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rder.

the vart majority of people will never last an army, will never write a state constitution, will never electrity a senate, will never make an important invention. will never introduce a new philosophy, will never doolde the late of a nation. Von do not expect to; you do not want to You will not be a Moose to lead a nafrom one of bondage. You will not be a Joshua to prolong the daylight until you our shift five kings in a cavera. You will must be a St. John to unroll an Apocatype. You will not be a land to precide over an apostolic college. You will not be a large to methor a Christ. You will more probable by probably be Asynoritus or Phleson or Hormas or Philelogies or fulle.

horseholds. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of the hereshold is in your dominion. You do oils all questions of dist. All the sanitary

It does not help you much to be told that littabeth New did wonderful things and the criminals at Nowgate. It does not help you much to be told that Mrs. Judson was very brave among the Bornesian cannibute. It does not help you very much to be told that. Clorence. Nightin-gale was very kind to the wounded in the men. It would be better for me to toll Martha is cont friend and that he sees all the annoyances and disappointments and abraying and ensperations of an ordinary honsekeeper from more fill night, and from the first day of the year until the past day of the year until the past day of the year and at your call he is boaty with help and an ordinary and a single their compilers of color all around the hemistrates. you that the divine friend of Mary and backy with hotp and reinforcement.

They who provide the food of the world solds the beatth of the world. You have only to go on some errand amid the favorus and the hotels of the United States and treat Britain to appreciate the fact hightored by incompetent cookery, ter us to music and may have taken lesto painting and leasons in astronray, she is not well educated unless she an baken lessons in dough! They who decide the apparel of the world and the hold of the world decide the endurance of

An unthinking man may consider to a matter of little importance—the cares of the household and the economies of denautic ifferentiat I tell you the carth to own with the martyrs of kitchen and senery. The health shattered womanhoul of America orion and for a God who pan help ordinary women in the ordinary usies of housekeeping. The wearing, rinding, unappreciated work goes on, not the same (thrist who stood on the ank of failies is the onely morning and initicit the fire and had the fish atready stouted and brotting when the provision atopped ashore, chilled and hungry, will help every woman to prepare breakfast, whether by her own hand or the hand of for hired help. The God who made in-least neithle culogy of Hannah, who made coat for Samuel, her son, and carried to the temple every year, will help every woman in preparing the family Wardrobe. The God who opens the Hible with the story of Abraham's Sentertainmant by the three angels on the plains of Mamre will help every woman to provide hospitality, however rare and embarrassing to is high time that some of the attention we have been giving to the remarkable women of the Rible—remark able for their virtue, or their want of th or comarkable for their deeds Deborah and Jesebel and Horodias and Athalia and Porons and the Marys, excellent and sbandoned it is high time some of the distribution we have been giving to these anspiratus women of the fible be given to Julia, an ordinary woman, amid ordinary orenmetances, attending to ordinary futies and weeting ordinary responsibili-

Then there are all the ordinary business mon. They need divine and Christian When we hogh to talk about hastlife, we shoot eight off and talk about mon who did business on a large scale, and who sold millions of dollars of goods a year, and the vast majority of husiness men do not sell a million dellars of works, nor half a million, nor quarter of million, nor the sighth part of a million. I've all the business non of our titles towns, rillages and neighborhoods

by side, and you will find that they All these than \$100,000 worth of goods.
All these tien in ordinary business life want divine help. You see how the wrinch hies are printing on the countenance the story of worriment and care.
You cannot tell how eld a business

FOR COMMON PEOPLE.

THAT IS THE KIND OF RELIGION THE WORLD WANTS.

COMFORT FOR RANK AND FILE.

Thought of theer Passed by by Great and start around very very rapidly, and strikes without any sense, and then the olock strikes 5 or 10 or 40, and strikes without any sense, and then A thought of theer Passed by by treas tommentatore is Mined by Nev. has Talmage for the Encouragement of the Lowly and the Enknows The Everyday Folk Considered.

Washington, Feb. 18.—Hev. Dr. Talmage this morning preached from the look, homens xvi. 14, 15. "Salute Asyncoritus, Philologus and Julia." He said: Mathew Hours, Albert Harnes, Adam (Tank. Thomas Scott and all the commentators puss by those verses without any especial remark. The other 20 people monitioned in the chapter were distinguished for something and wore therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors, but nothing is said about Asyncritus, Philologus and Julia. Where they distinguished? Absolutely Thore is no record of their decease. For whit were they distinguished? Absolutely nothing, or the bratt of character would have been brought out by the aposite. If

uriant or a dead failure—calm in all cir-oumstances and amid all vicissitudes. That is the kind of grace we want.

Millions of men want it, and they may have it for the asking. Some here or heroine comes to town, and as the proceshereine comes to town, and as the procession passes through the street the business men come out, stand on tiptee on their store step and look at some one who in arctic clime, of in coan storm, or in day of battle, or in hespital agencies did the brave thing, not realizing that they, the enthusiastic spectators, have gone through trials in business life that are just as great before (lot. There are men who have gone through freezing arctics and barning torride and awful Marongos of experiences without moving five niles from their doorstep.

niporvision. To regulate the food, and the apparel and the habits and decide the thousand questions of home life is a tax upon locally and reference to a local first who local after the religious interests of Matthew, the custom upon locally and reference to the food, and upon locally and reference to the food, and who opened a bakery and fish market in the wilderness of Asia Minor is food the 7 and the 7 and the food and the food and the food and who opened a bakery and fish market in the wilderness of Asia Minor is food the food and the food a nes of Asia Minor to feed the 7,000 who had come out on a religious pionic, and who counts the hatre of your head with as much particularity as though they were the plumes of a coronation, and were the prumes of a coronation, and who took the trouble to steep down with his finger writing on the ground, although the first shuffle of feet obliterated the di-vine caligraphy, and who knows just how many locusts there were in the Egyp-tian plague and know just how many their tents of beauty and kindle their campfires of color all around the hemisphero-that that Christ and that God knows the most minute affairs of your business life and, however inconsiderable, understanding all the affairs of that weman who keeps a thread and needle store as well as all the affairs of a Rothschild

Then there are all the ordinary farmers. We talk about agricultural life, and we immediately shoot off to talk about Cincinnatus, the patrician, who went from the plow to a high position, and after he got through the dictatorship in 21 days went back again to the plow. What encouragement is that to ordinary farmers? couragement is that to ordinary farmers?
The vast majority of them—none of them
will be patricians. Perhaps none of them
will be senators. If any of them have dicwitt be sometors. If any of them have dic-tatorships, it will be over 46 or 50 or 100 acres of the old homestead. What these men want is grace to keep their patience while plowing with halky oxen and to keep cheerful amid the drought that destroys the corn exop and that enables them to restore the garden the day after the neighbor's cattle have broken in and transplaid out the attackbooms bed and transpled out the strawberry bed and gone through the Lima bean patch and eaten up the sweet corn in such large quantities that they must be kept from the water lest they swell up and die.

them, without imprecation, to spread out the hay the third time, although again and again and again it has been almost ready for the now. A grace to doctor the cow with a hellow horn, and the sheep with the foot ret, and the horse with the distemper and to compel the unwilling acres to yield a livelihood for the family and schooling for the children and little extras to help the older boy in business and something for the daughter's wedting outfit and a little surplus for the time when the ankles will get stiff with age and the breath will be a little short and the swinging of the cradle through the hot harvest field will bring on the old man's vertige. Better close up thrace in catching weather that enables on the old man's vertigo. Better close up about Cincinnatus. I know 500 farmers just as noble as he was. What they want just as noble as he was. What they want is to know that they have the friendship of that Christ who often drew his similes from the farmer's life, as when he said. "A sower went forth to sow," as when he built his best parable out of the scene of a farmer boy coming back from his wanderings, and the old farmhouse shook that night with rural jubiles, and who compared hingeif to a lamb in the pasture field and who said that the eternal God is

a farmer, declaring, "My Father is the Those stone masons do not want to These stone masons do not want to hear about Christopher Wren, the architect who built St. Paul's cathedral. It would be better to tell them how to carry the hod of brick up the ladder without slipping, and how on a cold morning with the trowet to smooth off the mortar and keep cheerful, and how to be thankful to God for the plain food taken from the pail by the readside. Carpenters standing and the ads., and the bit, and the plans, and the broadax need to be told that Christ was a carpenter, with his own hand wielding saw and hammer. Oh, this is a tired world, and it is an underfed world, and it is an underfed world, and it is a wrung out world, and men and women need to know that there is rest and recuperation in God and in that religion which was not so much intended for extraordinary people as for ordinary people, because there are more of them.

The healing profession has had its Abercrombles, and its Abernethys, and its Valentine Motts, and its Willard Parkers, but the ordinary physicians do the most of the world's medicining, and they need to understand that while taking diagnosis or prognosis, or writing prescription, or compounding medicament, or holding the delicate pulse of a dying child they may have the presence and the dictation of the Almighty Doctor who took the case of the madman, and after he had torn off his garments in foaming dementia clothed him again, body and mind, and who lifted up the woman who for 18 years had been bent almost double with rheumatism into graceful stature, for 18 years had been bent almost double with rheumatism into graceful stature, and who turned the scabs of leprosy into rubicund complexion, and who rubbed the numbness out of paralysis, and who swung wide open the closed windows of hereditary or accidental blindness until the morning light came streaming through the fisches and all the remedies and all the leries and all the catholicons and in the discusse and all the remedies and all the herbs and all the catholicons and is monarch of pharmacy and therapeutics, and who has sent out 10,000 dectors of whom the world makes no record, but to prove that they are angels of mency I invoke the thousands of men whose allments they have assuaged and the thousands of women to whom in cries of pain they have been next to God in benefac-

Come, now, let us have a religion for ordinary people in professions, in occupations, in agriculture, in the household, in merchandise, in overything. I salute across the centuries Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia.

First of all, if you feel that you are ordinary, thank God that you are not extuordinary. I am tired and sick and bored almost to death with extraordinary people. They take all their time to tell us how years articontil us how very extraordinary they really are. You know as well as I do, my brother and sister, that the most of the useful work of the world is done by unpretentious people who toil right on—by people who do not get much approval and no one seems to say. "That is well done." Phenomena are of but little use. Things that are exceptional cannot be depended on. Better trust the smallest planet that swings on its orbit than ten comets shooting this way and that, imperiling the longevity of worlds attending to their own business. For steady illumination better is a lamp than a rocket.

Then, if you feel that you are ordinary, remember that your position invites the less attack. Conspicuous people—how they have to take it! How they are misrepresented and abused and shot at! The high er the horns of a roebuck the easier to strike him down. What a delicious thing it must be to be a candidate for governor of a state or president of the United States! It must be soothing to the nerves. It must pour into the soul of a candidate such a sense of serenity when he reads the blessed newspapers.

I came into the possession of the abu sive cartoons in the time of Napoleon I., printed while he was yet alive. The re-treat of the army from Moscow, that army buried in the snows of Russia, one of the most awful tragedles of the cent monstor called General Frost shaving the French emperor with a razor of icicle. As Satyr and Beelzebub he is represented. page after page, page after page. England oursing him, Spain cursing him, Germany oursing him, Russia cursing him, Europe oursing him, North and South America cursing him. The most remarkable man of his day, and the most abused. All these men in history who now have a halo around their name on earth wore a crown of thoras. Take the few extraordinary railroad men of our time and see what abuse comes upon them, while thousands of stockholders escape. New York Central railroad had 9,265 stockholders. If anything in that railroad affronted the people, all the abuse came down on one man, and the 9,264 escaped. All the world took after Thomas Scott, president of the Pennsylvania railroad, bused him until he got under the ground. Over 17,000 stockholders in that company All the blame on one man! The Central Pacific railroad—two or three men get all the blame if anything goes wrong. There

are 10,000 in that company.

I mention these things to prove it is extraordinary people who get abused, while the ordinary escape. The weather of life is not so severe on the plain as it is on the high peaks. The world never forgives a man who knows or gains or does more than it can know or gain or do. Parents sometimes give confectionery to their children as an inducement to take bitter medicine and the world's sugar plum precedes the world's aqua fortis The mob cried in regard to Christ. "Crucify him, crucify, him!" and they had to say it twice to be understood, for they were so hoarse, and they got their hoarseness by crying a little while before at the top of their voice, "Hosanna!" The river Rhone is foul when it enters Lake Leman, but crystalline when it comes out on the other side. But there are men who have entered the bright lake of worldly prosperity crystalline and come out terribly soiled. If, therefore, you feel that you are ordinary, thank God for the defenses and the tranquility of

your position. Then remember if you have only what called an ordinary home that the great deliverers of the world have all come from such a home. And there may be seated, reading at your evening stand, a child who shall be potent for the age. Just unroll the scroll of men mighty in church and state and you will find they nearly all came from log cabin or poor homes. Genius almost always runs out in the third or fourth generation. You cannot find in all history an instance where the fourth generation of extraordinary people amounts to anything. In this country we hall two great men, father land son, both presidents of the United States, but from present prospects there never will be in

that genealogical line another president for a thousand years. Columbus from a weaver's hut, Demosthenes from a out-ler's cellar, Bloomfield and Missionary Carey from a shoemaker's bench, Ark-wright from a barber's shop and he whose name is high over all in earth and air and sky from a manger.

Lot us all be content with such things as we have. God is just as good in what he keeps away from us as in what he gives us. Even a knot may be useful if it is at the end of a thread.

is at the end of a thread.

At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb asylum one of the children wrote upon the blackboard words as sublime as the "Iliad," the "Odyssoy" and the "Divina Commedia" all compressed in one paragraph. The examiner, in the signs of the mute language, asked her, "Who made the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "In the be-

ginning God created the heaven and the earth." The examiner asked her, "For what purpose did Christ come into the world:" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to tare signature."

SATAN IN HIS CAVE.

Louise in pink and filmy lace,
A fay in blue, the sweet Irens,
Minerva of the classic face,
In glowing red a stately queen,
A court of beauty's honor maids! that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The examiner said to her. "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I hear and speak?" She wrote upon the blackboard, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Oh. that we might be baptized with a contented spirit. The spider draws poison out of a flower, the bee gets honey out of a thistle, but happiness is a heavenly clixir, and the contented spirit extracts it not from the rhododendron of the hills, but from the libr of the veller.

the lily of the valley. YOURS TRULY. Some Letter Signing Habits and What

They May Mean.

The habits of people in signing letters are receiving some attention, and interesting conclusions are drawn from a study of the different ways writers subscribe themselves. The curt "Yours" and "Yours truly" are found not only in business letters, but in personal notes as well. for there are plenty of correspondent who don't believe in gush, and who think that "Yours truly" or "sincerely" means about all they wish to convey. Opposed to these sensible and essentially practical persons is that class of writers, made up usually of young and enthusiastic indi-viduals, as a rule of the gentle sex, who throw words about as carelessly on paper as they do in conversation. The use of the word love by such people is a distressing sign of emotional weakness. of caress, or of insincerity, and possibly

arises from the same impulse that prompts women to kiss each other indiscriminate-One girl has taken her own stand in matter, and at the risk of being con-med "cold" she sticks to it. In her childhood she was taught to sign "affec nately yours" to her far-away great aunts and second cousins, some of whom she had never seen, but all of whom she tried to like, because of the claims of kindred, and the word "affectionately" came to mean to her nothing at all except polite and necessary fiction. So she signs "affectionately" to people she is supposed to be conventionally fond of. when she says anything more she means it. She thoroughly approves of "Cordially yours," and this, by the way, is seen more and more frequently now in notes between acquaintances who are on distinctly friendly or cordial terms. After all. "Your friend," when it can be used truthfully, is a simple and a satisfactory way of ending friendly letters. Some people have the habit of not prefacing their names with any set form of words at the end of letters. They stop when they get

THE BEDOUINS.

through, and write their signatures with-

out any frills.

Rifle Etiquette and Surly Hospitality of the Tribes of the Desert.

I heard that the Bedouins gave me the name of the walking Englishman and once or twice were kind enough to say that I was one of themselves. Trifles like these are important when dealto live or die depends so often on a trifle that it is as well to have as many trifles as possible in your favor. I wore their dress in my trip to Siwas, not with the idea of taking any one in at close quarters, but of making myself unnoticeable at a distance. I generally walked some way in front of my men and carnels. I did this because the incessant drone of the Arab songs became intolerable to me, and as I found Abdulla couldn't possibly get on without his eternal song I used to put a mile between us when the track was clear.

Once or twice, on reaching the bow of a sand bill, I would find myself in sight of a string of camels. The first thing the Bedouins would do was to load and hold their flintlocks at the ready. They meant no harm. It is the ordinary etiquette of the desert, at which no one dreams of taking offense. Then I would have to sit down to show that I meant no mischief, and conversation would be carried on in shorts. I generally asked them for a bowl of camel's milk, which they always gave if they had it. On one occasion I came upon a solitary Bedouin watching his herd of camels grazing. That man had probably not seen a human being for weeks. He was squatting on the ground. He neither moved nor turned his head. I asked him for milk, and he pointed to his camels and said, "Take it." As the art of milking camels never formed part of my school curriculum this invitation was of little use to me. But I could not rouse that man to more active hospitality. He probably looked upon my appearance as an impertinent intrusion. -Geographical Journal.

How Alaskan Indians Trap Bears. William B. Otis, who has been all over the world as one of the ichthyologists in the employ of the government, speaking of his experience in Alaska,

"Strips of whalebone are folded into the shape of the letter 'N,' enveloped in 'hunks' of fat and frozen that way. The fat thus prepared is left in promising spots for great white bears to devour. Along comes one of the monsters, gulping a lump down whole. The gastric juices melt the fat and eat away the strings of tendon with which the whalebone is bound, the whalebone springs out straight across the animal's stomach, and presently it dies. Next day Mr. Eskimo comes along and gathers in a bearskin worth several quarts of whisky."-Portland Oregonian.

A Man of Poor Judgment. Gordon-So you think that Bently is a man of poor judgment. How did you happen to come to that conclusion?

Titcomb—I asked him to lend me \$10 the other day. Gordon-And because he refused you

question his judgment?
Titcomb—Oh, no. He let me have it. -Boston Transcript.

Living in Paris in late years for persons of moderate means has been greatly simplified by the Bouillons Parisiens, which have succeeded the Duval restaurants. One can get a good dinner at these places for a small sum—far better than one finds at more expensive places

Queer Religious Ceremony-How the Tradition of the Devil in the Cave Originated, and How It Comes to Be Preserved Unto This Day-An Inter-On the night of Jan. 25 of each year

great fires are kept burning on both sides of the two mountains that shut in a narrow valley in Mexico just opposite the little town of Presidio. All night long, on the rocky trail leading to the summit of this mountain there is a continuous procession of devout Mexicans — men, women and children. They wend their way up to the little chapel on the summit of the mountain, where they give thanks to the Almighty for the protection which he has given them from the devil, and then they march back to their homes in the valley. As they pass the many burning heaps of wood each worshipper throws on more fuel, chanting unintelligible

This is one of the most peculiar religious ceremonies ever witnessed among the Mexicans or Indians. It is strictly a local

celebration.
On the Mexican bank of the Rio Grande, almost opposite Presidio, is situated the town of Ojinaja, which has a population of about 3,000 people, the majority of whom own small tracts of land in the rich valley of the Concho River, which they cultivate in a shiftless sort of way. A century or more ago a Spanish priest, or padre, wended his way north-ward from the City of Mexico. He crossed rough mountains and desert country, but never wavered in his purpose of finding a distant and likely spot where he could establish a mission among the Indians. He struck the Concho River near the head of its course and followed the sparkling stream to its mouth, where it empties into the Rio Grande at Ojinaja. "Here," said the padre, "is a spot, where I will make my home and serve God."

The site of Ojinaja was then occupied by an Indian village. The padre was well received by the savages. But the Indians refused to accept the spiritual aid which he offered them. They told him that their own religion was better than the new. The padre was patient and did not try to force the religion which he preached upon the tribe. He mingled with the Indians and learned their ways and traditions. He discovered that they had many superstitions and that their religious fancies were founded on traditions and superstitious ideas. Several years passed and the padre became a leader among the mem-bers of the tribe. He worshipped alone and no longer made any outward attempt to influence the Indians to his way of thinking on religious matters. But all this time he was planning for a master stroke by which he hoped to convert the

whole tribe.

According to the tradition, one beautiful autumn evening the padre left his little but in the village and started on his usual lonely walk up the valley. He was gone an hour or more when he rushed back to the village, crying out to the startled Indians that he had seen the devil and had chased his Satanic Majesty up one of the mountains and had him fies like these are important when dealing with men who have the minds of With all the fervor at his command he children. With them whether you are urged the Indians to follow him up the untain and verify his statement. The Indians, one and all, obeyed his command, and with the excited padre at the head the long procession toiled its way to the summit of the high mountain on the right of the valley. As they went along the padre, in his most impressive man-ner, gave a thrilling account of his experience with the devil. His story to the startled Indians is still embraced in the tradition and is about as follows:

"I was walking up the valley, absorbed in shought, when I chanced to look before me, and there I saw a great iron chain stretched across the valley from one mountain to the other. In the centre of the chain there sat the devil, swinging back and forth. No sooner did I get sight of the devil than I took my cross out of the bosom of my robe and started up the mountain after him. When the devil saw me coming toward him with the cross in my hand he jumped from the chain and started to run away from me, going as fast as he could up the steep mountain, dragging the heavy chain behind him. I followed swiftly after him, and had almost overtaken him, when he disappeared in the mouth of a cave on the top of the mountain dragging the chain in after him. Just as the last link of the chain was disappearing through a hote I touched it with my cross and it separated from the chain. I planted my cross at the mouth of the cave, and the devil can never leave his prison as long as the cross remains.

The crowd of Indians were greatly frightened and impressed with the padre's graphic description of his marvellous adventure, but their courage did not desert them, and they followed him meekly up the mountain. When the summit was reached the clanking of heavy chains could be distinctly heard. The padre led the Indians to the mouth of the cave where his cross was planted. The sounds of rattling chains continued to issue from the cave and the Indians feared that the devil was about to again come forth and destroy all of them. But the padre assured them that such a thing was mpossible as long as his cross remained.

The Indians were awestruck and ready to do whatever might be the bidding of the padre. The latter told the submissive savages that they must immediately gather , eling that way for the first time, stood stones and build a chapel over the mouth of the cave so as to keep the devil a prisoner for all time to come. The Indians obeyed this command with alacrity, and in a short time the chapel, which still surmounts the summit of the mountain's peak, was erected.

The date of the building of this chapel is not known here. It is probable that the records of the church in Spain or the City of Mexico contain a history of its erection, and that the date is given therein. It is claimed by some people here that it was built over two centuries ago, while others say that it was in the latter part of the eighteenth century that it was erected. It is a substantial stone structure, and the front is beautifully ornamented with carving which shows great skill and artistic ability in execution. It must have required an immens amount of labor to carry the big blocks of stone up the mountain and place them in their positions in the walls of the little edifice. One of the curiosities that may be seen in the church is the link of the iron chain which the worshippers claim was a part of the devil's swing, and was separated therefrom by the touch of the good old padre's cross.

Louise in pink and filmy lace,
A fay in blue, the sweet frem,
Minerva of the classic face,
In glowing red a stately queen,
A court of beauty's honor maids!
The richest robe from royal loom
Best mates such loveliness, yet aids
Not checks that shame e'en roses' bloc
But, though them all I do admire,
I turn from ballroom visions best,
Prom beauty, colors, jewel's fre,
To seek a little girl in black.

To seek a little girl in black Aweary of the gay deceit, I come to learn what is the true, Where naught distracts,

sweet.

Though sparkling glance and bright array The senses touch with potent charms, They vanish in the steely day: The music dies in harsh alarms

That fill the world of busy strife. So in the hard and clodden track Love lights alone I would through life Walk with the little girl in black. -George Henry Dougherty in Womanki

NEVER "BROKE" AGAIN

an Improvident Young Man Who Wili Always Have a Dollar In His Pocket. "Queer things happen at funerals. said a clergyman recently who has offi ciated at many, "and I remember one occasion which impressed me greatly on account of the standing of the family in which it happened, as well as from the neculiar circumstances surrounding

the incident-the bestowal of money on a dead man." The narrator was urged to relate the story, and on the promise that no names

would be mentioned he continued:
"It was a funeral at the house of one of my parishioners, and I was greatly surprised when I received notice to attend and conduct the services. I had not Laza Liver Pill every night for thirty days heard of any member of the family being ill, nor had I been summoned to the deathbed, but I jumped to the conclusion that it was an old servant who had

"It proved to be a bad son-the black sheep of the family—whose shadow had not darkened their doors for years, but who, it was always believed, had been supported at a distance far enough to prevent him from disgracing the family by his misdeeds.

sistent with the dignity of my office and his relation to the family.

"I need not go into that part of the ceremonies, but come to what I consider the real expression of feeling which consecrated the memory of the man as nothing that I said could have done. "Just before the casket was closed

his old mother arose from her seat with

"'Jim never liked to be without money in his pocket, she said, with a low, tremulous voice. 'Many's the dollar I've slipped into his pocket unbeknown to him, but he always found it and was thankful. I don't expect he's going to need it now, and maybe he will never know that mother put it there, but somehow I shall feel better if he

"And I felt that the woman who had loved much and forgiven much had preached a sermon of forgiveness and mercy before which I with my platitudes must remain dumb."-Chicago Times-Herald.

Typographical Bulls.

A head writer on the St. Faul Pioneer Press wrote the top line of a "slug head" this way, "Minnesota a Sheep State." The wooden headed inurderer of common sense set it up Minnesota a Cheap Skate." This puts us in mind of two "bulls" made by (Fig Martin on the old Omaha Herald in 1886. One night Gig got hold of a chunk of Frank Morrissey's editorial headed "Multum in Parvo," and he set it up "Mutton in Fargo." Once again Martin caught one of Frank's effusions captioned "A Red Letter Day, 'and printed it "A Red Setter Dog."

But about the worst break ever made on the old Herald was made by Billy Hardy. The style on The Herald in those days was to hyphenate and abbreviate to beat the band. For instance. Farnam street was styled "Farnam-st.." and Capitol avenue as "Capitol-av." Hardy lifted a take of commercial review off the hock one night and it quoted Bradstreet as saying this and that. Bill, ever mindful of the style and ignoring common sense, arranged the type to read "Brad-st. predicts. etc. Of course it was "marked" on him, but Bill wouldn't have it. He went down into the proofroom and kicked for a "ring." demanding an apology and wanting to know "if they were going to change the d-d style every day."-Drersville (Ia.) News-Letter.

ment on the shore of one of the great and strength. "For the past four years my lakes, and along the water front were a few houses built cut on piles. An old man and an old woman, evidently travby the rail. Presently the woman noticed one of the houses built over the water.

"Well, my gracious, Henry." she exclaimed, "just look at that house! S'posin somebody's taken sick in the night and they have to run for the doctor. Built right out in the solid water. O my Lord!"-Boston Budget.

Few women consider that they carry some 40 or 50 miles of hair on their

head. The fair haired may even have to nerves have been very weak, my sleep fitte dress 70 miles of threads of gold every The Gender of the Muon. "In English, French, Italian, Latin

and Greek the moon is feminine but in all the Teutonic tongues the moon is masculine. Which of the twain is its true gender? We go back to the Sanskrit for an answer. Prof. Max Muller rightly says ('On the Religions of India'): 'It is no longer denied that for throwing light on some of the darkest problems that have to be solved by the student of language nothing is so useful as a critical study of Sanskrit. Here the word for The accuracy of some parts of the locomotive is ten times finer than in the
watch, but for absolute measurement
watch, but for absolute measurement

The value to the adjust ont of this great
walle to the adjust ont of the lowalle to the lo the accuracy in the watch is almost argument. The vermes as fine as in the locomotive, and, like Wordswers as child, is 'fashed of the man.' "- \ on Lore.

Law Governing Newspaper

The following are points in the law governing newspapers that are frequently enquired about and that are worth rem + m bering :-

1-Subscriters who do not give express orders to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription. 2-If subscribers order a discontinuance of their periodicals from the office to which they are directed they are responeitle inntil they have settled their bill

and ordered them discontinued. 3-If subscribers neglect to take the periodicals from the office to which they are directed they are responsible until they have settled their bill and ordered them discontinued.

4-If subscrivers move to other places without informing the publisher and the papers are sent to the former address; they are held responsible.

5—The courts have decided that refus

ing to take periodicals from the office or removing and leaving them uncalled for is evidence of intention to defraud.

6-If subscribers pay in advance they are beand to give notice at the end of their time if they do not wish to continue taking it, otherwise the publisher is obliged to send it, and the subscriber will be responsible until a notice with payment of all arrearages is due to the

It's so pleasant to take that children cry for it; but its death to worms of all kinds, Dr. Low's Warm Syrup. Price 25c. All ealers. -33 4.

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# by his misdeeds. "Now he was brought home dead, and I was expected to give him as little blame and as much praise as was con-

CIGARS.

## the mourners, and, approaching the dead, slipped a silver dollar into his

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and disturbed by dreams, consequently I arose in the morning unrested. I was frequently very dizzy and was much troubled with a mist that came before my eves, my memory was often defective and he had fluttering of the heart, together with a sharp pain through it at times. In this ndition I was easily worried and felt enervated and exhausted. Two months ago I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, since that time I have been gaining in health and strength daily. They have restored my nerves to a healthy condition. removed all dizziness and heart trouble, and now I sleep well and derive comfort and rest from it. That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a good remedy for Norvous-ness, Weakness, Heart Trouble and similar complaints goes without saying." Price 50 cts. a box at all druggists or T. Milburg & Co., Toronto, Ont.

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