Dawn of the New Century.

If the change of the centuries took place at either of the equinoxes—March 22 or September 22—then, since on those days the earth's axis is at right angles to the plane of the orbit, and there is equal day and night all over the world, the matter would be very easily decided. The dawn-line would coincide with the date-line, and from pole to pole the first sun of the new century would rise at the same moment.

But, unfortunately, this is not so, and the consequence is that the line of dawn, as it sweeps round the earth, first touches the date-line to the south of the equator, and then gradually creeps up this line till it leaves it far to the north. So the first sun of the twentieth century will rise on the places along or near the date-line in the order of their position, from the south upward.

Now there is no land along this line from the Antarctic circle to Antipodes Island, hence this tiny spot of earth will first see the twentieth century dawn. A few minutes later Bounty Island will see it. Then it will sweep along the northeast coast of North Island, New Zealand; then over Vanua Levu in the Fiji Islands. Next it will shine on the scattered coral islets of the Ellice group, and after traveling about 9 degrees more to the north the light-tide will touch the crossing of the dawn-line and date-line at 6 o'clock.

Two hours and five minutes will have to pass before it reaches the banks of the Yarra. In six hours and twenty-five minutes it will gild the temples and palaces of Calcutta. In nine hours and fifty minutes it will be flowing over Lion's Head, and down the rugged sides of Table Mountain. In twelve hours and twenty-five minutes it will have crossed Montmartre and touched the base of Eiffel Tower in Paris. Five minutes later it will have passed the cross of St. Paul's and be flowing up Fleet street. In seventeen hours and twenty minutes from the time it crossed the dawn-line it will be flowing round the feet of the Statue of Liberty, and in three hours more it will have reached the Golden Gate. Thence it will cross a stretch of ocean unbroken by rock or islet back to the dawn-line, and so will be accomplished the evening and morning of the first day of the twentieth century.—Pearson's Magazine.

Nothing Wasted in Paris.

A duty of primary importance is discharged by the ragpickers of Paris. Working at night, busy under the gaslight with hoop and pannier, the value of what they collect is estimated at $10,000 a day. Assuredly one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives, says a Paris correspondent. Of course, the conditions of Paris life are exceptional. The population is very closely packed; the tall houses are crammed with inhabitants, there are no gardens, as with us—there are but the houses and the streets.

The Parisians have a way of emptying all kinds of lumber and refuse into the streets, and then the ragpickers gather in their harvest. A use is found for everything, and metamorphosis never cease. Rags go to make paper; broken glass is pounded, and serves as the coating for sand or emery paper; bones, after a process of cleaning and cutting down, serve to make nail brushes, tooth brushes and fancy buttons; little wisps of women's hair are carefully unraveled and do duty for false hair by and by. Men's hair, collected outside the barbers' shops, serves for filters; bits of sponge are cut up and used for spirit lamps; bits of bread are carbonized and made into tooth powder; sardine boxes are cut up into tin soldiers or into sockets for candlesticks. A silk hat has a whole chapter of adventure in store for it.

Britain's Valnerab'e Spots.

This question is somewhat complicated by the fact that so long as this country keeps the command of the sea all parts of the empire are, with very few exceptions, equally vulnerable or invulnerable, says Pearson's Weekly. It must also be remembered that so far as the British islands are concerned invasion would not be necessary, since effective blockade would mean starvation and surrender in a month or so. Again, no enemy would attempt invasion till the fleet had been crippled. Napoleon with 400,000 men was afraid to pass the Straits of Dover, though they were patroled by one old frigate, while Von Moltke admitted that he had eight plans for getting into England, but none for getting out again.

Vast areas of our colonies are practically unprotected, but then they are so far away from any possible enemy's base that to invade them would be to tempt disaster with little hope of adequate reward. Of ports which we make some pretense of defending, the most vulnerable are probably Cape Town and Hongkong. Their fortifications bear no comparison to those of the European frontiers, and they are defended mostly by obsolete artillery, which would be hopelessly outranged by the guns of modern battleships and cruisers, just as all but our naval guns were in South Africa by the Boer artillery.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed for ever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Two men in Middlesboro, Ky., one minus the right foot and the other the left, economize by buying one pair o shoes.

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The Garfield Headache Powders are made from herbs; they cure headaches and are guaranteed harmless and effective.

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Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with half-starved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it. Feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, the only genuine hair food you can buy.

Your hair will grow thick and long, and will be soft and glossy.

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One dollar a bottle.

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J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Send for our beautiful illustrated book on The Hair. Free.

Visitors From the City.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"What!" said Mrs. Haven, almost in a shriek.

"It's true," said her husband. "They're coming to visit us—every one of 'em! My Sister Zuleima, because the Saratoga hotels are too intolerably hot for endurance; Cousin Herbert Haller, because he is an aesthete, and wants to study nature from a level hitherto untrodden; Mrs. Johnson, because the children don't recuperate after the whooping-cough; Aunt Sadie, on account of a difficulty with her landlady on the subject of poodle-dogs; and Uncle Jenks, because he never has visited us and wants to know what my wife is like!"

"Dear me!" faintly gasped Mary Haven, looking around her pretty sitting-room, draped in pink chintz, fragrant with fresh flowers, and decorated with gilt bird-cages, water-color sketches and Kensington embroidery; "what am I to do?"

"Do?" repeated her husband, who was intent on clipping off the end of his cigar so that it should "draw" satisfactorily. "There is but one thing to do—let 'em come."

"All at once?"

"Yes, all at once."

"And I with only one girl, and the thermometer at 90 in the shade, and the painters in possession of the second-story!" hysterically cried the lady.

"Couldn't be a better combination of circumstances, my dear," said Mr. Haven.

"I don't believe these people care a straw about seeing me," said Mrs. Haven, ready to burst into tears.

"Neither do I," said her husband.

"It's only on account of their convenience, the hot weather and the high price of hotels," added Mrs. Haven. "Hugh, I've a great mind to commit suicide!"

"Don't do that my dear!" said Mr. Haven. "I can suggest a better plan. I was thinking, do you know—"

"Of telegraphing to the city for a new force of servants, a box of provisions from Minardi's, and half a dozen cots, with hair mattresses and bedding to match?" eagerly interrupted the lady.

"Nothing of the sort!" said Mr. Haven, seriously eying the distant landscape through the amethyst rays of cigar-smoke. "Of—moving."

"Moving, Hugh?"

"To the little cottage by the lake," Mr. Haven explained. "Only for a few days, merely on account of the repairs at the house. Paint upsets my digestion, and the sound of a carpenter's hammer sets my teeth on edge. Besides, Hodge, the contractor, can work a deal faster if we're all out of the way."

"But, Hugh, the cottage is nothing on earth but a camping-out place, with board floors, and not a particle of plaster or paint about it, remonstrated Mary.

"What of that, my love?" said the imperturbable husband. "Our friends don't come, as I take it, to admire fresco and gilding, but to enjoy our society."

"They'll think we live there always," said Mrs. Haven, with a corrugated brow.

"That is precisely what I wish them to think, my dear."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Haven.

"You follow my meaning?"

"I—think--I---begin—to," said she, with an amused light beginning to sparkle into her eyes. "Yes, dear, perhaps it would be a good plan to move—just while the repairs are in progress."

And she hurried up stairs, to pack a few necessaries, at once.

The cottage by Wiscomac Lake was not an imposing edifice. There was plenty of room in it, such as it was but the floors were of rude pine boards, the windows were undraped, and the furniture was such as was adapted merely to the wants of camping parties who were prepared to "rough it" after the most primitive fashion; and when Mrs. Zuleima Montague Prout drove up to the door, in a wagon heavily laden with trunks, she stared, through her gold eyeglasses, in a most ridiculous manner, at the rude porch of shingles, supported by cedar posts mantled in their native bark, the shutterless windows, and the unpainted wood settees on the grass.

"This isn't 'The Solitudes!' said she. "Drive on, man! You have made a mistake!"

"This 'ere's where Lawyer Haven's folks live," said the man, leisurely chewing a straw. "Guess it's enough of a 'solitude' to suit anybody."

"I thought it was a picturesque cottage," said Mrs. Montagu Prout, in accents of the keenest disappointment.

But at this minute Mrs. Haven herself hurried to the door.

"I think you must be my husband's sister Zuleima," said she, graciously. "Do come in!"

"But where are my trunks to go?" said the fashionable widow, who had dazzled the eyes of the Saratoga world with her numerous changes of toilet during the past fortnight.

"You can put them in the shed at the back of the barn," said Mrs. Haven, graciously. "I don't think they will quite go up the stairway."

Mr. Haller arrived later in the day—a long-haired, sallow-complexioned young man, in a violet velveteen suit, followed by a countryman carrying his portable easel, color-cases, traveling library and writing-desk. He knocked loudly at the door of the cottage with the ivory knob of his cane.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Haven lives?" said he.

"This is the place," said the hostess.

"This!" echoed Mr. Haller.

"You are Cousin Herbert, I suppose," said Mrs. Haven, politely. "Walk in! My husband will come in the evening train. Allow me to show you to your room. It is rather small; but we are expecting a good deal of company, and I dare say you won't mind a little inconvenience!"

And she left him in a seven-by-nine apartment, under the eaves, where he couldn't stand upright except just in the middle of the room, and where the three-pained window was close to the floor.

"Humph!" soliloquized the aesthete, looking ruefully around him, "this isn't at all what I expected!"

Mary Haven had scarcely got down stairs, and resumed the manufacture of raspberry pies, when shouts and cries in various keys announced the coming of Mrs. Johnson and her four children, on a "buck-board wagon" from the nearest stage station.

"Is this Cousin Hugh's home, ma?" said Adelaide, the eldest, discontentedly.

"It ain't nothin' but a shanty!" loudly proclaimed Alexander Gustavus, the second hope of the family.

"There ain't no paint on it," said Helen Louise.

"Lemme get out! lemme get out!" shrieked Julietta, "and play in that lovely black mud, where the frog-toad is sitting!"

Mrs. Johnson sailed in, with a scarlet face and a perturbed look.

"I'm afraid, Cousin Mary," said she, "that we shall inconvenience you. There don't seem to be much accommodation here."

"Oh, there's plenty of room up in the garret, such as it is!" said Mrs. Haven, smilingly. "Of course, one expects to lead a gipsy life in a place like this, and the lake will be so nice for the little dears to play in, if only they are a little careful, for it's very deep; and it's so lucky you are here, Cousin Johnson, to help me with the pies and bread, for I'm not a very experienced housekeeper."

"I thought you kept two or three servants," said Mrs. Johnson, frigidly.

"I have only one girl just at present," said Mrs. Haven; "and of course, when there's so much company, there's a great deal to do. Oh, there comes an old lady with a sweet, little, yelping dog!"

She glanced out of the open doorway.

"Goodness me, if it ain't that intolerable old Aunt Sadie, with her inevitable dog!" groaned Mrs. Johnson, as a fat elderly lady toiled up the path, in a scarlet shawl and a black-lace hat.

"Bless me!" said Aunt Sadie, purple with the heat and dripping with prespiration, "you don't never mean to say, Niece Haven, that this 'ere's the place I've heerd tell of on Lake—what d'ye call it?"

"It is where we live at present," said Mrs. Haven, quietly.

"I'm downright sorry I left the tavern at the railroad," said Aunt Sadie, sadly. "I ain't used to these unpleasant houses, and I'm 'most sure Trip will catch cold."

Uncle Jenks was the last to come—a shrewd, brown-faced old man, in a gray suit. He looked around him and seemed to take in the situation at once.

"No servants, eh?" said he. "Well, it's lucky I came. I'm pretty handy to fetch water, and split kindling, and help round the house; and you're pretty slim, my dear, to do all the work of this house, with only a young gal to help you. So Hugh hasn't done real well in business? I've a little money uninvested myself, and I don't know as I could do better with it than to lend it to my sister's son.

Thus he spoke, cherry and kind, while Mrs. Montagu Prout fanned herself on the porch, Cousin Herbert Haller did battle with the mosquitoes and midgets. Mrs. Johnson followed her four children about in ceaseless terror lest they should be drowned, and Aunt Sadie felt her dog's pulse and groaned over the heat.

One night at the cottage settled the question of "to stay or not to stay," in the mind of Mrs. Haven's guests.

"I never slept in such a hot place in my life," said Mrs. Johnson.

"The bed wasn't long enough for me to stretch myself out in, and the eaves touched my forehead," said Cousin Herbert, sadly.

"The owls hooted all night in the woods," said Aunt Sadie, "and kept dear little Trip barking until he was hoarse."

"I wouldn't stay here if you would pay me a thousand dollars a week," said Mrs. Montagu Prout, thinking of her pink silk party-dresses and twelve-buttoned kid gloves.

"Well," said Uncle Jenks, drily, "it ain't just the location I should have selected for a summer residence, but I ain't going off to leave Hugh and his wife while I can manage to be useful to them!"

So the company departed, with various adieux and insincere protestations of regard, and only Uncle Jenks was left. And then Mr. Haven took his cigar out from between his lips.

"Uncle Jenks," said he, suppose we go and see how the carpenters and painters are getting along with the conservatory up at the house!"

"At what house?" said Uncle Jenks.

"Mine," said Mr. Haven.

"Don't you live here?" said Uncle Jenks.

"Not all the time," said Mr. Haven. "We only came here to accommodate such of our relatives as merely desire to make a convenience of us."

"Oh!" said Uncle Jenks, a slow smile beginning to break over his shrewd, brown face.

And Mary Haven confessed that her husband's advice had proved its own excellence.

Uncle Jenks, the only one of the troop who really cared two straws for them, was with them still, the rest had all been frightened away by the rusticities of the Lake Wiscomac cottage.

"And I wish them bon voyage!" said Mr. Haven, calmly.

"So do I," agreed Mary.—Saturday Night.

Chickens as Pets in the City.

One of the show windows in a downtown store where incubators and small farm implements are sold has been converted into a chicken house, and in this and also in several large coops in the store there are hundreds of tiny chickens pecking at the prepared food, and appearing to be as well contented as they could be if the mother hens were there to watch over them.

A sign over the window coop says that the little chicks are "for sale at 15 cents each." Many people who stop to look at them wonder who buys the chickens, and what is done with them. They are too small to broil and they are not of the kind known as "fancy stock," and therefore are not supposed to attract the attention of the fancier.

"We sell them," said the storekeeper, "to people who take them home as pets for children. In some instances they are bought by people who live in the country, and are taken there to raise, but nearly all our customers take the chickens to their homes, and give the children who in their summer vacation got a peep into poultry yards a chance to own a chicken, but it is safe to say that the chicks housed in this way will never die of old age.—New York Tribune.

Enteric Fever Immunes.

Men over 40 are practically proof against enteric fever. Only one man over that age fell a victim in the Soudan campaign.

DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE.

Subject: Apples of Gold—An Appropriate Word May Decide One's Destiny—The Power of Little Things—Value of Sympathy.

[Copyright 1901.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows an open door for any one who desires to be useful, and illustrates how a little thing may decide one's destiny. The text is Proverbs xxv, 11 (revised version), "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

A filigree basket loaded with fruit is put before us in the text. What is ordinarily translated "pictures" ought to be "baskets." Here is a silver network basket containing ripe and golden apples, pippins or rennets. You know how such apples glow through the openings of a basket of silver network. You have seen such a basket of fruit on many a table. It whets the appetite as well as regales the vision. Solomon was evidently fond of apples, because he so often speaks of them. While he writes in glowing terms of pomegranates and figs and grapes and mandrakes, he seems to find solace as well as luscousness in apples, calling out for a supply of them when he says in another place, "Comfort me with apples." Now you see the meaning of my text, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

You see, the wise man eulogizes just one word. Plenty of recognition has there been for great orations—Cicero's arraignment of Catiline, the phillippics of Demosthenes, the five days' argument of Edmund Burke against Warren Hastings, Edward Irving's discourses on the Bible and libraries full of prolonged utterance—but my text extols the power of one word when it refers to "a word fitly spoken."

This may mean a single word or a small collection of words—something you can utter in one breath, something that you can compact into one sentence. "A word fitly spoken"—an encouraging word, a kind word, a timely word, a sympathetic word, an appropriate word. I can pass right down the aisle of any church and find between pulpit and front door men whose temporal and eternal destinies have been decided by a word.

I tell you what is a great crisis in every man's history. It is the time when he is entering an occupation or profession. He is opposed by men in middle life because they do not want any more rivals, and by some of the aged because they fear being crowded off and their places being taken by younger men. Hear the often severe and unfair examinations of young lawyers by old lawyers, of young doctors by old doctors, of young ministers by old ministers. Hear some of the old merchants talk about the young merchants. Trowels and hammers and scales often are jealous of new trowels and new hammers and new scales. Then it is so difficult to get introduced. How long a time has many a physician had his sign out before he got a call for his services and the attorney before he got a case! Who wants to risk the life of his family to a young physician who got his diploma only last spring and who may not know measles from scarlatina, or to risk the obtaining of a verdict for $20,000 to an attorney who only three years ago read the first page of Blackstone?

How is the young merchant to compete with his next door bargain maker, who can afford to undersell some things because he can more than make it up by the profit on other things or has failed three times and had more money after each failure? How is that mechanic to make a livelihood when there are twice as many men in that trade as can find hard times find occupation? There are this very moment thousands of men who are just starting life for themselves, and they need encouragement—not long harangue, not quotation from profound book, not a page, not a paragraph, but a word, one word, fitly spoken.

Why does not that old merchant, who has been forty years in business, go into that young merchant's store and say, "Courage?" He needs only that one word, although, of course, you will illustrate it by telling your own experience and how long you waited for customers, and how the first two years you lost money, and how the next year, though you did better, illness in your household swamped the surplus with doctor's bills. Why does not that old lawyer go into that young lawyer's office just after he has broken down in making his first plea before a jury and say that word with only two syllables, "Courage?" He needs only that one word, although, of course, you will illustrate it by telling him how you broke down in your first cases, and got laughed at by court and bar and jury, and how Disraeli broke down at the start, and how hundreds of the most successful lawyers at the start broke down. Why do not the successful men go right away and tell those who are starting what they went through, and how their notes got protested and what unfortunate purchases they made, and how they were swindled, but kept right on until they reached the golden milestone? Even men who pretend to favor the new beginner and say they wish him well put obstacles in his way.

There are so many men who have all the elements of usefulness and power except one—courage. If you can only under God give them that, you give them everything. In illustrating that one word show them that every man that ever amounted to anything had terrific struggle. Show him what ships Decatur had to fight, and what a mountain Hannibal had to climb, and what a lame foot Walter Scott had to walk with, and that the greatest poet who ever lived—Milton—was blind, that one of the grandest musicians of all the ages—Beethoven—was deaf, and that Stewart, in some respects the greatest merchant that America ever saw, began in his small store, dining on bread and cheese behind the counter in a snatched interregnum between customers, he opening the store and closing it, sweeping it out with his own broom and being his own errand boy. Show them that within ten minutes' walk there are stores, shops and factories and homes where as brave deeds have been done as those of Leonidas at Thermopylae, as that of Horatius at the bridge, as that of Colin Campbell at Balaklava. Tell them what Napoleon said to his staff officer when that officer declared a certain military attempt to be impossible. "Impossible!" said the great commander. "Impossible is the adjective of fools!"

Show them also that what is true in worldly directions is more true in spiritual directions. Call the roll of prophets, apostles and martyrs and private Christians from the time the world began and ask them to mention one man or woman greatly good or useful who was not depreciated and flailed and made a laughing stock. Racks and prisons and whips and shipwrecks and axes of beheadment did their worst, yet the heroes were more than conqueror. With such things you will illustrate that word "courage," and they will go out from your presence to start anew and right, challenging all earth and hell to the combat.

The word "courage," fitly spoken with compressed lips and stout grip of the hand and an intelligent flash of the eye—well, the finest apples that ever thumped on the ground in an autumnal orchard and were placed in the most beautiful basket of silver network before keen appetites could not be more attractive.

Furthermore, a comforting word fitly spoken is a beautiful thing. No one but God could give the inventory of sick beds and bereft homes and broken hearts. We ought not to let a day pass without a visit, or a letter, or a message, or a prayer consolatory. You could call five minutes on your way to the factory; you could leave a half hour earlier in the afternoon and fill a mission of solace; you could brighten a sick room with one chrysanthemum; you could put a postscript to a letter that would bring the joys of heaven to a soul; you could send your carriage and give an afternoon airing to an invalid on a neighboring street; you could loan a book with some chapters most adapted to some particular misfortune. Go home today and make out a list of things you can do that will show sympathetic thoughtfulness for the hardly bestead. How many dark places you might illumine! How many tears you could stop or, if already started, you could wipe away! How much like Jesus Christ you might get to be! So sympathetic was He with beggary, so helpful was He for the fallen and so stirred was He at the sight of dropsy, epilepsy, paralysis and ophthalmia that, whether He saw it by the roadside, or at the sea beach, or at the mineral baths of Bethesda, He offered relief. Cultivate genuine sympathy. Christlike sympathy. You cannot successfully dramatize it. False sympathy Alexander Pope sketches in two lines:

"Before her face her handkerchief she spread
To hide the flood of tears she did not shed."

There are four or five words which fitly spoken might soothe and emancipate and rescue. Go to those from whose homes Christ has taken to Himself a loved one and try the word "reunion," not under wintry sky, but in everlasting springtide; not a land where they can be struck with disease, but where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick;" not a reunion that can be followed by separation, but in a place "from which they shall go no more out forever." For emancipation and sighing, immortal health. Reunion, or if you like the word better, anticipation. There is nothing left for them in this world. Try them with heaven. With a chapter from the great book open one of the twelve gates. Give them one note of seraphic harp, one flash from the sea of glass, one clatter of the hoofs of the horses on which victors ride. That word reunion or anticipation fitly spoken— Well, no fruit heaped up in silver baskets could equal it. Of the 2000 kinds of apples that have blessed the world not one is so mellow or so rich or so aromatic, but we take the suggestion of the text and compare that word of comfort fitly spoken to apples of gold in baskets of silver.

Or the man astray may have an unhappy home, and that is enough to wreck any one. We often speak of men who destroy their homes, but do not say anything about the fact that there are thousands of wives in American who by petulance and fretting and inconsideration and lack of economy and all manner of disagreeableness drive their husbands into dissipation. The reason that thousands of men spend their evenings in clubhouses and taverns is because they cannot stand it at home. I know men who are thirty-year martyrs in the fact that they are awfully married. That marriage was not made in heaven.

Without asking divine guidance they entered into an alliance which ought never to have been made. That is what is the matter with many men you and I know. They may be very brave and heroic and say nothing about it, but all the neighbors know.

Now, if the man going wrong has such domestic misfortune be very lenient and excusatory in your word of warning. The difference between you and him may be that you would have gone down faster that he is going down if you had the same kind of conjugal wretchedness.

Besides that, you had better be merciful in your word of warning, for the day may come when you may need some one to be lenient and excusatory to you. There may be somewhere ahead of you a temptation so mighty that unless you have sympathetic treatment you may go under. "Oh, no," says some one; "I am too old for that." How old are you? "Oh," you say, "I have been so long in active business life that I am clear past the latitude of danger." There is a man in Sing Sing penitentiary who was considered the soul of honor until he was fifty years of age, and then committed a dishonesty that startled the entire commercial world.

In mentioning fine arts people are apt to speak of music and painting and sculpture and architecture, but they forget to mention the finest of all the fine arts, the art of doing good, the art of helping others, the art of saving men.

An art to be studied as you study music, for it is music in the fact that it drives out moral discord and substitutes eternal harmony. An art to be studied like sculpture, for it is sculpture in the fact that it builds a man not in cold statue, but in immortal shape that will last long after all pentelican marble has crumbled.

An art to be studied as you study architecture, for it is architecture in the fact that it builds for him a house of God, eternal in the heavens. But an art that we cannot fully learn unless God helps us. Ourselves saved by grace divine, we can go forth to save others, and with a tenderness and compassion and a pity that we could not otherwise exercise we can pronounce the warning word with magnificent result.

The Lord said unto the prophet Amos, "Amos, what seest thou?" and he answered, "A basket of summer fruit." But I do not think Amos saw in that basket of summer fruit anything more inviting and luscious than many a saved man has seen in the warning word of some hearty, common sense Christian adviser, for a word fitly spoken is "like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

So also is a word of invitation potent and beautiful. Who can describe the drawing power of that word, so small and yet so tremendous, "Come?" It is a short word, but its influence is as long as eternity; not a sesquipedalian word spreading its energy over many syllables, but monosyllabic. Whether calling in wrong direction or right direction many have found it irresistible. That one word has filled all the places of dissipation and dissolute ness. It is responsible for the abominations that curse the earth. Inquire at the door of prisons what brought the offender there and at the door of almshouses what brought the pauper there, and at the door of the lost world what was the cause of the incarceration, and if the inmates speak the truth they will say, "The word 'come' brought us here." Come and drink. Come and gamble. Come and sin. Come and die. Pronounce that word with one kind of inflection, and you can hear in it the tolling of all the bells of conflagration and woe.

The chief baker in prison in Pharaoh's time saw in dream something quite different from apples of gold in baskets of silver, for he said to Joseph, "I was also in a dream, and, behold, I had three white baskets on my head, and in the uppermost basket there was all manner of baked meats for Pharaoh, and the birds did eat them out of the baskets on my head." Joseph interpreted the dream and said it meant that the chief baker should be beheaded, and the birds would eat his his flesh. So many a man has in his own bad habits omens of evil that peck at him and foretell doom and death.

A Prescription for Happy Living.

Did you ever stop to ask what a yoke is really for? Is it to be a burden to the animal which wears it? It is just the opposite. It is to make its burden light. Attached by a yoke, the any other way than by a yoke, the plow would be intolerable. Worked by means of a yoke, it is light. A yoke is not an instrument of torture; it is an instrument of mercy. It is not a malicious contrivance for making work hard; it is a gentle device to make hard labor light. It is not meant to give pain but to save pain. And yet men speak of the yoke of Christ as if it were a slavery, and look upon those who wear it as objects of compassion. . . Christ's loke is simply His secret for the alleviation of human life, His prescription for the best and happiest method of living.—Drummond.

We live by days. They are the leaves folded back each night in the great volume that we write. They are our autobiography. Each day takes us not newly, but as a tale continued. It finds us what yesterday left us; and as we go on, every day is telling to every other day truths about us, showing the kind of being that is to be handed on to it, making of us something better or something worse, as we decide.—J. F. W. Ware.

Heaven's chimes are slow, but sure to
strike at last;
Earth's sands are slow, but surely
dropping through;
And much we have to suffer, much
to do,
Before the time be past.
—Christina Rossetti.

If the springs of our action flow from molehill altitudes, our life will but dribble through meanness like some wretchel gutter of the street, instead of leaping upwards like some strong pure, fountain whose source is in the eternal hills.—Canon Farrar.

Make sure that however good you may be, you have faults; that, however dull you may be, you can find out what they are; and that, however slight they may be, you would better make some patient effort to get quit of them.— Ruskin.

Short of Material.

The historical romances have exhausted about all the history on hand and the authors will soon be obliged to make ninety-day drafts on the future.—Denver (Col.) Times.

JUST AS HE LEFT THEM.

His toys are lying on the floor,
Just as he left them there;
The painted things for keeping store,
The little broken chair;
The jumping pig, the whistling ball,
The duck, the gun, the boat,
The funny looking Chinese doll,
And bucking billy goat.

They lie about, poor, battered things,
The rabbit and the fox,
The cuckoo with the broken wings,
The Jack, sprung from his box.
Here lie his knife, his tangled string,
His bow and silver cup—
Because I'm tired of following
Around to pick them up.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

HUMOROUS.

O'Reilly—Do yez believe in Fate? O'Hoolihan—Do Oi believe in fate! Sure, how ilse could Oi walk?

Flatte—Is your boardinghouse up to date? Rooms—You bet. A fellow can't get behind a single week.

Wig—Before they married she had him clean out of his mind. Wag—And now he has her clean out of his mind.

Customer—Give me one of those nickel pencils. Clerk—Here it is, sir. Hold on! this nickel is lead. Customer—So is the pencil. Ta! ta!

Sillicus—I hate to hear a woman continually talking about herself. Cynicus—Now, I rather like it. When she's talking about herself she can't talk about other people.

Hoax—Why is the merchant who doesn't advertise like a man in a rowboat? Joax—Because he goes backward, I suppose. Hoax—No; because he has to get along without sales.

"If that poet comes in tell him I've gone to Kalamazoo," said the editor. "What's up?" asked the assistant editor. "Oh! it's the compositor again," said the editor, wearily; "he made the poet say that a miss is as good as a male."

Asker—What is your understanding of the Golden Rule? Does it mean; "Do unto others as you would 'like' to be done by?" Bizness—No; my interpretation is: "Do unto other as you would 'be likely' to be done by."

"What is your age?" asked the lawyer. "Must I answer that?" inquired the feminine witness. "You must," said the judge. "Truthfully?" "Yes, truthfully." "O, well if I must I must," she said resignedly. "My age is—a secret."

"I can't have lost all my good looks," said Miss Northside to her best friend, Miss Shadyside, "for I can still obtain a seat in a crowded streetcar." "Oh, well," replied Miss Shadyside, "you know the men will give seats to old age as well as to youthful beauty."

CHILDREN IN HOLLAND.

Little Lads and Lassies in a Scheveningen Kindergarten.

Wandering through the crooked streets of the little fishing village of Scheveningen, from which the famous Dutch watering place takes its name, I hear many shouts of laughter issuing from a garden inclosed by high walls. The gate was open and I peeped in. My curiosity was rewarded by one of the sweetest sights I have ever witnessed. About 20 little Dutch maids and lads, there ages varying from three to six years, were enjoying a game of ordinary American tag, while a little attendant of about 12 years stood by, busily knitting while she watched them. A bell sounded. They all fell in line behind the little knitter and walked demurely, two by two, in a serpentine line around the garden and disappeared in a long hall, at the door of which each child took off its little wooden shoes and held them in one hand behind its back, says a writer in the Washington Star.

In the meantime the principal came out and invited me by signs to enter. In the hall I noticed the little sabots laid orderly, side by side. There were three halls in this kindergarten. In each were 50 children, between the ages of three and six years—the girls in gowns to their ankles, held out in balloon fashion with haircloth petticoats, little white shawls pinned over the shoulders and caps covering their straight yellow locks.

At this free kindergarten the children of the fisher folk, many of them fatherless, derive all care and attention. They are taught by the same methods used in Germany. All seemed bright and happy. In one room they were singing quaint little nursery rhymes about boats. So one little fellow made me understand by walking across the floor, rolling like a sailor, and then going through the motions of rowing a boat and pulling in nets. He, with great glee, made me understand that he would be a fisherman when he was "so big," stretching up his arms smoking an imaginary pipe. This amused the children so much and made them shout and laugh so loud that the teacher was obliged to send them to their seats and end our fun.

The Gentle Reader.

What has become of the Gentle Reader? asks Samuel M. Crothers in the Atlantic. One does not like to think that he has passed away with the stagecoach and the weekly news letter, and that henceforth we are to be confronted only with the stony glare of the Intelligent Reading Public. Once upon a time, that is to say a generation or two ago, he was very highly esteemed. To him books were dedicated with long rambling prefaces and with episodes which were their own excuse for being. In the very middle of the story the writer would stop with a word of apology or explanation addressed to the Gentle Reader, or at the very last with a nod and a wink. No matter if the fate of the hero be in suspense or the plot be inextricably involved.

"Hang the plot!" says the author; "I must have a chat with the Gentle Reader and find out what he thinks about it."

And so confidences were interchanged and there was gossip about the universe, and suggestions in regard to the queerness of human nature, until, at last the author would jump up with, "Enough of this, Gentle Reader; perhaps it's time to go back to the story."—Atlantic Monthly.

Applying the Rule.

After Sunday school little Ned and his younger cousin, Horton, were permitted to play in the yard on condition that they would be very good and quiet. They had not been out long when Ned's mother heard loud screams. Upon investigating the cause, she found her small son sitting on his cousin, pounding him vigorously in spite of Horton's pitiful wails.

"Well, mamma," Ned explained, "I wanted to teach him the golden rule, and he said he wouldn't learn it."—Detroit Free Press.

There are 300,000 French-Canadians, of whom 52,000 are voters, in Massachusetts.

THE DISCOVERER OF

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The Great Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement.

No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles or such hosts of grateful friends.

Do not be persuaded that any other medicine is just as good. Any dealer who asks you to buy something else when you go into his store purposely to buy Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, has no interest in your case. He is merely trying to sell you something on which he can make a larger profit. He does not care whether you get well or not, so long as he can make a little more money out of your sickness. If he wished you well he would without hesitation hand you the medicine you ask for, and which he knows is the best woman's medicine in the world.

Follow the record of this medicine, and remember that these thousands of cures of women whose letters are constantly printed in this paper were not brought about by "something else," but by

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,

The Great Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure.

Moral—Stick to the medicine that you **know** is Best.

When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health more than a million women, you cannot well say without trying it, "I do not believe it will help me." If you are ill, do not hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free and helpful.

FREY'S VERMIFUGE is the same good, old-fashioned medicine that has saved the lives of little children for the past 60 years. It is a medicine made to cure. It has never been known to fail. Letters like the foregoing are coming to us constantly from all parts of the country. If your druggist does not keep FREY'S VERMIFUGE, a fine tonic for children. Do not take a substitute. If your druggist does not keep it, send 35 cents in stamps to C. A. S. FREY, Baltimore, Md., and a bottle will be mailed you.

Chinese Expected Disas'er This Year.

Though professing to know nothing beyond the domain of sense, the Chinaman is really an extravagant in the supernatural, writes Sir Robert Hart in the Cosmopolitan. Times and seasons, too, have their meanings for him. In 1898 the eclipse of the sun on the Chinese New Year's Day foreboded calamity, especially to the empire, and in September that year the empress dowager usurped the government; then as change would have it, this year, 1900, is one in which the intercalary month for the Chinese year is the eighth, and an eighth intercalary month always means misfortune. When such a month last occurred, that year the Emperor Tung Chih died, and accordingly the popular mind was on the outlook for catastrophe in 1900, and perhaps the people were morbidly willing to assist folk-lore to fulfill its own prophecy.

Art and Letters Hobnob Together.

Literature and art often shake hands. Mr. Du Maurier got more fame from "Trilby" than from Punch, and the late William Page seemed to take more pleasure in the "Sonnets" of Shakespeare, which he would quote by the hour, or as long as he would find listeners, then in painting his "Head of Christ," the principal characteristic of which was that it expressed very much more humanity than divinity.—New York Herald.

Britons Must Attend Church.

Few people may be cognizant of the fact that there is in existence an act of parliament which provides that persons who fail to attend divine services on Sunday shall be liable to imprisonment or fine. The statute dates from the period of the protectorate, but that it is rarely enforced is proved only too conclusively by the very sparse attendances which take place at so many of our public places of worship. Distinctly it is a law that may be transgressed, though it is to be hoped that readers will not take advantage of the knowledge thus afforded them and stay away from church altogether.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Nearly 75,000 tons of corks are needed for the bottled beer and aerated waters consumed annually in Britain.

Dyspepsia is the bane of the human system. Protect yourself against its ravages by the use of Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

July is a month of thunderstorms in Hungary. Last July 33 persons and 286 sheep were killed by lightning.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.—WM. O. ENDS