A SONG OF LOVE.

I was as poor as the poorest, dear, and the hemlocks world-it passed me by :

But not that day when you came my way, with the love-light in your eye.

Ah! not that day when the fragrant May bent over the world her sky l

I was as lone as the lonellest, love, with never a dream of bliss ;

But not that day when you passed my way and leaned to my thankful kiss !

Nay ! not that day, while my lips can say "There was never a joy like this !"

Dear, it is something to know this love-let the skies be black or blue :

It is something to know that you love me so-the tender, the sweet, the true !

And my heatt will beat for that love, my sweet, till I dream in the dust with you.

-F. D. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

AN ECCENTRIC LADY.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

had seen better



ov typewriter and stenographer and devote herself to something else, that she realized how serious was her position.

What, then, should that "something else' be?

"I'm not young," meditated Miss Sparkle. "And I'm not particularly attractive. And I don't know anything but stenography-and I have no money had up. Under these circumstances, what is something else? I wonder if I did a wise thing, ten years ago, when I refused to be Huber Mellen's wife, because I preferred the excitement of a city life to settling down on a farm? Huber was a nice fellow, and I do believe he liked me. What a pity it is we can't live our lives twice over! Well, he's married to Caudace Meriam now, and I hope they're both very happy.'

And Bessie would have shed a few tears if she had not remembered just in time that the eve-doctor had strictly prohibited the luxury of crying.

Instead of that, she fitted on a pair of very unbecoming spectacles and begon to scan the "Wants" column of the newspaper.

It was, however, through Mrs. Montagn, the district visitor of a neighboring "Ladies' Benevolent Association," that Miss Sparkle finally heard of a situation which she thought might possibly "suit."

Mrs. Montagu had come to ask for a monthly donation which the little typewriter had always given of her * ward the wants of those mallin where seeill be man-310

pusaie torgot an app "S'eye-doc-'tor when she saw the d. ____t visitor, and burst into tears.

"I've no more money for an, Mrs. ontagu," said she. "In 6215. I Montagu," said she. don't know whether I'm not a fit subject for charity myself." Mrs. Montagu heard the story. She

smiled.

self," said the voice, growing more and more imperious in its accents. day, its foundations burned in funereal ivy and masses of blue-gray 'Open the door, please.' She rang and she knocked, and she

"I can't," said Bessie, in desperation. "The key is gone, I tell you." knocked and she rang, until she was "Then open a window. At once, almost inclined to go away again in despair, when at last a shuffling foot-

please. Matters are becoming a little suspicious," she heard the unknown fall was heard in the hall, and a tall, gaunt female in blue spectacles, and claimant say to some one outside. "I won't," said Bessie, valiantly.

carrying a lamp in one hand, came to "My orders are to --- " "Who are you?" said the female,

"Will you be so good as to stand aside?" interrupted the voice. "I am whose large features and awkward mien nearly set poor little Bessie off the constable !

There was a sudden sound of break-"I am Miss Sparkle. the new coming glass and splintering wood; the panion," said she. "Recommened by big stained glass window in the hall Mrs. Montagn, of St. Cristoforo's was shivered to atoms, and two men sprang in.

"Beg your pardon, I'm sure," said the foremost of the pair ; "but we're in search of an escaped convict-a burglar-who is concealed somewhere in this neighborhood, and it is our duty to leave no stone unturned to capture him. You, at least," with a smile, "are no villain in disguise."

Miss Sparkle gave a gasp. "What is Mrs. Edgecumbe like?"

said she. "Short and stout, with light blue eyes and very white hair," was the surprised 'answer. "Where is she? Have you called her?"

"She isn't here at all," said Bessie. "And-and I'm almost certain that the burglar is up stairs, in woman's clothes. Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! I wonder the eccentric lady; "but I thought on I'm not murdered! Go and look in a pinch- You see, U'on't know how all the rooms. I looked, but it was so gloomy, and- Oh, please hurry !"

But their search revealed only a heap of women's clothing and a pair of spectacles lying close to the basement door. A draught of evening air was floating through an open cellar window, and the imitation Mrs. Edgecumbe was gone.

"But," said Bessie, growing hysterical again, "what is to become of me?" The constable eyed her rather dubiously. He had not yet heard that the burglar had any accomplices, but circumstances were beginning to look very strange.

"Here," said a quiet voice, clos. to them, at that moment, "what is my house all open for at this time of night? And what are you doing here, Sam Wiggins?"

"It's Mrs. Edgecumbe !" shouted the constable.

"Why, who should it be?" demanded the newcomer. "I got a letter this morning, begging me to go up to my sister's, at Deephaven, with my housekeeper, and when I got there, it seemed that it was a false summons, I returned at once, and find a lot of people in possession. Now what does all this mean ?"

Between the constable and the constable's deputy and Miss Sparkle, the uestion was soon elucidated.

The telegram had been sheepishly handed Mrs. Edgecumbe as she drove past the railroad station, and she was prepared to see the New York visitor. But the burglar had made his escape.

poons-the scoundrel!" cried Mrs. wheels set the oater or traveling Edgecumbe, as she opened her safe. "The insolence of the wretch--trying to pass himself off as me !"

"And such a good supper as I cooked "I wish she wouldn't drink her tea so noisily out of the saucer and put "We'll capture him yet, never fear,"

said Sam Wiggins, encouragingly.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Love is a creature of circumstances. A woman despises a bad man of her own making.

What a true gentleman is, he was in the beginning.

A woman's sincerity is susceptible of modification.

Judgment is the fence between impulse and action. Age and enthusiasm always travel in

opposite directions.

A man never knows how to be a son until he has become a father.

Irregular honesty is harder to handle than regular dishonesty.

The people pay too much attention to what they hear over the back fence.

Hope deferred maketh the heart hustle around in some other locality.

A woman is not so much concerned in what man loves her, as how he loves her.

The wicked flee when no man pur-sueth, but the officeseeker abideth with us forever.

Marriage consists of five minutes at the head of the procession, and a life

time in the ranks. The people who boast of their ancestors, as a rule have nothing in their present condition to boast of.

Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth and let not thine heart be glad when he slippeth on a banana peel.

Work keeps a man from doing mean things, but there can't be enough of it to keep him from thinking them.

The girl with one beau to her string stands a better chance of not being an old maid than the girl with a dozen.

Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of campaign excitement is like a broken tooth and a foot out of joint.

Lovers love to tell each other what they think of each other. So do married people, sometimes-and they do it, too.

Be not a witness against thy neighbor in a contention over a line fence. Say not "I will do him up as he hath done to me."

The Unicycle.

For some years inventors have been cudgeling their brains to increase speed and lessen labor on self-propelled vehicles. Most of us remember the clumsy velocipede, then came the high wheel, which has been supplanted by the modern, easy-going safety, with its ball-bearings and pneumatic wheels. This safety now has a record surpassing the fastest horse---in fact, recently in this city, one man beat three horses. It looks now as if the safety must go to the rear. The coming scorcher appears to be the unicycle, which, as its name implies, has only one wheel. This wheel is about six feet in diameter, and the rider sits easily inside. After once started, as in a safety bicycle, and continued for "With my best silver forks and a few moments until the small inner wheel spinning, when its own momentum, aided by a slight forward inclination of the rider's body. This unicy-"And such a good supper as I cooked him !" said Bessie, ringing her hands. clination of the rider's body to the right or left causes it to roll easily around any course or corner or in any desired direction. The law of gravitation controls its movements, and it is said to be easily stopped by simply leaning backward. The inventor claims that he will reduce the weight of the unicycle to fifty pounds, which, while not as low as that of a racing safety, yet he proposes to reduce its present speed of a mile in two minutes to just half that time, or about the same as our best locomotives and less than half of the best time record of our fastest horses. The rider being protected by his traveling wheel, the unicycle appears to combine safety and the greatest speed with the least labor. --- Atlanta Constitution.

ESCAPING DEATH ETERNAL.

OBVIOUS TRUTHS PRESENTED

By Dr. Talmage in a Forcible Manner-Ealvation to Be Had for the Asking.

Terr. "I am excapal with the skin of my teeth," Job xix., 20.

Job had it hard. What with boils and be-reavements and benkruptey and a fool of a wife be wished he was dead, an I I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away un-til nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schul-tens and Drs. Gool and Poole and Barnes have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation and say. "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummles of Exypt, thousands of years old, are found to-day with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and putting his band against the inflamed face he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

the skin of my tests." A mescaped with the skin of my tests." A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul, but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel but, as Job finally second, so have they. Thank Go !! Thank

Paul expresses the same idea by a differ-Paul expresses the same idea by a differ-ent figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flamse. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have showed off. The flames ad-vance. You can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel and hold on with your flagers un-it the boats of the fire bedges to the vesses and hold on with your fingers un-til the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the passengers say they blink they have room for one more. The think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you; you drop into it you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially con-sumed, but after all get off—'saved as by fre," But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out, and I want to show you, if food will half that may make make if God will help, that some men make nar-row escape for their souls and are saved as with the skin of their teeth.

It is as easy for some people to look to the cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Caristians. You go over to the store and say, "Grandon joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say "Toat is just what might have been expect-He always was of that turn of mind. In youth this person whom I describe was aiways good. He never broke things. He aiways good. He never broke things. He never inughed when it was improper to inugh. At seven he could sit an hour in caurch, percectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor to tae left, out straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when

the matter was decided. Here is another one, who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house roof to see it he could balance himself. Inere was no horse he dared not ride, no tree he could not climb. His boynood was a long series of pre-dicaments; his manhood was reckiess; his midlife very wayward. But now ne is con-verted, and you go over to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the church yesterday." Your friends say : "It is not possible! You must be joking." You say : "No , I tell you the truth. he joined the church." 4-19-21they reply, "There is hops for any of us if old Arkwright has become a Unristian." In other words, we all admit that it is

more difficult for some men to accept the gospel than for otners.

I may be addressing some who have cut loose from churches and Bioles and Sundays and who have at present no intention of be coming Christians themseives, but just to see what is going on. And yet you may find yoursell escaping before you near as "with the skin of your testh." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch and drop their nets and aiter awane come ashore putting in their nets without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, of they had not the right kind of a net. But we expeet no such excursion to-day. The water is full of fish ; the wind is in the right direction ; the gospel net is strong. O mou who diust heip Snaon and Andrew to han, snow us to-any now to cast the net on the right side of the ship ! Some of you, in coming to God, will have to run against skeptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Caristian rengion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation or trial or betrayal you have come to your present state 1 Know not. There are two gates to your nature-the gate of the head and the gate of the heart. The gate of your nead is locked with poits and cars tunt an arenanges could not breas, out the gate of your neart swings easily on its hinges. If a assaulted your ooly with weapons you would meet me with weapons, and It would be sword stroke for sword stroke, and wound for wound and blood for blood, In' if I come and snock at the door of your house you open it and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at you today with an argument, you would answer me with an argument . if with sarcasm, you answer me with sareasm, blow for blow, stroke for stroke, but when I come and knock at the door of your heart you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and heaven." Listen to two or three questions: Areyou as happy asyou used to be when you balleyed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian and was thoroughly consistent living and dying in the faith of the gospel, Would you not like to live the same quiet life and die the same perceful death? I re-ceive la letter sent me by one who has rejected the Christian religion. If says, "I amoid enough to know that the joys and pleasures of life are evanescent and to realize the fact that if must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the high to believe in something relative to the future and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save. I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willingly out of the shurch or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of un-rest Sometimes I doubt my immediate rest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality and look upon the deathbed as the closing seene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done. Ah, skepti-cism is a dark and doleful land! Let me say that this Bible is either true or faise. If

been carried on by members of the church. There are men in the churches who would not be trusted for \$5 without gool collateral security. They leave their business dishon-esties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having con-cluded the sucrament, they get up, wips the wine from their lips, go out and take up their sins where they let off. To serve tha devil is their regular work; to serve Gol, a sort of play spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a mun's life as a specimen of religion than you have to have no more right to take such a mai's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted irons and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a speci-men of an American ship. It is time that we drew a line between religion and the fcali-ties of those who profess it.

ties of those who profess it. Again, there may be some of you who, in the attempt atter a Christian life, will have to run against powerful passions and ap-petites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against, and per-haps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know of a Chris-tian man who was once so exasperated i that he said to a mean customer, "I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a member of the eburch, but if you will go down stairs my partner in business will swear at you." All your good resolutions here to for have been forn to tatters by explosions of temper. Now, there is no harm in getting mad if you only get mad at sin. You need to bridle and saddle these hot breathed passions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand thinks in the word that we ought to be mad at. There is no harm in getting redhot if you only bring to harm in getting redhot if you only bring to the torge that which needs hammering. A man wao has no power of righteous indig-pation is an imbedie. But be sure it is a righteous indignation and not a petulancy that butca and unravels and declates the that biurs and unravels and depletes th

There is a large class of persons in midlife There is a large class of persons in midlife who have still in them appetites that were aroused in early manhood, at a time whera they prided themselves on being a "little inst," "high livers" "iree and easy," "hadi fellows well met." They are now paying in compound interest for troubles they collected twenty years ago. Nome of you are try-ing to escape, and you will, yet very mar-rowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the baseh of heaven, the multitude whom Gol has re-cued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn your back on the wrong and start anew. Gol will belp you. Ob, the and start snew. Gol will help you. Ob, the weakness of human help! Men will sym-pathize for a while and then turn you off. If you ask for their parlon, they will give it and say they will try you again; but, fail-ing away again under the power of tempta-tion, they east you off forever. But Gol forgives seventy times seven—yea, seven hundred times—yea, though this be the ten thousandth time He is more carnes, more exemptatic more helpful this hast time than sympathetic, more beloful this last time than when you took your first misstep. I', with all the influences favorable for a

right life, men make so many mistakes, how much harder it is when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue and pulls a man down with hands of destruction. If under such circumstances he break away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wres-tiers move from side to side and bend and twist and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke until, with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended, and the veins start out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit fails under the knee of the victor—escaped at last as with the skin of his teeth

In the last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer and John Knex and Huss and Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Cheig. tian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall street, Water street, Pearl street, Broat street, State street, Thirl street, Lombard street and the bourse. On earth they were called brokers or stockjobbers or retailers of importers, but in heaven Christian heroes, No fagots were heaped about their feet, no inquisition demanded from them recenta-tion, no soldier aimed a spike at their heart. but they had mental tortures, compared with which all physical consuming is as the

breath of a spring morning I find in the community a large class of men who have been so cheated, so lie l about, monely upongoad that they have lost faith in everything. In a world where every thing seems so topsy turvy they do not see how there can be any God. They are confounded and frenzied and misauthropic, Elaborate argument to prove to them the truth of Christianity or the truth of anything else touches them nowhere. Hear me, all such men I preach to you no rounded periods, no ornamental discourse, but I put my hand on your shoulder and invite you into the peace of the gospel. Here is a rock on which you may stand firm, though the waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic, pitching its surf clear above Eldy-stone lighthouse. Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to God, God stuck to the world, but the earth seconded from His government, and hence all these outrages and all these woes. God is good. For many hundreds of years He has been coaxing the world to come back to Him, but the more He has coaxed the more violent have men been in their resistance, and they have stepped back and stepped back until they have

her knife so far into her mouth.' thought Mrs. Sparkle. I say," proclaimed Mrs. Edgecumbe, as she pushed her chair back, "I've got a headache !"

"I don't want a companion," said the blue speciacled personage, after a brief interval of silence. "Yes, you do," said Bessie, remem-bering what the district visitor had told her as to the eccentricity of this Mrs. Edgecumbe. "Let me come in, please. I'm tired and hungry."

The blue spectacled woman seemed to brighten up at this allusion. "Can you cook?" said she.

days. It was not "A little," Bessie answered. until her eyes be-"Why ?"

the door.

Church."

into a hysterical giggle.

gan to fail her with "Because the servant is gone," said such ominous rapthis very eccontric lady, "and I haven't idity that the doc-

had my supper." tors bade her leave "But," stammered Bessie, "I didn't off her profession

engage as cook." "No, I know that," calmly assented to cook."

And she withdrew into a side room hung with black-a-vised family portraits and folds of beautiful old tapestry, and sat down, with the lamp on a table beside her.

"Show me to my room, please," said Bessie. "And when I have removed a little of the dust of travel. I'll see what I can do.

Mrs. Edgecumbe jumped up again, seized the lamp, and conducted her to a pretty room furnished in pink-andwhite chintz, with a view over the tops of the hemlocks toward the river.

"Think you'll like this room?" said she, insinuatingly.

"Oh, it's delightful !" cried Bessie. But when the lamp had gone bobbing down the stairs again, her heart

sank within her. "I don't think Mrs. Montagu could

have known it," pondered she, "but that woman is certainly touched in her mind. I never saw such a coarse face in my life, and she wears a wig, and an ill-fitting one at that. And she actually behaves as if she were afraid of me-me, Bessie Sparkle! And I wonder if this no-servant business is only an emergency or a permanent arrangement?

But she washed away the dust, brushed out her brown hair where a streak of gray was beginning to obstrude itself here and there, pinned on a clean collar and coffs, and boldly demanded the way to the kitchen.

There she cooked a dainty little supper with the material she found on hand. "That'ne by said Mrs. Edge-cumberined and ate and drank like a very 4a. ngry person.

'Don't fret, Miss Sparkle," said she. "I know of the very place you need. Companion to an eccentric lady in the country. It's been on my books for six months, but I could get no one to take it, because of the solitude of the place. It's astonishing how desperately city people hate to go out of the city. You don't mind?'

"I'd go to-Mars, to get a situation." said Bessie.

Mrs. Montagu nodded encouragingly, and consulted her tablels on the spot.

"Mrs. Edgecumbe," said she, reading out the data in a monotonous man-"White Rocks, New Jersey, ner. Companion. Twenty dollars a month and found. One month's vacation, salary to go on. No Sundays. No extras.

"What does that mean?" gasped Bessie.

"Simply," explained Mrs. Montagu, But she's substantial. I used to know | terrific knocking at the door. her years ago, and I think---I'm quite what do you say?"

"I say yes," Bessie answered.

For, even while Mrs. Montagu had been speaking, her mind had revolved the pros and cons, and she had decided to risk everything.

"Good !" said the district visitor. miles beyond. I'll telegraph to-day, mand. and some one will be there to meet you. Pack your bag. Go at once." So Bessie Sparkle packed her bag, tone.

and went.

At Barley Station there was no one to meet her.

"What am I to do?" she asked, a little discomposed.

the ticket agent, shrugging his shoulders. "Edgeeumbe's folks never does anything like any one else."

"But they were telegraphed to."

"felegrafts don't make no difference to Edgecumbe's folks," said the agent, guiltily slipping a time-table find out, I suppose. over the yellow envelope that lay undelivered on his desk, and saying to but with no response. himself:

"I swan to goodness, I forgot all about it !"

And Bessie Sparkle, carrying her or glen, through which brawled a little stream, until she came to a picturesque old stone house, which seemed to be balancing itself on the edge of a gray precipice, its chimneys crimsoned with the last light of the dying

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"Have you? I'm very sorry," said Bessie. "And I think I'll go to bed."

"Won't you have some of my smelling saits?" timidly asked Bessie.

"I can always sleep 'em off best," said her employer. "And if any one

comes, tell 'em I can't Le disturbed.' So saying, Mrs. Edgecumbe, accompanied by her lamp, vanished from

the scene. Bessie followed her with grave, questioning eyes.

"It's very strange!" observed she to herself. "Such a supper as she ate, too! Mrs. Montagu said she was a

very eccentric lady." And she busied herself clearing away the table in expressive silence.

It was nearly nine o'clock, and she was just going to her own little pink-"that she is a very eccentric lady, and white nook, when there came a

She lighted a lamp, during which sure---that when you become used to time the knocking went on in a nerve her oddities, you'll like her. Well, racking manner, and hurried down stairs.

> "Please, who's there?" said she. "Because the key is gone, and I can't open the door.

"Is Mrs. Edgecumbe at home?" demanded a voice.

"Yes-but she has gone to bed with "Central Railroad of New Jersey to a headache, and can't be disturbed," Barley Station. White Rocks is five Bessie answered, with an air of com-

> "Who is it that is speaking?" the voice still questioned, in a puzzled

"It is I, Miss Sparkle-the new companion.'

A brief silence followed.

"Will you ask her," the voice once more resumeed, "if any one looking "Tain't fur across the fields," said | like a tramp has passed this way since noon?

"I'll ask," said Miss Sparkle; and she slowly toiled upstairs again.

"I don't know which room Mrs. Edgecumbe's is," she thought; "but I can knock at all the doors until I

She knocked ... at one and at all-

Next she ventured to open all the doors, recealing half a dozen handsome, solidly furnished rooms, but all were empty as the apartments in an hand bag, leaving her little trunks to | enchanted palace, and Bessie shrauk be sent for, walked valorously across from the shalows, that seemel to the fields and through a rocky gorge | reach at her with their black fingers from the distant corners.

Presently she came back again, very much discomfited.

"I-I can't find her," faltered she ; "but I know she has a headache." "I must see Mrs. Edgecumbe her-

"He can't have got much of a start. And he went away with his subordinate, leaving Miss Sparkle and Mrs. Edgecumbe to cultivate each other's acquaintance at their leisure.

At about noon the next day the constabulary wagon drove by, with the burglar comfortably seated on the back seat, decorated with handcuffs.

"Your forks and spoons are all right, Mrs. Edgecumbel" called out Sam Wiggins.

The burglar looked up and met Bessie Sparkle's horrified gaze.

Was it only her imagination, or did he actually wink at her?

"Well," she cried, hurriedly withdrawing her head from the open window, "that was really an adventure! If I had known who he was."

Mrs. Edgecumbe laughed. She and Bessie had become excellent friends by that time.

"Yes," said she, "you must have thought I was a very eccentric lady, indeed."-Saturday Night.

Milk and Cheese Brain Food.

Is skim milk or cheese brain food? A paper by M. Becamp, which M. Freidel has just read to the Paris Academy, gives an affirmative answer. M. Becamp has for some time been devoting himself to the study of He has found that it caseine. chemically differs from all other albuminoids with which he is acquainted. One of its properties is, when burned pure, to make no ashes. He experimented on burne leaseine, not with the view of coming to the conclusion he now enunciates, but to an opposite one, namely, that there is no phosphorus in caseine. In a num-ber of experiments he found that yune. absolutely pure caseine contains 753 parts out of 1000 of organic phosphorus. He has also demonstrated the presence in caseine of sulphur, and, therefore, that this substance is made up of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, phosphoras, sulphur and oxygen. Milk and cheese are accordingly brain restorers. - New

Oldest Armored Ship.

York World.

The London World says that the Wirrior, the oldest armor-clad ship in the world, built entirely of iron, is about to be renovated and prepared for service abroad as a guard ship at one of the coaling stations. She was lauuched by the Thames Iron Works Company, at Blackwall, England, De- feet; Pocahontas, 40.2 cubic feet. cember 29, 1860, and commissioned for the first time in August, 1864, by Captain A. A. Coerane, for service in the channel. She is to have new boilers, certainly, and a new secondary battery of quick-firing guns.

Too Many Cats for Comfort,

A Brooklyn statistician figures that there are 100,000 cats in the city of churches, and that one-tenth of the million or so population are kept awake nightly by the feline concerts. This is at the rate of one case of insomnia for each cat, and the Medical Record calculates from this that there are in the United States 6,000,000 cats and 6,000,000 cases of insomnia. Plainly this is a factor in human health which the doctors cannot afford to ignore. It is folly to treat a patient for insomnia thought to have been induced by overwork or worry or general ill-health, when the rea trouble is cats. Doubtless in nine out of ten cases of the dreaded ailment the prescription should be leaden pills for the cats instead of sugar coared pellets for the patient. Physicians can prolitably pass a portion of their vacations investigating this branch of medical practice. - New Orleans Pica-

Standard Coal Measurements.

The following standard for the measurement of free burning coal in domestic sizes has been determined by us, after the most thorough and carefully conducted tests, says Her-bert's Facts and Figures. Net tons (2000 pounds) of the various sizes occupy cabic feet as follows: Broken coal, 33 cubic feet; egg coal, 33.6 cubic feet; stove coal, 34.2 cubic feet; nut coal, 35 cubic feet; Posahontas coal, 36 cubic feet. Gross tons (2240 pounds) of the same sizes, require: Broken coal, 37 cabic feet; egg coal, 37.6 cubic feet: stove coal, 38.2 cubic feet; nut coal, 39.2 cubic

Positivists are followers of August Comte, who in 1867 organized a church in England, which, instead of worshipping God, reverence eminent benefactors of the human race.

It he false, we are as well off as you , if it be true, then which of us is safer?

Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it. You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a that adything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contempti-ble men in your protession. Is that anything acainst medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauters in your business. Is that anything against merchan-diss Behold, then, the unfairness of charg-ing upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples. disciples

We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have

dropped into run. Try this God, ye who have had the bloodhounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotien you. Try Him and see if He will not help. Try Him and see if He will not parton. Try Him and see if He will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth com-pared with the glow of His heart. The waters have no refreshment like the foun-tain that will slake the thirst of thy soul. At the moment the reindeer stands with his lip and nostril thrust into the cool mountain tor rant the hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without crackling a stick under his foot he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, oraws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death agony and falls backward, its antiers crashing on the rocks, but the panting heart that drinks from the water brooks of God's promise shall never he fa-tally wounded and shall never die.

The Only Phrase He Knew.

Sir Andrew Agnew, the last of the hereditary sheriffs of Galloway, had a strong prejudice against the French, and though often thrown into the society of Frenchmen, plumed himself on his ignorance or their language. Once, while journeying to dinburgh, Sir Andrew haited over sunday at his daughter's house, and attended the parish church.

The minister, having given out h's text from the Old Testament, disputed the correctness of the authorized translation. In enforcing his pinion he quoted the text in the Hebiew original, and the words sounded to Sir Andrew's ear as the French salutation, ".omment yous portez-vous?"

The sheriff writhed in his seat, and it was with the greatest dimculty that his daughter kept him from speaking out his feelings. But as soon as the benediction had been p onounced, tir Andrew's wrath ex-pi ded. To the amusement of the congregation he roared out:

"The scoundrel! Yet 1 might ha" torgi'en him had he not used the only French words 1 ever knew!"