

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lesson in the International Series for September 16, 1900—The Rich Fool.

[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.] THE LESSON TEXT. (Luke 12:13-21.)

And one of the company said unto Him, Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me. And He said unto him, Man, who made Me a judge or a divider over you?

And He said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

And He spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully:

And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?

And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.

And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; therefore eat, drink, and be merry.

But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?

So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.

THE SCHEMER.



Arthur—Why is it that Mrs. Willow so frequently goes out walking with Mrs. Pumpkin, whom she dislikes so much?

Fred—O, she only does that to better display her graceful figure by contrast!—Megendorfer Blaetter.

Athletes. Citizen—I suppose you fellows out here are all experts at outdoor exercises.

Subbubs—That's right. Every one of us in the Lonelyville Country club can cover 100 square yards with the lawnmower in ten hours or better.—Philadelphia Press.

A Modern Example. Nodd—I wonder if miracles will ever happen again.

Todd—One happened at my house only the other day. A thunderbolt struck within a few feet of my wife, and she was speechless for 30 minutes.—Detroit Free Press.

Only Three. Mrs. Seadsleigh (severely)—Laura, I heard Mr. Gayson kiss your three times last night when you were saying good-by.

Laura—My, ma, how quickly you must have dropped off to sleep again.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Not Just What She Meant. "It is my aim in life," he said, "to do something every day that will make men happier."

"Ah," she exclaimed with great enthusiasm, "that must be why you keep so secluded."—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE BIBLE FOR STYLE. Author of "Cruise of the Cachelot" Tells Where He Learned to Write.

Frank T. Bullen, whose stories of the sea have won him great fame, never had proper education. He was a poor boy, and his youth was spent in toil.

Tom—I wonder where Spouter got those wonderful gestures of his. Dick—He acquired them during the old days when he used to speak at the Jersey camp meetings.—Philadelphia Press.

De 't Judge' by Appearances. Lulu—From outward appearances I don't think much of him.

Dolly—Ah, but the inward appearance of his pocketbook is lovely.—Philadelphia North American.

BEYOND HIS COMPREHENSION. Groglob (who has been pressed into acting as nurse for half an hour)—Most astonishing thing this child should keep on crying for milk—especially when there's whisky in the house!—Aly Sloper.

A Deadlock. Thorne—Do you think there will ever be such a thing as universal peace?

Bramble—I am sure there will not be. My wife would never agree to it.—N. Y. Journal.

Entitled to a Discount. "Ten dollars and costs."

"Can't you make it a little less, Judge; I'm a regular customer."—Town Topics.

Knew What She Was About. Mother—Miss Catchem has a lovely voice, and you know it. Why did you ask her to sing for Mr. Richfello?

Daughter (after Mr. Richfello)—See that mirror in front of the piano?

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Richfello sits right in range where he can see her face. She looks like a whitewashed chimpanzee when she sings."—N. Y. Weekly.

Still the Same. McJigger—I saw Dumkin to-day for the first time in years. He hasn't changed at all, has he?

Thingumbob—No, he doesn't seem to realize it.

McJigger—No?

Thingumbob—No. He's always telling about "what a fool he used to be."—Philadelphia Press.

A Strong Point. Mrs. Stubbs—John, aren't you afraid the moths will get in your box of cigars? I would advise you to drop in a few samphor balls.

Mr. Stubbs—Moths? Why, Maria, my cigars are not made of wool.

Mrs. Stubbs—Well, John, they smell like wool when you smoke them.—Chicago Daily News.

Worried Half to Death.

"Oh, John," exclaimed the fair young mother, "I am glad you're home. I have been so worried."

"Why, dear," he asked, "what is the matter?"

"It's about the baby. I tremble to think of it. You know they say children that are smart never grow up."

"Yes, yes," he cried, "go on! What has happened? Go on!"

"John," she said, putting her arms around his neck and sobbing upon his breast, "he said: 'Da, da' to-day, and he is only nine months old!'"—Tit-Bits.

How He Held It. "Yes," said the politician's wife, reading out of the paper, "it says you held the crowd spellbound."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands, "at last they acknowledge that I am an orator. I knew that I should make them recognize my eloquence sooner or—"

"Wait," his wife interrupted, "there's more to this sentence. It says: 'He held the crowd spellbound while he read several extracts from a speech that was delivered by Daniel Webster 66 years ago.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

On the Tip of His Tongue. A young Irish lad on a market day in an Irish town was minding a donkey attached to a cart and had his arm around the neck of the animal when two recruiting sergeants passed.

One of them, in an endeavor to be funny, said: "What are you hugging your brother so tightly for?"

"Cause," was the rejoinder, "I was afraid he'd list."—Evening Wisconsin.

The Sympathizer. He sympathized with those who toiled. For what they ate and wore.

He sympathized with under dogs. And for the fighting Boer.

He sympathized with those who starved. In distant lands and drew. To every doleful tale he lent A sympathetic ear.

He stood prepared to sympathize. At the dropping of the hat. He always freely sympathized. And let it go at that!—Chicago Times-Herald.

Persiflage Over the Baby. "I'm going to call my baby Charles," said the author. "After Lamb; because he is such a dear little lamb."

"Oh, I'd call him William Dean," said the friend. "He Howells so much."—Harlem Life.

How He Lost His Money. Mrs. Upperton—I always feel sorry for poor Van Damm. His father left him a great fortune, and now it is all gone.

Mrs. Flashly—Ah, let me see—whom did he marry?—Town Topics.

Thanks to the Mosquitoes. Tom—I wonder where Spouter got those wonderful gestures of his.

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GENTLEMEN—Our family realize so much from the use of GRAIN-O that I feel I must say a word to induce others to use it.

Great Britain's Neglected Soldiers. London, Aug. 28.—Mrs. Richard Chamberlain, sister-in-law of the secretary of state for the colonies, who very recently returned from South Africa, has been interviewed regarding her experiences there.

FRENCH REMEDY produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cure when all others fail.

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How the Young Things Are Fed Separately on a Model Texas Jersey Dairy Farm.

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FEEDING CALVES SEPARATELY. Where a number of calves are fed they are put into a stable, and each calf in a stall and fed separately.

Gold Nuggets. Wealth is never greater than when a steadfast life is settled on the name of God.

Some men there is no usefulness without usefulness. He who is born from above must be the bread of Heaven.

It was true of Christ on earth that the light of the world, but the world is not yet illumined.

Not Hoarded. Warwick—True, there has been an enormous increase in the amount of money in circulation in the country in the last two years, but I don't see how you are going to make out of this Klondike is responsible for it.

Wickwire—Yes; but all the money they had before going there is in circulation.—Brooklyn Life.

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