NOW AND THEN.

Oh, now and then there comes a day When all our skies are ! right, And all of life's appointed way Is bathed in golden light When roses hide no thorns beneath . When love has no alloy : And sephyrs full of perfume breathe

From out the hills of joy. The present is a fleeting thing-The past will live for aye,

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And all its store of pleasures bring Forever and a day. And softer shall the echoes come From time's receding shore;

Each will glean a pleasure frow The days that are no more,

Oh, memories of such, awake? And glad the weary Now: A wreath of recollections make To crown the dreamer a brow. Oh, silent voice and vanished hand, Bring back the golden sheaves The ripple of the waters and

The laughter of the leaves. - Nan Waterman, in Chicago Journal.

SEVEN DAYS.

BY RATE PUINAM OSGOOD,



100 bassenger in the

musty old stage coach which had jogged heavily along for twelve weary miles. The journey was enlivened by simoons of dust that strengthened the camel-like suggestions of the four gaunt jaded horses. The young lady who sat in state alone in this uncomfortable vehicle was thoroughly worn out with heat and headache, and, worst of all, bored with her own society.

Nina Caldwell was eighteen and very pretty. She was also exceedingly spoiled, and subject to occasional fits left her sister and brother-in-law, a turn?" week in advance of the time appointed, and was now reaping the benefit of that rash act.

She had leisure and to spare for bitter reflection. She tried to read, yawned, counted the flies, attacked some caramels and finally relapsed into somber depression.

bewilderment. A moment later the proaching cattle. driver's sunburned face appeared at the door. She must have slept a

"Here you are, miss, Maple Hotel. Stop half an hour, then change with coach from Greene. Goin' to stay, though, you be?"

Nina, even in alighting, took in her rroundings at a glance. Maple

a storioing-place tarm house, wa . mere areamed of lingering. By '45 to sojourn here a goo: so she had decided-a joined her.

Under the great maple, from which the house was named lay asleep, his straw hat and newspaper beside him.

"The only cool place," thought Nina. "How intensely selfish."

From the piazza, the yellow paint glared hot in the sunshine, she looked disdainfully at her recumbent enemy. a man of about thirty, and, so far as could be judged from his position, deeidedly good-looking. His hair was light and close cut, his forehead square, and his month, even in sleep, and under the shadow of his mustache, wore a look of imperturbable good humor. The merits of his figure-rather of the massive order-were undeniable.

On a bench near Nina was a book. She took it up. On the flyleaf was written, Merrick Bryce. Undoubtedly his, she thought, as she turned it

Meanwhile the late sleeper had awakened. On the prazza sat the prettiest girl he had ever seen, with black, willful hair, and eyes -- but the book -- his book, monopolized those. Just then she looked up, and he saw that they were dark gray. His own light brown ones were keen though indolent, and little escaped them.

He arose and sauntered away, while she was vexed to find herself speculating about him.

Maple Hotel was, perhaps, the dullest place in the world. To call it a "one-horse concern" would be rank flattery. It was the merest equine fraction. And if there were ever justifiable homicide, it would have been assuredly in the taking off of the compounder of its pies and puddings.

Nina's cereulean mood deepened to indigo at the sight of the conglomerate nightmare supper, which she enjoyed in solitary state with Mr. Bryce, marveling, the while, to behold his appetite. There seemed a certain antagonism between them, the more unfortunate since they would be thrown on each other's society for several

Nina explained her position. She was in advance of friends obliged to tion-and thendelay their arrival (!) after which they were all going to the mountains. Mr. Bryce remarked that his own case was somewhat similar. His party, also, was delayed -- they were to have met here yesterday—and he was consoling himself as best he could with fish-

'Odious people," thought Nina pettishly, "It is wonderful how many such there are in the world, and how one always meets them. Ethel would say it served me right-a married sister is so unsympathetic. But I will never own to homesickness."

Next day she made further acquaintance with Mr. Bryce on the basis of

grimace.

"Exactly my ideal," smiled Mr. "I wonder how many men have said that," flashed Nina. "She is absolutely slavish. Most women, thank heaven, have a little pride left." "But she has so much heart. Per-

haps, though, you object to that?" 'Oh, I have none at all.' "You are to be congratuluted. It

has always been my misfortune to possess too much."

Nina had taken a great dislike to Mr. Bryce. He had a vexatious way of involving her in a discussion which left her angry and bewildered. She felt tempted to gosway, but pride and convenience alike forbade. For seven days she must endure it. She would remain in her room, or seek the fields and woods. As this seemed a trampless country (even tramps disdained it, thought Nina bitterly) the idea was practicable.

The next morning she had her break fast sent up to her. Then she slipped out of doors to a fragrant nook she had discovered. But the air was vitiated by a cigar, where Mr. Bryce sat smoking. He rose and tossed it away.

"I have something of yours. Commeud my honor that I have not pressed the spring." He had in reality examined it, and knew that it contained merely a woman's picture. But she believed it, as she took the missing locket.

There was a truce established, and time even passed pleasan ly there in the locust shade.

"I am going fishing to-day," he said presently.

"What is the attraction in fishing? The idea, after centuries of civilization, of reverting to the original savage.

"Shall I confess that I am driven by the same motive that urges the sav-

age—by the pangs of hunger?"
"I understand," replied Nina,
laughing at his rueful look and tone. "And if you are successful. I will reof unreason. In one of these she had tract my criticism. When do you re-

"To-morrow night."

Toward evening Nina, with an odd feeling of loneliness, was sitting beside a laughing little stream, shaded by elms and alders, a long-legged bird stood near by, balancing bimself thoughtfully on one foot, and eyeing her cantiously, while at intervals he "Whos, Jeminy! Whos, there!" uttered a long plaintive cry. From a Nina started and looked around in neighboring field came the low of ap-"Picturesque, rather," said a voice

behin I her, "Mr. Bryce!" she started. "Is it

possibly you are here." "I am here to be congratulated and generally laurel-crowned," he answered with a lazy laugh. "I have left at Maple Hotel the result of my labor, and to-morrow | "secured from

famine. "But your two days shing?"
"Reduced to one."
She colored in of herself, and turned assistant of hem?" he said, looking at her with a smile.

"A little-why?" "Most city girls are -or seem so. "No affectation, I assure you.

Think what horrors they must appear to us-all horns and hoofs," them-stolid as they really are. What do they know of 'the weariness, the fever and the fret' that vex humanity? However, a novel incident is at hand, worn with age, but still vigorous

enough to work us woe. The storm !

Look at the west." The sky was piled in black and leaden masses. As she looked at it a quick lightning flash made her start, That vacant house youder will shelter us," said Bryce. "Only we must make haste.

They reached it as the first thunder rolled around the hills. Enormous hailstones rattled on the roof, and a heated by her violennt exertion, now

shivered in her thin dress. Bryce threw of his coat, and prepared to put it over her shoulders.

"You ought, Miss Caldwell, "he urged as she objected. "I am used to roughing it, and run no risk whatever, but it is dangerous for you. Very well,' imperturbably, as soe still refused. "I will try it outside."

He suited his action to the word. This was more than she could bear. She went to the door where he stood coolly among the hailstone.

"Come in, and I will do as you wish." They looked into each other's eyes

as he wrapped the covering about her. He half smiled. "Shall we call this Eden or the ark! Or, perhaps, a desert island? I should build you a hut with tools saved from

the shipwreck, and bring you fruit and goats' milk. Possibly we should have rescued an ice cream freezer.' "And I could braid our hats and do the esthetic generally," laughed Mina.

"And some day-it always ends so -a wandering vessel in search of a cocoanut cargo, or something) of the kind, would take us back to fciviliza-

Nina dropped her eyes, and/drummed on a broken pane. "Is the shower over?" she asked,

coldly. "Regarding this as the ark, I will act the double role of Noah and the dove," he rejoined the seeming un-"I will send myself for th to see if the rain has abated."

He speedily returned, bearing green leaf in triumph. "Lo I have found a place for my foot—not being a Chicago girl—" "I am a Chicago girl," sne hastily interposed, with a flash of the eyes.

He gave one glance at the small foot the book aforesaid. They discussed in its perfectly fitting, dainty boot, its characters and incidents. For the first time in the career of that

"The story is entertaining. But the legal gentleman, Merrick Bryce was heroine—" and Nina made a little taken aback. "Beware of general-grimace, ities," he mused, and made his peace as best he might.

> The last evening of their week's tete-a-tete had arrived. Once more they sat under the locust trees. Mr. Bryce seemed moody, and showed a

repressed excitement. "My idea of the battle of life, he said suddenly, "is to treat the mind

and body to their utmost, and then give up the contest." Nina looked astonished. There was a certain latent weariness about him

which she had never seen before. "Merely a breath from the Palace of Truth," he said in reply to her questioning glauce. Do you dare enter it?"

"Yes," she said, wondering still more.

"Then-do you care for me? You must answer," as she sat in confused silence.

"Yes"-just audible.

by her voice.

"As for me, I envy the earth beneath your feet. What if I have known you but seven days? That is the talk of fools. Nina say that you have a heart, and that it belongs to me."

"You know it already," she murmured. "This is the hour of my triumph! What has become of your dislike and

pride?" She felt in a half deam, controlled

Suddenly he started. "It is I who am a fool-and worse! Miss Caldwell!" abruptly, to restore

her to herself. "Mr. Bryce?" with her usual man-

"The stage-coach is due," taking out his watch. "Shall we go to the piazza?" The coach came lumbering up. A

young man sprang off, and assisted a pretty blonde girl to alight. "That is the one I am engaged to,"

said Nine, meditatively, to Mr. Bryce. "And that is the one I am engaged to," responded Mr. Bryce with equal

calmness. From the inside appeared three other figures, a young couple and an elderly lady. "Fred and Ethel," exclaimed Nina.

"And my prospective mother-in law," said Mr. Bryce. "What a happy family. After mutual handshakings, Fred

whispered to Nina: "So you have been flirting here these seven days by yourselves? Well, I can assure you that your own Charley and the future Mrs. Bryce have

taken ample revenge for their wrongs." "Poetical justice," mused Nina, as she started for her room. On the stairs she met Mr. Bryce.

"Nine, forgive me," he whispered,

'and four mistakes may be set right. We are not the only culprits." She withdrew her hand, but her heart sang as she continued on her way. In her thoughts she was going

over a brief interview with her brother-in-law. You know I never approved of

your ball-room engagement with Char-ley Fernald, Nina," he had said. "Miss Nellie Linwood is much better suited to him. She is perfectly shallow and rattle-headed. Fancy her telling us ingeniously that she and Mr. Bryce were engaged, but did not care In a novel I should resque you from anything for each other. He is her guardian, and she declares that she believes he was going to marry her because she bothered him and he did not know how else to dispose of her.' Nina could not refrain from a merry

peal of laughter. 'Now, this Mr. Bryce, so far as I

can judge on so very short an acquaintance, seems to be a good sort of fellow, and one who will keep you in order. Oh, no use to flash your eyes -you need it." But what makes you fancy, you

absurd Fred, that there is snything between Mr. Bryce and me?" The blindness of a bat has not

cold wind suddenly arose. Nina, over- hitherto been considered one of my distinguished characteristics, "responded Fred oracularly. "But there is Ethel waiting for me. Tell me when you expect congratulations, ch, Nina?"

With which provoking speech he had left her to go her own way, with the result, altogether described, of a meeting with Mr. Bryce on the stairs, and some words uttered which changed the whole outlook of life for her. -Detroit Free Press.

Glassblowers From Tauringia,

There is settled now upon the edge of the German quarter in New York a little colony of artistic and scientific glassblowers from Thurngaia. The colonists say they are the first and only persons to undertake in the United States exactly such work as they are doing.

The show window of this little factory displays a curious variety of works in glass. There are delicately wrought vases in many colors, thermometer tubes, surgical appliances; little double bulbed glasses with water in the lower bulb and gold fish in the

upper. The glass flowers are the pride and specialty of the proprietor. He was one of the earliest men in Germany to make them, says his voluble assistant, and they are really marvelous products of the glassblower's art. Tuers are roses, red, white and yellow, with soft and pliant-looking petals, curiously like the genuine rose. There are sprays of lily of the valley, a plant in which the Germans specially delight; moss-rose buds, forget-me nots, and all of fifty other flowers that one may name. The glassblowers use ordinary illuminating gas, to which they coalmunicate extra pressure by a simple device. They work with astonishing rapidity and nicety. - China, Glass and Lamps.

Charles Lamb, the English essayist, was buried in Edmonton churchyard.

TRAGEDY OF DRESS.

SACRIFIZES FOR FASHION.

Men Are as Bad as Women, Says Talmage Effort to Be in Style.

TEXT: "Whose alorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair and the wearing of gold or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart."—I Peter iii., 3, 4.

That we should all be clad is proved by That we should all be clad is proved by the opening of the first wardrobe in paradise, with its apparel of dark green. That we should all, as far as our means allow us, be beautifully and gracefully appareled is proved by the fact that God never made a wave but He grided it with golden sunbeams, or a tree but He garlanded it with blossoms, or a sky but He studded it with stars, or allowed even the studded it with stars, or allowed even the studded it with stars. lowed even the smoke of a furnace to ascend but He columned and turreted and domed and scrolled it into outlines of indescribable gracefulness. When I see the apple or-chards of the spring and the pageantry of the autumnal forests, I come to the conclu-sion that, if nature does ever join the church, while she may be a Quaker in the silence of her worship, she never will be a Quaker in the style of her dress. Why the notches of a fern leaf or the stamen of a water Hly? Why, when the day departs, does it let the folding doors of heaven stay open so long when it might go in so quickly?

when it might go in so quickly?

One summer morning I saw an army of a million spears, each one adorned with a diamond of the first water—I mean the grass, with the dew on it. When the prodigal came home, his father not "dy put a coat on his back, but jewelry on his hand. Christ wore a beard. Paul, the bachelor apostle, not afflicted with any sentimentality, admired the arrangement of a woman's hair when he said in his epistle. "If a woman have long hair, it is a glory 'If a woman have long hair, it is a glory

There will be a fashion in heaven as earth, but it will be a different kind of fashion. It will decide the color of the dress, and the population of that country, by beautiful law, will wear white. I say the things as a background to my sermon to show you that I have no prim, precise, prudish or cast fron theories on the subject prudish or east iron theories on the subject of human apparel. But the goddess of fashion has set up her throne in this world, and at the sound of the timbrels we are all expected to fall down and worship. The Old and New Testament of her Bible are the fashion plates. Her altars smoke with the sacrifice of the bodies, minds and souls of 10.000 victims. In her temple four people stand in the organ loft, and from them there comes down a cold drizzle of music, freezing on the ears of her worshipers. This goddess of fashion has become a rival This goddess of fashion has become a rival of the Lord of heaven and earth, and it is high time that we unlimbered our batteries against this idolarry. When I come to count the victims of fashion, I find as many masculine as feminine. Men make an easy tirade against woman, as though she were the chief worshiper at this idolatrous shrine, and no doubt some men in the more conspicuous part of the pew have already cast glances at the more retired part of the

pew, their look a prophecy of generous dis-tribution. My sermon shall be as appropriate for one end of the pew as for the other. Men are as much the idolators of fashion as women, but they sacrifice on a different part of the altar, With men the fashion goes to eigars and olubrooms and yachting parties and wine suppers. In the United States the men chew up and smoke \$100,-000,000 worth of tobacco every year. That is their fashion. In London not long ago a man died who stated in life with \$750,000 as their fashion. In London not long ago a man died who started in life with \$750,000, but he ate it all up in gluttonies, sending his agents to all parts of the earth for some rare delicacy for the palate, sometimes one plate. Food a sting him \$300 or \$400. He ate up his whole fortune and had only a guines left. With that he bought a woodcock and had it dressed in the very best style, ate it, gave two hours for digestion, then walked out on Westminster bridgeand threw bireself

out on Westminster bridgeand threw himself into the Thames and died, doing on a large scale what you and I have often seen done on a small scale. But men do not abstain from millinery and elaboration of skirt through any superiority of humility. It is only because such appendages would be a blockade to business. What would sashes would sashes and trains three and a half yards long do in a stock market? And yet men are the dis-ciples of fashion just as much as women. ome of them wear boots so tight they can hardly walk in the paths of righteousness, And there are men who buy expensive suits of clothes and never pay for them, and who go through the streets in great stripes of color like animated checkerboards color like animated checkerboards. I say these things because I want to show you that I am impartial in my discourse, and that both sexes, in the language of the surre-gate's office, shall "share and share alike." As God may help me, I shall show you what are the destroying and deathful influences of inordinate fashion.

The first baneful influence I notice is in fraud, illimitable and ghastly. Do you know that Arnold of the revolution proposed to sell his country in order to get money to support his wife's wardrobe? I declare here fore God and this people that the effort to keep up expensive establishments in this country is sending more business men to temporal perdition than all other cause What was it that sent Gilman to the penitentiary and Philadelphia Morton to vatering of stock, and the life insurance presidents to perjured statements about their assets, and has completely upset our American finances? What was it that overthrew the United States secretary at Washington, the crash of whose fall shook the continent? But why should I go to these famous defaultings to show what men will do in order to keep up great home style and ex-pensive wardrobe when you and I know scores of men who are put to their wits' end and are lashed from January to December in the attempt? Our politicians may theorize until the expiration of their terms of of-fice as to the best way of improving our monetary condition in this country. It will be of uo use, and things will be no better until we can learn to put on our heads and backs and feet and hands no more than we

can pay for. There are cierks in stores and banks on limited salaries who, in the vain attempt to keep the wardrobe of their family as sh as other folks' wardrobes, are dying of muffs and diamonds and shawls and high hats, and and diamonds and shawls and high hats, and they have nothing left except what they give to cigars and wine suppers, and they die be-fore their time, and they will expect us min-isters to preach about them as though they were the victims of early piety, and after a high class funeral, with silver handles at the side of the coffin of extraordinary bright-ness, it will be found out that the under-taker is cheated out of his legitimate. taker is cheated out of his legitimate ex-penses. Do not send to me to preach the funeral sermon of a man who dies like that. I will blurt out the whole truth and tell that I will blurt out the whole truth and tell that he was strangled to death by his wife's ribbons. Our countries are dressed to death. You are not surprised to find that the putting up one public building in New York cost millions or dollars more than it ought to have cost when you find that the man who gave out the contracts paid more than \$5000 for his daughter's wedding dress. Cashmeres of a thousand dollars each are not rare on Broadway. It is estimated that there are 10,000 women in these two cities who have expended on their personal array who have expended on their personal array \$4000 a year.

What are men to do in order to keep up such home wardrobes? Steal? That is the only respectable thing they can do! During the last fifteen years there have been innumerable fine businesses shipwrecked on the wardrobe. The temptation comes in this way A man thinks more of his family than of all the world outside, and if they spend the evening in describing to him the superior wardrobe of the family across the street that they cannot bear the sight of the man is thrown on his gallantry and on his pride of family, and without translating his feelings into plain language he goes into ex-

tortion and issuing false stock and skillful penmanship in writing somebody else's name at the foot of a promissory note, and they all go down together—the husband to the prison, the wife to the sewing machine, the children to be taken care of by those who were called poor relations. Oh, for some new Shakespeare to arise and write the tragedy of human clothes!

of human clothes!

Will you forgive me if I say in tersest shape possible that some of the men have to forge and to perjure and to awindle to pay for their wives' dresses. I will say it whether you forgive me or not!

Again, inordinate fashion is the foe of all Christian almsgiving. Men and women put so much in personal display that they often have nothing for God and the cause of suffering humanity. A Christian man cracking his Palais Royal glove across the back by shutting up his hand to hidethe cent he puts shutting up his hand to hide the cent he puts into the poorbox. A Christian woman, at the story of the Hottentots, crying copious tears into a \$25 handkerchief and then giving a two cent piece to the collection, thrusting it under bills so people will not know but it was a \$10 goldpiece. One hundred dollars for incense to fashion; two cents for God God gives us ninety cents out of every dollar. The other ten cents by command of His Bible belong to Him. Is not God liberal according to His tithing average hald down according to His tithing system laid down in the Old Testament? Is not God liberal in giving us ninety cents out of a dollar when He takes but ten? We do not like that. We want to have ninety-nine cents for ourselves and one for God.

Now, I would a great deal rather steal ten cents from you than from God. I think one reason why a great many people do not get along in worldly accumulation faster is be-cause they do not observe this divine rule. God says, "Well, if that man is not satisfied with ninety cents of a dollar, then I will take the whole dollar, and I will give it to the man or woman who is honest with Me." The greatest obstacle to charity in the Christian church to-day is the fact that men expend so much money on their table, and wo-men so much on their dress, they have got nothing left for the work of God and the world's betterment. In my first settlement at Belleville, N. J., the cause of missions was being presented one Sabbath, and a plea for the charity of the people was being made, when an old Christian man in the audience lost his balance and said right out in the midst of the sermon, "Mr. Talmage, how are we to give liberally to those grand and giori-ous causes when our families dress as they do?" I did not answer that question. It was the only time in my life when I had

nothing to say.

Again, inordinate fashion is distraction to public worship. You know very well there are a good many people who come to church just as they go to the races—to see who will come out first. What a flutter it makes in church when some woman with extraordi-nary display of fashion comes in! "What a love of a bonnet!" says one. "What a perfect fright!" says 500. For the most merci-less critics in the world are fashion critics. Men and women with souls to be saved pass-ing the hour in wondering where that man got his cravat or what store that woman

In many of our churches the preliminary exercises are taken up with the discussion of wardrobes. It is pitiable. Is it not wonderful that the Lord does not strike the meeting houses with lightning? What distraction of public worship! Dying men and and women, whose bodies are soon to be turned into dust, yet before three worlds strutting like peacocks, the awar question of the soul's destiny submerged by the question of navy blue velvet and long fan train skirt long enoug to drag up the church aisle, the husaand's store, office, shop, fac-tory, fortune and the admiration of half the people in the building! Men and women come late to church to show their clothes. People sitting down in a pew or taking up a hymnbook, all absorbed at the same time in ersonal array, to sing .

The better portion trace.

Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, tay native place.

I adopt the Episcopalian prayer and say, "Good Lord, deliver us." Insatiate fashion also belittles the intelet. Our minds are enlarged or they dwindle just in proportion to the importance of the subject on which we constantly dwell. Can you imagine anything more dwarfing to the human intellect than the study or fash-I see men on the street who, judging from their elaboration, must have taken two hours to arrange their apparel. After a few years of that kind of absorption, which one of McAllister's magnifying glasses will be powerful enough to make the man's charac-

ter visible? They all land in idiocy. I have seen men at the summer watering es, through fashion, the mere wreck of what they once were. Sallow of cheek. Meagre of limb. Hollow at the chest. Showing no animation save in rushing across a room to pick up a lady's fan. Simpering along the corridors the same compliments they simpered twenty years ago. A New York lawyer at United States Hotel, Saratown within our hearing, rushed across a room to say to a sensible woman, "You are as sweet as peaches!" The fools of fashion are myriad. Fashion not only destroys the body, but it makes idiotic the intellect.

Yet, my friends, I have given you only the milder phase of this evil. It shurs a great multitude out of heaven. The first peal of thunder that shook Sinai declared. "Thou shalt have no other God before Me," and you will have to choose between the goldess of fashion and the Christian God. There are a great many seats in heaven, and they are all easy seats, but not one seat for the devotee of fashion. Heaven is for meek and quiet spirits. Heaven is for those who think more of their souls than of their boiles, Heaven is for those who have more joy in Christian charity than in dry goods religion Why, if you, with your idolatry of fashion, should somehow get into heaven, you would be for putting a French roof on the "house of many mansions." Give up this idelatry of fashion or give up heaven. What would you do standing beside the Countess of Huntington, whose joy it was to build Huntington, whose joy it was to build chapels for the poor, or with that Christian woman of Boston who fed 1500 children of the street at Fancuil Hall on New Year's day, giving out as a sort of doxology at the end of the meeting a pair of shoes to each one of them, or those Doreases of modern society who have consecrated their needles to the Lord, and who will get eternal reward for every stitch they take?

Oh, men and women, give up the idolatry of fashion! The rivalries and the competi-tions of such a life are a stupendous wretch-You will always find some one with brighter array and with more palatial residence, and with lavender kid gloves that make a tighter fit. And if you buy this thing and wear it you will wish you had bought something else and worn it. And the frets of such a life will bring the crow's feet to your temples before they are due, and when you come to die you will have a miserable time. I have seen men and women of fashion die, and I never saw one of them die well. The trappings off, there they lay on the tumbled pillow, and there were just two things that bothered them — I wasted life and a coming eternity. I could not pacify them for their body, mind and soul had been ex hausted in the worship of fassion, and they could not appraciate the gospel. When I knelt by their bedside, they were mumbling out their regrets and saying "O God!" O God!" Their garments hung up in the war-irobe, never again to be seen by them. Without any exception, so far as my memory serves me, they died without hope and

went into eternity unprepared

The most ghastly deathbeds on earth are
theone where a man dies of delirium tremens and the other where a woman dies after hav-ing sacrificed all her faculties of body, mind and soul in the worship of fashion. My friends, we must appear in judgment to answer for what we have worn on our bodies as well as for what repentences we have exercised with our souls. On that day I see coming in Beau Brummel of the last century, without his cloak, like which all England got a cloak, and without his cane, like which all England got a cane, without his snuffoox, like which all

England got a anuflbox—he, the fop of ages, particular about everything by morals, and Aaron Burr without the is that down to old age be showed in price prove his early wicked gallantries, an salom without his hair, and Marchi Pompadour without her titles, and Arnold, the belle of Wall street, when was the center of fashion, without her

peries of vesture.

And in great haggardness they shall away into eternal expatriation, while and the queens of heavenly society will be to Vasnti, who were the modest yell before paiatial bacebanalians, and Handah annually made a little coat for Samuel temple, and Grandmother Lois, the astress of Timothy, who imitated her mand Mary, who gave Jesus Christ to world, and many of you, the wives mothers and sisters and daughters of present Christian church, who, through, tribulation, are entering into the kingle God. Christ announced who would any the royal family of heaven when He ... Whosoever doeth the will of God, the is My brother, My sister, My mother

The Wonderful Gulf Stream.

People who visit the east coust Florida, and especially the Ind often wonder why the climate of section is so delightful at all t of the year and so different in nost every particular from what would expect in those latitudes. explanation is simple enough. lifference between northern emitropical Flo ida, apart from atitudinal distance, is due to slevation of the former and the sance from it of the Gulf stre The waters of the Gulf of Mer temper the immediate coast Their effect does not extend far and. The stream is pressed closthe east coast shore along Dade C ty by the Bahama banks. Atla steamships southward bound, wold the force of the current, s in so near the shore that they can some points be hailed from The Gulf stream is an old story, it is a great fact. This vast, blue ocean river, a thousand t the volume of the Mississippi thirty miles wide, 2,000 feet and has a velocity of five miles hour the year round. The temp ture of the stream is eighty-four grees, or nine degrees higher the waters of the ocean thro which it flows. The trade blowing nine-tenths of the time. ter and summer from the eastw bear the stratum of warm air for by the Gulf stream westward a the land. This is why the east is milder and more equable than west coast in the same latitu With the Gulf stream are found t other equalizing agencies-the tr winds, the Everglades, with a wi surface preventing a land bre and the zone of high barometric pr are. The midsummer heat, might otherwise be ninety-five grees, is reduced to something sighty-eight degrees. The mid ter chill, which might get down

A Government Puppy. A propos of the distribution of sec from the Department of Agricultur which was under discussion in t House recently, Rep esentative Tu er, of Virginia, to da story. He s hat down in Annomattox Co. there lived an old farmer to whom had on seve-al occasions sent pa ages of seeds and shipments of from the Fish Commission, w which to stock the creeks and por on his place. One court day, wh the Representative was in town, farmer friend approached and it confidential way said: "Tuck, you sent me seeds and fish two or th times, and I am very much oblig to you for them, but there is other thing I wish you would do

thirty degrees, is warmed up to so

like forty degrees.

you can.' "What's that?" asked the Ren sentative.

"Well, I want a thoroughb hound pup for my kennel, an thought maybe you folks up at W: ington could send it down to me as well as not, if I only asked for "Why, certainly," responded To

"It will give me great pleas to send the pup to you, and as s as I get back to Washington you n look out for him." The Represe tive said that, so far as he could s there was no reason why the Govment should not go into the busin of supplying the constitutents Congressmen with dogs to impro their breeds as well as seed to prove their crops and fish to add their food supply. "So," he tinued, "I hunted up a thorough hound pup, had him nicely crat prepaid the express charges and him down. And you can bet t constituent is solid for Tucker. Washington Post.

Fruit Eating to Cure All His. A new society of cranks has p started by a former lieutenant in German army. His name is Wat He is the leader of a new "sm," as such sailed recently from Francisco to Honolulu. The Frui rians" is the name of the new soci he represents, and their beliefrather notion-is that modern civ zation is full of vanities and stra notions, and greatly needs reform; The members eat nothing but truit, eschew cooked 100d of kind, and drink only water. T are to live in huts, bare of the co forts of civilization, and go nake Ex-Lieut. Wathe intends to bu large tract of land in the Sandw Islands, or perhaps a small isla outright, for the purpose of found a colony.

Rubber Tires.

In the use of rubber tires for cycles it must be borne in mind t no oil, varnish or grease should allowed to touch them. Oil is enemy to rubber. Care in this spect should be had in applying oil to bearings.