and bent into a loop,

And hitches on, and rolls again, his soul All in his small, square face. What glow-ing, rare, and eager joy it is! Upon his high Poor ridge of shoulder—work of endless

Hange a lace collar, in abundant fall, Adjusted by some piteous, loving eye That would not see the shoulders stooped at all.

-Hannah Parker Kimball.

e Sheriff Who Shirked.

ent Down to Defeat at the Polls Because He Didn't Do His Plain Duty.

at to perform his duty," 'Where's your father?' he asked, of experience, "By "The boy pushed back the tow

rs in the southern part be alarm. mplained, they m the depredarobber or band of at of the thefts were were continuous and he luckless farmers had elves together for the the culprit and the promeat and potatoes, but progress in running Once or twice, indeed, full of snow they had tracing footsteps from whose cellars ted to a place about a mile distant from the er, but at that distance uddenly disappeared. era' suspicions were

sed against a family The Leaches had alidered the most worthin the neighborhood, , they were uncleanly, gnorant. It was a wellt Hiram Leach had not ork in two years. Yet protracted leisure the ued to shift along in hazard manner instead the poorhouse, ge, as would have been other family in similar Finally the farmers Fatman to help fix the sponse to this entreaty down into the southto see if I could find farther. Already the stir up po itical gossip be bruited about over at Tatman was totally ad that he did not earn rest. good dog catcher, much Judging by these paite plain that if Tat-

rioiner of bams and Three robberies were man. any weeks after I At last I de-Before taking p to Batavia and con-

' he said, doubtfully, only thing we can do. omething to make a or I'll be as bad his Leach is. I guess presence will, o maneuver more efe as political timber

d, snowy day in March and I left Batavia to n Leach's house. It from our town to the The roads were rough well-nigh imdrees well-nigh imsing it was late in the turned into the at led from the high-This lane was d the intricacies but after having nyard, which was sas than a dozen differs many sets of bars, we erest of a steep I which, according to the boy who was feedanimals in the sheep ld find Leach's house. out of the buggy hill. We kept rply as we went, almost to the did we see any signs suddenly a lit-I smoke was seen

the denuded es to our right. eps farther, and in sight. It was frame and logs, ery drab and diswe not had the hat Leach lived been in doubt house were stuble, notwithlant of the chimney will. orse to a cherry

the yard. The reels had aroused onse, and before rtuns eeki king at ns wonren were clad one the ! saw in my life. ht hair and dirty supp

what is required of him colored mane through which he had been staring and nodded toward the nce with the prompt- rear of the house. The sharp whack of and conscience. I have a descending are striking against bard the difficult task im-narley Tatman when he was now apparent that the sound of Clermont county. Tat- the chopping which had been break-When he was elected vals since we began to descend the our service, just at the dogs and went around to the back atman began to lay his yard. Once in sight of this dreary election, we struck a spot, we came to a dead stop. The chopper was an old woman. Her forehead was a network of wrinkles. Her hair was a yellowish gray. There was only a wisp of it. This was twisted into a tight little knob at the top of her head, all except a few thin strings which had escaped the thralldom of the comb and straggled down around her bony neck. The woman's cheeks were thin and creased, and her eyes were sunken. Her thin, calico gown displayed every angle of her gaunt, ungainly figure. Taken all in all, she was a very homely, uncoutn woman, but somehow there was something about her that made me feel timid. Tatman saw my trepidation and took the initiative. He stepped forward and stood directly before the chopper. She held the axe poised in the air for a moment, then let it sink down easily on the hickory chunk. She rested her hands on the handle and beut her tall body slightly forward.

" 'Well,' she said, 'what you want?' "Her steady look disconcerted Tatman, too, for a minute, but he braced up and came to the point without any useless preliminaries.

" 'Does Hiram Leach live here?' he asked. 'Yes,' she said, stiffly.

" 'Is he at home?' continued Tatman.

" 'Yes,' she repeated. " 'I should like to see him,' said Tatman.

"The woman grasped the axe handle tighter then and leaned over a little 'What you want of him?' she asked.

"Tatman looked at her significantly. 'I'm the sheriff,' he said, bluntly and Tatman was totally cruelly. 'Perhaps you can guess the

"The axe dropped to the ground at m paid the sheriff of that, and the woman pressed her coase red hands to her cheeks, over which snow flakes were drifting like on redeem himself in half-frozen tears. She made no audi-ble voters he might as ble reply to Tatman's communication, his political hopes for but the children who had gathered rd save the money he close about us took alarm at the dread rily have to spend in word 'sheriff,' and broke out into a concerted wail of affright, as though on hed when trying to they had heard the crack of doom.

" 'Are you Leach's wife?' said Tat-

" 'No, his sister. His wife's dead, Die I when this'n was a baby,' she et out a warrant and said, laying her hand on the head of the smallest child which had essayed to take refuge in the folds of her scant skirt. 'My name is Marthy Leach,' she added, s an afterthought. stayed here ever since the children's mother went and sort o' looked after

> "Again Tatman hesitated. "You understand my errand here, I'm quite sure, Miss Leach, he said. 'You have undoubtedly heard the rumors that have been current for weeks past concerning your brother. I have a duty to perform, I must search

> your house. "The woman's thin, hatchet-like face grew more peaked and baggard. For a moment a look of defiance glowed in her eyes. When that died away she lifted the smallest child into her arms and started toward the house,

"'Come on,' she said. 'He's in here.

"Tatman and I followed her into a long, low room, and the children and dogs crowded in at our heels. The room was almost dark. To greater part of what poor light there was was derived from a fitful flame that leaped up from the logs in the open fireplace, for the windows, which were too small to admit much light even in their prime condition, were rendered almost opaque by the rags which were substimed for the broken panes and the swirls of snow that covered the few remaining ones. A man sat at one corner of the fireplace. He was coughing violently when we cutered, and I noticed that the hand he held up to his lips was almost transparent in its thinness. The woman stood silently before him until the paroxysm of coughing had ended. Then she spoke:

"Hi,' she said, 'here's two men come to see you.'

"The man raised his hollow dark eyes and shook back his thick dark hair. Tatman looked at me appealingly, but I could give him no encour-

" 'They have a duty to perform,' the woman went on, bitterly. 'To is man,' and she pointed to Tatman, 'is the sheriff. He is going to arrest you a small colony of for stealing a sack of potatoes, a bag came trooping of corn and a slice of pickle-pork from corner of the Peter Fagin night before last. The whole thing weighed a hundred pounds, mebbe. Peter Fagin lives about the ugli- three miles from here. There was an awful heavy rain all that night, and hair and dirty the mud was knee dee o, but for any-as. They were body well an' strong like you are, Hi,

sizes, in which rain an' mud don't count e unto the dogs "There was a sucer in the woman's d a wide latitude voice that contrasted pair fully with became of Tatman? What did tatman stepped her shrunken, withered face and fig.

ure. The man laid his face in the hollow of his skeleton-like hands and groaned. The woman turned toward

Tatman and me.
"'I s'pose,' she said, grimly, 'you'd like to search the house.' "Tatman's face was flushed, and his whole figure seemed to cry out an

apology for our being there. 'I believe I shall have to,' he 'The law requires it, you said.

"The woman straightened up stiff

'Well,' she said, 'I won't put you to much trouble. It ain't worth while for you to go pokin' around into un-necessary corners. Here's what there is left of the last haul. The potatoes is-' She stepped to the cupboard in the corner and threw back the door. "Martha!" the man called out,

"That's all right, Hi, she said. 'I knew it'd have to come sooner or later, an' it's no use to beat about the bush now that the officers is here. There's the potatoes,' she repeated, 'down there in that box. The meal is in that jar on the second shelf. The meat is wrayped up in that towel. The stuff is almost gone already, for we've got a good many mouths to feed here, countin' in the dogs, It's a good-thing you come when you did, for like as not there'd have been another haul

tonight or the night after,' 'The woman sat down on a stool opposite her brother, and motioned Tatman and me to enairs in front of the fireplace. I took the seat, but Tatman remained standing.

"T'm very sorry to find things as ey are,' he said. 'I came, of course, they are,' he said. to acrest Mr. Leach, should I find him guilty. He is evidently a very sick man, I do not see how I can take him into custody today, yet-if he is gailty, as you say-

The woman sprang to her feet like wounded animal, "Who said he was guilty?" she

broke in. 'I said we got the stuff from Peter Fagin's, but I didn't say Hi took it. He didn't. Why, man, where are your eyes and your common seuse? Can't you Can't you understand? Don't you know that those weak arms couldn't carry half that load a hundre l yards, let alove three miles? No, if you are goin' to accest anybody, you'll have to arrest me. I did the stealiu'. I've been doin' it all along. I-'

"There was a catch in her voice then. The woman sank back on the stool again and gathered the youngest child into her arms and began to rock her body to and fro nervously, Tatman took the vacant chair beside me and mopped his streaming forehead.

"You wouldn't think I'd be able to do it, either, would you? she re-sumed, pitching her voice in its highkeyed monotone once more. T'm 72 years old, but I've still got heaps of strength. I've always been strong as an ox. I've had need to be, too, for I've had to work like one most of my I've had all my brothers to do There was six of them. Somehow, their wives all died when the children was little tots, and I've brought em all up the best I knowed Hi's is the last I'll bave to do how. I liked Hi's wife better than any of the rest of the women folks, and I like her children best. If she'd been my own a ster I couldn't have thought more of her, and if the children was my own I couldn't think more of them. At least, it seems that way. Anybow, I wouldn't have stole for anybody but them. I promised their mother when she was drawing her very last breath that they shouldn't want for anything if I could help it, an' I guess they never have, so far,

" 'Hi never did have the knack of gettin' on very well,' she said. 'It was this little fellow that set me goin' -this one here in my arms. He was hungry for two days an' nights. He cried and cried till I couldn't stand it any longer and then I-well, I hustled. I took from Peter Fagin the first night. You'll say, of course, I ought to have asked for help. Well, mebbe I had, but I don't know as it would have done any good. Folks was all down on us. Somehow, they don't seem to understand that Hi's sick an' has been ailin' for months. They still think he's sufferin' from lack of ability to get on. But it ain't that now. If I'd begged, the best they could have done would be to send us to the poorhouse, and there is so much red tape to be unwound before a body can get in even there, that the chances are we'd have starved to death before the business could be settled. That's the way it was with the Dolan family."

"Tatman remembered the Dolan episode and nodded an acquiescence, " 'You may think it strange that a woman as old as I am could get around as lively as I've been doin' this winter. It is funny. I can't understand it myself, but somehow when I was out-stealing-I was spry as a cricket and as still as a mouse. I never felt afraid, either. I guess that's the reason I never got caught. But now that you've got me, I suppose I'll have to give in. Do you want to take me along with you now? It won't take me long to get ready. Clothes don't cut much of a figure with us. All I wish is that you'd kind of look after

Hi and the children when I'm gone. "The man in the corner sobbed aloud. Tatman arose and stalked over to the small window and stood looking at the snow-dimmed glass. By and by he came back to the fireplace. He reached out and grabbed old Martha's hand, and when he spoke I saw that his hand and voi e were both un-

atendy. " 'I think,' he said, 'that you can take better care of these children than I can. I don't want you today. warrant is made out for Hiram Leach. I can't change it to Martha. It is my duty to do so, I suppose, but -I can't do my duty. Here is something to keep you going for a while. Don't spend any of it till Peter Fagin's meat and meal and potatoes are all gone. You might get me into trouble if you

"The woman leaned her gray head against the child's unkempt locks. She said nothing, but she pressed Tatman's fingers, and I guess he under-

The man of experience stopped abruptly. The young man, who was smoking, cleared his throat.
"Well," he asked, at length, "what

became of Tatman? What did they

"Knocked him higher than a kite," said the man of experience. "They said he was no good because he couldn't find that robber. But I guess Tatman didn't care."—New York Sun.

FROM DESPERADO TO TAMALE MAN The Unromantic End of a Once Notorious

California Outlaw. Year- ago nobody rode better horses, could ride harder, dance longer, or shoot faster than Ramon Ruis. He was the bean ideal of a fandango dandy. and travelled a pace so fast with such an utter reckless disregard for the proprieties, even life, that not even his best friends-numerous, too-predicted for him au ending more tranquil than one with his boots on or possibly the closing forever of his eves in the cell of a penitentiary. Instead, however, he passed quietly away recently in Calaveras county, Californin, the result of a cold contracted while selling tamales on the street at right. The powerful constitution which had laughed at builets and knife night. wounds had permitted a cold to develop into consumption, and in just thirty days Ramon was a dead man. He was born in California sixty years ago, and in his teens developed

remarkable ability as a bronco rider and dexterity in the use of a sixshooter. Thus it soon became known to the officers of the law that one of the most dange ous combinations they had to deal with consisted of Ramon, good mustang and a pair of 'sixes. He confined his operations almost exclusively to Calaveras, San Joaquin, Stanislaus and Merced counties, though occasionally he was known to do a trick in other sections. Tuolumne he claimed as a home, and frequently returned, though generally on the run, with sheriffs, detectives or posses in hot pursuit. Once in the hills of "home," he managed to escape. He did one term in San Quentin for stage robbery, and is known to have been the lone highwayman of several other hold-ups in which the oufferer was Wells, Fargo, & Co.

These operations, together with ac-

quiring some of the best horses the state could produce without going through the formality of consulting the owners, kept Ramon very busykeeping out of jail. But as his illgotten gains came, so they went-easy. He spent his money like a prince, and gave a great deal to people who har-bored or showed him any kindness. He never for got a friend nor forgave an enemy. That was his religion. He gave his promise to the officers of the ounty that he would commit no crime within its boundaries and lived up to it. Some fifteen years ago or so the state got too small to hold him, and as his old enemies, the officers of the law, were closing in on him from all sides, he crossed the mountains, but had hardly reached Hot Springs, Mono county, when he got into trouble with a Piute Indian and killed him. Ten years ago he worked his way to Lower California and opened a butcher business. He did a brisk business from the start, and, though he trusted indiscriminately, never tried to make his army of debtors settle up. The reason of this was that he got cattle cheater than anybody else could. At length the sto k-raiser got tired of Ramon's mode of getting beef cattle, organized a mob and started to hang him. In the fight that ensued Ramon was shot twice, but succeeded in killing one man and wounding three others, He staggered to his horse amid a rain of builets, mounted and fled.

He came direct to this county and settled down. The old spirit of bravado had died out and the man who loved adventure for the sake of the danger that went with it settled down to the unromantic life of a tamale vender, and as such he passed away.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

An apple orchard in Jefferson county, Ind., is on the side of a perpendicu lar bill over half a mile in height. The trees grow straight out from the hillside, and when an apple drops from a tree it falls nearly half a mile before it alights on the ground.

A French journal tells a story about dog which belonged to an English dentist. The dog was scarcely able to support life owing to the loss of its teeth. The dentist made an artificial set, including four canine teeth and four molars mounted on a plate in the ordinary way. The dog now eats ment and even gnaws bones without difficulty and he has gained considerably in weight.

The most curious street pavement in the world is that which has recently been put down in Lyons, France. It is of glass, the blocks being about eight inches square, each made up of sixteen smaller blocks. The glass blocks are so tightly fitted together that water cannot pass between them. As a pavement glass is said to have greater resistance than stone. It is a poor conductor of cold, and ice will not form upon it.

A newly married couple in New Brunswick, N. J., circumvented their mischievous friends by starting on their wedding journey by way of the The friends, well supplied with rice and old slippers, stood at the foot of the stairs. The pair ascended to the roof, walked to the adjoining house, then down and through the rear door to a back street, where they entered a waiting carriage and were driven to the railway station.

Birds are furnished with a peculiar nembrane, which in a state of repose lies in the inner angle of the eye. but is movable by two distinct muscles, which draw it over the corner. It is, to a certain extent, transparent, for, according to Cuvier, birds can look through it, as the eagle does when looking at the sun. This membrane is called the third eyelid. One of the most comical and grotesque animals is the "spectacled bear" which derives its chief attraction from the light-colored rings around its eyes, These-the greater part of the face being, like the body, black-have exactly the appearance of a pair of com-mon "goggles," through which the beast seems to look with an air of mingled wisdom and imbecility. The spectacled bear is only found in the mountainous regions of Chili, South

THE NIMBLE SIXPENCE.

18.57 It Runs Everywhere Through English Daily Life.

Should England ever decide upon a new coat-of-arms, let it be the lion and unicorn rampant, holding aloft a big round penny. The present motto will answer: "God and my Right" money, my God, and all I can get, my right. This is not especially to be condemned, perhaps. With 40,000, 000 people crowded into an area no larger than one of our American states and with 20,000 persons owning all the land, the struggle for existence is terrible. Nevertheless the schemes to extract the penny are so various and unique, and they are sprung upon you so unespectedly, as to be actually funny. In consequence you always must go about loaded down with these big, heavy copper coins, larger than our old one-cent piece which we relegated to the dark ages long ago. Sev eral times a day you will get eleven of these in exchange for a shilling, and you really would have to carry a lasket if they did not slip away as fast as they come. The government could just as well put its stamp of value tpon a smaller coin, but the British ublic would resent giving up its dear old penny. You pay a penny for a reat in any of the parks and gardens; a penny for the use of the toilet room at all the railroad stations and restaurants; a penny for a drink of water. In fact you will save wear and tear of patience and purse by all the time carrying a penny between your thumb and forefinger. Americans cannot get used to the

fact that this important coin is two cents instead of one. Tuppence to them seems two cents but it really is four; thrippence is not three but six; tenpence seems a mere trifle until they reflect it is twenty cents. The six-pence is ubiquitous, it is omnipresent, no word falls so readily from Euglish lips. Where we say a nickel they say sixpence, which is nearly two-and-a balf times as much. I asked a shop-keeper ne day why that everlasting sixpence was tacked on to everything. "Well," he said, "it sounds better; two shillings or seven shillings sounds so bad. It is much easier to say two-and-six, seven-and-six," So for the sake of cuphony we pay the extra 12 cents. At the hotels they tell us the price is ten-and-six, twelve-and-six, we never can escape from the everlasting sixpence. Twenty shillings are a pound, but ten shillings are not a half pound, but half a sovereign. Then there is that exasperating coin, the half crown, two-and-six, but so little larger that the two-shilling-piece that we must lay them together to see fhe difference. A favorite price to put upon articles is a guinea. When we ask what is a guinea we are told that there is no such coin but it means a pound and one shilling-a pleasing variation from the extra sixpence. Twelve pence make a shilling, two shillings a florin, four shillings a double florin, five shillings a crown, two crowns a half sovereign; three columns always to add up and besides there are the ha'pennies and the farthings, two of which make a ha'penny. I made this purchase yesterday-a yard and a quarter of ribbon at one shilling, thrippence ha'penny a yard. What was the bill? At the banks one must take silver or gold for all sums under five pounds, \$25.

The English admit freely that their financial system is very bad, but they say, "Our money is at par all over the world, why make a change?" The silver thrippence is the same size as our diminutive three-cent piece whose coinage was discontinued years ago. benefit of those whose conscience will not let them put coppers into the contribution plate on Sunday, but whose generosity does not extend to a sixpence. In some churches the exact amount of the contribution, and the kind of coin, is placed on a bulletin In one town, not in the vestibule. long ago, I read at the close of the morning service, "140 thrippence Dieces."

Rear Platform Philosophy.

"Do you see how that lady is getting on the car?" asked a disgusted conductor of a reporter the other day. The lady in question was backing off the train facing the conductor, who was standing on the rear platform.

"If I were a reformer," continued the conductor, "I should lose no time in getting up a society for the protection of ladies riding on street cars. If I were a legislator I should make it necessary for every man, woman and child to pass an examination showing their knowledge of how to get on or off a car before giving them a permit to ride. But it is particularly the ladies who refuse to be convinced that they jeopardize their lives by facing the opposite direction from that in which the car is going when they get off. As every man knows, the least motion of the car when the passenger is alighting in that way is sufficient to throw her down. I always become hoarse in the winter time from calling to ladies and beseeching them to wait till the car stops, I have given up teaching them to get off in a way that a little motion will net affect them and confine myself to holding them back until they can get off in safety, however awkwardly they do it. I have finally come to the conclusion that getting off a street car is something like throwing a stone straight. A woman can't do it, and that's all there is about it."-Washington Star.

Balrac and His Creditors.

Balzac's death was known in a moment, it would seem, to his creditors, and they came clamoring to the door, and invaded the house-a ravening horde, ransacking rooms and hunting for valuables. They drove the widow away, and she found a temporary home with Mme, de Surville at No 478 Rue des Martyrs. This house and number are yet unchanged. Cabinets and drawers were torn open, and about the grounds were scattered his letters and papers, sketches of new stories, drafts of contemplated work-all that could be collected by his friends hurrying to the spot. They found manuscripts in the shops around, ready to enwrap butter and groceries, characteristic and most valuable letter was tracked to three places, in three pieces, by an enthusiast, who rescued the first piece just as it was twisted up and ready to light a cob-bler's pipe. -- New York World.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNPAY DISCOURSE

Subject: Guard Your Temper-A Sweet Disposition Adds Much to the Joy of Living-Don't Waste Health Rehearsing Wrongs and Scheming Revenge.

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.) Washinoton, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage placates the world's revenges and recommends more of the saccharine and less of the sour in human dispositions; text, Ephesians Iv., 26, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

What a pillow, embroidered of all colors, hath the dying day! The cradie of clouds from which the sun rises is beautiful.

from which the sun rises is beautiful enough, but it is surpassed by the many colored mausoleum in which at evening it is buried.

Sunset among the mountaine! It almost takes one's breath away to recall the scene. The long shadows stretching over the plain make the glory of the departing light on the tiptop crags and struck asiant through the follage the more conspicuous. through the foliage the more conspicuous. Saffron and gold, purple and crimson commingled. All the castles of cloud in conflagration. Burning Moscows on the sky, Hanging gardens of roses at their deepest blush. Banners of vapor, red as if from carnage, in the battle of the elements. The hunter among the Adirondacks and the Swiss villager among the Alps know what is a sunset among the mountains. After a storm at sea the rolling grandeur into which the sun goes down to bathe at nightfall is something to make welrd and splendid drams out of for a lifetime. Alexander Switu, in his poem, compares the sunset to "the barren beach of bell," but this wonderful spectacle of nature makes me set to "the barren beach of beil," but this wonderful spectacle of nature makes me think of the burnished wall of heaven. Paul in prison, writing my text, remembers some of the gorgoous subsets among the mountains of Asia Minor and how he had often seen the towers of Damascus blaze in the close of the oriental days, and he flashes out that memory in the text when he says, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Subtuge all suggestive duty for people.

sup. "Let not the sun go down upon your weath."

Subtine all suggestive duty for people thea and people now! Forgiveness before sundown! He who never feels the throb of indignation is imbecile. He who can walk among the injustices of the world inflicted upon himself and others without flush of cheek or flash of eye or agitation of nature is either in sympathy with wrong or semi-idiotic. When Ananias, the high priest, ordered the constables of the courtroom to smite Paul on the mouth, Paul fired up and said, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall." In the sentence immediately before my text Paul commands the thou whited wall." In the sentence immediately before my text Paul commands the Ephesians, "Be ye angry and sin not." It all depends on what you are mad at and how long the feeling lasts whether anger is right or wrong. Life is full of exasperations. Saul after David, Succoth after Gideon, Korah after Moses, the Pasquins after Augustus, the Pharisees after Christ, and every one has had his pursuers, and we are swindled or belied or misrepresented or persecuted or in some way wronged. we are swindled or belied or misrepresented or persecuted or in some way wronged, and the danger is that healthful indignation shall become baleful spite, and that our feelings settle down into a prolonged outpouring of temper displeasing to God and ruinous to ourselves, and hence the important injunction of the text, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Why that limitation to one's anger? Why that period of flaming vapor set to punctuate a flaming disposition? What has the sunset got to do with one's resentful emotions? Was it a haphazard sentiment written by Paul without special significance? No. no. I think of fivereesons why we should not let the sun set before our temper.

significance? No. no. I think of fivereasons why we should not let the sun set before our temper.

First, because twelve hours is long enough to be cross about any wrong inflicted upon us. Nothing is so exhausting to physical health or mental faculty as a protracted indulgence of ill humor. It racks the nervous system. It hurts the digestion. It heats the blood in brain and heart until the whole body is first overheated and then depressed. Besides that, it sours the disposition, turns one aside from his legitimate work, expends energies that ought to be better employed and does us more harm than it does our antagonist. Paul gives us a good, wide allowance of time for legitimate denunciation, from 6 o'clock to 6 o'clock, but says, "Stop there!" Watch the descending ort of day, and when if reaches the horizon take a reef in your disposition. Unloose your collar and cool off. Change the subject to something delightfully pleasant, Unroll your tight fist and shake hands with some one. Bank up the fires at the curfey hell. Prive the crowling doe of orioli your tight list and shake hands with some one. Bank up the lires at the curfew bell. Drive the growling dog of enmity back to its kennel. The hours of this morning will pass by, and the afternoon will arrive, and the sun will begin to set, and, I beg you, on its blazing hearth throw all your feuds, invectives and

Again, we ought not to let the sun go down on our wrath, because we will slee better if we are at peace with everybody. Insomia is getting to be one of the most prevalent of disorders. How few people retire at 10 o'clock at night and sleep clear through to 6 in the morning! To relieve this disorder all narcotics and sedatives and morphine and culoral and bromide of potassium and cecaine and intoxicants are used, but nothing is more important than a quiet spirit if we would win sompolence How is a man going to sleep when he is in mind pursuing an enemy? With what nor-vous twitch he will start out of a dream! That new plan of cornering his foe will keep him wide awake while the clock strikes 11, 12, 1, 2, I give you an unfailing prescription for wakefulness: Spend the evening hours rehearsing your wrongs and evening hours rehearsing your wrongs and the best way of avenging them. Hold a convention of friends on this subject in your parlor or office at 8 or 9 o'clock. Close the evening by writing a litter letter expressing your sentiments. Take from the desk or pigeonhole the papers in the case to refresh your mind with your en-emy's meanness. Then lie down and wait for the coming of the day, and it will come before sieen comes or your sieen will be before sleep comes or your sleep will be worried quiescence and, if you take the precaution to lie flat on your back, a

frightful nightmare.
Why not put a bound to your animosity? Why let your foes come into the sanctities of your dormitory? Why let those slanderers who have already torn your erers who have already torn your reputation to pieces or injured your business bend over your midnight piliow and drive from you one of the greatest blessings that God can offer—sweet, refreshing, all invigorating sleep? Why not fence out your enemies by the golden bars of the sunset? Why not stand behind the barricade of evening cloud and say to thom, "Thus far and no farther." Many a man and many a woman is having the health of body as well as the health of soul eaten away by a malevolent spirit. I have in time of religious awakening had persons night after malevolent spirit. I have in time of religious awakening had persons night after night come into the inquiry room and get no peace of soul. After a while I have bluntly asked them, "Is there not some one against whom you have a hatred that you are not willing to give up?" After a little confusion they have slightly whispered, "Yes," Then I have said, "You will never find peace with God as long as you retain that virulence."

The rabbins recount how that Nebuchadnezzar's son lad such a spite against his

The rabbins recount how that Nebuchadnezzar's son had such a spite against his
father that after he was dead he had his
father burned to ashes and then put the
ashes into four sacks and tied them to four
eagles' necks which flew away in opposite
directions. And there are now domestic
antipathies that seem forever to have scattered all parental memories to the four
winds of heaven. How far the cagles fly
with those sacred ashes! The hour of sundown makes to that family no practical
suggest on. Thomas Carlyle, in his biography of Frederick the Great, says the
old king was 'old by the confessor he must
be at peace with his enemies if he wanted
to enter heaven. Then he said to his wife,
the queen, "Write to your brother after I
am dead that I forgive him." Roloff, the am dead that I forgive him." Roloff, the confessor, said, "Her majosty had better write him immediately." "No." said the king, "after I am dead; that will be safer."

king, "after I am dead; that will be safer." So be let the sun of his carthly existence go down upon his wrath.

Again, we ought not to allow the sun to set before forgiveness takes place, because we might not live to see another day. And what if we should be ushared into the presence of our Maker with a grudge upon our soul? The majority of people depart this life in the night. Between 11 o'clock p. m, and 3 o'clock a. m, there is something in the atmosphere which relaxes the grip which the body has on the soul, and most people enter the next world through the shadows of this world. Ferhaps God may have arranged it in that way so as to make the contrast the more glorious. I make the contrast the more glorious. I have seen sunshiny days in this world that

must have been almost like the radiance of heaven. But as most people leave the earth between sundown and sunrise they quit this world at its darkest, and heaven always bright, will be the brighter for that contrast. Out of darkness into irradia-

contrast. Out of darkness into irradiation.

"But," says some woman, "there is a horrid eventure that has so injured me that rather than make up with her I would die first." Well, sister, you may take your choice, for one or the other it will be—your complete pardon of her of God's eternal banishment of you. "But," says some man, "that fellow who cheated me out of those goods, or damaged my business credit, or started that lie about me in the newspapers, or by his perfidy broke up my domestic happiness, forgive him I cannot, forgive him I will not!" Well, brother, take your choice. Tou will never be at peace with Got till you are at peace with man. Feeling as you now do, you would not get so near the harbor of heaven as to see the lightship. Better leave that man with the God who said: "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay." You may say: "I will make him sweat for that yet. I will make him squirm. I mean to pursue him to the death." But you are damaging yourself more than you damage him, and you are making heaves for your own on an impossibility. If he will not the contraction of the

him, and you are making heaven for your own soul an impossibility. If he will not be reconciled to you, he reconciled to him. In five or six hours it will be sandown. The dabilias will bloom against the western sky. Somewhere between this and that take a snovel and bury the old quarrel at least six feet deep. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Again, we ought not to allow the passage of the sunset hour before the dismissal of all our affronts, because we may associate the sublimest speciale in nature. It is a most delightsome thing to have our personal experiences ellied with certain subjects. There is a tree or river bank where God first answered your prayer. You will never pass that place or think of that place without thinking of the glorious communion. There was some gate or some room dr some garden wall where you were affianced with the companion who has been your chief jo, in life. You never speak of that place out with a suile. Some of you have pleasant memories connected with the evening star, or the moon in its first quarter, or with the sunrise, because you saw it just as you were arriving at harbor after a tempestuous voyage. Forever and forever.

I admit it is the most difficult of all graces to practice, and at the start you may make a complete failure, but keep on in the attempt to practice it. Slake, sare wrote ten plays before he reached "Hamlet" and seventeen plays before he reached "merchant of Venice," and twenty-eight plays before he reached "Merchant of Venice," and twenty-eight plays before he reached "Merchant of Venice," and twenty-eight plays before he reached "Merchant of Venice," and twenty-eight plays before he reached "Macheth," And gradually you will come from the easier graces to the most difficult. Besides that, it is not a matter of personal deturnination so much as a the laying hold of the almighty arm of God, who will bely us to deanything we ought to do. Remember that in all personal controversless the one least to blame will have to take the first step at pacificati

over them, and the spearmen of fire stab them, and the beach of fire consume them,

and the billows of fire overwhelm them.

Again, we should not let the sun go down
on our wrath, because it is of little im-Again, we should not let the sun go down on our wrath, because it is of little importance what the world says of you or does to you when you have the affluent God of the sunset as your provider and defender. People talk as though it were a fixed special of nature and always the same. But no one ever saw two sunsets alike, and if the world has existed 6000 years there have been about 2,190,000 sunsets, each of them as distinct from all the other pictures in the gallery of the sky as Titian's "Last Supper," Rubens' "Descent From the Cross," Raphael's "Transfiguration" and Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" are distinct from each other. If that God of such infinite resources that He can put on the wall of the sky each evening more than the Louvre and Luxembourg galleries all in one is my God and your God, our provider and protector, what is the use of our worrying about any human antagonism? If we are misinterpreted, the God of the many colored sunset can put the right color on our action. If all the garniture of the western heavens at eventide is but the upholstery of one of the windows of our future home, what small business for us to be chasing enemies! Let not this Sabbath sun go down upon your wrath.

And I wish for all of you a beautiful sun set to your earthly existence. With some of you it has been a long day of trouble, eaim. When the sun rose at 6 o'clock, it was the morning of youth, and a fair day was prophesied, but by the time the noonday or middle hie had come and the clock of your earthly, existence had struck twelve cloud racks gathered and tempest beliowed in the track of tempest. But as the even-ing of old age approaches I pray God the skies may brighten and the clouds be piled up into piliars as of celestial temples to which you go or move as with mounted cohorts come to take you home. And as you slak out of signt below the horizon may there be a radiance of Christian exmay there be a radiance of Christian ex-ample lingering long after you are gone, and on the heavens be written in letters of sapphire, and on the waters in letters of opal, and on the hills in letters of emerald, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." So shall the sunset of earth become the gunrise of heaven.

A geisha must be highly accomplished, because her chief duty is to amuse. While not by any means a musician, she must be able to perform on the samisen, koto,tzuzumi (a drum) and other musical instruments. She dances, sings, and talks on the lightest abjects, and always holds herself in readiness to entertain her guests accerding to their mood. A witty geisha, one who is a good talker, pretty and graceful, will not lack for employment at any time, and generally makes a very good living. While it is not at all necessary for her to arouse mirth, her object must be to beguile the time that is irksome to her guests. Thus it often happens that one feeling depressed will send for a gelsha girl. The gelsha is a natural actress and her taste in dress is exquisite, her movements incomparable in grace.-Onoto Watanna, in the November Woman's Home Co

Inspiration is intelligent continuous and progressive, not turgld or artificial or dogmatic.-Rev. J. Cummings