For heaven itse'f drew nigh, Sweetheart! For heaven itself drew nigh.

I was as lone as the ioneliest, love, With never a dream of bliss. But not that day

When you walked Love's way And leaned to my arms-my kirs, Sweetheart!

And leaned to my arms -my kiss!

And dear to my life is your love-your love, And my soul has esased to sigh; For sorrow scenia

Like an scho of dreams, And the stars are in life's sky, Sweetheart

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The stars are in life's sky! -Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Losing of Mrs. Pettit.

BY EDITH KERLEY STOKELY.



wide open, mild gray eyes and ruddy walk. Yet did a harmless deceit eves laughed and twinkled, and all but called aloud, "Here it is"; and

tain June evening, and hung his hat lost! upon the peg behind the door, Mrs. tone of conviction: "Ephraim, you've go-tound of people; while the old lady, got a letter from John." got a better from John."

beat all! I was saving that letter till her. nfter supper."

"We can just as well have it with big, kindly voice at her side.

ar tea," said Mrs. Pettit, pulling the Mrs. Pettit smiled into the honest our tea," said Mrs. Pettit, pulling the Mrs. Pettit smiled into the honest cosy over the teapot, and leading the face of the man, who wore a blue suit have something particular to say. We his breast, had a letter from him this week." "I don't

and then, as Mrs. Pettit poured the John Pettit, lives." fragrant Hyson into the old-fashioned open the letter.

those short notes that are always por- street or number, now?" tentous: ""togue, Ill., June 10th, 1893.

boy is to be christened next week, and the christening can't go on without you. Your loving son.

Jour Perrir.

The old lady waited approprie loving son,
P. S.—Telegraph me when you start,
J. P.

Mrs. Pettit dropped her hands into heart appeared to ruminate deaply. her lap with a look of b'ank dismay. "I don't seem to remember such a "Why, Ephraim," she protested, "I place," he said presently; "but we

careful stirring of his tea. "It's our the central police."

Involuntable M. Mrs. Petrit ratio. Involuntarily Mrs. Pettit's gaze

a tiny hillock, which, with its marble shaft showing dimly through the twilight, told its own tale of "Eleanor, aged seven.

"I have never left her," she said, with troubled eyes,

"She would wish it," said Ephraim, gently. 'John knows all, and he wishes it. Sixteen years is a long time for grieving, mother. Sue is a time.

gan to fall. The katydids called from the grasses; a huge June bug beat itself noisily against the window screen; the cow lowed from the meadow without.

At last Mrs. Pettit pushed aside her tremor in her old voice; "We'll go, Ephraim. It's wicked of me to be staying at home grieving, and neglecting the loved ones that need me. We will write to John to-night and tell

Thus it came to pass that a few days | plant them in. later a certain train pulling out of Wilson's Ferry carried with it a quaint old couple with whom we have to'do. The old gentleman wore his whiskers after a good old country style, and with the most benignant eyes in the world. As for the old lady, fellowpassengers glanced idly upon her, and then turned to gaze again. Such a years and care, but beautiful withal in its frame of clustering gray curls. No one smiled at the old-fashioned bonnet, the long, slender-waisted ma'am." shawl. No one seemed to think of likes of her to be put in this place." the oddity of the black silk mitts with their short fingers, although they had not been put on before since Eleanor's funeral. Every one seemed kindly with a cover and two handles. Before the journey ended it had opened wide its hospitable cover to soothe with ginger cakes and tarts the cries of more than half a dozen travel-worn

and distant towns, a fleeting acquaint-

ance with strange faces and other lives, good-bys 'mid youth and laugh-ter and silent good-bys with tears, and the train steamed slowly into Chi-

It seemed to be the final destination of all humanity. Such crowds of people, such noise and bustle! But fortunately the trend of humanity seemed in a general direction.

"Maybe you ought to have tele-graphed, John, as he said to," re-marked Mrs. Pettit, in a dubious voice. "He would have been here to

"I know the way. We've got to take the suburban train," said Mr. Pettit, grasping the big carpetsack with one hand, and parcels, bags and the umbrella with the other. "You just keep close to me, Lucy. That Lord's help you can live it down." suburban train doesn't wait more "102," said an officer, touching than five minutes."

Through the big iron gates and up the wide stairs, everybody meeting then held out a trembling hand. and greeting everybody else, boys not open air like the broad meadows and sunny garden plots of Wilson's Ferry, but open air much like gazing laid it down and left the room. ing old Mr. Pettit's up from the bottom of a good oldface, had not en- fashioned chimney, so tall were the dowed it with a sin- buildings on either side, and so very gle artful furrow or little of the bine sky visible overhead.

wrinkle wherein a lit was all very new and very strange hearts. The brown basket orought secret might hide. to Mrs. Pettit; yet, notwithstanding forth bunches of fragrant June pinks, It was a beautiful her bewilderment, she faithfully folold face, too, with lowed the guiding carpetsack, hurrya fringe of white ing onward in its wake, until they whiskers all around were well out on the streets and she under the chin, was quite breathless with the brisk

lodge there but for a moment the position for a moment to the pavement, and its owner turned to monhis brow, Mrs. Pettit saw, to her utter the next instant the secret was dis- dismay, that, while his hair was gray, lodged and scarrying off in plain sight | and from the back he presented an apof everybody, and nobody more sur-prised than Mr. Pettit himself. pearance not unlike that of Ephraim, this man she had been religiously folthis man she had been religiously fol-Consequently, when Mr. Pettit lowing was, in fact, an utter stranger, stepped into the kitchen upon a cer- and that she herself, Mrs. Pettit, was

Quite unconscious of the mischief Petrit, suspending the kettle high in he had wrought, the stranger shortly air from the operation of pouring resumed his carpetbay and his pace boiling water upon the tea, said, in a together, and joined the great merry-"Well, now, I want to know!" said ment in its course, clinging helplessly Mr. Pettil, throwing an appealing to the brown basket, stool looking glance around upon an imaginary and about in bewilderment, while people a buiring andhence, "If women don't whirled and eddied and divided about

"I guess yer lost, ain't you?" said a

way to the supper table. "John must with brass buttons, and a star upon

"I don't know," she said, a little The two snow crowned heads were tremulously, "but perhaps I am; that bewed for a moment in simple grace, is, if you don't know where my son,

"Pettit-John Pettit. I don't seem enina cups, her husband proceeded to to place him just now," said the policeman, placing his hand upon his chin, Not very much, after all. Two in a thoughtful and reassuring mansquare yellow tickets and one of ner. "You don't happen to know his

"No," said the old lady; "Ephraim always directs his letters, and he has his address on a card in his pocket. But I know they've put a new wing to

The old lady waited anxiously, while the officer in the kindness of his

can find it. If you'll just step down

basket into Officer Mellen's hands, wan lered through the open window to and walked cheerfully along by his "I hope your family are all well," she said, politely.

"Well, tol'rable, thank'ee," said the officer, with rather a new sensation. "The baby worries some o' nights. She's only two months old, you know, and colicky like.'

"Well, now, I m so glad I brought it," said Mrs. Pettit, reaching for the basket. "Such a big bunch of catnip, grown woman in heaven by this too, just in the bloom; twice as much as John's baby will need. It's a sure Nothing more was said after this, relief for colle. And here's some The soft darkness of a June night be- young verbena plants I dug this morning with plenty of earth around them. Maybe your wife would like

Thereupon a paper bag and a pasteboar box changed hands.

"I thank'ee kindly, ma'am," said untasted food and said, with a pitiful the policeman, touching his cap. "The catnip we get at the drugstore ain't much better than dust, and my wife ain't owned a flower since she's been married." In his secret mind enough dirt to fill a flower pot to

The Detention Station was a large, high-ceiled room, with rows of long, hard benches along it; walls, a little window behind which sat a man at a desk, and numberless policemen passlooked over his silver-bowed glasses ing in and out, some accompanied, check bearing a number, and made a corresponding entry in a large book. sweet old face, seamed with added Mrs. Pettit found herself suddenly 58.

"You'll be called for," said Olicer Mellen, touching his hat; "and it's much obliged I am for your kindness, To himself he added as he black dress, or neatly folded shoulder | turned anay: "It's a shame for the

on the benches-men, women and children-some with heads bowed in dejection, misery, sickness or despair, interested in the big brown basket others upright and defiant, many grown old in ways of sin, others but beginning to taste of temptation. Into this company Mrs. Pettit walked, with her dear old face and guileless they could not make in any other way.

She touched a man upon the arm it. -Atlanta Constitution.

who sat huddled up beside her. "Are you sick?" she inquired, anxiously. The man raised a reddened, bloated

faced, and gazed unsteadily at her.
"Yes," he said huskily, "sick of life."
A mist gathered in the old lady's
eyes. "I was once so, too," she said, sympathetically, "when my Eleanor was taken; but with the Lord's help I'm living it down. Maybe some-body's dead belonging to you."

"I'm dead to them," said the man, bitterly, sinking into his old position.

Mrs. Pettit was mystified; but this was plainly a trouble that catnip cannot reach -a trouble of the heart.

"I'm sorry for you," she said, quaveringly, laying her quaintly gloved hand upon his arm; "but whatever your trouble is, with the "102," said an officer, touching the

man on the shoulder.

The man rose to follow, hesitated, "With the Lord's help, when I get shouting and cabmen crying their out of this I'll try to live it down," he fares, and at last open air. That is, said, huskily. He looked at the withered hand within his own a moment with twitching lips, then gently

Down the rows of poor humanity moved Mrs. Pettit. Giuger cookies caused baby eyes to shine, and kindly words dropped like rain upon arid clusters of elder blossoms and packages of marigold seeds. A bottle of home made cordial and a dozen fresh eggs were put into the hands of a young woman with hectic cheeks and a hollow cough, who held a wayward Then, as the carpetsack shifted its brother's hand anxiously in her own. "There won't be much left for John's wife," thought Mrs. Pettit, regretfully; "but dear knows these poor creatures need it."

Two hours later the doors swung violently in, and an excited group eutered. An old gentleman with a fringe of white whiskers under his chin, a tall young gentleman looking very red and excited, and two officers. A moment's conversation at the desk, and 58 was called.

But "58," close in conversation with wo little vagrants, the baby girl in her lap and the boy at her side, with traces of tears still upon her old cheeks, had forgotten that she had ever been given a number.

"You will never be hungry again," she was saying, solemnly, "never beaten, never forsaken. You shall go home with me, and Tony shall own the dog, while the white kitten that will drink nothing but cream shall belong to the baby sister." "Mother!" said a voice at her side

-a voice in which there were both jo? and tears, and in a moment a pair of strong arms had her in their embrace.

"Lucy," said another voice, which soun led like Ephraim's mufiled with a feather bolster, "Pil never forgive myself for losing you-never."

"Why, John," said Mrs. Pettit, "and Ephraim, too! I'm glad you've There is so much trouble in come world, and here I've been sitting to home shutting my ears to it. Echraim, I know you won't care. You've never opposed me in anything in my life. I'm going to take these children home with me and keep them. There's ter or do for them."

"But, mother, such a charge at your age-" began her son.

"John," said Mrs. Pettit, with the solemnity of conviction, "it's the Lord's call. They're sweet, handsome little things, and such a life as they've led? Ephraim, you don't object? We will call the baby Eleanor, in memory of our own.

For answer Mr. Pettit stoopel and lifted the baby girl in his arms.

"I guess we've got money enough to hire a nurse if they are a charge," he said, triumphantly. "John, you're a lawyer; you can fix up the papers as soon as you like."

And so the losing of Mrs. Pettit, like the wandering of a clear brook over parched meadows, leaving fresh and grateful all behind, carried also on its bosom to a harbor of safety two tender human souls. - New York In lependent.

A Growing Industry.

The other day the Postoffice authorities at Washington had their attention called to the circular sent through the mails to students in schools and colleges offering to furnish them with essays and speeches for so much per hundred words.

Many heads of schools and colleges urged the department to rale these circulars out of the mails, but after he was wondering where he could get | due consideration the authorities decided that they could not exclude

In one shape or another this business has been going on for many years. It is dishonest for a pupil to buy an essay or a speech and palm it off as his own, but there will always be youngsters who will do it at any some alone. The man at the desk risk. The temptation is hard to regave to each newcomer brought in, a sist in some cases. Take, for instance, a bright boy who is gifted with mathematical talent. His teachers take it for granted that he can write passably well and they demand good compositions and speeches. But this is the one thing in which the pupil is deficient. He has a head for figures, but he has no command of language. When such a boy is pushed to the wall There were dozens of people seated he is tempted to borrow or buy the productions of others. He does it to maintain his standing at school. With him it is a case of necessity.

There is one good thing about this ready-made speech industry. It euables some very clever men and women to earn many extra dollars which It helps one class though it may inings of as many tired methers.

Six hours of rumble and noise and dust, glimpses of waving green fields and distant towns a fleating account. "Such a lot of people lost!" she jure another. The ruling of the Post-

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

LEGGINGS POPULAR.

The short skirt and leggings of the wheelwoman are so convenient that they have been adopted by some women at resorts who do not ride a wheel. They are especially advautageous for tennis and for walking tours, and many of the wearers declare they will regret ever having to go back to the long skirt.

DUTH NAMED HER SISTER,

Ruth is directly responsible, so the Globe man learns from reliable authority, for the name which her little sister now bears. It was Ruth and no one else who named the third child of cided upon to name the child, and Buth was then asked by her mamma what name she wished to have her little sister bear. The names Mary, Marion and Martha were presented to Ruth, and without the least hesitancy she chose Marion, and thus it is that the baby was so named. - Boston

WOMEN IN SINGULAR CALLINGS. Buffalo has a "lady mortuarist."

Arizona's best mining expert is a woman. An expert tea taster in San Fran-

cisco is a young girl.
On Sixth avenue, New York City, is an expert woman silversmith.

One of the greatest wood engravers is Miss Donlevy, of New York City. In the Coggswell Polytechnic School, San Francisco, the best blacksmith is a girl.

New Orleans has the only woman veterinary surgeon in the world, In Boston a well educated woman electroplates in gold, silver and nickel.

Nebraska has a woman who earns her living by operating a steam thrasher.

The finest raisins in California are grown and packed by three women near Fresho.

BOYAL DAIRYMAIDS.

Probably the most charming dairy in existence is that of the Princess of Wales, in which not only she, but her various daughters, have learned to make the most perfect butter. The walls are covered with tiles presented to the Prince of Wales, who placed them there as a surprise to the royal dairymaids. They were made in Bombay, and are of a deep peacock blue, the rose, shamrock and thistle being intertwined, with the motto, "Ich

A white marble counter running around the room holds silver pans of makes them they are unlikely to change milk from the Alderneys grazing with. in any very important particular .out. Above this, on broad bracket shelves of marble, is a collection, in every available material, of sows, bullocks, and calves; Italian and Parian marble; alabaster, porceitau, terra cotta and silver-all gifts. A long milk can, painted by the Princess Louise to match the Indian tiling, stands in one corner, and opposite is nobody in the wide world to look at. the head of the Princess's pet Alderney, with a silver plate recording her virtues. Here the Princess sometimes churns in a silver churn, and in the next room the butter for the family is made and sent up fresh every morning when they are in London. The day's supply is made up into little pats and scrolls all ready for the table, and the Prince requires a special order of pats. Not a grain or salt is allowed in them, and they are made the size of a half dollar and the thickness of three, with either the crown, the coat-ofarms or the three feathers stamped on each. - New York Telegram.

FORTUNES IN LACES.

Mrs. Robert Goelet has a small cedar chest completely filled with the very finest and most expensive lace handkerchiefs, writes a correspondent from Newport, R. I. They were all made by the most fashionable French manufacturers, and are Mrs. Goelet's especial delight. Her husband disliked ribbon and silk muslin. her wearing laces of any kind made by other concerns, and so an entire lace outfit was bought through his special order. Mr. Goelet, according on the edge with cream lace applique. to report, paid as high as \$200 for one handkerchief, and \$2500 for a lace dress.

The Astor family have many treasures in laces. Connoisseurs value them at not less than \$359,000. Mrs. William Astor has a lace dress recently made which is valued at \$28,000, besides an endless amount of handkerchiefs, fans, Mrs. John Jacob Aster (nee Miss Willing) is the happy possessor of several extravagant gowns, her portion being said to be worth over \$50,000.

The late Mrs. John Jacob Astor had a life long fad for collecting laces. She left \$60,000 worth to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The foundation of this collection was gathered in of the bathing suits worn this season France and Italy by Mrs. Astor herself between the years 1845 and 1855. It was the especial fascination of her whole life to hunt here and there in obscure stores and bric-a-brac shops on the Continent for specimens of the finest lace work ever known to have been manufactured. She could never | full circular shape. resist buying when satisfied that it was the real thing. Mrs. Astor's fichus and lace handkerchiefs became famous. She had a wonderful dress of lace, for which she paid \$20,000. In this respect, however, she has been outdone by her daughter, whose new \$28,000 dress is generally considered the creme

de la creme about Newport. A fashionable New York modiste, here for the summer, remarked yesterday that among the cottagers this season \$500 fichus, \$200 handkerchiefs and \$1000 overdresses are mere bagatelles. It is said by the same authority that New York has bought more laces during this year than, any other city plain black.

in the world. At least a score of its fashion leaders are believed to have purchased an addition of \$30,000 worth to their collections, while probably 100 more bought \$10,000 worth.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE NEW WOMAN. The new woman is popularly sup-posed to be a woman of liberal educa-

tion and advanced ideas, a woman pre-

pared to maintain her rights and claim her privileges, and make and keep a fair standing-ground for herself in whatever field she chooses to exploit her convictions, or exert her abilities. She is supposed to look with a certain disfavor on domesticity, to go about with a chip on her shoulder among old-fashioned people who fancy that a woman's natural spere is in the narrow world of home. The new woman, we learn incidentally, cares little for marriage, regarding it the Cleveland family. Three names as an incident in life, but proudly were presented to Ruth on the day der holding herself above the old stupid notion that love and matrimony are cardinal points in the destiny of her sex. She is said to be opposed to sacrifleing herself on the altar of childhood, and to look pitiful scorn on the mother of half-dozen boys and girls. Whatever a man may do, this product of fin de siecle fancy is said to insist upon doing, setting her feet firmly down on the antiquated myths which once obtained-the myth of the right of the weaker to protection by the stronger, of the adoration of the mother as the most blessed of all women on the earth, of the queenly dignity of her who rules the home and

> keeps alight the fire on the hearth. Our question is where to find this personage so glibly described and discussed, but so clusive when she is sought? She is absent from our drawing-rooms, where to-day, as in former years, gracious matrons and fascinating maidens impart to society the ease, the flavor, the sweetness, which make the intercourse of well-bred people with one another equally reposeful and stimulating.

> She is not to be discovered in the innumerable professions and trades which women have made their own, from the pulpit to the printing-office. The woman doctor, albeit an excellent physician, is as womanly as our mother Eve, and one seeks in vain for novelty in the woman professor, artist, minister, clerk, type-writer, journalist, or woman engaged in any avocation known to the utility of the hour. Purely womanly under the student's cap or gown, or under the frills and flutings of the beautifully arrayed debutante, our women of the hour are just what their mothers and grandmothers were - sincere, single hearted, straightforward, impulsive, emotional, self-denying, lovable, tenderly loving beings, "God Almighty made them to match the men," and until He un-Harper's Bazar.

> > FASHION NOTES.

The variety of waists used with the fashionable plain skirt is without

mit. Apron fronts or front breadths of contrasting material are among incoming fashions.

The very latest novelty in batiste shows a fine thread of gold run through it very lightly.

Wide brimmed hats with aggressive looking bows and loops and an abundance of blossoms are the rule. A costume of chamelon silk is

trimmed on the skirt with three bands of guipure arranged diagonally. A bodice of chiffon for a chamelon

silk skirt has close silk sleeves with deep frills of chiffon at the elbows. Ivory satin is a usual combination with beige alpaca, and is employed for

the entire waist, which is covered with Venetian lace. Some of the latest Parisian trimmings are of gold lace foundation, with patterns of ecru muslin applied

with fine stitching. The blouse vest fronts worn with the jacket and skirt style of dress are easily made out of fragments of lace,

One model for black alpaca has a short jacket with a fluted basque and a wide collar of mauve velvet, trimmed

A favorite bonnet has a little skull cap shaped body with a trimming of butterfly shaped feathers and loops of lace that are wired to keep them in A unique material has a loosely

woven peacock blue ground, with plain blue circles stampe I on it. Radiating lines in gold silk thread surround each The China silk or cashmere Mother

Hubbard cloaks for babies in short dresses show new cape collars of chiffon run with numerous rows of narrow white ribbon. The neatest and most refined of any

twilled wool with black stockings and sandals to match. A beautiful dressy cotton gown is developed in white duck, having scattered over the surface tiny bunches of red and blue flowers. The skirt is in

are made of black mohair or Botany

A pretty gown of tan-colored muslin spotted with black is made over heliotrope silk and trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace and black and white striped ribbon.

The boys' straw hat known as the middy is made of fine Milan straw, with a broad, rolling brim, showing an edge of blue and white, red and white, or brown and white stripes.

A pretty toque is of an iridescent blue and greenish straw, trimmed with black mull, wings, covered with an embroidery of iridescent beads, edged with a thick but narrow ruching of

A LOVE SYMPHONY,

Along the garden ways just now I heard the flowers speak; The white rose told me of your brow. The red rose of your cheek. The lily of your bended head, The bindwood of your hair; Each looked its loveliest and said You were more fair.

I went into the woods anon, And heard the wild birds sing How sweet you were; they ware along Piped trilled the self same thing Thrush, blackbird, linnet, without pruss, The burden did repeat, And still began again because You were more sweet.

And then I went down to the ser And beard its murmuring, too, Part of an ancient mystery. All made of me and you. How many a thousand years azy I loved, and you were sweet,

Longer I could not stay, and so I fled back to your feet.

PITH AND POINT.

-Arthur O'Shan

Tramp's motto-"A little earning dangerous thing."

Mand Muller on a summer day Raked the mendow sweet with he And scorned the wrathful bumble In bloomers gathered at the know-—Indianapolis Jun There are "redeeming" feature

ven in the pawnbroker's business." 'Tis very easy to reform: With ease we reach this goal. But staying there—ah, that's the thing

The angler may forget his lines, is the amateur post never - Bad Courier. When a woman's heart is in straigh it doesn't matter so much about

hat,-Cleveland Plain Dealer. When a man really loves his ne bor as himself, it generally turns that the neighbor is a pretty girl.

"Wilt share my lot?" the noble said The helress absently in juice to "How much is it per foot" flost -"Never shall I fored

time when I first draw this was Chorus- "When was that?" Has 'At a raffle."—Firefly. He has a week's vacation. He has a week a variable.

She stays two months or a —

That's why he was engaged to up

And she to half a score.

—Washing as

Cholly-"Aw, me good fellor, what might you be fishing a Uncle Ben-"Wa-al, chile, l'il as ceive yo'. I'se fishin' for to Judge.

If a bicycle's knowa as a " os. A tricycle must be a "trike," An I when winter comes read It will doubtless be foun! That an leyele goes as an winter

Waiter - "Gent says they's a fir this coffee; gimme another c Cook-"Not much; t'row de ily on Waiter-"Can't-the guy's done cream in it."- Chicago Record The grocer's grown so very out-

That, measuring out some plat He fills the vessel with the fruit And counts in both his than a Debtor (apologetic) - "The payer of that account is a source of cond anxiety to me, I assure you."

itor-"Very likely. You are a you might forget yourself and part The times of in lustry are And gentle peace the world The only strikes that now app

Are those the baughty not "Well," said the camel in the cus parade, "there's some combe me after all." "What do you me "My hump is pretty bal, but it mit be worse. I don't ride a bayel Washington Star.

The reason none can undersated But examples there are plenty -land-And the fish that escaped weight in

Stranger - "Can you tell me "h Mrs. Brown lives!" Mrs. Halser? nam - "Well, I don't know the sa ber, but it's just a few doors It's the only house on the blo sides this that has real lase corts on the windows."

Glass Brick.

Hollow bricks of glass are used in the construction of the of winter gardens and plant They are so set that the filled with rarefied air, which is conductor of heat. The bricks a in a cement that unites the entire firmly. It is thought to be to use bricks without any sup experiments are being made ing with this glass, which, put arch shape, will, it is hoped, ficiently strong to answer all without the wood or iron ! dinarily used in such Houses of this material are a heated at much less cost that made after other metho la. comes through the bricks, a windows are not necessary. tem is thought to comb strength and economy, and if a success will almost revolute building of plant houses, -Nes Ledger. Father of Universalism.

"Hoses Ballon, the father

versalism," says Nelson, of St was an old-fashioned man good deal of real wit. At our important church meeting many years ago a young citi delivered a sermon which, h ward pompously told his fra the presence of Ballon, he was hour in writing. 'And how long' it have taken you to write the mon?' said the young minister b lou. And the reply was: 'I de lieve I could have written! eternity! 'Well, now,' said eprouting theologian, nothing sie what part of the sermon dit po best. There must have been bit of good in it.' 'Yes,' said the man, thoughtfully, 'the text sal

rate.