

THE SAILOR-MAN.

Sure a terrible time I was o' the way,
O'er the sea, over the sea.
Till I come back to Ireland one sunny day,

Och, man alive! but it's little ye know
That never was there, never was there—
Look where ye like for them, long may ye

HANNAH MATILDA'S WEDDING CAKE.

BY DOROTHY LEONARD.

"Yes, I was determined Hannah
Matilda should have the best cake to
be had," said Mrs. Benson, as she

"Why, Mis' Prentice! What's the
matter?" cried Mrs. Benson.
"I guess I'd better be goin'," said

"Yes, indeed! there ain't nothing
in that line Hannah don't understand,
plain or fancy; but a weddin' cake,

"No, I don't mind anything; I'm
a-goin' home," she opened the door
and stepped out, bonnetless and cloak-

"Why, do tell!" exclaimed Mrs.
Benson. "I didn't know Sarah was
keepin' company with anyone."

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied
Hannah, "but I'm glad she was able
to get home. It would have been

"Well, but is she keeping company?
And who's the fellow?" demanded
Hannah, placing herself directly in

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied
Hannah, "but I'm glad she was able
to get home. It would have been

"Well!" said Hannah, impatiently.
The thought of the Benson riches
was uppermost in Mrs. Prentice's

"Yes, I guess it did," she answered,
and as she said it felt a fresh pang—
for it was not the truth.

"Well, man, why can't she answer,
instead o' beatin' about the bush so?
Now, to Mrs. Prentice, 'is Sarah en-

"The wedding day came at last, and
like one in a dream, Mrs. Prentice
found herself seated in the Bensons'

"Yes!" and for the first time in her
life Mrs. Prentice had told a lie.
She sat, too overcome and dazed to

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ing a black-mitted hand on Mrs. Prentice's
arm, "but I don't feel no confidence
that he intends to turn up. I

My friends, when we are assaulted by
great calamities of trouble we become
cheerful, and we reason. We get on

I remark, in the first place, that these
small, stinging annoyances may come
in the shape of a nervous organization. We

Again, the small insect annoyances may
come to us in the shape of friends and ac-
quaintances who are always saying dis-

Now, be careful to let none of those an-
noyances go through with you un-
rationalized. Compel them to administer

A returned missionary told me that a
company of adventurers rowing up the
Mississippi, were struck by a deadly

It is not the panics that kill the mer-
chandise. Panics come only once in a
few years. It is the constant dia-

These annoyances are sent on us, I think,
to wake us up from our lethargy. There
is nothing that makes a man so lively as

When the regular stock slides
seemed to pall on the company the en-
tertainers began to write with India

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DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Small Annoyances.—We Should
Strive to Overcome the Frustration of
Life with the Help of God's Grace

WASHINGTON, D. C.—This sermon by Dr.
Talmage deals with a subject which ap-
peals to all classes and conditions of men.

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in Christian attainment. We all love to
see patience, but it cannot be cultivated
in fair weather. Patience is a child of the

Nothing but the furnace will ever burn
out of the clinker and the slag. I have
formed this theory in regard to small

I go into a sculptor's studio and see him
shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one
hand and a mallet in the other. The

You know that a large fortune may be
spent in small change, and a vast amount
of moral character may go away in small

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A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

The Signboard.—A Fable about a Mouse-
Trap and a Saloon.—Once Inside the
Letter and Your Liberty is Gone For-

I will paint you a sign, Rumseller,
And hang it above your door,
A truer and better signboard,
Than ever you had before.

I will paint you ruddy and smiling,
White-aproned and supple and gay,
Like an angel of light to the simple,
But body and soul are your prey.

I will paint the form of a mother
As she kneels at her darling's side,
Her beautiful boy that was dearer
Than all the world beside.

I saw the other day a mouse-trap so art-
fully and pleasantly contrived that, if I
had been a member of that small frater-

Children, do you know what I mean?
I can scarcely walk a block or turn a
corner without encountering a trap-door.

Drunk and Hereditarily.
In opening a discussion the other day at
the Society for the Study of Inebriety,

British Soldiers and Total Abstinence.
At the annual meeting of the Army
Temperance Association, recently held in

What the Man Votes For.
We license a rumseller to make men
drunk; we license a policeman to make

Drunk Buries sorrow that rises increased
to-morrow.
If you want a cool head and a clear brain
keep clear of the saloon.