cas-sia out of the ivory palaces.

I go further and say the church of Christ

and down the word of God, specially suggestive at this cause of its thorough irrigation. There can to put forth their here. specially suggestive at this or, when the parks and the to not forth their blossor of the not forth their blossor of with bird voices.

I saw a garden in the midst of the desert amid the Rocky mountains. I said, "How is it possible you have so many flowers, so much rich fruit, in a desert for miles around?" I suppose some of you have seen those gardens. Well, they told me they had aqueducts and pipes reaching up to the hills, and the snows melted on the Sierra new the sunshine had done hills, and the snows melted on the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky mountains and then poured down in water to those aqueducts, and it kept the fields in great luxuriance. And I thought to myself—how like the gar-den of Chris! All around it has barrenness of sin and the barrenness of the world, but our eyes are unto the hills, from whence cometh our help. There is our Good is Love, a comment our help. There is a river the scenario of the same whereof shall make glad the city of our God, the fountain of gardensand streams the sky, lessons in flowers the sky, lessons in flowers. the unclean, water to toss up in fountains under the sun of rightenusness until you can see the ratiobow around the throne.

I wandered in a surden of Brazilian cashew nut, and I saw the luxuriance of those gar-dens was helped by the abundant supply of water. I came to it on a day when strangers were not admitted, but by a strange coincidence, at the moment I got in, the king's chariet passed, and the gardener went up on the hill and turned ou the water, and it came flashing down the broad stairs of stone until sunlight and wayer in pleasure. sunlight and wave in gleesome wrestle tum-bled at my feet. And so it is with this garden of Christ. Everything comes from abovepardon from above, peace from above, com-fort from above, sanctification from above Streams from Lebanon. Oh, the consolation in this thought! Would God that the gardeners turned on the fountain of salvation until specimens, and the oak, after the place where we sit and stand might the process twoods of the become Elim with twelve wells of water and threeseore and ten palm trees, But I had industry, and all his genture of the standarden. He may be such as the standarden of the standarden. He may for obtain starden. He may for other than business of the standarden, the says of that humber of dollars, sive garden, laid out with and yet I have to tell you of variet expanse—the garden the garden, and He says "Old man, I come to help thee; I come to strengthen thee. Down to hoary hairs I will shelter thee; I will give the strength at the strengthen thee. Down to hoary hairs I will shelter thee; I will give thee strength at the strength are the property of the order of the shelter thee; I will give thee strength at the time of old age. I will not leave; I will not complete the work as he is his last payment of £100,000, at these gardens and building f Abbotsford, at that time his is health failed, and he died when I walked through
I thought at what vast exit that time his shall preserve thee from all evil; the Lord shall preserve thy soul." And then the Gardener comes up another path of the garden, and He comes where there are some beautiful I thought at what cast exmindful out—at the expense
I seemed I could see in
re the blood of the old
But I have to tell you
fill out at vaster expense.

percess that did fall, went the laying out of this garden cost. This morning, and the sroma and trushiness of the springtime, it is appropriate that I show you how the church the propriate that I show you how the church I remark first it is a garden because of the fare plants in it. That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If you cannot that them anywhere else, you will said we say: "Thou art worthy to have them. bereaved father or mother ever uttered-

> But you have noticed that around every king's garden there is a high wall. You may have stood at the wall of a king's court and thought, "How I would like to see that garden!" and while you were watching the garicher opened the gate, and the royal equipage swept through it, and you caught gimpse of the garden, but only a glimpse,

for then the gates closed.

I bless God that this garden of Christ has gates on all sides; that they are opened by day, oponed by night, and whosever will may come in. Oh, how many there are who die in the desart when they might revel in the garden! How many there are who are seeking in the garden of this world that satisfaction which they can never find It was so with Theodore Hook, who made all nations laugh while he was living. And yet Theodore on a certain day, when in the man's cot. Such characters are perhaps cetter typified by the ramineulus which goes teresping between the thoris antithe briers of this life, giving a kiss for a sting, and many a man has thought that life before him was a black rock of trouble and found it covered all over with delightsome jasmine of Christian sympathy.

In this garden of the Lord I find the Meximal cactus, loveliness within, thorns withs cactus, loveliness within, thorns without the peace of the country of the country of the cactus of this own appared in the mirror, said: "That is true. I look just as I am—lost, body, mind, soul and estate, lost I am—lost, body, midst of his revelry he caught a glimpse of

Substantial comfort will not grow
in nature's barren son.
All we can boast tell Christ we know
is vanity and tol.

Said a placid elder to a Christian minister, "Doctor, you would do better to control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the piacid elder, "I control more temper in the minutes than you do in five years." These people, gifted men, who have great exasperation of minuter and seem to be very different from what they should be really have it. How many have tried all the fountains of garden and invite you in, whatever your his-tory, whatever your sins, whatever your temp-tations, whatever your trouble. The invita-tion comes no more to one than to all," 'Whosoever will, let him come."

The flowers of earthly gardens soon fade . but, blessed be God, there are gariands that never wither, and through the grace of Christ Jesus we may enter into the joys which are provided for us at God's right hand. Oh, come into the garden. And remember, as the closing thought, that God not only brings us into a garden here, but it is a gar-den all the way with those who trust and love and serve Him, a garden all through the struggles of this life, a garden all up the slope of heaven.

There everissing spring abides and never withering flowers. Death, like a narrow stream, owides That heaveny inn't from ours.

I have no fear of what is called for by the instruct of mankind, There is no better excess in the world

than excess of gratitude. Growling at the times will not lift the mertgage on your farm. a | Success is on the hilltop, you cannot

get there without climbing. The prettiest blossoms do not always e, hold the swe test honey.

A successful hypocrite is never a success at anything else.

would have no spoor. Everything else of time melts into eternity without resistance or com-Why does not man? Only because he is sinful and discordant.

Archimedes sits in history crowned forever with that golden crown of | sad just struck one, and I had been it Hiero by means of which he discovered bed since elevon without closing my the law of specific gravities.

Ill fares the party to hastening ills a prey, when hosses grow insolent and of perplexing and even awe-inspiring principles decay. In the hand of an inexperienced per-

There's crape on the door of the whole world.

Do they call it a white lie because the dirt shows on it so easily.

The who deserves nothing has no bour I carried on the quest, but all is the strange experience had left me, I put it before a medical friend.

To my unspeakable autonishment, be

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

Though storms may come to gloom the sky And still the song bird's happy lay, and rudely bow the lovely flowers That were erstwhile so fair and gay, Be of good cheer,

The sun is near, And soon shall shine again, my dear. Then shall the sky once more be blue, The birds shall sweetly sing once more, And gemmed with sparsling drops of rain, The flowers look lovelier than before,

Be of good cheer, The sun is near, E'en in the darkest hours, my dear.

Though many sorrows crowd your path, As through this changeful world you go, Though hope seems dead within your breast And love and friendship careless grow, Be of good eneer. The sun is near.

fild just behind the clouis, my dear, And sometime, when your eyes are full Of tears, behold! a rainbow bright, In all the rarest hues e'er worn By gem or flower, shall meet your sight,

Be of good cheer, The sun is near, Rich in the gold of heaven, my dear. -Patty Sweethrier, in Detroit Free Press.

A VERY PECULIAR CASE.

At the time it happened-thirty years ing room communicating by folding doors with the bedroom behind it, not a undred miles from the Regent Circus. None of the furniture was my own save and a rather shabby, dilapidated old bureau or escritoire-a relic of my grandfather's, I believe, and preserved by me as representing pretty nearly all the property I ever inherited. It stood in the darkest corner of the sitting room, though near one of the two long Freuca numerous drawers, pigeon-holes, etc., not wish to destroy. The key to its dow by the escritoire. He passed the circular top I had, with reprehensible little gap of light so quickly into the the house, which was kept by a retired still without making the slightest sound. butler and his wife, who, with three

ervants, attended on the inmates. A young man's life in London, withse has a large circle of acquaintances. It was so with me, especially during one particular season. Operas, theaters, suppers and dances crowded so thick and thought of a long night in bed gradually nastrung, though at that time I did not snow what that meant. Certainly I ever thought of it as an illness, and equally certain wou'd have scouted any

dea of seeking advice about it. In addition, another thing was worrying me greatly. For the past month or more I felt convinced I was being obbed. I did not possess much jeweiry, but I was constantly missing certain little trinkets and small articles. Among others a silver match box, a large crocodile leather, gold-mounted cigar case, a pair of gold sleeve links, a small locket containing some of my mother's and ather's hair, a set of studs, a pearl breastpin, and the like. Also a pocket letter or card case, which I well knew contained two £1 Scotch bank notesunusual money, not easily forgotton. I felt sure that with every allowance for careless habits these and many another similar object had vanished in the most unaccountable way. Search high and

low as I would they were not to be found unywhere in my rooms. I had lived there nearly two years when this vexation began, and I knew not whom to suspect. It was horribly awkward and most unpleasant. The landlord and his wife bore unimpeachable characters, and I could never have looked either of them in the face again and manner, but within them the peace of God, the love of God, the grace of God, the grace of God, the grace of God, the grace of God. their honesty. Three other men, two of whom I knew slightly, were lodging in the house, as I have said, but as to suspecting them of this petty larceny the idea was out of the question. No, it must be one of the servants. But which One of the three was a lad of sixteen. He was a newcomer, truly. The two women were in the house when I took up my quarters there-respectable,

'elderly parties." I did not know what to do for the best. To lock up the rooms was impossible, and even to do the same with all my drawers, writing table, wardrobe, etc., now, after never having previously turned a key on anything, would be at once to cast a slur on the establishment. Besides, I never could tell exactly when I missed this or that article, because, as I repeat, my careless ways had often led

me to imagine that I had lost a thing when I merely mislaid it. Presently the idea occurred to me that I would set a trap. I left a small sovereign purse in a corner drawer of the dressing table, whence I could declare many trinkets and valuables had been purloined, but there it remained. I shifted it, partially covered it with other things, as if by accident, or as if it had been forgotten. Yet it was always forthcooling whenever I looked. I out a solitare sovereign on a corner of the mantleplece; in my own apartments, unless-unlessthe bousemaid twice drew my attention to the fact that the coin was still lying at first but vaguely, did I arrive at the there. No, nothing that I ever placed as a bait disappeared. The depredations

If it rained porridge the thriftless were confined to such objects as I hadn't tion, and confirmed my worst dread. I been thinking about until I wanted them. | must be suffering under some frightful, The mouth was August, the nights hot inexplicable brain disease, for that I had to sleep. I had nothing to do that evening, and, although I turne I in early, it was with the usual result. The clock ryes. It was the old story; I was norustomed to it. Suddenly, amid the host thoughts whirling through one's brain ander these conditions, I remembered son a pen is more dangerous than a gun. that pocket letter-case containing the two £1 Scotch bank notes. Where was it? I had not seen it for weeks. Afte restlessly striving to drive away the de-

varu. Avery conceivable corner, drawer | and pocket was ransacked. The key of the escroitoire had been mislaid, so I could not examine that; but I knew contained little else but papers.

At length, entirely exhausted, pritated and fevered, and with the chamber candie expiring with a splutter, I flung myself on a couch in the drawing-room Dawn had not yet broken, but in a few minutes, as I lay there coiled up in my dressing-gown, I unexpectedly fell asleep-a restless, dreaming sleep, full of antastic, weirdlike indescribable shapes.

When I awoke it was daylight, though the room was still shadowy and obscure, save in one snot close to the long window, where the Venetian blind was partially raised-the window nearest that dark corner occupied byy the old escritoire. The head of the couch was toward the mantelpiece, but almost facing the door from the landing on the further side of the wall.

At the moment I opened my eyes with

a feeling of relief at having just escaped some visionary peril, to my amazement I saw that door slowly open and the figure of a man stealthily entering it. It did not make the faintest sound on its hinges, nor did he with his footstepnot so much as the creaking of a plank. The light in that part of the room was give you very little medicine. Fresh air, far too dim to allow of my seeing what he was like. His face was slightly averted, also, and except that the general looks of the man seemed to be not ago-I was a bachelor, living in a draw- altogether unfamiliar, I could not in the least tell who he was. The first impulse, of course, was to sit up and call out, but for some inexplicable reason I restrained it -- perhaps because the thought instantly one or two easy chairs, a writing table crossed my mind that here was the thief, and upon that I suppose I rapidly con-

cluded to watch him, and pretenned to be still sleeping. However this may be, I did not move as I observed him creep noiselessly across the room to the end of the mantelplece farthest from that where I was lying. He windows, I seldom went to it, using its appeared not to notice me, and after feeling for a moment between the edge only as receptacles for old receipts, bills, of the looking glass and the wall by the papers and a few odd accumulations of mantel shelf, he took something away, no value, which, for some reasons, I did and instantly crossed back to the wincarelessness in such matters, mislaid for dank corner that I still failed to recogveeks. This gave me no concern. I nize him. Then I could dimly make out ould look for it when I wanted it- that he was apparently unlocking the that was enough. Other lodgers were in lumbering piece of old furniture, though

"Ho! ho!" thought I, "my fine fellow, now I've caught you, have If You have found the key, and are going to out his being the least unsteady, fre- exercise your calling in that direction. quently involves him in late hours when chf Well, there's not much that is worth your attention there; you won't find that a profitable hunting ground!"

I was not long, you may depend, in coming to a determination. While he fast upon each other that, for nights to- was still fumbling at the escritoire I gether, I never had more than three or rose, and, stealing softly up behind him, four hours in bed-always having to be suddenly seized him by the back of his up early. Then, by degrees, when I collar. He endeavored to writhe out of could turn in in reasonable time, I could my grasp, but I turned him round so aotsleep, and on this account even the quickly that we both staggered and fell on the floor in a huddled heap together became a terror to me. The fact is, my -he undermost. In the fall I struck pervous system was becoming thoroughly my forehead severely against something. probably a projecting chair. For the moment the blow seemed to blind me: but as we had rolled over into the gap of light from the window I caught sight of his face, turned up as it was toward mine, and I saw-whose face think you? Way: no other than my own-yes my very own, as I well knew it in the look-

> That one instant of amazement and consternation in which, as by a flash, I made this recognition, was followed by a total oblivion of all surroadings. The face and figure seemed to fade away heneath me and to vanish with my consciousness.

ing-glass.

How long I lay prostrate, face downward on the floor, I know not; but in that position I found myself when my bewildered senses slowly returned. For awhile, of course, I could remember nothing-how I came there or what had brought me to such a pass. Only very slowly did the circumstances recall themselves. What on earth did they mesu? My forehead was unmistakably cut and still bleeding; indeed, there was a patch of congealed blood on the carpet plainly visible in the broad flood of early sunlight now streaming in beneath the half-raised blind. Had I been dreaming? More likely I had had a tit; anyhow, I was so utterly bewildered that it was some time before my thoughts became coherent. Then alarmed and fully conscious for the first time in my life that I must be seriously ill or labor ing under some mysterious mental aberration. I rose from the floor and sat down in an adjacent chair.

As my eyes wandered vacantly around they fell upon the circular top of the old escritoire. It was practically open. Some one had been at it, then; that was clear. That was no dream, no fancyscarcely due to a fit, one would thinkat least, not of the sort I had tremblingly thought of. Yes, and there was the missing key in the lock. When these facts had been fully broken in upon my cob-webbed brain, they led to but on ides. Acting upon it, I pushed the lid full open, and with the rapidity of thought pulled out one drawer after another, and there, in most of them, were deposited a lot of the articles and objects I had so long missed-there, in this neglected, usless piece of old furniture? I turned them all out in a confusion worse confounded than my thoughts. But there they were-almost every one; cigar case, silver match box, trinkets, locket and pocketbook containing the Scotch bank notes.

Then how on earth had they come to be in this place? A thief would hardly have stolen them to conceal them thus and then, very reluctantly, slowly, and conclusion-unless the thief was myself! Verily, this was an alar-ning supposi-

unconscious. For days and days, however, I took no action. I hesitated to breathe a word of the extraordinary affair to a soul. Who would believe it? Everybody would say I had gone out of my mind-I thought so myself. I doubted if any doctor would accept as veracions this wild account of my dread awakening to the truth. Yet, as I knew it to be the truth, I set this record of it down while it was all fresh in my memory, and eventually being unable any longer to bear the hor rible suspense and perplexity in which

believed every word of it. Thea, after answering his endless, searching questious, and when he had listened to such verbal additions to the narrative as I Waiting through days of fever could give him, he did not doubt our Waiting through nights of pain,

"Yes," he said, "among other coming in your sleep and yourself secreting The tasks that so often taxed her, the various articles from time to time. The key, to wit, of the escritoire, which you imagine to have been the object taken from behind the looking-glass, by the figure you fancy you saw, had been placed there by your own hand. Your brain retained some dim perception of your having done so, and the disordered condition of your nervous system accounts for that perception assuming the shape of a figure resembling yourself, and in a state of partial unconsciousness you dashed upon your imaginary burgiar-jour own ghost, in fact-fell and fully restored your senses to their equilibrium by that rap on your head. However, it is enough for you if I tell you that your nervous system is wholly broken down, and that if you don't take a long holiday, go into the country, and for the next three or four months lead a perfectly regular, quiet life, I won't answer for the consequences. No, I shall

you stand in need of." His advice was followed to the letter. for I was thoroughly frightened. Thirty years have passed; I have long been married, and I have never missed a single piece of property, large or small, since that extraordinary August night. - 421. the Year-Round.

quiet, and regularity are the only drugs

Rings in the Ages.

The first historical mention of rings is in the book of Genesis, and then a ring was not a mark of serfdom, nor a mere ornament, but a badge of authority. read how when Pharaoh confided the charge of all Egypt to Joseph he took his ring from his finger and gave it to the youth as a token of the authority ho bestowed upon him.

From pre-historic times signet ring. of silver, gold and broaze were part of the apparel of the wealthier Egyptian, and even the lower orders were rings of ivory and blue porcelain. Rings are not mentioned in Homer, and do not appear to have been introduced into Greece uutil a later age, says the Illustrated American. Herodotus tells us all the Babyionians used to wear rings, and the fashion soon spread from the East into Europe. In the time of Solon every freeman in Greece wore a signet ring, either of gold, silver or bronze. To prevent counterfeits, a law was passed forbidding any seal engraver to keep the impression of any seal ring that he had cut for a

Rings soon became fashionable, however, as ornaments, precious stones were engraved in them, and dandies were two them of anber and ivory. The Spartan rings were of iron, as consorted with the that which is plainly usefut should be that which is plainly usefut should be eft at home. A watch is now so instern simplicity they affected.

The use of talismanic rings appears to have been general among the ancients, as charms against disease, personal danger, witchcraft, etc. Medicated rings were also believed to cure divers complaints

One-Horse Power.

When men first begin to become familiar with the methods of measuring mechanical power, they often speculate on where the breed of horses is to be 000 pounds one foot per minute, or the equivalent, which is more familiar to some mechanics, of raising 330 pounds 100 feet per minute. Since 33,000

people should think the engineers who and we might be tempted to carry the established that unit of measurement value, notwithstanding that every unbased it on what horses could really do. necessary futigue must be carefully I it the horse that can do this work does | svoided. not exist. The horse-power unit was established by James Wattabout a century ago, and the figures were fixed in a curicus way. Watt found that the average horse of his district could raise 22,000 pounds one foot per minute. At that pounds one foot per minute. At that it trunk, such as passengers to Europe time Watt was employed in the manufacture of engines, and customers were enough to be light and portable, and so hard to find that all kinds of artificial to slip under the bed in case of my to sell engines reckoning 33,000 foot clothing, together with a chamois-skin pounds to a horse-power. And thus he under-waist, and a knitted-wool dividin the world .- Rider and Driver.

Tall Buildings.

Tall building are not of modern orihowever, were burned down in a great are which happened in 1700, after which buildings of twelve stories in height were substituted. - New York News.

A Dry-Land Fish. C. F. Holder tells of how, some years

in Africa came upon a level stretch of wear it as a duster or rain cloak as may country, perfectly dry and devoid of the be necessary. A cloth water-proof has least suspicion of moisture, yet while many advantages over one of rubber. their tents one of the number uncarthed dark-blue cloth jacket, or cape. The fish was supposed to be mummified and was taken as a curiosity. Finally, it in water. The mud of the cocoon supply of linen collars and cuffs, members of which have the peculiar wrists. faculty of migrating overland and of being able to exist not merely for days certain seasons the small lakes and this dry season it is evident that they is interested, provisions have been made by which this curious fish either creeps overland to other streams or lives in a semi-desiccated state until the return of the wet season -St Louis Republic.

-Cotton was first exported in 1785,

WAITING FOR THE ANGELS. BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER,

For the wait of wings at the portal, "Yes," he said, "among other com-plications, you probably have been walk. And the breaking of life's long chain. The children she held so dear,

The strain of the coming and going, The stress of the mending and sewing. The burden of many a year. Frouble her now no longer,

She is past the fret and care. On her brow is the angel's token, The look of a peace unbroken, She was never before so fair. You see, she is waiting the angels, And we-we are standing apart. For us there are loss and sorrow; For her is the endless morrow, and the reaping time of the heart.

BY CLARA THWAITES. Follow the song-bird's flight Into the far-off blue.

Caroling up the height In its ecstasy,-but who May follow the spirit upon the road Which leads to the realms of joy and God?

FOLLOW.

ollow the river's flow Unto the wide, wide sen; Vhere the white sails come and go, And the winds blow fresh and free. But who may follow the souls that

into the ocean of God's dear love? Whither the rivers come. Thither the rivers turn, and the spirit for its home In the heart of God down yearn; For the children of God can only rest,

n futness of joy, upon His breast.

BOING TO THE GREAT FAIR,

Of course every one who can visit he Great Fair will do so. And in orler that all our readers may have exraordinary facilities we have made exraordinary arrangements which may found apon an other page. but is not what we wish to talk about ust now. Neither are we at present encerned about the routes we ake: rather are we interested in the mount and kind of paggage which we

There are, first of all, two points to settled: What we can do without, and what we must have. Very obviously we can do without nery of every description. In all the nultitudes that will throng the great WHITE CITY, there will not be one perinvthing that any visitor may choose to rear. at dish" costumes from all nations be- yacht. neath the sun that none of them will

lispensable that it no longer ranks as in article of luxury; neither do sleeve outtons, collar buttons, a plain, strong prooch, a wedding ring, or a single watch guard. But necklaces, rings, pracelets, or ear-rings, are all so much excellent, but there will be theiven snough to outwit them if people are

ally enough to provide the bait, Chicago is said to be a very hot City in summer time, therefore we shall need thin under-clothing, though alfound that can keep at work raising 33,- ways of wool. It is also liable to very undden changes of weather and to high winds, therefore we shall need some extra clothing. To carry the things ceally essential we shall need either a very large valise, or a small trunk. pounds raised one foot per minute is The latter is best because that we shall called one-horse power, it is natural that pave to give to the baggage express,

> A woman who spent a week at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876 is going to Chicago in June, and tells us her plans based on experience. "I shall take," she says, "a steam-

inducements were necessary to induce being obe to get only a small room. power users to buy steam engines. As a In this trunk I shall put a change of method of encouraging them Watt offered night wear and of light woolen underwas the means of giving a false unit to ed-skirt, as extras for unseasonably one of the most important measurements sold weather. I shall take as many pairs of stockings as I intend to stay days, and each shall be of best make, without seams or darns the insignia of royalty to vex the feet. I shall wear soft, it in precious stones. light, flexible shoes, and take an extra gin. In Edinburgh, where houses stand- pair in the trunk, wearing one pair toing on a declivity were higher on one side day, and the other to-morrow alterthan the other, one is said to have been nately. A pair of shoes that has rested ifteen stories altogether in height. All, over a day is easier for the feet. These at the age of seventy-six. shoes must not be old enough to be -habby, of course, but woe to the poor wretch who attempts to wear ones! A rair of the softest and thinnest rubber shoes goes also into the trunk. An uml relia that may answer

for either sup or rain I must take in my hand.
"I have bought a water-proof cloak ago, a detachment of troops doing duty of fine English crevelette, and shall

they were digging holes for the posts of Besides this I shall have a light-weight a fish, dry as a chip-a long, eel-like "I have two dresses, one of a light member of the finny tribe, coiled in a weight cloth in a shepherd's plaid; the ball, seemingly encased in a mud cocoon. other a black surah silk, made with two waists; both thin, but one black and the other white, or of some light after the lapse of several weeks, it fell the weather be very hot they will prove very useful. Of course into the hands of a naturalist, who placed no neat woman will go without a good slowly dissolved; the fish gave a gasp ruchings wilt into a dingy meiancholy and was soon swimming about at a lively in an hour or two on most necks in rate. Here was a singular example of warm weather, and no amount of varia fish living out of water. It belonged form trimmings will atone for the want to a group known as "lung fishes," the of something white about the neck and

as light of weight, and as inconspicubut for months out of the water. At ous as possible, not only for my own sake but for that of my neighbors, all intent upon seeing something more inponds of the "Dark Continent" dry up, teresting than my head-gear. For simand, were it not for some provision lar reasons my skirts shall be short which enables these fishes to live through and take up as fittle space as possible. "As kid gloves are an affliction in hot freshly gloved: a little point of daintiness which I always claim as my privi-

"The hat or bonnet shall be as small,

lege. The supply of plain, large-sized handkerchiefs should be abundant. Their uses are manifold. nearly so many as the inexperienced it.

shall add to them several things that only an 'old compaigner' would remember.

"Of course we must take the usual toilst articles and to their number shall add a rubber hot-water-bag; an alcohol lamp with alcohol enough to fill it twice; a small saucepan; a bottle of malted milk, a bottle of Bovonine, or some other favorite extract of beef; a tenspoon and a teneup. When one is "tired to death" there is nothing so refreshing as a cup of hot beef-tea, or milk, and to get such things at the times when you most need them, even in an ordinary hotel in an ordinary time, Is not easy. In the midst of the pressure of such days as these Chicago days will be sure to be, will be nearly impossible. With these restorative and the means to prepare and serve them ready in your trunk, much discomfort may be spared and perhaps an comfort may be spared and perhaps an illness prevented. A tiny French coffee pot and a pound or so of finely ground coffee, or a few ounces of tea, But he said our blamed mosquitoes could ground coffee, or a few ounces of tea, in an air-tight jar, would provide an

A half a dozen towels may be found. useful in illness, also a yard or two of flannel; while a heavy blanket shawl "Why not!" may be serviceable in several ways. In addition we shall also take a few simple remedies, such as camphor, essence of peppermint, paregorie and quinine. Others will doubtless prefer other things; but all will do well to carry s small supply of such remedies as they are accustomed to rely upon for such strike twelve."— Nunsey's Weekly. emergencies as a sudden chill, an at-tack of sick headache, or one of neute indigestion, or a sudden cold. These ailments being those to which overfatigue, rapid changes of temperature, or irregularities of food, render peo ple most hable. How to prevent illness we shall con-

excellent restorative for coffee or tea

lovers.

sider in another paper.

Helen Eventson Smith.

PERSONAL.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY, the novelist is a sister of George Francis Train, and that one letter in her superfluity of ini- Fact. tials stands for her maiden name.

LUCY LARCOM, who has just died in Boston, began her literary career while a mill girl in Lowell, and this is said to have been the inspiration of the most familiar of all her poems, "Hannah Binding Shoes." She was a warm per-Binding Shoes." She was a warm personal friend of Phillips Brooks and Whittier. It is said B shop Brooks had moved from his back."-Epoch. a letter from her while on his death bed, and said "he wished he could go and comfort her.'

MBS. THOMAS A. SCOTT, widow of the late President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with two of her children and on who will care, or, probably, know a party of friends, will sail from Philadelphia in a few days for a three years' There will be so many "out- tour around the world in a private

LADY HENRY SOMERSET AND MISS attract a glance save as they may be WILLARD have accepted invitations to considered objects of curious interest, speak at the World's Congress of Religor three at the same time. Their use ske the other exhibits. Therefore ion at the Chicago Exposition, Sept. Anxious Mother—"What in the works gradually extended to women, who wore svery thing that we carry should be 11 and 21. Lady Henry's subject is did you do during that terrible thunder-"The Christian Democracy," and Miss storm?"

MRS. OLIVE THORNE MILLER, the well-known writer on birds, did not know one bird from another till she "Oh, know one bird from another till she was past middle age. She received a thundered."—Good News. visit from a friend who was an enthusiand to counteract the effects of poisons, superfluous bother. The police ar- astic ornithologist. To entertain this rangement at Chicago may be ever so lady, Mrs. Miller took her through Central Park, New York, and Prospect the Flashers' parties," said Chappie. Park, Brooklyn, and made with her various exertsions to the subucbs. It low," said Cynicus, "you'll get one one was while trying to prove a sympaher bird-loving thetic companion to friend that her own interest was awakened. Her ardor and knowledge grew constantly, and to-day she is an accep ed authority on all matter concerning the feathered species. Mrs. Miller starts this spring on a trip to Utah, California and Yellowstone Park in pursuit of her favorite study.

Dr. FRANCES C. VAN GASKEN has been appointed Assistant Medical Inspector to the Bureau of Health in Philadelphia, after having passed the two civil service examinations with distinction.

MR. HARRISON is the only surviving ex-President of the United States: Mr. Morton is the only living person who has occupied the office of Vice President.

MES. MARGARET BOTTOME, president of the International Order of King's Daughters and Sops, is a descendant of John Wesley. She is the Wife of a Methodist minister and has two sons mail, inclosing \$50, with the remark that who are Episcopalians, which perhaps as he had responded promptly, the \$50 accounts in part for the breadth of her | inclosed were equivalent to the desired VIOWS.

Mas. Bradley-Martin is the owner of the crown once belonging to Marie Antoinette. This is a velvet cap with the insignia of royalty enblazoned upon ONE of Charlotte Bronte's most inti-

mate friends, Miss Mary Taylor—the Rose Yorke of "Shirley" and the "M." of Mrs. Gaskill's "Life"-has just died THE first scientific medical journal

in Ohio. All the work will be done by Women. Among the notable gatherings that will assemble at Chicago this year will be a meeting of the Woman's Dental Association of the United States This association was organized a year ago by

THE RED-HOT POKER PLANT.

larger cities of the country.

the women dentists of Philadelphia.

and now includes members in all the

One of the showiest flowers for mas sing on hill-sides or other situations to be seen from a long distance is the Red-bot poker plant, or Tritoma, thus described by James Vick-in the Journal of the Pomological Society.

"The Tritoma uvaria is a stately. vicorous plant, sending up its strong flower stems four or five feet in height, surmounted by a spike of curious red and orange flowers a foot in length very striking, and by its supposed resemblance to that domestic implement generally known as the red-hot poker. The tritoma flowers late in the summer, usually commencing in August in this latitude, and continuing until winter, and is admirably adapted for forming large beds or g.oups, the numer ous flame-colored racemes fo ming stately object. The tritoms was supa posed to be tender, and for some years would have long since become extinct. weather I shall wear silk, taking half a or pit in the autumn, but lately we dozen pairs so that I may be always have allowed nearly our whole stock to remain in the open ground during the winter, and without the loss of

All these things are perhaps no more Man must have more than the world than every one will think of and not before he can get any real good out of

plant.

NO. 23.

BUDGET OF FUN.

TUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Knocked Him Out - Striking for shorter Hours-His Not a Surposable Care - Fatal

Valor, Etc., Etc. Ce had slain the furious iton in Abysein an

deserts, Had faced the royal Bengal in the jungles of the east. Had cut the throat of polar bears in "Green-

land's key mountains,"

And disturced a hungry grizzly in the
middle of his feast;

He had fought the pachydermatous rhinoceros in Africa, Had toyed with boa constrictors in the

give pointers to them all.

—New York Herald. NOT A SUPPOSABLE CASE. "No. Gubbins, you will never be a

"Why not?" "Haven't got the tools."

STRIKING FOR SHORTER HOURS. Harry Staver-"Have you heard the latest, Miss Flimsy?"

HIS. He-"I am resolved to live no longer

If you reject me. You-you-are my life! Speak!" She-"Well, I don't care if you take our life, then.'

FATAL VALOR. "A tough fired at a policemen yeste. lay with a heavy calibre revolver." "And what did the policeman do? Did he arrest the tough! "No. He arrested the bullet."

PEARPUL.

"Dawkins looks very pale and anxious o day." "He is worried. He is to have a very

"He is to have a porous plaster re-"SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY," ETC. Cynical Old Bachelor - "What makes

ou grin like an idiot?" Young Happicuss-"Oh, I'm the hap iest of mortais! To-morrow I get mar-Cynical-"Yes, I suppose you are the

happiest man in town to-day."- Torus Siftings. JUVENILE PRECAUTION. Anxious Mother-"What in the world

"Horrors! Don't you know a tree is a most dangerous place in a thunder-

"I neval get an invitation to any or

"Well, don't be discouraged, old felhere days." "You-aw-think so?" "Yes. They're going to give a don-

key part next week and it is almost certain that they will invite you.". A SUCCESS.

"Yes," said Mr. Henneckel, "woman is undoubtedly the masterpiece of creation." "H'm!" said Mrs. H., "then you do think there is so as good in woman?" "Year when man was created he was lonely and needed some one to talk to

him, and woman was created for that purpose, and she's a success." A LEVEL HEADED PARENT. A Yale College student, being hard up, wrote to his father in New York:

"Send me a hundred dollars by return mail. He who gives quickly gives double. The old gentleman replied by the next \$100 .- Texas Siftings.

JOHNNY'S REQUEST. "Johnny," said the humorous gentleman, "give me your little brother. You don't want him any longer, and I'll make

a man of him." "Can you do that, mister?"

"Indeed I can." "Well, let's see you make one out of me, quick, before ma comes; then I'll fool her, for she's gone after a stout ever issued by women will be published switch, and 'll be back in a minute."-

St. Louis Republic.

SAVEDI "Well, but Maud"-The absentminded youth was interrupted by the horror-stricken girl.

"Maud? My name is not Maud!" The situation was desperate, yet for tune did not desert him. "But, my darling Louise, what am coming around here for it it is not to eventually change your name?"

She thought, of course, he had pre-

arranged the joke and he thus we aved .- Philadelphia Times. NINE IN GERMAN, NOT ONE IN ENGLISH Although she was German she spoks English, almost perfectly, but under

emotion she naturally fell into the use of ber mother tongue. "Will you give me a kiss," he pleaded gently bending over her. She raised a startled and indignant

face to his. "Nine!" she exclaimed in wrathy negr tive. "Nine!" repeated he, stepping back and gazing at her in mock surprise "Nine! I'd think myself lucky if !

How to Wine the Face. Thousands of people, when drying their faces after washing, wipe them downward-that is, from forehead to chin. This is a mistake. Always use upward-from the chia to the forehead -and outward-toward the earmotions. Never wipe any part of the

face downward .- Philadelphia Record.

could get one!"-New York Press.