A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "NO DIFFERENCE."

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Phe Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman Explains For the Benefit of Unregenerate Man One of the Most Difficult Statements in All the Bible.

New York City.—The following timely and interesting sermon is one of a series prepared by the famous evangelist, the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman. It is entitled "No Difference," and was preached from the text: "For there is no difference." Rom. iii: 22.

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ted "No Difference," and was preached from the text: "For there is no difference." Rom. iii 22.

This is one of the most difficult statements to receive in all the Bible, and I can well understand how the unregenerate man would resent its application. I can hear him say, "What! no difference between the man who has fallen to the very lowest depths of sin, and wretchedness, and the man who, boasting of his morality, has swerved only a little from the path of duty and the law of God?" And the answer to this question is both "yes" and "no."

There is a difference in heinousness and degradation wide as the poles, but "no difference" so far as guilt is concerned, for both have rejected the Son of God, and this is the sin of sins.

The word with a great offense and the other with one of less degree, it would profit the latter man but little to say, "But, Your Elour, I am not so great an offender as my companion in misery." The judge might well reply, "You are both guilty; in that there is no difference," and this is the teaching of my text.

God's word declares—"He that offends in one point is guilty of all;" not meaning, of course, that he has of necessity broken every law, but he has broken away from God by his transgression. If I am held a prisoner by a chain it is not necessary that I should break every link in the chain that I might go free, but only one and that the very weakest, and so he that offends in one point is guilty of all and nothing less, while he that offends in all points is guilty of all and nothing more. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Three important questions grow out of this text as I have considered it. First, I do not ask if you are a sinner, for as we ordinarily use this word, we think of one who is lawless, wild and profane. But I ask:

HAVE YOU OFFENDED IN ONE SIN-

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GLE POINT?

If so, "There is no difference." Man would not say it, I know, but God says it, and it is written in the book, and by the book we shall be judged.

Look at the prodigal. He was as truly a prodigal when he had taken the first step over the threshold of his father's house as when afterward you see him sitting in the midst of the swine, and trying to fill his belly with husks which the swine did cat.

derings I came to a great abyss. It was not so very wide, but it was very deep and was filled with blue, like the blue of the sky. On the other side I saw you, Andrew, and I gave a shriek which all the universe must have heard. Something made me look around. Then I saw One coming toward me. He had a face—O such a face! fairer than all the sons of men: He had on a garment which came down to His feet, and as He walked toward me I saw in His feet the print of the nails. Then I knew who He was. I fell at His feet and cried, 'O, Lord, Andrew, Andrew.' Daughter, would you go to him? I said, 'Yes, Lord,' And, Andrew, He took me by the hand and led out over the abyss, and we came nearer and nearer, until at last we were united, and then He led us back to be with Him forever." O, my friends, not in the next world, if not in this, but here and now we may be made one in Him, one for time and eternity, but failing here, all hope is gone and there is before us only the blackness of darkness of despair. "For there is no difference."

The second question is of the greatest importance:

DO YOU COME UP TO GOD'S STAND-

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DO YOU COME UP TO GOD'S STANDARD?

It is not enough to be simply a member of the church. "Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name have cast out devils? and I will profess unto them, I never knew you."

We have such a way of measuring ourselves by ourselves that we may feel well satisfied with the result. But how about God's standard? Upon my return home at one time my wife placed in my hands a piece of paper, written all over, but only two words were intelligible. At the top of the page was the word "carriage plainly written, the next word was the same, only not so well written.

It was my little daughter's first copybook. The teacher had written the word at the top of the line, and she had done fairly well so long as she had looked at the copy. But she had fallen into the serious error of copying the line just above her work, and the word at the bottom of the page as nearly spelled "man" as "thriage." Thus people measure themselves by those around them, forgetting that He said—"Look unto Me and be ye her work, and the word at the bottom of the church, but what doth it profit? You may be the best man in your community, How all the said of the church, but what doth it profit? You may be the best man in your community. How about that does not swandard?

How about the Gueen, issues frequently and the worder for soldiers to compose the page. The said of the church, but what doth it profit? You may be the best man in your community. And so he is, but when he stands before her man and the said feet tall. I can inagine some young Englishmen measuring themselves by themselves, until at last one man in great delight exclaims. "I will surely get in, for I am the tallest man in town." And so he is, but when he stands before Her Majesty's officer he is rejected, for he is three-quarters of an inch under the mark.

His being taller than his friends profited mothing; they had all fallen short; some more, some less.

FOR WOMAN'S → HBENEFITH W. The Fashion in Shoulders.

The Fashion in Shoulders.

It hardly seems possible on first thought that there could be such a thing as fashions in shoulders, but there is. When we stop to think and look at the Venus of Milo and other immortal types of beauty created by the ancient Greeks we see that the shoulders were strong and broad, though at the same time beautifully curved and modeled, and this same type was later gloriously exemplified curved and modeled, and this same type was later gloriously exemplified in the work of Raphael. As we come down to the English and French masters, however, there is a decided change and the female shoulders are represented as slender, sloping and delicate, and it is this type which is now enjoying the favor of fashion.

Dress Prophecies.

We are nearing the time when we can speak with certainty as to what the modes are to be, but now for the moment our information is somewhat tentative. The winter fashions indicate that the Lamballe shape of hat is to display fruit and Paradise plumes, as well as ostrich feathers. There are a good many conspirator-shaped cloak in vogue, intended to have one end thrown over the shoulders, like the bandits on the stage. The Empire sacques are ideal wear for the season, and the return of the basque, especially after the Russian order, which is adaptable to warmer materials, is assured. The Tudor and Vandyke periods are offering suggestions for a new sleeve, and rows of buttons appear on the outside of the arm. The Stuart period, with the turned-back cuff, has a few adherants.

Very plentiful are the remains of powdering left by our ancestors, which have been handed down to us from old days. In so many of the pretty old round mahogany washingstands, which are much sought after and converted into drawing-room furniture, we find in the centre of the first shelf a round-topped receptable for the powder and the powder puff, and in many old houses the powder room still remains, a mere slip with an aperture in the door through which the head was thrust, so that it could

If love did not laugh at locksmiths this particular story would not have to be told. Because love does laugh at locksmiths, also prudence, and parental restraints, it happened a few years back that a pair of young people, well, even luxuriously, reared, found themselves within a week after their runaway marriage with hardly a dollar in hand. What the husband did, though he acquitted himself manfully, is out of place here. The pair were in New York city. The wife went to a rich woman whom it happened she knew slightly, asking, not charity, but advice as to how she might best help in the battle of bread.

The rich woman thought a bit, then asked: "What can you do? Not singing, playing, painting china and that sort of thing—but something, anything—at which you excel. Tell me that and I can really help you."

The poor woman thought a minute: "My talent, if I have any—runs to lamp shades," she said. "I have made some gorgeous ones—"

"You shall make more," the rich woman interrupted. "The first of them for me. Here, take this money—for materials—and let me see what you can do as quickly as possible. If it is something individual the rest will be easy."

The completed shade, carried home

be easy."

The completed shade, carried home the next day but one, was not only 'individual but strikingly beautiful. The rich woman went into raptures over it, and instantly ordered several more, paying for them generously, and in advance: By the time they were done, she had orders for half a dozen, secured for her protege, along with the orders, she gave sound advice: "Never send out a shade that is less than your best," she said, "and charge for it accordingly. People who have money are only too glad to pay well for anything really distinctive. Keep away from the shops and the shop models. Trust your eye for color harmonies, and your own sense in lines. It is the shops with their set patterns for the multitude that would rather be out of the world than the fashion, which strife originality, or else pay it so moderately it has never a fair quarter, no matter how tiny—be polite to purchasers, but never overanxious; don't lower prices nor workmanship and you will do well."

The little work in a swell quarter was duly taken. Very shortly there was a workwoman in it to help the proprietor. And pretty soon the one workman had companions, many or few according to seasons. The shop, too, was outgrown before a year had passed. Next year one twice its size proved also much too small—not for Christmas rushes and such like times, but for steady custom. So other floors were added, and later other these treats. The completed shade, carried home





Three Dreams.

"I had the very strangest dream,"
Said Jasper John. "Last night
I dreamed the moon and all the stars
Were shining just as bright.
And yet the sun was shining, too,
And I was racing Ted,
While everybody else we knew
Was sound asleep in bed."
"I dreamed," said little Theodore,
"About a monstrous horse
With twenty legs and lots of tails
(He b'longed to me; of course).
His eyes were green; the rest of him
Was yellow streaked with black,
And nobody in all the world
But me could mount his back."
Their father, mother and their aunt
Agreed that these two dreams
Were very queer; but Bobby said,
"The one I had, it seems
To me's the queerest of them all.
I saw a boy who said
He hated football, and he wished
He'd been a girl instead!"

—Youth's Companion. Three Dream

The Oldest Cannon

The Oldest Cannon.

Several hundred years before the science of explosives reached western civilization at all it was thoroughly understood among the Chinese. It is said that cannon were in general use by the armies of the Celestial Kingdom over 3000 years ago. The great wall, begun by the Emperor Tobias about 780 B. C. and finished nearly 150 years later, shut China away from communication with the world and hid its wonderful progress from the rest of mankind.

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hid its wonderful progress from the rest of mankind.

Of course, the cannon used in China at that time were very different from those now in use either there or in Europe, the general principles were the same. The idea was not original with Europeans, as they supposed it was when cannon first appeared among them. There has recently been found in China a cannon which, according to most authentic records, is more than 2000 years old. Before it was brought to this country is was mounted on the solid masonry of the Chinese wall, and has probably been in use during all the years of the Christian era. This curious old piece of artillery has lately been purchased by the City of Philadelphia and is now on exhibition in Fairmount Park in that city.

vogue in Persia and Asia Minor, as well as in Scotland when the heather is in bloom.

in bloom.
In Poland bees are transported from

In Poland bees are transported from their winter quarters to summer pastures and back again in winter.

A floating beehouse has been in use on the Mississippi large enough to accommodate two hives and is intended to keep pace with the blossoming flowers, that none of their precious sweets may be allowed to go to waste.

In India myriads of bees inhabit the trees along the banks of streams and the jungles of the central provinces, the honey furnishing a favorite article of food for the natives.

After being thus robbed of their nests, they become exceedingly fierce, and so violent are their attacks at times that travelers often have miserably perished from their stings. They say it is better to be chased by almost anything from an elephant down than by a host of angry India bees.

bees.
Some tribes of Indians call the bee
"the white man's fly," for the domestic bee was not known in America
until the white settlers introduced it
west of the Mississippi—in 1787, and
in California in 1850.

It is estimated that from May to
October, after visiting tens of thousands of flowers, a single bee gathers
only about one-quarter of a teaspoonful of honey.

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Bees were thought once to have some connection with the soul, and Mohammed admits them alone of all insects into paradise,—San Francisco Chronicle.

Baboon and Tortoise.

An English missionary, writing to The London Standard from Africa, tells the following story, which he says is a favorite fable among the natives of the Lower Zambesi:

the Lower Zambesi:

In the time long ago a Baboon, swinging from bough to bough in the great forest, espied on the ground a Tortoise. "Good morning, friend Tortoise," said the Baboon; "for a long time I have been wishing to make friends with you—will you come and have dinner with me today?" "With pleasure," replied the Tortoise, as his fishlike eyes blinked up at the great Baboon; "I shall be very glad to make your acquaintance." When the Tortoise arrived at the Baboon's house, he found the food spread out upon a bamboo platform raised some

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