A heritage, it seems to me, One source would wish to hold in fee,

The rich man's son inherits cares A bank may break, the factory burn, A breath may burst his bubble shares, An I soft, white han is could bur lly earn A living that would serve his turn ;

A heritage, it seems to me, One server would wish to hold in fee. The rich man's son inherits wants,

His stomach prayes for dainty fare . With sated heart he hears the pants a Of toiling hands with brown arms hare. And wearies in his easy-chair, A heritage, it seems to me,

One scare: would wish to hold in fee, What dots the more man's son inherit? Shout muscles on I a sinewy heart,

& hardy frame, a hardier spirit, King of two hands, he do a his part In every useful foil and art A heritage, it seems to me, A king might wish to hold in fee,

What doth the poor man's son inherit? Wishes verjoy-1 with humble things, A rank adjudged by toll-won merit, Content that from employment springs, A heart that in its labor sings;

A heritage, it seems to me, A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherity A patience learned of being poor; Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it, A fellow-feeling that is sure To make the outcast bless his door A heritage, it seems to me,

A sing might wish to hold in fee, O rich man's son, there is a toil That with all others level stands? Large charity doth never soil, But only whiten, soft, white hands ... This is the best crop from thy lan 'e; A heritage, it seems to me, A king might wish to hold in fee.

O poor man's son, scorn not thy state ! There is worse weariness than thine In merely being rich and great . Toil only gives the soul to shine. And makes rest fragrant and benign A heritage, it seems to me,

Worth being poor to hold in fee, Both, heirs to some six feet of sol, Are equal in the earth at last : Both, children of the same dear Gol, Prove title to your heirship vast By record of a well-filled past A heritage, it seems to me, Well worth a life to hold in fee, -James Bussell Lowell.

HENRI BONYNGE

LY WILL S. REYNOLDS.



and delicate touch. There the instrument had stood in the little parlor of a suite of three rooms, as though it eyes, were in a state of trance awaiting some magnetic hand to awaken it to animation:

The other room to which this parfor belonged in common with mine tell me not so had been vacant; and this was my instinctive solution of the problem: a new boarder had installed himself during the day. There is always on. tainable. rious speculation about the personality of those with whom we are compelled to enter into social juxtaposition, and while I was agreeably impressed with the sound of the new lodger I yet had dreaded possibilities respecting the sight. Some very stupid, homely people are found smong musicians, and one would not like a surfeit of melody without any seasoning of the other social qualities that render existence

The parlor was the one avenue to compelled to pass. I entered as was my wont, and the music ceased.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but my room is adjacent, and the intrusion is one of necessity," I said.

"Then you are my neighbor?" he replied, in a voice of low, rich cadence. "My name is Henri Bonynge, offering me his hand.

"And mine is Frank Sherman. hope we will be friends.

was fairly delighted with his appearance and manners, which manifested such a signature and stamp of virtue that I took for granted what years of examination are often necessary to unfold. We were instant and close friends.

He was the antipode to me in physique, for I was tall, fleshy-almost embonpoint and dark, while he was rather petit -not quite five four, of equipose tissue, and decidedly blonde in complexion, and his eyes were of the deepest blue.

I invited him to my private room that first evening, explaining that long years of bachelorhood had made it a receptacle of odd and easy furnishings not found in the conventional boarding-house room, and as he entered, his hands and voice were raised in delight as he exclaimed :

"Oh! you are an artist! How glad I am. I have always thought that I would like to be an artist, or if I were a woman that I would like to marry and with the aid of historical descriptoo? Ah, we shall have duet soirees!"

evidence, as in my case

"I, Mr. Sherman, am one of that nomadic tribe who know not what an hour may bring forth. If my menu of to-day comprehends nightingales' tongues and brains of humming birds, to-morrow I may subsist on such plebeian diet as ham and eggs. I have no regular occupation, although I am quite sure of myself in music. Do you think I can find a 'clientele,' as a lawyer would say?"

"In New York you can find anything but the 'lost bone' of the megatherium," I answered. "But as you know, the times are very much out of joint commercially, and a mere newspaper advertisement or a signboard might not attract to your coffers as much as a punched shekel. Have you letters?"

"Alas!" he said, with a sigh, "then the door of the 'Four Hundred' has no ear for 'Open, Whest,' 'Open, Barley, but hears only the magic word of 'Sesame.' I have no certificates of entree.

"Can you not get them?"

"I know no one who knows any one. In the mad revel of Chicago society during the fair, in which I lived those months, no valuable acquisition to my social store was made, and in expectation of the inertia which follows the activity of such splendid enterprises, I took an impromptu leave of the wild woolly West' and came East; and here I am, without a tag of eredence.

"But your antecedents? You lived previously to the World's Fair.

"Yes-only Minerva sprang into full being. But for reasons which I cannot now disclose there hangs a veil back of my advent in Chicago which hides all my past. Let it be sufficient for you to know, Mr. Sherman, that I am one who stands neither outlawed, excommunicated, nor infamous." How could I believe otherwise of

this fair, ingenuous young person, who seemed to have no other art than a spontaneous flow of natural charm. If there was a mystery in his life I was strongly impressed that it was not of a criminal kind.

"The prospects are not very flattering, Mr. Bonynge," I assured him, but what can be done shall be done. My own influence is yours.'

My social ramifications were great in consequence of a long residence in a polite profession, but an extended inquiry elicited no encouragement for my neighbor's exchequer. Neither was he idle, for one day I was at the office of a publication on Sixteenth street, and there, among a cosmopolitan jam of applicants for a book keeping position, was poor Henri, who, with every one of the hungry-pursed human melange, was hopeful of obtaining the service. Alas for the hearis of the ninety-and-nine who went out into the street with despair emphasized!

I ensconced myself behind a newspaper and watched the grinding of the The faces were a little whiter mill and a Henri filed into place and stood mere expectantly I heard the examiner say, "Your work is correct in all but the superfluous journalizing. You give 'cash' both a debt and credit, I knew of no one whereas the balance should be given.
Next!" Alas, for Bonynge! For no one else, of course. He reminded me of Frankenstein, although his craving for sympathy was not in vain. I joined him on the street and locked arms with him. Tears were in his

"I have missed you at the table," I ventured; "is this, then, the reason?" "I am very poor, Mr. Sherman."

"And hungry? Almighty Father,

"I was driven into one of these places to-day," and he indicated a saloon where free lunches were ob-

I pressed his arm a little more sympathetically and led him along in silence to our rooms.

"Now," I commenced, with commercial stoicism and monitorial gravity, "I have a work for you to do. I am going to paint Cleopatra and her asylum, and I want you to pose for me in the dramatis personse of the queen, Charmion and Iris. This work will give you a competence equal to your immediate wants at least, and if the contract is scaled I will pay in adthe two rooms, and through it I was vance," and with this I pressed some money into his palm.

"I cannot accept this," he protested, with tears of gratitude welling into the soft reservoirs of liquid light like sunshine pouring into a fountain; "it is charity, for you conceived the painting to help me.

"No, I didn't. The motive is purely mercenary. I want to hang the pic-ture by a golden cord in some millionaire's gallery; my name shall be on the corner in immortal) pigment. Sentiment-pooh! But if you are not willing to work, even though the kind is not ambitious, I suppose I can engage another model.'

"No-not that. But women.

"Certainly—and a muscular, mili-tant Antony, and any number of cos-mopolitan bourgeoisie, sans-sulottes, caitiffs and such, so to name them."

"But how could I personate a wo-man -- a black-eyed gypsy of sinuous grace?" "I don't want an Egyttan. Cleo-

patria was a Macedonian Probably she descended from Mene hus. I dare say her skin was as fair as yours." "But my physique?" "As feminine as the Milo. I want an ample waist; and then your out-lines are not at all unlike a woman of

classical symmetry." Henri assisted in the study of the action, taken entirely from Plutarch, one. And a violin! You play then, tions and illustrations and the good offices of some histrionic friends we "And what is your vocation?" I en-quired, for there was no possibility of wardrobe and trappings accessary for port. -New York World.

| learning what it was through visual | the composition and the preliminary work. over the ledge of which Henri-or Cleopatra, rather-was to hang, and one morning I commenced a bold charcoal study of the siren queen. She was represented in the act of pulling on the rope, with her two maids, lifting the blood-stained, dying Roman up to her retreat. The beautiful features, for which she was so celebrated, were distorted in the effort, and altogether the action and personality were as striking and masterful as any historical painter could desire.

The charm of Henri's arms, exposed by the flowing, unconfined drapery of the three different characters superh physical opulence, was marvelously beautiful; and with the artificial hair streaming around his shoulders, not even an artist or a showman would suspect him of being other than a very attractive young woman.

But there came a day when Henri did not report for duty. And several days went by, and a week, and yet no Henri. There was no ostensible reason in my knowledge for his absence, and, besides, his effects had not been removed from his room. Then it was palpable that something was wrong, for his moral integrity was an armor against the seductive influences that beset the unwary, and I was preparing to make a search for him when a letter arrived and cleared away the mystery Here is what it contained:

Dean Mn. Shenman I find in law that there is a nice distinction 'twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedledes, after all. I do not pretend to know anything about the gender of the two characters, or whether they have any gender; but I do know that either Tweedledum or Tweedledge has got on the wrong ciothes, and according to the law and the sublime philosophy of Herr Diogenes Teufelatroch the vestment makes all the difference in the world. If Tweediedee is ever so much of a lady, and is ever so anxious to get on in life, following perfectly honorable pursuits, she shall not discard the habiliments of her sex and don others in which the struggle is diminished. So says the omniscient and ominipo

To summarize. I was suspected and ar-rested, and here I am in durees. If, like a gallant knight of old, you will rescue me from this eastle, I solemnly asseverate that I shall wear skirts till the crash of doom and all the while remain your debtor. HENRIETTA BONYNGE.

It is not very probable that you would have done in this case what I did. The Indian who was delighted because every one did not think with him and covet his squaw had just cause for rejoicing. In the evolution of events and circumstances I married Henrietta Bonynge, and I love to think of her now as my wife model and model wife. - New York Adver

Regulations of Temperature.

The power of spontaneous regula tion of the temperature resides in s mechanism whereby more or less brood is sent to the skin as a result of relax ation or of contraction of its blood vessels. When the skin is heated, its vessels relax and contain a surplus of blood, which, if exposed to ordinary external influences, rapidly becomes cooler. Heat is lost in three ways. viz.: by radiation, conduction and evaporation, the amounts given off by these means varying according to cir cumstances. It is estimated that about seventy per cent. of the whole amount of the animal heat passes of through the integument.

If the skin be freely exposed to coo. air, much heat is lost by radiation; if the air be dry and in motion, a still larger quantity of heat becomes latent by the evaporation of the water excreted by the sweat-glands. Thus it is that, under normal conditions, a rise in the bodily temperature causes s flow of blood to the skin, followed by cooling. A man warmed by exercise and exposed to a current of air rapidly becomes chilled, and perhaps catches cold. Lowering of the temperature, on the other hand, diminishes the quantity of blood in the skin, so that radiation and conduction of heat from the surface are reduced to a minimum. Evaporation and radiation from the internal surface of the lungs constitute another means whereby heat is lost but for our present purpose it is un necessary to do more than notice the

The main use of clothing is to protect the body generally and to maintain it at an equable and proper tem perature. Civilized man, who is compelled to wear artificial clothing, is ac far less favorably situated than the lower animals, who are provided with sufficient natural covering. This draw back is, however, more than counter balanced by the opportunities which clothing affords of rendering the wearer comparatively independent o: external circumstances of climate. -New York Ledger.

Hail Insurance.

Life and fire are the only two branches of insurance known in this country, but abroad the business has been extended so as to include protec tion from untoward events of nearly every description. The insurance of horses and stock has long been successfully carried on in England, while in Germany they have progressed ac far as to insure crops from loss by hail.

German bail insurance companies are now entering on their fourteenth season. The returns just issued for the past year make a very satisfactory showing. There are at present twentythree companies in the empire, with s total capital of about \$4,000,000, while the sums insured amount to over \$500,000,000.

The German Board of Agriculture has for some time advocated a compulsory hail insurance law similar to that now prevailing in Bavaria. The latter was organized in 1884 by the Government, which, in addition to its original appropriation of \$240,000, con-tributes annually \$10,000 to its sup-

We improvised a window, REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

SUBJECT: HEAVY WEIGHTS.

The Burdens That the Lord will Sustain if Christians will but Cast Them ; Upon Him.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, now in San Francisco on his trip, around the world preached Sunday to a large and deeply interested audience on the bject of "Heavy Weights," the text being from Psalms Iv. 22, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain

David was here taking his own medicine If anybody had on him heavy weights, David had them, and yet out of his own experience he advises you and me as to the best way of getting rid of burdens. This is a world of bur-den bearing. During the past few days tidings came from across the sea of a mighty and good man fallen. A man full of the Holy Ghost was he, his name was the synonym for all that is good, and kind and gracious and beneficent. Word comes to us of a scourge sweeping off hundreds of thousands of people, and there is a burden of sorrow. Sorrow on the sea and sorrow on the land. Coming into the house of prayer there may be no sign of sadness or sorrow, but where is the man who has not a conflict? Where is the soul that has not a struggle? And there is not a day of all the year when my text is not gloriously appropriate, and there is never an audience assembled on the planet where the text is not gloriously appro priate, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and

e shall sustain thee."
In the far east wells of water are so infrequent that when a man owns a well he has a property of very great value, and sometimes battles have been fought for the possession of one well of water, but there is one well that every man owns, a deep well, a peren-nial well, a well of tears. If a man has not a burden on this shoulder, he has a burden on

the other shoulder.

The day I left home to look after myself and for myself, in the wagon my father sat driving, and he said that day something which has kept with me all my life: "De Witt, it is always safe to trust God. I have many a time come to a crisis of difficulty. You may know that, having been sick for 15 years, it was no easy thing for me to support a family, but always God came to the rescue. I remember the time," he said, "when I didn't know whatto do, and I saw a man on for the most lucrative office in the gift of the people of the county, and to that office I was elected and God in that way met all my wants, and I tell you it is always safe to trust him.

In the strait of Magellan, I have been told, there is a place where, which ever way a ship captain puts his ship he finds the wind against him, and there are men who all their lives have been running in the teeth of the wind, and which way to turn they do not know. ome of them may be in this assemblage, and I address them face to face not perfunctorily, but as one brother talks to another brother, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall

There are a great many men who have business burdens. When we see man wor-ried and perplexed and annoyed in business life, we are apt to say, "He ought not to have attempted to carry so much." Ah, that man attempted to carry so much." Ah, that man may not be to blame at all! When a man plants a business, he does not know what will be its outgrowths, what will be its roots, what will be its branches. There is many a man with keen foresight and large business faculty who has been flung into the dust by faculty who has been flung into the dust by unforeseen circumstances springing upon him from amhush. When to buy, when to sell, when to trust and to what amount to credit, what will be the effect of this new invent ry, what will be the effect of this new invent ry, what will be the effect of this new invent ry, what will be the effect of this new invent ry, what will be the effect of this new invent ry, what will be the effect of this new invent ry, what will be the effect of this new invent ry, what will be the effect of this new invent ry, what will be the effect of this life? Or, to put it in Bible language, "They spit upon him." And cannot he understand what persecution is? "Cast thy burdens upon the Lord, and he shall sustain these." Then there are others who carry great burdens of physical allments. When sudden in the cheek, and the stocks go up by mountains and go down by valleys, and they are at malignant fevers take the eastle of life by vent ry, what will be the effect of this new inyear ry, what will be the effect
of two op and a thousand other
questions perpiex the business men until the
hair is silvered and deep wrinkles are plowed
in the cheek and the stocks go up by mountains and go down by valleys, and they are at
their wits end and stagger like drunken
men.

men.

There never has been a time when there day, and week after week, and year after day, and week after week, and year after there has been a time when there day, and week after week, and year after the transfer of the solution. hardware against hardware, books against books, chandlery against chandlery, their plasters, and their co-imported article against imported article. A upon heavenly stimulants, thousand stores in combat with another thousand stores. Never such advantage of light, never such variety of assortment, never so much and care, splender of show window, never so much how you adroitness of salesmen, never so much neute-ailment! ess of advertising and amid all these severbreak down! Oh, the burden on the should-Oh, the burden on the heart!

You hear that it is avariee which drives less men of business through the rest, and that is the commonly actreet, and that is the commonly ac-epted idea. I do not believe a word of it, he wast multitude of these business menare The vast multitude of these business menare to ling on for others. To educate their children, to put wing of protection over their the color out of the sky, and the sparkle of the wave, and the sweetness out of households, to have something left so when the luster out of the night. We have a continuous and the luster out of the night. We have a continuous and the luster out of the night. households, to have something left so when they pass out of this life their wives and children will not have to go to the poor-house—that is the way I translate this energy in the street and store—the vast majority of that energy. Grip, Gouge & Co, do not do all the business. Some of usremember when the Central America was coming home from California it was wrecked. President Ar-thur's father-in-law was the heroic captain of that ship and went down with most of the passengers. Some of them got off into the ifeboats, but there was a young man return-ing from California who had a bay of gold in his hand, and as the last boat shoved off from the ship that was togo down that ygung man shouted to a comrade in the boat: "Here John, catch this gold. There are \$3,000. Take it home to my old mother; it will make her comfortable in her last days." Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business of

Ah, my friend, do you say that God does not care anything about your world's business. I tell you God knows more about it than you do. He knows all your peoplexities; he knows what mortgage is about to be fore-close; he know what note you cannot pay; he knows what unsalable goo is you have on your shelves, he knows all your trials, from the dayyou took hold of the first yardstick down to that sale of the last yard of ribbon, and the God who helped David to be king, and who helped Daniel to be prime minister, and who helped Havelock to be a soldier will help you to first-present the control of the c and who helped Havelock to be a soldier will help you to discharge all your duties. He is going to see you through. When loss comes and you find your property going, just take this book and put it down by your ledger and read of the eternal possessions that will come to you through our Lord Jesus Christ. And when your business partner betrays you, and your friends turn against you, just take the insulting letter, put it down on the table, put your Bible beside the insulting letter, and then read of the friendship of him who "sticketh closer than a brother."

A young accountant in New York city got

A young accountant in New York city got his accounts entangled. He knew he was honest, and yet he could not make his accounts come out right, and he toiled at them day and night until he was nearly frenzied. It seemed by those books that something had been misappropriated and he knew hoter. been misappropriated, and he knew before God he was honest. The last day came. He knew if he could not that day make his ac-counts come out right he would go into dis-grace and go into banishment from the busierace and go into camenican from the out-ness establishment. He went over there very early—before there was anybody in the place—and he knelt down at the desk and said: "O Lord, thou knowest I have tried to be honest, but I cannot make these things come out right! Halp me to-day—help me this out right! Help me to-day—help me this out right! Help me to-day—help me this morning!" The young man areae, and hardly knowing why he opened a book that lay on the deek, and there was a leaf containing a line of figures which explained everything. In other words, he cast his burdens upon the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Young man do you hear that?

On, yes, God has a sympathy with anybody that is in any kind of toil! He knows how heavy is the hod of bricks that the workman carries up the ladder on the wali. He hears the pickax of the miner down in the coal shaft. He knows how strong the tempest strikes the sailor at masthead. He sees the factory girl at the spindles and knows how her arms ache. He sees the sewing woman in the fourth story and knows how few pence she gets for making a garment, and louder she gets for making a garment, and louder than all the din and roar of the city comes the voice of a sympathetic God, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain

Then there are a great many who have a weight of persecution and abuse upon them Sometimes society gets a grudge against a man. All his motives are misinterpreted, and all his good deeds are depreciated. With more virtue than some of the honored and applauded, he runs only against railiery and sharp criticism. When a man begins to go down, he has not only the force of natur-al gravitation, but a hundred hands to help al gravitation, but a hundred hands to help him in the precipitation. Men are persecuted for their virtues and their successes. Gar-manicus said he had just as many bitter an-tagonists as he had adornments. The char-neter sometimes is so lus rous that the weak eyes of envy and jealousy cannot bear to look at it.

It was their integrity that put Joseph in the pit, Daniel in the den, and Shadrach in the fire, and sent John the Evangelist to desolate Patmos, and Calvin to the castle of persecution, and John Huss to the stake, and Korah after Moses, and Sani after David, and Herod after Christ. Be sure if you have anything to do for church or state, and you attempt it with all your soul, the lightning will strike

The world always has had a cross between two thieves for the one who comes to save it. High and holy enterprise has always been followed by abuse. The most sublime trag-edy of self sacrafice has come to buriesque. The graceful gait of virtue is always followed by scoft and grimace and travesty. The sweetest strain of poetry ever written has come to ridiculous parody, and as long as there are virtue and righteousness in the world there will be something for iniquity to grin at. All along the line of the ages and in all lands the cry has been: "Not this man, but Barabbas.

Now, Barabbas was a robber." A clergyman of the Universalist church went into a neighborhood for the establishment of a church of his denomination, and he was anxious to find some one of that denomination, and he was pointed to a certain house and went there. He said to the man of the house: "I understand you are a Universalist, I want you to help me in the enterprise," "Well," said the man, "I am a Universalist, but I have a peculiar kind of Universalism," "What is that?" asked the Universalism." "What is that?" asked the minister. "Well," replied the other. "I have been out in the world, and I have been horseback riding up the farm lane, and he cheated and slandared and outraged and announced to me that I had been nominated abused until I believe in universal damna-

The great danger is that men will become cynical and given to believe, as David was tempted to say, that all men are liars. Oh, my iriends, do not let that be the effect upon your souls! If you cannot endure a little persecution, how do you think our fathers endured great persecution? Motiey, in his 'Dutch Republic," tells us of Egmont, the martyr, who, condemned to be beheaded unfastened his collar on the way to the scaffold, and when they asked him why he did that he said: "So they will not be detained in their work. I want to be ready." Oh, how little we have to endure compared with those who have gone before us!

Now, if you have come across ill treatment, let me tell you you are in excellent company —Christ and Luther and Galilei and Colum-bus and John Jay and Josiah Quincy and thousands of the best men and women, the best spirits of earth and heaven.
Budge not one inch, though all hell wreak

upon you its vengence, and you be made a target for devils to shoot at. Do you not think Christ knows all about perse Was he not hissed at?

malignant fevers take the eastle of life b storm, we appeal to God, but in chronic all year, how little resorting to God for solace! Then people depend upon their tonics, and their plasters, and their cordials rather than

Oh, how few people there are completely well! Some of you by dint of perseverance and care, have kept living to this time, but how you have had to war against physical allment! Antediluvians, without medical college, and infirmary and apothecary shop, tiet of rivalry in business how many men | multiplied their ages by hundreds, but he who has gone through the gauntlet of disease in our time and has come to 70 years of age is a hero worthy of paim.

The world seems to be a great hospital, and

you run against rheumatisms and tions and scrofulas and neuralgins and score of old diseases baptized by new nomenclate Oh, how heavy a burden sickness is! It take the limbs ache, when the respiration is painful, when the mouth is hot, when the car roars with unhealthy obstructions, ho it is to be patient and cheerful and assidu-

Cast thy burden upon the Lord. Ocast the burden upon the Lord.

Does your headache? His were the thorn.
Do your feet hurt? His were crushed of the spikes. Is your side painful? His was struck by the spear. Do you feel like giving way under the burden? His weakness gave way under a cross. While you are in ever possible way to try to restore your physics vigor, you are to remember that more ing than any anodyne, more vitalizing than any stimulant and more strengthening than any tonic, is the prescription of the text, "Cast thy barden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee."

We hear a great deal of talk now about faith cure, and some people say it cannot be done and it is a failure. I do not know but that time chief advance of the church is to be in that direction. Marvelous things come to me day by day which make me think that if the age of miracles is past it is because the faith of miracles is past.

A prominent merchant of New York said to a member of my family, "My mother wants her ease mentioned to Mr. Talmage,"
This was the ease. He said: "My mother had a dreadful abscess, from which she had suffered untold agonies, and all surgery had been exhausted upon her, and worse and worse she grew until we called in a few Worse she grew until we called in a few Christian friends and proceeded to pray about it. We commended her case to God, and the abscess began immediately to be cured. She is entirely well now, and with-out knife and without any surgery." Bo that case has come to me, and there are a score of other cases coming to our ears from other parts of the earth. Oh, ye who are sick go to Christ! Oh, ye who are worn out with agonies of body, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee!"

Another burden some have to carry is the burden of bereavement. An these are the troubles that wear us out! If we lose our property, by additional industry perhaps we may bring back the estranged fortune, if we lose our good name, perhaps by reormation of morals we may achieve again reputation for integrity, but who will bring back the dear departed?

Alas, me, for these empty cradies and

Alas, me, for these empty cradles and these trunks of childish toys that will never be used again! Alas, me, for the empty chair and the silence in the halls that will never echo again to those familiar footsteps! hever echo again to thos? familiar footsteps!
Alas, for the orphange and widowhood! What
bitter Marahs in the wilderness, what cities
of the dead, what long, black shadow from
the wing of death, what eye sunken with
grief, what hands tremulous with bereavements, what instruments of music shut now
because there are no fingers to play on them!
Is there no relief for such souls? Aye, let that
soul ride into the harbor of my text:

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose I will not, I will not desert to its foes.

That soul, though all hell shall endeaves shake.

Fill never, no never, no never forsake.

Now, the grave is brighter than the a tomb where the lights were perpetually burning. The scarred feet of him who

"the resurrection and the life" are on broken grave hillock, while the voices angels ring down the sky at the corona of another scui come home to glory.

Then there are many who carry the burd of sin. Ah, we all carry it until in the pointed way that burden is lifted. We no Bible to prove that the whole race | ed. What a spectacle it would be if we tear off the mask of human defilem beat a drum that would bring up the army of the world's transgressions ception, the fraud, and the rapine, murder, and the crime of all centur if I could sound the trumpet of resur-in the soul of the best men in this and and all the dead sins of the past shoul-

up, we could not endure the sight. So and dire, has put its clutch upon to mortal soul, and that clutch will never unless it be under the heei of him wa-to destroy the works of the devil. Oh, to have a mountain of sin on the Is there no way to have the burden in Oh, yes, "Cast thy burden upon the 1 The sinless one came to take the consequence of our sin! 'And I know he is in each How do I know it? By the stream ples and the streaming hands as "Come unto me, all ye who are we, heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Why will prodigals live on swines

Why will prodigate live on swines in when the robe, and the ring, and the fath welcome are ready? Why go wandering the great Sahara desert of sin when you invited to the gardens of God, the tree life and the fountains of living water? We houseless and homeless forever when may become the sons and the daughter the Lord God Almighty?

A Texas Horse Trader.

There is a colored man in Austin, Texas, by the name of Sam Johnsing. He has some money which he has made trading horses, at which business he is an expert. One day Judge Peterby saw Johnsing trading with an itinerant horse dealer. Having some curiosity to know how Sam came out in the trade, he asked him:

"Did you sell that fellow your horse?" "I did, boss, for a fac'."

"How much did you get?"
"Twenty dollars." "Only twenty dollars! Why, you are a fool. That's a valuable horse. "Lemme tell you somethin', box, Dat hoss is lame.

Judge Peterby happened to meet th horse trader afterwards, and said t him: "So you paid twenty dollars for the

horse? "Yes, I paid twenty dollars to the darky. It's a protty cheap horse."
"You have been swindled. The horse

is lame." "I know the horse is lame, but don't amount to anything. He limps because he has not been properly shod As soon as I take the shoes off of his

he will not limp a particle. I would take a hundred dollars for that horse Half an hour afterwards Judg Peterby met Sam. "Look here, Sam, you were swindled, after all, in that horse trade. The lame

ness of the horse is caused by his no being properly shod," "I know he ain't properly shod. had him shod that way on purpose, as ter make dat hoss trader blieve da he was lame from dat carse, but de troof am dat he is tame, sur pour and he gwinter stay lame. He nebbe will be wuff nuffin. Heah! heah! How

I fooled dat hose trader. The same evening Judge Peterby saw the horse trader at the railroad station, He was just about to leave on the train

"That horse is really lame. Sam ha got away with you, after all," sa Peterby.

"That all depends on circumstance I think I can cure that horse; but if don't I'm not out anything," replie the horse dealer, grinning. "Ask Sa after he has tried to change that twen ty-dollar bill I gave him for the hors said the horse dealer, as he climbe

into the car. - Texas Siftings. The Ermine.

The ermine is a queer animal. is one thing in winter and anothe thing in summer. That is a strang statement, but it is true, for winter the animal's fur is as while as snow and is called the ermine. I summer its fur turns reddish brow on the upper part of the body and light yellow on the lower part: t animal is then known as the stoat.

This change is quite familiar naturalists but not to unscientif people, and the ermine and the stor are, therefore, generally regarded : distinct animals.

The fur of the ermine is much va ued and is in great request. At on time it was a mark of royalty, an the state robes of judges and mag istrates were lined with it as an en blem of purity.

The erm ne is so cunning in ways that it is almost as difficult catch as it is to 'vat h a weas asleep." In fact, about the only wa to capture it is to mark its courfrom its home and then strew mud i its pathway. When the dainty, for tidious little animal reaches t point in its path where the mud strewn, it will lie down and subject itself to capture and death rathe than smirch one of its snow-whi hairs.

sleeplessness opiates should be avoid

Steeplessness. Both in severe and light cases

Sad to say, however, most me seize their forcible means of cur rather than the natural way throug dieting in the wildest sense. Man take morphine or hydrochlorate where some simple domestic mean such as cold water on the foreher and drinks of cooling fruit juice would procure sleep. When, how ever, opiates are no longer to avoided they should not even the be used without a physician's prescr tion. To become accustomed to 1 use of opiates is in the highest degr objectionable, because the sleep whi is thus recalled, is never refreship like that which is natural and cause the doese, must be continual increased if they remain effective Complete destruction of the nervo system is the certain and enduris result of such habits -- Pub