



REV. DR. SCHWEIER.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Worth Living."

Text: "Wherefore doth a living man complain?—Lamentations III, 33.

If we learn to the evolutionists to cross where we came from, and to the theologians to profess where we are, we will have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river flows, and some doubt about where the river comes, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are here. So I am not going to try to tell you why you are here, but I am going to tell you why you should stay here.

There are thousands to-day in this realm who are anxious to keep in it. There are thousands in this realm who are anxious to get out of it, and there are thousands who are anxious to get out of it and get in again. It is a strange thing, but it is a fact, that there are thousands who are anxious to get out of it and get in again.

There are some towns whose general character is so different to some with an uninitiated eye that they are generally described by stray visitors as "wood places to get away from." It was in a town of this sort, in the far West, that I met a man who had just returned from a long trip to the East.

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ART OF BALL-TOSSING.

THE STAR NEW YORK PITCHER TELLS ABOUT IT.

By "Writes of His 'Snoots,' 'Guts' and 'Drops'—An Accurate Eye Is Most Important—Studying the Bateman's Weak Points.

It is safe to say that one of the ambitions of the average American youth is to become a scientific pitcher, writes Lester P. German, the star New York ball twirler.

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MOONRISE.

I see a stretch of shining sky, A little space of blue and white, A little space of blue and white, A little space of blue and white.

AN ABORIGINE.

"Sally, you are a saint to help me out in this way. If I had not known your angelic disposition you think I should have dared to send for you at the eleventh hour? Of course, it is that wicked Mrs. Parker who has got you."

"No, it is charming—perfect, as usual. I believe if you were your own kind side before you were, you would look better dressed than any woman in town, you wretch! Now prepare for a treat. You are to be taken to dinner by a very distinguished person, Algernon Godwin, son of his father who is a real live lord. He brought a letter to me. He has only been here two days, and this is his first taste of American society, so you will represent for him the typical American girl on her native soil."

"My dear Mrs. Parker, you are too good. Sally's blue eyes sparkled with joy. 'Depend upon me. I will do justice to the role. Has the conquering hero come? In a hasty survey of the room, I did not notice anything startlingly new.'"

"Here he is in this moment. See, his godlike form advances. Oh, Sally, he is an Apollo. Look out for yourself. Good evening, Mr. Godwin. I was very glad to see you. I have heard that you were in the city. I shall not begin our acquaintance by asking what your impressions are of America, but by presenting you to Miss Emmet, who has undertaken to pilot you through an American city."

"I cannot answer for that," returned Mrs. Parker. "My experience with Boston subjects is in some other direction. I have only met one Englishman and he was a peddler. He used to come to our house when I was a child; and when I saw his red wagon crawling up the hill I always flew down to the kitchen as fast as I could, just to hear him drop his 'B'."

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