A Painful Episode at the Outset of a Most Promising Career.

BY J. D. CALHOUN. . At the request of a rich aunt for my biography, I have written a sample it does not prove fatal I will try it upon my aunt. I make my experithought so too, and I thirsted to be ments in this serial order, not because I like the public less than I like my aunt, but behause I think it is safer. If the public doesn't approve, nobody will make it her or his particular business to acquaint me suddenly and violently with the fact, but I betray no ble my aunt is displeased-but it is unnecessary to proceed. The reader knows how it always is with fellows and their aunts.

statement that the incident I am about to relate was the first shock I ever received to my

FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE.

I was an ambitious youth and had early advantages. One of them was that I learned to set type. The reof the town where I was raised. If be pitied than the callow fledgling with these accomplishments, I cannot conceive it.

I can look back down a long vista of years-periods full of worse downs than I look-a vista adorned with the liveliest sort of widely varied recollections. I can not only look down it, but I can do it with the mellow consciousness that neither in nor about it does there lie the record of having fooled with the business end of a mule in active motion. But grey-haired and pallid as is this end of the vista, between it and the other end is nothing to compare with the sort of young man I have vaguely indicated. A pitiless destiny has foredoomed him to be an editor. Not a reporter, but an editor who shall teach the world the great truths that seethe and bubble in his somewhat manly and divinely impassioned bosom. He is not fit to be an editor, but congealed fate carevery hard pieces and he generally dies before he sees the core of it in its naked things are tiresome, and a great pity it is, too. And, of course, everybody will agree that all unnecessary things are tiresome. All things are either necessary or unnecessary-hence all things are tiresome. When this great truth shall be fully learned, all mankind will be much wiser and much

BUT TO RETURN. At a tender age I skipped away from the parental roof with a handkerchief full of clothes, a bosom full of burning ambitions, a will to conquer the world and a firm determination to be good to it after I had conquered it. I have compared notes with many men and they all were as like me as other peas in a pod-except, perchance, in the slipping away.

After a large number of appalling disappointments I dismounted from a freight car that was dropping to majestic repose at Hagensport, Ind. and when I went to supper his excel-I had more experience and fewer clothes than when I had gone out to conquer. People engaged in collecting statistics may now put me down in the column of those who do not weep for more worlds to conquer. I was hungry and cold and I stepped into a saloon as the only place where I could get warm without being an intruder. Rather a curious thing isn't it, that the saloon was in those days, everywhere, and is now in many places, the sole resort of a cold, hungry and halfclad youth in search of warmth in a strange city.

The hour was early and as I modeatly sidled up to the stove I saw a man at the bar taking what was evidently a habitual eye-opener. He was conversing with the bartender in a loud tone of voice and on terms of friendly confidence. I caught a remark to the effect that he needed a printer, and I caught also at the idea involved. I suggested that I was a printer. From my subdued manner the man or the bartender or the stove could either have appropriated the information. But the man did not give the other two a chance to put in any claim. He instantly turned, came up to me and grasped me by both hands, exclaiming:

"My dear young friend, you are a visitation of Providence. I am the editor and proprietor of the World Reformer. A sordid printer has just left me. I am, or, I should say was, helpless. You shall come with me and share my glorious mission and the great fortune that will be mine. You shall be my friend, my disciple, my support, my alter ego. Come with

He turned to the bar, took another very solid drink of whisky, and I had a chance to inspect him. He was tall ticket, but to support them on acand seedy and had a dark and count of their especial fitness and swarthy face. His nose was purple, personal character. More money Andrew Jackson regime. His voice in five years. And now you've gone, was loud and changed like the circular you petrified essence of idiocy, and saw at a charivari. But his manner played smash with the whole business. was kind. I followed him from the The entire caboodle of 'em will be bar room, happy in the prospect of down on me in less than anhour, callwork, for that meant food and clothes -articles that had, by their comparative absence, raised themselves in my esteem the previous few months. These staples are but a few of the things that are rendered more valua-

ble by not having them. My employer, whose name was Hugh Jackson Stabbs, promised to give me six dollars a week and my board. I ate with the family and had mackerel for breakfast every morning, of blood on the brain I abstracted usually supplemented by boiled pota-toes and bacon gravy. My reduced condition led me to become candidly forever into the wide, wide world. fond of these dietary atrocities. Mr. Stabbs soon discovered my

EDITORIAL ASPIRATIONS, and it affords me pleasure to do him the tribute of saying that he encour- these words: "We would be pleased, aged them. The World-Reformer was moreover, to have the young man who an organ of the labor party, of which is now standing outside the door come fiz." the Hon. Hugh Jackson Stabbs was a in and make certain whether she is prominent apostle. Its circulation here or not. That would be a great was less than 300, but it had at the deal better than opening the door head of the editorial page a double- half an inch and exposing the people lng lemonade "straight." leaded assurance that it went into in the last row of seats to a draught." more homes of the people than any |-Frrnkfurter Zeitung. other paper in that section of the Watermelon seeds were found in an Egypstate. The editor defied his contemtion to that was 3,000 years old. poraries to dispute it, and challenged

them to show their books, but as they were all ashamed of their circulations and claimed to have four or five times as many as they really had, they kept quiet. Mr. Stabbs' greatest delight was in the production of long winded, high-sounding editorials about the dignity of labor, the tyrany of wealth and the like, and when he got more than usually mellow he would earnestly abjure the Money Power to one of them when they arose. I tried my hand at writing similar frantic Stabbs he approved it. Not only was it printed, but he practically abdicated the tripod in my favor and talked about taking me into partner-ship. Weeks went by and I did every sed bit of work on the Worldinexperience in financial matters. To otherwise so wonderfully gifted, this one quality. He flattered himself that he was a profound judge of hu- a gun to the confederate forces. man nature. It was an instinct with him and he never missed sizing up his

the grog emporium. I LOVED STABBS. and revered him with all the ardor of a young, impulsive, hopeful and trustful nature. It is true that I saw little or none of the money that was coming to me. But then I wanted little. I had an order to a store that advertised, when I needed shoes or clothing, my board and washing were a family matter and the exchange list, a carefully cultivated one, gave me all the reading I wanted. I soon became essay of my own production. My employer would lay down the paper on such occasions with tears in his eyes and gaze at me adoringly. He would pile flattery on me until I was nearly delirious and had the mail made up. Then I would take it to the postoffice Often he said to me, "My boy, the day Mr. Stabbs nearly a year and THE FALL ELECTION

county conventions. The labor party also held a convention and Mr. and when it adjourned I rushed around to the office and went to work. I expected every moment to see Mr. Stabbs come in, but he didn't, him. But I was equal to the occasion. I went back to the office, lighted lamps and went on with the work. I run the ticket up to the masthead, inserted the full proceedings of the convention, flung in a few red hot editorials and thrilling battle cries and went to press. All night long I labored, stimulated by the consciousness that I was doing yeoman service for the right. At the first peep of daylight I was returning from the postoffice, where I had just deposited the entire mail and city lists.

I MET MR. STABBS. He looked at me with evident curiosity and asked:

"Where have you been?" "To the postoffice with the mail." He paled as he said: "You haven't got out the paper!" "Yes, sir."

"Let me see it, for God's sake!" he fairly shrieked. We went hastily to the office. He snatched a copy, glanced at it a few moments and then sank into a chair as if paralyzed. My heart almost stopped beating as I gazed at him and a horrible fear of some unknown horror cramped my soul. He revived sufficiently to stand up and clinch his fist and shake it at sinside in Tennessee. me. Finally he recovered his voice and roared at me, "You infernal idiot! You unholy greenhorn! You concentrated simpleton! You've ruined me! Didn't you know, you picapected to support the party ticket.

You everlasting fool, look at that!" And he piled down a fist full of reenbacks. "That was the collection I had made from the men on the other tickets to not hoist the labor ig of the | than the whole labor party pays me ing for money or blood. And Jim Ryker, the sheriff, has been holding brck an execution against me for three months on my promise to support him for re-election. And now he will

have a bailiff in possession here before 9 o'clock. Mr. Stabbs' voice sank into a low. hoarse whisper, his eves rolled convulsively in their sockets and just as he was about to succumb to pressure

It Might Save Doctors' Bills. In a small town in Baden a minister closed his sermon the other day with

A YOUNG HERO.

Bravery and Patriotism Was His Expiring Inspiration.

How a Young Soldier, Almost With His Last Breath, Fulfilled His Vow-There is a Never-Forgotten Inspiration in Such a Death. Col. Henry Jordan retains clearly many recollections of his army experience, and no one is more entertaining in telling them, says the Indianapolis Journal. It is the out-of-thestuff and when I submitted it to Mr. | way incident that gives his stories a zest: the incident that would be forgotten and crowded out of the record by those of greater historical importance. "Soon after Wilder's Brigade," said the Colonel to a reporter recently, "had been armed with that implement of defamily secret when I say that when Reformer except collecting the bills. struction the Spencer repeating rifle, my aunt is displeased—but it is un. This Mr. Stabbs withheld from me, as the confederate women whom we struction the Spencer repeating rifle, he delicately explained, because of my chanced to meet along the line of our expeditions told us that John Morgan keep the books straight was a matter had determined to arm his forces with of the greatest importance and to do repeating rifles captured from Wilder's I may preface my remarks with the statement that the incident I am about to relate was the first shock I torial genius, she had of course been torial genius and to do the greatest importance and the g unable to compress into my make-up, Gen. Morgan and his female allies. It made our men solemnly resolve never, under any circumstances, to surrender

"But there was a danger against

which provision had to be made. maining one was that I learned alman at sight. He had never been so Often our line, moving toward our most everything taught in the schools grateful for his insight as now, because point of destination, would be ten miles long, sometimes even longer. Such a it had enabled him to recognize the genius and promise of manhood in me line could not be maintained unless there is a creature on earth more to when I crept, hungry a d cold, into the men were widely separated, and wide separation made easy communication and rapid concentrations impossible. Capture of single men or small detachments was not only possible, but probable, and it was against this danger that provision had to be made. How to save our guns in the event of capture, and thus defeat Morgan's design, was the problem that confronted officers and men alike. The latter, grouped around their camp-fires at night. discussed the matter with great earnestness, but their deliberations were without result. Finally it was suggesa zealous disciple of reform and more than once did the W.-R. make its appearance with a two-column editorial of capture, all that could be done of capture, all that could be done would be to destroy their effectiveness. in some way or other, before surrend ering them. Investigation disclosed the fact that by removing a single screw the whole loading aparatus could be removed in a single piece, and, this piece thrown away, there would rewhile he would go out and bowl up. main nothing but the stock and barrel I regretted this infirmity, but over- of the gun to be surrendered. This fully conceals the knowledge from him looked it. The future opened out to discovery made, the men gave, each me as a golden path, and I could read- to the others, a solemn vow that, in ly to him. As it is a large and stubborn | ily forgive the few weaknesses of the | the event of capture, the effectiveness fact, it breaks into very small and man who had put my feet on it. of their rifles should be thus destroyed. "Wilder led the advance of the you are twenty-one and no longer an army of the Cumberland, and sweepsimplicity. This disquisition is tire infant in the eyes of the law, I shall ing through Hoover's Gap with his some, but necessary. All necessary hand you a bill of sale of a half inter- horsemen, carrying everything before est in the World-Reformer. That day him, stood at bay at the further end. sees you enter upon the second era of | He held it against overwhelming numa glorious career." I had been with bers until the infantry, which he had left far in the rear, came to his support. Standing in the ranks of the 17th approached. I remember, inciden- Indiana that day was a young soldier, taily, that Mr. Stabbs owed me beloved by all his comrades for his in-\$249.40. Both the old parties-cor- telligence, manliness and splendid rupt, plutocratic machines, as Mr. courage. A mere child, with a wo-Stabbs called them-had held their manly expression upon his face, one could only regret that the war should have dragged him away from his home Stabbs said to me we had better hold to be sacrificed on the field of battle. back the paper for a day and an- Unmindful of everything but duty, he nounce to the world the grand result. | stood there, that day, bravely fighting It was a great occasion. I sat for the against the overwhelming forces that first time at the reporter's table and | were hurled against us. Suddenly he noted down the proceedings. The was seen to fall, and lie motionless upconvention nominated a full ticket on the field. After awhile, in a lull in the battle, he raised himself upon his elbow, took out his little screw-driver, removed the screw and threw the piece away. Not content with that, which his fast-failing strength he emptied lent wife said she had seen nothing of his cartridge-box and scattered his metallic cartridges among the leaves. Then, looking up at the comrades who had gathered around him, he said: Boys, they have killed me, but you can whip them yet. Don't give up the fight.' And then, as he sank back to

> "Thus died Christopher C. McReynolds. There is inspiration in such a life; there is inspiration in such a death; and, in the dark days that followed this event, when one disaster to our arms was quickly followed by another: when discontent and avowed op. sition to the war was to be seen in many of the states of the north, and when foreign intervention, which meant the success of the rebel cause, seemed almost inevitable. and when, discouraged by these things, I was almost prepared to sit down and give up all as lost, it seemed to me that I heard that little blue-eyed boy still whispering, 'Col. Jordan, don't give up the fight.' The highest reward I ask for the poor service I rendered my country is that it shall be remembered that I did not give up the fight until the flag for which that young hero died waved in triumph above his lonely grave on the mount-

the earth, we saw that the spirit of

that brave boy had ascended to the

God of batties.

AN EAVESDROPPER'S FATE.

Young Mr. Silt had been three months away from his sweetheart, and yune's worth of turnip greens, that a he thought what a joke it would be to labor paper is not intended nor exout and kiss her by way of surprise. He succeeded in getting into Emily Ryder's house unobserved, and posted himself behind the door just as he had planned.

As he stood there in gleeful expectancy he heard his sweetheart's voice exclaiming: "O Robin, I've almost cried my eyes

out for you!" Then the listener heard a horrible sound like a kiss, and an endless dialogue followed, in which a man's gruff voice was intermingled. Tom Silt was in a perspiration of

agony, and he felt strongly in favor of rushing upon his sweetheart and the villain she was making love to. On second thought he stole outdoors and posted himself where he could see his rival in exit.

In a few minutes the door opened and a voung man came out. A curiosity impelled Timothy to follow the young man and see where he lived.

The stranger looked back once or

twice suspiciously, and then Timothy would get interested in something across the street till the former faced front again. And so they kept on till the forward man entered a door over which the words "sample-room" shone in gilt letters. Timothy followed the file leader, whom he found seated at a small

Timothy sat down at another table and compromised with his conscience -he was a Good Templar-by order-

At length Timothy's and the stranger's eves met. Neither would look aside and the result was a prolonged mutual stare.

The man got up and swaggered across to Timothy. "Whatd'yer want along o' me?" he

demanded fiercely.
"Maybe that's it," he added, giving no time to answer and dashing the remainder of his "fiz" in Timothy's face. "Anyhow you'll find it an improvement on the slop you're swilling

Here was the opening Timothy had onged for! He took no small pride in his muscle and his "science." In an instant he was up and on guard, and before his adversary knew what was coming a stinging left-hander had closed his right eye.

The combatants, it soon appeared. were very equally matched. Blows fell thick and fast. Right and left they struck out, neither taking time to parry. Damage to the enemy, not self preservation, became for the time the primal law. Nobody interfered. and when the conflict ended it was from sheer exhaustion-victory perching on neither banner. Timothy had himself put into a cab

and driven to his lodgings, whither a doctor was summoned, for repairs. Next morning as he lay, feeling as battered and bruised in spirit as in body, a gentle tap came to the door. "Come in!" growled Timothy, think-

ing it was the landlady. "Why. Timothy!" cried a sweet voice, full of sympathy, "whatever's the matter? I heard this morning you were ill and had had the doctor, but didn't know you'd been in a railroad smashup or been blown up on a steamboat, as I see you have. They didn't want to let me see you, but I said I would-it was my place to nurse you. How did it happen, Tim, dear?"
"Emily Ryder," said Tim, sternly,

raising a corner of the beefsteak and and giving her a very black look indeed, "don't be a hypocrite! I know

And when he had told her all he knew-the story of his fight included-Emily burst into a hearty laugh. "I'm quite prepared for such heartlessness," said Timothy, bitterly. "O Tim, Tim! cried Emily, recover-

ing her breath. "I'm not heartless-I'm truly and sincerely sorry; but how could you be such a dunce? Wait till I introduce Robin. I left him out in the carriage.'

And, running out, she was back in a minute carrying in her arms a mite of a Scotch terrier, that looked like nothing but a pair of glittering eyes peering from a wisp of Scotch heather. "Here's Robin," she said, depositing him on Timothy's pillow, whence he made a vigorous dive at the beefsteak, but his mistress caught his collar.

"He's a present I got while you were way," said Emily, "and the nices little creature in the world. He was stolen the other day, and I offered a reward for his return-no questions to Dorcas? Why, we haven't seen her for be asked. Yesterday a queer-looking man brought him home-the same, no doubt that stole him. Of course I was very glad to see Robin, and called him 'darling,' and kissed him, and made a great to do over him. But you getting into a jealous quarrel and fighting with a dog thief-it's too funny for anything!"

For Timothy's sake we drop the curtain. - Milwaukee Journal.

THE ITALIAN BANCO.

Some Effects of a Badly Mixed Language. In late years nothing has been of half so much service as philology, and properly pursued, there is no study half so amusing as the study of words. It wherever there is a broken heart throws a wonderful light upon hundreds of dark spots in the past, and sheds a certain halo of antiquity upon some of the commonest acts of our

Many of the most familiar terms of speech are of course of Saxon origin, but the Latin, through the Italian, can claim a fair share of the most ordinary phrases, especially in matters relating to banking and finance. This is largely owing to the fact that the Lombards who were the first bankers in Europe who conducted their business upon principles resembling those prevailing in our day. The term "bank" is a good illustration of the humble beginning of the business now carried on by the great monarchs in the realm of Mammon. In early times the primitive bankers transacted their business upon a simple movable bench (banco). and when any of them failed to keep his engagements his bench was said to be broken (banco rotto), hence the word

bankrupt. Mountebank is another instance of the descent of Italian commercial phraseology to the English tongue. The first Italian quack doctors carried a portable bench with them, which they mounted to address the people, in the squares and market places, upon the virtues of their nostrums. It was from this old practice that the term "mountebank," the mounter upon the bench, came to be applied to every species of public charletanry.

Likes Home Customs Best. At the Isles of Shoals they tell the tale that a lecturer went thither to lecture to the assembled guests upon the character and characteristics of last and greatest duty of your lifethe Japanese, and in the course of his remarks he dwelt upon the two facts that the self-contained people do not use expletives, profanity being unknown in their land, and that equally are they ignorant of the goodly fashion of kissing. These statements had their due effect upon the audience, it being observed that the masculine por- put her trust in Christ; calm notwithtion of the hearers were the more impressed by the former statement and the feminine portion by the latter. As the audience was dispersing, with all the clatter of comment, gossin and banter which belongs to such a gathering, one young woman was overheard confiding to another her sentiments in a phrase which was at once most human, expressive and pict-

"As for me," she said, "give me country where they kiss and cuss!" It was felt that on the whole she might be regarded as having pretty well sized up the situation.

Siamese Tonsorial Customs.

The children of Siam have their heads shaved with the exception of a lock on the crown. This is not allowed to be touched until they reach manhood, and the ceremony of cutting it cushioned the chariots of King Solomon; it off is one of the greatest events of the child's life. The hair-cutting of a prince belonging to the royal family flash of the chandelier, everywhere, it has costs thousands of dollars. A great table in the act of calling for a "gin | feast is given, and the barber who does the work receives a valuable present. He clips the locks with golden shears and shaves the spot with a gilded razor. When the heir apparent to the the employer have been constructed. throne is shaved in this way the whole nation rejoices. There is a grand festival at Bangkok, in which the royal white elephants take part, and feasting goes on for days

DR. TALMAGE IN JOPPA.

The Eminent Brooklyn Preacher Talks on the Charities of the Needle.

He Arrives at the Birthplace of Sewing Societies, in the Course of His Pilgrimage and Entertains a Company of Christian

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage reached ancient Joppa in time to preach to an appreciative company of Christians last Sunday. His subject was: "The Birthplace of Sewing Societies." He took for his text Acts ix, 39: "And all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them." The preacher said: Christians of Joppa! Impressed as I am

with your mosque, the first I ever saw, and stirred as I am with the fact that your harbor once floated the great rafts of Lebanon cedar from which the temples at Jerusalem were builded, Solomon's oxen drawing the logs through this very town on the way to Jerusalem, nothing can make me forget that this Joppa was the birthplace of the sewing society that has blessed the succeeding ages lands. The your town when Judas Maccabæus set on fire, and Napoleon had five hundred prisoners massacred in your neighborhood. cannot make me forget that one of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was started in this seaport by Dorcas, a woman with her needle embroidering her name meffaceably into the beneficence of the world. I see her sitting in yonder home In the doorway, and around about the building, and in the room where she sits, are the pale faces of the poor. She listens to their plaint, she pities their wee, she makes garments for them, she adjusts the manufactured articles to suit the bent form of this invalid woman, and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one, she gives sandals to that one. With the gifts she mingles prayers and tears and Christian encouragement. Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street the cry is heard: "Dorcas is coming!" The sick look up gratefully in her face as she puts her hand on the burning brow, and the lost and the abandoned start up with hope as they hear her gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them; and as she goes out the lane, eyes half put out with sin think they see a halo of light about her brow, and a trail of glory in her pathway. That night a half paid shipwright climbs the hill and reaches home, and sees his little boy well clad, and says: "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell him, "Dorcas has been here." In another place a woman is trimming a lamp; Dorcas bought the oil. In another place, a family that had not been at table for many a week are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought

But there is a sudden pause in that woman's ministry. They say: "Where is many a day. Where is Dorcas?" And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door and finds the mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness, the news comes, "Dorcas is sick!" No bulletin flashing from the palace gate telling the stages of a king's disease, is more anxiously awaited for than the news from this sick benefactress. Alas! for Joppa! there is wailing, wailing. That voice which uttered so many cheerful words is hushed; that hand which had so many garments for the poor is cold and still; the star which had poured light into the midnight of wretchedness is dimmed by the blinding mists that go up from the river of death. In every Gcd forsaken place in this town; wherever there is a sick child and no balm; wherever there is hunger and no bread; wherever there is guilt and no commiseration; and no comfort, there are despairing looks streaming eyes, and frantic gesticulations as they cry: "Dorcas is dead!" They send for the apostle Peter, who happens to be in the suburbs of this place, stopping with a tanner by the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door, and stands in the presence of the dead. What expostulation and grief all about him! Here stand some of the poor people, who show the garments which this poor woman had made for them. Their grief cannot be appeased. The apostle Peter wants to perform a miracle. He will not do it amidst the excited crowd, and he kindly orders that the whole room be cleared. The door is shut against the populace. The apostle stands now with the dead. Oh, it is a serious moment, you know, when you are alone with a lifeless body! The apostle gets down on his knees and prays, and then he comes to the lifeless form of this one all rendy for the sepulcher, and in the strength of him who is the resurrection he exclaims: "Tabitha, arise!" There is a stir in the fountains of life; the heart flutters: the nerves thrill; the cheek flushes; the eye opens; she sits up! We see in this subject Dorcas the disciple; Dorcas the benefactress; Dorcas the

If I had not seen that word disciple in my text, I would have known this woman was a Christian. Such music as that never came from a heart which is not chorded and strung by divine grace. Before I show you the needlework of this woman, I want to show you her regenerated heart, the source of a pure life and all Christian charities. I wish that the wives and mothers and daughters and sisters of all the earth would imitate Dorcas in her discipleship. Before you cross the threshold of the hospital, before you enter upon the temptations and trials of to-morrow. I charge you, in the name of God, and by the turmoil and tumult of the judgment day, oh women! that you attend to the first' the seeking for God and being at peace with him. When the trumpet shall sound, there will be an uproar, and a wreck of mountain and continent, and no human arm can help you. Amiast the rising of the dead, and amidst the boiling of yonder sea, and amidst the live, leaping thunders of the flying heavens, calm and placid will be every woman's heart who hath fire in the heavens were only the gildings an autumnat sunset, as though the peal of the trumpet were only the harmony of an orchestra, as the awful voices of the sky were but a group of friends bursting through a gateway at eventime with laughter, and shouting "Dorcas, the disciple!" Would God that every Mary and every Martha would this day sit down at the feet

lamented; Dorcas the resurrected.

Further, we see Dorcas the benefactress. History has told the story of the crown; the epic poet has sung of the sword; the pastoral poet, with his verses full of the redolence of clover tops, and a-rustle with the silk of the corn, has sung the praises of the plow. I tell you the praises of the needle. From the fig leaf robe prepared in the garden of Eden to the last stitch taken on the garment for the poor, the needle has wrought wonders of kindness, generosity and benefaction. It adorned the girdle of the high priest; it fashioned the curtains in the ancient tabernacle: it provided the robes of Queen Elizabeth; and in hish places and in low places, by the fire of the pioneer's back log and under the clothed nakedness, preached the Gospel, it has overcome hosts of penury and want with the war cry of "Stitch, stitch stitch!" The operatives have found a livelihood by it, and through it the mansions of Amidst the greatest triumph in all ages and lands, I set down the conquests of the needle. I admit its crimes ; I admit its cruelties. It has had more martyrs than the fire; it has punctured the eye; it has pierced the side; it has struck weak-

ness into the lungs; it has sent madness into the brain; it has filled the potter's field: it has pitched whole armies of the suffering into crime and wretchedness and woe. But now that I am talking of Dorcas and her ministries to the poor, I shall speak only of the charities of the needle.

This woman was a representative of all those women who make garments for the estitute, who knit socks for the parefooted. who prepare bandages for the lacerated. who fix up boxes of clothing for missionaries, who go into the asylums of the suffering and destitute bearing that Gospel which is sight for the blind, and hearing for the deaf and which makes the same mam leap like a hart, and brings the dead to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses. What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman and a great deal of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend her time idly planning how the poor of your city of Joppa were to be relieved: she took her needle and relieved them. She was not like these persons who symyathise with imaginary sorrows, and go out in the street and laugh at the boy who has upset his basket of cold vituals, or like that charity which makes a rousing speech on the benevolent platform, and goes out to kick the begger from the step, crying: "Hush your miserable howling!" The sufferers of the world want not so much theory as practice; not so much tears as dollars; not so much kind wishes as loaves of breat; not so much smiles as shoes; not so much "God bless yous!" as jackets and frocks. I will put one earnest Christian man, hard working, against five thousand mere theorists on the subject of charity. There are a great many who have fine ideas about church architecture who never in their life helped to build a church. There are men who can give you the history of Buddism and Mohammedanism, who never sent a farthing for their evangelization. There are women who talk beautifully about the suffering of the world, who never had the courage like Dorcas to take the needle and

assault it. I am glad that there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of female benevolence. God says to all lands and people, Come now and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor box. The princess of Conti sold all her jewels that she might help the famine stricken. Queen Blanche, the wife of Louis VIII, of France, hearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amidst the rabble and took a stick and struck the door as a signal that they might all strike it, and down went the prison door and out came the prisoners. Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I, went down amidst the poor and washed their sores and administered to them cordials. Mrs. Retson, at Matagorda, appeared on the pattlefield while the missiles of death were flying around, and cared for the wounded. is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the civil war in America who has not heard of the women of the Sanitary and Christian commissions, or the fact that, before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain, the women of the battlefield, forgetting all their animosities while they bound up the wounded, and closed the eyes of the slain? Dorcas

I come now to speak of Dorcas the lamented. When death struck down that good woman, oh, how much sorrow there was in this town of Joppa! I suppose there were women here with larger fortunes; women, perhaps, with handsomer faces; but there was no grief at their departure like this at the death of Dorcas. There was not more turmoil and upturning in the Mediterranean sea, dashing against the wharves of this seaport, than there were surgings to and fro of grief because Dorcas was dead. There are a great many who go out of life and are unmissed. There may be a very large funeral; there may be a great many carriages and a plumed hearse; there may be high sounding eulogiums; the bell may toll at the cemetery gate; there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting place; but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sham. The church of God has lost nothing, the world has lost nothing. It is only a nuisance abated; it is only grumbler ceasing to find fault; it is only an idler stopped yawning; it is only a dissipated fashionable parted from his wine cellar; while, on the other hand, no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed. The church of God cries out like the prophet: "Howl, fir tree, for the cedar has fallen." Widowhood comes and shows the garments which the departed had made. Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes and kisses the cold brow of her who charmed it away from sin, and all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning-mourning because Dorcas is dead.

When Josephine of France was carried out to her grave, there were a great many men and women of pomp and pride and position that went out after her; but I am most affected by the story of history that on that day there were ten thousand of the poor of France who followed her coffin. weeping and wailing until the air rang again, because, when they lost Josephine, they lost their last earthly friend. Oh, who would not rather have such obsequies than all the tears that were ever poured in the lachrymals that have been exhumed from ancient cities. There may be no mass for the dead: there may be no costly sarcophagus; there may be no elaborate mausoleum; but in the damp cellars of the city, and through the lonely huts of the mountain glen, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, because Dorcas is dead. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

I speak to you of Dorcas the resurrected. The apostle came to where she was and said: "Arise; and she sat up!" In what a short compass the great writer put that-"She sat up!" Oh, what a time there must have been around this town, when the apostle brought her out among her old friends! How the tears of joy must have started! What clapping of hands there must have been! What singing! What laughter! Sound it all through that lane! Shout it down that dark alley! Let all Joppa hear it! Dorcas is resurrected! You and I have seen the same thing many a time; not a dead body resuscitated, but the deceased coming up again after death in the good accomplished. If a man labors

up to fifty years of age, serving God, and earth will continue till the world ceases. Services rendered for Christ never stop. A Christian woman toils for the upbuilding of a church through many anxieties, through many self denials, with prayers and tears, and then she dies. It is fifteen years since she went away. Now the spirit of God descends upon that church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of Christ. Has that christian woman, who went away fifteen years ago, nothing to do with these things? I see the flowering out of her noble heart. I hear the echo of her footsteps in all the songs over sins forgiven, in all the prosperity of the church. The good that seemed to be buried has come up again. Dorcas is resurrected. After a while all these womanly friends

of Christ will put down their needle forever. After making garments for others. some one will make a garment for them; the last robe we ever wear-the robe for the grave. You will have heard the last cry of pain. You will have witnessed the last orphanage. You will have come in worn out from your last round of mercy. I do not know where you will sleep, nor what your epitaph will be; but there will be a lamp burning at the tomb and an angel of God guarding it, and through all the long night no rude foot will disturb the dust. Sleep on, sleep on! Soft bed, pleasant shadows, undisturbed repose! Sleep on!

Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep. Then one day there will be a sky rending, and a whirl of wheels, and the flash of a pageant: armies marching, chains clanking. banners waving, thunders booming, and that Christian woman will arise from the

dust, and she will be suddenly surrounded -surrounded by the wanderers of the street whom she reclaimed, surrounded by the wounded souls to whom she had administered! . Daughter of God, so strangely surrounded, what means this! It means that reward has come, that the victory is won, that the crown is ready, that the banque is spread. Shout it through all the cramt heavens. Dorcas is resurrected!

ling earth. Sing it through all the flying In 1855, when some of the soldiers came back from the Crimean war to London, the Queen of England distributed among them beautiful medals, called Crimean medals Galleries were erected for the two houses of paraliament and the royal family to sit in. There was a great audience to witness the distribution of the medals. A colonel who had lost both feet in the battle of Inkerman was pulled in on a wheel chair; others came in limping on their crutches. Then the queen of England arose before them in the name of her government, and uttered words of compendation to the officers and men, and distributed these medals, inscribed with the four great battlefields, Alma, Balakiava, Inkerman and Sebastopol. As the queen gave these to the wounded men and the wounded officers, the bands of music struck up the national air, and the people with streaming eyes joined in the song:

God save our gracious gueen! Long live our noble queen! God save the queen! And then they shouted "Huzza! huzza!"

Oh, it was a proud day for those returned warriors! But a brighter, better and gladder day will come when Christ shall gather those who have toiled in his service, good soldiers of Jesus Christ. He shall rise before them, and in the presence of all the glorified of heaven he will say: "Well done. good and faithful servant!" and then he will distribute the medals of eternal victory, not inscribed with works of righteousness which we have done, but with those four great battlefields, dear to earth and dear to heaven, Bethlehem! Nazereth! Gethsemane! Calvary!

Musical Lizards. As is well known, lizards of all col-

ors and sizes abound in Italy. They lie basking on all the stones, they run along all the walls, they peep out of every chink and crevice; but as soon as they hear the faintest noise they disappear with lightning speed, and it is hard to see them near and to observe them closely. Walking carelessly, and noticing the dear little animals darting now here, now there, I remembered the Greek statue of Apollo Sauroktonos, who is always represented as busied with a lizard-Apollo, god of the sun and of music. "Suppose I try," I thought, and softly, quite softly, I began to whistle a dreamy old German air, and behold! a lizard lies still, as though rooted to the spot, raising his little head in a listening attitude, and looking at me with his sharp little eyes. Without stirring I continued my melody. The lizard came gearer and nearer, and approached quite close, always listening and forgetting all its fears. As soon, however, as the whistler made the smallest movement it vanished into some crevice, but to peep forth again a moment after and to listen once more. as though entirely entranced. A delightful discovery, truly, and one of which I extended the field of observation daily. At least as many as eight or nine of these little music lovers would sit around me in the most comic attitudes. Nay two of them, a mother and its young one, would sit awaiting me as I arrived whistling at the same hour of day, sitting on a large stone, under which was probably their home. With these, too, I made some further experiments. After having made music to them a while I cautiously went a few steps further, whistling on in soft, drawling tone, such as I had found they best loved to hear, and see. verily, they followed me! Watching them with interest, I continued to whistle as I walked on slowly, halting every few paces and being silent when I halted, and truly the little creatures followed, slowly it is true, but in a straight line, at a distance of about fifteen steps, until at last, unhappily, the heavy tread of a peasant put them to flight. But my experiment had lasted long enough to make me understand the Apollo Sauroktonos, and I once more reverenced the keen native observation of those old Hellenes. Besides this the legend of the "Rat Catcher of Hamelin" suddenly became much more credible. - Leisure Hour.

Danced Forty Miles. A young civil engineer who came home last week after a four months' expedition through the Black Hills with a government surveying party. told the following story:

"One evening last summer we pitched camp, and after supper the commanding officer in the party ordered me to make a detour to a certain point further north. The distance by the road I was told to take was believed to be about four miles, but to get it exactly I was given a pedometer to carry in my pocket. On the way I came to a small mining settlement, and a dance was going on in the biggest saloon. As I had plenty of time on my hands I went in and joined in the dance, and never rested a leg until midnight. I then proceeded to finish my detour. got back to camp and turned in. In the morning I was asked to report, and without a thought I handed over the pedometer. The officer looked at it in amazement and then exclaimed: 'Forty-four miles! Where on earth did you go last night?' I was perplexed at first myself and could not explain my wonderful record, and it was not then dies, we are apt to think that his earth- until later that I recalled the dance. ly work is done. No. His influence on | but I can't believe that I danced forty miles in a single evening."—Buffal

> Muskrats. Two Hallowell (Me.) sportsmen saw an interesting family in a Maine stream. They suddenly found their boat surrounded by young muskrats, which were as playful as kittens, diving and coming to the surface again, swimming around the boat and looking up to it with eyes that did not betray the least suspicion of danger. For some minutes the two men watched the manæuveres, until the two old muskrats made their appearance. The

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low, which they quickly did. The Society Girl's Shoes.

latter came out from the shore and

dove with a splash that seemed to be

the signal for the younger ones to fol-

The shoes of the fashionable girl grow narrower and longer every day of the season. It is English to do so. and so they do, and the shoe is as narrow as they can wear, while a point an inch longer than their foot extends beyond it to increase the appearance of slenderness. They are of patent leather, with heels not more than half an inch high and with quite thin soles. These are their carriage shoes. but for walking kangaroo skin, with a sharp diamond of patent leather at the toe, is to be preferred.