

FALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HARBOR OF HOME," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Text: "Go Home to Thy Friends, and Tell Them How Great Things the Lord Hath Done for Thee"—From Book of Mark, Chapter 5, Verse 19.



HERE are a great many people longing for come grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble and they only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. All they want is an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now the apostle comes to us and he practically says: "I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and glorious in Christian character and that is the domestic circle."

If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the Temple, he will never be able to preach three thousand souls into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the sheriff of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God, and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after awhile gain, but the all-absorbing question with you and with me ought to be: "Lord, what wilt thou have me (now and here) to do?"

There is one word in my text around which the most of our thoughts will to-day revolve. The word is HOME. Ask ten different men the meaning of that word and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, it means plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair. Peace hovering like wings, joy clapping its hands with laughter, life a tranquil lake, pillooned on the ripples sleep the shadows. Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is want, looking out of a cheerless fire grate and kneading hunger in an empty bread-tray. The damp air shivering with curses, no Bible on the shelf, children, robbers and murderers in embryo, vile songs their lullaby, every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and sin starting from the front. No Sabbath wave rolling over that doornill. Vestibule of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Faggots for an unending funeral pile. Awful world! It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it sweats with the death-agony of despair.

The word "home" in the one case means everything bright. The word "home" in the other case means everything terrific. I shall speak to you of home as a test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school, and home as a type of heaven.

And in the first place I remark that home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be in gay costume, while in private it is in diaphanous. As play-actors may appear in one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned wrong side out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous and genial and good-natured in commercial life, keeping back their irritability and their petulance and their discontent; but at nightfall the dam breaks, and scolding pours forth in floods and freights.

Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a very small house sometimes will cast a very long shadow. The lips may seem to drop myrrh and castles, and the disposition to be as bright and warm as a sheaf of sunbeams, and yet they may only be a magnificent show window to a wretched stock of goods. There is many a man who is affable in public life and amid commercial spheres, who, in a cowardly way, takes his anger and his petulance home and drops them in the domestic circle.

The reason men do not display their bad temper in public is because they do not want to be knocked down. There are men who hide their petulance and their irritability just for the same reason that they do not let their notes go to protest; it does not pay. Or for the same reason that they do not want a man in their stock company to sell his stock at less than the right price, lest it depreciate the value. As at sunset the wind rises, so after a sunny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist, who at home act the Nero, with respect to their slippers and their gown.

Audience, the great oratorical, with gun and pencil, went through the forests of America to bring down and

to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia for a few days of recreation and rest, and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript, but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper, he again picked up his gun and pencil and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten-thousandth part of that loss who are utterly irreconcilable, who, at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment, will blow as long and sharp as a northeast storm.

Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent overissue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have four or five hundred thousand dollars of bills in circulation with no specie in the vault. Let us learn "to show piety at home." If we have it not here we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from a fear of the world or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

Again, I remark that home is a refuge. Life is the United States army on the national road to Mexico, a long march with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. As eventide we pitch our tent and stack our arms; we hang up the war cap and lay our head on the knapsack; we sleep until the morning bugle calls us to marching and action. How pleasant it is to rehearse the victories and the surprises and the attacks of the day, seated by the still camp-fire of the home circle!

There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self-adulation. There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. Forlorn earth-pilgrim! no home? Then die. That is better. The grave is brighter and grander and more glorious than this world with no tent from marchings, with no harbor from the storm, with no place to rest from this scene of greed and gouge and loss and gain. God pity the man or woman who has no home!

Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap and lamb's frisk, and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet, which, from the rock at the mountain-top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep, comes looking for the steepest place to leap off at, and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurried with tempest, and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream went raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mad foam, and there were nothing but simoons blowing among the hills, and there were neither bird's carol nor humming bird's trill, nor waterfall's dash; only bear's bark, and panther's scream, and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take unto our home circles all innocent hilarity, all bright-gleams, and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls, in preparation for bad men and bad women.

Above all, my friends, take into your homes Christian principle. Can it be that in any of the comfortable homes of my congregation the voice of prayer is never lifted? What! No supplication at night for protection? What! No thanksgiving in the morning for care? How, my brother, my sister, will you answer God in the day of judgment with reference to your children? It is a plain question, and therefore I ask it. In the tenth chapter of Jeremiah God says he will pour out his fury upon the families that call not upon His name. O, parents, when you are dead and gone, and the moss is covering the inscription of the tombstone, will your children look back and think of father and mother at family prayer? Will they take the old family Bible and open it and see the mark of tears of contrition and tears of consoling promise, wept by eyes long before gone out into darkness? Oh, if you do not inculcate Christian principles in the hearts of your children, and do not warn them against evil, and do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and into infidelity, and at last make shipwreck of their immortal souls, on their deathbed and in the day of judgment they will curse you. Seated by the register or stove, what if on the wall should come out the history of your children? What a history—the mortal and the immortal! life of your loved ones! Every parent is writing the history of his child. He is writing it, composing it into a song or tuning it into a groan.

Again, I remark that home is a type of heaven. To bring us to that home Christ left his home. Far up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach; we have often done that. He was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere; many of us have done that. But he was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and immeasurable untraveled. No world had ever hailed heaven, and heaven had never hailed any other world. I think that the windows and the balconies are thronged, and that the pebbly beach was crowded with those who had come to see him sail out of the harbor of light into the oceans beyond. Out and out and out and

on and on and on, and down and down and down he sped, until one night, with only one to greet him, he arrived. His disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did He sail? Why was this the place of His destination? I question the shepherds. I question the camel drivers, I question the angels. I have found out. He was an exile. But the world has had plenty of exiles. Abraham, an exile from Ur of the Chaldees; John, an exile from Ephesus; Kosciusko, an exile from Poland; Mazzini, an exile from Rome; Emmet, an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo, an exile from France; Kossuth, an exile from Hungary. But this one of whom I speak today had such resounding farewell and came into such chilling reception—for not even an hostler went out with his lantern to help him in—that He is more to be celebrated than any other expatriated one of earth or heaven.

One night, lying on my lounge, when very tired, my children all around about me in full romp and hilarity and laughter—on the lounge, half awake and half asleep, I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there, and I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said: "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb and again delve in the mine or sweater at the forge?" But they never put off their holiday attire. And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most blissfully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum or a monument or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town and I said: "Where do the poor worship and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was made me: "We have no poor in this country." And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear, and I was bewildered and I sat down under the branches of a great tree and I said: "Where am I? And whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves, and up the flowery paths, and across the bright streams there came a beautiful group, thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices; but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel, such as I had never before witnessed, that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when they again clasped their hands and shouted, "Welcome, welcome!" the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven. And I looked around and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded, "All here!" And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing: "Home, home, home!"

BROKE HIS HEART.
The Mule Couldn't Bray Against the Boat's Whistle.
"No," said the man with a stray in his whiskers, "no, you don't catch me shippin' no more stock on your steamboats."
"And why not?" asked the freight agent.
"I done it once," was the reply; "had a fine mule; worth \$200; wanted to send him from Cincinnati to Louisville; put him on a steamboat that had one of them forty-hoss power bass fiddle whistles on it, with a snort and a screech at the end; mule went on the boat all right, but he was lonesome; got to brayin'; had a bray on to him that he was proud of; brayed until the passengers organized a committee to wait on the captain; captain couldn't do a darned thing; had a contract to deliver the mule at Louisville unless the boat busted a boiler; the boiler wouldn't bust and the mule kept on brayin'; about midnight the boat was going to make a landing; pilot pulled the string and the whistle began to blare; mule stopped brayin'; soon the whistle started and ceased up his ear to listen; listened a minute, tried to bray; didn't know whether he was brayin' or not; for that darn whistle; tried again; whistle kept on then it gave a snort and a screech, and bust my buttons if that mule didn't give one long of discomposure and grief and drop dead right on the deck. No, siree, no more steamboats for me shippin' stock on," and he went out to find a railroad freight agent.

STOLE \$1,308.
Clever Thieves Make a Big Hunt at a Kansas City Pool Room.
KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 5.—The cashier's drawer in the Biller-Oldham pool room, at 202 Walnut street, was robbed of \$1,308 in currency at a 4 o'clock robbery yesterday afternoon. The robbery, for boldness and adroitness, has not been surpassed in Kansas City in years. The little preliminary work necessary was done, presumably, during Tuesday night. A piece of wood was sawed out in the partition in front of the cashier, so that the opening gave access to the cash drawer. Then the cashier was replaced and the piece neatly puttied in. Yesterday afternoon, when the drawer was bulging with cash, the thief, mingling with the throng which crowded up to the desk, pushed the sawed piece aside, inserted his hand—and the cash was his.

PROTECTION AGAINST MOBS.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—A bill to protect the lives and property of persons against mobs was introduced in the House yesterday by Representative Stewart of Wisconsin. It provides that the city or county in which mob violence results in destruction of property, injury or loss of life, shall be liable for damages, and action may be brought against officers of the law for neglect of duty. In case of death, a sum not exceeding \$5,000 shall be awarded the relatives of the deceased.

FOUGHT AND DIED FOR "FAIR WATER."
ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 5.—News of a tragedy reached here yesterday from Arbuckle, Seminole nation. Johnson Harris and Phil Littleman both white, fought their kinsman, Kansas fair water. The girl, accepted Johnson Littleman, Johnson, and a steadily duel with Winchester's followed, resulting in the death of both men.

AN AGED COUPLE DIE THE SAME DAY.
KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 5.—Knox Wright, aged 101, and wife of 80 died within an hour of each other yesterday.

SPAIN'S REFORMS FOR CUBA.

THE QUEEN REGENT SIGNS THE DECREE.

FOR PARTIAL HOME RULE.

A Council of Administration to Have Charge of Budgets, Confirm Appointments and Make Tariffs the Features—The Governor General's Power—Porto Rico Dissatisfied.

MADRID, Feb. 5.—The queen regent today signed the plan for the reforms for the island of Cuba and the text of the document will be published Saturday in the official Gazette. The scheme includes numerous and elaborate decrees and will occupy several pages of the Gazette.

The reforms consist chiefly in the creation of an assembly to be called the council of administration, composed of thirty-five members, of whom twenty-one are to be elected by the people of Cuba and six by different corporations and the remainder are to be one magistrate, one university professor, one archbishop and five former senators or deputies. This council is empowered to prepare the budgets, to examine into the fitness of officials appointed and to make tariffs subject to the condition of Spanish imports having advantage over the general tariff.

The governor general is to represent the home government and to have the right to nominate officials, who should be Cubans or Spaniards who have lived two years in Cuba. Nevertheless, he may freely nominate high functionaries, such as magistrates, prefects, etc.

Other decrees concern the organization of the provincial municipalities, which are to be liberally representative. The municipal councils general will be empowered to elect their president and will have exclusive control of public education.

According to still another decree the government reserves to itself extraordinary powers in the event of any disturbance of public order, and Cuba will continue to elect senators and deputies to the Cortes, as at present.

Altogether the reforms are much broader in the direction of decentralization than those granted to Porto Rico. The powers of the governor general are much extended, while the council of administration will be fairly representative of all parties and interests. The Spanish government will continue to vote budgets and treaties for the colonies.

The Spanish products, according to the reform scheme, will be allowed a rebate of 40 percent of the Cuban tariff compared with other imports.

NO QUORUM.

Nicaragua Canal Bill Can't Get to a Vote—Vilas Chief Opponent.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—After a brief preliminary struggle in the Senate yesterday, the friends of the Nicaragua canal bill were unable to hold a quorum and sit out the obstruction to that measure. Mr. Vilas (Democrat) of Wisconsin had continued his speech in opposition, this being his third successive day. At 4:30 p. m. a cross-fire of motions to adjourn and calls of the Senate began. The friends of the opposition sought to close the session and give Mr. Vilas a rest from his protracted efforts.

The parliamentary contest continued at intervals for half an hour, when all business was suspended by the absence of a quorum and refusal to adjourn. The friends of the bill finally gave up hope of securing a quorum and yielded to an adjournment. Mr. Vilas continues to hold the floor.

UTAH'S NEW SENATOR.

Joseph L. Rawlins, a Silver Democrat, Elected on the Fifty-third Ballot.
SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Feb. 5.—Rawlins 57, Thatcher 59, Henderson 1, Brown 1. This was the result of the fifty-third ballot of the Utah Legislature, which elected Joseph L. Rawlins, a silver Democrat, to the United States Senate and closed one of the most exciting political contests ever held in the state.

ROAD IS ORDERED SOLD.
ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 5.—United States Circuit Judge Sanborn yesterday, at the request of Attorney General Harman, entered orders authorizing the government to foreclose its liens upon the Kansas Pacific, extending from Kansas City to Denver and known as a branch of the Union Pacific, also the Kansas central, from Lawrence, Kan., to Miltonvale, Kan., 163 miles. Hiram P. Dillon of Kansas was appointed master to conduct the sale.

PACKING UP THEIR BUNKS.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—One month from today there will be a change of occupants, and in anticipation of this there is already a general packing of the personal effects of President Cleveland and his family. These are being made ready for shipment to his newly purchased home in Princeton.

WOULD CHECK HER MAST CAREER.
GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Feb. 5.—It has just been learned here that a Chicago lumber man named Lyons, an uncle of the Princess de Chimay will leave for Europe this week to look after the property of the princess, and perhaps check her career.

DEADLY MISSOURI FEUD.

Two Families Do Battle.

LEASONS, Mo., Feb. 5.—Three men were killed Tuesday afternoon in the settlement of a feud between the Price and Partlow families, who had on adjoining farms in the northern part of this county.

Monday the younger members of the families met in the edge of Cameron county and a quarrel ensued. Neither party was armed. The two Partlow brothers gave the Price boys notice that the next time they met they would be armed and would insist upon a settlement.

Late Tuesday afternoon three of the Partlow brothers met William Price and his two sons near the scene of Monday's meeting. William Price, the father, was unarmed, but was shot through the brain with a bullet from a Winchester, fired by Ben Partlow. One of the Price boys fired both barrels of his shotgun, loaded with buckshot, at his father's assailant and both Ben and Bob Partlow fell, Ben dead and Bob mortally wounded.

The younger Partlow, being unarmed, fled, leaving the field in the possession of the Prices. Bob Partlow died during the night.

As both the families are influential and noted for their grit, it is feared the end is not yet.

NOT SENATOR HANNA.

Governor Bushnell's Own Ambition in the Way—No Cabinet Place Wanted.
CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 5.—Careful inquiry among the more intimate friends and political advisers of M. A. Hanna today developed that there is good ground for the reports which have been in circulation during the past few days that the national chairman will not be appointed to succeed John Sherman in the United States Senate. In fact, it can be stated on unquestionable authority that Mr. Hanna has practically abandoned all hope and there is now little doubt that Governor Bushnell will appoint Lieutenant Governor Jones to fill the unexpired term and that the next session of the legislature in January, 1898, Governor Bushnell himself will be a candidate for the full term.

The report that Hanna is being strongly urged to accept the postmaster generalship in President McKinley's cabinet is also verified, but thus far, it is stated, he has steadily declined to enter the cabinet in any capacity.

COL. CROFTON RETIRED.

The President Takes Rather Unusual Action Against the Old Officer.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—Colonel Robert S. Crofton, Fifteenth infantry, was arbitrarily relieved to-day by order of the President. It had been the desire of the war department that he should retire from active service, and efforts had been made during the past two years to attain this end, first through intimations to friends that his retirement would be granted if applied for, and this failing through that law which obliges an officer to retire if found physically unfit for service by a medical board, but the board found that he was in good condition physically. Finally recourse has been had to that law which permits the President to retire an officer arbitrarily when he shall have reached 62 years of age. Colonel Crofton passed this last month, and the law has been applied to his case. The last instance of a forced retirement was in the case of General Carr and it is very unusual.

REV. DR. BROOKS DEAD.

End of the Career of a Minister Who Ran for High Offices.
MEMPHIS, Tenn., Feb. 5.—The Rev. Dr. John A. Brooks, one of the best known Christian church ministers in the country, who was seven years pastor of the Prospect Avenue church in Kansas City, died here last night from paralysis.

John A. Brooks was born in Mason county, Ky., June 6, 1836. He entered Bethany college, Richmond, Va., in 1853, and took a master of arts degree in 1856. He was president of Fleningsburg college in Kentucky two years, and began to preach in the Christian denomination. Having gone to Missouri, he was nominated for governor by the prohibitionists in 1884, and in 1888 he was nominated for vice president by the national prohibition convention. He missed the goal by several million votes, but made as good a race as Clinton B. Fisk, the head of the ticket.

SOME GREAT MEN.

The most famous of ancient sculptors was Phidias. His work in the Parthenon remains the admiration of artists and sculptors to the present day. Montesquieu may be termed "The Father of Philosophical History," being among the first to search in the doings of men for the causes of their action. Titian was the greatest Venetian painter. The chief of a long line of imitators, art critics rank him with Raphael and Correggio, a prince of the art. The most talented sopranos were Mara, Catalini, Jenny Lind, Gabrielli and Patti. Each was distinguished by extraordinary compass and purity of tone. The greatest theologian was St. Augustine, whose body of theology at present constitutes the major part of the doctrine of the Roman Catholic church. The leading experimental philosopher was Bacon, who deemed that the substance of all philosophy lay in testing the accuracy of the knowledge already gained. Virgil was the greatest pastoral poet who ever lived, standing next to Homer as a writer of epics, he nevertheless, in some passages, excelled his famous master.

The most learned philosophical historian was Boeckh. It is estimated that a single foot-note in his "History of Civilization" must have cost five years' research. The best and, in most respects, the greatest of all tragic poets was Aeschylus. His delineation of the tragic elements of human conduct has never been surpassed.

ANOTHER BOSTON TEA PARTY

The "Bacchante" May Be Dumped Into the Harbor.

It would appear that there would be no great reason for surprise if we should read any morning in the newspapers that a silent and determined crowd of spectral figures disguised as Indians had broken overnight into the Boston public library under cover of electric light, dragged the Macmonnies "Bacchante" from its refuge, carried it in procession to the end of the wharf and intrusted it to the sea. The harbor, says Harper's Weekly, begins to be fairly questionable where things since the stamp act has been dumped to Boston which so many of her old to Boston want as the "Bacchante." 'Tis not stillion does not seem to abate, so-llimage's name has been cut down the two syllables for convenience of discussion and by that and other ill; Mr. McKim's gift is denounced and b; rated in sundry of the public prints. The opposition includes all sorts of elements from President Eliot and Prof. Norton to the "friends of temperance" and the amalgamated methodist clergy. Dr. William Everett declares that the statue is pretty and that the expression is "wholly vulgar." He is solicitous, too, for the safety of the baby. Artists who write to papers say the image is much too small for the place and deride it on general grounds. School teachers and parents say it is naked and unsuited to the contemplation of children, and foes of rum say that it strikes the temperance agitation fairly between the eyes. Not the Heine fountain itself was more thoroughly looked in the mouth than this joyous "Bacchante."

A "HORSE" ON THE MAYOR.

Mount Vernon Practical Joke That Needs a Diagram and Foot-Notes.
From the New York World: The funniest people on this mundane sphere live in Mount Vernon, and Mayor Pliske is one of the funniest of the lot. He never has dared to be quite so funny as he could, but he has taxed the lives and waistcoats of his fellow-citizens by coming pretty close to the limit of facetiousness. When the mayor tried to open his front door yesterday he found some heavy object fastened to the outside knob. He pulled and grunted. At last he managed to get the door opened enough to enable him to stick his head in. A large wooden hobby horse was fastened to the door knob. On its side was inscribed the words, "Merry Christmas." "Ha-ha-ha. He-he-he. Ho-ho-ho," roared the jolly mayor, most doubled up with laughter. "Well, that's a good one. That's a horse on me, surely. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall surely die of laughter." Some of Mount Vernon's citizens who lack the mayor's keen perception of humor are going to ask one of the local papers to explain the joke with proper diagrams and foot-notes.

Deeply Interested.

Jinks—I would have been run over on Broadway to-day if it had not been for Winks, who was with me. He sprang forward and showered blows on the horses' heads with an umbrella. Just as the umbrella broke the team stopped and I was pulled out from beneath the wheels. Blinks—Did the umbrella have a silver handle like a shepherd's crook? "I did not notice particularly and, besides, he broke it all to pieces stopping the team. Why?" "He borrowed mine yesterday."—New York Weekly.

Jumping at Conclusions.

The Minister—Brother Brown, I understand that you attended the Adelphi theater this week. I cannot tell you how deeply pained I am to hear this. Brother Brown—But I thought you didn't object to the theater on principle—that you merely condemned the objectionable shows. The Minister—That, alas, is just it! This must have been a particularly disreputable performance. Why, I am told that they had the "Standing Room Only" sign out every night!—Cleveland Leader.

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