A YOUNG MAN'S ADVICE

By OPIE READ.

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The editor of the weekly Household Comfort was sitting in his office looking over a pink sketch, entitled "How to Make Home a Paradise of Love,' presumably written by a maiden lady, when the footsteps of quick impulse were heard in the hallway. A thump, with uncalculated force, resounded from the door, and when the editor cried "Come in!" there entered a tall, muscular young man.

"Is this Ruben J. Stibbens?" the visitor asked.

"The same, sir, and I am at your service. Sit down."

"I hope you are," said the visitor as he seated himself. He remained silent for a few moments, and then, giving his hat a sort of determined shove back, remarked:

"I have been reading your paper for some time."

"Yes," the editor interrupted, with a "property" smile.

"I first took it up about a year ago," the visitor went on, "at once became interested in your advice to young men. You said that a young man with an income of $20 a week could not only afford to get married, but that, if anything, he could live cheaper and therefore save more money than ever before."

"Yes."

"I was visiting a young lady at that time and decided that I was in love with her. I believed that she would continued: "Well, it has just been a year since I married, and what do I find? I find that my expenses are nearly twice as heavy as they were. I find that I must either bend to the whims of a woman or bear the appearance of a brute."

"I regret very much that you should have been disappointed," said the editor, "but you should console yourself with the time honored thought that it might have been worse."

"Yes," replied the visitor, "I might have married sooner. But I have come here not to be told that matters might have been worse, but to ask your candid advice. You were the cause of my marriage, and now let your mind work for a few moments in my behalf. But first view the difficulties of the situation. If I surrender completely, my wife will forever rule me; if I insist upon being master, I shall be set down as a tyrant. What would you do?"

"Well," said the editor after a few moments' reflection, "I should think that some appeasing medium could be struck. Get up a sort of treaty, as it were."

"Now, look here," the visitor said, rather sharply, "you ought to know that a woman doesn't keep a treaty. When it comes to a matter of treaty, she is a barbaric nation."

"My dear sir, I don't know what to advise."

"But what did you do? You surely had to solve certain household problems after you married. Give me your experience."

"My dear sir," said the editor, smiling, "I would willingly give you my experience as to the regulation of married life, but the truth is I am not a married man."

"What!" exclaimed the visitor, springing to his feet. "Do you mean to tell me'—

"I mean to tell you," the editor broke in, "that I never married."

"Would you rather take off your coat?" the young married man asked in a strangely soft voice.

"Take off my coat? What do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm going to lick you and that I will give you the privilege of removing superfluous garments." The visitor took off his coat and stood waiting for the editor. "Come, hurry up. I haven't time to wait on you. I've to get home in time to keep from being taken to task. Get up here!"

"My dear sir," expostulated the editor, getting up and stepping back, "you are a most peculiar man. That advice was not written especially for you."

"But it caught me especially. Come here!"

He reached after the editor and caught him too. He caught him with a hip hold and slammed him on the unsympathetic floor. He took hold of the editor's convenient ears and bumped his head, bumped it until some one on the floor below yelled, "Here, here, let up with that bowling alley business!" He pulled a wisp of hair out of the editor's head, the very wisp that, brushed carefully back, had served to hide a bald spot. He choked him to apparent insensibility, and, after pouring a quart of violet ink over his well done work, took his departure.

The latest number of Household Comfort does not tell how two people can live more cheaply than one, but in it there is an article entitled "Marriage Sorter Shaky, if Not a Complete Failure."

"Would you rather take of your coat?"

A Close Mouthed Pair.

A story told in a French journal some years ago has its amusing side, although it concerns two people who took anything but a humorous view of life.

One was Perlet, a tragedian of much merit and a most excellent man in every respect, who was nevertheless so sensitive and shy that he was regarded as almost a misanthrope by those who knew him in private life.

In spite of his gloom and taciturnity, he took it into his head to marry and settled upon the very pretty daughter of Tiercelin, a famous comedian, as the woman he wished to wed.

Tiercelin was as melancholy and morose as Perlet, and a meeting between the young actor and the old comedian was arranged by some friends who saw what pleasure the two men were likely to take in each other's congenial society.

There was a little dinner at which there were but two covers. Perlet and Tiercelin seated themselves in silence, and the dinner was served. Course after course came on and went off without a word from the two participants.

When the repast was ended, Tiercelin rose from the table, and, extending his hand to Perlet, said, with grave cordiality:

"Sir, you are just the son-in-law I want!"

Apparently he was also the husband whom pretty Mlle. Tiercelin wanted, but there are rumors that, in spite of her love, there were days when she had a dull time of it, between her taciturn husband and her gloomy father.

Had to Do It.

He—That chap down there on the beach rescued a lady in the surf yesterday.

She—How heroic and romantic!

He—Not so much. He's a married man and the lady was his wife.—Philadelphia North American.

A Hero at Waterloo.

The Duke of Wellington was once asked who, in his opinion, was the bravest man at Waterloo.

"I can't tell you that," he said, "but I can tell you of the man whom I am sure there was no braver."

The following is the story put in the words of the writer:

"There was a private in the artillery. A farm house with an orchard, surrounded by a thick hedge, formed a most important point in the British position, and was ordered to be held against the enemy at any sacrifice. The hottest of the battle raged round the point, but the English behaved well, and beat back the French again and again.

"At last the powder and ball were found to be running short; at the same time the hedge surrounding the orchard took fire. In the meantime a messenger had been sent to the rear for more powder and ball, and in a short time two loaded wagons came galloping down to the farm house, the gallant defenders of which were keeping up a scanty fire through the flames which surrounded the post. The driver of the first wagon spurred his horses toward the burning heap, but the flames rose fiercely round and caught the powder, which exploded, sending rider, horses and wagon in fragments into the open air. For one instant the driver of the second wagon paused appalled by his comrade's fate; the next, observing that the flames, beaten back for a moment by the explosion, afforded him one desperate chance, he sent his horses at the smouldering breach, and, amid the cheers of the garrison, landed his cargo safely within. Behind him the flames closed up and raged more fiercely than ever. This private never lived to receive the reward which his act merited, but later in the engagement he was killed, dying with the consciousness that he had saved the day."

Woman in India.

The social state of women under Brahminism in India is deplorable. Manu, one of the foremost Hindoo religious teachers, says: "A woman ought never to govern herself according to her own will. She is not fit for independence, and must be utterly subservient to her husband." In the Pundits we read: "Women have an inordinate desire for jewels and fine furniture, handsome clothes, and nice victuals. Their prominent vices are violent anger; deep resentment, no person knowing the sentiments concealed in their heart; another person's good appears evil in their eyes; and they commit bad actions."

These views of women are painfully reflected in the Zenana life of India, where the existence of woman is one long martyrdom, and her finest instincts are mercilessly crushed beneath the heel of domestic tyranny. The birth of a girl in the Zenana is regarded as a calamity. She is nowhere welcomed. "Only a girl!" is the sorry exclamation which hails her birth. A passage from a book given not long ago as a prize in a girl's school in Bombay will illustrate, without further words, the condition of woman in India: "The wife who gives an ugly answer to her husband will become a village pariah dog; she will also become a female jackal, and live in an uninhabited desert. The woman who eats sweet meats without sharing them with her husband will become a hen owl, living in a hollow tree. The woman who walks alone without her husband will become a filth-eating sow. The woman who speaks disrespectfully to her husband will be dumb in the next incarnation. The woman who hates her husband's relations will become from birth to birth a musk rat, living in filth."

Graphite's Many Uses.

One of the most familiar substances now named in industrial connections is graphite, and its differentiated uses and applications are really phenomenal. Not a single casting, says a writer in Bradstreet, is taken from its sand mould without the sand being first faced by graphite; not a gun projectile is cast but the steel is melted in a graphite crucible; not a tool, not a saw is made but from graphite crucible; every pound of nickel, of copper, of composition metal, of brass, is cast in some way the metal being reduced in a graphite crucible. Every printing house, for the perfection of its electrotypes, is absolutely dependent upon graphite; every electrician and every department of electrical work comes under the same tribute. Graphite lubricates friction ways, and it is notably the most enduring paint pigment; the electric light, too, would shine much less easily but for graphite, the production of steel rails has equally intimate relation to this mineral. Among its peculiar characteristics are its immunity from any effect by heat and cold, the highest and lowest extremes of either failing to influence it.

CANADA'S BIG RAILWAY PLANS.

New Line From Quebec to North Pacific in Five Years—Several Sections Built—Work in Progress.

During the coming winter there will be great activity in railway construction in that part of Western Ontario and Northern Minnesota lying between Lake Superior and the capital of Manitoba. One of the chief links in Canada's rival transcontinental line, which is expected to reach from Quebec to the North Pacific within five years, is to be built there immediately.

The distance from Lake Superior at Port Arthur, Canada's western lake port, to Winnipeg is about 450 miles by this line, and 140 miles are already under rails. Of this, 20 miles are at the east end, being a portion of the old Port Arthur, Duluth and Western road, which has been bought by the Canadian syndicate back of the great enterprise, and the remainder—120 miles — reaches southeasterly from Winnipeg into Minnesota south of the Lake of the Woods. Nearly 150 miles more, between these ends, will be built by next January, and the connection will be made through January, 1901. At the present time 1,500 men and 1,000 horses are at work, and this number will be doubled before cold weather. There are 3,000 tons of supplies at Rat Portage waiting shipment to points on the line, as much more at Fort Francis, and twice as much more at stations along the line of the Canadian Pacific. Warehouses are being built at a dozen points along the route.

Near Rainy Lake the work of construction is very heavy, and crossing that lake there will be one of the longest bridges on the American continent. The Canadian Government is interested in the construction of the line to such an extent, that it has recently given a bonus of $10,400 per mile for the entire distance, except for a few miles that will cross American soil in Minnesota.

From the main line of the Canadian Pacific road on the north and from Lake Superior on the east to the Red River on the west, there is no railroad. This is a territory of from 150 to 180 miles north and south and 350 miles east and west. It contains over 50,000 square miles. The new line will bisect it, and will run through a gold bearing area larger than the State of Colorado. It will tap the new and probably important Atikokan iron range; it will open up more pulp wood to the axe than there is in the State of Maine; it will tap the outlets of streams flowing through the only white pine forests of the United States, and will open to cultivation a tremendous area of wheat and other farming lands of good climate and rich soil. By extensions of from forty to seventy-five miles, roads running north from Duluth can connect with the line, and a new and important railway system will converge at this point, adding greatly to the commercial importance of the head of Lake Superior.

The new transcontinental line of which this road will form a part is already built from Quebec to the eastern shore of the great lakes, at Parry Sound, Georgian Bay. For the present the lakes will form the only connecting link thence westward as far as Port Arthur and Duluth. The Ontario and Rainy River will be the link to Winnipeg. Westward to the foothills of the Rockies there are now in operation for a great part of the distance colonization and other independent roads under Government grants. These will form portions of the road. A link 450 miles long running due west from Winnipeg will be in operation next season, and will carry passengers clear to Prince Albert, on the Upper Saskatchewan Valley. Over the mountains and to the Pacific south of Sitka a line will be under construction within a year.

From Winnipeg east to Quebec these roads will form a trunk line of modern construction, with low grades, easy curves, and heavy rails, bridges and equipment, and capable of carrying freight at the lowest rates. In the bounty contracts for the building of these lines there are government restrictions as to grades and curves and as to the maximum rates of traffic, which will cut in two the existing freights from Western Canada to the sea.

LIQUOR SLAVERY.

Which would you be—a conqueror or a slave? Is there any need to ask a man whether he would rather stand noble, useful, brave and free, or cower in weakness and disgrace, the victim of evil passions, tossed among the wreckage of life. Every year you miss from among those with whom you are familiar some who have been sucked into the surging whirlpool of dissipation, and swept away forever from all prospect of prosperity and fame. Men who lead lives of nervous activity and energy are in special danger. Unconsciously they acquire the habit of striving to tone up their vital force by the stimulus of drink, and often fail to realize their peril until it is too late. No man can tell beforehand what its course or rate of development may be in his particular case. That man had better make a stand now, and, invoking every social, moral, and scientific aid that he can command, seek to deliver himself from his peril in time.

Samaria Prescription supplies the system with the substance that it lacks when it craves for alcoholic stimulants. It corrects the condition which excites alcoholic thirst. It expels the cause of alcoholic disease, whether inherited or induced by excessive drains on either physical or mental energy. It acts through the blood upon every part of the system, and once taken there will never be the need nor desire for taking strong drink.

Samaria Prescription is a wholesome and infallible protection to the man who is just beginning to seek for false solace, false strength, or false inspiration in "the cup." It has restored hundreds who have wasted years of their lives through the habit, and has saved and rehabilitated the characters of many who had been given up as wrecks. With thousands of warning examples of the curse of liquor before their eyes, moderate drinkers persist in imagining that they can trifle with the serpent without being stung. Alcoholic desire or thirst is an unnatural want, and Samaria Prescription corrects the condition that inspires it. It does this from the first day it is used, and it never fails in its wondrous work to cure a man of the liquor habit so that he will stay cured.

This moderate drinker in his moderate indulgence confesses a merely moderate degree of moral force. He thinks he is strong because he never gets drunk. He thinks he can quit the indulgence whenever he wants to. But who ever heard of one of these moderate drinkers abstaining from their favorite tipple for any great length of time. No man can keep away from the stuff in whose system the desire for liquor is once lodged. Samaria Prescription eradicates the cause of this want from the system and substitutes the healthy abhorrence for the smell and taste of liquor in a man,

Mrs. C. H——, Guelph, writes:

"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him of the deception I had practiced on him, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I heartily advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

Samaria Prescription will be sent anywhere, securely wrapped in a plain package, on receipt of price, $8. Full particulars, with testimonials of notable cases, will be sent to any enquirer, with our private address. All communications are treated in strict confidence.

SAMARIA REMEDY CO.,
88 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont.

SMALL ANNOYANCES.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON A UNIQUE SUBJECT.

THE MISSION OF THE HORNET.

The Minor Troubles of Life Which Test Christian Fortitude and Patience—The Lessons Drawn From Trivial Irritations.

Washington, Oct. 8.—This sermon by Dr. Talmage deals with a subject which appeals to all classes and conditions of men. His text is Deuteronomy vii, 20, "The Lord thy God will send the hornet."

It seems as if the insectile world were determined to extirpate the human race. It bombards the grain fields and the orchards and the vineyards. The Colorado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potato beetle, seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when the insects buzzed out of Noah's ark as the door was opened.

In my text the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion, and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellowing under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful covering we were struck with something that sent us shrieking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captains over hundreds, and 20 of them alighting on one man will produce certain death.

The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephants and the beasts on which the Persians rode were assaulted by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up, and the besieged city was rescued. This burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and the Canaanites from their country. What gleaming sword and chariot of war could not accomplish was done by the puncture of an insect. "The Lord sent the hornet."

My friends, when we are assaulted by great behemoths of trouble we become chivalric, and we assault them. We get on the high mettled steed of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them, and if God be with us we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But also for these insectile annoyances of life, these foes too small to shoot, these things without any avoirdupois weight, the gnats and the midges and the flies and the wasps and the hornets! In other words, it is the small stinging annoyances of our life which drive us out and use us up. In the best conditioned life for some grand and glorious purpose God has sent the hornet.

Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossips spin and retail it. They gather up all the adverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell it, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh, too—outside.

These people are brought to our attention in the Bible, in the book of Ruth. Naomi went forth beautiful and with the finest worldly prospects into another land, but after awhile she came back widowed and sick and poor. What did her friends do when she came to the city? They all went out, and instead of giving her common sense and consolation, what did they do? Read the book of Ruth and find out. They threw up their hands and said, "Is this Naomi?" as much as to say, "How awful bad you look!" When I entered the ministry, I looked very pale for years, and every year, for four or five years, many times a year I was asked if I had not consumption, and, passing through the room, I would sometimes hear people sigh and say, "A-ah, not long for this world!" I resolved in those times that I never in any conversation would say anything depressing, and by the help of God I have kept the resolution. These people of whom I speak rose and bind in the great harvest field of discouragement. Some day you greet them with a hilarious "Good morning," and they come buzzing at you with some depressing information. "The Lord sent the hornet."

It is astonishing how some people prefer to write and to say disagreeable things. That was the case when Henry M. Stanley returned after his magnificent exploit of finding David Livingstone. When Mr. Stanley stood before the savants of Europe and many of the small critics of the day, under the pretense of getting geographical information, put to him insolent questions, he folded his arms and refused to answer. At the very time when you would suppose all decent men would have applauded the heroism of the man there were those to hiss. "The Lord sent the hornet." And when afterwards that man sat down on the western coast of Africa, sick and worn out, with perhaps the grandest achievement of the age in the way of geographical discovery, there were small critics all over the world to buzz and buzz and caricature and deride him, and when after awhile he got the London papers, as he opened them, out flew the hornet. When I see that there are so many people in the world who like to say disagreeable things and write disagreeable things, I come almost in my weaker moments to believe what a man said to me in Philadelphia one Monday morning. I went to get the horse at the livery stable, and the hostler, a plain man, said to me, "Mr. Talmage, I saw that you preached to the young men yesterday." I said, "Yes." He said: "No use, no use. Man's a failure."

The small insect annoyances of life sometimes come in the shape of local physical trouble which does not amount to a positive prostration, but which bothers you when you want to feel the best. Perhaps it is a sick headache which has been the plague of your life, and you appoint some occasion of mirth or sociality or usefulness, and when the clock strikes the hour you cannot make your appearance. Perhaps the trouble is between the ear and the forehead in the shape of a neuralgic twinge. Nobody can see it or sympathize with it, but just at the time when you want your intellect clearest and your disposition brightest you feel a sharp, keen, disconcerting thrust. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Perhaps these small insect annoyances will come in the shape of a domestic irritation. The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonize. To get good service and to keep it is one of the great questions of the country. Sometimes it may be the arrogance and inconsiderateness of employers; but, whatever be the fact, we all admit there are these insect annoyances winging their way out from the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot maintain her equilibrium.

These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritation. There are men here who went through the 24th of September, 1869, and the panics of 1873 and 1893 without losing their balance who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances—a clerk's ill manners, or a blot of ink on a bill of lading, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his account, or the underselling by a business rival, or the whispering of store confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judgment; but you wanted to please somebody else.

I have noticed in the history of some of my congregation that their annoyances are multiplying and that they have a hundred where they used to have ten. The naturalist tells us that a wasp sometimes has a family of 20,000 wasps, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million. By the help of God, to-day I want to show you the other side. The hornet is of no use? Oh, yes! The naturalist tells us they are very important in the world's economy. They kill spiders, and they clear the atmosphere. And I really believe God sends the annoyances of our life upon us to kill the spiders of the soul and to clear the atmosphere of our skies.

These annoyances are sent on us, I think, to wake us up from our lethargy. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest of "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a bed of everything that was attractive and soft and easy, what would we want of heaven? We think that the hollow tree sends the hornet, or we may think that the devil sends the hornet. I want to correct your opinion. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Then I think these annoyances come on us to cultivate our patience. In the gymnasium you find upright parallel bars with holes over each other for pegs to be put in. Then the gymnast takes a peg in each hand, and he begins to climb, one inch at a time or two inches, and getting his strength cultivated, reaches after a while the ceiling. And it seems to me that these annoyances in life are a moral gymnasium, each worriment a peg with which we are to climb higher and higher in Christian attainment. We all love to see patience, but it cannot be cultivated in fair weather. Patience is a child of the storm. If you had everything desirable and there was nothing more to get, what would you want with patience? The only time to cultivate it is when you are lied about and sick and half dead.

Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. I have formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexations. It takes just so much trouble to fit us for usefulness and for heaven. The only question is whether we shall take it in the bulk or pulverized and granulated. Here is one man who takes it in bulk. His back is broken or his eyesight put out, or some other awful calamity befalls him, while the vast majority of people take the thing piecemeal. Which way would you rather have it? Of course, in piecemeal. Better have five aching teeth than one broken jaw; better ten fly blisters than an amputation, better 20 squalls than one cyclone. There may be a difference of opinion as to allopathy and homeopathy, but in this matter of trouble I like homeopathic doses, small pellets of annoyance rather than some knockdown dose of calamity. Instead of the thunderbolt give us the hornet. If you have a bank, you would a great deal rather that 50 men would come in with checks less than $100 than to have two depositors come in the same day, each wanting his $10,000. In this latter case you cough and look down to the floor and you look up to the ceiling before you look into the safe. Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drafts of annoyance on your bank of faith than some all staggering demand upon your endurance? But remember that little as well as great annoyances equally require you to trust in Christ for succor and for deliverance from impatience and irritability. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

How many touches did Mr. Church give to his picture of "Cotopaxi" or his "Heart of the Andes?" I suppose about 50,000 touches. I hear the canvas saying: "Why do you keep me trembling with that pencil so long? Why don't you put it on in one dash?" "No," says Mr. Church; "I know how to make a painting. It will take 50,000 of these touches." And I want you, my friends, to understand that it is these ten thousand annoyances which, under God, are making up the picture of your life, to be hung at last in the galleries of heaven. Let for angels to look at. God knows how to make a picture.

I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it the other way." So he works on, and after awhile the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no! God says that is not the way, and so he keeps on by strokes of little vexations until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men.

You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grainfield sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and injoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block of storehouses. Catherine de' Medici got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of a new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarraigned. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces lockjaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowed up the Ganges were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. The earth had been strewed with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gun or to go into the conflict because it was only a skirmish, saying: "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish. Wait until there is a general engagement and then you will see how courageous I am and what battling I will do?" The general would say to such a man, "If you are not faithful in a skirmish, you would be nothing in a general engagement." And I have to tell you, O Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale you will never be able to apply them on a larger scale. If I had my way with you, I would have you possess all possible worldly prosperity. I would have you each one a garden, a river flowing through it, geraniums and shrubs on the sides and the grass and flowers as beautiful as though the rainbow had fallen. I would have you a house, a splendid mansion, and the beds should be covered with upholstery dipped in the setting sun. I would have every hall in your house set with statues and statuettes, and then I would have the four quarters of the globe pour in all their luxuries on your table, and you should have forks of silver and knives of gold, inlaid with diamonds and amethysts.

"Not each one of us?" you say. Yes, each one of you. "Not to your enemies?" Yes. The only difference I would make with them would be that I would put a little extra gilt on their walls and a little extra embroidery on their slippers. "But," you say, "Why does not God give us all these things?" Ah! I bethink to myself. He is wiser. It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best picture in the portico or vestibule of his house. God meant this world to be only the vestibule of heaven, that great gallery of the universe toward which we are aspiring. We must not have it too good in this world, or we would want no heaven.

Polycarp was condemned to be burned to death. The stake was planted. He was fastened to it. The fagots were placed around him, the fires kindled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, instead of destroying Polycarp, were only a wall between him and his enemies. They had actually to destroy him with the poniard. The flames would not touch him. Well, my hearer, I want you to understand that by God's grace the flames of trial, instead of consuming your soul, are only going to be a wall of defense and a canopy of blessing. God is going to fulfill to you the blessings and the promises, as he did to Polycarp. "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned." Now you do not understand, but you shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the hornet.

CHOOSING A LIFE WORK.

Boys Must Fix Their Eyes on a Goal and Earnestly Strive to Attain It.

The principal of a boys' school was speaking to the pupils about their future life. He asked: "How many of you have decided what you will be when you become men?"

There was no reply. He then asked that any boy there who had selected his future occupation should hold up his hand. Out of the hundred, ten boys did so. Ninety had no idea what they were going to do in this world, for the world or for themselves. He then asked those who had given the matter some thought, but were yet undecided, to raise the hand. Fifteen hands went up. Seventy-five boys out of the hundred, between the ages of 14 and 20, had never thought about their future occupation. Considering that, how much could they expect to excel in anything or to make a mark in the world? Yet, doubtless, some of them, when men, will complain that wealth and honors are unevenly divided in this world.

The way to have honor, to become anybody of importance, to be a power among men is not to envy another person, but to fix the eyes upon that goal and work for it, choosing early the path that leads to that eminence.

A young man desired to be a clergyman. He was the only child of a widow, who could not educate him. A wealthy gentleman, becoming interested in him, offered to defray the expenses of his education. He gladly accepted, prepared for college, and had just entered, when the gentleman failed, losing every dollar. The young man, of course, had to leave college, but he did not give up his determination to enter the ministry. He taught music that year, saved his money, and entered college. Continuing to teach in the college town, he supported himself through his whole college course.

I know of another young man who, with every opportunity to pursue one thing, changes his mind and his occupation about as often as he does his coat. He never gets above the drudgery part, and is only earning $3 a week, sometimes nothing, for there are frequent resting places at the change of his occupations. Who could expect him to make a success of his life?

No matter what profession or trade you take up, you have to work, and work harder and under more difficulties at the outset than further on. The boy who wants to shirk this necessary drudgery is not made of the stuff which conquers in life.

Above all things, avoid being a "jack-of-all-trades." Some men have a genius for so many things that they cannot give enough attention to one thing to master it. I know of a youth of nearly 20 who can play and sing, mend a clock, a music box, an organ, invent little things, make toffee, draw, and—why, I hardly know anything he cannot do, and the consequence is, he is not doing anything. If anyone wants anything "fixed," he is the one who fixes it, but his life is not going to be "fixed" in any direction. In direct contrast to him is a companion of his, who has already served several years at his trade, and will some day turn out a first-class carpenter.

A Wishbone's Service.

Dr. Pakenham-Walsh, who recently resigned the Bishopric of Ossory, is celebrated alike for his piety and his wit. There is a story told of how he proposed to his wife. He was at a dinner party and was seated beside the woman of his choice. In the course of the dinner he found that he had been helped to the "wishing bone," and, as often is the custom in country houses, he pulled for the wish with his fair neighbor. The little V-shaped bone was broken, and the Bishop, having secured the wish, whispered to his companion, as he laid down his part of the bone: "Will you lay your bones with my bones?" She blushingly whispered an assent, and after dinner the engagement was announced.

The main muscular supports of the body weaken and let go, under

BACKACHE

Or LUMBAGO. To restore, strengthen, and straighten up, use

ST JACOBS OIL

How to Whiten the Neck.

When the neck or throat have become brown or yellow looking they may be whitened by the persistent application every night of the following paste, spread on a soft rag and wrapped around the neck: Honey, one ounce; lemon juice, one ten spoonful; oil of bitter almonds, six drops; the whites of two eggs. Add enough fine oatmeal to make a smooth paste.

A Singular Custom.

A singular custom prevails among the Tartars or Kurds. If a man loses his cattle or other property he pours a little brown sugar into a piece of colored cloth, ties it up, and carries one such parcel to each of his friends and acquaintances. In return he is presented, according to circumstances, with a cow, or sheep, or a sum of money.

Do Not Delay.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

Statistics on Children.

As a result of a careful investigation of 24,000 cases, Dr. Jarosie presented to the director of the Hungarian Bureau of Statistics the following conclusions: The offspring of parents between the ages of 20 and 25 are likely to be weak and delicate, but between 25 and 45 will probably be strong and thrive. The mother bears most robust children between her 25th and 35th year. When the mother is ten years younger than the father the proportion of healthy children is greatest, the chances being ten per cent. more favorable than when the parents are about the same age.

AFTER EFFECTS OF FEVER.

Mrs. Angle, of Merritton, Suffered so Severely That Her Friends Feared She Was Likely to Be a Permanent Invalid.

In the picturesque village of Merritton resides Mrs. William Angle, who, after months of suffering, has found a cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Angle relates as follows the experience through which she has passed. "Four years ago this spring, while a resident of Buffalo I had an attack of typhoid fever and the disease left me in a worn out and extremely nervous condition, so that the least noise startled me. I could not sleep at times for a week on account of terrible attacks of heart trouble. Then again my head would trouble me and I had bad dreams. I had no appetite and lost twenty-two pounds in weight and had become so very thin that my friends were alarmed. While in this condition I was treated by two physicians but with no avail. I tried everything recommended but still found no relief. Finally a relative persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After I had taken the first box I could see a change for the better, so I continued the use of the pills until I had finished six boxes and the results were most gratifying. I now have normal sleep, there is no more twitching in my hands, the palpitations have ceased, and I have gained in weight and strength. My whole system seems toned up, and I feel entirely well. I feel grateful to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., and hope they will keep up the good work of administering to the afflicted."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.