

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject:—"A Bold Challenge."

It is early Sunday morning, and we start to find the grave of Christ. We find the morning sun shining down and the shrub beautiful place to be buried in. Wonder they did not get up and see the sun? He was always so do now that he is in the ground. The military salute to the soldiers who crash—an earthquake! The soldiers who crash—the earthquake! The soldiers who crash—the earthquake! The soldiers who crash—the earthquake!

It is because Paul saw in that death his own deliverance and the deliverance of a race from all worse disaster. He saw the grip into which the man was taken, and the blessing hand of Christ above it. The lightning struck on the top of the executioner's spear in his hand, and saw over all the lightning heavenward. The persecutors saw over the cross his words written in hollow, creak and Latin, and saw over all the lightning heavenward. The persecutors saw over the cross his words written in hollow, creak and Latin, and saw over all the lightning heavenward.

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who are inside the kingdom, but how about those of us who are outside? Then I say, Come into the kingdom, come out of the prison house into the glorious sunlight of God's mercy and pardon, and come now. It was in the last day of the reign of terror—the year 1793. Hundreds and thousands had perished under the guillotine of Robespierre and the Jacobin Club. The last group of sufferers had their bodies thrown by Mouchette, the prison barter, so that the guillotine might be bare to the keen knife of the guillotine.

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AN AUTUMN CAMEO.

Southward Birds are flying; Summer's dead; The leaves are dying; Changed from living green to Russet red; Westward; Red lights glowing; Through the trees; And the breeze; Or the spire's blowing; Brightly a breath of tropics; Over seas.

—Louis Phillips, in Harper's Bazar.

AT ALFORD'S CABIN.

Alford's Cabin was the name of a stage-coach, sitting station, half-way between two thriving Rocky Mountain mining towns. It was kept by Mrs. Nancy Alford, a small, elderly and exceedingly active woman who claimed for herself the distinction of having crossed the plains with an ox team and cow, and the further honor of having been the first white woman to enter Fairplay Gulch, in which her cabin stood.

There were two little grassless and sunken graves beside that of Aunt Nancy's husband. In one of them lay the little girl of five years had been laid, and in the other her boy of six. "I ain't never been to the States since I came out here, and I never expect to go now; all that I care for in this world is to see my boys and my wife. I say, with a wave of her hand toward the graves under which were the three graves. The cabin was a long and narrow one-story structure of three rooms. Its exterior was dreary, and without the suggestion of a window. It was built with white wash from the turkey-calico curtains with white lace borders, and the flower-pots at the four front windows.

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Three weeks later the stage coach came whirling up to Aunt Nancy's door, and Jack Hughes called out, when he saw Aunt Nancy at the open door. "Light load to-day, Aunt Nancy. Only one passenger, and I guess she's the one you're looking for." A young girl, her plain black dress and hair covered with dust, stepped to the ground. Aunt Nancy embraced her warmly.

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"You've the Doolittle eyes, David. Don't be afraid." The door of Marcia's room had opened suddenly, and she stood there with a shawl thrown lightly around her. The next instant she cried out: "Oh, it's David—my brother David!" The tramp of feet was heard outside. The look of amazement on the boy's face gave place to one of terror, and Aunt Nancy said, quickly: "Go in there with your sister, David!" A moment later six or seven rough-looking men filed into the cabin. Aunt Nancy knew them every one. She met them standing with her back to the door of the room David and his sister had entered.

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A WORD TO THE BUSY WOMAN.

HER FACE MAY BECOME TOO RAPID FOR HER BEST GOOD AND DEVELOPMENT. In a paper on "Vocational" a woman, suggestively says: "The fashionable sin of to-day among women, whatever it may be, is to be a student from Norton or South Hadley, Wellesley or Smith, idleness is simply an impossibility. If years of thorough education, intellectual training has not formed the habits and tastes for work, they have resulted in nothing.

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THE IDEAL HOSTESS.

Some of us are fortunate enough to have met and been entertained by the Ideal Hostess in her own home. There are many who would like to imitate her in our own homes. Very few of us can do so but in a sort of despairing admiration we wish like to make a little study of her methods.

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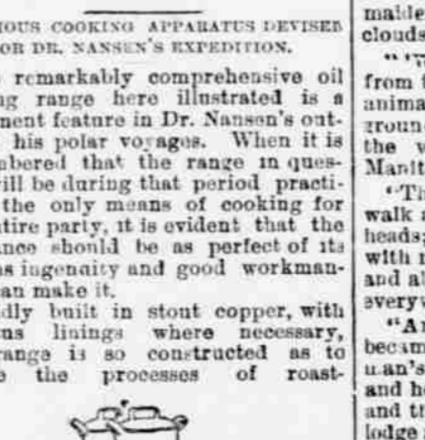
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AROMATIC APPLIANCES.

INGENUOUS COOKING APPARATUS DEvised FOR DR. NANSEN'S EXPEDITION.

The remarkably comprehensive oil cooking range here illustrated is a prominent feature in Dr. Nansen's outfit for his polar voyage. When it is remembered that the range in question will be during that period practically the only means of cooking for the entire party, it is evident that the appliance should be as perfect of its kind as ingenuity and good workmanship can make it.

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