MIDDLEBURGH, PA., JUNE 10, 1897.

Thirty years ago Berlin was smaller than Philadelphia; now it is larger by five hundred thousand.

The quarries from which the ancient Greeks obtained the highly prized Thessalian or verd marble were lost for nearly one thousand years, but were recently rediscovered, and are now being worked by an English company. They are near Larissa.

The verdict of 100 leading German professors, in the Revue des Deux Mondes, on the admission of women to university education, is distinctly adverse. The professors of history almost unanimously declare that the study of history requires qualities which no woman can possess.

Edison and Tesla, both eminent elec-Edison said recently that "sleep is a habit, anyway," in connection with his statement that some nights he did not sleep a wink. Tesla says that sleep is a vitalizer, and that if a man could sleep eighteen hours a day, he might live to be 200 years old.

The American Agriculturist says: A new opening for young men will be created if the domestic sugar industry develops as it now seems likely. One great obstacle to this development is the scarcity of sugar factory experts. Fortunately, however, there is in this country a school magnificently equipped with men and apparatus to educate young men as sugar experts. broad terrace before Colonel Rip-It is already evident that the sugar ley's mansion. school of Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge will be well filled the coming fall.

One of the most impressive and peculiar sights presented to the eyes of a traveler in Japan is that of the wooden sandals worn by 35,000,000 people. These sandals have a separate compartment for the great toe and make a clinking noise on the street. Straw slippers are also worn, and a traveler starting out on a journey will strap a supply of them on his back, that he may put on a new pair when the old is worn out. They cost but a cent and a half a pair. They are rights and lefts and leave the foot free to the air. We never see these deformities of the foot in Japan which are so frequent in this country. They are never worn in the house, but left outside the door. Passing down a street you may see the tie of blood the bond of affection long rows of them at the door, old and new, large and small.

Says the San Francisco Argonaut On the arrival of the last two steamers from the Hawaiian Islands, we observe that the customs inspectors have destroyed all the leis, or flower wreaths, which tourists are in the habit of welcoming hand, it lay quiet and passbringing here. It is an excellent idea. ive in his own. The plants from the islands are infested with the red wax scale, an insect pest which is much to be apprehended particularly in a State like this, devoted to horticulture. The sentimental ideas of travelers may be interferred with by destroying these flower wreaths, which are presented to them by their friends when they sail from Honolulu; but the horticultural interests of the State are of more importance than travelers' sentiment. It behooves the United States authorities to be careful concerning the admission of the fauna and flora of other countries to our ports. When man begins to interfere with nature, he sometimes plays havoc. Five or six years ago a traveling Floridian brought home from Central America a pretty water plant. Its growth in its new environment was simply marvelous, and in the last two years the authorities have had to spend thousands of dollars in cutting it away from the rivers, where it had made navigation impossible. The sentimental English colonist who, thinking of the bunnies of his childhood's home, imported a few rabbits into Australia, little thought that in the course of less than a generation they would increase to millions and almost destroy the useful vegetation of a vast country. So with the mongoose that has been brought into this port several times. but, we are glad to say, has always been destroyed by the customs authorities. Its importation into the West Indies was a failure. There, after it had killed the field-rats which preyed upon the sugar-cane, it turned its attention to other and useful animals, and finally began destroying all the domestic poultry.

Hobson-"Is Robson a man you can trust?" Dobson-"Yes; that is, if you lend him anything; it's all you car do." DO ALL THAT YOU CAN.

I cannot do much," said a little star, To make this dark world bright; My silvery beam cannot pierce far Into the gloom of night; Yet I am a part of God's great plan, And so I will do the best that I can."

What can be the use," said a fleecy cloud "Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
If caught in her chalice of gold;
But I, too, am a part of God's great plan,
So my treasures I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play But a thought, like a silver thread, Kept winding in and out all day Through the happy golden head-Through the happy golden head— "Mother said, 'Darling, do all that you can; For you are a part of God's great plan.'

She knew no more than the twinkling star Or the cloud with its rain cup full, How, why, or for what all strange thing

She was only a child at school; But she thought, "Tisa part of God's great

That even I should do all that I can."

Bo she helped another child along When the way was rough to his feet, And she sung from her heart a little song That we all thought wondrous sweet: And her father—a weary, toil-worn man Said, "I, too, will do the best that I can." -Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

Q00000000000000000000000000 NANNIE'S HERO.

BY JENNY WHEN.



HERO? A true hero? And you think, Nannie, that such phenomena now exist? "Ah, I did not commit myself to any such assertion. laughed pretty Nannie Ripley in re-sponse, "I only said should never marry unless I could find a genuine, bona fide hero, one who really

was worthy the title." "I fear then, my dear, you are doomed to a solitary maidenhood for the rest of your natural existence, answered the other, as the two girls, arm in arm, paced up and down the

His only daughter, who spoke with all the proud assertion of her twenty summers, had reigned sole mistress of his home and heart for eighteen long years, since the young wife with her dying strength had placed the prattling baby in his arms and with mute eloquence besought him to let no other fill the place it was God's will she should no longer enjoy. He had given her no answer, save the kiss he had pressed upon the brow already growing cold; but a happy smile was her reward, which lingered on her dead face even when the coffin lid hid it

Very richly had his young daughter remunerated his tender, solicitous care of her; a little willful, a trifle spoiled, perhaps, but with a heart as pure and lovely within as the image outwardly which enshrined it.

The friend who had rallied her se gayly on the ideas she thought so little likely to find fulfillment stood to moment there was silence. His words, her in a sister's place, and had Grace Rivers in reality been allied to her by here was no hero-worship, no shrine between the two girls could scarce have been more binding.

"Lo! now the conquering hero comes," Grace sang aloud, as turning at the end of the terrace her quick eyes first caught sight of a tall, manly form rapidly approaching them. At the words a faint blush rose to

Nannie Ripley's cheek, but when a moment later the new-comer took her

"You have no conception how important a conversation you have inter rupted," kughed Miss Rivers, as after greeting his young hostess he turned to her, his handsome face wearing a sunny smile, his eyes constantly dancing as with hidden merriment.

"Indeed! And may I not lend my voice in its arbitration?" he questioned in rich musical tones, "Perhaps I may be able to act as umpire on such an important occasion '

'We prefer leaving it an open ques tion," decided Miss Ripley. "Not, Mr. Warrington, but that your opinion would be of inestimable value; but this is a case time alone can prove right or wrong. Grace's mind is already made up on that point, and I fear mine also. But there are the horses. Will you not join us in our drives?" And a few moments later, as the three were bowled rapidly along the smooth, easy road, the exhibarating motion, the fresh evening air soon prove all thought of the discussion from every mind save

But when that night Nannie Ripley, having dismissed her maid, sat alone, in a white wrapper, her long, lovely hair unbound, by the open window, whence glittering in the beams of the moonlight she could see the tall turrents of Warrington Place, every word was recalled to her memory. She could not, and the other noticed naught, but remember no time when Cecil Warrington's handsome face had not been again with a deepened feeling as to its familiar to her. As children they had played together, and when they had been separated for years, he to study abroad, and she finishing her educa- Colonel Ripley, a few days later, tion at home, they had met again after so long an absence, although all sign | See that you do credit to your houseof the old boyishness had fled, the laughing brown eyes were all unchanged, and Nannie felt anywhere she

would have recognized him. For a few weeks he seemed trying in vain to reconcile the flaxen-haired, sunny-faced little girl, who had so and went forward to welcome her sweetly pressed her lips to his in goodbye, with the tall, dignified young lady flashing with some suppressed excitewho came forward with such charming ment, the result left nothing to be degrace to welcome him to the home over sired, though her wonderful beauty which she now presided; but once struck to one's heart with only a keen reconciled to the alteration, a new pang.

cull for his very own this exquisite unfolding of the bud into blossom.

But Nannie, looking over to the tall white spires, remembered some last words Cecil Warrington had spoken is, holding her little jeweled hand tight pressed within his own, he had whispered his good night. Knowing that no wish is so dear to her father's heart (though his lips have never given it utterance) as that the two estates may be joined, she recalls also word for word the conversation of the afternoon. No new act had crowned Cecil Warrington's life, no deed wrought by his hand which should send his name heralded in proud, glad tones throughout the land, or receive reverent mention, breathed in low whispers as the martyred names of olden time. The man she married she felt must be one whom she could regard almost with awe, and certainly Cecil the keys and her sweet voice spoke Warrington's laughing eyes and sunshiny smile awakened no such feeling. "It is as Grace said, I imagine," was

her last thought as she arose slowly to prepare for bed, "that I shall search and never find. Ah, well, I am too happy to regret that it is so.

Why do you always call me Mr Warrington, Miss Nannie?" questioned he owner of that name, as a few evenings later he overtook Miss Ripley in walk and broke, in pleasant interruption, upon her solitary meditation. Once more the blush rose to her cheek in answer.

"You forget in the days I ventured to say 'Cecil' you seemed to bear no We were children then, other title. With the dignity of later years we must not rashly trifle.

"Has so long an interval of time clapsed that even a name must be revolutionized? I cannot tell you how constantly when abroad in a strange land, surrounded by those who spoke in a foreign tongue, I longed to hear the one word 'Cecil' fall from your lips, to catch the light of your smile, as it rippled on the air, to picture the hour when I should hear it once again and see the mouth which gave it utterance. Nannie, can you not understand why this is; why, when breathed by you it gathered sweeter, deeper meaning, and would fall like music on my listening ear? Let me tell you, darling, let me express my cherished secret, if you have not already guessed it. It is because I love you. Ah, darling, can I recall the time when I have not loved you? You shared all my boyish dreams, my youthful ambitions. You are now the star which shines in the horizon of my manhood. Namie, will you shed your light upon my path forevermore, now in your youth and beauty, until both fade and your sweet brilliance pales, still casting its glimmer o'er my

The laughing eyes no longer laughed as they looked with earnest deepened meaning into the fair face turned from

As she listened, the smile around the mouth had fled, but in this new repose a strength and courage shone forth in the handsome face, although spite of herself, spite of the fact that at which she could reverently bow, only an earnest, loving heart, a young, frank spirit for her to cherish or discard, awakened an echo which rang clearly out with no discordant sound, and fell upon her heart with a touch which soothed but jarred not. Then she spoke, slowly and sadly:

"I had hoped this would not come. I cannot marry you, Cecil. I do not love you as I must love the man of my

"You love another?" he questioned, in a sharp, hourse voice.

"Indeed, indeed, no!" she answered. quickly. I cannot give.

"I will not, since it is your sweet wish, but in turn demand not impossibilities of me. I can be no brother to you, nor act a brother's part. I have given you the whole love of a heart which has known but one idol. Heaven grant no sister may ever stab a brother to the very soul as you, with your soft white hand, have stabbed me!"

The weeks which followed to Nannie Ripley dragged with strange weariness. The light, firm step she never before hailed in vain now rarely sounded on the terrace; the rich, deep voice now so rarely heard seemed to make the silence doubly still; the void once filled by the bright, handsome face empty indeed. And when one day Grace Rivers came into her presence with happy, blushing face, and whispered low of a wonderful secret which had dawned upon her, the knowledge that she loved and was in turn beloved, the words of congratulation seemed to meet with sobs in her throat, why she knew when she had left her she took up life desolation.

"I have invited young Warrington to dine this evening, Nannie," said with one or two other gentlemen. keeping.

The toilet Nannie Ripley made that evening received a consideration she did not often accord it. It was to please her father, she told herself, but when she entered the drawing-room guests with beightened color and eyes

heart glowed the hope that after listening dreamily to their conversation traveling the world over, he might which reached her in snatches through the open door separating them from flower whose growth he has seemed to the music room, she was attracted by watch from its first germ to the perfect | the sound of one voice familiar to her ear. Cecil Warrington was speaking

of the duty he thought every man owed his fellow-man, every owner of property, the laborer who ploughed his fields. His young enthusiasm, all honest and sincere, spoke in earnest, glowing terms, and turning, Nannie could see his face radiant with high purpose, when, like lightning flash, came the thought, "Must one to be a hero go forth in search of some heroic work? Does not life with its everyday needs demand a greater, truer heroism, although no bard may ever sing its praises, nor may it be recorded on any page save that written in the great book which one day shall lie open to all eyes?" Had she not spurned the one great gift offered her, leaving her life bare and desolate? Unconsciously her hand wandered over out in the lines ending:

"The sunshine of my life is in her eyes, And when they leave me all within is dark."

"Whose eyes, Nannie?" questioned voice beside her, and she knows Cecil has left the table and effected a noiseless entrance. "Darling, my life has been all darkness since you took from it the sunshine of the hope which was its glory. I must go away; I cannot stay here longer to see you, and feel you never, never will be mine. When you sing that song again, Naunie, you will know why I left you; but—" he stops suddenly, for the butgirl's head has fallen with a discordant crash upon the keys, and one bitter sob his quick ear catches. "Nannie," he questions, bending low over the fair head, with its shining hair, "can it be that you would care, that my going would cost you a single pang? The decision rests in your hands, my own, Is it go or stay?'

And with a glad burst of thanksgiving at the heart which has freed itself from its fetters, Nannie whispers, Stay!"—The Ledger.

TREES THREE INCHES HIGH.

Two Curious Forest Growths From the Arctic Regions.

The most interesting feature of the forestry and herbaceous collection of Cornell University is one recently added, consisting of specimens of perfect forest trees less than three inches high. They were brought to the university from the arctic regions by a party of explorers sent out by the intitution itself. The most noticeable features of the collection are the arctic pirch and the crowberry.

Nowhere in this country, so far as known, does a museum contain perfect specimens of the birch. This curious growth is occasionally to be found on the top of Mount Washington, but no one has ever before been able to secure one of these tiny trees in absolutely perfect condition. The specimens which Cornell has were found on the Greenland coast, some at Godhaven, on the Isle of Diske. Others were discovered at Wilcox Head, where the exploring party that seshe, alas, failed to detect it. For a cured specimens did most of its work. A curious difference between this liliputian birch and the ordinary forest tree of the same species is that the arctic specimen bears fruit. The trees on the Island of Diske were covered with fruit when the explorers found them. What is more, this fruit is decidedly edible. It has a taste not unlike the juniper berry and is said to be exceed-

ingly health-giving. Ever so many persons have read of this little birch tree under the scientific name of betula nana, without having any idea of what the name really signified. Translated, it means white birch, and those who have read of the struggle of Dr. Elisha Kent Kane and his companions in the Arctic regions a "Whom could I care for half century ago will remember what more than you? Be my friend as of an important part the betula nana took old, Cecil (for so I will now call you), in sustaining the life of the members but let me feel I have in you the dear of the expedition. The berries which brother I would so have delighted in grow upon the birch seem to have all possessing, and do not ask me for what the concomitants of food and drink, and upon them a person may exist for a long time without materially losing

> The second notable specimen is known as the crowberry, or as the scientist terms it, the empetrum nigrum. While this tree is in a measure a cosmopolitan plant, although classed as an Arctic growth, the same difficulty has been experienced in securing perfect specimens as in the case of the birch. The crowberry grows in this country on Mount Desert, in Maine, and is occasionally found at the highest points of the Sierra Nevada range of mountains. Like the birch, it bears an edible berry and it is no exaggeration to state that it is one of the principal sources of succulent food in the region where it grows.

> > Arming Cavalry With Lances.

Some years ago, writes Harold Frederic, I reported the conclusions reached by a party of English experts who went to Germany to study the question of arming cavalry with the lance, which had just been done there, and who urged the adoption of the plan here. A tentative step in that direction has now been taken by changing the Twenty-first Hussars into lancers. It is understood that a number of similar changes are to follow shortly. The weapon used is of tubular steel, ten feet long, and I found among friends in the Rhenish Cuirassiers last winter that, though the men at first loathed it, they now think very well of it. Officers believe they will charge in battle with much more confidence, as well as execution, than in the old days of the sabre.-New York Times,

The number of emigrants from Great Britain during the first three months reconciled to the alteration, a new pang.

light shone in his eyes when they sitting alone at the piano, while the pared with the same period of last rested on her, and deep in his warm gentlemen still lingered at the table. | year, of 5987.

SELECT RELIGIOUS READING.

PREGNANT THOUGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS.

The Weaving of God's Web-Purification Through Suffering - Lives to Endure Through Eternity-A Mother's Prayer on on the Mount-Loved Nature

One small life in God's great plan, How futile it seems as the ages roll, Do what it may, or strive how it can, To alter the sweep of the infinite whole A single stitch in an endless web, A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb; But the pattern is rent where the stitch

Or marred where the tangled threads have

erossed:
erossed:
And each life that falls of the true intent.
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.
—Susan Coolidge.

Purification Through Suffering.

There is no place, no occasion, where God can be more glorifled than on a couch of pain, or where more real spirifual strength is imparted. "The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing. The wilt make all his bed in his sickness To use the familiar earthly phrase, how many in that peculiar school of suffering have "graduated with honors." They came out of "great tribulation." Tribulation (tribulum)—the threshing flail—the grainsifter, as the root-word imports, winnowing silter, as the root-word imports, winnowing the husk from the seed. And this "tribula-tion worketh [not impatience, as we would have expected, but] patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope." It was the smitten rock of the desert that yielded the smitten rock of the desert that yielded the refreshing waters. Perhaps, though reluctant to own it, you may be among the faithful toilers who have broken down by reason of your very lidelity to duty. The bow was overstrained, and the bowstring has snapped; the harp-cherd was overstrained, and the music has ceased. The life of excessive consecration has only paid its martyr penalties. Man a sick bed sufferer reminds one of the Marechal Niel rose that flowers so luxuriantly as often to bloom itself to death. By the very profusion of goodness the root be comes weakened, the overloaded biossom exhausts the mortal energy. But, be still! God has work for you to do, when the wings are clipped and the eye is filmed. While you may be bewailing curtailed opportunities and baffled purposes, you can in other ways "glorify him in the fires." Yours is a shadowed couch, but it is in the "shadow of His hand;" He hath "hid you." You may be able to say nothing and to do nothing, yet you can remember, in your very helpless-ness, Milton's noble line: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

J. R. MacDuff, D. D., in "The Pillar in the

Lives Shall Endure Through Eternity.

What would you say if, when pointed to a worn link in a chain, the workman showed you how strong some of the others are, and proposed to let it pass? Or suppose the engineer of some great viaduet were shown a loose rivet or a fractured girder, and he should reply by pointing out how strong the piers—are, and pleading that it does not look should replie a re, and pleading that it does not look a bad bridge on the whole. Only, no engineer would reply so. No! the fact that the rest of the structure is so good, is a sweathers but reason for not giving it up as worthless, but not a reason for being satisfied with it as it is, even for one day. If it be left as it is all is, even for one day. the strong points go for nothing: the flaw the weakness, gives the valuation of it and if left in it, will by and by bring it down. Deal with your life which is immortal at least as faithfully as with these lifeless things which are only meant to last a few short years. What are these things after all? What is the most wondrous machine, with all its most delicate movements, compared to a human life? What is earth's costliest structure compared to a good name, a stainless conscience, a true heart? What is the highest trust that man can set you to defend, compared with that invisible fortress of the soul? A little while and those finelywrought structures, so closely watched that each flaw may be repaired, shall be only masses of rusting metal, and the strong forts that true men hold to the death shall be only grass-grown mounds, memorials of the ever-fading past. But these lives which God has given us to keep and use shall endure through eternity's countless years, and bear into the immeas ureable future the mark of how we live and act today.—Brooke Herford, D. D., in "Ser-mons of Courage and Cheer."

A Mother's Prayer.

Blessed Lord, thou are infinite in love and tenderness and dost comfort us even as a mother comforteth. Thou dost long and wait with patience day by day for the unfolding of thine own nature within us. Thou dost rejoice in every sign of victory over the lower and ever up-reaching toward the tinually, our divine inspirer and never fail-We pray thou wiit make this love of thine more real to us. Help us who are mothers to realize that we are the children of a king and that thou dost include in thy dear family the children's children, that the yearning of our hearts for them is but the echo of thine own and that nothing which touches their welfare is unnoticed by thy watchful eye. We rejoice, O Lord, that thine ear is always open to our prayers for our dear children. O bless them this new day! They have not passed this way heretofore. We commend them in faith to thee. May they be respon-sive to thy leading in right and pure ways. And when the evening shades gather about us and the curtains of night are drawn. us and the curtains of night are drawn may we all with unsoiled feet come around the family altar with songs of praise and thanksgiving to thee, our Father, who hast blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, in whose name we pray

Jesus Loved Nature.

The careworn are so moody and gloon y that they have no eye for the wild flower and no ear for the song of birds or for the music of rippling brooks or autumn winds, But Jesus had an eye and ear for all sights and sounds of nature, "I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not ar-rayed like one of these." Inquire not curi-ously of what flower He spoke, as if it must needs have been some exceptionally lovely flower of gorgeous hue that called forth such an encomium. Jesus, I believe, would have said the same thing about the simplest wild flower that grows in the mea low or by he wayside—the snowdrop, the primrose or the daisy. -A. B. Bruce.

Man Grander Than Nature. Grand as nature is, it only typides some thing grander in man; unconscious heights and breadths and depths within him, waiting to embosom themselves within the life and light of God. Seeking that ineffable oneness with him, man and nature send up together one yearning response through the holy silence: "Grant us peace!"—Lucy Lar-

God gives each man one life, like a lamp,

then gives
That lamp due measure of oil: Lamp lighted
—hold high, wave wide, Its comfort for others to share.

To become like Christ is the only thing in the world worth earing for, the thing before which every ambition of man is folly, and all lower achievement vain.—Drummond.

Many Christians get cold warming then eives by this world's fires.-A. S. Gordon

If we leave our doors wide open to God he enters in and makes a heaven of our souls.

GHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.

TOPIC FOR SUNDAY, JUNE 13

'The Best Way to Study the Bible." Pa

xix. 7-14

June 7. Early study. 2 Tim. iii. 1-17.
June 8. Study in Affliction. Acts. xx. 25.
35.
June 9. Home study. Deut. vi. 1-2.
June 10. "Hy heart." Ps. xxxvii. 30-40.
June 11. Practical study. Ps. cxix. 37-105.
June 12. Commentaries. Neh. viii. 1-3.
Scarceture Verses.—Deut. iv. 1. 2. x 20. SCRIPTURE VERSES. Deut. iv. 1, 2, v. 32; SCRIPTURE VERSES.—Deal, 17, 1, 2, 7, 32, viii., 1-8; xvii. 18, 19; 2 Kings xxiii, 3, Pa 1, 2; cxiz. 18; Prov. iii. 1; vi. 20-23; vii. 1-3, John xiv. 26; xvi. 13, 14; Rom. ii. 13; Jan. 1

22-25; Rev. xxii. 18, 19. LESSON THOUGHTS.

The best way to study the libble is with the firm conviction that it is God's own word, that this belief may inspire us with the most solemn reverence, and add the very highest authority to the words that we read. The Bible properly studied will have a converting, purifying, sanctifying influence upon the student, and should certainly be studied with the most lirect personal appli-

Let us read and meditate upon God's Word, with dependence upon God's gui-dance, and with the prayer that the Hoir Spirit may take the things of Christ and

Word of the ever-living God, Will of His glorious Son, Without thee how could earth be trod, Or heaven itself be won? Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,

Thy mysteries to reveal.

That Spirit which first gave thee forth Thy volume must unseal And we, if we aright would learn, The wisdom it imparts. Must to its heavenly teaching turn, And seek with all our hearts.

We never get to understand the Bible sim-ply by studying it. It will not reveal fact us until we begin to do what it teaches. He that seeks to obey it, shall know it. May persons have the impression that there's constitute occupit and mysterious about as omething occult and mysterious about the words of the Scriptures. But this impre-sion vanishes if they accept the divine teach-ings, and begin to fashion their lives acond-

Superstitious persons carry amulets ap-

A Prayer for Upliffing O Lord God! whose ways are

derful, receive our thanksgiving for newed beauty thou bringest into the For thou hast so fashioned as that the west wind blows and the summer the river of God is at its fullest senses, and, if we are wise, into and spiritcomes the joy of tiod; holding this outward beauty, are meditate, touching the very works of the Lord, O Gaabove the things that have sway over us, and cause us to munion with nature. May w meanest and simplest flower the forth from the hand of God. est a feast, give us grace to be thanksgiving and gladness. 1. of us be weak enough shadow of death to shut out the us with great thoughts and giv courage and patience to make the selves as blossoms that are followed fruit.-Amen.

The Sermon on the Mount, Manuals of devotion with and

rules for getting on in the Christian would do well sometimes to retain to simplicity of nature, and earn are attempting sanctification instead of sanctification by fait spared much humiliation botany of the Sermon on the can indeed be no other princip than this. It is a vital act. A make a thing grow is as absurthe tide to come in or the our man by taking thought has cubit to his stature; nor has nearer to the stature of the Christ's life untoided itself germ planted centrally in His tal grew as naturally as a flower to

Alcohol in Cold Climater.

Dr. A. Fick, professor of physiology Wurtzburg, says: "The use of all even when taken in moderate quan has been proved to be particularly into quired in cold climates. For decade equently, it has been a fixed ru plorers in polar regions-a rule experience—not to give their erew alcoholic drink whatever. Named, now famous explorer of the norther gions, who recently traveled across 6re iand on snowshoes, ascriber the such his undertaking essentially to the in he and his companions did not take a did

of alcohol.' One Spirit—His, Who were the plaited thorns with timila brows, Rules universal nature. Not a flow if

But shows some touch in freekle stain
Of his unrivaled pencil. He inspire Their balmy odors, and imparts in a And bathes their eyes with nectar.

Happy who walks with him! whom, he finds
Of flavor or of seent, in fruit or it was Or what he views of beautiful or a In nature, from the broad, majest To the green blade that twinkles if Prompts with remembranes of God.



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