For Her Sake.

The Roumanian has, in every walk in life, a fierce and savage pride which causes him to abhor the idea of medicine and surgery, and to consider the loss of a limb as terrible as that of life itself. He has become accustomed to the idea that only beggars are so disfigured, and believes that no necessity should constrain him to such a loss.

During the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1877 many Roumanian soldiers were wounded, and Queen Elizabeth—Carmen Silva—who constantly visited the hospitals, found that some of the patients died because they chose death rather than disfigurement. It occurred to her that if one yielded others would follow, and one day, when the surgeon was turning sorrowfully away from an obstinate patient who could be saved only by an operation, she approached and added her own entreaties.

Still the soldier reiterated that, if his leg were amputated, he should only be taken for a mendicant, like the wretched outcasts of the Carpathians.

"I am not a beggar," said he, proudly. "I will lose my life, but not my honor."

"It is true," said the Queen, "you are not a beggar, but I am." And she threw herself on her knees at the bedside. "I have never prayed but to God, but now I supplicate you to listen to His wish and mine. Let your leg be taken off, and spare your life to your family, your country and me, and——"

"And if I consent, my lady, what then?"

"Why, then," she said, joyfully, rising and seizing his hand again, "why, I will give you the most beautiful cork leg in Europe; it shall work with springs, and when the war is over you shall come and dance at the palace with your sons."

"I consent," he said, softly, "but you must hold my hand during the operation."

After that there was no more opposition to the surgeons' wishes, since they were also those of the beloved lady of the land.

Forgotten.

In 1871 a man in Auburn, Maine, deposited $2,200 in a savings bank, and, as he was growing old, forgot all about it. One of his relatives learned of the deposit lately, and the forgetful old man was agreeably surprised to find that his $2,200 had increased to $5,000.

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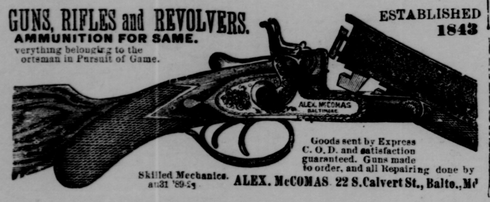
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Fun Over a Senator's Lost Whiskers.

Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, recently offered up as a sacrifice to the sun the luxuriant whiskers which have heretofore ornamented or rather concealed the lower part of his face. Since that time he has met with a series of adventures growing out of the fact that few even of his old acquaintances were willing to acknowledge his identity with the luxuriantly bewhiskered gentleman they had known in other days. And this is not to be wondered at, as the loss of his beard has made him look at least fifteen years younger and has changed his appearance to an astonishing degree. When he arose in his place in the Senate to offer a bill Senator Manderson, who was in the chair, looked at him in bewilderment for an instant and then said in a hesitating sort of way "The Senator from—." The Oregon man knew what was the matter and smilingly helped the President pro tem. out by suggesting "Oregon."

At this Senator Frye looked around and also failing to recognize Mr. Mitchell, asked: "Is the gentleman a member of the Senate?" A smile went around among those who noticed the incident, and as a measure of precaution Senator Mitchell was escorted about the chamber quietly and reintroduced to those of his colleagues who had not met him since he parted with his whiskers.

Senator Mitchell was stopped by the Senate doorkeeper and forced to give an account of himself. He went over to the House to see Representative Herrmann of Oregon, and at the door had to tell who he was before he could get in. When he found Mr. Herrmann that gentleman did not show the least sign of recognition, and Senator Mitchell talked with him several minutes before the Representative discovered who it was. They then put up a job on Representative Burrows, to whom Mr. Herrmann introduced the Senator as the Rev. Mr. Ford, an Oregon clergyman of the Swedenborgian persuasion. Mr. Burrows immediately gave a religious pitch to his voice and a pious turn to the conversation, failing a complete victim to the trap set for him. Representative Payne, of New York, was victimized in the same way.—Washington Star.

Napoleon's Carriage.

The carriage in which Napoleon I. made his famous retreat from Moscow and in which he, as Emperor General, set out from Paris in the campaign which closed at Waterloo, is now preserved at London by the trustees of the Wellington estate, the relic having formerly been the property of the "Iron Duke." It is a two-seated conveyance, with top and sides lined with iron, there is also a front "curtain" of iron that can be raised and lowered at will. The wheels are large and heavy, and the steps are finished with curious battle designs done in silver. The Emperor used the back seat and kept his pillows and blankets under it. The back of the front seat was used as a cupboard, and was provided with all sorts of culinary articles and a small spirit or oil stove.

Those curious to see spoons, knives, forks, dishes and other breakfast, supper and dinner articles used by the Little Corporal caused so much annoyance that now only the carriage is "open to the public." It is needless to add that this is viewed by thousands every year.—St. Louis Republic.

A Resurrected Language.

Hebrew, although one of the oldest of the languages, and for many generations regarded as a dead language in Western schools, and taught as such, has always been used to a greater or less extent among the Hebrews, and to-day is becoming a very live language indeed. It has a modern literature. Books are being written in the ancient language of the Old Testament, including works on philosophy, history and science, besides many poems and novels. Many masterpieces of modern authors have been translated into Hebrew, and a number of newspapers, weeklies and monthlies are published in that language, several of which are printed in the United States.—New Orleans Picayune.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

A NOVEL CREEPING RUG.

A novel creeping-rug to be laid upon the nursery floor when the baby starts out for a crawl is made on a foundation coarse Holland, bound with Turkey-red cotton. The rug, which is about two yards square, is scattered with objects either cut out of plush and velvet and appliued in place or worked with colored wools so as to have raised effect. If worked with wool, the objects must first be padded with wadding. Dogs, cats, mice, bees and a bee-hive, balls and whips, fruits and flowers, and pictures of little children may be used in the decoration.—New York Post.

CLEANING BLACK SILK.

The Parisian method for cleaning black silk is as follows: Thoroughly brush and wipe with a cloth; then lay upon a skirtboard and sponge on the right side with coffee that has been strained through muslin. Iron on the wrong side. The coffee removes every particle of grease and restores the brilliancy of silk without imparting to it either the shiny appearance or crackly or papery stiffness obtained by beer or, indeed, any other liquid. The silk really appears to be thickened by the process, and this good effect is permanent. Experiment on a ribbon or cravat and be satisfied that this is the best method for cleaning silk.—Detroit Free Press.

CARE OF BROOMS.

Don't hang your broom brush end uppermost, unless you want to spoil it. If the brush is the least bit damp, the moisture will work down into the body of the broom and make it musty, and after a time will rot the threads all out. I know there is a great fancy nowadays for fastening the brooms on the wall by means of nails driven through spools, as well as various broom-holders and similar devices, but it is all a mistake, as one may see by giving the subject a little thought. Hang up a wet broom in this way, and the water naturally soaks into the tying. Once wet, it would take days to dry it. Before it could be thoroughly dried, it gets wet again.

The inside portion of the broom is fastened with wires. These become rusted and break away, and the threads which fasten the outside get rotted, and some little blow breaks them loose; then the broom is spoiled. Go to the hardware store and buy a dozen large-sized screw-eyes. Put one of these in the end of the handle of every broom in the house. Drive nails and hang them up. Before putting them up it is well to dip them from about four or five inches of the length of the brush into hot water, hang them up and let them dry thoroughly before using. In this way the brush dries straight, and the broom will last as long again as when treated in the usual way.

These screw-eyes have various uses, and it is economy to buy them by the gross. The dusting brush, floor brushes —anything with a wood lengthen handle—may be hung up by means of them. The bread board, the ironing board, indeed, every wooden utensil about the house, may be much more conveniently placed by means of these trifling appliances. Such small wares cost almost nothing, and by their use one finds elbow room, shelf room and order much more easily than by almost any other means.—Ledger.

ALMONDS, PEANUTS AND MACAROONS.

Salted Almonds—A common way of preparing the nuts is to blanch and dry them, then put them in a new baking tin and allow one large tablespoonful of butter for each pound of almonds. Set them in a moderate oven, shake and watch them until brown, drain off the grease and sprinkle with salt. Keep in a cold place; serve in fancy dishes. Place on the table before the guests are seated and pass several times.

Salted Almonds, Rule No. 2—Pour hot water over them, blanch and wipe dry, put them in a wire basket, have a kettle of hot olive oil, smoking hot, sink the wire basket in the oil for a moment and out again. Sprinkle the almonds with salt and put them in a cool place until they are ready to serve.

Salted Peanuts—These are much used and preferred by some to salted almonds. Get the unscored peanuts, shell, put them on a tin in the oven to dry, then rub off the brown skin and put them in a baking tin with two tablespoonfuls of olive oil for every quart of nuts. Set them on top of a hot stove, shaking and stirring them all the time until they are a rich brown—take up on a skimmer and drain. Sprinkle with salt and cool.

Salted Almonds Prepared in Cream—Blanch one pound of almonds, wipe dry and soak in sweet cream enough to cover, one hour, skim out and dry, scatter salt over them through salt sifter, put on a baking plate and set in a moderate oven, shake often and brown.

Mrs. Rorer's Rule for Cocoanut Macaroons—Beat the whites of five eggs until light not stiff, then add by degrees one pound of powdered sugar, a teaspoonful of rosewater, and half a pound of shredded cocoanut, mix carefully and thoroughly together and dip by teaspoonfuls on greased paper, leaving a space between each. Bake in a moderate oven until light brown. They should be first dusted with powdered sugar.

Hickory Nut Macaroons—Crack enough hickory nuts to have a cupful of meat, pound fine; make a frosting of the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth, add fine sugar enough to sweeten, stir in the nuts, butter the hands and make into balls the size of large hickory nuts, place on oiled paper in a dripping-pan far enough apart so they will not touch each other when they spread.

Almond Macaroons.—One pound of almonds, shell and blanch; after pealing put in the oven a few minutes to dry, pound in clean mortar, pour out and mix with fine sugar, one and a half pounds, beat the whites of nine eggs a little and mix with the nuts, beat well together, if too thin add more sugar, flavor. Drop with a spoon on sheets of foolscap paper, leaving a space between. Bake in a slow oven about twenty minutes. Do not try to remove them from the paper until cool, then turn them bottom side up and they will loosen.—New York Observer.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Our Possessions."

TEXT: "*All are yours.*"—I Corinthians iii., 22.

The impression is abroad that religion puts a man on short allowance; that when the ship sailing heavenward comes to the shining wharf it will be found out that all the passengers had the hardest kind of sea fare; that the soldiers in Christ's army march most of the time with an empty haversack; in a word, that only those people have a good time in this world who take upon themselves no religious obligation.

I want to-day to find out whether this is so, and I am going to take account of stock. I am going to show what are the Christian's liabilities, and what is his income, and what are his warrantee deeds, and what are his bonds and mortgages, and I shall find out before I finish just how much he is worth. And I shall spread before you the balance sheet in time to warn you all against the religion of Jesus Christ if indeed it be a failure, and in time for you all to accept it if indeed it be a success. I turn first to the assets, as I find there what seems to be a roll of Government securities—the empire of heaven promising all things to the possessor. The three small words of my text are a warrantee deed to the whole universe when it says "All are yours."

In making an inventory of the Christian's possessions I remark in the first place that he owns this world. My text implies it and the preceding verse asserts it—"whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas or the world." Now it would be an absurd thing to suppose that God would give to strangers privileges and advantages which He would deny His own children. If you have a large park, a grand mansion, beautiful fountains, stalking deer and statuary, to whom will you give the first right to all these possessions? To outsiders? No, to your own children. You will say, "It will be very well for outsiders to come in and walk these paths and enjoy this sunlight, but the first right to my house and these first right to my statuary, the first right to my gardens shall be in the possession of my own children."

Now this world is God's park, and while He allows those who are not His children, and who refuse His authority, the privilege walking through the garden, the possession of all this grand estate belongs of right to the right of the Christian—the flowers, the diamonds, the silver, the gold, the morning brightness and the evening shadow. The Christian may not have the title deed to one acre of land as recorded in the clerk's office, he may never have paid one dollar of taxes, but he can go up on a mountain and look off upon fifty miles of grain field and say, "All this is mine; my Father gave it to me." "All are yours."

A lawyer is sometimes required to search titles, and the client who thinks he has a good right to an estate puts the papers in his hands, and the lawyer goes into the public records and finds everything right for three or four or five years back; but after awhile he comes to a break in the title, to a deficit, to a diversion of the property; so he finds out that the man who supposed he owned it owns not an acre of the ground, while somebody else has the full right to the entire estate. Now I examine the title to all earthly possessions. I go back a little way, and I find that men of the world—bad men, selfish men, wicked men—think they have a right to all these possessions, but I go further back, and I trace the title from year to year and from century to century, until I find the whole right vested in God. Now to whom did He give it? To His own children! "All are yours."

The simple fact is, that in the last days of the world all the architecture, all the cities, all the mountains, all the wings and the land the possession of the church of Christ. "The meek shall inherit the earth." Ships of Tarshish shall bring presents. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. "All are yours." "But," you say, "what satisfaction is there in that when I haven't possession of them?" These things will come into the possession of the Christian when Jesus and He will regulate the title, and He will eject these squatters upon the property that does not belong to them, and it shall be found that "All are yours."

So, again, the refinements of life are the Christian's right. He has a right to as good apparel, to as beautiful adornments, to as commodious a residence as the worldling. Show me any passage in the Bible that tells the people of the world they have privileges, they have glittering spheres, they have befitting apparel that are denied the Christian. There is no one who has so much a right to lavish, none so much a right to everything that is beautiful and grand and magnificent in life as the Christian. "All are yours." Can it be possible that one who is reckless and sinful and has no treasures laid up in heaven is to be allowed pianos and organs and the sons and daughters of God, the owners of the whole universe, are denied?

So I remark that all the sweet sounds of this world are in the Christian's right. There are people who have an idea that instruments of music are inappropriate for the Christian's parlor. When will the house of God or the sacramental get the right to music? They have no right to it. God, in my text, makes over to Christian people all the pianos, all the harps, all the drums, all the trumpets, all the flutes, all the organs. People of the world may borrow them, but they only borrow them; they have no right or title to them. God gave them to Christian people in my text, when He said, "All are yours."

David no more certainly owned the harp with which he thrummed the praise of God than the church of Christ owns now all the music, all anthems, all true keyboards, all organ choruses, and God will gather up these sweet sounds after awhile, and He will mingle them in one great harmony, and the Hallelujahs and the Te Deums and the Miserere Mesarts of earth will join their voices and their musical instruments, the soft south wind and the boisterous cyclone will sweep the great organ pipes, and you shall see God's hand striking the keys and God's foot tramping the pedals in the great oratorio of the ages!

So all artistic and literary advantages are in the Christian's right. I do not care on whose wall the picture hangs, or on whose pedestal the sculpture stands, it belongs to Christians. The Bierstadts and the churches are all working for us. "All are yours." The Luxembourgs, the Louvre, all the galleries of Naples and Rome and Venice—they are all to come into the possession of the church of Jesus Christ. We may not now have them on our walls, but the time will come when the writ of ejectment will be served and the church will possess everything. All parks, all fishponds, all colors, all harvests—all, "all are yours."

Second, I remark that the right to full temporal support is in the Christian's name. It is a great affair to feel the world. Just think of the fact that this morning sixteen hundred millions of our race breakfasted at God's table! The commissary department of a hundred thousand men in any army will employ scores of people, but just think of the commissary department of a world! Tanks of tea gathering up from the rice swamps, and the tea fields, and the orchards, and the fisheries! No one but God could tell how many bushels it would take to feed five continents.

Then, to clothe all these people, how many furs must be captured and how much flax broken and how much cotton picked. Just think of the infinite wardrobe where sixteen hundred millions of people get their clothes! God spreads the table first of all for His children. Of course that would be a very selfish man who would not allow other people to come and sit at the table sometimes; but first of all, the right is given to Christian people, and therefore it is extreme folly for them ever to fret about food or raiment.

Who fed the whales sporting off Cape Hatteras this morning? Out of whose hand did the cormorant pick its food? Whose loom wove the butterfly's wing? Who hears the raven's cry? If God takes care of a walrus, and a Siberian dog, and a wasp, will He not take care of you? Will a father have more regard for reptiles than for his sons and daughters? If God clothes the grizzly bear, and the panther, and the hyena, will He not clothe His own children? Come, then, this morning, and get the key of the infinite storehouse. Come and get the key of the infinite wardrobe. Here they are—all the keys. "All are yours."

So all the vicissitudes of this life, so far as they have any religious profit, are in the right of the Christian. If you should stand among the Alleghany Mountains, especially near what is called the "horseshoe," you would find a train of cars almost doubling on itself, and sitting in the car next to you a locomotive coming as you look out of the window, and you think it is another train when it is only the front of the train in which you are riding; and sometimes you can hardly tell whether the train is going toward Pittsburg or toward Philadelphia, but it is on the track, and it will reach the depot for which it starts, and all the passengers will be discharged at the right place. Now there are a great many sharp curves in life. Sometimes we seem to be going this way and sometimes we seem to be going that way, but it we are Christians we are on the right track and we are going to come out at the right place. Do not get worried, then, about the sharp curve.

A sailing vessel starts from New York for Glasgow. Does it go in a straight line? Oh, no. It changes its track every little while. Now you say, "This vessel, instead of going to Glasgow, must be going to Havre, or it is going to Hamburg, or it is going to Marseilles." No, no. It is going to Glasgow. And in this voyage of life we often have to change our track. One storm blows us this way, and another storm blows us that way; but He who holds the winds in His fist will bring us into a haven of everlasting rest just at the right time. Do not worry, then, if you have to change tacs.

One of the best things that ever happened to Paul was being thrown off his horse. One of the best things that ever happened to Joseph was being thrown into the pit. The losing of his physical eyesight helped John Milton to see the battle of the angels. One of the best things that ever happened to Ignatius was being thrown to the wild beasts in the Coliseum, and while eighty thousand people were jeering at his religion he walked up to the fiercest of all the lions and looked him in the eye, as much as to say, "Here I am, ready to be devoured for Christ's sake."

All things work together for your good. If you walk the desert, the manna will fall and the sea will part. If the feverish torch of sickness is kindled over your pillow, by its light you can read the promises. If the waves of trouble dash high above your girdle, across the blast and across the surge you can hear the promise, "When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee." You never owned a glove, or a shoe, or a hat, or a coat more certainly than you own all the frets and annoyances and exasperations of this life, and they are bound to work out your present and your eternal good. They are the saws, the hammers, the files by which you are to be hewn and cut and smoothed for your eternal well being.

Here is a vessel that goes along the coast; it hugs the coast. The captain of that vessel seems chiefly anxious to keep the point on his ship from being marred or the sails from being torn. When that vessel comes to port, nobody looks on it with any interest. But here is a vessel that went across the sea with vast product and comes in with vast importation—sails patched, masts spliced, prayers all working to keep on this water, it has come through the hurricane which has sunk twenty steamers. The tbronged mast are cheering among the rigging. Now the man-of-war anchored in the harbor boom forth their welcome through the portholes.

So there are some Christians who are having an easy time. It seems to them smooth sailing all the way. When they get into heaven there will be no excitement, there will be very few people who will ever find out they are there; but those Christians who have gone through a hurricane, through hurricanes—storm to the right of them, storm to the left of them, storm all the way—when they come up the harbor of heaven, all the redeemed will turn out to greet them, and bid them hail and welcome.

I go further, and tell you that the Christian owns not only this world, but he owns the next world. No earth to be leapt, no desert to be crossed. There is the wall; there is the gate of heaven. He owns all on this side. Now, I am going to show you that he owns all on the other side. Death is not a ruffian that comes down to burn us out of house and home, destroying the house of the tabernacle, so that we should be homeless forever. Oh, no! He is only a black messenger who comes to tell us it is time to move, to tell us to get out of this hut and go up into the palace.

The Christian owns all heaven. "All are yours." Its palaces of beauty, its towers of strength, its castles of love. He will not walk in the street as a foreigner in a strange city, but as a farmer walks over his own premises. "All are yours." All the mansions yours. Angels your companions. Trees of life your shade. Hills of glory your lookout. Thrones of heaven, the place where you will shout the triumph. Jesus is yours. God is yours. You look up into the face of God and say, "My Father." You look up into the face of Jesus and say, "My brother."

Walk out upon the battlements of heaven and look off upon the city of the sun. No tears. No sorrow. No death. No smoke of toiling warehouse curling on the air. No voice of blasphemy thrilling through that bright, clear Sabbath morning. No din of strife jarring the air. Then take out your deed and remember that from throne to throne, and from wall to wall, and from horizon to horizon, all "are yours."

Then get up into the temple of the sun, worshipers in white, each with a palm branch, and from his gallery of that temple look down on thousands of thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the great "multitude that no man can number," and louder than the rush of the wheels, louder than the tramp of the redeemed, hear a voice saying, "All are yours!"

See the great procession marching around the throne of God. Martyrs who went up on wings of flame. Invalids who went up from couches of distress. Toilers who went up from the workhouse, and the factory, and the mine. All the suffering and the bruised ones of God. See the chariots of salvation; in them those who were more than conquerors. See the marching around about the throne of God forever and forever, and know that "all are yours!"

Then, if you have pains of body that exhaust your strength and wear out your patience, I hold before you this morning the land of eternal health and of imperishable beauty, and "all is yours!" O ye who have hard work to get your daily bread, hard work to shelter your children from the storm, I lift before you the land of rest, that land where they never hunger, and they never thirst, and God feeds them, and robes cover them, and the warmth of eternal love fills them, and all that is yours!

Oh, if there be any present who are yet enemies of the Cross of Christ, I beseech them at once to be reconciled to God! Remember if you are not found among that white robed army who follow the Saviour in His victorious march, your part must be with those concerning whom it is said, "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on those that know not God and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of His power when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

CURIOUS FACTS.

Maine hunters killed 350 bears last year.

Women were employed in printing offices as long ago, it is said, as 1520.

The dining cars on our railways earn more than the sleeping cars and the baggage cars.

A liquor dealer in Kentucky has been fined $100 on each one of 1577 cases of illegal selling.

The Chinese, Japanese, Malays, Siamese, New Zealanders and North American Indians are all but beardless.

For 200 years before the establishment of a Republic, no son of a French monarch had succeeded his father to the throne.

Galileo's first telescope was made out of a common lead pipe, into the ends of which were glued ordinary spectacle glasses.

The odd sight of a kitten adopted by a monkey and being nursed as tenderly as though it were her own offspring can be witnessed in a store in San Francisco, Cal.

The Portuguese at Nipomo, San Luis Obispo County, Cal., had a celebration the other day, and a placard in the dancing pavilion read: "No Americans allowed to dance in this hall."

A fence 500 miles long of wire netting, separating the colonies of New South Wales and Queensland is one of the wonders of Australia. It is designed to keep the rabbits out.

The monumental mean man dwells in the Quaker City. He shouted from his window the other morning, "Ha, milkman! You needn't leave but a pint this morning;—my wife died last night."

A yellow fish, called Alaskan mackerel, and fully equal to the mackerel of the Atlantic Coast is found at the west end of the Alaskan Islands. The fish move in large schools, and are of a fine flavor.

There was a mass of rubbish in the fireplace of the house occupied by Henry Wishum, at Americus, Ga. A thunder storm arose, and a bolt of lightning descended the chimney and set the fire going.

A Pennsylvania firm will exhibit at the World's Fair a map of the United States, eighteen feet by twenty-four feet, made entirely of pickles, vegetables, fruit, etc., preserved by the company which makes the exhibit.

According to a locomotive superintendent of the Great Midland Railway of London, the entire rolling stock of the road if placed in a continuous line would make a train 491 miles long, of which nineteen miles would be engines.

Harry Yount, a miner, hunter and farmer of the Sybille County, Wyoming, brought the skins of five grizzly bears to the office of the County Clerk in Cheyenne for bounty the other day. He was paid $30. The skins will bring him about $250 more.

While slicing a ham, a day or two ago, Mrs. Levi Nagle, of Pottstown, Penn., was astounded to find embedded in the centre of the ham and lying tight against the bone, a beautiful silver thimble. How the thimble every found such an unheard-of lodging is a mystery.

The Friends' Church in a town in Indiana is in a factional fight over the use of an organ in worshiping. At a recent meeting the anti-organists were barred out, but they smashed in the windows, interrupting the service. Both sides will appeal to the courts.

While being initiated in a secret society in Chicago, John Geiger was being mysteriously led around blindfolded. He was directed to leap into an imaginary lake of liquid fire. John leaped with such force that he broke his leg. He now sues the lodge for $25,000 damages.

LOVE AND THOUGHT

What hath Love with Thought to do?
Still at variance are the two.
Love is sudden, Love is rash,
Love is like the levin flash,
Comes as swift, as swiftly goes,
And his mark as surely knows.

Thought is lumpish, Thought is slow
Weighing long 'tween yes and no;
When dear Love is dead and gone,
Thought comes creeping in anon,
And, in his deserted nest,
Sits to hold the crowner's quest.

Since we love, what need to think?
Happiness stands on a brink:
Whence too easy 'tis to fall
Whither's no return at all.
Have a care, half-hearted Lover,
Thought would only push her over!
—James Russell Lowell, in Cosmopolitan.

PITH AND POINT.

The more people become wrapped up in themselves the colder they grow.—Texas Siftings.

Did you ever notice when you get into an elevator that all the seats are taken up.—Statesman.

If the eyes and the nose are fairly counted the eyes will always have a two-thirds majority.—Dallas News.

A youngster who gets the slipper pretty often says his mother belongs to a "smart set."—Binghamton Republican.

The man who goes about trying to sell his own autobiography takes his life in his own hands, so to speak.—Statesman.

It will help you to be charitable toward others to remember that other folks have just as much mule in them as you have.—Ram's Horn.

The boy on the farm approaches his turning period when the haying grindstone is brought out for use.—Binghamton Republican.

Professor—"One swallow can't make a summer." Freshman—"But one watchmaker can supply a spring."—Jeweler's Weekly.

It is said that nature abhors a vacuum, a fact which probably accounts for the rush of blood to some people's heads.—Harvard Lampoon.

Marriage will continue to be a failure till our young women learn to support a man in the style he has always been accustomed to.—Elmira Gazette.

Fair Passenger—"I wonder why the ocean is so restless?" Gallant Mate—"How could you expect it to lie easy with so many rocks in its bed?"—Harper's Bazar.

You can safely trust the promoter, my son; but it is always proper to remember that his business is to promote his own fortune, not yours.—Boston Transcript.

"Silence gives assent, you know," he urged gently. "Does it?" she replied, waking from a reverie. "Then I'd advise you to propose to a deaf mute."—Washington Star.

Wonderful Pleasures of Mind: Actor (pointing to the right)—"Here comes the king with his retinue! (Sullenly sees the king on the left side) Hal here comes another one!"—Pliegende Blatter.

Mistress (writing a letter for her maid)—"Anything more?" Maid—"Just say please, miss, that my pen is bad, I hasn't got a dictionary handy, so please excuse bad spellin' and writin'."—Judy.

"Money talks, my boy, money talks," remarked Mr. Gottox. "Strange, though, with the amount of talking it does," commented young Arlduppe, "it so seldom gives itself away."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Young Man—"Gracie, what is it your father sees in me to object to, darling?" The Young Woman (wiping away a tear)—"He doesn't see anything in you, Algernon. That's why he objects."—Chicago Tribune.

"So you have tramped all the way from New York?" "Yes, sir." "Couldn't you get employment there?" "No, I came pretty near having a place in a Bowery restaurant." "Why prevented you?" "I couldn't learn the language."—Washington Star.

Assistant—"I'm sorry to say, sir, that another genuine poem got in by mistake this month." Magazine Editor—"Heavens! Your mad to say it! Any news from our readers?' Assistant—"One sudden death and six prostrated by the shock."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Unintentional. The Minister's Wife (to industrial scholar)—"Eliza Jane, I am sorry to hear from your schoolmistress you are not diligent at your needlework. You know who it is finds work for idle hands to do?" Eliza Jane (intensely anxious to propitiate)—"Yes'm; please 'm, you do!"—Tid Bits.

"I have come to the conclusion that you are a paradox, Miss Lovely," said the youth, addressing the fair maiden. "A paradox! How do you make that out!" "You are the gentlest and most amiable young lady in the world." "Well?" "And yet you are always looking killing."—New York Press.

Mrs. Van Stuyvesant—"I understand that Mrs. Van Amsterdam was not at all pleased with Padder-Effy's piano playing." Mrs. Van Cortlandt—"Why not?" Mrs. Van Stuyvesant—"Why, you see, the stupid fellow didn't tell a soul that she gave him $2000 to play at her last reception."—Chicago News Record.

Frederick—"What's the mattah, Cholly? You look bothered." Cholly—"I ame me boy, twoubled." "Ovah what?" "Why, don't you know, I have just been chatting to Miss DeTrop for an houah or so, feeling blue, don't ye know. Just awfter a little silence, ye know, I said: 'Don't you know me thoughts are very painful, Miss DeTrop?' She looked up and said, 'I have always found them so.' And now, by Jove, what did she mean by that, now?"—Chicago News-Record.

Do Animals Commit Suicide.

There is a story of a poor cat, deprived of her kittens, who hanged herself in the fork of a branch. But this may have been an accident; we should have given the cat the benefit of the doubt. News comes of a dog which committed suicide. His master declined to take him out to shoot rabbits, and the dog went and drowned himself in a pond. The story is true, but Australian, and the dog may have merely exhibited an extreme form of colonial sensitiveness. If we once admit that a dog may reason on life and death (not being a mad dog), and exercise a hasty but rational choice, it is plain that whole systems of ethics will have to be altered. The poor Indian may be right about the equal sky, which is a poor prospect for people who are not fond of dogs. The ghosts of dogs have been seen, and are as well vouched for as any others; so, on the whole, the poor Indian may be less untutored than the poet imagined.—Longman's Magazine.

Cause for Nervousness.

He (quizzingly)—You were awfully nervous when we were married.

She—Well, any other woman would have been nervous when she was being married to you.—Brooklyn Life.

What It Might Mean.

Mrs. White (calling on an old servant)—So your husband is dead, Margaret?

Margaret (vigorously wiping her eyes)—Ah, yes, mum; he's been smoldrin in his grave these many years.—Harper's Bazar.

What It Means.

Wife—"What does it mean in this paper when it says that the young German Emperor expects a call to arms?"

Husband—"A call to arms? I suppose he expects his wife to say: 'Wilhelm, take the baby.'"—General Manager.

AN OLD DUELING PISTOL.

It Has Seen 400 Years of Service and Is Still in Good Condition.

Major Moore has among his collection of curios a dueling pistol which was brought to this country from England by one of the earliest settlers of Virginia. The weapon, which is a flint-lock, is fully 400 years old, and is still in good condition, and if capped with a bit of flint and loaded could be fired.

The pistol has a brass barrel, which unscrews about an inch from the flash-pan. To load it the barrel is unscrewed, the powder poured in and rammed down. The barrel is then replaced and the bullet, about three times as large as a buckshot, is dropped in. The sight is on the side of the barrel, about midway between the trigger and the muzzle. Instead of sighting over a point on the extreme top of the barrel, as one does when handling a modern revolver, the old pistol was held so that the sight was taken over the knuckles of the person sighting it, says the Washington Post.

The pistol was manufactured by Kitano & Co., London, and was brought to this country by a man named Mason, who was related to Lord Fairfax. It remained in the Mason family until 1679, when it was given to an old fisherman by Miss Mason, a granddaughter of the man who brought it over from old England. The old fisherman gave it away, and it finally found its way into the hands of one Detective Raff, who presented it to Major Moore.

The descendants of the original possessor, Mr. Mason, still reside on the farm on which he settled some 300 years ago in King George County, Va. How many affairs of honor this "lingering eternity" of a barbarous custom has figured in is not known by its present owner, its history having become lost in the recent rapid changes of ownership.

His Method.

A good teacher never begins his work by impressing his pupils with a discouraging sense of his own knowledge, as compared with their ignorance. He knows a better way than that.

"How d'ye take t' th' new teacher ye've got daown t' Number 9, Billy," inquired Mr. Eben Hobbs of his fourteen-year-old nephew not long after the commencement of the "fall term."

"Pooty fa'r t' middlin' scholar, I guess he is," replied Billy, diplomatically.

"Why, in course, I call'ate he'd hev t' be t' hold sech a p'sition as he does," responded Mr. Hobbs. "But what I mean is, haow much be ye goin' t' learn fr'm the chap?"

"Why, Uncle Eb," said the boy, with a shrewd smile on his freckled face, "it don't appear t' be no special 'caount what we boys an' gals git t' know, s'fur's I can see. The main p'int is fer us t' git where we'll jest be baowed daown reglizin' what a heap he knows. An' when he's learnt us that much I guess he'll quit Number 9, an' light about fer 'nother school."

Washington's False Teeth.

The patent office at Washington has one curiosity which is of no little interest to dentists and the manufacturers of artificial teeth. It is a set of ivory teeth made for Gen. George Washington in 1790 by a dentist in New York named John Greenwood. Greenwood was one of the first dentists in New York City, settling there about 1785, and two years later carving the double set of teeth for the "Father of His Country." He made two sets, the last being manufactured in 1795, after the first gave out, and it is said that the last one was buried with Washington. The first set was returned to Greenwood, and after his death was placed in the Government museum.

Playing Cards.

Dr. Rudolph Lothan, of Vienna, says this year "is the fifth century of the playing card." He says the first game of cards ever played was Tarok or Naili; in which every card was symbolic of "a phase of life, a degree of knowledge, or one of the powers ruling human existence." One of the pasteboards was named "Il Misero," doubtless our knave, and was easily involved in all sort of unpleasant complications. Tarok has been revived in Paris, where the search for novelties is so relentlessly prosecuted, even at the expense of the old.

The Oldest City.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore. Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in a desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and the Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a center for trade and travel—an isle of verdure in the desert; "a Presidential capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries.

Barn-Yards.

Barn-yards are bad leaks in farm management. Thousands of loads of manure are wasted in them from constant exposure to sun, wind, and rain. And yet the farmers endure them just as though there was no remedy. Manure is needed on most farms more than anything else, and yet nothing is wasted with more readiness.

Reading by Firefly Light.

In Cuba a continuous light, adequate for reading purposes, is obtained from a dozen fireflies confined in a cage.



Joseph Ruby.

As Large

As a dollar were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy, sickening and disgusting. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head. I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In six weeks the sores commenced to heal up, the scales came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken 2 bottles of HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, he was free from sores. HARRY R. RUBY, Box 556, Columbia, Penn.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, painless, safe and efficient cathartic.

DR. KILMER'S

SWAMP-ROO