# THE CREATION.

## Dr. Talmage Discourses Upon an Important Topic.

**The First Great Work of the Creator—Light Drives Away Darkness—The Last Great Creation of All—One Week's Work.**

In a sermon delivered at Brooklyn on Trinity Sunday Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage took his text from Genesis i. 31: "And the evening and the morning were the sixth day." He said:

From Monday morning to Saturday night gives us a week's work. If we have filled that week with successes we are happy. But I am going to tell you what God did in one week. Cosmogony, geology, astronomy, ornithology, icthyology, botany, anatomy are such vast subjects that no human life is long enough to explore or comprehend any one of them. But I have thought that I might in an unusual way tell you a little of what God did in one week, and that the first week. And whether you make it a week of days or a week of ages I care not, for I shall reach the same pratical result of reverence and worship.

The first Monday morning found swinging in space the piled-up lumber of rocks and metal and soil and water from which the earth was to be builded. God made up His mind to create a human family and they must have a house to live in. But where? Not a wall, not a door, not a room was fit for human occupation. There is not a pile of black basalt in Yellowstone park or an extinct volcano in Honolulu so inappropriate for human residence as was the globe at that early period.

But the time was coming when a being called man was to be constructed and he was to have a bride, and where he could find a homestead to which he could take her must have been a wonderment to angelic intelligences. There had been earthquakes enough, and volcanoes enough, and glaciers enough, but earthquakes and volcanoes and glaciers destroy instead of build. A worse looking world than this never swung. It was heaped up deformities, scarifications and monstrosities. The Bible says it was without form. That is, was not round, it was not square, it was not octagonal, it was not a rhomboid. God never did take any one in His councils, but if He had asked some angel about the attempt to turn this planet into a place for human residence, the angel would have said: "No, no; try some other world; the crevices of this earth are too deep, its crags are too appalling, its darkness is too thick." But Monday morning came. I think it was a spring morning and about half past four o'clock. The first thing needed was light. It was not needed for God to work by, for He can work as well in the darkness. But light may be necessary, for angelic intelligences are to see in its full glory the process of world building.

The record makes me think that, standing over this earth that spring morning, God looked upon the darkness that palled the heights of this world, and the chasms of it, and the awful reaches of it, and uttered, whether in the Hebrew of earth, or some language celestial I know not, that word which stands for the subtle, bright, glowing and all pervading fluid; that word which thrills and garlands and lifts everything it touches; that word the full meaning of which all the chemists of the ages have busied themselves in exploring; that word which suggests a force that flies 190,000 miles in a second and by undulations 727,000,000,000,000 in a second; that one word God utters—Light! And instantly the darkness began to shimmer, and the thick folds of blackness to lift, and there were scintillations and coruscations and flashes and a billowing up of resplendence, and in great sheets it spread out northward, southward, eastward, westward, and a radiance filled the atmosphere until it could hold no more of the brilliance. Light now to work by while supernatural intelligences look on. Light, the first chapter of the first day of the week. Light, the joy of all the centuries. Light, the greatest blessing that ever touched the human eye. The robe of the Almighty is woven out of it, for it covers himself with light as with a garment. Oh! blessed light! I am so glad this was the first thing created that week. Good thing to start every week with is light. But now the light of the first Monday is receding. The blaze is going out. The colors are dimming. Only part of the earth's surface is visible. It is 6 o'clock, 7 o'clock, 8 o'clock; obscuration and darkness. It is Monday night. "And the evening and the morning were the first day."

Now it is Tuesday morning. A delicate and tremendous undertaking is set apart for this day. There was a great superabundance of water. God by the wave of his hand this morning gathers part of it in suspended reservoirs and part of it he orders down into the rivers and lakes and seas. How to hang whole Atlantic oceans in the clouds without their spilling over except in right quantities and at right times was an undertaking that no one but Omnipotence would have dared. No wonder, long after this first Tuesday of creation week, Elihu confounded Job with the question: "Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds?" Half of this Tuesday work done, the other half is the work of compelling the waters to lie down in their destined places. So God picks up the solid ground and packs it up into five elevations which are the continents. With his finger he makes deep depressions in them, and these are the lakes, while at the piling up of the Alleghanies and Sierra Nevadas and Pyrenees and Alps and Himalayas the rest of the waters start by the law of gravitation to the lower places, and in their run down hill become the rivers, and then all around the earth these rivers come into convention and become oceans beneath, as the clouds are oceans above. Three-quarters of the earth being land, nothing but Almightyness could have caged the three-fourths so that they could not have devoured the one-fourth. Thank God for water and plenty of it. What a hint that God would have the human race very clean.

There are several thousand people asleep in Greenwood, who, but for the filthy streets of Brooklyn and New York, would have been to-day well and in churches. Moreover, there never was a filthy street that remained a moral street. How important an agency of reform water is was illustrated by the fact that when the ancient world got outragrously wicked, it was plunged into deluge and kept under for months until its iniquity was soaked out of it. But I rejoice that on the first Tuesday of the world's existence the water was taught to know its place, and the Mediterranean lay down at the feet of Europe, and the Gulf of Mexico lay down at the feet of North America, and Geneva lay down at the feet of the Alps, and Scroon lake fell to sleep in the lap of the Adirondacks. "And the evening and the morning were the second day."

Now it is Wednesday morning of the world's first week. Gardening and horticulture will be born to-day. How queer the hills look and so unattractive they seem hardly worth having been made. But now all the surfaces are changing color. Something beautiful is creeping all over them. It has the color of emerald. Aye, it is herbage. Hail the green grass, God's favorite color and God's favorite plant, as I judge from the fact that he makes a larger number of them than of anything else. But look yonder! Something starts out of the ground and goes higher up, higher and higher and spreads out broad leaves. It is a palm tree. And yonder is a growth with mighty sweep of branches. And here they come—the pear and the apple, and the peach and the pomegranate, and groves and orchards and forests, their shadows and their fruit girdling the earth.

Notice that the first thing that God made for food was fruit, and plenty of it. Slaughter houses are of later invention. Far am I from being a vegetarian, but an almost exclusive meat diet is depraving. Savages confine themselves almost exclusively to animal food, and that is one reason that they are savages. Give your children more apples and less mutton. But we must not forget that it is Wednesday evening in Eden and upon that perfect fruit of those perfect trees let the curtain drop. "And the evening and the morning were the third day."

Now it is Thursday morning of the world's first week. Nothing will be created to-day. The hours will be passed in scattering fogs and mists and vapors. The atmosphere must be swept clean. Other worlds are to heave in sight. This little ship of the earth has seemed to have all the ocean of immensity to itself. But mightier craft are to be hailed to-day on the high seas of space. First the moon's white sail appears and does very well until the sun bursts upon the scene. The light that on the previous three mornings was struck from an especial word now gathers in the sun, moon and stars. It seemed as if they had all within twenty-four hours been created. Ah, this is a great time in the world's first week. The moon, the nearest neighbor to our earth appears, her photograph to be taken in the nineteenth century, when the telescope shall bring her within 120 miles of New York.

And the sun now appears, afterward to be found 888,000 miles in diameter, and, put in astronomical scales, to be found to weigh nearly 400,000 times heavier than our earth; a mighty furnace, its heat kept up by meteors pouring into it as fuel, a world devouring other worlds with its jaws of flame. And the stars come out, those street lamps of heaven, those keys of pearl, upon which God's fingers play the music of the spheres. Enough! "And the evening and the morning were the fourth day."

Now it is Friday morning in the first week of the world's existence. Water, but not a fin swimming it; air, but not a wing flying it. It is a silent world. Can it be that it was made only for vegetables? But, hark! There is a swirl and a splashing in all the four rivers of Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates. They are all aswim with life, some darting like arrows through split crystal and others quiet in dark pools like shadows. Everything from spotted trout to behemoth. And while I stand on the banks of these Paradisaical rivers watching these finny tribes, I hear the whirr in the air and I look up and behold wings—wings of larks, robins, doves, eagles, flamingos, albatrosses, brown threshers. Creatures of all color, blue as if dipped in the skies, fiery as if they had flown out of the sunsets, golden as if they had taken their morning bath in buttercups. And I sit down on the bank of the Euphrates, and the murmur of the river, together with the chant of birds in the sky puts me into a state of somnolence. "And the evening and the morning were the fifth day."

Now it is Satuaday morning of the world's first week and with this day the week closes. But O, what a climacteric day! The air has its population and the water its population. Yet the land has not one inhabitant. But here they come, by the voice of God created—horses grander than those which in after time Job will describe as having neck clothed with thunder; cattle enough to cover a thousand hills; sheep shepherded by Him who made for them the green pastures; cattle superior to the Alderneys and Ayrshires and Devonshires of after times; leopards so beautiful that we are glad they can not change their spots; lions without their fierceness, and all the quadruped world so gentle, so sleek, so perfect. Look out how you treat this animal creation, whether they walk the earth or swim the waters or fly the air. He who galls a horse, or exposes a cow to the storm, or beats a dog, or mauls a cat, or gambles at the pigeon shooting, or tortures an insect, will have to answer for it in the judgment day. You may console yourself that these creatures are not immortal and they cannot appear against you, but the God who made these creatures and who saw the wrong you did them will be there. But something is wanting in Paradise and the week is almost done. Who is there to pluck the flowers of this Edenic lawn? Who is there to command these worlds of quadrupeds and fish and bird? For whom has God put back the curtain from the face of sun and moon and star? The world wants an emperor and empress.

It is Saturday afternoon. No one but the Lord Almighty can originate a human being. In the world where there are in the latter part of the nineteenth century over 14,000,000,000 people, a human being is not a curiosity. But how about the first human eye that was ever kindled, the first human ear that was ever opened, the first human lung that ever breathed, the first human heart that ever beat, the first human life ever constructed? That needed the origination of a God. He had no model to work by. What stupendous work for a Saturday afternoon! He must originate a style of human heart through which all the blood in the body must pass every three minutes. He must make that heart so strong that it can during each day lift what would be equal to 120 tons of weight, and it must be so arranged as to beat over 36,000,000 times every year. About 500 muscles must be strung in the right place and at least 250 bones constructed. Into this body must be put at least 9,000,000 nerves. Over 3,000 perspiring pores must be made for every inch of fleshy surface. The human voice must be so constructed it shall be capable of producing 17,592,186,440,415 sounds. But all this the most insignificant part of the human being. The soul! Ah, the construction of that God Himself would not be equal to if He were any the less of a God. Its understanding, its will, its memory, its conscience, its capacities, its enjoyment or suffering, its immortality! What a work for a Saturday afternoon! Aye! before night there were to be two such human and yet immortal beings constructed. The woman as well as the man was formed Saturday afternoon. Because a deep sleep fell upon Adam and by divine surgery a portion of his side was removed for the nucleus of another creation, it has been supposed that perhaps several days and nights passed between the masculine and feminine creations.

But no! Adam was not three hours unmated. If a physician can by anæsthetics put one into a deep sleep in three minutes, God certainly could have put Adam into a profound sleep in a short while that Saturday afternoon and made the deep and radical excision without causing distress. By a manipulation of the dust, the same hand that molded the mountains molded the features, and molded the limbs of the father of the human race. But his eyes did not see, and his nerves did not feel, and his muscles did not move, and his lungs did not breathe, and his heart did not pulsate. A perfect form he lay along the earth, symmetrical and of God-like countenance. Magnificent piece of divine carpentry and omnipotent sculpturing, but no vitality. A body without a soul. Then the source of all life stooped to the inanimate nostril and lip, and, as many a skillful and earnest physician has put his lips to a patient in comotose state and breathed into his mouth and nostril, and at the same time compressed the lungs until that which was artificial respiration became natural respiration, so methinks God breathed into this cold sculpture of a man the breath of life, and the heart begins to tramp, and the lungs to inhale, and the eyes to open and the entire form to thrill, and with the rapture of life just come the prostrate being leaps to his feet—a man!

But the scene of this Saturday is not yet done, and in the atmosphere, drowsy with the breath of flowers, and the song of bobolinks, and robin redbreasts, the man slumbers, and by anæsthetics, divinely administered, the slumber deepens until without the oozing of one drop of blood at the time, or the faintest scar afterward, that portion is removed from his side that is to be built up the queen of Paradise, the daughter of the great God, the mother of the human race, the benediction of all ages, woman the wife, afterward woman the mother. And as the two join hands and stroll down along the banks of the Euphrates toward a bower of mignonette and wild rose and honeysuckle the sun sinks beneath the horizon. "And the evening and the morning were the sixth day."

What do you think of that one week's work? I review it not for entertainment, but because I would have you join David's Doxology: "Great and Marvelous are Thy Works, Lord God Almighty;" because I want you to know what a homestead our Father built for his children at the start, though sin has despoiled it; and because I want you to know how the world will look again when Christ shall have restored it, swinging now between two Edens; because I want you to realize something of what a mighty God He is, and the utter folly of trying to war against Him; because I want you to make peace with this Chief of the Universe through the Christ who mediates between offended Omnipotence and human rebellion; because I want you to know how fearfully and wonderfully you are made, your body as well as your soul an omnipotent achievement; because I want you to realize that order reigns throughout the universe and that God's watches tick to the second, and that his clocks strike regularly though they strike once in a thousand years. A learned man once asked an old Christian man, who had no advantages of schooling, why he believed there was a God, and the good old man, who probably had never heard an argument on the subject in all his life, made this noble reply: "Sir, I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world I have seen the sun rise in the east and set in the west. The north stands where it did the first time I saw it; the seven stars and Job's coffin keep on the same path in the sky and never turn out. It isn't so with man's work. He makes clocks and watches; they may run well for awhile, but they get out of fix and stand stock still. But the sun, and moon, and stars keep on this way all the while. The heavens declare the glory of God." Yea, I preach this because I want you to walk in appreciation of Addison's sublime sentime when he writes:

> The spacious firmament on high
> With all the blue ethereal sky
> And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
> Their Great Original proclaim.
>
> In reason's ear they all rejoice
> And utter forth a glorious voice
> Forever singing, as they shine,
> The hand that made us is divine.

## MISSED HIS CALLING.

**A New Fireman Who Was Afraid of Getting Wet.**

He was a new member of the fire department in Pittsburgh. He had always felt an inclination from his boyhood up to "run with the machine," at last the opportunity was opened to him. He had not been accustomed to being ordered, and did not fully appreciate the importance of a man strictly and quickly obeying a superior officer. But he was all unconscious of this feeling himself, and was in a tremor of delight when the first alarm of fire came, and he mounted the hose cart and went whirling away. He stood around kind of useless like while the preliminary preparations were made for the fight. At last, however, he was called into action. The captain called him, "get up the ladder there, Jim, and help Burns with the hose; take an ax and break in a window on the third floor."

Jim started, but as he reached the foot of the ladder he stopped; a flood of water was pouring down on the pavement, and everything was soaking wet. He turned to the captain and said:

"Say, Cap, I guess I don't want to go up there now."

"Why not?" asked the officer, in surprise.

"Well, you see how wet everything is, and I forgot to bring my rubber boots."

"Is that so? too bad; you wait here a few minutes and I'll drive you to the station and get you an umbrella."

Jim waited but the umbrella did not come; another man shinned up the ladder and when the fire was over Jim was requested to try and get a job in the ribbon department of some store.—Arkansaw Traveler.

**A Child's Brain Expanded.**

A Parisian surgeon has the credit of having obtained a remarkable result in a case in which he operated upon a child. The patient was a girl, eight years of age, who at the age of eighteen months had been noticed by her parents to be deficient in intelligence. Subsequently she became subject to epileptiform attacks, and these had only ceased a year before she was seen by the surgeon. When she came under professional observation her physical development was normal, but her intelligence was that of an infant. The child had been sent to school but she had never been able to learn the alphabet, neither could she talk intelligently. The conclusion was formed that the brain had ceased to develop owing to the too early coalescence of the bones of the skull. The surgeon accordingly operated, removing several small pieces of bone from the top of the skull, and by this means relieving the pressure on the brain and allowing it to expand. The day following the operation the child took notice of everyone, asking for something to eat, and cried for her parents. Before leaving the hospital she was able to walk well and amuse herself. The operation wound in the scalp had soundly healed in eight days.—Pall Mall Gazette.

—Knowledge is power; but it takes coal to get up steam.

## STOCK ITEMS.

Sows will nearly always wean their pigs when ten weeks old.

With young stock it is important, if the best profit is realized, to keep them thrifty and growing.

Pigs which can have plenty of sweet skim-milk slop can be fattened for market earlier than if fed on dry grain alone.

It is as serious an error to pamper the colts during the early stages of their growth as it is to abuse them. They need plenty of exercise and plenty of wholesome feed.

Whenever the stock are in a good condition for market is a good time to cull out and dispose of those that are not up to your standard for feeding and finishing for market.

Keep your horses from becoming fretful and excited by keeping calm yourself. An hour's worry will do more harm to a horse that has to work hard than a half day's labor.

The colts should be handled from the first; learn them to lead readily by the halter; to allow one to approach them in the pasture or lot; get them gentle. If this is done when they are young it will lessen very materially the work of handling them later.

With colts, as with other stock, care must be taken not to allow them to get stunted, and while with colts it may not be as desirable to push the growth as rapidly as with calves and pigs intended for market, yet it is very necessary to maintain a thrifty growth.

A writer in the Live Stock Indicator says: The breeding and raising of horses for market can readily be made profitable, provided they are of a good grade. It is an important item to breed the mare to a good horse; to feed and care for her during gestation, in order to make sure of a good foal, and then feed her well during the first season in order to secure a vigorous, thrifty growth.

It is well to look about you occasionally and see who is making the most money on hogs. The chances are a thousand to one that in every instance it is he who buys the best hogs attainable and gives them the best care possible. And with all other live stock the same rule will hold good. There is money in hogs every year for those who constantly endeavor to keep their herds up to the best average of the country.—Western Swineherd.

A writer in a turf journal gives the following rule to estimate the height a colt will grow to: Take a colt at any time between six weeks old and one year, stand him on a level surface so that he will stand naturally, then measure the distance from the hair of the hoof to the knee joint, and for every inch or fraction thereof he measures he will be hands high when matured. If he measures fifteen inches, he will grow to fifteen hands high; if fifteen and a-half inches, he will be fifteen and a-half hands high and so on.

## FARM NOTES.

With all young poultry it will be found much healthier to keep them out of the wet grass in the morning until they are well feathered.

The easiest way of having clean fence corners is to have as few as possible. Plank and wire fences lessen very materially the work of keeping the fence runs clean.

Too much grain is detrimental to old ducks; they need during the summer plenty of grass and coarse, bulky food. They do not bear confinement well, but should have a good range.

In finishing up the cultivation of the early potatoes in nearly all cases it will pay to drill corn between the rows; either one of the varieties of sweet corn or one of the early maturing varieties of field corn.

The dairy influence, by methods of farmers' institutes, dairy conferences and dairy schools, has got to be made more conspicuous. Denmark, in a half score of years, by her dairy schools and public instruction, jumped from obscurity to be the great dairy exporting country of Europe, and is actually undermining our foreign trade, and Canada is conspicuous in the same direction.

By the time the early garden crops have matured the late cabbage plants should be ready to set out, and all the space occupied by the earlier crops can be cleaned up and set out with cabbage plants. In many cases cabbage, celery or tomato plants can be set out between the rows of early beans and early sweet corn, and by the time the plants need the room the first crop will have matured and can be cleaned off.

With all root crops it is necessary to plow the ground deep and thoroughly, and with late potatoes this is especially the case. Have the seed ready so that the planting can be made while the ground is fresh. Run out the furrows reasonably deep and then plant and cover carefully, stepping on the hill so as to press the soil down well upon the seed. In many cases it will pay to roll after planting, especially if the soil is somewhat dry.

Potatoes to grow well need a good deal of moisture and for this reason, in an ordinary season, late potatoes should be covered tolerably deep. One advantage in plowing and preparing the soil deep before planting is that in giving the cultivation afterwards the surface only needs to be stirred, and, if care is taken to stir it frequently, shallow cultivation will aid to retain moisture in the soil, while deep cultivation, especially if the plants are hilled up, will aid to dry out the soil.—St. Louis Republic.

**Notes.**

Shelter for food is almost as important as shelter for stock, and as hay harvest will soon begin it is important to be ready.

Sheaf oats run through a cutting box and fed to stock makes a good ration, especially if wheat bran is added, while at the same time it saves the expense of threshing.

As a precautionary measure, calves newly weaned should be given one or two tablespoonsful of lime water in the milk they drink. This will correct acidity of the stomach if any exists and prevent it if none is present.

Do not breed at random. Whenever an animal is bred have some object in view and make selections that will secure this with the most certainty.

When a large number of fowls drink from the same vessel it is liable to become filthy, and good care is necessary to keep it clean.

If the colt is allowed to run with the mare in a short time it will learn to eat oats and bran and a little heavier ration should be supplied.

An occasional bran mash is a good thing to bring a horse to his appetite if he has dropped off in his feed, from hard work.

As a general rule colts do not bear confinement well, they need the run of a good pasture a fair portion of the time in order to make a rapid development.

Growing colts need plenty of exercise, plenty of water and plenty of nutritious food, and the more fully these are supplied the better the growth and thrift.

Allowing a pile of manure to lay out exposed to the rain and hot sun now is to lose a good per cent. of its value.

Laying hens should be kept separate from those that are being fattened for market.

## MADDENED BY FRIGHT.

**The Dreadful Experience of an English Lady Invalid.**

An English officer relates this weird and most uncanny story: One of his relatives received the following prescription from her physician: "Take a carriage and your maid," he said, "and go somewhere for a driving tour. Live out of doors and do not get tired." Following this advice, she started for a trip through the prettiest part of Devonshire, stopping at the different inns en route. After a delightful week there came an unlucky day when everything went wrong. The weather was bad, one horse became lame, some parts of the harness gave way, and it was not until a very late hour that they arrived at the nearest village. At the inn mine host was full of apologies. Every room was filled, he said, "every one." The lady protested that she was ill, that she could not go a step further. "I will sleep anywhere," she said, "but I must stay to-night." Finally an idea seemed to strike the landlord, and he bustled away: returning in a few minutes, he suggested an expedient. A lady, he said, had arrived a little while before, and the only room he could give her was a large, old-fashioned apartment on the first floor. There were two large beds in the room, and he had inquired if she would allow the last arrival to occupy the vacant one. She was quite willing, said the landlord, to share her room, and the heroine of our story, glad enough to obtain any resting place, was shown to it at once. The original occupant was very tired, explained the housekeeper, and had gone directly to bed on her arrival, having had her supper served afterward on a tray. She was awake, however, when they entered, and listened courteously to the other's thanks, declaring herself pleased to be of service by one or two polite little ejaculations in the midst of the last-comer's explanations—"I am very pleased," "Not at all," "Very glad to oblige;" and then, as if tired, she turned over to go to sleep. "My aunt," said the officer who was relating the story, told the housekeeper that she wished for nothing but a cup of tea and would retire at once. Together with her maid she arranged her affairs for the night. "Couldn't I sleep on the floor, madam?" whispered the faithful Abigail. "I don't like to leave you here alone." "Nonsense," Sarah, I will be all right," said her mistress. "Come to me early with my tea. Good night."

"The rest of the story," said the officer, after an impressive pause, "was told to us a year or so later by my aunt her self after her recovery from a long and dangerous illness. After Sarah left her she locked the door and proceeded with her toilet. Suddenly and most inexplicably she felt a nervous fancy that she was watched; and she turned quickly and involuntarily to the opposite bed. The occupant had certainly turned over, but she was quite quiet and apparently asleep. "How silly of me to feel uncomfortable," said my aunt to herself.

"For slowly and noiselessly the creature, still with her eyes fixed with a settled stare, was reaching out over the table with her long arm, groping here and there as if in search of something. She found it at last — it was the knife on her tray. My aunt saw the figure rise up in bed and — she remembers no more.

"In the morning the maid brought the tea early as directed. The door was locked and she was greatly frightened to hear the strangest noise—"like the chattering of a mad monkey," she described it afterward. Terrified beyond measure, she flew to the landlord, who, with a couple of his men, forced open the door. There on the very top of an enormous old-fashioned wardrobe with smooth-glazed doors, was my unfortunate aunt in her night dress, cowering and gibbering and making the strange chattering noises that had so alarmed the maid. On her face was the vacant stare of an idiot. Below her with wild, disheveled locks and white gown leaped the maniac with noiseless bounds, waving the knife with terrible gestures.

"How my aunt ever reached the top of that impossible height," concluded the officer, "has ever remained a mystery. A fearful illness followed, and on her recovery she remembered no more than I have told you. Her terrible room-mate had been subject, we were told afterward, to fits of dementia, but had never been violent and had not been placed under restraint. Her disease, however, assumed from this period an acute form and her case is now adjudged hopeless."—Albany Journal.

**He Didn't Smile.**

A man with a satchel and umbrella struck a banana peel on Jefferson avenue, near Wayne, yesterday, and as he went up and came down and tried to cover the whole town, his satchel hit a passing dray horse and his umbrella thrashed the legs of a telegraph boy. A second man, who was close behind him, extended a helping hand, and as the victim scrambled up he looked at No. 2 and remarked:

"Isn't it funny?"

"Not very."

"You don't laugh?"

"No."

"You don't even smile?"

"No."

"It isn't because you can't, is it?"

"O, no. The reason is that I struck the mate to that skin about two blocks further down, and I don't know yet whether I'm afoot or on horseback."—Detroit Free Press.

—Do not repine because the strawberry-box has its bottom so near its top. If the boxes contained more berries they would contain more acid and more grit. No, my darling sir or madam, you have no reason to complain, but rather to rejoice.—Boston Transcript.

## THE GENERAL MARKETS.

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| **KANSAS CITY, May 30.** | | |
| CATTLE—Shipping Steers | $4 25 @ | $5 15 |
| Butchers' steers | 3 90 @ | 4 75 |
| Native cows | 2 40 @ | 4 00 |
| HOGS—Good to choice heavy | 3 85 @ | 4 00 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 90 @ | 97 |
| No. 2 hard | 91 @ | 95 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 50½ @ | 51½ |
| OATS—No. 2 | 47½ @ | 48 |
| RYE—No. 2 | 74 @ | 75 |
| FLOUR—Patents, per sack | 2 15 @ | 2 25 |
| Fancy | 2 10 @ | 2 15 |
| HAY—Baled | 10 00 @ | 15 00 |
| BUTTER—Choice creamery | 18 @ | 20 |
| CHEESE—Full cream | 9½ @ | 10 |
| EGGS—Choice | 11½ @ | 12 |
| BACON—Hams | 10½ @ | 11 |
| Shoulders | 6 @ | 7 |
| Sides | 9 @ | 9½ |
| LARD | 7 @ | 7½ |
| POTATOES | 1 00 @ | 1 20 |
| **ST. LOUIS.** | | |
| CATTLE—Shipping steers | 4 50 @ | 5 30 |
| Butchers' steers | 3 00 @ | 4 00 |
| HOGS—Packing | 3 70 @ | 4 00 |
| SHEEP—Fair to choice | 3 50 @ | 4 75 |
| FLOUR—Choice | 4 00 @ | 5 50 |
| WHEAT—No 2 red | 1 03½ @ | 1 04½ |
| CORN—No. 2 | 54½ @ | 54 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 41 @ | 44½ |
| RYE—No. 2 | 82 @ | 82 |
| BUTTER—Creamery | 24 @ | 28 |
| PORK | 10 50 @ | 11 00 |
| **CHICAGO.** | | |
| CATTLE—Shipping steers | 4 50 @ | 5 60 |
| HOGS—Packing and shipping | 3 90 @ | 4 50 |
| SHEEP—Fair to choice | 4 00 @ | 5 00 |
| FLOUR—Winter wheat | 4 00 @ | 5 50 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 1 04½ @ | 1 05 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 56½ @ | 56½ |
| OATS—No. 2 | 40 @ | 40½ |
| RYE—No. 2 | 64 @ | 65½ |
| BUTTER—Creamery | 20 @ | 25 |
| PORK | 10 50 @ | 10 60 |
| **NEW YORK.** | | |
| CATTLE—Common to prime | 4 00 @ | 5 80 |
| HOGS—Good to choice | 4 75 @ | 4 75 |
| FLOUR—Good to choice | 4 10 @ | 5 80 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 1 14 @ | 1 14 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 63 @ | 63½ |
| OATS—Western mixed | 47 @ | 52 |
| BUTTER—Creamery | 21 @ | 27 |
| PORK | 10 75 @ | 12 75 |

**In Wide Awake for June**

Perhaps the most enjoyable thing in that story with the Edward Bellamy touch, "The Pursuit of Happiness," by Tudor Jenks—a quizzical look into the future for boys. A beautiful romance is contributed by Annie Bronson King, under the title, "This Way Went the Lady Mary to Paradise." A good old-time article, "A Vermont Boy's Trip to Boston in 1825," is from the pen of John L. Heaton of the Brooklyn Times. "Amanda Jinkum's Burdens," by Oliver Howard, has its serious lesson for eldest daughters. All the girls might take some tender teaching from sweet, bright, true Polly Pepper in Margaret Sidney's "Five Little Peppers Grown Up" serial, which has never been more interesting than in the present number. Quite a different little girl from Phronsie Pepper, but a charmingly quaint child, makes her curtesy to Wide Awake's readers in the new serial, "Miss Matilda Archambeau Van Dorn;" in the third serial, "Marietta's Good Times," we get delightful glimpses of the free open air life of Italian children. This serial is from the pen of an Italian woman recalling her childhood. Good things are as thick as roses in June; articles, beautiful illustrated poems; pictures, some fine, some funny; four pages of sparkling original anecdotes; "Tangles," and three pages of letters from the children crowd the number full.

Wide Awake is $2.40 a year, $1.20 a vol. (6 mos.); 20 cents a No. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Publishers.

**Accessories of the Chatelaine.**

The accessories of the chatelaines have become very comprehensive. A silver walnut or an acorn contains a powder and a powder puff; a white mouse with jeweled eyes contains sweet odor; a guinea pig is filled with a salve for the lips and in addition to these is a netted purse, a silver tablet, a watch, a pencil, a glove buttoner and a pincushion. Many of them are also furnished with a chime of little silver bells; thus the wearer, like the lady of the nursery rhymes who had rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, is furnished with music wherever she goes, providing she wears her chatelaine.—Chicago Post.

**Thoroughbreds**

Have "staying qualities." That is, competition does not discourage them. Foremost in the race for popular favor, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters took the lead and kept it. The people of America recognize it as the champion winner in all contests with those vicious nags, malaria, dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism and kidney trouble. It always wins.

"WHERE is the quartermaster of this car?" shouted the army officer, and the porter knocked over three umbrellas and broke two windows in his anxiety to respond.—Elmira Gazette.

WHEN you feel all broke up, and life hardly seems worth living. When you hardly feel able to attend to your daily work. When you feel you would give half you own for a little more strength, just give Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla a trial and see what a lift it will give you. You will bless the day you tried Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla.

THE polite reporter wrote that "Miss Chromatic rendered several piano pieces," but the printer set up that she "rended the piano to pieces."—Exchange.

PAIN from indigestion, dyspepsia and too hearty eating is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

A SPORTSMAN'S paper has an article telling "how to make flies." The season is coming when most people would prefer to know how to unmake them.—Somerville Journal.

THOUGHTLESS mothers are they who will not give sickly children Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers. They remove the worms, and the child grows strong.

BE not deceived by the grease on the slide of folly; there are slivers under it.—N. Y. Herald.

FRESHNESS and purity are imparted to the complexion by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

PRIMA facie evidence demonstates that women are more expert colorists than men.—Boston Courier.

FOR twenty-five cents you can get Carter's Little Liver Pills—the best liver regulator in the world. Don't forget this. One pill a dose.

YOU can't tell how things will end—what begins as a little lark may become a great big bat.—Elmira Gazette.

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