AFTER YEARS.

"Give back my child!" I plead that day,
My face against the coffin-lid.
"Here is the place, upon my breast;
Not there, in cold and darkness hid.
Why, he had just begun to live—
To know my face, to laugh, to reach
His hands to meet my lips, and make
Sweet essays at some unknown speech!

"Untrodden round his baby feet
The whole fair realm of childhood lay:
Nor stones nor thorns to make them bleed—
My hand had smoothed them all away.
No wind of heaven had buffeted
His sunny head with cruel breath—
My arms had safely sheltered him.
Give him to me, O Death!"

Now, standing by that little grave
Where in and out the passing years
Weave tapestries of green and gold,
I smile, remembering my tears.
I lay my gray head on the mound
That drank my tears, and 'neath my breath
I whisper: 'It is better so!
Keep him, O gentle Death!"
—Julia Schayer, in the Century.

Bill Barnett's Holiday.

T was Whitsun-Monday. Hastings was simply packed with holiday makers, most of whom had been conveyed down from London by innumerable excursion trains. The sea front was quite a sight. Every 'Arry and 'Arriet from the metropolis appeared to be strutting along the esplanade, dressed in their Sunday best, looking very conscious and important.

Bill Barnett had come down from Wandsworsh for the day with his sweetheart, Annie Miller. Bill was employed at some local stores. Annie served in a neighboring linendraper's shop. Both had turned out in their best style for the Whitsun-Monday jaunt. Bill sported a new billycock of striking shape; a black cutaway, very full about the tails, and boldly checked inexpressibles, having all the air of a first appearance. Annie displayed a really fetching thing in hats; a smart tippet of three tiers, profusely spangled with sequins; a blue crepon skirt, spreading toward the feet like a bell; a stiffly starched white petticoat, magnificently frilled round the border, yellow open-work stockings and tan shoes. Annie had donned all her little stock of jewelry—mostly presents from Bill, which had cost him many months' savings to purchase.

By 5 o'clock in the afternoon they found themselves growing rather tired. They sat down upon the shingles under the sea wall to rest, and to watch the trippers disembarking from the Skylark. With fatigue, a certain tendency to crossness had come over them, a feeling accentuated in Annie's case by the consciousness that the glare of the sun reflected from the water had "caught" her face and blistered her pretty nose.

In this condition of things a very small matter is sufficient to create a quarrel. And a quarrel shortly arose between our loving pair over the following absurdity:

"See that couple over there, gal?" said Bill, giving Annie a nudge. "Rather toffish looking, don't you think?"

"Man's well enough," answered Annie. "But I don't think much of her. She's been turned out by a country dressmaker. That's evident."

"Ah! no gal ever does think another gal dresses fit to be seen," remarked Bill, with a superior air. "Anyways, you can't deny that she's a pretty little tart."

"Call that painted phiz pretty!" exclaimed Annie, with contempt. "Now the man's 'andsome, if you like."

"You've been a heyeing 'im for some time, as if you thought so," replied Bill, inclining to wrath. "I've spotted you at it, gal!"

"And I'm sure you've been a heyeing 'er," retorted Annie, sharply; "and, wot's more, she's been a returning your looks. I'm not blind, Bill, don't think it."

"If I see that feller there a turning his spooney binoc'lars on you again, as he 'ave bin' a doin', I'll knock his ugly 'ead off," said Bill viciously.

"Do, indeed!" cackled Miss Andie, with a dangerous laugh. "I think you mean to quarrel with me, Bill; and I think," she added sarcastically, "that your 'pretty little tart' is up to the same game with her bo, over there. Just look at her!"

"Lawk, how silly she looks, making a exhibition of 'erself like that," commented Annie, with shrill contempt. "Pore man! I am sorry for 'im'—that I am."

"Pooh! It's the man that looks silly," said Bill, scowling. "The gal wants to get rid of him, I say; and no wonder, with that ugly mug of his. Ain't fit to be seen by daylight—not it. 'Ard lines on 'er to be associated with such a chap—and a nice little bit she is, too!"

"Bill," ejaculated the foolish girl, half-crying with jealous rage as she intercepted a mutual look between her lover and the woman under discussion, "if you does any more of that, I shall take and leave you."

"To pal up with that over-dressed monkey, I suppose?" retorted Bill, hotly.

"I should fare better with 'im for a sweetheart than with you—ony day," she cried, too angry now to measure her words.

"...uie!" cried Bill, rising majestically from his seat on the shingle and shaking with tremendous impressiveness, "this is enough for me. D'y'eer, gal?"

"Bill," answered Annie, also rising, and standing before him in a perfect quiver of anger from the highest poppy on her hat to the lowest frill on her starched petticoat, "this is more than enough for me. D'y'eer, boy?"

"When I am deaf, Hannie," he responded with laborious and awful politeness, "I shall probably take steps to acquaint you with the fact."

He paused, and fixed her for one fearful moment with a deep and gloomy stare. Then, waving his left hand toward the East Cliff and his right toward Bopeep, he added:

"From 'enceforth, Hannie, we tike our sep'rate lines."

"I agree, with orl my 'art," she assented, relapsing into a dignified calm. "What 'as been shall 'enceforth be as though it 'adn't been. And what 'asn't been shall be 'enceforth what is."

"Then I am to wish you good-day, Miss Miller," he remarked, taking off the new billycock with an annihilating sweep.

"Sime to you, Mr. Barnett," she answered, with a simply obliterating curtsey.

Bill turned west and strutted, with studied indifference, toward St. Leonards, Annie turned east and strolled with sublime nonchalance toward Hastings. The quarrel between the other couple had reached its climax almost simultaneously. They, too, walked off in opposite directions, reversing the process, however, for the man walked east in this case and the woman west.

Two minutes later—he could scarcely tell himself how it had come about—Bill found himself conversing with his charming deserted creature.

At this critical juncture Annie encountered the admiring eyes of the gentlemanly toff.

"I trust that I do not offend," he inquired, with an anxious look into her eyes.

Annie turned them down quickly on the shingle, and murmured a negative. The handsome stranger spoke like a gentleman. His refined voice contrasted melodiously with William Barnett's harsh and commonplace tones.

"You are without a squire," he pursued.

"Yes," faltered Annie.

"Pardon me for alluding to the matter," said the stranger, with a half apologetic air. "I could not, just now, help witnessing the little—er—difference which occurred between you and your—hem—friend."

"He is no longer any friend of mine," she answered, her eyes flashing indignantly, as she glanced westward, toward where William Barnett and the painted hussy were now carrying on a spirited flirtation.

The stranger's eyes roamed in the same direction. For a moment his brow darkened. Then he said, rather viciously, "I see that he has taken up with a—er—admirer of mine, whom I am thankful to say, I have just this minute—hum—er—finally shunted. I could endure her no longer. Perhaps you witnessed the disgraceful scene which she occasioned?"

Annie nodded.

"A well matched pair," said the stranger, with a scoffing smile toward the subjects of this criticism.

"Exceedingly," assented Miss Annie, with incredible venom.

"And I hope," persisted he no longer scoffing, but speaking in genuine ardent tones, "that we two are—er" (he lowered his voice, caressingly)—"a well matched pair."

"Oh, really. I—I—I- Oh, you shouldn't!" protested the girl, with a great show of being shocked. And five minutes later Annie Miller was promonading upon his arm up and down the Esplanade. She was rather frightened and uneasy, but proud and elated, too. When she learned that he, too, was going back to London by the evening train, and would take it as a great honor if he might escort her, she was charmed.

It was with great difficulty that the handsome stranger piloted Annie through the crowd and found two empty places in the train. He placed her in one of the seats, which was next the door, and stood himself upon the steps, smoking his cigar until the train should start.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed suddenly, "I say, I've—oh, just keep my seat for me, will you please. I'll be back in a jiffy."

He disappeared through the crowd toward the booking office. Annie kept his seat for him. But he did not come back. The engine fizzed and whistled. The train started. Yet he did not come back. Annie Miller never saw that handsome blade again.

An hour or so later a smartly dressed couple, a lady and a gentleman, were, enjoying an excellent dinner in the large salon of the Grand Hotel.

"It was not the amount we took," said he to her, with a chuckle, "but rather the artistic manner in which the affair was managed, that was so commendable. The readiness with which we twigged the little tiff between Phyllis and Corydon, and then played up to it, was, as a dramatic stroke, superb. I never enjoyed anything more."

"Poor Corydon," laughed the lady, "Well, his watch, chain and money are £5 on the wrong side of nothing to us—aren't they?"

"And Phyllis's gewgaws will fetch pretty near a tenner," said the man, stroking his mustache. "I'm glad we left them their return tickets to town," he added, benignantly. "We didn't want to be too hard on the poor things."

"And the tickets were quite useless to us," said the lady.

"Quite," assented her husband, with a philanthropic smile.

Annie Miller and William Barnett met on the platform at Wandsworth Common station. Both looked very blank, very down cast, and very foolish.

"Say, gal," burst out William, after a moment of gloomy and painful silence. "If you confess that you've been a silly dysey. I don't mind admittin' that I've been a regular jug-gins."

"Oh, I have, Bill," cried his sweetheart, holding out her hands to him.

"And so have I," he answered, taking them in his, but not stopping there. On the contrary, for fully thirty seconds by the Wandsworth station clock Bill's new bowler and Annie's fetching hat were indistinguishably commingled. But the Bank holiday public are an easy-going lot, and no one present was scandalized by this indecorous exhibition.—London Truth.

Different Meanings.

An account was published recently of a suit for heavy damages arising from lack of punctuation in a telegram. A man sent the message: "Don't come. Too late;" but the doctor received it: "Don't come too late," and immediately engaged a special train to convey him a long distance.

Mr. Story, the sculptor, who began life as a lawyer, tells a good anecdote which illustrates the fact that the emphasis which punctuates has as much to do with determining the sense of a sentence as the meaning of the words. Once, when he was called upon to defend a woman accused of murdering her husband, he adduced as one of the proofs of her innocence the fact of her having attended him on his deathbed, and saying to him, when he was dying, "Goodby, George!" The counsel for the prosecution declared that that ought rather to be taken as proof of her guilt, and that the words she had used were: "Good! by George!"

A well known clergyman of New York used to make a strong point by reading the verse: "God said, 'Let there be light and there was light,'" with the emphasis on the word light, not on was, as usually rendered.

An elocutionist of considerable note has questioned the method of the great Mrs. Siddons, who in answer to Macbeth's suggestion of possble failure was won't to reply, "Fail!" with an emphatic drop of the voice that implied, "Well, then, fail, that is all there is to it." "Lady Macbeth would never have got him in the world," said this critic, "had she addressed him in that manner. She undoubtedly said, 'Fail', in a tone of utter contempt for a man who could imagine such an outcome to his villainy. The word should be given in a deep tone, with a falling inflection and then an upward tendency."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Origin of "Hokey Pokey."

It is an actual fact that old ice cream is bought up by Italians and venders from restaurants and ice cream stands, frozen a second and third time, and again offered for sale, to be consumed by the newsboys and general public under the alluring title of "hokey pokey." Almost every night these venders make the rounds of all the hotels, and buy up whatever has been left over from the day previous. This cream has all melted more or less to its original consistency and if it is still frozen when they get it there is little left but fluid by the time it has reached Brooklyn and the Italian quarter.

This melting process is the cause of all the danger. Cream once having been frozen and again melted very readily turns sour. In this stage it is poisonous. The vender of "hokey pokey" cares little whether or not the cream is sour. Quickly upon his return to his quarters he freezes all this mush, and packs it away for the next day's use.

The few cases of poisoning that have come to the public notice are in all probability not the only ones that have occurred, for physicians say that many cases of poisoning have occurred in the districts where the "hokey pokey" venders are that could not be accounted for, because of the suddenness of death.

It has generally been understood that certain establishments are putting out large quantities of "hokey pokey" and supplying the venders, but this is not so. The Italians and their families are the only ones who manufacture and cater to the consumers.—New York Herald.

Queerest of Lead Pencils.

A German exchange gives an account of a bit of smuggling rascality which would do credit to the sharpest of malefactors. The Russian Government knew that counterfeit paper money was being brought into the country, crossing the frontier at a certain place, but for a long time could not ascertain how it got in.

At last the scheme was revealed by an accident. The money was rolled tightly into the holes in the centre of lead pencils, the ends of which were filled with graphite as usual. A case of pencils fell from a wagon as it was being inspected; the inspector put a pencil in his pocket, and after a time sharpened it and used it. Presently, of course, he came to the hollow and pulled out a counterfeit bank bill.—Philadelphia Record.

A Clown Becomes a Croesus.

Barnato, the mine owner of South Africa, is at present scattering his millions in Paris. Twenty years ago he was very poor, and acted as clown in a circus, with two trained donkeys. Now he is worth $150,000,000. He was performing in Kimberley to poor houses, when, on a walk, he found a sparkling stone in the fields. It was a diamond, and worth $10,000. Barnato bought the fields around there and gradually looked up gems and sold them. Thus he went on and did likewise later with the Johannisburg gold mines. He is a fellow-director with Cecil Rhodes in the companies that control the mines.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Plain People."

TEXT "Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia."—Romans xvi., 14, 15.

Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes, Adam Clarke, Thomas Scott and all the commentators pass by these verses without any especial remark. The other twenty people mentioned in the chapter were distinguished for something and were therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors, but nothing is said about Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia. Where were they born? No one knows. Where did they die? There is no record of their decease. For what were they distinguished? Absolutely for nothing, or the trait of character would have been brought out by the apostle. If they had been very intrepid or opulent or hirsute or musical of cadence or crass of style or in anywise anomalous, that feature would have been caught by the apostolic camera. But they were good people, because Paul sent to them his high Christian regards. They were ordinary people, moving in ordinary sphere, attending to ordinary duty and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States 65,000,000 people, there are certainly not more than 1,000,000 extraordinary, and then there are 64,000,000 ordinary, and we do well to turn our backs for a little while upon the distinguished and conspicuous people of the Bible and consider in our text the seven ordinary. We spend too much of our time in twisting garlands for remarkables and building thrones for magnates and sculpturing warriors and apotheosizing philanthropists. The rank and file of the Lord's soldiery need especial help.

The vast majority of people to whom this sermon comes will never lead an army, will never write a State constitution, will never electrify a Senate, will never make an important invention, will never introduce a new philosophy, will never decide the fate of a Nation. You do not expect to; you do not want to. You will not be a Moses to lead a Nation out of bondage. You will not be a Joshua to prolong the daylight until you can shut five kings in a cavern. You will not be a St. John to unroll an apocalypse. You will not be a Paul to preside over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary to mother a Christ. You will more probably be Asyncritus or Phlegon or Hermas or Patrobas or Hermes or Philologus or Julia.

Many of you are women at the head of households. This morning you launched the family for Sabbath observance. Your brain decided the apparel, and your judgment was final on all questions of personal attire. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of your household is in your dominion. You decide all questions of diet. All the sanitary regulations of your house are under your supervision. To regulate the food, and the apparel, and the habits and decide the thousand questions of home life is a tax upon your brain and nerve and general health absolutely appalling if there be no divine alleviation.

It does not help you much to be told that Elizabeth Fry did wonderful things mid the criminals of Newgate. It does not help you much to be told that Mrs. Judson was very brave among the Bornesian cannibals. It does not help you much to be told that Florence Nightingale was very kind to the wounded in the Crimea. It would be better for me to tell you that the Divine Friend of Mary and Martha is your friend, and that He sees all the annoyances and disappointments and abrasions and exasperations of an ordinary housekeeper from morn till night, and from the first day of the year to the last day of the year and at your call He is ready with help and re-enforcements.

They who provide the food of the world decide the health of the world. One of the greatest battles of this century was lost because the commander that morning had a fit of indigestion. You have only to go on some errand amid the taverns and the hotels of United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact that a vast multitude of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Though a young woman may have taken lessons in music and may have taken lessons in painting and lessons in astronomy, she is not well educated unless she has taken lessons in dough. They who decide the apparel of the world and the food of the world decide the endurance of the world.

An unthinking man may consider it a matter of little importance—the cares of the household and the economies of domestic life—but I tell you the earth is strewn with the martyrs of kitchen and nursery. The health shattered womanhood of America cries out for a God who can help ordinary women in the ordinary duties of housekeeping. The wearing, grinding, unappreciated work goes on, but the same Christ who stood on the bank of Galilee in the early morning and kindled the fire and had the fish already cleaned and broiling when the sportsmen stepped ashore, chilled and hungry, will help every woman to prepare breakfast, whether by her own hand or the hand of her hired help.

The God who made indestructible eulogy of Hannah, who made a coat for Samuel, her son, and carried it to the temple every year, will help every woman in preparing the family wardrobe. The God who opens the Bible with the story of Abraham's entertainment of the three angels on the plains of Mamre will help every woman to provide hospitality, however rare and embarrassing. It is high time that some of the attention we have been giving to the remarkable women of the Bible—remarkable for their virtue or want of it or remarkable for their deeds—Deborah and Jezebel and Herodia and Athaliah and Dorcas and the Marys, excellent and abandoned—it is high time some of the attention we have been giving to these conspicuous women of the Bible be given to Julia of the text, an ordinary woman amid ordinary circumstances, attending to ordinary duties and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

Then there are the ordinary business men. They need divine and Christian help. When we begin to talk about business life, we shoot right off and talk about men who did business on a large scale, and who sold millions of dollars of goods a year, but the vast majority of business men do not sell a million dollars of goods, nor half a million, nor a quarter of a million, nor the eighth part of a million. Put all the business men of our cities, towns, villages and neighborhoods side by side, and you will find that they sell less than $50,000 worth of goods. All these men in ordinary business life want divine help. You see how the wrinkles are printing on the countenance the story of worriment and care. You cannot tell how old a business man is by looking at him. Gray hairs at thirty. A man at forty-five with the stoop of a nonogenarian. No time to attend to improved dentistry, the grinders cease because they are few. Actually dying of old age at forty or fifty when they ought to be at the meridian.

Many of these business men have bodies like a neglected clock to which you come, and you wind it up, and it begins to buzz and roar, and then the hands start around very rapidly, and then the clock strikes five or ten, or forty, and strikes without any sense, and then suddenly stops. So is the body of that worn out business man. It is a neglected clock, and though by some summer recreation it may be wound up, still the machinery is all out of gear. The hands turn around with a velocity that excites the astonishment of the world. Men cannot understand the wonderful activity, and there is a roar, and a buzz, and a rattle about these disordered lives, and they strike ten when they ought to strike five, and they strike twelve when they ought to strike six, and they strike forty when they ought to strike nothing, and suddenly they stop. Post mortem examination reveal the fact that all the springs and pivots and weights and balance wheels of health are completely deranged. The human clock has simply run down. And at the time when the steady hand ought to be pointing to the industrious hours on a clear and sunlit dial the whole machinery of body, mind and earthly capacity stops forever. The cemeteries have thousands of business men who died of old age at thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five.

Now, what is wanted is grace—divine grace for ordinary business men, men who are harnessed from morn till night and all the days of their life—harnessed in business. Not grace to lose $100,000, but grace to lose $10. Not grace to supervise 250 employes in a factory, but grace to supervise the bookkeeper and two salesmen and the small boy that sweeps out the store. Grace to invest not the $80,000 of net profit, but the $250 of clear gain. Grace not to endure the loss of a whole shipload of spices from the Indies, but grace to endure the loss of a paper of collars from the leakage of a displaced shingle on a poor roof.

Grace not to endure the tardiness of the American Congress in passing a necessary law, but grace to endure the tardiness of an errand boy stopping to play marbles when he ought to deliver the goods; such a grace as thousands of business men have to-day, keeping them tranquil whether goods sell or do not sell, whether customers pay or do not pay, whether the tariff is up or tariff is down, whether the crops are luxuriant or a dead failure, calm in all circumstances and amid all vissicitudes—that is the kind of grace we want. Millions of men want it, and they may have it for the asking. Some hero or heroine comes to town, and as the procession passes through the street the business men come out and stand on tiptoe on their store steps and look at some one who in arctic clime or in ocean storm or in day of battle or in hospital agonies did the brave thing, not realizing that they, the enthusiastic spectators, have gone through trials in business life that are just as great before God. There are men who have gone through freezing arctics and burning torrids and awful Marengos of experiences without moving five miles from their doorsteps. Now, what ordinary business men need is to realize that they have the friendship of that Christ who looked after the religious interests of Matthew, the custom house clerk, and helped Lydia of Thyatira to sell the dry goods, and who opened a bakery and fish market in the wilderness of Asia Minor to feed the 70,000 who had come out on a religious picnic, and who counts the hairs of your head with as much particularity as though they were the plumes of a coronation, and who took the trouble to stoop down with His finger writing on the ground, although the first shuffle of feet obliterated the divine caligraphy, and who knows just how many locusts there were in the Egyptian plague and knew just how many ravens were necessary to supply Elijah's pantry by the brook Cherith, and who as floral commander leads forth all the regiments of primroses, foxgloves, daffodils, hyacinths and lilies which pitch their tents of beauty and kindle their camp fires of color all around the hemisphere; that that Christ and that God know the most minute affairs of your business life, and, however inconsiderable, understanding all the affairs of that woman who keeps a thread and needle store as well as all the affairs of a Rothschild and a Stewart.

Then there are all the ordinary farmers. We talk about agricultural life, and we immediately shoot off to talk about Cincinnatus, the patrician, who went from the plow to a high position, and after he got through the dictatorship in twenty-one days went back again to the plow. What encouragement is that to ordinary farmers? The vast majority of them, none of them, will be patricians. Perhaps none of them will be Senators. If any of them have dictatorships, it will be over forty or fifty or 100 acres of the old homestead. What those men want is grace to keep their patience while plowing with balky oxen and to keep cheerful amid the drought that destroys the corn crop and that enables them to restore the garden the day after the neighbor's cattle have broken in and trampled out the strawberry bed and gone through the lima bean patch and eaten up the sweet corn in such large quantities that they must be kept from the water lest they swell up and die; grace in catching weather that enables them without imprecation to spread out the hay the third time, although again and again and again it has been almost ready for the mow; a grace to doctor the cow with a hollow born, and the sheep with the footrot, and the horse with the distemper, and to compel the unwilling acres to yield a livelihood for the family, and schooling for the children, and little extras to help the older boy in business, and something for the daughter's wedding outfit, and a little surplus for the time when the ankles will get stiff with age and the breath will be a little short, and the swinging of the cradle through the hot harvest field will bring on the old man's vertigo. Better close up about Cincinnatus. I know 500 farmers just as noble as he was.

What they want is to know that they have the friendship of that Christ who often drew His similes from the farmer's life, as when He said, "A sower went forth to sow," as when He built His best parable out of the scene of a farmer's boy coming back from his wanderings, and the old farmhouse shook that night with rural jubilee, and who compared Himself to a lamb in the pasture field, and who said the eternal God is a farmer, declaring, "My Father is the husbandman."

Those stonemasons do not want to hear about Christopher Wren, the architect, who built St. Paul's cathedral. It would be better to tell them how to carry the hod of brick up the ladder without slipping, and how on a cold morning with the trowel to smooth off the mortar and keep cheerful, and how to be thankful to God for the plain food taken from the pail by the roadside. Carpenters standing amid the adz, and the bit, and the plane, and the broadax need to be told that Christ was a carpenter, with His own hand wielding saw and hammer. Oh, this is a tired world, and it is an overworked world, and it is an underfed world, and it is a wrung out world, and men and women need to know that there is rest and recuperation in God and in that religion which was not so much intended for extraordinary people as for ordinary people, because there are more of them.

The healing profession has had its Abercrombies and its Abernethys and its Valentine Motts and its Willard Parkers, but the ordinary physicians do the most of the world's medicining, and they need to understand that while taking diagnosis or prognosis or writing prescription or compounding medicament or holding the delicate pulse of a dying child they may have the presence and the dictation of the almighty doctor who took the case of the madman, and after he had torn off his garments in foaming dementia clothed him again, body and mind, and who lifted up the woman who for eighteen years had been bent almost double with the rheumatism into graceful stature, and who turned the scabs of leprosy into rubicund complexion, and who rubbed the numbness out of paralysis, and who swung wide open the closed windows of hereditary or accidental blindness until the morning light came streaming through the fleshly casements, and who knows all the diseases and all the remedies and all the herbs and all the catholicons, and is monarch of pharmacy and therapeutics, and who has sent out 10,000 doctors of whom the world makes no record, but to prove that they are angels of mercy I invoke the thousands of men whose ailments have been assuaged and the thousands of women to whom in crises of pain they have been next to God in benefaction.

Come, now, let us have a religion for ordinary people in professions, in occupations, in agriculture, in the household, in merchandise, in everything. I salute across the centuries Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia.

First of all, if you feel that you are ordinary, thank God that you are not extraordinary. I am tired and sick and bored almost to death with extraordinary people. They take all their time to tell us how very extraordinary they really are. You know as well as I do, my brother and sister, that the most of the useful work of the world is done by unpretentious people who toil right on, by people who do not get much approval, and no one seems to say, "That is well done." Phenomena are of but little use. Things that are exceptional cannot be depended on. Better trust the smaller clocks than swings on its orbit than ten comets shooting this way and that. Imperiling the longevity of worlds attending to their own business. For steady illumination better a lamp than a rocket. Then, if you feel that you are ordinary, remember that your position invites the less attack.

Conspicuous people—how they have to pay for it! How they are misrepresented and ridiculed and shot at! The higher the horns of a buck the easier to track him down. What a delicious thing it must be to be a candidate for President of the United States! It must be so soothing to the nerves! It must go into the soul of a candidate such a sense of serenity when he reads the blessed newspapers!

I came into possession of the absurd caricatures in the time of Napoleon I. while he was yet alive. The retreat of the army from Moscow, that army buried in the snows of Russia, one of the most awful tragedies of the centuries, represented with the figure of a monster called General Frost shaving the French Emperor with a razor of icicle. As Satyr and Beelzebub he is represented page after page, page after page. England cursing him, Spain cursing him, Germany cursing him, Russia cursing him, Europe cursing him, North and South America cursing him, the most remarkable man of his day and the most abused. All those men in history who now have a halo around their name on earth wore a crown of thorns.

Take the few extraordinary railroad men of our time and see what abuse comes upon them while thousands of stockholders are making all the world took after Thomas Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who died him until he got under the ground. Thousands of stockholders in that company, the blame on one man. The Central Pacific Railroad. Two or three men get all the blame if anything goes wrong. There are 10,000 in that company.

I mention these things to prove that extraordinary people who get abused were the ordinary escape. The weather is not so severe on the plain as it is on the peaks. The world never forgives a man who knows or gains or does more than the world know or gain or do. Parents sometimes give confectionery to the children as an inducement to take bitter medicine, and the world's sugar plum precedes the aqua fortis. The mob cried in regard to Christ, "Crucify Him, crucify Him," and they had to say it twice to be understood, for they were so hoarse, and had got their hoarseness by crying a little while before at the top of their voices, "Hosanna!" The river Rhone is foul when it enters Leman, but crystalline when it comes out the other side. But there are men who have entered the bright lake of worldly prosperity crystaline and came out terribly vile. Be therefore, you feel that you are ordinary thank God for the defenses and the tranquility of your position.

Then remember, if you have only a home called an ordinary home, that the great deliverers of the world have all come from a home. And there may be seated at your evening stand a child who is potent for the ages. Just unroll the list of men mighty in church and state and you will find they nearly all came from cabin or poor homes. Genius always runs out in the third or fourth generation. You cannot find in the history an instance where the third generation of extraordinary people amounted anything. Columbus from a weaver, Demosthenes from a cutler's cellar, Bunyan from a jail and Missionary Carey from a shoemaker's bench, Arkwright from a barber's shop. He whose name is high over all in earth and air and sky from a manger.

Let us all be content with such things as we have. God is just as good as we think He keeps away from us as in what He gives us. Even a knot may be useful if it is at the end of a thread.

At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb asylum one of the children wrote upon the blackboard words as sublime as the first line of the "Odyssey" and the "Divina Commedia" all compressed in one paragraph. The examiner, in signs of the mute language, asked her, "Who made the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "In the beginning God created heaven and the earth." The examiner asked her, "For what purpose did man come into the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "The faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The examiner wrote, "Why were you born deaf and dumb and cannot hear and speak?" She wrote upon the blackboard, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Oh, that we were all baptized with a contented spirit! The bee draws poison out of a flower and honey out of a thistle, but happiness is a heavenly elixir, and the contented heart extracts it not from the rhododendron hills, but from the lily of the valley.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

How the General Government and States Are Fostering It.

The status of agricultural education in the United States is given an extended review in the year book of the Agricultural Department. It shows there are sixty-five institutions in operation under the provisions of the acts of July 2, 1862, and August 30, 1890. Sixty of these maintain courses in agriculture. In fourteen States separate institutions are provided for white and colored students. Special courses in dairying and other agricultural industries have been recently established at a few of the institutions. The value of additions to the equipment of these institutions during 1894 is estimated at $1,415,495. Agricultural experiment stations are now in operation in all the States and Territories. Sub-stations have been established in several States. Excluding these, the total number of stations is 69, of which fifty-one receive the appropriations provided for by law. The total income of the stations during 1894 was $719,830, of which $719,830 came from the general government and the remainder from States and individuals. The station bulletins are regularly distributed to half a million persons closely identified with agriculture.

SET A PACE FOR CLEVELAND.

Mr. and Mrs. Kay, of Grafton, Make a Proposition to a Coincidence.

Frank Kay and wife, of Grafton, W. Va., are setting the pace for Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland. Mr. and Mrs. Kay have two little girls, named Ruth, Esther, and were born in the order given. Mr. Kay is in the line of glassware. Struck by the coincidence that his family and that of the President's were the same, he wrote to the latter. He received the following reply from the White House:

"My Dear Sir—The President directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your kind favor, in which you inform him that your two children bear the names of Ruth and Esther and were named in compliment to the children of the President. Both Mrs. Cleveland and the President are much interested in this coincidence, and I am to leave to express the wish that your little children may have long and happy lives, and that they will always be a joy and comfort to you.

"HENRY F. THURBER, Private Secretary."

Made Insane by Face Powder.

Miss Mary Belcher, a young woman who lives at Sugar Grove, Ky., is a physical wreck, owing to the use of cosmetics and powder. She was a very pretty girl, but suddenly grew pale and bought powder to hide it. After using the powder her coarse black hair began to grow out over her face, and shaving made it worse. She was a most picture of misery when the hair continued to grow. She tried so over it that her mind is affected, and it is feared she will never recover.

Cuban Sympathizers in Demand.

It is said that the Cuban revolutionists are receiving the sinews of war from more than half a million a month from Cuban sympathizers in this country.