It masters time, it conquers space, It cows that boastful trickster chance. And bids the tyrant Circumstance Uncrown and fill a servant's place

The human Will, that force unsuen The offspring of a deathless Soul Can hew the way to any goal, Though walls of granite intervene.

Be not impatient in delay, But walt as one who un lerstands; When spirit rises and commands, The gods are realy to obey,

The river seeking for the sea, Confronts the dam and precipice, Yet knows it cannot fail or miss You will be, what you will to be. -Elia W. Wilcox, in Youta's Companion.

A HEROINE.



OW, Kitty, be sure the pudding goes over to boil at four o'clock, and keep an eye to the roast meat, for the Deacon don't like it burned.

"Yes, ma'am, I'll be sure and remember. ford, curtsey-

ing prettily. 'And Kate," said Deacon Osprey, "don't let strangers in, whatever you do, for there's that five hundred dollars in gold in the back bedroom chest, and all the silver spoons."

"I will be very careful, sir," said "Kitty! Kitty! Come here and tie my cravat," said Silas Osprey, who was fidgetting before the mirror.

So Kitty stood upon a footstool, blushing and smiling, to tie Mr. Silas's cravat for meeting.

"I wish you were going with us, Kitty," said the young man, with his chin elevated stiffly in the air. "Next Sunday I'll take you."

"Oh, that will be nice," said Kitty, growing pinker and pinker, as her sleader fingers pulled out the bow, and adjusted the ends. "Will that do

And Mrs. Osprey who had followed her husband out to the solid-looking old lumber wagon, gave a meaning, backward glance.

"I think Silas is getting fond of our Kitty," said the mother sagely, "Is he?" said the Deacon, with a

we know about her, except since the day she came here with her little bun--dle under her arm, asking for service.' "Yes, that's very true," said Mrs. Ospsey; "but she's pretty and smart,

and I know she's good, and—"
"Silas! Silas! Are you going to
stand there all day?" called out the

at the lonely h house door, her silken brown curls blown about in the dismal November wind, and her blue eyes sparkling beneath their prettily arched brows.

She went back into the house, singing softly under her breath, to prewas scarce heavier on the pine floor as an impromptu goblet. than a falling leaf would have been. 'No, I ain't a fool," said Bill, dash-

vegetables from their bins. She was we should meet some one.?" gone but a minute or two, but when she returned, the door leading upgts as, which she had left closed, stood it's best to be on the safe side, and oren, and on the lower statz a to-morrow nightmuchly footprint was distinctly im-

bag of twenty dollar gold pieces in the hig back chamber chest.

And while she stood there, holding by the table for support, she could den their booty in that hut?" hear confused footsteps upstairs, and the nurmur of deep voices.

ger master's treasures to the last, even to tell upon her slender frame. a mile distant.

But while her thoughts ran in a against the beams and rafters, whirlandherheartheattampesinously, She stole tremulously forward to jections of the old chimney.

various rooms in the straggling farm- vas bag!

likely to get in this confounded old ried toward the door. But, as she adshanty," said one balancing his foot vanced out of the close, moldy air of on one of the iron fire-dogs, "and be- the cabin into the gray November twi- farm was on the west bank of the sides the folks will be home press light, the strength seemed to die out river when he bought it ten years

Sandy Bill afraid!" jeeringly her heart. called out the other, who was opening and shutting the various cupboards and drawers about the apartment, greedily eyeing their contents.

"Hallo! here's some silver spoons," "Stow 'em away and let's be mov-

"Well, come then," said the other, discontentedly. "I evine five hundred ain't a bad day's ork; but somehow, I thought, from the looks of the crib, there might be old silver or some

such grabbings.' And they lounged out, side by side, with a cool deliberation that was almost appalling to the trembling girl who lurked in the shadow of the jagged brick work.

But Kitty Clifford's mind had been at work while she stood there; her resolution was taken.

Hurriedly tying a shawl around her head and shoulders, she sprang out of the house, by the back way, and dark and dreary house.

"Deacon Osprey," said the frightwoods which formed a short cut to the road they must presently emerge

'They would be hidden away somewhere long before I could summon help," thought Kitty. "No-whatever is done I must do myself,"

On either side the road was shut in by stunted cedar bushes, mingled with the clever growth of the gleaming silver-birch, and Kitty knew she could keep in sight of them unseen.

poor Kitty, with thrills of cold terror. 'Oh, it would be hard to be murdered in these solitary woods; to have my master think I stole the gold, and Mr. Silas

While the thoughts passed through her mind, the ring of coming footsteps echoed on the hard, frozen over exertion, and Mrs. Osprey's kindsaid Kitty Clif- ground. Kitty's conjecture had proved correct—they had taken the Hill and animation. The Deacon listened

> Onward, steadily onward, they pushed, Kitty contriving to keep nearly parallel with them, though she had to fight her way through matted vines and thorny bushes. Fortun-ately the wind had risen, and its mournful, rustling sound through the tree-tops, hid the noise she unavoidably made, else her detection would have been little short of inevitable.

> But with every precaution the peril was great. As she stepped unconsciously upon the fallen branch of a decayed tree, it snapped beneath her tread with a sharp, splintering sound! The two men paused to listen, seemed to consult together an instant, and then turned quickly toward the very copse in which she was hiding.

> Poor Kitty! She sank noiselessly down like a wounded bird, crouching away in mortal terror. But, although their footsteps almost touched the fluttering ends of her brown shawl, the gathering dusk stood her friend, and they passed by, unconscious of her presence.

It was several minutes before Kitty dared to rise once more to her feet; disturbed face. "But, wife, how little and then they were half way up a hill-side, dotted with blackened stumps, where a charcoal burner's shanty, long unused, and ia a ruinous condition, stood, with its oneunglazed like an eye.

ut-she saw them emero

one more into the road. And when they passed the co. caled watcher, the muffled, jingling and that had heretofore accompanied their footsteps was gone.

"You're a fool, Bill!" sullenly expere things for the tea-dinner which claimed one, as they stopped to rest the hungry church-goers would ex- on the edge of the road, and the tailer pact when they returned-a brisk, stooped to drink from a clear little nest-handed little Phyllis, whose step stream, using the hollow of his hand

She had put the pudding on to boil ing the bright drops away from his as the kitchen clock chined four, and mustache; "but I don't see no use in ran down into the cellar to get the running unnecessary risks. Suppose

> "We shan't!" "I'm none so sure of that. Anyway,

Their voices lowered a little now, died away into the distance, and Kitty, hatty's heart stood still with under standing alone in the woods, tried to fined terror, as she remembered the collect her scattered thoughts into some definite point of action.

"Shall I still follow them? or shall I go up and see if they have not hid-

For own moment she hesitated, then she began to creep up the hill-side Then there was more than one. Kit- with weary feet and lagging limbs, te's first instinct—that of defending for fatigue and terror were beginning

were it with her life-gave way to It was nearly dark when she crossed more practical considerations. She the moldering threshold and stood in thought of flying out into the road the solitary cabin. Through the and erying aloud for help, but then started timbers of the roof the steelshe remembered with a pang of de- gray sky gleamed with unnatural light, spair, how lonely was the desolate while the half-decayed boards of the hillside, with the nearest dwelling full floor creaked and gave beneath her weight. A fluttering noise in one "What can I do? Oh, what can I corner made her heart turn chill, and do?" thought Kitty, clasping both her the next instant she perceived it was hands over her throbbing forehead. but a dusky-winged bat, beating itself

the footsteps neared the stairway- look into the black, yawning chasm of the unwelcome guests were once more the mud chimney, the only place, as coming down. Instinctively Kitty it seemed to her, where anything as shrank behind the ragged brick pro- large as the doctor's canvas bag could be concealed. And as she picked her Two stout-built, short men, dressed way a board sprung beneath her feet in coarse gray, slouched down into -a board which had been loosely laid the kitchen, with the easy confidence across two beams without any securof those who imagine themselves en- ing nail. Instinctively she stoopedtirely without witnesses. Kitty had and there before her, wedged in benever seen them before, yet they tween the heavy timbers, over which seemed quite "posted" as to the had lain the board, was the little can-

She caught it in both hands, hug-"Come on, Jim. we've got all we're ging it close to her breast, and hurof her himbs, the vitality to ebb from

"Surely, surely I am not going to perish now," she thought, wildly, "when the danger is all surmounted, the peril all past! God will gever let

me die in this lonely place!" The half-murmured aspiration was

it lingles like a string o' sleigh bells!" I feeling left her, and she sank utterly unconscious on the door-step, with the canvas bag still clasped to her

heart! It was quite dark when the old lumber-wagon rolled up to the door, and Mrs. Osprey came into the house carrying the "extra" shawl upon her

"Kitty! Kitty! Why, where is the

child?" In vain she called, The fire had died out upon the hearth-the pan of vegetables stood upon the table, just as the girl had left it-the doors were open, and, altogether, there was an air of confused desolation about the

ened matron, grasping her husband's arm, "what does this mean?"

The Deacon set his teeth tightly together, but made no snswer. walked silently up stairs into the back room, and presently returned.

"It means, wife," he said, in a husky

"Hush!" said Mrs. Osprey, with

start. "What's that?" "Something at the door," said Silas, rising to open it. And as he did so, "If they should see me! If they a slender figure, drenched with chill should suspect my errand," thought rain, and robed in soiled, brier-torn garments, tottered forward into his sims, and the bag of gold fell to the kirchen floor with a dull, heavy sound. "Kitty!" he cried; "Mother, it is

Kitty, and she is dying!" But Kitty Clifford was not dyingshe was only fainting from fatigue and ly care soon restored her to strength silently to her story, and when she had finished he stroked her bright hair down with a gentle touch.

"My little girl," he said, "you have been very brave.

"Were you not frightened, Kitty?" asked Silas, tenderly.

"Yes, but it was worse when I came to myself after that fainting fit in the cabin on the hill. O, it was so dark -so dismal-so solitary, with owls hooting in the woods, and a bat flying round and round close to the ceiling.

When Messrs, "Jim and Sandy Bill" came after their secreted treasures the next night, their state of minds may easily be fancied. But they never suspected who the marplot was. Least of all would they have dreamed of pretty Kate Clifford, who was just engaged to be married to Deacon Osprey's son Silas. - New York News.

Curious Mode of Auctioneering.

The French mode of conducting auctions is rather curious. In sales of importance, such as of land, houses, etc., the affair is placed in the hands of a notary, who, for the time being, becomes an auctionear. The property, whatever be its nature, is first examined by competent judges, who fix upon it a price, considerably less than its value, but always sufficient to prewindow seeming to survey the valley | vent any loss by a preconcerted plan Kitty saw them disapped or combination of bidders. The proput-

five minutes. As soon as a bid is made one of these tapers is placed in full view of all interested parties and bid is offered, it is immediately extinguished and a fresh taper placed in its stead, and so on until one flickers and dies out of itself, when the last bid becomes irrevocable. This simple plan prevents all contention among rival bidders and affords a reasonable time for reflection before making a higher offer than the one preceding. By this means, too, the auctioneer is prevented from exercising undue influence upon the bidders or hastily accepting the bid of a favorite. - Chicago Herald.

Tissue Lamp Shades Are Dangerous,

With each new refinement of civilization there come new dancers. It is sufficient to recall the horrible scare of arsonic that followed the introduction of green wall papers. The last addition to the category of "deathsin the home" is not so far-reaching as this, for it deals with tissue-paper lamp shades, which many hold ought not to be included either among refinements or civilization. Dr. A. Dupra describes a case of presumably spontaneous ignition occurring with one of these shades in the day time, and analysis showed that the paper was colored with inflammable chromate of lead. A dangerous fire was only narrowly averted in consequence. Yellow and pale green tissue papers are especially to be avoided for lamp shades unless it can be shown that this risky substance is not present in them. It is easily detected by setting light to a piece of the paper and trying to blow it out again. Ordinary paper is extinguished at once, but the chromate will burn like touch paper until the whole is consumed. - Chicago Times.

The Missouri's Channel,

"The Missouri River is a restless stream," said a Westerner. "I can remember Yankton as on the river, and I can also remember it when it was two or three miles away. Missouri, when it takes a notion to appropriate a few farms, cuts them down like a steam plow would. You will see it start on a considerable strip of the rich black loam soil and out it down for miles. I have a friend whose ago. Two years later he lived on an island in the middle of the stream, and to-day he is on the east side. It is even more restless than the Mississippi; while there are not the same levees and other safeguards placed about it to prevent its encrosching upon the valuable farming lands along ing," said Bill. "Confound this bag! still on her lips when all sense and its banks."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

REV. DR. TALMAGE ANSWERS

The Question-Abiding Happiness Found Only in Devotion to God.

Trat: "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"-Lamentations III., 39.

If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from, and to the theologians where we came from, and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises, and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprise, the control of the contro

that we are saiding on it. So I am not sur-prised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

So omen in his unhappy moments says it is not, "Vanity," "vexation of spirit," "no goo!," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist, and that sourcel his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words

wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremials says in my text life is worth living. In a book supposed to be doleful and lugularious and sepulchrait and entitled "Lamentations" he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The author of my text cries out in startling intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?" A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair time. Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes and sound digestion and and blue eves an't sound direction and renerous salary and happily afflanced and in the way to become the partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important olerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes." Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tiptop of the hill of life. Every step has been a strubble and a life. Every step has been a stumble and a brulse. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and all the lood he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterborn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will drawl out in

shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide this matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much upon which way the wind blows. If the wind blow from the northwest, and you ask him, he will say, "Yes," and if it blow from the northeast, and you ask him, he will say "No." How are we, then, to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations tomakership suppose we call all flations to-cether in a great convention on eastern or western hamisphere and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Aye," and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misortune and trouble the "noss" would have from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right an-ewer. If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" I answer, it all depends upon the kind of life

In the first place, I remark that a life of vent any loss by a preconcerted plan or combination of bidders. The propter of small way. The poorest people in this country want. tapers, each capable of burning about as those men who have piled up fortunes five minutes. As soon as a bid is made year after year in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in

whole city blocks.
You ought to see them jump when they lighted. If, before it expires, another bear the firebell ring. You ought to see bid is offered, it is immediately extinwhen there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves fremble like harp strings, but no music in the vibration. They the tariff. read the reports from Wall street in the orning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, cuse, so they exten every breath of change in the money market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them-eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones,

Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human tody, and they say it is so much magnesta, so much lime, so much chlorate of po-tassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths, he would find he is made up of copper and gold and silver and sine and lead and coal and That is not a life worth living. There many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their eastles, and they open their pict-ure galleries, and they summon prima dop-urs, and they offer every indusement for and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live there, but happi-

ness w.il not come. They send footmanned and postillioned equipage to bring her; she will not ride to their door. They send princely excert; she will not take their arm. They make their rateways trimaphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the fullure of those who have had

large accumulation. And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of ille money getting fall far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with one domint idea of financial accumulation spen is a life not worth living.

So the idea of worldly approval. If that dominant in a man's life, he is miserable. The two most unfortunate men in this country for the six months of next presidential campaign will be the two mea noninated for the presidency. The reservoirs of abuse and distribe and malediction will gradually fill up, gallon above gallon, hogshead above hogshead, and about autumn these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a bose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these nominees, and they will have to stand it and take the abuse, and the falsehood, and the caricature, and the anathema, and the caterwauline, and the fi-th, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are choked and summerged and strangulated, and at every sign of returning consecousness they will be burked at by all the bounds of political parties from Devira to deean.

And yet there are a hundred men to-lay struggling for that privilege, and there are thousands of men who are nelping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth ifving. You can get standered and acrossleheaper than that! Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservo'r tolled over on you. But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every com-munity in the struggle for what is called

Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrilla tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth or the show of der, outclinding on up until his success and wealth is absolutely indispensable. There are men to-day as notorious for their liber-land. The other son stays at home because

tiniam as the night is famous for its darkness who move in what is called high social
position. There are hundreds of out and out
rakes in American society whose names are
mentioned among the distinguished guests
at the great levees. They have annexed all
the known human vices and are longing for
other worlds of diaholism to conquer. Good
morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find
in that realm men who would not know an
adverb from an adjective if they met it a
hundred times a day and who could not
writen letter of acceptance or regrets without
theald of a secretary. They buy their libraries
by the square yard, only anxious to have the
binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively sublime, making English grammar al-

binding Russian. Their ignorance is posttively sublime, making English grammar almost disreputable, and yet the finest parlors
open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessars, but wealth or a
show of wealth is positively indispensable.
It does not make any difference how you
got your wealth if you only get it. The best
way for you to get into social nosition is for
you to buy a large amount on credit, then
put your property in your wife's name, have

put your property in your wife's name, have a few preferred creditors and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the com-munity until the breeze is over and then come back and start in the same business. ome back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quickly it will get you trie high social position! What is the use of forcy or afty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? fortune? Ab, my friends, when you really lose your money how quick they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

There are thousands to lay in that realm

who are anxious to keep in it. There are thousands in that realm who are nervous for fear they will tall out of it, and there are chances going on every year and every month and every hour which involve heartbreaks that are never reported. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the deli-cate question as to whom they shall let in and whom they shall push out, and the battle is going on—pier mirror against pier mir-ror, chandelier against chandelier, wine cel-lar against wine cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Un-certainty and insecurity dominant in that realm, wretchedness enthroned, tortur) at a premium and a life not worth living.

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indul-gence, a life of worldiness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh and the devil is a failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you sent to that cradle, or how many garlands you send to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstone this inscription. "Better

for that man if he had never been born."

But I shall show you a life that is worth living. A young man says: "I am here, I am not responsible for my ancestry. Others decided that I am not responsible for my temperament; God gave methat. But here I am, in the afternoon of the nineteenth cen-tury, at twenty years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body which is a divinely constructed eaging. I must put it to the very best uses and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean appacity to piek out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch sweetest music and the voices of frien iship—the very best music. A tougue, with almost lufinity of articula-Yes, hands with which to welcome or resist or lift or smite or wave or bless-hands to help myself and help others.

"Here is a world which, after 600) years of battling with tempest and accident, is still grander than any architect, human or angelle, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me-a golden lamp and a silver lamp-a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, a silver lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantel of the night. Yea, I have that at twenty years of age which defles all inventory of valuables—a soul with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or to hate. Pisto says it is immortal. Shacea says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal. it is immortal. An old book among the fam-ily relies, a book with leathern cover almost worn out and pages almost obliterated by oft perusal, joins the other books in saying I am immortal. I have eighty years for a lifetime, sixty years yet to live. I may not lifetime, sixty years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently and for a long lite. Sixty years added to the twenty I have already plans in the lifetime and to like the well before me to either I have already brief preface to the five hundred thousand millions of quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. Now I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities.

sponsibilities.
"If there is any being in the universe all wise and all beneficent who can help a man in such a juncture, I want him. The old book found among the family ralics tells me there is a God, and that for the sake of His Son, one Jesus, He will give help to a man. To Him I appeal. God help me! Here I have yet sixty years to do for myself and to do for others. I must develop this body by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all sun-shine, by all fresh air, by all good habits. And this soul I must have swept and garn-I can do for it and all that I can get God to do for it. It shall be a Luxemburg of the pictures. It shall be an orchestra of grand harmonies. It shall be a paince for Gol and righteousness to reign in. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the next sixty years. I will try. I wonder how many

cool deeds I can do in the next sixty years?
I will try. God help me?
That young man enters life. He is buffetel; he is tried; he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side, and a grave opens on that side. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavors, and at the close of it God says to him, "Well done, good and taithful servant: enter into the joys of thy Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at thirty, forty, fifty, ware, seventy or civilty years of are. You sexty, seventy or eighty years of age. You can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words: "His life was

worth living." Amid the nills of New Hampshire in olden times there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough; hard work to coan a living out of it. Mighty rug to make the two ends of the year meet. boys go to school in winter and work the form in summer. Mother is the chief pre-dding spirit. With her bands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the mantua maker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house-the spinning wheel. The fool is very plain, but it is aiways well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blautets ahe quitted. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around er, the minister looks down and is remin! ed of the Binie description of a good house-wife: "Her children arise up and call her blessed. Her busoand also, and he praiseth

Some years go by, and the two eldest boys want a collectete emeation, and the house-hold economics are severer, and the calculations are closer, an i until those two hoys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the university, stands in a pulpit widely influential an ipreaches righteousness, judgment and temperance, and thousan is during his min-istry are blessed. The other lad who got the collegiate education goes into the law, and thence into legislative halls, and after a wa is he commands listening senates as he makes a pies for the downtro iden and tus outsast. One of the younger boys becomes

he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they get old.

Of the two daughters, when the war broke out one went through the hospital of Pittsburg Landing and Fortress Monroe, cheering up the dying and homesick, and taking the last message to kindred far away, so that every time Christ thought of her He said, as of old, "The same is My sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon of the forenoon when she has been devoted to her household she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five absent ones, saying, "Come; mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start they receive another telegram, saying, "Come; mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect. But as that farming son, and the clergyman, and the senator, and the merchant, and thetwo daughters stand by the casket of they dead mother, taking the last look or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandms, I want to ask that group around the casket one question, "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of unsolfishness, a useful life, a Christian life, is always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you

life of unselfishness, a useful life, a Christian life, is always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad. Peter Cooper, making glue for a living and then amassing a great fortune until he could build a chilanthrophy which has had its echo in 10,000 philanthroples all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Methodism and the other son to ring his anthems all through the ages. I to ring his anthems all through the ages. I would not find it hard to persuade you that the life of Frances Leere was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke out between France and Germany went to the front, and with her Germany went to the front, and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches with her weak arm, standing one night in the hospital, pushing back a German soldier to his couch as, all frenzied with his wounds, he rushed toward the door and said: "Let me go! Let me go to my 'liebe mutter," Major-Generals standing back to let pass this angel of nergy.

Neither would I have hard work to per-suade you that Grace Darling lived a life worth living—the herene of the lifeboat. You are not wondering that the Duchess of You are not wondering that the Duchess of Northumberland came o see her, and that people of all lands aske for her lighthouse, and that the proprietorof the Adeiphi Theatre, in London, offerd her \$100 a night just to sit in the lifebat while some shipwrecked seens was beigt enacted.

But I know the thought in the minis of hundreds who read thi You say, "While i know all these lived ves worth living, I don't think my life amonis to much." Ah, my friends, whether pu live a life con-

don't think my life amonis to much." Ab, my friends, whether pu live a life con-spicious or inconspicuot, it is worth living it you live aright. And want my next senit you live aright. And want my next sentence to go down into the depths of all your souls. You are the rewarded, not according to the grewess of your work, but according to the holy industries with which you employd the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns of heaven will none given to people with ten talents, for mit of them were tempted only to serve theselves. The vast majority of the crowned heaven will be majority of the crownof heaven will be given to people who had a talent, but gave it all to God. And remaker that our life here is futrojuctory to nother. It is the vestibule to a palace, buwho despises the door of the Madelene scause there are grander glories within? our life if rightly lived is the first bar of leternal oratorlo, and who despises the fit note of Haydn's symphonies? And the byou live now is all the more worth living cause it opens into a life that shall never d, and the last letter of the word triangle. letter of the word "time's the first letter of the word "eternity!"

A Sky Scraper toPhysicians:

The physicians of ew York City are to erect a palat eleven-story office building devote intirely to the profession. Over the rtals is to be carved the name, "o New York Medical Building." I building has been designated with scial reference to the needs of tenantho are to be exclusively members the medical profession or engaged occupations directly associated witnedical practice, and no office wibe rented to any tenant whose stang in the profession is not entirely isfactory. will probably be load near the Academy of Medicine, Forty-third street, between Fifth d Sixth avenues.

It will have every conience and practical facility for thecommodation of tenants, such as agency for trained nurses, mail cht, pneumatic tubes, steam heat, elec light, electrie motor power, chairs will make it preable for an invalid to be conveyed n a carriage to the elevator and the to an office in any part of the lling. The ground floor will becupied by stores, which, it is bold, will be very desirable for apothries, instrument makers and optici

There will be about luites in the building. The materto be used will be white granite. to entrance will be one story highd will be about fifty feet deep, thain structare rising eleven sts on three sides of this foyer. Thrance will be very artistically dein carved granite, with massive night iron There will bensiderable carving about the first tories, and everything about the for of the building will be of lighbrs. - Chicago Herald.

A Remarkablt. "I saw a new fish new to me,

at least-in the KenneRiver re-cently," said J. S. Stale, of Augusta, Me., at Hurst'The poor tish have no chance at th it. was an ordinary net, prd with a rubber tube all around op. The tube is connected witimpressed air-pump, operated in boat on the shore. The net ilk and the fish are attracted overmiddle of it, either by an incendt lamp or by bait, if the fishe does not want to carry too much bernalia. When enough fish havbered the fisherman works his sim and inflates the rubber tube, ses slowly and so gently as not to: the fish. In this way when entirdated the whole top of the net ind to the surface of the water, etely surrounding the entrapph. They shoot downward in flind never seek to go over an obstad so all are easily taken. The is reset simply by allowing thato escape from the rubber tube, the net sinks again, -St. Louis-Demo-