Benjamin Should Go Into Egypt With

Washington Jan. 24.—The cabled re-ports of famile in India and the mem-ory of the vast crops of ripening grain which Dr. Talmage saw during his tour last fall, have combined to turn his thoughts back to that patriarchal time when all the world sent to Egypt to buy corn and to suggest a Gospel lesson. His text is Genesis Aliii, 3. "Ye shall not see my face, ex-

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cept your brother be with you."

Last summer, having crossed eighteen of the United States—north, south, east and west-I have to report one of the mightiest harvests, that this country or any other country ever reaped. But while this is so in our own country, on the other side of the Atlantic there are nations faminestricken and the most dismal cry that is ever heard will, I fear, be uttered-

the cry for bread. I pray God that the contrast between our prosperity and their want may not be as sharp as in the lands referred to by my text. There was nothing to Plenty of com in Egypt, ghastly famine in Canaan. The cattle meaning in the stall. Men, women and children awfully white with hunger. Not the failing of one crop for summer, but the failing of all the crops for seven years. A nation dying for lack of that which is so common on your table and so little appreciated; the product of harvest field and grist mill and oven; the price of sweat and anxiety and strugglebread! Jacob the father has the last report from the flour bin, and he finds that everything is out, and he says to his sons, "Boys, hook up the wagons and start for Egypt and get us some-

The fact was there was a great corncrib in Egypt. The people of Egypt have been largely taxed in all ages, at the present time paying between 70 and per cent. of their products to Covernment. No wender in that time they had a large corncrib, and it was full. To that crib they came from the regions round about-those who were famished-some paying for corn in money: When the money was ex-hausted, paying for the corn in sheep and cattle and horses and camels, and when they were exhausted, then selling their own bodies and their

families into slavery. The morning for starting out on the crusade for bread has arrived. Jacob gets his family up very early. But something that makes him tremble with emotion from head to foot and burst into tears. The fact was that these elder sons had once before been in Egypt to get corn, and they had been treated somewhat roughly, the lord of the cornerib supplying them with corn, but saying at the close of the interview, "Now, you need not come back here for any more corn unless you bring something better than money-even your younger brother

son-a spirit coming and another spirit and the very thought of parting with Benjamin must have been a heart The keeper of this cornerib, nevertheless, says to these older sons. There is no need of your coming here any more for eern unless you bring Benjamin, your father's darling," Now, Jacob and his family very much needed bread, but what a struggle it would be to give up this son. The orientals are very demonstrative in their grief. and I hear the outwailing of the father as these elder sons keep reiterating in his cars the arnouncement of the Egyptian lord. "Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you.' Why did you tell them you had a brother?" said the old man complaining and chiding them. "Why, father," they said, "he asked us all about our family, and we had no idea he would make any such demand upon us as he has made." "No use of asking me," "No use of asking me,"

give up Lenjamin. The fact was that the old man had lost children; and when there has been bereavement in a household, and a child taken it makes the other children in the household more percious. So the day for departure was adjourned and adjourned and adjourned. Still the horrors of the famine increased, and louder meaned the cattle and wider open cracked the earth and more pallid became the cheeks, until Jacob, in despair, cried out, to his sons. "Take Benjamin and be off." The older sons tried to cheer up their father. They said: "We have strong arms and a stout heart, and no harm will come to Benjamin. We'll see that he gets back again." "Farewell!" said the young men to the father, in a tone of assumed good cheer. "Farewell!" said the old man, for the word has more quavers in it when pronounced by the aged than by the young.

Well, the bread party-the bread embassy-drives up in front of the corncrib of Egypt. These corncirbs are filled with wheat and barley and corn in the husk, for those who have traveled in Canaan and Egypt know that there is corn there corresponding with our Indian maize. Huzza! the journey is ended. The lord of the cornerib, who is also the prime minister, comes down to these arrived travelers, and says: "Dine with me to-day. How is your father? Is this Benjamin, the younger brother, whose presence I de-manded?" The travelers are introduced into the palace. They are worn and bedusted of the way, and ser-vants come in with a basin of water in one hand and a towel in the other, and kneel down before these newly arrived travelers, washing off the dust of the way. The butchers and poulterers and caterers of the prime ministen prepare the repast.

The guests are seated in small groups,

two or three at a table, the food on a tray; all the luxuries from imperial gardens and orchards and aquariums and aviaries are brought there, and are filling chalice and platter. Now is the time for this prime minister if he has a grudge against Benjamin to show it. Will he kill him, now that he has him in his hands? Oh, no! This lord of the corncrib is seated at his own table, and he looks over to the table of his guests, and he sends a portion to each of them, but sends a larger portion to Benjamin, or, as the Bible quaintly puts it, "Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs." Be quick and send word back with the swiftest camel to Canaan to old Jacob that "Benjamin is well, all is well; he is faring sumptu-ously; the Egyptian lord did not mean murder and death; but he meant de-liverance and life when he announced to us on that day. "Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with

dying. It is hunger bitten. The fact | that it does not, can not, feed a man's heart was well illustrated in the life of the English comedian. All the world honored him—did everything for him that the world could do. He was ap-

CORNCRIB OF EGYPT.

NO ADMITTANCE TO GOD'S BOUNTY UNLESS CHRIST GO WITH YOU.

The Famine That Was Sere in All the Lands—The Condition Imposed That Benjamin Should Go Into Egypt With

Benjamin Should Go Into Egypt With bring out with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew and who knew me. I never consented to accept a part I hated, out of kindness to another, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive for a few minutes with Terry without being overturned and having my elbow bone broken, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Ar-nold, which I thought was to make my fortune without making this instead, that in an incredible space of time—I think thirteen months—I earned for him twenty thousand pounds and for myself one. I am persuaded that if I were to set up as a beggar, every one in my neighborhood would leave off eating bread." That was the lament of the world's comedian and joker. All unhappy. The world did everything for Lord Byron that it could do, and yet in his last moment he asks a friend to come and sit down by him and read, as most appropriate to his case the story of "The Bleeding Heart." Torrigiano, the sculptor, executed, after months of care and carving, "Madonna and the Child." the royal family came in and admired it. Everybody that looked at it was in ecstasy. But one day, after all that toil and all that admiration, because he did not get as much compensation for his work as he had expected, he took a mallet and dashed the exquisite sculpture into atoms. The world is poor compensation, poor satisfaction, poor solace. Famine, famine in all the earth; not for seven years, but for six thousand. But, blessed be God, there is a great corner b. The Lord built It is in another land. It is a large place. An angel once measured it, and as far as I can calculate it in our phrase that corncrib is fifteen hundred miles long and fifteen hundred broad and fifteen hundred high, and it is full. Food for all nations. "Oh!" says the people. "we will start right away and get this supply for our soul." But stop a moment, for from the keeper of that cornerib there comes this word saying, "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you." In other words, there is no such thing as getting from heaven pardon and comfort and eternal life unless we bring with us our Divine Brother, the Lord Jesus Christ. Coming without Him we shall fall before we reach the corn-crib, and our bodies shall be a portion for the jackals of the wilderness; but coming with the Divine Jesus, all the granaries of heaven will swing open before our soul and abundance shall be given us. We shall be invited to sit in the palace of the king and at the table: and while the Lord of heaven is apportioning from His own table to other tables. He will not forget us, and then and there it will be found that our Benjamin's mess is larger than all the others, for so it ought to be. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and

riches and honor and glory and power." I want to make three points. Every Ah! Benjamin—that very name was suggestive of all tenderness. The mother had died at the birth of that How? Through the morey of God. What do you mean by the mercy of God? Is it the letting down of a bar for the admission of all, without respect to character? Be not deceived. I see a soul coming up to the gate of mercy and knocking at the corncrib of heavenly supply, and a voice from within "Are you alone?" replies, "All alone." The voice from within says, "You shall not see my pardoning face unless your Divine Brother, the Lord Jesus, be with you." Oh, that is the point at which so many are discomforted. There is no mercy from God except through Jesus Christ Coming with Him we are accepted. Coming without Him, we are rejected.

Peter put it right in his great sermon before the high priests when he thundered forth: "Neither is there salvation in any other. There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we may be saved." O anxious sinner!" O dying sinner! O lost sinner! all you have got to do is to have this divine Benjamin along with you. Side by side, coming to the gate, all the storehouses of heaven will swing open before your anxious soul. Am I right in calling Jesus Benjamin? Oh, yes! Rachel lived only long enough to give a name to that child, and with a dying kiss she called him Benoni. Afterward Jacob changed his name, and he called him Benjamin. The meaning of the name she gave was, "Son of my Pain."
The meaning of the name the father gave was "Son of My Right Hand," And was not Christ the Son of Pain? All the sorrows of Rachel in that hour, when she gave her child over into the hands of strangers was nothing compared with the struggle of God when He gave up His only Son. The omni-potent God in a birth throe! And was not Christ appropriately called, "Son of the Right Hand?" Did not Stephen look into heaven and see Him standing at the right hand of God? And does not Paul speak of Him as standing at the right hand of God making intercession for us? O Benjamin-Jesus! Son of pang! Son of victory! The deepest emotions of our souls ought to be stirred at the sound of that nomenclature. In your prayers plead His tears; His sufferings, His sorrow, and death. If you refuse to do it all the corncribs and the palaces of heaven will be bolted and barred against your soul, with the announcement, You shall not see my face except brother be with you."

My text also suggests the reason why so many people do not get any real comfort. You meet ten people; nine of them are in need of some kind of condolence. There is something in their health, or in their state, or in their domestic condition that demands sympathy. And yet the most of the world's sympathy amounts to absolutely nothing. People go to the wrong crib or they go in the wrong way. When the plague was in Rome a great many years ago, there were eighty men who chanted themselves to death with the litanies of Gregory the Great -literally chanted themselves to death and vet it did not stop the plague. And

and yet it did not stop the plague. And all the music of this world cannot halt the plague of the human heart.

I come to some one whose allments are chronic, and I say, "In heaven you will never be sick." That does not give you much comfort. What you want is a soothing power for your present distress. Lost children, have you? I come to you and tell you that in ten years perhaps you will meet these loved ones before the throne of God. But there is but little condolence in that. One day is a year without them that. One day is a year without them ten years is a small eternity. What

you want is sympathy now—present help. I come to those of you who have lost dear friends, and say: "Try Well my friends, this world is famine struck of sin. It does not yield a
single crop of solid satisfaction. It is
can you forget them when every picdying. It is hunger bitten. The fact ture and every room calls out their

"Well, you said ice-cream wuz a luxury, an' then I heard ma say she wuz brung up in the lap o' luxury, an' '-s' want to know how it is."

say. "God, from all eternity, has arranged this trouble." "Ah!" you say, "that does me no good." Then I say, "With the swift feet of prayer go direct to the corncrib for a heavenly supply." You go. You say, "Lord, help me, Lord, comfort me." But no help yet. No comfort yet. It is all dark. What is the matter? I have found. You ought to go to God and say: "Here, O Lord, are the wounds of my soul, and I bring with me the wounded Jesus, Let His wounds pay for my wounds, His bereavements, His loneliness for my heartbreak. O God! for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ-the God, the man, the Benjamin, the brother-deliver my agonized soul. O Jesus of the weary foot, case my fatigue. O Jesus of the aching head, heal my aching head. O Jesus of the Bethany sisters, roll away the stone Bethany sisters, roll away the stone from the door of our grave." That is the kind of prayer that brings help; and yet how many of you are getting no help at all, for the reason that there is in your soul perhaps a secret trouble. You may never have mentioned it to a single human ear, or you may have mentioned it to some one who is now gone away, and that

great sorrow is still in your soul. Af-ter Washington Irving was dead they found a little box that contained a braid of hair and a miniature and the name of Matilda Hoffman, and a memorandum of her death and a remark something like this: "The world that was a blank to me. went into the country, but found no peace in solitude. I tried to go into society, but I found no peace in so-ciety. There has been a horror hanging over me by night, and by day, and I am afraid to be alone."

How many muttered troubles! No human ear has ever heard the sor-row. Oh, troubled soul, I want to tell you that there is one salve that can cure the wounds of the heart, and that is the salve made out of the tears of a sympathetic Jesus. And yet some of you will not take this so-And lace, and you try chloral, and you try morphine, and you try strong drink, and you try change of scene, and you try new business associations, and anything and everything rather than anything and everything rather than take the Divine companionship and sympathy suggested by the words of my text when it says, "You shall not see my face again unless your brother be with you." Oh, that you might understand something of the height and depth and length and breadth and immensity and infinity

God's eternal consolations. I go further, and find in my subject a hint as to the way heaven opens to the departing spirit. We are told that heaven has twelve gates, and some people infer from that fact that all the people will go in without reference to their past life; but what is the use of having a gate that is not some-times to be shut? The swinging of a gate implies that our entrance into heaven is conditional. It is not a mo-mentary condition. If we come to the door of an exquisite concert we are not surprised that we must pay a fee, for we know that fine earthly music is expensive; but all the oratorios of heaven cost nothing. Heaven pays no-thing for its music. It is all free There is nothing to be paid at that door for entrance; but the condition of getting into heaven is our bringing our divine Benjamin along with us. Do you notice how often dying people call upon esus? It is the usual prayer offered—the prayer offered more than all the other prayers put together-"Lord Jesus receive my

One of our congregation, when asked in the closing moments of his life, "Do you know us?" said: "Oh, yes, I know you. God bless you. Good-bye. Lord Jesus receive my spirit"; and he was gone. Oh, yes, in the closing moments of our life we must have a Christ to call upon. If Jacob's sons blud gone toward Egypt, and had gone with the very finest equipage, and had not taken Benjamin along with them, and to the question they should have been obliged to answer: "Sir, we didn't bring him, as father could not let him go; we didn't want to be bothered with him," a voice from within would have said: "Go away from us. You shall not have any of this supply. You shall not see my face because your brother is not with

And if we come up toward the door of heaven at last, though we come from all luxuriance and brillancy of surroundings, and knock for admit-tance and it is found that Christ is not with us, the police of heaven will beat us back from the bread-nouse, saying: "Depart I never knew you."
If Jacob's sons, coming toward Egypt, had lost everything on the way; if they had expended their last shekel; if they had come up utterly exhausted to the corncribs of Egypt, and it had been found that Benjamin was with them, all the storehouses would

have swung open before them.

And so, by fatal casualty we may be ushered into the eternal world; though we may be weak and exhausted by protracted sickness—if, in that last moment, we can only just stagger and faint and fall into the gate of heaven—it seems that all the corncribs of heaven will open for our need and all the palaces will open for our reception; and the Lord of that place, seated at his table, and all the angels of God scated at their table, and the martyrs seated at their table, and all our glorified kindred seated at our table, the king shall pass a portion from his table to ours, and then, while we think of the fact that it was Jesus who started us on the road, and Jesus who started us on the way, and Jesus who at last gained admittance for our soul, we shall be glad if he has seen of the travail of His soul and been satisfied, and not be at all jealous if it be found that our divine Benjamin's mess is five times larger than all the rest. Hail! anointed of the Lord, thou art

My friends, you see it is either Christ or famine. If there were two banquets spread, and to one of them only you might go, you might stand and think for a good while as to which invitation you had better accept; but invitation you had better accept; but here it is feasting or starvation. If it were a choice between eratorios, you might say, "I prefer the 'Creation," or "I prefer the 'Messiah." But here it is a choice between harmony and everlasting discord. Oh, will you live or die? Will you start for the Egyptian cornerib, or will you perish amid the enuty barns of the perish amid the empty barns of the Canaanitish famine? "Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

She and He. "Your bill is too high, sir, and I won't pay it!" snapped the young woman; and she turned sharply on her
heel and strode out of the office.

The lawyer who had procured a
divorce for her turned again to his desk and merely remarked under his

breath:
"'O, woman, in our hours of fees
Uncertain, coy, and hard to plase:"" Both Kinds. "I want er transfer." said Farmer Haysede, as he climbed into a street car, bringing a pound or two of mud on each boot.

"Yes, and so do I-a real estate one," remarked the smart conductor. "Just step outside and wipe your feet, please."—Detroit Free Press.

"Pa, has ice-cream got a lap?"
"No-no-Dickie; what a silly ques-

### THE BEST WOMAN I EVER KNEW.

AMELIA E. BARR WRITES ENTHUSIAS-TICALLY OF MARGARET LANE.

Her Distinguishing Characteristic Was Meek and Quiet Spirit, Which Gave Her Individuality Virtues Which Shone From Afar.

All goodness is relative, and in selecting Margaret Lane as the best woman I have ever known, I do this because for more than forty years her far-shining virtues have given her an individually that Time has not been able to wither. It would be difficult among the brilliant, noble, self-denying women that I have known during the last decades of my life to say this or that woman was the best, for she might be the best only in kind; the modern woman being so many-sided, so apparently frank, and yet so really

But of Margaret Lane I say at once, "this woman was enlightened by her heart and her wisdom was formed from the light that came thence." She had no doubts of God, nor of herself, nor of the world. Science did not trouble her; social conditions did not perplex her; she had oneness of mind-a singleheanted woman of sweet nature, joyous, ardent, hopeful.

I was in a Texas wilderness, and I woke up very early one morning and knew it was near dawn, for the horses, weeling its approach, had ceasedfeeding and were lying down, and there was a murmuring current moving the upper leaves of the trees, and gradually descending to the branches below. And as I sat silent on the dry, warm grass I heard the noise of some one drawing water, and about one hundred yards away I found in the leafy wilderness a well, and there was a woman standing by it.

Now, when a woman is sweet-tempered at 5 o'clock in the morning, that is a great test of goodness, and Margaret met me with a smile that I can recall even as I write; it was so bright, so without guile or misgiving. She had on a narrow, limp, calico gown, but her sunbonnet had fallen to her feet, and so revealed her face, a very human face, wan and faded, but show ing endless difficulties, surmounted by endless love and patience. Little by little I learned her history. She had a nusband whom she adored and whom no one had the heart to disparage to her. He was an idle, lounging bad lot, a braggadocio with a military swagger and a hare's heart. The least reverse, the least anxiety, the most itful labor, shrivelled him up; he was neither meat nor stuff in any time of

make a merit of the circumstance. "Margaret likes to run the place," he said, with a fine tolerance, "and by Jove, she does it well enough! So I let her have her way, and she gives me my way." And his way was to ride to the nearest town and loaf on the hot veranda, or play poker from morning to night, while Margaret had her way in the corn field and the garden, in cooking and washing, in clean-ing, in sewing for her children, and amid her hundred other obligations, in teaching them to read and write and

trial. But he had sense enough to lean on his wife for everything and to

She had five children. The three eldest were boys, and they worked with their mother and for her. It was curious to note how little account they made of their father's help. He was some one to be shielded and cared for, because mother loved him and wished it so. But for direction or advice i was always "mother" they looked Why not? Year after year she had brooded over these children. She had fed them with her milk and nursed them in her arms and watched ever day's growth with incalculable joy and love and pride, pruning away their faults and sweetly kissing their virtues to perfection. Like a bird, feverishly. passionately, tearfully hovering over

The two girls had from her a special tenderness. "The first calamity is to be born a woman; all others can follow it," she said, sadly. And when they both died of yellow fever she comforted herself with the though that being row daughters of God they could never love and be loved by the sons of men. "The most sorrowful thing in life is loving," she sa'd, "it is anxiety without ceasing, and yet woman must love or die." And when I recall her words I always recall them with the lines written by another sorrewful, loving woman, to the same text:

"Do I not know The life of women is full of woe?
Toiling on, and on, and on, With breaking heart, and trarful eyes, And silent lips; and in the soul The secret longings that arise, Which this world never satisfies."

Just when her youngest son ap proached manhood the war came. It was on every Texan hearthstone before it reached the battlefield. But at this crisis a phase of Margaret's nature, not suspected, came to the front. "Inside the house dor," she said, spreading out her arms, as if to embrace her home, "I will have no quarrelling. Each of you boys shall chose his own side; neither father nor I will think for you; and if you quarrel among yourselves, think how soon words come to shots; and know, too, that if a ball touches any of you it goes through my heart also."

The two eldest boys went with the Confederacy. They raised a company and got their swaggering, boastful father elected captain. The youngest son was loyal to the Union and went into hiding, and, for his mother's sake, no one knew his whereabouts. In those days love and pride and grief filled Margaret's heart; but she kept her face of hope always turned to her dear ones, though she had no hope. For this simple creature got right under every situation. When I asked her "how she knew the south would fail," she answered only, "Out here in the wilderness one learns to think." But on one exquisite April morning she sent her husband and sons away with smiles. The birds were singing as if they never would grow old, and she let no shadow of fear or grief dark-en their gay departure. There would be time enough to weep when they

Hitherto her life had been set to two words, Love! Service! Now she was to learn the meaning of that worship which Waits. Alas! It was for a tragic ending. Her daring youngest boy, in trying to make his way to Banks' army, was caught and hung as a spy. Her second son was killed at Shiloh; her husband came back to her a dying man, and her eldest scn, when the war was over, brought home with him a fretful, sickly girl whom he had married. But even in these hard circumstances Margaret found comfort. "My husband and I had a good year at the last," she said. "He was almost like my child. He loved me best in the Valley of Death. I had asked so often that he might come to know and love Hitherto her life had been set to two

that he might come to know and love me well, and God always ends by granting our requests."

'After her husband had gone away forever the son's wife died, leaving 2 puny, sickly babe. "You must care for the child, mother." said the be
"Oh, Mr. Carter!"

"Now, then, I am to be married to Miss Giles to-morrow. Do you want a position as housekeeper?"

When she revived and sat up he had vanished and though she reached out with her fingers for his hair they chilched nothing but emptiness.

reaved husband, "I am going to Callfornia,"—and he went. He never came back, and Margaret found constant consolation in caring for the orphans of her husband's company. There There were many of them. One after another they came to her and grew to fair womanhood and manhood under her care. When she was seventy she said, Ever since I was twenty years old 1 have had a baby to call me 'mother.'"
She was then a moth-like woman,
hushed and faded, but full of an inward peace and hope. Some of her adopted boys did not always do right, but she was never hopelessly vexed at them. "Life is all repenting and beginning again, Terry," she said to one

acknowledging his faults.

Thus loving and praying and doing good on every hand, she made all her days sweet and cherishing as a cup of fresh milk. She loved God and believed in heaven, and she must have gone there. For those who love God in this life find no difficulty in going to Him when life is over.

AMELIA E. BARR.

Just day before yesterday I was in the waiting room of one of the big dry goods shops, when a tired-looking young woman came up with a baby in her arms. Every chair was occupied, and the mother laid the sleeping infant on the table. Instantly well-dressed woman sprang up and fairly jerked the baby off the table. "Don't you ever do that thing again," she cried to the astonished mother, "Don't you know that's a sure foreshadowing of the child's death? Never

One of my young girl friends was graduated from the girls' school near here in June. All the graduates wrote essays in competition for the annual school prize. My friend won. She told me all about it as soon as she came

lay it on a table if you want to raise

"I came mighty near not getting it," she said. "When I copied my essay to send it in I found it had thirteen pages. Of course, I knew then that I couldn't win; nobody could with thirteen for a hoodoo against her. So I, well, I just copied the last page over again and numbered it twelve and a half."-Washington Post.

Dreams are curious things. About a week ago a west Philadelphia girl dreamed that she lost her watch, and in the morning she looked in the place where she always kept her timepiece, to discover that it was gone. This, of course, led her to believe that some one had actually stolen it, and that she was not dreaming, but was merely in a half-sleep. With this dishearten-ing suspicion the crestfallen young woman told her brother of the affair. The brother had to visit various pawnshops and station houses, give a careful description of the costly article, and was kept hustling around about three or four days, vainly endeavoring to get a clew. But he finally abandoned all hopes of recovering the lost treasure. In the evening of the very day that her brother discontinued the search the fair loser of the timepiece had another dream. This time she dreamed that before retiring she had hidden her watch in a shoe in the bottom of a closet. After rising next morning, merely out of curiosity, she went to the place designated in her dream, and to her amazement there beheld the innocent timepiece.—Philadelphia Record.

The Latest Extravagances. Even the woman who cannot afford | Men's Fur Caps. have combined to make for the tables of the rich. Here are some of the latest extravagances: Silver trays,

Silver butter-spreaders, with handle Delft trays, panels, boxes and bowls.

Bonbonniers in gold, with jewels in Cordial sets-tray, decanter and glasses-of glass, with framework of gold encircling them.

Liquor flasks of leather, with cup of Apples as Food.

By a careful analysis it has been found that apples contain a larger amount of phosphorus or brain food than any other fruit or vegetable; and on this account they are very important to sedentary men, who work their brains rather than their muscles. They also contain the acids which are needed especially for sedentary men, the action of whose liver is sluggish, to eliminate the effete matters, which, if retained in the system, produce in-action of the brain, and, indeed of the whole system, causing jaundice, sleep-iness, scurvy and troublesome diseases of the skin.—Agassiz.

openings.

The old-fashioned "rat" is now used to produce the new-fashioned pompadour coiffure. A gown, which for extravagance cannot be excelled, is a silk-lined velvet, trimmed with real lace, sable and genuine diamond buttons. Long sleeves for evening wear come with buttons, by which they are attained to the shoulder of the gown,

thus actually forming a sleeve of kid. Maintaining a Reputation. The dairyman who has built up a steady demand for his butter must work just about as hard to keep that demand in a healthy condition as he did to secure it in the first place. If by some misfortune a batch of butter is inferior to that usually made, it should never be sent to regular customers. Sell it on the market without

calling attention to the name of the

person who made it. Let it bring what

it is worth.

Pantry Pete frowned heavily.
"See here, tenderfoot," he said,
"that brogue of yours is too rick It'll get you into trouble. Our people are powerfully down on plutocracy."—Detroit Journal.

A Plain Question. "Mrs. Duboy, I am a plain, bluntspoken man,"
"Yes, I know, Mr. Carter."

"I never beat around the bush. When I got ready to ask my first wife for her heart and hand I did not waste five minutes in coming to the point." "Oh, Mr. Carter, but don't be too sudden! You know our sex-" "Mrs. Duboy, I have called this even-

ing to ask you a question."
"Yes, but—but——"
"And I want a plain, plump answer either yes or no."
"It's awfully sudden, Mr. Carter, but I'll-I'll try to-to-"

"I have known you three months." "Y-yes."
"I don't think I am mistaken in your "Oh, Mr. Carter!"



Horsemen's Attention A good horse should be well covered in one of our heavy all wool comforters. Have just finished one hundred check blankets of a new fancy check pattern. Price reduced to 60c. per square yard. Are heavy, soft and warm, and as the material and workmanship is the best, we have no hesitation in saying that

with good care one of these blankets will give service for fifteen years, It is the best. It is the cheapest. See them before you put an inferior blanket on your steed.

SOFT WOOD TAKEN IN EXCHANGE. ?

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