WHEN WE PLANT THE TREE

What do we plant when we plant the tree! We plant the ship which will cross the sea, We plant the neast to carry the sails; We plant the planks to withstand the gates— The keel, the keelson, and beam, and knee; The seed, the keelson, and beam the tree. We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree? We plant the toness for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lach, the doors,
The beams and siding all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thou and things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out towers the crag,
We plant the walf for our country's fleg.
We plant t e shade from the hot son free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree,
—Henry Abboy.

TOLD ON THE RAIL.

"Are you all right, ma'am?" "All right, thank you."

The engineer jerked a cord that let loose a horrible, long, shrill whistle, and moved a great steel bar at my side that I watched with awful tears regarding my new peacock-blue sik dress

The grimy-faced fireman pulled open the door of the furnace and with much clatter poked at the fire within, then shoveled in some coal, clashe i the door shut, and we were

And all this happened in a merc trifle of the time that it has taken to tell it.

I looked at my watch.

- It was 7 o'clock and broad daylight. for the time was summer. Seven o'clock and the wedding was

at and we had fifty miles to go! 1 suppose my face had an anxious look when I turned it toward the engincer, meeting his full gaze

"Oh, I'll get you there in t me, ma'am: I'm bound to. We'll make the fifty miles in fifty minutes, and wedd as mostly never are on time. And the Superintendent telegra; hed you'd be there."

"Did he. That was very good of Cousin John. I was so flarried that I never thought of that."

And I felt relieved, as I judiciously gave another tuck to my silken robes. As I did so, I received a dreadful jar, that caused me to drop them again, and materially decreased my mental temperature.

A realization was forced upon me of the frightful way in which we were dushing over the rails: while at the same time, the atm sphere within the engine grew hotter and hotter.

With desperate efforts, I learned to maintan my center of gravity, though, as I gathered together again my breath and my robes, I clasped despairingly the window ledge beside

my high seat. Presently, as one will grow accustomed to any situation, I became quite used to the frantic bounds of our madly-speeding conveyance, and even commenced to take some inter- was, too. est in my surroundings.

cultus. fleeting landscapes and were only productive of a dec. wedly unpleasant, dizzy sensation.

"We are traveling at a terrible rate," said I to the engineer. He saw that I had spoken, but as

the words he called out: "What is it, ma'am?"

pidity," I almost screamed. "Are girl?" you sure there is no danger?" Oh, no! none whatever, ma'am;

this is a perfect engin'.

it," I ventured. "Cousin John sa d the girl." you were one of the oldest engineers on the road." "Yes," he said, brightening up.

"I was an engineer here when the Superintendent was only a little boy, the son of a conductor, but you see we don't often have a call to travel like this, and I'm not rikely to forget the first time I did it. ')

I saw by his looks that the reminiscence was a pleasant one, and, to called out: encourage him to converse, asked: "Why? Did something happen?"

"Well, I reckon something did happen!" he said, emphatically, get- thinkin' she must be somethin' wrong ting as near to me as the consistent in the head. performance of his duties would al-

shouted, sympathetically.

"Well, ma'am, you see I was a young feller then, only just promoted in the cut, and the wires are broken. to be an engineer; an' there came an and the rails half-covered with sand awful storm that lasted about three | and stones." days

"Everything went right along the road until the third day, when late in the afternoon they commenced if she had done her duty, and left the to get worried in the office, because rest with us. something was the matter with the

"They couldn't git no messages; and an Eastern train that had been due for half an hour had not been after, he succeeded in stoppin' her; heard from along our part of the line. "It stormed awful! just as if it never meant to stop!

"The rain came down in bucketfuls, and the wind was blowin' a roarin' hurricane, to say nothin' of the thunder and lightnin' that commenced about dark.

"Well, I didn't run no regular train yet. I was kept about the yard shifting cars and the like and goin' out on specials; and as I was loadn' in my engin', thinkin' that I blessed my stars I hadn't to be on the road such a night, who should jump up in my box but the old superintendent himself, and a dread- made no end of a fuss over her. ful grave face he had, too.

" 'Abe,' says he, do you think you could take engin' number 4, the Lightning, and carry me down to Coon's Creek faster than you ever went before in your life?"

" I reckon I could, sir.' says I. ". Very well; call Morris,'-Morris was the fireman-'and I'll be with you in two minutes.'

Well, sir," said my companion, getting so excited that he quite forgot his passenger was of the femule asked greatly interested.

tex. "in five minutes we was just adving along that road like mad with the storm howlin' all around us. and the rain fairly sizzlin' down on the engin!

"Morris and I kept a sharp lookbut, with our hearts lyin' pretty near our throats; for we wasn't very sartin is to what minute we might come to

some onlucky end. "You see, the road wasn't no louble-tracker, all the way, in those lays; we had passed two out-trains waitin' at stations for the delayed Eastern; and thought we might just is likely as not telescope into it along a very cheerful thought, with us travelin' at the rate of nearly a mile 1 minute.

"The old superintendent said never word; but he couldn't even smoke the cigars he I ghted, only kept bitin' the ends off and pitchin' of 'em away.

"And when we got down into the Coon County, in the long stretches of sus icons of oil and heartrending wood-we'll soot be a-passin' through em, ma'am-the wind was lest a timbs and shaders beat across out what they was: and a dozen times or so Morris and I looked at each other a sort of good-by.

"But at last we flew out of the of a place; first the creek, with a narrow bridge-and one track across it, and then a high bit of land, with a sudden curve.

"Well, we were just a-sweepin' the barn a brook winds its way near enough to see that the creek through a ravine. Naturally the was awfully swollen, when Morris presence of corn and grain about the zave a sere im.

" "Good heavens!" says he, "there's a woman on the bridge?" she was: taking careful steps from was a rare specimen of his tribe. ne plank to another, with the river

a-rushin' beneath her. stop the engine! for heaven's sake, stop the engine!"

"I can't, sir,' says I. 'It's too late,' and just then she saw the light of the engin', turning round, and threw up her arms; and there we were, bearing down upon her-though Morris was slowing up the best he could.

"A sudden thought came to me. "There wasn't but one chance in en for the woman's life, and that mance I'd give her, for the sake of the mother and sister I loved at

"I sprang out on the engin', and down to the cow-catcher. "The bridges, as I said afore, was parrow; and it hadn't so much as a

plank of sidin'. "I reached my place just in time. Another minute and she would have been lost-so young and pretty she

is, ton an Egun hor she is des dung her into the river."

were going to try and save her!"

the superintendent. I'm a good "We're traveling with terrible ra- swimmer. Can I go in after the

"Yes ' says he, and, Morris, you take a lantern and go on ahead along the track, and give me the other, and "I suppose you are accustomed to I'll see if I can help Abe, here, rescue

"I just he ped right into Coon's Creek

"I knew the current would bring her toward our bank, only a little lower down.

"And sure enough I found her, and got her out in no time: and, if you'll believe me, the plucky little thing was a-clingin to an oil can she had, and as soon as she opened her eyes

" I'm all right! Take the oilquick, quick!" "Take the oil for what?" says I.

"But just then I saw Morris' lan-

tern come rushing back along the "I would like to hear about it," I track, like mad, and he a-screamin' to the superintendent. "There's been a land-slide round

" Yes, that's it,' said the girl, 'and

the Express hasn't come yet." "And then she closed her eyes, as

"Well, the Superintendent sent Morris round the other end of the cut with his lantern, and when the express came talong, twenty minutes for, you see, she was a-rannin' kinder careful like, owin' to the damage done by the storm, and her bein' so

behindhand. "So you see there wasn't no catastrophe; though likely there'd been one if she sailed ever so lightly into the cut, or if we had either.

"Of course, there was a good deal of delay, and I s'pose some of the people grumbled 'cause they didn't get nothin' to eat till next day.

"litt there always will be some oureasonable folks in every crowd." "And the girl?" I asked anxiously. "Oh, she was all right, and folks

"You see, she kept house for her father in a small cottage the other s de of the creek; and he was taken with a pretty severe attack of rheumatism, and sent her to the nearest neighbor's toward Coon's Corners, to get him some linimint; and she discovered the landslide and hurried home, and the old man, knowin' the Express hadn't gone by, sent her back with oil to build a signal." "Have you ever seen her since?" I

The fireman grinned and the engineer smiled at me patronizingly as he answered:

'Yes, mi'am, I see her mostly every day, now. You see, she and I've been married these fifteen years. Ah, here we are at Coon's Creek."

What!" said I, looking out upon the splendid iron bridge we were crossing. 'This is Lynwood Rive'. and we're almost at Lynwood!" I added, with delight.

"Yes, ma'am; but this used to be called Coon's Creek, and Lynwood was Coon's Corners. Here we are. It still wants seven minutes to 8 and the track. And you see that wasn't I guess those ladies and gentlemen waitin' over there are your friends." -Boys of England.

FATE OF A BLIND RAT.

tiow His Companions Cared for Him Till

Caught and Killed. The manner in which rats steal eggs has always been regarded as a wonderful example of animal intellitearin' at trees and made the gence. It is well known how one rat will hold the egg firmly between its the track that even with the light four legs, then turn over upon its of the engin' we couldn't always make | back and, remaining in this position, allow itself to be pulled along by other rats until the nest is reached. Remarkable as this may seem, I beard the other day of a still more shaders, almost down by Coon Creek. astonishing example of the intelli-"You see, 'twas a dangerous sort gence of a rat. Patrick Hurley lives in a rural portion of the Twentythird Ward. Some distance from his home is a large barn, where besides through whi h the road had been cut horses and cows, he keeps a number of chickens. About 100 yards from barn has drawn many rats. They frequently come out in the barnyard for food or to play. Among the rats "I looked, and sure enough there the Hurleys had observed one that Its coat was of a pure white. Strangely, too, the white rat, when-" 'Ale,' says the superintendent, ever it appeared, had a companion that was a parently leading it. This peculiarity caused the people to watch the rodents. They discovered that the white rat always held a straw in its mouth by which the other rat led

They concluded the rat was blind. Sometimes, when a particularly good lot of corn was found, the white rat would drop the straw and proceed to satisfy his hunger. But by an impatient movement he was always able to bring to him one of his kind friends, who would pick up the straw, give it to him, and lead the unfortunate back to the nest under the barn. One of the most remarkable things noted was the fact that every day the blind rat was led out by another down to the brook to get a drink. This was not an occas onal, but a regular, performance. After the blind rat had sat sfled its thirst the straw would be put into its m uth by its companion or attendant and led carefully back. But one day

were not acquainted **** ... Vitura Lite San the two animals coming from the "tood gracious," cried I, wrought creek and at once made a charge up to a state of intense excitement upon them. The leader of the blind by the narrative, "I thought you rat endeavored to hurry up its charge, but was finally forced to let go of "That's just what I'm a-tellin' the straw and scamper off to save its I had not pitched my voice nearly you," said the engineer. "You see, own life. The white rat, left thus by the time we got across the bridge helpless, was caught and k iled. The we slowed up. 'Now, sir,' says I to family who had long watched the daily exhibition of the other rats' tenderness and devotion for their sightless companion, learned its sad fate with regret .- Washington Post.

DURING A STORM.

The Perilons Predicament of Passengers Aboard a Steamship.

"Every one has heard of the way in which passengers on some European railroads are locked in the cars," said Henry L. Luker, of Denver, who has just returned from a European trip and passed through St. Louis on his way home. "The way pa-sengers are treated on some, at least, of the ocean liners seems to me even more unreasonable. In a locked car, with no conductor in range, a passenger appears to be in a bad scrape in case of a collision, but a passenger who is locked in the saloon of a vessel during a storm is worse off still. While we were crossing the ocean eastward in January we were caught in what I thought the most terrible storm the ocean had ever seen, although my views were not shared apparently by the members of the crew. Still the water was so high that the hatchways were nailed down, no passengers were allowed on deck, and there was a general consultation among us as to what our chances would be if the ship went down to the bottom. It would be too late then to open the hatchways and provide us with life belts or boats, and it certainly looked as though we should just die cooped up like a lot of prisoners without any redress or assistance being possible. I mentioned the matter to the captain the following day, and he told me that there was no more chance of his boat sinking than of the world coming to an end. That reassured me a good deal, but on my return trip the captain of the steamer told me that the one I had crossed in before was no safer than it ought to be, and that he would hate to be on it in a genuine hurricane. The latter estimate, although perhaps as prejudiced as the former, was far less satisfactory in every respect, and rather weakened my feeling of confidence in ocean greyhounds."

Costly Metals.

The most costly of all metals, save only gallium, which is worth \$3,000 an ounce, is germanium, which is quoted at \$1,125 an ounce. Rhodium is worth \$112.50 an ounce; ruthenium, \$90 an ounce: iridium, \$37.50 ap ounce; osmium, \$26 an ounce, and palladium, \$24 an ounce. The last is about equal in value to gold. These metals are of no breat commercial importance.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Martyrs of the Needle."

TEXT. 'It is easier for a carnel to go ough the eye of a needle.' -- Matthew xix., 24.

Whether this 'eye of the needle' be the smail gate at the side of the big gate at the entrance of the wall of the ancient city, as is generally interprete', or the eye of a needle such as is now han ited in sewing a garment I do not say. In either case it would be a tight thing for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. But there are whole caravans of fatigues and hard-hips going through the eye of the sewing woman's needle.

Very long ago the needle was busy. It was considered honorable for women to toll in olden time. Alexander the Great stood in his paince showing garments made by his Whather this 'eye of the needle" be the

his palace showing garments made by his own mother. The finest tapestries at Bayeux were made by the Queen of William the Conqueror. Augustus, the Emperor, would not wear any garments except those that were fashioned by some member of his royal family. So let the toiler everywhere be re-

The greatest blessing that could have hap-The greatest blessing that could have hap-pened to our first parents was being turned out of Eden after they had done wrong. Adam and Eve, in their perfect state, might have got along without work or only such slight employment as a perfect garden, with no weeds in it, demanded. But as soon as they had sinned the best thing for them was to be turned out where they would have to work. We know what a withering thing it is for a man to have nothing to do. Good old work. We know what a withering thing it is for a man to have nothing to do. Good old Ashbel Green, at fourseore years, when asked why he kept on working, said, "I do so to keep out of mischief." We see that a man who has a large amount of money to start with has no chance. Of the thousand prosperous and honorable men that you know, 1999 had to work vigorously at the beginning. But I am now to tell you that industry is just as important for a woman's safety and just as important for a woman's safety and happiness. The most unhappy women in our communities to-day are those who have

no engagements to call them up in the morn-ing : who, once having risen and breakfasted. lounge through the dull forenoon in slippers down at the heel and with disheveled hair. reading the last novel, and who, having dragged through a wretched forenoon and taken their afternoon sleep, and having spent an hour and a half at their tollet, rick their cardease and go out to make and who pass their evenings waiting for somebody to come in and break up the monotony. Arabella Stuart never was impris-one t in so dark a dungeon as that.

There is no happiness in an idle woman It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot, but work she must or be wretched forever. The little girls of our families must be started with that idea. The curse of our American society is that our young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, fiftieth, thousandth thing in their life is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that the first lesson should be how, under God, they may take care of themselves. The simple fact is that a majority of them do have to take care of themselves, and that, too, after having, through the false notions of their parents, wasted the years in which they ought to have learned how successfully to maintain themselves. We now and here declare the inhumanity, cruelty and outrage of that father and mother who pass their daughters into womanhood, having given them no facility for earning their livelihood. Mme, de Stael said, "It is not these writings that I am proud of, but the fact that I have facility in ten occupations, in any one of which I could make a livelihood."

O ran und

thea s fave wings and fly away? Though you should be successful in leaving a competency behind you, the trickery of executors may swamp it in a night, or some elders to powder! or deacons of our churches may get up a fletitious company and in luce your orphans to put their money into it, and if it be lost prove to them that it was eternally decreed angel. She is not. She knows she is not. that that was the way they were to lose it, heavenly style.

Ob, the damnable schemes that professed Ob, the damnable schemes that professed Christians will engage in—until Godputs His fingers into the collar of the hypocrite's robe and rips it clear down the bottom! You have no right, because you are well off, to conclude that your children are going to be as well off. A man died, leaving a large fortune. His son fell dead in a Philadeiphia grosshop. His old comrades came in and said as they bent over his corpse, "What is the matter with you, Boggsey?" The surgeon standing over himsaid: "Hush up! He's dead!" 'Ah, he is dend!" they said, "Come, boys, let us go and take a drink in memory of poor Boggsey!"

memory of poor Borgsey!"

Have you nothing better than money to leave your children? If you have not, but send your daughters into the world with empty brain and unskilled hand, you are guilty of assassinasion, homicide, regielde, infanticide. There are women tolling in our cities for \$5 and \$4 per week who were the daughters of merchant princes. These suf-fering ones now would be gird to have the crumbs that once fell from their fathers' table. That wormout, broken shoe that she wears is the lineal descendant of the 512 gaters in which her mother waiked, and that torn and faded calice had ancestry of magnificent broads that swept Broadway clean without any expense to the street commissioners. pense to the street commissioners. Though you live in an elegant residence and fare sumptuously every day, let your daugh-ters feel it is a disgrace to them not to know how to work. I denounce the idea, preva-ient in society, that, though our young women may embroider slippers and crochet and make mats for lamps to stand on with-out disgrace, the kiea of doing anything for a livelihood is dishonorable. It is a shame for a young woman, belonging to a large family, to be inefficient when the father toils church, after service a woman tell in con-his-life away for her support. It is a shame vulsions. The doctor said she needed medifor a daughter to be idle while her mother toils at the washtub. It is as honorable to sweep house, make beds or trim hats as it is

to twist a watch chain.

As far as I can understand, the line of respectability lies between that which is useful and that which is useless. If women do that which is of no value, their work is honorable. If they do practical work, it is dishon-orable. That our young women may escape the censure of doing dishonorable work I shall particularize. You may knit a tidy for

day and man on the sixth day. If geologists are right, the earth was a million of years in the possession of the insects, beasts and birds before our race came upon it. In one sense we were innovators. The cattle, the lizards and the hawks had pre-emption right. The question is not what we are to do with the lizards and summer insects, but what the lizards and summer insects are to

The Bible gives an intimation that the first duty of an idler is to starve when it says if "will not work neither shall be eat." Idleness ruins the health, and very soon nature says: "This man has refused to pay his rent. Out with him!"

his rent. Out with him!"

Scolety is to be reconstructed on the subject of woman's toll. A vast majority of those who would have woman industrious shut her up to a few kinds of work. My judgment in this matter is that a woman has a right to do anything she can do well. There should be no department of merchandise, mechanism, art or science barred against her. If Miss Hosmen has gonius for sculpture, give her a chisel. If Bosa Bonheur has a fondness for delineating animals, let her make "The Horse Fair." If Miss Mitchell will sludy astronomy, let her mount the starry ladier. If Lucretia Mott will preach the sell purple. If Lucretia Mott will preach the

Ind.'er. If Lydia will be a merchant, let her sell purple. If Lucretia Mott will preach the Gospel, let her thrill with her womanly eloquence the Quaker meeting house.

It is said that if a woman is given such opportunities she will occupy places that might be taken by men. I say if she have more skill and adaptedness for any position than a man has let her have it. She has as much right to her bread, to her apparel and to her home as men have.

home as men have.
But it is said that her nature is so delicate that she is unfitted for exhausting toll, ask in the name of all past history what toil on earth is more severe, exhausting and tremendous than that toll of the needle to which for ages she has been subjected? The which for ages she has been subjected? The battlering ram, the sword, the carbine, the battleax, have made no such havoe as the needle. I would that these living sepulchres in which women have for ages been buried might be opened, and that some resurrection frumpet might bring up these living corpses to the fresh air and sunlight.

Go with me, and I will show you a woman who by bardest tell supports her abildren.

who by hardest toll supports her children, her drunken husband, her old father and mother, pays her house rent, always has wholesome food on the table, and when she can get some neighbor on the Sabbath to come in and take care of her family appears in church with hat and clock that are far from indicating the toil to which she is sab

Such a woman as that has body and soul such a woman as that has body and soul enough to fit her for any position. She could stand beside the majority of your salesmen and dispose of more goods. She could go into your wheelwright shops and beat one-half of your workmen at making carriages. We talk about woman as though we had resigned to her all the light work, and ourselves had shouldered the heavier. But the day of judgment, which will reveal But the day of judgment, which will reveal the sufferings of the stake and inquisition, will marshal before the throne of God and the hierarchs of heaven the martyrs of washtub and needle.

Now, I say, if there be any preference in occupation, let woman have it. God knows hor trials are the severest. By her acuter sensitiveness to misfortune, by her hour of anguish. I demand that no one hedge up her pathway to a livelihood. Oh, the meanness, the despicability of men who begrudge a woman the right to work anywhere in any honorable calling!

I go still further and say that women should have equal compensation with men. By what principle of justice is it that women in many of our cities get only two-thirds as much pay as men, and in many cases only half? Here is the gigantic injustice—that work equally well if not better done woman receives far less compensation than man. Start with the national government. For a long while women clerks in Washington got \$900 for doing that for which men received £1800.

To thousands of young women in our cities to-day there is only this alternative-starvation or dishonor. Many of the largest mer-cantile establishments of our cities are accessory to these abominations, and from their large establishments there are scores of souls being pitched off into death, and their employers know it!
Is there a God? Will there be a judgment?

I tell you, if God rises up to redress woman's wrongs, many of our large establishments will be swallowed up quicker than a South American section, and ever took down a city. God will catch these oppressors between the two milistones of His wrath and grind them to newder!

manhood. Man has nothing to answer to that wail but flatteries. He says she is an She is a human being, who gets hungry when she has no food and cold when she has no fire. Give her no more flatteries. Give her justice!

in a half in Philadelphia, grand speeche were delivered, but a needle-roman took the stand, threw aside her faled shawl, and with her snriveled arm hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out the horrors

of her own experience. Stand at the corner of a street in Now York in the very early morning as the wo-men go to their work. Many of them had no breakfast except the crumbs that were left over from the night before or a crust they chew on their way through the streets. Here they come—the work-ing girls of the city! These engaged in beadwork, these in flower making, in millinery, enameling, eigar making, bookbinding, labeling, feather picking, print coloring, paper box making, but, most overworked of all and least compensated, the sewing women. Why do they not take the city cars on their way up? They cannot afford the five cents. If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into the car, give her seat. You want to see how Latimer and Ridiey appeared in the fire. Look at that woman and behold a more horrible martyr-dom—1 hotter fire, a more agonizing death. One Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my

cins not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive, in her delirium she said gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done! I am so tired! I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done! Eight cents! Eight cents!" We found afterwar! that she was making garments at eight cents apiece, and that she could make but three of them in a day. Hear it! Three times sight restraints for the it! Three times eight are twenty-four. Hear it, men and women who have comfortable

shall particularize. You may knit a tidy for the back of an armchair, but by no means make the money wherewith to buy the chair. You may, with delicate brush, beautify a mantel ornament, but die rather than earn enough to buy a marble mantel. You may learn artistic music until you can squall Italian, but never sing "Ortonville" or "Old Hundred." Do nothing practical it you would in the eyes of refined society preserve your respectability. I scout these finical notions. I tell you no woman, any more than man, has a right to occupy a place in this world unless she pays a rent for it.

In the course of a litetime you consume whole harvests and droves of cattle, and every day you live breathe forty hogsheads of good pure air. You must by some kind of usefulness pay for all this. Our race was the last thing created—the birds and fishes on the fourth day, the cattle and izards on the fifth day and man on the sixth day. If geologists are right, the earth was a million of years in the possession of the insects, beasts

What have you to answer, you who sell coats and have shoes made and coutract for the southern and western markets? What one sense we were innovators. The cattle, the lizards and the hawks had pre-emption right. The question is not what we are to do with the lizards and summer insects, but what the lizards and summer insects, but what the lizards and summer insects are to do with us.

If we want a place in this world, we must earn it. The partridge makes its own nest before it occupies it. The lark by its morning song earns its breakfast before it eats it.

Indeed, women oppress women as much as men do. Do not women, as much as men,

by means of it to summon the students

best down to the lowest figure the woman who saws for them? Are not women as sharp as men on washerwomen and milliners and mantus makers? If a woman asks \$1 for her work, does not her female employer ask if she will not take ninety cents? You say, "Only ten cents difference." But that is sometimes the difference between heaven and hell. Women often have less commis-

do. Let our young people prepare to excel in spheres of work, and they will be able after awalle to get larger wages. If it be

shown that a woman can in a store sell more goods in a year than a man, she will soon be able not only to ask but to deman! more wages, and to deman't them success'ully, Unskilled and incompetent labor must take what is given. Skilled and competent labor will eventually make its own standar!. Admitting that the law of supply and demand regulates these things, I contend that the demand for skilled labor is very great and the supply very small.
Start with the idea that work is honorable

and that you can do some one thing better than aryone else. Resolve that, God help-ing, you will take care of yourself. If you are after a while called into another relation, you will all the better be qualified for it by your spirit of self-reliance, or if you are called to stay as you are you can be happy

and self-supporting.

Poets are fond of talking about man as an oak and woman the vine that climbs it, but I have seen many a tree fall that not only went down itself, but took all the vines with if. I can tell you of something stronger than an oak for an ivy to climb on, and that is the throne of the great Jehovah. Single or affianced, that woman is strong who leans on God and does her best. The needle may on God and does her best. The needle may break, the factory band may slip, the wages may fall, but over every good woman's head there are spread the two great, gentle, stu-pendous wings of the Almighty. Many of you will go single handed through life, and you will have to choose between two characters. Young woman, I am sure

you will turn your back upon the useless, giggling, painted nonentity which society ignominiously acknowledges to be a woman and ask God to make you a humble, active,

earnest Christian.

What will become of this godless disciple of fashion? What an insult to her sex! Her manners are an outrage upon decency, is more thoughtful of the attitude strikes upon the carpet than how she will look in the judgment, more worried about her freckles than her sins, more interested in her bonnet strings than in her redeced tion. Her apparel is the poorest part o Christian woman, however magnificen dressed, and no one has so much righ dress well as a Christian. Not so with godiess disciple of fashion. To will come down on her some day, and the bistre off her eyelids, and the rough her cheeks, and with two rough, bony t scatter spangles and glass beads and and ribbons and lace and brooches buckles and sashes and frisettes and g

clasps.

The dying actress whose life had victors said: "The scene closes. Drawiclous said: "Generally the tragedy come Generally the tragedy comes and the farce afterward, but in her it-was first the farce of a useless lite and t

the tragedy of a wretched eternity.

Compare the life and death of such a with that of some Christian aunt that once a blessing to your household. I do once a blessing to your household. I do know that she was ever offered a hand marriage. She lived single, that untr melei she might be everybody a bless Whenever the sick were to be visited or poor to be provided with bread, she v with a blessing. She could pray or "Rock of Ages" for any at he paupar asked her. As she got older there were days when she was a little sharp, but 5 the most part auntie was a sunbeam the one for Christmas eve. She the one for Christmas eve. She better than any one else how to things. Her every prayer, as God 1 it, was full of everybody who had trought the brightest things in all the house droughts. but the grandest notion she ever had was out the grandest notion she ever had was make you happy. She dressed well—num always dressed well—but her highest ador ment was that of a meek and quiet spir which, in the sight of God, is of great pric When she died, you all gathered loving; about her, and as you carried her out to rest the Sunday-school class almost covered the collectify. cofiln with japonicas, and the poor people stood at the end of the alley, with thei aprens to their eyes, sobbing citterly, and the man of the world said, with Solomor "Her price was above rubies," and Jesus, and the maiden in Julius, commanded, " unto the maiden in Julius, commanded, say unto thee, arise!"

High Bred Dogs Not the Most Intel ligent.

So long as our dogs were employ in the labor of the organized recre tions of man, the tendency of t association with the superior bei was in a high measure educative. Ti. were constantly submitted to a me or less critical but always effect selection which tended ever to devel a higher grade of intelligence. W the advance in the organization society the dog is ever losing so thing of his utility, even in the of sport. He is fast becoming a m idle favorite, prized for unimporta peculiarities of form. The effort the main is not now to make creatur which can help in the employment man, but to breed for show alone, d manding no more intelligence th is necessary to make the creatur well-behaved denizen of the hor The result is the institution of a v derful variety in the size, shape special peculiarities of different bre with what appears to me to be a comitant loss in their intelligenc appears to me, in a word, that treatment of this noble animal. he is bred for ornament, is, in . degrading. -Scribner.

A Practical Solution.

A professor at the University of Texas was explaining some of the habits and customs of the ancient Greeks to his class. "The ancient Greeks built no roofs over their theatres," said the professor.

"What did the ancient Greeks when it rained?" asked Johnny Fizzle The professor took off his spectacle polished them with his handkerchiet,

and replied calmly: "They got we

I suppose."—Texas Siftings.

Austin K. Jones, who has rung the college bell at Harvard for nearly forty years, was not a bit flustered when he discovered the other morning that some mischievous students had carried away the bell's tongue. He obtained a hammer, and at the hour of 7.30 a, m. made noise enough