WAGES IN THE OLD WORLD.

An Italian wood carver receives from 89c. to 68c. per day.

A deer tender in Norway gets $7 a month and his board.

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A journeyman jeweler in Damascus can earn $7 a week.

Hammock bearers in China receive from 12c. to 30c. a day.

The employes in German paper mills earn $162 per annum.

A journeyman tailor in Smyrna can earn about 60c. a day.

Quarrymen in Prussia can make no more than $63 a year.

A winder in a Swiss silk mill receives about 19c. a day.

Liverpool machinists receive a weekly average pay of $8.

A native switch-tender in Bengal gets about 1½ cents a day.

Glass-blowers in Germany receive no more than $155 a year.

A journeyman tailor in Constantinople receives 50c. a day.

Railway laborers in Holland average from 30c. to 70c. per day.

A railroad watchman in India receives about $4 a month.

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ALL SUCH EXITS FROM LIFE ARE PREVENTABLE.

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To pass from seeming robust life to instant death is the most appalling end of all.

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A recent Toronto physician gives the answer when he says: "I have yet to learn of a single case of so called 'heart failure' where examination after death did not disclose kidney disease as the primary cause of death."

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The warning distress or symptoms of organic disease are but calls for kidney treatment.

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They have saved or prolonged a hundred thousand lives in Canada.

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T. N. U. 43

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THE HOUSE AT THE CORNER

(CONTINUED.)

One o'clock—half-past one—two! The church clock struck, and struck again after intervals of bitter weariness; but still she crouched by the guttering candle, her cheeks pale and wan, her eyes staring in a vague terror at the visions of her fancy.

At last the morning broke, and in the first pale gray light she crept down the twisted, creaking stairs and let herself out in the street.

Perfect silence reigned. Not a creature was to be seen. The fresh morning air pierced to her bones as she stole on tiptoe, spellbound by the weird stillness, back to her sister's home.

As she stood once more before the house, gazing up at its blind-drawn windows, wondering if after all Dorothy were there, and some dire tragedy had held her from responding to her sister's call, the world seemed to rouse itself, and enter upon its daily course of toil. On the river came a snorting steam tug; from the wharves sounded the rattle of chains; footsteps clattered, and carts rumbled in all directions; a noisy rooster crowed suddenly with all his might, as if to summon every creature, great and small, to a renewal of life and industry. Laura Kingdon shrank from this reveille, creeping like an outcast to the closed door, and crouching there in bewilderment and misery. She laid her hand upon the brass handle, and unintentionally turned it in its socket.

The door yielded and fell open under the pressure of her weight as she leaned against it.

There was nothing to prevent her from entering her sister's home—nothing but an undefined dread of what she might discover there.

CHAPTER XII.

DESERTED.

No. 19 Shore Street the home of Dorothy Dundas, was a small, single-fronted house, standing alone upon the shelving bank of the river.

Its basement was below the level of the road, and its ground floor, consisting of sitting-room and bed-room, correspondingly above it. Overhead, with a small casement jutting out from the red tiled roof that beamed over the face of the house, bright with its green shutters and white window-sills, were a garret and lumber cupboard.

Controlling with an effort the nervous tremor that had seized upon her, Laura Kingdon entered the dusky little hall and opened the door of the parlour on her left. All was in darkness. She called softly to her sister, but there was no reply.

Summoning her courage, she crossed to the windows at the front and side of the house, and drew up the blinds. Then she glanced nervously over her shoulder at the room, dreading—half expecting to see—she knew not what.

But in the dim light of daybreak all seemed in order: the faded green "rep" chairs, the old horse-hair sofa, the square table, with its gay blue-and-white chess-pattern cover, the cabinet-shaped mahogany piano with red silk front, the loading-glass with its broad gilt frame muffled in yellow fly-netting, the glass-shaded gilt clock and bright blue vases on the mantel shelf—all were in their places, looking innocent enough; her eyes took note of the stuffed fish, the model ship, the coral, the prints of marine subjects, the seaweed, and other odds and ends which distinguished the room as the abode of a sailor. Nothing was disturbed.

With her heart beating a little less wildly, she went to the door that opened into the bedroom, and knocked upon it gently. No answer came. She listened intently for the breathing of a sleeper. There was no sound but the throbbing of her own heart. She tried the handle; it yielded, and she ventured to push open the door.

All was in shadow here, but there was sufficient light to show Laura that it was empty. The bed was unoccupied. It had not been slept upon that night.

With a gasp of dismay Laura hastily threw open the window that looked out on the river, and let in the first rosy glow of the dawn. Not a sign of trouble here, save the forsaken bed; every item of the humble furniture was arranged with careful neatness. Not a sign of anything wrong. Stay! what was that gleam of white upon the patchwork counterpane? A letter! Laura took it to the light, and red with a sickness at the heart, "For Captain Dundas—only for him," in the handwriting of her sister. The last three words were underlined.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GARRET.

The letter dropped from Laura's nerveless hands; she burst into tears, and sank down in her misery, bowing her head upon the window-ledge. It was all true, then—all that she had dreaded, all that she had forseen. Dorothy had deserted her home, forsaken her husband in the very hour when he would be burning with anticipation of the long-yearned-for joy of holding her once more in his embrace. The cruelty, the wickedness of the act shocked Laura unspeakably for her sweet, warm and affection for her sister's husband was deeply rooted.

And worse, infinitely worse, than the act itself appeared the motive of Dorothy's unfaithfulness. Laura could not doubt that motive; she saw it all with ghastly clearness by the light of her knowledge of her sister's unstable character, and the remembrance of careless words, significant actions, which had long caused her poignant uneasiness. Dorothy had fled with a lover, and the letters which had fallen into Laura's hands pointed to the worthless and contemptible Ralph Kestrel as the partner of this treachery. What could be done? Had Laura come in time to save that home from ruin, her sister from lifelong wretchedness, and poor Benjamin Dundas from a broken heart? She feared not. There was but one hope: Kestrel had seemed an unwilling lover; perhaps Dorothy had fled to him against his wish, in which case he might refuse to receive her, and in her despair she might submit herself to Laura's persuasions, and return to her home in time to receive her husband. Laura resolved to seek out Kestrel at once. She would confide in Muriel O'Connor, and Muriel would assist her in this terrible juncture. But O, for some immediate clue to the whereabouts of the fugitive! Laura shuddered at the thought of what evils might result from delay. The letter for "Captain Dundas—only for him" she dared not open. She would not violate the sacredness of a wife's confession; nor was there any likelihood of discovering in such a letter any hint of what she wished to know.

She vainly sought for other indications of Dorothy's destination. The house had been most carefully stripped of all such traces, if any such had ever existed. Then it occurred to Laura that the woman who had lived with Dorothy as assistant and companion might be able to tell her something. But where was she? If in the house, why had she not responded to the night summons, and why had the door been left unfastened after Dorothy had gone out? Had Dorothy departed without the knowledge of Susan Pegg? Or had they left the house together? To elucidate this mystery, Laura climbed the dark stairway to the servant's room.

Upon the pallet-bed, in a shadowed recess of the garret, a sleeper lay. Laura could perceive the outline of the form against the white washed wall by the faint light that crept in at the distant narrow window.

"Susan!" she called; "Susan, is that you?"

The figure turned drowsily and relapsed into a heavy sleep. Laura went across to the bed, and, stooping, laid her hand heavily upon the woman's shoulder.

"Get up!" she cried passionately, her heart enraged by what she unreasonably considered the culpable negligence of this guardian of her sister: "get up, I say, you wicked, wicked wretch! Rouse yourself! Come here and look me in the face!"

As the woman half-rose from the bed, Laura caught her by the arm and dragged her with the resistless strength of her indignation across the floor to the window. Then turning upon her furiously, she cried:

"Where is my sister?"

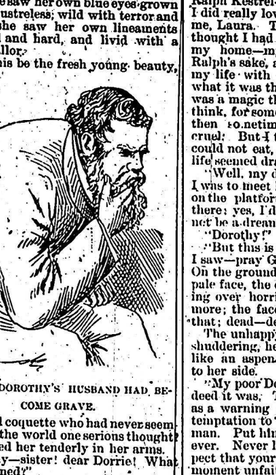
The trembling creature fell cowering at her feet, and, raising a stony, piteous face to Laura's, astared her with the sight of—Dorothy herself!

CHAPTER XIV.

"DOROTHY'S DREAM."

A stony, piteous face, worn and wild as that of a madwoman, peering upward in the cold morning light, through streams of soft brown hair. Laura looked upon it with a throb of pity. It was like beholding her own face in a cruel mirror that blasted all its beauty and its youth. She saw her own blue eyes grown faint and lustreless; wild with terror and despair; she saw her own lineaments grown old and hard, and livid with a deathly pallor.

Could this be the fresh young beauty,



DOUBT.—DOROTHY'S HUSBAND HAD BECOME GRAVE.

the playful coquette who had never seemed to give the world one serious thought?

She raised her tenderly in her arms.

"Dorothy—sister! dear Dorrie! What has happened?"

The girl stared vacantly at her as if she did not hear. Her lips moved, but she uttered no sound. Her limbs were rigid in Laura's strong embrace.

"Sister, for God's sake speak to me! You know me, dear, do you not?"

Slowly the wild eyes gathered their vision into life and reason; the hand that hung listlessly was raised until it touched Laura's cheek. Then came a change, terrible and yet welcome in the painful tension of the moment. Dorothy gave a long, low, wailing cry, and fell upon her sister's neck in a flood of violent hysterical weeping.

Laura held her to her bosom for some moments, wondering, dreading; then, as the fit increased, became alarmed, and strove to soothe her. She would have placed the convulsed form again upon the bed, but Dorothy shrank back from it with a shudder, and, slipping from her sister's embrace, rushed through the door and down the stairs to the parlour below, where Laura, following, found her prostrate upon the floor. And there she lay, refusing all aid, all comfort, her sobs bursting forth as if her very heart would weep itself away. Laura tried all measures to compose her in vain: now murmuring soft, sympathetic endearments, now chiding her for her weakness, now imploring her to be calm, and give some explanation of her distress. Still Dorothy wept on, still she lay prone upon the ground, her face buried on her fair arms, over which her hair fell in tangled masses.

At last Laura rose, and leaving her, descended to the kitchen, where she busied herself in the preparation of a restoring and consolatory cup of tea.

A feeling of angry impatience had succeeded to the anxiety and alarm which had hitherto overstrained every nerve, and the gentle Laura conversed quite shrewishly with the tea-caddy and the kettle, the refractory fire and the clattering cups and saucers.

"How can she go on so! Foolish, ungrateful girl! What is there to cry for? Has she no sense? Why can't she tell me all about it, whatever it is? Of course it is, that bad worthless fellow she is breaking her heart over, because he would not steal her from her husband, ruin her, degrade her! O, but he was good to spare her! I loathe him, but he can't be utterly bad. But Dorrie, my own sister, married to dear old Ben, to care like that for another man than her husband—such a cur, such a disgusting brute, such a coarse, vulgar— But no! he gave me her letters, he would not encourage her; it is because of that she is crying there now. I must not say a word against him.

"God help her! How will she receive poor Ben? O fool, fool, fool! O, Dorrie, Dorrie! how could you? What a disgrace! What wickedness—what horrible wickedness and shame! And I might have been too late to save her—I was too late: I should have been if Ralph Kestrel had come here last night, as she of course hoped he would come. But I am not too late now, with God's help to make all well. When she has recovered a little she will be her own self again, and then I will speak to her very, very seriously; and when Ben comes home he shall find her at least reconciled to be a faithful wife to him for the rest of her life."

Thus revolving her benevolent projects, and devising means to carry them out with the single-mindedness of a Jesuit, Laura got together a light breakfast, and carried it up-stairs to the sitting-room.

Dorothy was no longer there. A momentary fear that she had left the house was dispelled by discovering her in the adjacent room, vaguely searching about the bed for some object she seemed to miss.

Laura shrewdly guessed that this object was the letter addressed "Captain Dundas—only for him," which lay safely hidden in the pocket of Laura's dress; but she said nothing, merely inviting Dorothy to breakfast in the most commonplace tone she could assume. Nor did Dorothy make any reference to the letter. She had become calm, and suffered herself to be clothed in a dressing-gown, and led to the table.

But her manner was strangely absent and fitful. She ate nothing, but constantly gazed about the room, as if unable to associate her surroundings with circumstances vividly in her recollection.

Laura, watching her quietly, without appearing to do so, began to entertain fears for her sister's reason, and for some time endeavoured, without success, to draw her into conversation.

Suddenly Dorothy startled her sister with an abrupt question:

"Are you Laura, my sister?"

Laura replied with all the calmness she could assume.

"Yes, dear; Laura, your sister?" Why do you ask such a question?"

The other gazed at her a moment, intently, and then pursued:

"And I am Dorothy? Are we sleeping, Laura? Is it all a dream?"

Laura rose and went to her side.

"My darling, take my hand. There I kiss you; don't you feel my touch?"

"We are both awake?"

"Certainly we are."

"Then the other was a dream?"

"The other?"

"O, God be thanked, it must have been a dream!"

"Yes, yes," said Laura soothingly. "You have had a bad dream. "I'm sure of it. I found you sleeping."

"And yet—and yet"—the wide blue eyes wandered perplexedly—"and yet it cannot have been all a dream; some part—perhaps the awful, awful part! O, if it were! But listen; you shall judge, you shall tell me. I—I cannot think. My brain is burning. I am not mad, am I?"

"No, dear, no. What is the matter with you? Why do you tremble so? Come, rest beside me on the sofa here, and tell me all about this horrid dream."

"Tell me first—is there—do you know a man named Ralph Kestrel?"

Laura turned away and arranged the cushions on the couch as she answered lightly:

"Why, of course I do! What has Ralph Kestrel to do with your dream?"

"Everything, everything! Is he—is he dead?"

"Dead! Ralph Kestrel dead! Why no, dear, no; of course not. What an absurd fancy!"

"Are you sure? are you sure?"

"I saw him alive last night."

"Last night!"

"Yes, last night. I give you my word. Don't you believe me?"

"Yes, yes, I believe you. You saw him yourself last night—alive?"

"Yes, dear, indeed I did."

"Then it must have been a dream—an awful dream, sent by God as a warning to me—a warning to keep me back from sin."

"Ah, Dorrie my sister!"

"Listen: I will tell you what I dreamt; I will tell you. I dreamt that I loved Ralph Kestrel—no, I did not dream that; I did really love him. Do not interrupt me, Laura. This is what I dreamt: I thought I had planned with him to leave my home—my husband's home—for Ralph's sake, and go and pass the rest of my life with him. I cannot tell you what it was that made me love him: it was a magic that he had about him, I think, for sometimes he was kind, and then sometimes he was cruel—often cruel. But I thought of him always. I could not eat, nor sleep, nor rest; my life seemed drawn to his.

"Well, my dream; yes, I thought that I was to meet him at a railway-station, on the platform underground. I went there; yes, I did go. O, it cannot, cannot be a dream!"

"Dorothy!"

"But this is what I saw—or dreamed I saw—pray God I only dreamed this! On the ground, at my feet, his head, his pale face, the eyes half-closed and glazing over horribly! Only his head—no more; the face turned upward—I saw that; dead—dead, quite dead!"

The unhappy woman crouched down shuddering, her whole form trembling like an aspen leaf. Laura drew close to her side.

"My poor Dorrie, it was a dream; indeed it was. Think no more of it except as a warning sent by God against the temptation to wickedness. Forget this man. Put him away out of your life forever. Never let your good husband suspect that your thoughts have been for a moment unfaithful to him. He is coming home now, his heart full of love for you. Make him happy. Be a true, loving, contented wife, and thank God who has saved you from sin and his bitter punishment."

Laura Kingdon paused, and rose to her feet.

She seemed to be listening to some distant sound.

"What do you hear?" asked Dorothy anxiously, as she observed her.

Laura held up her hand for silence.

"Hush!" she cried; then throwing open the door of the bedroom, "go in there instantly. Wash the tear-stains from your face. Lie down on the bed, and calm yourself; sleep if you possibly can. He must not see you until you are more composed. I will explain that you have been ill. He shall not suspect."

Dorothy had started up in great agitation.

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Hark!" cried her sister; "there again!"

"Dorothy, obey!" came a long, distant hail from the river.

"Merciful heaven exclaimed Dorothy "it is my husband!"

"Yes," replied Laura, waving her handkerchief from the bay window, which, at the side of the house, commanded a view of the down stream bend.

It is Captain Dundas in his ship's boat. They are pulling him straight for the landing-stairs with might and main. He is standing up, waving his hat frantically, and urging the sailors on as if they were rowing a race. He will be in the house in five minutes. Quick! do as I told you, and trust to me."

"One moment, sister!" cried Dorothy, as Laura attempted to force her into the bedroom; "there is something I did not dream. A letter! I wrote a letter to him—to Ben, my husband. I laid it here—here on the bed. Where is it? He must not have it now, and I cannot find it."

Laura was already tearing the letter into a hundred fragments.

"Fear nothing, Dorrie dear. All that is at an end. Trust to me."

She flung the morsels of paper into the kitchen fire as she hurried to the door opening on to the river to greet—Captain Bedjamin Dundas.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NOAH'S CARPENTERS.

Some Rather Surprising, But Apparently True, News About Them.

Many were employed by Noah in the building of the ark, who were not saved in it. They knew well its design, the material composing it, the details of its construction and the way of entrance into it. Many long years they had regard to his directions in the work assigned them. They felt the force of his exceptional character as he superintended their labor and also preached to them of duty and of danger.

It is easy to believe he selected those not in the fullest sympathy with the corruption and violence of the times. Possibly this employment gave them some measure of welcome separation from the worst elements of society and protection against it, and they may have been subjected, because of their relations to him, to something of the same scorn he experienced. Their contact with him and his words of warning doubtless awakened clear convictions of responsibility and interest, but they failed to heed his teachings, yielded to the multitude of evil-doers, and when the door was shut they were without and not within the ark.—Western Christian Advocate

Two "Stupid" Boys.

Mr. Dawson, the master of a famous preparatory school in England, used to declare that the two most stupid boys he ever had in his classes turned out to be the brightest men. One boy was stupid at figures, and there was another, one who was yet more hopeless, and was unable to grasp simple addition and multiplication. At last at Rugby, one of the boys rose like a rocket to every kind of eminence except that of doing "sums." In due time he distinguished himself at Oxford University. He became known in the world as Dean Stanley. The other stupid boy, "more hopeless" than he, afterward developed a phenomenal mastery of arithmetic. He became the great Finance Minister of after years, who could make a budget speech of three hours' length, full of figures, which so interested the members of the House of Commons that they crowded out into the aisle, standing till midnight. Thus we see that a boy may be stupid in one study and bright in all the others, and that a boy may overcome, by hard application, his natural repugnance to a certain study and become a master of it.—Word and Work.

A Few Queer Definitions.

In a recent examination, some boys were asked to define certain words, and to give a sentence illustrating the meaning. Here are a few: Frantic means wild—I picked some frantic flowers. Athletic, strong—the vinegar was too athletic to use. Tandem, one behind the other—the boys sit tandem at school. And then some single words are funnily explained: Dust is mud with the wet squeezed out. Eyes are fishes' wings; stars are the moon's eyes. Circumference is distance around the middle of the outside.

Bank of England Discipline.

The Bank of England has 1,180 officials on its pay-roll, which amounts to about $1,500,000 a year, and 1,000 clerks. If a clerk is late three times he receives a warning; the fourth time he is discharged at once.

A WORLD OF TROUBLE

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE PETTY ANNOYANCES OF LIFE.

The Hornet on Its Mission—Varieties of Insect Annoyances—Necessity for Little Troubles—They Are All Blessings in Disguise.

Washington, Dec. 15.—Dr. Talmage today chose for his discourse a theme that will appeal to most people—viz., "The Petty Annoyances of Life." His text was, "The Lord thy God will send the hornet," Deuteronomy vii., 20.

It seems as if the insectile world were determined to extirpate the human race. It bombards the grainfields and the orchards and the vineyards. The Colorado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potato bug seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when 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 out of its lair. 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 gone in swarms. It has captains over hundreds, and 20 of them alighting on one man will produce 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 Cannanites 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 hornets.

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, alas, for these insectile annoyances of life—these foes too small to shoot—these things without any scientific 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.

I remark, in the first place, that these small stinging annoyances may come in the shape of a nervous organization.

People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plenty of sympathy, but who pities anybody that is nervous? The doctors say, and the family say, and everybody says, "Oh, she's only a little nervous; that's all!" The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord in music, a want of harmony between the shawl and the glove on the same person, a curt answer, a passing slight, the wind from the east, any one of 10,000 annoyances opens the door for the hornet. The fact is that the majority of the people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude are under the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by his physician that if he did not stop working while he was in such poor physical health he would die, responded, "Doctor, whether I live or die, the wheel must keep going round." These sensitive persons of whom I speak have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Cannanites spoken of in the text or in the context—they have a very thin covering and are vulnerable at all points. "And the Lord 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 you, 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 of worldly prospects, and into another land, but, after a while, 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 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 do look!" When I entered the ministry, I looked very pale for years, and every year, for four or five years, a hundred times a year, I was asked if I had not the consumption, and passing through the room I would sometimes hear people sigh and say, "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 creep and bind in the great harvest field of discouragement. Some day you great them with a hilarious "good morning," and they come buzzing at you with some depressing information. "The Lord sent the hornet."

When I see so many people in the world who like to say disagreeable things and wear 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 horses 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 cordiality 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 correct 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 greatest questions of the country. Sometimes it may be the arrogancy 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. The men come home at night and hear the story of these antoyances and say, "Oh, these home troubles are very little things!" They are as small as wasps, but they sting. Martha's nerves were all unstrung when she rushed in, asking Christ to scold Mary, and there are tens of thousands of women who are dying stung to death by these pestiferous domestic annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritations. There are men here who went through 1857 and the 24th of September, 1869, 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 undercutting by a business rival, or the whispering of some confidence in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judgment, just to please somebody else.

It is not the panics that kill the merchants. Panics come only once in 10 or 20 years. It is the constant din of these everyday annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our national commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and felt almost defiant, but their life is going away now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

I have noticed in the history of some 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 I want to show you the other side. The hornet is of no use? Oh, yes! The naturalists tell 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 clear the atmosphere of our skies. These annoyances are sent to 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 culture our patience. In the gymnasium you find upright parallel bars—upright 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 cultured, reaches after awhile 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 cultured 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 culture it is when you are tied about and sick and half dead.

"Oh," you say, "if I only had the circumstances of some well to do man, I would be patient too!" You might as well say, "If it were not for this water, I would swim," or "I could shoot this gun if it were not for the charge." When you stand chin deep in annoyances is the time for you to swim out toward the great headlands of Christian attainment, so as to know Christ and the power of his resurrection and to have fellowship with his sufferings.

Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. I have defined 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 the 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 10 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 annoyances 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 at the ceiling before you look into the safe. Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drafts of annoyances 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 a deliverance from impatience and irritability. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." In the village of Hamelin, tradition says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town and threatened the lives of the population, and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and all the vermin followed him—followed him to the banks of the Weser. Then he blew a blast, and then they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course this is a fable, but I wish I could, on the sweet flute of the gospel, draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life and play them down into the depths forever.

How many touches of art 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 want you to make a painting. It will take 50,000 of these touches." And I want you, friends, to understand that it is these 10,000 annoyances which under God, are making up the picture of your life, to be hung at last in the galleries of heaven, fit for angels to look at. God knows how to make a picture.

I go into a sculptor's studio and he makes a grim show, like a sarcastic picnic where every member of the company brings a bowie knife and a revolver, but nothing to eat.—Belford's Magazine.

The Indian Corn has indeed almost everything to commend it as the American national plant.—New England Magazine.

As long as there remains a starving soul, brain, or body, as long as there remains a tear undried or a wrong unrighted, the highest mission of poetry and song will be in the domain of utility.—The Arena.

Of coal there is abundance, though it may not be according to knowledge.—London Times.

No matter how strongly we assert ourself complacently, it remains true that there is an absorbing interest for any man in nature, in criticism of themselves by others.—Godey's Magazine.

Power, Light, Heat.

Great Falls, Mont., is run by electricity. Not only are its street cars propelled and lighted by electricity, but they are heated by electric radiators placed in each car. Elevators, printing presses, cranes, and all kinds of machinery, are operated by electrical force. There are automatic electric excavators, electric pumps and electric rock-crushers. It is not unusual to see on the streets a mortar mixer attached to an electric wire leading down from a pole. The restaurants cook by electricity, the butcher employs it to chop his sausages, the grocer to grind his coffee. Electricity is looked upon as a welcome blessing in every home; the housewives run their sewing machines and heat their flat-irons by electricity; they bake their cakes in wooden electric cake ovens that can be set away on the shelf like pasteboard boxes. They have electric boilers, broilers, and tea-kettles. The hydraulic works and power houses are erected about three miles from the city on the banks of the Missouri.—Montreal Star.

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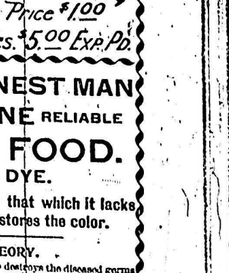

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TOO WEAK TO WALK.

FRIENDS HAD GIVEN UP HOPE OF RECOVERY.

The Trouble Began with a Cough which Settled on the Lungs—Subject to Fainting Spells, but at Last Forced to take to Bed—Restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills When all Other Medicines Had Failed.

From L'Impartial, Tignish, P. E. I.

Mr. Dominick P. Chinson, who lives on the Harper Road, about two miles from the town of Tignish, recently took the trouble to bring before the notice of the editor of L'Impartial, the particulars of his daughter-in-law's illness and the cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The case is certainly a remarkable one, and cannot do better than give Mr. Chinson's own words: "My son's wife, for some seven years, has been sick with a lung trouble, persistently refusing to take medicine. Some years ago she took a severe cold, which attacked her lungs, and from that time up to the beginning of the last summer her health has been feeble, and at times so despaired of she has not been able to walk to church, a distance of two miles, and the grateful praises of herself and friends will always be given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

The experience of Mrs. Chinson has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly turning to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation, or some other remedy which a dealer may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

ANOTHER BICYCLE TIRE.

This One Works on a Series of Springs—A Puncture will do no Damage.

The pneumatic tire, with all its merits, has the great drawback that when an accident overtakes it, the wreck is total for the rider. A little tack or a piece of glass so slightly lodged in the cyclist's path as to escape from home or the nearest repair shop, and unless he is one of those geniuses who can mend anything from a watch to an engine, there is a weary walk homeward with a crippled wheel to carry. There is some merit to the new tire that is made half of cork, and there is a tire that is filled with little rubber balls, so that a puncture of any portion of the tire does not make useless the whole affair.

A Canadian has perfected a radical departure, that many cyclists pronounce very practical, especially for long tours. Within the rubber tire is placed a series of strong yet sensitive wire springs. This tire runs smoothly. A puncture of the outer surface makes no damage, although it should be promptly repaired. This the cyclist can do himself. The weight of the spring is less than two pounds.

The tongue of the humming bird is a tube through which it draws up the juices of flowers.

Belzoni found in Egyptian tombs artificial teeth made of wood and ivory and set in gold plates.

The mouth of which the corners turn upward is an indication of a good-humored, merry nature.

The human tooth, according to the surgeons, is composed of fibrous, areolar and fatty tissue.

The bill of the woodpecker is said by naturalists to be as hard as the enamel of the human tooth.

A small electric lamp is being used instead of a bell in some telephone exchanges in England. The call for connection lights the lamp.

ODD BUT STYLISH WRAP.

Very Light Tan Cloth and Heliotrope Velvet and Satin.

Taste and ingenuity are taxed to the utmost these days in devising new outer garments. Coats, jackets and even cloaks are all very well in their way, but every woman feels she must possess, besides these mundane articles, a fancy