Plattsmouth Journal.

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PLATTSMOUTH, : : NEBRASKA.

MY CHILDHOOD'S SUNDAY.

My great-great-great-great-grandfather,
Whose heart through mine is beating,
Believed—good Puritan!—'twas sin
Of sins to stay from meeting.
On each Lord's day they gathered twice,
A patient congregation,
And heard two long discourses through
As food for meditation.
But oh, what rest from Saturday,
How brisk a start for Monday
Those grave old Pilgrim fathers had,
With their old-fashioned Sunday!

"A vanished day," you say; and yet
Fond memory's tears bedew it,
For in my old New England home,
A child, how well I knew it!
It colored all my early thoughts,
My life was built upon it:
I always said "my Sunday gown,"
"My go-to-meeting bonnet."
Mere common, bustling workdays
Were Saturday and Monday;
But oh, my very best belonged
To that old-fashioned Sunday.

Once more the great green box-like pew,
Its high wall 'round me closes:
I sit, a nosegay on my breast—
How sweet the damask roses!
I softly wave my painted fan,
And, by my side, my mother
Meets mine with look, half smile, half prayer,
More sweet than any other.
I loved the strolls of Saturday,
The merry romps of Monday;
But oh, I felt the holy charm
Of that old-fashioned Sunday.

They haunt me still, the many texts
And hymns I then committed,
And never knew in learning them
That I was to be pitied.
Time changes all; yet we would trust
Though change the world grows better;
But oh, to the remembered past
How much I feel a debtor!
And oh, how hopeless Saturday,
And wearisome were Monday,
Without the quiet rest between
Of my old-fashioned Sunday!

—Marian Douglas, in N. Y. Independent.

LASSOING TWO CONDORS.

BY C. F. HOLDER

SEVERAL Mexicans, in holiday attire, were walking their horses through a great grove of live-oaks in the San Gabriel valley, California. They came from a large ranch down the country, and were going to Los Angeles for the annual fiesta. Their saddles were of leather, richly chased, after the Spanish fashion. The pommel of one was of silver, the rim of the saddle of the same, and even the bridle was of silver, the bit being handsomely inlaid.

The riders wore big, broad-brimmed hats, or sombreros, with silver bands, richly colored trousers and botas, while each carried a gay blanket, or serape, which had a hole for the neck, to be used if occasion required. This, with a long horsehair reata, or lariat, tied near the pommel, made up as picturesque a costume as one could imagine.

The country was a succession of parks, with clumps of fine old oaks, whose long branches and limbs offered grateful shade. Occasionally there were patches of bush and chaparral, giving way again to the open spots where the yellow fox-tail grass gleamed like gold, or the wild oat rippled in the summer sun. Through such scenes of pastoral beauty the light-hearted horsemen were riding, passing the time with jokes and banter, when suddenly Jose Salvadea, who was ahead, stopped so abruptly that his horse fell back on his haunches, and motioned to the others for quiet. All drew rein, and, following the direction of his pointed finger, saw a singular sight.

In a little clearing, where the alfilaria had been green and rank in winter, but was now a chocolate-colored mass upon the ground, under four or five large trees, were two gigantic birds, so tall, so black and ugly withal, that they might have been caricatures of birds. One was tearing at a sheep, while the other, evidently having dined to its content, stood by, its enormous wings extended, showing a spread of nine or ten feet. It was one of the rarest birds of America—the great California condor—caught in the very act of filching from the owners of the soil—a bird that has the reputation of devouring a sheep a day when opportunity offered.

The loss of a sheep, or a dozen, amounted to little, but it was the sport of taking the great bird that attracted the horsemen, and as quietly as possible they untied their reatas, released and enlarged the coil, and waited for the word.

They held the rope in the right hand, so that the noose, about four feet in length, hung free, and at the word, given by Juan, they put spurs to their horses and dashed at the birds.

The latter were taken completely by surprise. One clumsily attempted flight and rose a few feet from the ground, when a reata went whirling through the air, dropping over its neck, a pull bringing it to earth. The other bird, stupefied by its stolen feast, fell an easy victim, two reatas falling over it, one dropping over its head, the other securing its wing. As the ropes fell the men raised a shout. The horses, trained in their runs after stock, braced back, expecting the hard pull which a bullock gives when lassoed; but instead came a remarkable series of struggles. The condor caught by the head ran a short distance with a curious, hopping motion, then with a violent effort beat the ground and the air with its powerful wings, raising itself several feet into the air. The sight of the enormous bird, its waving wings, its uncanny appearance, so demoralized the horses that they snorted, bucked and endeavored to run away. But they were quickly subdued and the flying condor was brought down with a jerk and the two birds were surrounded by the excited riders.

Then followed a curious exhibition. The two birds began an extemporized dance around the circle, hopping like eagles, first on one foot, then on the other, uttering a low and vicious hiss. Around they went, pecking at the ropes, thrusting forward their bare and ugly heads, and apparently subdued.

But it was only for a moment. As if by concerted plan they hurled themselves at the horses, one on one side and one on the other, coming up against the animals with great force, striking them with their ponderous wings and pecking at them with their powerful bills.

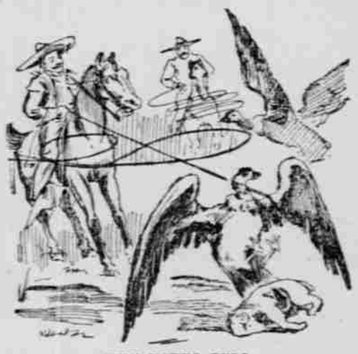
This onslaught again demoralized one of the horses, so that, rearing to escape the charge, he fell backward. His rider slipped off in time, while the broncho rolled over and over, entangled in the reata. The bird, probably equally frightened, sprang over his body, and, between a fusillade of kicks from the struggling animal, endeavored again to fly. But the rope held it securely, and even a California condor, with a spread of ten feet of wing, could not carry off a horse; so it was forced to come clumsily to the ground.

The riders, now recovered from their confusion, amid much laughter—as this was a rare but famous sport among native Californians—began to take in their reatas, and soon had the great birds so that they were entirely submissive; and as they were uninjured, it was decided to carry them to Los Angeles. This was accomplished by carrying a bird between two horses, the wings spread apart to their full extent, and the tips of the pinions tied to the saddles; while beneath the birds, to support them so that they would not suffer, were placed doubled reatas.

At first the horses seriously objected to this arrangement, but finally submitted, and the cavalcade took up its march, entering Los Angeles, which was then an adobe town, and depositing the condors at the plaza amid much excitement, the birds becoming one of the chief attractions of the fiesta.

The California condor was formerly quite common, and was regarded as an enemy to the herder, its great size and voracious appetite making it a menace to sheep. Actual experiment showed that one of these birds would devour a sheep a day; and to illustrate their strength, four have been seen dragging a young bear, which weighed over one hundred pounds, for a distance of six hundred feet. When gorged with food, the birds found it difficult to fly, and were thus, when surprised, often taken with the reata.

The California condor is very like its South American ally in general appearance, not having the peculiar white collar. It is far from being ferocious, and is easily tamed or domesticated. It presents an appearance of remarkable strength, and its powers of flight are such that it could easily carry away a child or a light animal. Such habits are often laid at its door, but are not founded on fact, the bird rarely, if ever, attacking human beings, and being totally unable



THE ROPES FELL.

from the nature of its claws to carry its prey away.

In the air the condor presents a beautiful appearance, with its enormous spread of wing, its perfect grace and ease of motion. Its power of soaring is one of the most remarkable phenomena in bird-life. It appears to move about at will, rarely using its wings except to recover itself, and can pass over great distances in this way. The writer has seen the condor in the Sierra Madre region of southern California, where they occasionally come down and alight in the big live oaks of the valley, and has observed them so far above these mountains that they were but specks of black against the blue sky, and must have been nearly two miles above the sea. Even at this extraordinary height it is said that they can distinguish their prey. So unerring is their vision that it has been supposed that the bird sought its food by the sense of smell; but sight is in all probability the secret.

The great bird is yearly becoming rarer. It is shot whenever seen, being valued at from fifteen to twenty-five dollars for its skin. The herders have a wholesome fear of it. So now it is restricted to the high mountains, and will soon be a story of the past.—N. Y. Ledger.

Not That Kind.

"So your husband is sick?" said the sympathetic grocer to a regular customer.

"Yes, poor man," answered the wife; "he's pretty badly off."

"What's the matter with him, hey? Fever?"

"No, it ain't hay fever or grass fever; it's regular old fever'n ague," snapped the woman, and the sympathetic grocer held his peace.—Detroit Free Press.

—The name of Prairie du Chien, is French, meaning dog prairie, from the abundance of prairie dogs.

FLOUR AND BREAD.

A Statement Throwing Light on the Cost of a Loaf.

A statement made by one who has served many years in the army as a commissary sergeant furnishes some interesting facts pertinent to the bread question.

"During my term of service in the army I have been from Pembina to the gulf, and wherever I have been I have found bakers glad to take a barrel of flour from us and furnish bread as an equivalent, pound for pound, we receiving 196 pounds of bread for a barrel of flour. The increase with water, yeast and potatoes (and good f needs nothing else to make good bread) is computed at 33⅓ per cent. The Washington bakers decline to use potatoes, as a rule, as it makes too much work; but it improves the bread and keeps it moist. In the army the company to which I belonged was stationed for about a year at Libby prison, Richmond, Va., and during that entire period Mr. John Bagnall, a well-known baker of that city, furnished bread for the company, receiving no other compensation than the 33⅓ per cent. mentioned; and it is from that source and on that computation that the various forts and garrisons of the United States are enabled to keep up a post fund with which to meet contingencies for which congress makes no appropriation.

"So far as my experience has gone—and I have had a large one—there is not a city of the size of Washington in the United States furnished with poorer bread. * * * Less than five bushels of wheat will make a barrel of clear flour, and pay for the milling. But bakers do not use clear flour; they use what is left of the wheat after the patent process (starch) has been extracted from it, because, having more gluten in it, it absorbs more water, and gives a larger percentage of bread to a barrel of flour. Wheat was selling at Baltimore the other day at 54¾ cents and 54⅝ cents. These figures will show that flour such as bakers use can be made, barreled and laid down in Washington at $2.75 per barrel, and which the Washington bakers sell in the shape of break for over $13. You will clearly see the rapacity of these men, when, as I have shown, other bakers all over the country have been not only willing, but anxious, to furnish bread for the profit of 33⅓ per cent. on the barrel of flour. I forgot to mention, too, that in purchasing a barrel of flour the purchaser has a barrel worth 25 cents, which brings the price of bakers' flour down to $2.50, which, I do not doubt, is exactly what they pay for it. You may also have observed that the Bakers' association purchases flour for all of the association, and that it is furnished according to the needs of the members. By this means all are forced to use the same quality of flour, let it be good or bad, and the next time you get poor bread, examine some other baker's product, and the chances are that the quality will be the same. This will indicate that the flour is bad."—Washington Star.

ELDERLY WOMEN.

Old Age, After All, May Be Only a Matter of Imagination.

An Englishman said, the other day, that in America the elderly women has disappeared, and this superficial observer ascribed her elimination to the fashions. Not only, he declared, does the mother dress like the daughter, but the grandmother is gowned like the mother. There is no doubt that the distinctions which used to exist between the dress of the mother of thirty and the woman of sixty or more have largely been abolished. But this is a result, and not a cause. The fact is that at no age are American women any longer set aside as having out grown the period of usefulness.

Women of all sorts nowadays have wider interests than had their grandmothers or even their mothers. Also, they understand the laws of health, of hygiene and of rational dressing much better. Thus the mind preserved and constantly reanimated. One is constantly reawakened, while the body is of the potent factors in the disappearance of the elderly woman has been the woman's club. Here she finds herself in touch with the vital interests of the day and supplements her early knowledge with the latest current information. Through it she has become a notable influence in politics, and by means of it organizes her activities into various useful and diverting channels. What wonder, then, that she continues to be bright, cheery and omnipresent?

In social gatherings and festivities women of all ages congenially mingle. The up-to-date girl is invited out to dinner with her elders by many years. Each appeals to the opposite sex with a charm of her own, and general society is greatly the gainer. The placid old lady by the fireside, in snowy cap and sober garb, is not to be forgotten; but who shall say that the cultivated and wide-awake woman who has so largely taken her place is not equally well suited to the times we live in?—N. Y. Press

Sweetening in His Toil.

As her eyes rested upon the patient figure of her husband her heart smote her.

"Dearest."

He started timidly, seemingly disconcerted by her unwonted manner.

"Dearest," she repeated, tenderly, "those biscuits were better than mother used to make."

He was silent, but, as he finished washing the dishes and proceeded to sew a button on her bloomers, a glad smile irradiated his countenance.

A kindly word had lifted his burden.—Detroit Tribune.

—The duke of Orleans intimates that he will hustle for the crown of France. The duke is quite a hustler. It will be remembered that he hustled into France, and then the French government did some hustling on its own account. He was hustled into jail, and then, after he had cooled down he was hustled out of France. The duke knows all about hustling.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Justice J. M. Harlan, who is "mentioned" for the republican presidential nomination in 1896, is a physical giant, being the largest, and, next to Gray, the tallest man on the supreme bench. He is sixty-one years old, bald and in fine health. He is bluff, hearty, very popular, and greatly in demand at dinner parties.

—Miss Bacon, a young Englishwoman, enjoyed a most fascinating and exhilarating outing last summer. She cycled from London to Scotland, returning through Wales and the lake district, a distance, in all, of twelve hundred miles, alone; was gone two days less than a month, and the total cost of her holiday was fifty dollars.

—When the timid colonial clergymen were afraid to criticise Aaron Burr's treason, they asked Lorenzo Dow what he thought of Burr's meanness. He raised both hands like a great V, and shouted: "Aaron Burr, mean! Why, I could take the little end of nothing whittled down to a point, punch out the pith of a hair, and put in forty thousand such traitor souls as his, shake 'em up, and they'd rattle."

—Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont has been elected president of a new chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution which has been formed in Los Angeles, Cal. The fourteen charter members of the chapter represent many famous colonial patriots. At the opening session, tea was brewed in camp-kettles that are heirlooms in the Darsey family, and were used by Washington and Lafayette in the revolutionary war.

—The personal appearance of Jean Richepin, who is described as the most versatile genius in all France since the death of Victor Hugo, must impress the stranger who meets him for the first time. He is pictured as a tall, burly man, handsome in a brutal style, with a low brow, a thick neck, dilated nostrils and a general air of athletic calm and intellectual vacuity. A personality of the John L. Sullivan kind such as this is unusual in a famous author.—Philadelphia Press.

—The late F. W. Bird, the distinguished paper manufacturer of Walpole, was a believer in a somewhat unusual cure for sickness of all sorts. For nearly forty years it was his practice to remain in bed all one day every week. He would read and sleep, and when it was absolutely necessary for any caller to see him, he had to see him in bed, and only a few were permitted to do this. When Mr. Bird was forty years old he was an invalid, yet his practice kept him alive nearly fifty years longer.

—Shelley's monument at Viareggio has at last been unveiled. The Italians were the principal contributors to the work, but besides the names of De Amicis, Bonghi, Cavalotti and Menotti Garibaldi as constituting the committee in charge, were those of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Swinburne. The following inscription is on the monument: "To Percy Bysshe Shelley. Heart of Hearts. Drowned in the sea; cremated on this spot, where he composed 'Crometheus Unbound.' A posthumous page wherein every generation will have a token of its struggles, its tears and its redemption."

HUMOROUS.

—The hardest work any man can undertake, is to try to manage himself.—Ram's Horn.

—"The men will find a woman's pocket if she gets to running for office," says the Frankford sage.—Philadelphia Record.

—There is a difference in the way
A modern maiden's heart will soften:
To this young man "come off" she'll say;
While to that one it is "come often."
—Buffalo Courier.

—"What do you understand by the term 'platonic affection'?" "It usually means that the young man feels that he can not afford to marry."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Husband—"Another milliner bill? Why, I paid one only day before yesterday!" Wife—"Day before yesterday? Goodness, how time flies!"—Fliegende Blatter.

—"How is your daughter getting along with her piano?" "Splendid," replied Mr. Pinchpenny, "She bought it on the installment plan an' hez got it 'most paid fur."—Washington Star.

—Tom—"Why, Bessie, I could kiss you right under you mother's nose." Bessie (with dignity)—"I should very much prefer, sir, that you'd kiss me under my own nose."—Scottish American.

—Patron (to laundryman)—"John, how did it happer that the Japanese killed so many Chinamen in the last battle?" John—"Notee know. Maybee bigee rain makes bad runnee."—N. Y. Weekly.

—"Is it true that Houser is hustling for the post office?" "Guess it is. I heard his wife tell him if he didn't get her letter mailed inside of twenty minutes she'd know the reason why."—Buffalo Courier.

—"Have you a time table here?" asked the seedy stranger. "Our terms," replied the restaurant keeper, "are cash in advance." "Foiled again," hissed the seedy stranger between his useless teeth.—Indianapolis Journal.

—First Lobster—"It's getting lonesome here now, with all the society bathers gone." Second Lobster—"Never mind; we are liable to meet them after supper this winter, and then we'll get the rest of our fine work in."—Syracuse Post.

—The Daughter—"Can't you let me have that one hundred dollars, father? I once heard you say that you would give your last cent to your children." The Father—"Yes, but I haven't got to my last cent yet."—Munsey's Magazine

—An Irish judge had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. One day, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals, as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his Lordship: "I beg his pardon—bring him up."—Tit-Bits.

FOR SUNDAY READING.

THANKSGIVING SONG.

Thank the Lord for all the mercies
He has showered upon our land;
Thank Him that He still has held us
In the hollow of His hand:
Thank Him for the dawn of morning,
For the noontide's golden beams;
Thank Him for the dewy nightfall,
Wooing us to pleasant dreams.

Thank the Lord for all His bounties,
For the fruit upon the tree,
For the flower that blooms in springtime,
For the bird and for the bee;
Thank Him for our homes and firesides,
Dearer far than mines of wealth;
Thank Him with our hearts and voices
For the priceless gift of health.

Thank Him for our creature comforts,
For the oil and for the wine;
Thank Him for the "feast of fat things,"
For the fig and for the vine;
Thank Him for the bounteous harvest,
For the fields of golden grain,
For the flocks upon the hillsides,
For the late and early rain

Thank the Lord for all the mercies
He has showered upon our way;
Thank Him for the loved ones gathered
Round our festal board to-day;
And while memory pictures fondly
Some dear face we see no more,
Thank Him for the loved ones waiting
Over on the other shore.

—Helen W. Clark, in Golden Days.

HOW BEST TO BE THANKFUL.

It Is to Believe the Woes and Wants of Others as to Christ and for His Sake.

The impulse to make some requital for favors received is instinctive and universal. If verbal thanks are all we can give, we feel bound to render them. If able to reciprocate favors, we have a sense of obligation to do so. If a benefactor chooses to designate some other person or persons to whom return for his kindness to us shall be made, the obligation extends to them. To the question of a grateful beneficiary: "What can I do for your kindness to me?" it is common to hear the answer: "Do a similar favor for others whenever you can." Sometimes the children or grandchildren of a benefactor receive help and protection from those he has assisted years before. The obligation of gratitude never ceases until it is paid.

When an earthly friend does us a favor, we are usually not at a loss to find some suitable expression of gratitude for it; but when God crowds our lives with innumerable mercies, which are rich every evening and new every morning, we may well pause to inquire with the Psalmist: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" What appropriate acknowledgment can we make for blessings so vital that existence would be impossible without them, and so many that they can not be reckoned up in order; and if we would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered? We can not reciprocate God's favors; can not "come unto His seat" and pour gifts at His feet, as did the Magi of old. We can not do anything to enrich Him or add to the completeness of His being. What, then, shall we render unto Him for all benefits? We can thank and praise Him for His goodness. And this is the right and manly thing to do. "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord," and "to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant, and praise is comely." Private and public verbal thanks and songs of praise to the Giver of all good are rational and appropriate expressions of gratitude for His bounties. So the psalmist evidently thought when he said: "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all His people." And since the world began there has been no singer of God's praises equal to the psalmist. We can find no better summary of God's goodness in which to voice our own gratitude than this: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; Who healeth all thy diseases; Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; Who crowneth thee with lovingkindnesses; Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

But spoken thanks alone do not satisfy the impulses of any truly grateful heart. We must be thanks givers as well as thanks speakers. And we may as truly make gifts to God as if we could carry them to His seat and lay them at His footstool, for He has told us repeatedly that gifts to His needy ones are received as given directly to Him. To those who had fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the sick and imprisoned, He said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." He has so identified Himself with suffering humanity that we give to Him by giving to the needy.

This, then, is the best thanksgiving, that our ears are ever open to the cry of human want, and that according to our ability we relieve that want; without this practical giving of thanks to God by gifts to those He has designated and commanded us to help, our verbal thanks are "vain oblations." Faith without works is not more dead than praises to God who are deaf to the cries of distress about them. They are neither sincere nor acceptable to God.

Besides gifts to those in want, the best Thanksgiving also includes the highest gift in our power to make, the gift of ourselves to God, the consecration of all our powers and means to His service. That is the logic of God's relation to us as our creator, preserver, redeemer and daily benefactor. So the apostle declares: "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with price; therefore, glorify God in your bodies and spirits, which are His;" and: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God which is your reasonable service."—N. W. Christian Advocate.

The Way to Knowledge.

When tempted to wish that God would tell us just what we ought to do and ought not to do, we will always do well to ask ourselves if we have done all that God has told us to do. The path of obedience is the way to knowledge.

GOD'S WONDERFUL PEACE.

It Can Be Obtained Through Love for God and All That He Has Made.

This is a peace which "passeth all understanding;" yet it is a matter of conscious possession unto those who have it. A man may know that he has the peace of God while utterly failing to comprehend it, and this is not extraordinary, for while every man knows that he has life, none can give to himself or to others a satisfactory explanation of what that life is. We look over the realm of nature and are greeted with the fragrance of the flower, with the overflowing life of the plant and with the harmony of purpose manifested in the animal kingdom; we know that these things are, but can not understand from whence they come nor whither they go.

How can the peace of God be obtained? Through love—love for all; first, the love for God, and then for all things that He has made. Before we can truly love a thing, we must have sympathy with it—a feeling together—a consciousness that the motive of our own existence and of that of the object loved have been merged into one. We can not love Christ, if we are at variance with Him, and failing to love Him, the peace of God can not fall to our share.

A true love for Christ is a surrender of self to Him. His motives must be ours. His life the pattern, which we most closely follow.

How absurd would seem the proposition, that an individual would wontonly injure or destroy any object, on which his affections were set. Nature is full of manifestations of this principle. There is that eternal and ever-abounding exemplification, the love of the mother for her offspring. While that love lasts, the mother's life is swallowed up in the child's. As the child grows older and reciprocates his life becomes what the mother has made it. In all relations where love exists, no discord can mar the harmony so long as the love itself continues. But even as the love of God is far greater than can possibly be the love of any human being, so much greater is the peace which He gives to those who truly love Him. The symbol of this love is service, and the reward that peace which passeth all understanding.—Young Men's Era.

STUDYING THE BIBLE.

Why Time Should Be Taken to Make Familiar Its Pages.

As we drift along the swift, relentless current of time toward the end of life; as days and weeks and months and years follow each other in breathless haste, and we reflect now and then for a moment that, at any rate for us, much of this earthly career has passed irrevocably; what are the interests, thoughts, aye, the books, which really command our attention? What do we read and leave unread? What time do we give to the Bible? No other book, let us be sure of it, can equally avail to prepare us for that which lies before us; for the unknown anxieties and sorrows which are sooner or later the portion of most men or women; for the gradual approach of death; for the period, be it long or short, of waiting and preparation for the throne and face of the eternal Judge. Looking back from that world, how shall we desire to have made the most of our best guide to it! How shall we grudge the hours we have wasted on any—be they thoughts, or books, or teachers—which only belong to the things of time!—Canon Liddon.

CONDITION OF FREEDOM.

It Is Not in Sin But in Obedience to Christ That True Freedom Is Gained.

The highest, truest and only real freedom known to man, or possible for him, is that inner disposition which leads invariably to obedience to Christ. He who sins serves, and he serves a bad cause and indicates an inner debasement and a bondage. Freedom invariably implies purity. Water loaded with mud, however it may rush in channels open for it, is not free water. The soul of man, however it may follow its own impulses, is not free while it willeth to serve the devil. This very taint of corruption is an addition to it, a something not belonging there, a mixture of originally foreign elements. Only when that which has come into the soul by the influence of temptation is removed, can man be free. "If therefore the Son shall make you free ye shall be free indeed."—Christian Inquirer.

Watching for Defects.

The machinist in a large factory has a keen eye for weak points. A flaw in the shafting here or a broken lace in a belt there may stop the whole factory. He loses no time in strengthening the weak place. Now it does not take long for a thoughtful man or woman to discover the weak point in his or her character if a proper watchfulness is observed. Bear off the pressure till it can be made strong and reliable.—Interior.

WISDOM BY THE AUTOCRAT.

Inspiring Thoughts From the Pen of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Amen of nature is always a flower.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.

Men, like peaches, grow sweet a little while before they begin to decay.

How many people live on the reputation of the reputation they might have made.

There are times when every active mind feels itself above any and all human books.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

The great minds are those with a wide span which couple truths related to but far removed from each other.

A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route by an express train of associations.

Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.