TENDERNESS.

Not unto every heart is God's good gift
Of simple tenderness allowed; we meet
With love in many fashions when we lift
First to our lips life's waters, bitter-sweet.
Love comes upon us with resistless power
Of curbless passion, and with head-strong will;
It plays around like April's breeze and shower,
Or calmly flows, a rapid stream, and still
It comes with blessedness unto the heart
That welcomes it aright, or—bitter fate!—
It wrings the bosom with so fierce a smart,
That love, we cry, is crueler than hate.
And then, ah me! When love has ceased to bless,
Our broken hearts cry out for tenderness!

We long for tenderness like that which hung
About us, lying on our mother's breast;
A selfish feeling, that no pen or tongue
Can praise aright, since silence sings it best;
A love, as far removed from passion's heat
As from the chilliness of its dying fire;
A love to lean on when the failing feet
Begin to totter, and the eyes to tire.
In youth's bright hey-day hottest love we seek,
The reddest rose we grasp—but when it dies,
God grant that later blossoms, violets meek,
May spring for us beneath life's autumn skies;
God grant some loving one be near to bless
Our weary way with simple tenderness!

WITHOUT DUE AUTHORITY.

He stood at the street corner, looking drearily into the growing fog.

A minute or two before he had been standing behind the railings in the park, absorbed in an effort, altogether unavailing, to save the souls of his fellow citizens in this metropolis of evils. A few yards away a revolutionary bricklayer—out of work and with the strongest private objection to being in it—had hurled denunciations at the iniquitous British constitution, to the delight of himself and the amusement of his audience, and of a couple of placidly smiling policemen who stood near in that impersonal yet protective attitude characteristic of the force. A little farther on, a "lightning artist" of tender years furnished a quiet antidote to gesticulatory anarchy by the reproduction on paper of "the "Duke of York's baby," to a chorus of loyal applause. On the preacher's other hand, a martyr, whose motives his country had ignorantly misunderstood, perhaps, not without just occasion, had related with some feeling much abuse of authorities, and more of that luckless eighth letter of the alphabet, which is the chosen victim of eloquence in fustian, the melancholy details of an enforced retreat from public life, which, to judge from appearances, he had very richly deserved. When the preacher's audience tired of his discourse, they had only to turn their heads to imbibe incipient anarchy and dejected patriotism, or cultivate a healthy admiration for juvenile talent and the reigning house—a combination of conflicting sentiments peculiar to Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon.

The other orators, however, had found compensation for their wrongs in the delight of airing them at large. They retired from the field of battle hoarse, but triumphant. The preacher's triumph was a question which he could only regard as much more dubious. In moments of despair, which sometimes fell to his lot, he knew that his congregation merely regarded him as an interlude between the denunciations of the political bricklayer and the dismal rhetoric of the ex-thief. But, to do him justice, those moments were few and far between. He had fought a hard battle from a very early age, and defeat had ceased to depress him save at odd times when he was, perhaps, a little colder, hungrier or sadder than it was his usual fate to be.

As he stood at the corner a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he turned to find himself face to face with Dr. Jeff. They had met before, in slums and by-ways, and each man knew enough of the other's life to respect it. I cannot assert that Jeff is the little doctor's real name, and perhaps he has a story or mystery, or both—a skeleton which he hides in the cupboard at his shabby lodgings, with the stale bread and highly unprofessional cheese which that receptacle contains—but I am sure that there is no kinder soul in all London, despite his snarls, his sarcasms and the inexpressibly unorthodox opinions which he scatters broadcast in this way. All men have their hypocrisies, and he has his. It is his delight to shock people, to pose as something very little better than the archfiend himself. I have seen him succeed admirably in his deception—with strangers. Those who know the good little man know also that he would not willingly bruise a butterfly's wing nor offend the dirtiest and most melodious tabby that serenades his hard-earned slumbers. Even now, as the preached turned his white face and tired eyes upon him and forced a smile, there was a charitable scheme brewing in Jeff's mind.

"Finished spouting?" he asked, gruffly. "Walk my way, will you? Abominable weather!"

He spoke with a savage air, as though the weather and he were on terms of violent hostility. Jeff's manner generally suggested the feud-brief and stiletto and other pharaphernalia of mediaeval murder.

They walked for some time in silence, during which the doctor eyed his companion with a bloodthirsty expression of countenance.

"Better give it up," he said at last. "Wearing yourself out for nothing. All bosh!"

"Is it?" asked the preacher, half sadly. "Sometimes I—I almost wish my profession allowed me to think so, too, doctor. But it doesn't."

"Hang your profession!" jerked out Jeff. "You're not a parson?"

"No."

"Ever been one?"

"No."

"Then, why in the name of common sense don't you go and earn some money? My good fellow, you're——"

"What's the good of preaching?" he went on, changing his sentence. "The world went very well for a great many turies before you were born; it'll go ry well for many more after you're buried. Let it go!"

The preacher's deep eyes flashed.

"I'll never do that," he said, quietly.

They had walked a considerable way, and Jeff looked up with a well-assumed start of surprise.

"Hanged if this isn't my place! Never meant to bring you all this way. me in and rest."

The preacher hesitated, but he did wish to give offense and finally hey tramped up the narrow stairs to eff's sanctum—a little sitting-room ith hideous cheap furniture, a flaring ner and a table littered with books. It was all very cheerless, very dingy, but Jeff waved his guest to a chair with a certain dignity foreign to his usual manner—a survival, perhaps, of other ways of life and of other visitants than street preachers. After all, it is the man who makes his surroundings. A parvenu can be vulgar in a palace: our little doctor, despite his bluster, might have been a prince in disguise.

So the preacher thought as he sat down in the arm chair—black horse-hair covered, and deficient in the matter of springs—and glanced round the room at the well-worn books, at the oil-stove, which smelled abominably, at the cupboard where the skeleton clattered its empty jaws among dry crusts and ancient cheese.

"Not much of a place, is it?" said Jeff. "We've known better, both of us. But it does—anything does. Excuse me, but I want my supper. Do you mind my getting it? Coin don't run to many courses. But perhaps you'll help me? Hate solitary meals—always did; bad for the digestion. Pah! how that infernal thing does smell, to be sure!"

Of course the preacher saw through the device, and its clumsy, kindly delicacy touched him as few things had done of late. He murmured some commonplace reply and proceeded to take a tender interest in the retrimming of the stove. I fancy there were tears in his tired eyes as he fumbled with the matches, and that he blessed Jeff's grumpy hospitality with a fervor which would have agreeably astonished the doctor, who had received so little gratitude in his time that he had outgrown the usual habit of expecting it.

He did not look at his guest as he hunted in the cupboard and brought out such modest provision as it contained, and presently the preacher rose and began to set the table ready in silence. As he lifted one of the books something on its faded cover caught his eye. On the brown leather was stamped a coat-of-arms, almost indistinguishable by reason of its antiquity. Jeff saw the glance directed toward him, took the book from his companion's hand and flung it roughly into a corner.

"Somebody's aristocratic vulgarity," he said, shortly. "What do they want to scatter their stupid quarterings about for? I picked it up second-hand."

The preacher went on silently with his task. He was quite aware that the book had not been picked up second-hand, but he did not even look as if he doubted Jeff's statement. Only I think the skeleton sidled a little closer to the cupboard door. It is a thing which all skeletons will do at times.

The two men sat down at the table and began their supper. They did not talk much at first, but presently Jeff pushed back his chair and glanced across at the preacher.

"I told you a lie just now," he said.

The preacher looked up, and the two men's eyes met.

"I know you did," he answered, simply.

"I thought you didn't know. Rather pride myself on telling a lie neatly. Learned it at school—about the only thing I did learn there. Ah, now I've shocked you."

"No," answered the other, sadly. "I—I am not easily shocked."

"New sort of saint, eh? Well, we've had about enough of the old."

There was silence for a moment and then Jeff said:

"How do you know?"

"By the way you flung the book."

"Ah! I saw you looking at the old shield and it hurt. Odd how small things do hurt sometimes. Perhaps you know that, too?"

"I know it very well," murmured the preacher, with his eyes cast down.

"Thought you did," said Jeff, with a little smile which had a touch of irony in it.

The little doctor could never be quite serious—his retrospective melancholy had a dash of amusement in it. He had grown used to the idea of himself and the rest of humanity squirming beneath the dissecting knife of malignant destiny.

"Been preaching about here?" he went on.

The preacher looked up, half nervously.

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Not staying long, are you?"

"No," said the preacher, with a quiet sound in his voice. "No, I think I shall not stay very long."

Jeff sprang to his feet and then sat down again. He looked hard at the man's white face, and it looked back at him. There was no fear in it, and the sad eyes met his steadily.

"You—you must go away," said Jeff.

The preacher smiled a little.

"Yes—where—to the south of France? My dear doctor, that's not for me—at least not now. Once"—he stopped, and his eyes grew dreamy. "Not now," he said again.

Jeff did not speak at once.

"You must leave London, then."

"It is hardly worth while."

"You're a fool, and an enthusiast," said Jeff, roughly, yet with a sharp catch in his voice, "but you're good stuff. I've seen you when—man, you're killing yourself!"

The preacher never winced. The smile still lingered on his lips, though they were set tight.

"I can't run away, doctor," he replied. I never did that, and I can't do it now."

"You weren't meant for this work—do you think I have no eyes? Write to your people and tell them——"

"I have no people," answered the preacher, and his face was very stern.

Jeff tilted his chair, waiting. It came at last. The preacher caught his eye, and hesitated for a moment.

"I told you a lie, then," he said.

"Go on."

"They threw me over. My father is a clergyman. I was to have gone into the church. I wanted to—you don't know how much! But I could not accept everything they told me. I suppose I was unorthodox——" He stopped. Jeff nodded mute encouragement.

"They rejected me," said the preacher slowly.

"Because you were honest. Yes. And this was——"

"The only other way."

"You are a priest, all the same," said Jeff, through his teeth.

The preacher stood up.

"Without due authority," he answered, as he held out his hand.

"Authority," said the little doctor, waspishly, "is not always given to the right man—nor by the right man."

But the preacher went away silently. He was not one of those who speak evil of authorities.

It was a month or two later, and London was in the grip of black, bitter frost. In a doorway in one of the slums, behind the Salamander Music hall, Jeff, haggard and anxious, stood looking at the preacher with something like despair in his face.

"I'm stone broke," he said, "and the girl must have nourishment or she'll die. There's no time to apply to auxone. Good God! what are we to do?"

He stamped desperately on the floor, and then remembered his patient and stopped. The preacher did not stamp.

"I'll get you some money," he said. "I think I can. Yes"—he shivered a little in the cold draught—"I'm sure I can."

"In an hour?"

"Within an hour. I'll go now."

"You're a brick," said Jeff, as he turned on his heel. Then the professional element in him asserted itself. "Have something to eat before you come out into this cold again, mind," he commanded.

The preacher nodded and went away with a dreary smile on his face. Perhaps there was a hidden irony in the situation which he alone could perceive, for he smiled more than once as he hurried through the darkening streets to the house where he had harborage. Once, as he passed a lighted church where the choir was practicing for the morrow and his eyes fell on the notice board, the smile very nearly became a laugh. Yet there was nothing laughable in sight. The notice board merely bore the sufficiently sober information that Rev. John Allingham Taylor would preach next day in that church.

The preacher hurried on, and climbed to his rooms with a white face and fluttering breath. Arrived there, he sat down on a broken chair and panted. The room was almost as bare as those cells wherein the hermits dwelt of old. All the little personal possessions which had adorned it once had vanished in that dreadful winter. All the little money which had been paid to the preacher by the family which had discarded him was gone. The only two things which remained wege a large and handsomely bound bible, lying on the foot of the bed, and a little ivory crucifix hanging against the bare wall. The preacher's eye fell on these and he sighed. Then he got up resolutely, took down the crucifix and opened the bible. On the flyleaf was an inscription. He tore the page carefully out and slipped it into the breast pocket of his thin coat. Then he took up the bible and crucifix and went out.

Not an hour later Jeff, in a wretched attic, bent over a shrunken figure and forced brandy between its lips. At the further end of the room two children—small, starved, wolfish-eyed—sat over the remnants of a meal like wild beasts over a bone. Presently the little doctor gave a muttered exclamation of relief. The children glanced up and then returned ravenously to their food. Their mother's eyes opened for a moment upon Jeff's face, and she whispered a word of thanks. And well she might, for he had dragged her out of the jaws of death.

Meanwhile the preacher plodded wearily back again to the shelter of the four bare walls he called home. He did not hurry this time. Very slowly he climbed the creaking stairs, and almost staggered into the room. It was growing dark and the cold was intense. The preacher sat down and his eyes involuntarily sought the nail where the little crucifix had hung. Involuntarily, too, his hand drew out the page which he had torn from the bible. He bent over it and read the inscription—was it the twilight which made the letters dance and sway? It was very cold and the darkness seemed to come closer every moment. Perhaps it was only his weakness that made it seem so dark and freezing. He thought of Jeff and his work with a curious gladness that shut out the falling night. Then a great weariness seized him and he rose and tried to cross the room. The darkness was whirling round him now and he fell on his knees beside the bed.

* * * * * * *

Jeff, coming in late that night to tell him of his success, found him there kneeling beneath the nail where the crucifix had hung. He did not answer when the little doctor called to him, and a lighted match revealed the fact that he had slipped from a world which had rejected him as a man of no account. The bare room told a silent story that brought tears into Jeff's eyes.

And in the dead preacher's hand was a piece of crumpled paper, upon which was written "John Allingham Taylor" and a date—that was all.

* * * * * * *

In a certain church on the following morning, Rev. John Allingham Taylor preached, to the great edification of his audience and himself. It was a charity sermon, and it is popularly supposed to have been the finest thing which that congregation had sat out for some time.

But Jeff, who occasionally attended that assembly, rose in the middle of the discourse and went out with a heart full of bitterness. Those studied periods did not edify him. He remembered a finer sermon—and its text was a man's life. It was that of the priest who had preached without due authority.—Belgravia.

A Spelling-bee.

"I'm going to have a spelling bee to-night," said Uncle John, "and I'll give a pair of skates to the boy who can best spell 'man.'" The children turned and stared into one another's eyes. "Best spell 'man,'' Uncle John? Why, there is only one way!" they cried. "There are all sorts of ways," replied Uncle John. "I leave you to think of it a while." And he buttoned up his coat and went away.

Time went slowly to the puzzled boys for all their fun that day. It seemed as if that after supper time would never come; but it came at last, and Uncle John came, too, with a shiny skate-runner peeping out of his great-coat pocket. Uncle John did not delay. He sat down, and looked straight into Harry's eyes. "Been a good boy to-day, Hal?"

"Yes—no," said Harry, flushing. "I did something Aunt Mag told me not to do, because Ned Barnes dared me to. I can't bear a boy to dare me. What's that to do with spelling 'man'?" he added, half to himself.

But Uncle John turned to Bob. "Had a good day, my boy?"

"Haven't had fun enough," answered Bob, stoutly. "It's all Jo's fault, too. We boys wanted the pond to ourselves for one day; and we made up our minds that, when the girls came, we'd clear them off. But Jo, he——"

"I think this is Jo's to tell," interrupted Uncle John. "How was it, boy?"

"Why," said Jo, "I thought the girls had as much right on the pond as the boys. So I spoke to one or two of the bigger boys, and they thought so, too; and we stopped it all. I thought it was mean to treat girls that way." There came a flash from Uncle John's pocket. The next minute the skates were on Jo's knee.

"The spelling match is over," said Uncle John, "and Jo has won the prize." Three bewildered faces mutely questioned him. "Boys," he answered gravely, "we've been spelling 'man,' not in letters, but in acts. I told you there were different ways, and we've proved it here to-night. Think over it, boys, and see."

Not Impressed.

President Kruger of the Transvaal is a man not easily impressed by rank, title, or worldly splendor of any kind, and not in the least ashamed of his own plain origin and rough upbringing. Sir James Sivewright, upon whom once devolved the duty of taking an important and rather pompous English duke to call upon the President, told an American about the conversation which ensued. It was, of course, carried on through an interpreter, and ran about like this:

Duke—Tell the President that I am the Duke of ——, and have come to pay my respects to him.

Kruger gives a grunt, signifying the welcome.

Duke (after a long pause)—Ah! tell him that I am a member of the English Parliament.

Kruger gives another grunt and puffs his pipe.

Duke (after a still longer pause)—And—you might tell him that I am—er—a member of the House of Lords—a lord—you know.

Kruger puffs as before, and nods his head, with another grunt.

Duke (after a still more awkward pause, during which his grace appears to have entertained doubts as to whether he had as yet been sufficiently identified)—Er—it might interest the President to know that I was a viceroy.

Kruger—Eh! What's that—a viceroy!

Duke—Oh, a viceroy—that is a sort of a king, you know.

Kruger continued puffing in silence for some moments, obviously weary of this form of conversation. Then, turning to the interpreter, he said, gruffly: "Tell the Englishman that I was a cattle-herder."

This closed the interview.

Penalty for Desertion.

Desertion in time of war is punishable, in all armies, by death, usually inflicted by shooting. In time of peace it is regarded by various governments with different degrees of severity, according as the military system is mild or severe. In France, Germany or Russia desertion, even in time of peace, is very harshly punished, but in the United States it is punishable by a term of imprisonment at hard labor. As a matter of fact this penalty is rarely inflicted. The desertions in our army number from 1,000 to 1,200 annually, and few of the runaways are ever caught.

The German military authorities have decided that in future all bicycles for the army shall be constructed in the Government establishments.

Bee trees are being found in numbers in parts of Vermont this fall. One near Nashville held a honeycomb two feet long and several inches thick.

General Booth is engaged in preparing rules and regulations for the direction of the social work of the Salvation Army at home and abroad.

The flag carried by Cortez, the Spanish conqueror of Mexico, nearly 400 years ago, was until recently preserved at a little church in the capital of the State of Tlaxcala.

A runaway horse at Florence, S. C., jumped a six-foot gate and, the dangling checkrein catching on a picket, the horse's head was pulled in such a manner that the animal turned a somersault, landing on its back, but it gained its feet and ran on.

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Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

A Boy's Vacation.

Little Tommy Doodle and his mother spent a week
At Gran'pa Doodle's farm, where Tommy tumbled in the creek
And got his lungs so full of wet he couldn't get his breath
'Till poor old Gran'ma Doodle had been frightened most to death.

He ate some poison berries that he found along the lane;
It took a doctor half the night to soothe away the pain.
He tried to ride a "kicky" colt—a risky thing to do—
'Twas quite a little while before they really brought him to.

He stuck a stick into a hive of bees—oh, sorry day!
He couldn't see a thing until the swelling went away.
He teased the goat to see if it was cross as he had heard;
They had to work with him awhile before he spoke a word.

And then he climbed a cherry tree—just like a boy—and fell
And broke his arm, and—sakes alive! you ought 'a' heard him yell.
His mother took him back to town to get a little rest,
But Tommy says of all his life that week was far the best.

A Tale of Two Bears.

Once upon a time two bears lived together in a hollow tree. It was a long time before any white men came to this country, and the bears were a great and powerful race. One of these bears was a handsome fellow, and he liked to go visiting and to lie in the sun and to eat dinner regularly. The other bear was a quiet fellow, and most of his friends said that he was very stupid. Every day while his brother lolled comfortably under a gooseberry bush he would go out into the forest and find a huge oak. Then he would stand up on his hind legs and scratch the rough bark with his claws until they were as sharp as needles. It was hard work, and the other bear laughed at him for doing it.

"What's the use of sharpening your claws?" he asked. "Game's plenty," and then he would go back to sleep again.

That winter was long and cold, and when the two bears came out of the hollow tree in the spring they were both thin and hungry and cross. The handsome fellow went down to the creek and tried to catch some fish for dinner, but the ice was so thick and slippery that his dull claws made no impression on it. A little later his brother came down and dug a hole near the waterfall and caught a great many fish and ate them. The handsome bear, who was both cross and hungry, began to grumble.

"I never have any luck," he said. "You're the lucky one of the family."

"Luck," said the other, who was feeling comfortable after a full dinner. "It wasn't luck at all. I sharpened my claws last fall while you were sleeping in the sunshine."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Youngsters' Jokes.

A minister who used to preach in Somerville had a little boy. A few days before his father left the city to go to his new parish one of his neighbors said to the little boy: "So your father is going to work in New Bedford, is he?" The little boy looked up wondering. "Oh, no," he said. "Only preach."

A lady taking tea at a small company, being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another. "Really, I cannot," she modestly replied. "I don't know how many I've eaten already." "I do!" unexpectedly exclaimed a juvenile upstart, whose mother allowed him a seat at the table. "You've eaten eight. I've been countin'."

Two little brothers, aged respectively 4 and 6 years old, fell in with a stray kitten, which, suffering by the hands of some cruel person, had of its tail scarcely half an inch remaining. "Poor little kitten," said the younger one. "Who has cut off its tail? I wonder if it will grow again?" To which the elder gravely remarked: "Of course it will; Don't you see, the root is there?"

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called Grain-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one quarter as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for Grain-O.

Samuel Andrew Gibbons, an old Georgia negro, claims to be 130 years old, and says he remembers the revolution and the meteoric shower in 1833.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

A newspaper of Sherman county, Ore., says that it does not know of a farmer in the county who will not be able to discharge all his indebtedness this fall.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

In the University of Paris there are over 10,000 medical students. At Vienna there are about 1,000 more. In Paris there are 8,000 students at the School of Fine Arts.

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A drop of boiling lard, spattered from a frying-pan by accident, recently removed a cataract from the eye of a woman in Punxsutawney, Pa.

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A man at Fairfield, Me., recently traded two grave stones for a bicycle.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

REPENTANCE begins at the cross.

Idleness is danger seed.

Wisdom has a short tongue.

Unbelief is Satan's counsel chamber.

Sinful pleasures have a sweetened sting.

He who honors his rival, is of noble type.

Love has a short life, unless given away.

It is doubtful honor to be fondled by curs.

Good humor makes youth bloom in old age.

Be what you want others to think you are.

He that does nothing makes but one mistake.

Do not slight the man because he has done wrong.

Build higher, foolish man, earth is too low for safety.

Opposition is the mill that fans the chaff out of us.

If the heart is converted, the purse will be in reach.

Scolding a child is like currying a colt with a pitchfork.

Defeat in the right is better than victory in the wrong.

He that cannot control himself has a bad master already.

The best quality of manhood blossoms in the nursery.

When honor talks louder than habit you have the right way-bill.

Bury your troubles and plant blooming evergreens on the grave.

The Great Master never rocks his little children in downy cradles.

Putting our best foot foremost is pushing a half counterfeit into circulation.

Many a sore-eyed man sets up for an eye doctor, and does a thriving business at it.

An empty purse and a miser's heart are two of the hardest things in the world to fill.

Cover an ass with a lion's skin, and he will soon manage to poke his ears out somehow.

If some one would find a remedy for the bad memories of debtors, he could make a fortune.

It is hard to believe that sin gilded with gold is the same hideous thing that it is in common clay.

The man who blames himself for the worst things that happen to him will put the blame at the right door.

The best way to wait for the coming of the Lord is to be found trying to make the world what he will make it when he comes.

That the heart has longings which the world cannot satisfy, is one evidence that man is greater than the world in which he lives.

How to Laundry Fancy Linen.

To wash embroidered linens so as not to fade the colors, fill a tub half full of warm water, to which add a little Ivory Soap. Wash each piece through the suds carefully, rinse in blue water, to which a little thin starch is added. Hang in the shade to dry. Iron on the wrong side, pressing down heavily to bring out the stitches, thus restoring their original beauty.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

A Boy Should Learn

To let cigarettes alone.
To be kind to all animals.
To be manly and courageous.
To ride, row, shoot and swim.
To build a fence scientifically.
To fill the woodbox every night.
To be gentle to his little sisters.
To shut doors without slamming.
To sew on a button and darn a stocking.
To do errands promptly and cheerfully.
To shut the door in winter to keep the cold out.
To shut doors in summer to keep the flies out.
To wash dishes and make his bed when necessary.
To have a dog if possible and make a companion of him.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

Kipling's "Captain Courageous" has recently appeared in Russia in serial form.

The Answer of Prayer.

The answer of prayer stands knocking at the door of the prayer meeting in Acts 12: 13. That was too unexpected an occurrence for the assembly of believers. They avowed that the maid bearing the information was either crazy or had seen a ghost. How surprised faithful Christians often are if a prayer is really heard. Answers to prayer are recounted with unending exclamation marks, whereas answer of true prayer ought to be considered the most natural experience in God's universe. Much praying is a mere performance. A farmer coming to town read at a physician's door, "Please pull the bell." He pulled until a head was poked out of the window inquiring, "Well?" "Oh, I've read the sign and thought it no more than polite to pull," was his response. The only response that could perhaps be given by many who feel themselves called upon in the Bible to pray. They do not read that the young Pharisee transacted many a prayer before heaven said of him, "Behold, he prayeth." Their arrows shot heavenward have plenty of feather but no point. They do not spread the fleece, like Gideon, for the dew to descend upon.—F. W. C. Meyer.

The Likeness of Christ.

It is not merely by watching the life of Christ as illustrated by His actions or His principles set forth by His words, that we gain likeness to Him. There is a strange power in personality to affect other natures. The child grows to be like one whom he constantly watches. He may or may not make a conscious effort for that likeness; but the likeness comes. People of larger growth, maturer, more independent development, are often strangely drawn by constant contact into likeness to one another, without so much as a thought of the process. John says: "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." What we need here is to see Christ—see Him, not merely as He was, but as He is, and we shall find the likeness taking hold upon us and fashioning us into itself.

A Good Reason.

"Yes; I've given up Mildred."

"A quarrel?"

"Oh, no. Some idiot is fitting up an oyster parlor just around the corner from her home."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In the Polo Regions.

"I wonder if the little Eskimo boys have any out-of-door games like ours," said Polly.

"Oh, I guess so," replied Jenny. "They have polo bears up there, you know."

A NECKLACE OF PEARLS

Is a beautiful possession. If a woman owns one, and if a single pearl drops off the string, she makes haste to find and restore it.

Good health is a more valuable possession than a necklace of the most beautiful pearls, yet one by one the jewels of health slip away, and women seem indifferent until it is almost too late, and they cannot be restored.

To die before you are really old is to suffer premature death, and that is a sin. It is a sin because it is the result of repeated violations of nature's laws.

Pain, lassitude and weariness, inability to sleep, dreadful dreams, starting violently from sleep, are all symptoms of nerve trouble.

You cannot have nerve trouble and keep your health. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the womb, the ovaries and the bladder are affected. They are not vital organs, hence they give out soonest.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, by building up the nerves and restoring woman's organism to its natural state, relieves all these troublesome uterine symptoms. In confirmation of this we, by permission, refer to the following women, all of whom speak from experience: MISS CELIA VAN HORN, 1912 Sharswood St., Philadelphia, Pa.; MISS GRACE COLLORD, 1434 Eastern Ave., Cincinnati, O.; MRS. NEWELL, 50 Ryerson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; MRS. ISABEL OBERG, 220 Chestnut St., Woburn, Mass., MRS. A. H. COLE, New Rochelle, N. Y., and many others

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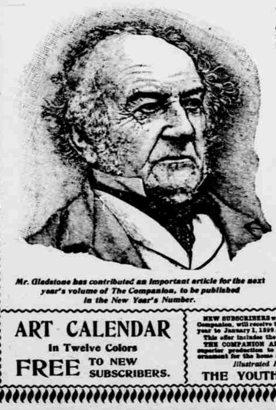

Mr. Gladstone has contributed an important article for the next year's volume of The Companion, to be published in the New Year's Number.

TO GIVE MORE than is promised has always been the practice of The Companion. The two hemispheres have been searched for attractive matter for the volume for 1898, and the contributors for the year include not only popular writers of fiction, but some of the most eminent Statesmen, Scientists, Educators, Explorers and Leaders of Industry.

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Barrooms in Norway cannot net fortunes to their owners, for by law no person may spend more than 6 cents at one visit to a public house.

The bronze bust of the late John Boyle O'Reilly has been received at the Boston Public Library, and has been placed temporarily in the trustee's room. The bust was ordered by the City Council.

Bear In Mind That "The Gods Help Those Who Help Themselves." Self Help Should Teach You to Use
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