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people here this morning, dishonesty will not pay in this world or the world to come.

An abbot wanted to buy a piece of ground and the owner would not sell it, but the owner finally consented to let it to him, until he could raise one crop, and the abbot sowed acorns, a crop of two hundred years! And I tell you, young man, that the dishonesties which you plant in your heart and life will seem to be very insignificant, but they will grow up until they will overshadow you with horrible darkness, overshadow all time and all eternity. It will not be a crop for two hundred years, but a crop for everlasting.

I stand this morning before many who have trust funds. It is a compliment to you that you have been so intrusted; but I charge you, in the presence of God and the world, be careful, be as careful of the property of others as you are careful of your own. Above all, keep your own private account at the bank separate from your account as trustee of an estate, or trustee of an institution. That is the point at which thousands of people make shipwreck. They get the property of others mixed up with their own property, they put it into investment and away it all goes and they cannot return that which they borrowed. Then comes the explosion and the money market is shaken and the press denounces and the church thunders expulsion. You have no right to use the property of others except for their advantage, nor without consent, unless they are minors. If with their consent you invest their property as well as you can and it is all lost you are not to blame; you did the best you could; but do not come into the delusion which has ruined so many men, of thinking because a thing is in their possession, therefore it is theirs. You have a solemn trust that God has given you. In this vast assemblage there may be some who have misappropriated trust funds. Put them back, or, if you have so hopelessly involved them that you cannot put them back, confess the whole thing to those whom you have wronged, and you will sleep better nights, and you will have the better chance for your soul. What a sad thing it would be, if after you are dead your administrator should find out from the account books, or from the lack of vouchers, that you were not only bankrupt in estate, but that you lost your soul. If all the trust funds that have been misappropriated should suddenly fly to their owners, and all the property that has been purloined should suddenly go back to its owners, it would crash into ruin every city in America.

**DISHONESTY IS UNPROFITABLE.**  
A blustering young man arrived at a hotel in the west, and he saw a man on the sidewalk, and in a rough way, as no man has a right to address a laborer, said to him, "Carry this trunk upstairs." The man carried the trunk upstairs and came down, and then the young man gave him a quarter of a dollar which was marked, and instead of being twenty-five cents it was worth only twenty cents. Then the young man gave his card to the laborer, and said: "You take this up to Governor Grimes; I want to see him." "Ah," said the laborer, "I am Governor Grimes!" "Oh," said the young man, "you—excuse me!" Then the governor said: "I was much impressed by the letter you wrote me asking for a certain office in my gift, and I had made up my mind you should have it; but a young man who will cheat a laborer out of five cents would swindle the government of the state, if he got his hands on it. I don't want you. Good morning, sir." It never pays. Neither in this world nor in the world to come will it pay.

I do not suppose there ever was a better specimen of honesty than was found in the Duke of Wellington. He marched with his army over the French frontier, and the army was suffering, and he hardly knew how to get along. Plenty of plunder all about, but he commanded none of the plunder to be taken. He writes home these remarkable words: "We are overwhelmed with debts, and I can scarcely stir out of my house on account of public creditors, waiting to demand what is due to them." Yet at that very time the French peasantry were bringing their valuables to him to keep. A celebrated writer says of the transaction: "Nothing can be grander or more nobly original than this admission. This old soldier, after thirty years' service, this iron man and victorious general, established in an enemy's country at the head of an immense army, is afraid of his creditors! This is a kind of fear that has seldom troubled conquerors and invaders, and I doubt if the annals of war present anything comparable to its sublime simplicity."

Oh! it is not high time that we reached the morals of the Gospel, right beside the faith of the Gospel! Mr. Froude, the celebrated English historian, has written of his own country these remarkable words: "From the great house in the city of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating and shoddy everywhere. And yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference. Many hundreds of sermons have I heard in England, many a dissertation on the mysteries of the faith, on the divine mission of the clergy, on bishops and justification, and the theory of good works and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but, during all these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty."

Now, that may be an exaggerated statement of things in England, but I am very certain that in all parts of the earth we need to preach the moralities of the Gospel right along beside the faith of the Gospel.

My hearer! What are you doing with that fraudulent document in your pocket? My other hearer! How are you getting along with that wicked scheme you have now on foot? Is that a "pool ticket" you have in your pocket? Why, O young man, were you last night practicing in copying your employer's signature? Where were you last night? Are your habits as good as when you left your father's house? You had a Christian ancestry, perhaps, and you have had too many prayers spent on you to go overboard.

**NO EXCUSE FOR DOING WRONG.**  
Dr. Livingstone, the famous explorer, was descended from the Highlanders, and he said that one of his ancestors, one of the Highlanders, one day called his family around him. The Highlander was dying; he had his children around his death bed. He said: "Now, my lads, I have looked all through our history as far back as I can find it, and I have never found a dishonest man in all the line, and I want you to understand you inherit good blood. You have no excuse for doing wrong, my lads, be honest."

Ah, my friends, be honest before God, be honest before your fellow men, be honest before your soul. If there be those here who have wandered away, come back, come home, come now, one and all, not one exception in all the assemblage; come into the kingdom of God. Come back on the right track. The door of mercy is open and the infinite heart of God is full of compassion. Come home! Come home! Oh, I would be well satisfied if I could save some young man this morning, some young man that has been going astray and would like to get back.

I am glad some one has set to music that scene in August of 1881, when a young girl saved from death a whole rail train of pas-

sengers. Some of you remember that out west, in that year on a stormy night, a hurricane blew down part of a railroad bridge. A freight train came along and it crashed into the ruin and the engineer and conductor perished. There was a girl living in her father's cabin near the disaster, and she heard the crash of the freight train, and she knew that in a few moments an express train was due. She lighted a lantern and clambered up on the one beam of the wrecked bridge on to the main bridge, which was trestle work, and started to cross amid the thunder and the lightning of the tempest and the raging of the torrent beneath. One misstep and it would have been death. Amid all that horror the lantern went out. Crawling sometimes, and sometimes walking over the slippery rails and over the trestle work, she came to the other side of the river. She wanted to get to the telegraph station where the express train did not stop, so that the danger might be telegraphed to the station where the train did stop. The train was due in five minutes. She was one mile off from the telegraph station, but, fortunately, the train was late. With cut and bruised feet she flew like the wind. Coming up to the telegraph station, panting with almost deadly exhaustion, she had only strength to shout, "The bridge is down!" when she dropped unconscious and could hardly be resuscitated. The message was sent from that station to the next station and the train halted, and that night that brave girl saved the lives of hundreds of passengers, and saved many homes from desolation.

But every street is a track, and every style of business is a track, and every day is a track, and every night is a track, and multitudes under the power of temptation come sweeping on and sweeping down toward perils raging and terrific. God help us to go out and stop the train. Let us throw some signal. Let us give some warning. By the throne of God let us flash some influence to stop the downward progress. Beware! Beware! The bridge is down, the chasm is deep and the lightnings of God set all the night of sin on fire with this warning: "He, that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

**In an Egg Shell.**  
"When you boil eggs, don't boil them." So says Dr. Pohlman, the Buffalo chemist. In a recent lecture he said, to be digestible, eggs shouldn't reach a higher temperature than 100 degs., but they should be placed in water from 140 to 150 degs., and allowed to cook on the back of the stove. Then the various methods of cooking meats were taken up and explanations given for putting soup meat into cold water, putting roasts into a hot oven, and broiling steak directly over a hot fire, which are now commonly accepted as the proper method of preparing the different meats.

Dr. Pohlman said the object of preparing food was not to preserve the nutriment so much as it was to prepare it for easy digestion. "A pound of hard wood contains precisely as much nutriment as a pound of flour, but I would rather be excused from eating it," said he.

A word was said against mothers who torture infants by their continual cry of "eat slowly," "chew it fine." The lecturer said he believed in the natural processes of mastication, and that when a child felt like swallowing his food in chunks, he ought to be allowed to do so. "This pampering to old ideas, the fallacy of which has long been shown, is nonsense," said the doctor. "When we think that the stomach is the only organ in the body over which man has control, and when we think that the stomach, nine cases out of ten, is the root of all the modern diseases, it doesn't speak very high for the intelligence of man. Give people chunks if they want chunks, salt if they want salt, vinegar if they want vinegar, they won't want what they don't need." Dr. Pohlman said that a life long experience with boarding house cooks had led him to infer that these individuals know little about the chemistry of cooking.  
—New York Star.

**The Crown Plate of England.**

Victoria's celebrated Savres dessert service is kept in the green drawing room at Windsor castle. Mr. Goode, of South Audley street, who is a most eminent expert in such matters, informs me, says The London Truth, that no fewer than twenty-eight pieces of the service were lost or stolen during the reign of George IV, when it was in daily use at Carlton house for his majesty's private table. Mr. Goode, during the last fifteen years, has managed to buy back nineteen of these pieces, which are identical in every respect with those in the cabinets in the green drawing room. Mr. Goode values the service (which belongs to the crown—i. e., it is not the private property of the queen) at fully £100,000, and one piece alone (the famous punch bowl), was valued a few years ago by a well known auctioneer at £10,000; while Mr. Goode himself vainly offered £500 to the present owner of one of the missing plates.

The late Lord Dudley's superb vase, which was bought by Mr. Goode at the sale of his china, originally belonged to this service, and had probably been removed from Windsor castle at the time of the confusion which prevailed there during the last months of the life of George IV, when, as one of the pages told Mr. Charles Greville, "loaded wagons were sent away nearly every night." I understand that Mr. Goode offered the pieces which he had recovered to the queen, in order that the Windsor service might be completed, but presumably her majesty did not care to expend £10,000 in making a present of china to the crown.

**Horses and Electric Cars.**

An interesting point in connection with the first running of electric cars on the Fourth avenue line was the effect that the appearance of the cars had on horses. A New York horse is accustomed to sights and sounds that would turn a country horse's mane and tail "white in a single night," but even the superior metropolitan beast has no love for entirely new and unexplained phenomena. It was noticed, however, that horses attached to ordinary carts and carriages, while they took a deep interest in electric cars, showed a little fear of them, but horses attached to other street cars, when they first saw the new machines became almost unmanageable from terror. No satisfactory reason could be given for this state of things, especially as street car horses have generally been noted more for strict sobriety and attention to duty than for any undue interest in outside matters. The only plausible explanation that has been offered is that these horses may regard the electric cars as "scabs," and see in them a danger of the loss of their occupation.  
—New York Tribune.

**Relative Use of Languages.**

Professor Kirchhoff, of Halle, a well known philologist, has been studying the relative use of languages, with some interesting results. He finds that the language that has been most spoken on the globe for the last thousand years is the Chinese, which is spoken by at least 400,000,000 people. Next comes the Hindustani, which is the language of over 100,000,000. Then he places the English next, with about 100,000,000, though this is evidently a mistake, as the real number is far in excess of third. Russian follows with 70,000,000, then German, with 57,000,000, and Spanish, with 47,000,000.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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1000 Pieces of New Dress Goods in single and double fold.  
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A 4000 Stock of Kid Gloves to chose from.

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**NEW DRESS MATERIALS**

Have just been received and comprise some NOVELTIES that will require to be seen early as they will soon be picked up.

**ALL THE NEW SPRING SHADES.**

**BLACK DRESS GOODS,**

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HAVE NOW RECEIVED THE LARGER PART OF AN IMMENSE STOCK OF DRESS FABRICS. Particular care was taken when buying to secure not only the best value but also the newest materials in the most fashionable tints. None of their fine Fancy or Figured Dress Goods will be found in any other city house, as the controlling right was positively obtained for Kingston.

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The Millinery Department this season will be made the most extensive as well as the most attractive in the city. Details to prove this will be furnished later.  
New Carpets and New Curtains at the Carpet House of Richmond, Orr & Co.

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