WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

The light on the mountain falls asiant; The birds in the bush are still; The cricket chirps in the pasture plant When the cows come over the hill.

The swallows circle above the caves; A pale star mounts the sky; The squirrels rustle the golden sheaves When the cows are passing by.

Over the valley the shadows creep. Dark'ning the green of the pine: Down in the garden the honeybees sleep, Missing the breath of the kine.

The tinkle of bells is sweet to my car. But sweeter the words of a song That the singer is slowly bringing near As she follows the cows along.

She sings of a lover whose faith is fast Wherever his footsteps roam; And her check grows red when we meet a

last, As the cows are nearing home.

-New Bohemian.

FAIRBAIRN'S START.

Fairbairn's a successful man-especially since his wife's money has enabled him to write at leisure-and he's clever, but I do think he lacks resource. See here, this is from the morning paper:

"A sale of autograph letters was held yesterday at the rooms of Messrs. Lethbridge. White & Co., when some high prices were recorded.

"A small lot of six very early and interesting letters written by Charles Dickens when he was reporting for the Morning Chronicle fetched \$400; two short notes by Lord Tennyson, written prior to his marriage in 1850, and having reference to 'In Memoriam.' sold for \$61; a four-page letter written by John Ruskin in 1842 was bought for \$36.75; three early letters written by John Fairbairn and the title page of the original manuscript of his famous novel. "The Vision of Present Things." were secured by Mr. Watchet, after a brisk competition, for \$76. A batch of twenty short notes and post cards by Mr. Gladstone fetched \$42, and a few minor lots were disposed of."

That's how things stand to-day with Fairbairn; anything of his sells-including his autograph.

But four years ago his position with the public was very different, and I am going to tell you how small a thing was really the turning push which veered the needle round on the dial. and then set it fair for his future.

Fairbairn and I both played at being barristers after we left Oxford, and both found it necessary to do breadand-butter work for journals whose editors considered our stuff worth paying for.

This went on for a couple of years. when, by the death of a relative, I came into a working share of a patent pill. From that time I found ample scope for my literary ability in writing advertisements for the pill.

But Fairbairn had to keep his nose to the grindstone and wanted the leisure to do his best work; and then got engaged to Eliner Hay. Her father. Andrew Hay, was a wealthy north country manufacturer retired 1101 business, a man of whims and crochets, which were strong in proportion to their unreasonableness. Among his crotchets were an absurd belief in Bloxam's pills, which can't hold an invalid's night light to mine; a fancy for borse-hair sofas and dining-room chairs, which besides being most uncomfortable and slippery, are terribly wearing on one's trousers; an extraordinary opinion of successful and well-known authors and an entire contempt for those not eminent. But the man was a curiosity in other ways. He would spend large sums on his hobbies, the collecting of old silver plate and autograph letters, and yet I believe he was almost parsimonious about his household expenditures. They were afraid to tell old Hay about their engagement, for Elinor told Fairbairn-who was quite frank with her about his means-in what light her father regarded authors who had yet to arrive.

Fairbairn's fances was 20, and she had confided to my wife that she couldn't touch the money that came to her from her mother if she married without her father's consent under the

And an and the second s

age of 25. On the following Monday I went to dinner at Mr. Hay's. The only other guests were Fairbairn and a Miss Petres a friend of Elinor's.

After dinner the old man got show ing us some of his things, and Fairbairn, at my advising, played up to old Hay and admired his autograph letters when he pulled out his portfolios.

I remember one he showed us was a little scrap written by Charles II. when a boy to his guardian, the earl of Newcastle, who had been chiding him for not taking his medicine:

"My lord, I would not have you take too much phisick; for it doth allwates make me worse, and I think it will do the like with you," ran this letter, and I nearly sent Hay into a fit when I suggested he should lend it to me for fac simile production, with the addition, "Take Pinkerton's Pills. Charles

(Mr. Hay died last year and his daughter recently gave me Charles IL's letter. You may like to see it au naturel before it goes on the hoard-Ings.)

Later in the evening the old gentle man showed me some recent acquisitions, and among them was an early letter he had bought, at a high price, written by George Meredith.

"That's what I call an author, sir!" he exclaimed, as he gazed at his purchase; "I haven't read him and I don't know what he writes about, but it's good enough proof for me of his position when I have to pay in bank notes for his letters." And the old man glanced disparagingly in Fairbairn's direc-

This remark at once suggested to me my plan of action. I thought it out as I went home and the next day set to work.

First, I went to a well-known London dealer in autographs and bought \$125 worth of letters. I added to thesewhich included one by Carlyle and two of Thackeray's-a couple of notes written to me some years ago by Fairbairn

and which I had hunted up among my papers. I then went to one of the literary

salesrooms and gave in all the letters including Fairbairn's-with a commission for their sale at the next auction. At the same time I obtained from the manager the names and addresses of half a dozen regular attendants at their auctions, and, calling a hansom, went to see each of them. My formula was the same in each case. I said: "At Blank's sale next Tuesday some of John Fairbairn's letters will be put up

"Who's John Fairbairn?" was the invariable question that was interposed.

"He's the author of 'Lucy Armitage." and-er-er, why, surely you know him?"

But none of the six men did, so I told each of them privately to bid for these two letters of Fairbairn's for me. 1 named my price limit at \$50 for bidder "A" and at \$75 for bidder "F." letting

but as a bid of \$10 was quietly offered of he by one of my agents I whispe Hay, "Fairbairn's letters are being offered.

"Twelve dollars," came sharp from nother of my six bidders, and "\$15" from another on Hay's left. The old gentleman looked puzzled.

"Twenty," called out my "F" man who sat on the other side of the table \$25," "\$30" and "\$40" were quickly reached before old Hay could get back the breath he had lost in his first gasp of astonishment.

Leaning toward him, I whispered, for I saw he was bit:

"Shall I bid?"

"No. no: leave it to me." he muttered. as he mopped his head in a dazed way. "This beats me, but they must be worth having, or Potter and Hayman

and the others wouldn't be so keen.' "Fifty dollars" was reached, when to my immense surprise Mr. Hay called out "\$55," and as he was at once taken up and passed by my man "C." I leaned back in my chair and fairly luxuriated in the scene. The ordinary habitues of the salesroom were completely nonplused; but Hay did not notice it; he was too much engrossed. A bid of \$65

had come from my fourth limit man and Hay chimed in, only to be cut out by my fifth string with \$70. With a thump on the table Hay look

ed at the auctioneer and gasped \$75. A final glance round, the mallet fell. and Mr. Hay had bought two of the despised John Fairbairn's letters!

Of course this settled the whole thing for Hay was the last man ever to go back on his own judgment. As we went out together he said to me:

'You must forgive me for what I said the other evening about Mr. Fairbairn. I had no idea he stood so high But you can't have a surer test of a man's position than the price his letters fetch."

I murmured a polite rejoinder, and said: "Your mistake was quite pardonable, Mr. Hay, for Fairbairn is one of those quietly brilliant men who are really right up at the top of the tree. but who make no fuss of self-advertise ment."

"Yes, yes; it must be so, and I must make amends for my mistake. Will you come and meet him at dinner on Friday?

On the morning after the dinner Fair bairn formally proposed for Miss Hay, and her father at once consented.

She gave my artist the necessary sit tings for "Brought Up on Pinkerton's Pills," one of the best posters 1 have ever used, and the marriage took place within three months.

The income from his wife's money was not for long needed by Fairbairn. for the report of the sale of his letters brought him into prominent notice and his own clever work cemented his STRUCTSS.

But you can now see why I started by saying that Fairbairn lacks re source, because he might have thought of the plan himself; but, then, he is merely a talented man-he has not the genius which is at the call of a writer of advertisements for Pinkerton's pills. -Sketch.

Suspicious of "Dem Feet."

THE WINTER BLASTS. REV. DR. TALMAGE SHOWS HOW

TO WARM THE WORLD.

A Unique Text and a Powerful Ber

-The World's Fireplace.

mon-The Effect of the Untimely Cold-Warmth of the Church of God

Our Weekly Sermon The freezing blasts which have swept over the country at the time we expected spring weather make this sermon espe

before his cold ?" The almanac says that winter is ender and spring has come, but the winds, and the frosts, and the thermometers, in some

places down to zero, deny it. The paulmist lived in a more genial climate than this, and yet he must sometimes have been cut by the sharp weather. In this chapter he peaks of the snow like wool, the frost like ashes, the hailstones like marbles and describes the congealment of lowest temperature. We have all studied the power of the heat. How few of us have studied the power of the frost? "Who can stand before his cold?" This challenge of the text has many times been accepted.

Oct. 19, 1812, Napoleon's great army began its retreat from Moscow. One hundred and fifty thousand men, 50,000 horses, 600 pieces of cannon, 40,000 strag glers. It was bright weather when they started from Moscow, but soon something wrathier than the Cossacks swooped upon their flanks. An army of arctic blasts with icicles for bayonets and hailstones for shot, and commanded by voice of tem pest, marched after them, the flying ar tillery of the heavens in pursuit. The troops at nightfall would gather into cir cles and huddle themselves together for warmth, but when the day broke they rose not, for they were dead, and the ravens came for their morning meal of orpses. The way was strewn with the rich stuffs of the east, brought as booty from the Russian capital. An invisible power seized 100,000 men and hurled them dead into the snowdrifts and on the hard surfaces of the chill rivers and into the maws of the dogs that had followed them from Moscow. The feezing borror which has appalled history was proof to all ages that it is a vain thing for any earthly power to accept the challenge of my text, "Who could stand before his cold?" In the middle of December, 1777. at Valley Forge, 11,000 troops were, with frosted ears and frosted hands and frosted feet, without shoes, without blankets, lying on the white pillow of the snowbank Frigid Horrors.

As during our civil war the cry was 'On to Richmond!" when the troops were not ready to march, so in the Revolutionary war there was a demand for wintry campaign until Washington lost his equi-librium and wrote emphatically, "I assure those gentlemen it is easy enough seated by a good fireside and in comfortable homes to draw out campaigns for the American army, but I tell them it is not so easy to lie on a bleak hillside, without blankets and without shoes." Oh, the frigid borrors that gathered around the American army in the winter of 1777 Valley Forge was one of the tragedies of the century. Benumbed, senseless, dead Who can stand before his cold?" say the frozen lips of Sir John Franklin and his men, dying in arctic exploration. "Not we," answer Schwatka and his crew, falling back from the fortresses of ice which they had tried in vain to capture. "Not we," say the abandoned and crushed decks of the Intrepid, the Re-"Not we. sistance and the Jeannette, say the procession of American martyrs But I can't stop. I am on my way to returned home for American sepalture, De temple services. Go along, you beast. Carry me up to my temple duties." After Long and his men. The highest pillars of the earth are pillars of ice-Mont Blanc, Jungfrau, the Matterhorn. The largest galleries of the world are galleries of Some of the mighty rivers much of the year are in captivity of ice. The greatest sculptors of the ages are glaciers, with arm and hand and chisel and hammer of ice. The cold is imperial and has a crown of glittering crystal and is seated on a up to my temple duties." throne of ice, with footstool of ice and conter of ice Who can tell the sufferings of the winter of 1433, when all the birds of Germany perished, or the winter of 1658 in England, when the stages rolled poor wounded Israelite. Coming along, he on the Thames and temporary houses of merchandise were built on the ice, or the winter of 1821 in America, when New York harbor was frozen over and the heaviest teams crossed on the ice to Staten Island? Then come down to our own winters, when there have been so many wrapping themselves in furs, or gathering themselves around fires, or thrashing their arms about them to revive circulationthe millions of the temperate and the arc tic zones who are compelled to confess, "None of us can stand before his cold." Fireless Homes. One half of the industries of our day are employed in battling inclemency of the weather. The furs of the north, the cotton of the south, the flax of our own fields the wool of our own flocks, the coal from our own mines, the wood from our own forests, all employed in battling these in demencies, and still every winter, with blue lips and chattering teeth, answers, "None of us can stand before his cold." Now, this being such a cold world, God sends out infinences to warm it. I am glad that the God of the frost is the God of the heat; that the God of the snow is the God of the white blossoms; that the God of January is the God of June. question as to how shall we warm this world up is a question of immediate and all encompassing practicality. In this zone and weather there are so many fireless, hearths, so many broken window panes, so many defective roofs that sift the snow. Coal and wood and flannels and thick cost are better for warming up such a place than tracts and Bibles and creeds. Kindle that fire where it has go ac out; wrap something around those shivering limbs; shoe those bare feet; hat that

friends, there are hundreds of the of people who cannot stand before his cald? It is useless to preach to bare feet, and to empty stomachs, and to gaunt vis-ages. Christ gave the world a lesson in on sense when, before preaching the sospel to the multitude in the wilderness, he gave them a good dinner.

When I was a lad, I remember seeing two rough woodcuts, but they made more impression upon me than any pictures I have ever seen. They were on opposite The one woodcut represented the pages. coming of the snow in winter and a lad looking out at the door of a great mansion, and he was all wrapped in furs, and his cheeks were ruddy, and, with glowing countenance, he shouted, "It snows! It ' On the next page there was a snows!" miserable tenement, and the door was open, and a child, wan and sick and rag-ged and wretched, was looking out, and The he said, "Oh, my God, it snows!" winter of gladness or of grief, according to our circumstances. But, my friends, there is more than one way of warming up this cold world, for it is a cold world in more respects than one, and I am here to consult with you as to the best way of warming up the world. I want to have a great heater introduced into all your hurches and all your homes throughout the world. It is a heater of divine patent It has many pipes with which to conduct heat, and it has a door in which to throw the fuel. Once get this heater introduced. and it will turn the arctic zone into the temperate, and the temperate into the tropics. It is the powerful heater; it is the glorious furnace of Christian sympathy. The question ought to be, instead of how much heat can we absorb, How much heat can we throw out? There are men who go through the world floating They freeze everything with icehergs. their forbidding look. The hand with which they shake yours is as cold as the paw of a polar bear. If they float into a religious meeting, the temperature drops from S0 above to 10 degrees below zero. There are icicles hanging from their eyebrows. They float into a religious meet ing, and they chill everything with their iereminds. Cold prayers, cold songs, cold greetings, cold sermons. Christianity on The church a great refrigerator Christians gone into winter quarters. Ill bernation! On the other hand, there are people who go through the world like the breath of a spring morning. Warm greetings, warm prayers, warm smiles, warm Christian influence. There are such per-sons. We bless God for them. We rejoice in their companionship.

The Good Samaritan.

A general in the English army, the army having halted for the night, having lost his baggage, lay down tired and sick without any blanket. An officer came up and said: "Why, you have no blanket. I'll go and get you a blanket." He departed for a few moments and then came back and covered the general up with a very warm blanket. The general said: "Whose blanket is this?" The officer replied, "I got that from a private soldier in the Scotch regiment, Ralph McDonald. "Now," said the general, "you take this blanket right back to that soldier. He can no more do without it than I can do without it. Never bring to me the blanket of a private soldier." How many men like that general would it take to warm the world up? The vast majority of us are anxious to get more blankets, whether anybody else is blanketless or not. Look at the fellow feeling displayed in the rocky defile between Jernsalem and Jericho in Scripture times. Here is a man who has been set upon by the bandits, and in the struggle to keep his property he has got wounded and manled and stabbed, and he lies there half dead. A priest rides along. He sees him and says: "Why, what's the

be hurt, lying on the flat of his back

Isn't it strange that he should he there

awhile a Levite comes up. He looks over

and says: "Why, that man must be very

much hurt. Gashed on the forehead. What a pity! Tut, tut! What a pity!

Why, they have taken his clothes nearly

all away from him. But I haven't time to stop. I lead the choir up in the temple

service. Go along, you beast. Carry me

After awhile a Samaritan comes along-

one who you might suppose through a na-

tional grudge might have rejected this

sees this man and says: "Why, that man

must be terribly hurt. I see by his fea-

tures he is an Israelite, but he is a man, and he is a brother." "Whoa!" says the

Samaritan, and he gets down off the beast

and comes up to this wounded man, gets

down on one knee, listens to see whether

the heart of the unfortunate man is still

beating, makes up his mind there is a

chance for resuscitation, goes to work at

him, takes out of his sack a bottle of oil

and a bottle of wine, cleanses the wound

with some wine, then pours some of the

restorative into the wounded man's lips.

then takes some oil, and with it soothe

the wound. After awhile he takes off a

part of his garments for a bandage. Now

the sick and wounded man sits up, pale

the good Samaritan says. "You must get

Samaritan helps and tenderly steadies this

the tavern, the wounded man holding on

with the little strength he has left, ever

and anon looking down at the good Sa-

maritan and saying: "You are very kind

I had no right to expect this thing of a

You

The

Samaritan when I am an Israelite.

are very kind to walk and let me ride.

Christian Fympathy.

Now they have come up to the tavern

The Samaritan, with the help of the land

lord, assists the sick and wounded man

Bible says the Samaritan staid all night

In the morning, I suppose, the Samaritan

went in to look how his patient was and

ask him how he passed the night. Then

he comes out, the Samaritan comes out

and says to the landlord: "Here is money

to pay that man's board, and, if his con

to dismount and puts him to bed.

wounded man until he gets him on toward

and exhausted, but very thankful

on my saddle, and I will walk."

Why,

matter with that man?

Ellijah, "Come in and alt down at solemn table and take a third of the morsel." How many women like that would it take to warm the cold world up? Warmed by Christ.

It was his strong sympathy that brought Christ from a warm heaven to a cold world. The land where he dwelt had a serene sky, balanmic atmosphere, tropical serene sky, balannic atmosfasts in heaven; luxuriance; no storm blasts in heaven; no chill fountains. On z cold December night Christ stepped out of a warm heaven into the world's frigidity. The thermem-eter in Palestine never drops below zero, but December is a cheerless month, and the pusturage is very poor on the hilltops Christ stepped out of a warm heaven into the cold world that cold December night. The world's reception was cold. The surf of bestormed Galilee was cold. Joseph's sepulcher was cold. Christ came, the great warmer, to warm the earth, and all Christendom to-day feels the glow. He will keep on warming the earth until the tropic will drive away the arctic and the autarctic. He gave an intimation of what he was going to do when he broke up the funeral at the gate of Nain and turned it into a reunion festival, and when, with his warm lips, he melted the Galilean hurri-cane and stood on the deck and stamped his foot, crying, "Silence!" and the waves cronched, and the tempests folded their WINGS.

Oh, it was this Christ who warmed the chilled disciples when they had no food by giving them plenty to eat and who in the tomb of Lazarus shattered the shackles until the broken links of the chain of death rattled into the darkest crypt of the mausoleum. In his genial presence the girl who had fallen into the fire and the water is healed of the catalepsy, and the withered arm takes muscular, healthy action, and the ear that could not hear an avalanche catches a leaf's rustle, and the tongue that could not articulate trills a quatrain, and the blind eye was reillumined, and Christ, instead of staying three days and three nights in the sepulcher, as was supposed, as soon as the worldly curtain of observation was dropped began the exploration of all the underground pass-ages of earth and sea, wherever a Christian's grave may after awhile be, and started a light of Christian hope, which shall not go out until the last cerement is taken off and the last mausoleum breaks open.

Ab, I am so glad that the Sun of Rightcousness dawned on the polar night of the nations! And if Christ is the great warmer, then the church is the great hothouse, with its plants and trees and fruits of righteousness. Do you know, my friends, that the church is the institution that proposes warmth? I have been for tweny-seven years studying how to make the church warmer. Warmer architecture. warmer hymnology, warmer Christian salutation. All outside Siberian winter we must have it a prince's hothouse. The only institution on earth to-day that pro-poses to make the world warmer. Uni-versities and observatories, they all have their work. They propose to make the world light, but they do not propose to make the world warm. Geology informs us, but it is as cold as the rock it hammers. The telescope shows where the other worlds are, but an astronomer is chilled while looking through it. Christianity tells us of strange combinations and how inferior affinity may be overcome by superior affinity, but it cannot tell how all things work together for good. Worldly philosophy has a great splendor, but it is the splendor of moonlight on an iceberg The church of God proposes warmth and hope-warmth for the expectations, warmth for the sympathies. Oh, I am, so glad that these great altar fires have been kindled. Come in out of the cold. Come in and have your wounds salved. Come and have your sins pardoned. Come in by

cially appropriate. Dr. Taimage's text was Psaim cxlvii., 17, "Who can stand

And so the affair was very awkwardly shaped, and Fairbairn, who now lived near me at Kentley-he had given up the Temple-was perpetually asking me what he ought to do.

He didn't like keeping his engagement dark, and he didn't want to run the risk of being told by old Hay not to go to his (Hay's) house any more.

This was at the time when "shilling shockers" were very popular, and, to give Fairbairn a leg up. I suggested he should write one for me, full of interest-after the style of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"-but should let the magic medium be finally revealed in the last chapter as Pinkerton's Pills instead of the powders brought in by R. L. Stevenson.

But Fairbairn would have nothing to do with it. (Subsequently, I had a nov el written for me on this plan. It went splendidly, and some of the reviewers -who. I am told, don't always read the books they review-never spotted the idea, and the thing- was a huge suc CORK.)

One afternoon, after about thre months of this clandestine engage ment, Miss Hay was calling on my wife. who was in the secret, and, when ask ing us to go to dinner at Eastbrook, said to me: "I do wish. Mr. Mildmay, you would think of some plan to make father think more of John; it is so retched."

"Miss Hay." I answered, as a though Sashed on me. "Let us make a compact. If I succeed in making your fath think highly of John as an antho er think nighty or ony artist for 'Brought up on Pinkerton Pills?' A first-class black and white poster, you know, a bundred-dollar fee and free pills for

inughed, but I assured her I it, and finally the compact was

my limit to the four others increase \$5 from \$50 to \$75. They all thought I was mad. I suppose, but as I paid the necessary deposit they agreed to bid for me

I had put my plan in shape, and now set about the most effective denone ment of it as regards old Hay. Two days later I received from the sales rooms a printed catalogue, which contained particulars of the letters I had given in for the sale, and which did not mention my name as the owner of

With this in my pocket, I went over to Eastbrook in the evening, as I an' didn't think much 'bout ma feet, sometimes did, for a game of billiards. and, during the game, turned the talk on to Hay's hobby.

with those autographs you showed me last Monday that I am thinking of making a collection." Hay pricked up his ears at this, and at once assented to my request that he would give me the benefit of his experience.

"I got this catalogue to-day from Blank's," I went on, as I took it from my pocket. "You might look through it and mark what you think likely." And I gave the catalogue to him and took up my cue.

Hay had not looked long at the list before he exclaimed, "Who is this? John Fairbairn, two early letters? Who's John Fairbairn?" (That was the seventh time of asking.)

Why, you know Fairbairn, Mr. Hay he dined here last Monday."

"What? Him! Who the devil wants his letters, I should like to know?"

"Your stroke, sir," I said, "and let me tell you that Fairbairn is a long way higher up the ladder than I fancy you think he is-from your remark."

"Nonsense!" replied the old gentleman, as he slammed the red into a bottom pocket.

I went on with my stroke, and, before I left, we arranged to meet at Blank's.

As the sale progressed I secured some of the minor items marked, and my Carlyle and Thackeray letters were bought by Hay himself, who bid for them after asking me if I intended to secure them. The prices fetched were more than I had paid for them on the preceding Tuesday.

It was very funny to watch the auctioneer as he announced, "Two early letters by John Fairbairn."

He did not want to give himself away as a connoisseur, and so his voice lacked the smack of importance which it had when he announced some of the other lots. On the other hand, he did not want to appear at fault as an auc tioneer, and so between the two nega tive wants Mr. Quilter looked fairly

But this was lost on Mr. Hay, who was examining one of his purch

Yes, boss, I'se frozen ma feet, dat's wot I'se done, shore 'nuff." said a colored longshoreman to an inspecting physician in one of the big city hospitals. "That's hard luck. How did it hap-

pen?" asked the visitor.

"Well, it was jes' this way, boss; was waitin' 'long the watah pretty late one night, one er them cole nights we had a while ago. Tuesday, I think it was. Let's see-to-day is Sunday. Yes, 'twas ins' Tuesday. 1 got pretty cole in my feet and they felt kinder queer, but I didn't thing nothin' of it. was spectia' a steamer in, yo' see, Nex' day they was kinder queer like, but I didn't bother 'bout 'em. Thursday 'twas that they got sorter sore, an' By the way, I was so interested Friday they was wus. Felt pretty bad Friday. Come Saturday I couldn't stan' it no longer. They hurt scan' lous, an' I says to ma wife, 'Josephine,' says I, Tse gwinter to take off ma shoes an' see 'f ther ain't sump'n the matter wiv 'em feet. An' it's jus' as l'm tellin' you, boss. They was bofe froze." -New York Press.

Prohibition in Pittsburg.

A practical prohibition movement has been started by the women of Pittsburg. About 200 women, representing nine denominations of the evangelical churches of Pittsburg and Allegheny, unanimously adopted the following resolution: "We pledge ourselves not to use any refreshments containing alcohol in our homes, or patronize caterers who insist on using liquors in their ices and desserts. We urge Christian ministers to preach upon this subject and also upon card-playing and questionable amusements, which are so demoralizing." The secretary was instructed to forward a message of appreciation to Miss Morton, sister of Secretary Morton, to Mrs. Cleveland and to members of the cabinet.

The Books Were Confiscated.

The Prussian police in Schleswig have averted what they no doubt regarded as a serious danger to the mighty German empire. They have discovered and promptly confiscated a number of books which bore on their covers the national flag of Denmark The contents of the books were not less dangerous than the covers, for they consisted of nursery stories and instructions in cookery.

An Appropriate Gift,

Servant-Mrs. Borrowell sends word that she's got callers, and would you lend her a little cake.

Mistress-Yes, send her some spo ake,-Philadelphia Record.

Jee Joe Miller, Vol. 8, Page 1. Has anybody yet remarked since the days of Harvey that the circulation of blood was in vein?-Richmond Dis-

valescence is not as rapid as I hope for are head; coat that bare back; sjeeve charge the whole thing to me. Good morn that bare arm. ing. all." He gets on the beast and says Nearly all the pictures of Martha Wash-"Go along, you beast, but go slowly, for ington represent her in courtly dress as bowed to by foreign embassadors, but Mrs. Kirkland, in her interesting gives a more inspiring portrait of Martha Washington. She comes forth from her husband's hut in the encampment, the hut 16 feet long by 14 feet wide-she comes forth from that hut to nurse the sick, to see the patched garments, to con-sole the soldiers dying of the cold. That is a better picture of Martha Washington. Hundreds of garments, hundreds of tons of coal, hundreds of glassers at broken window sashes, hundreds of whole souled men and women, are necessary to warm the wintry weather. What are we doing to alleviate the condition of those not so fortunate as we? Know ye not, my

gathering sticks to kindle a fire to cook the handful of meal. Then she is going to wrap her syms around her boy and die. Here comes Elijah. His two black ser vants, the ravens, have got tired waiting on him. He asks that woman for food. Now that handful of meal is to be divided into three parts. Before it was to be dirided into two parts. Now she says to

he must the great gospel fireplace

The World's Fireplace.

Notwithstanding all the modern inventions for heating I tell you there is noth ing so full of geniality and sociability as the old-fashjoned country fireplace. The neighbors were to come in for a winter evening of sociability. In the middle of the afternoon, in the best room in the house, some one brought in a great backlog, with great strain, and put it down on the back of the hearth. Then the lighter wood was put on, armful after armful. Then a shovel of coals was taken from another room and put under the dry pile, and the kindling began, and the crackling, and it rose until it became a roaring flame, which filled all the room with geniality and was reflected from the family pictures on the wall. Then the neighbors came in two by two. They sat down, their faces to the fire, which ever and abon was stirred with tongs and readjusted on the andirons, and there were such times of rustic repartee and story telling and mirth as the black stove and blind register never dreamed of. Meanwhile the table was he ing spread, and so fair was the cloth and so clean was the cutlery they glisten and glisten in our mind to-day. And then the best luxury of orchard and farmyard was roasted and prepared for the table to meet the appetites sharpened by the cold ride,

Oh, my friends, the church of Jesus Christ is the world's fireplace, and the woods are from the cedars of Lebanon, and the fires are fires of love, and with the silver tongs of the altar we stir the flame and the light is reflected from all the family pictures on the wall-pictures of those who were here and are gone now Oh, come up close to the fireplace. Have your worn faces transfigured in the light. Put your cold feet, weary of the journey, close up to the blessed conflagration. Chilled through with trouble and disappointment, come close up until you can get warm clear through. Exchange experience, talk over the harvests gathered, tell all the gospel news. Meanwhile the table is being spread. On it bread of life On it grapes of Eshcol. On it new wine from the kingdom. On it a thousand lux-uries celestial. Hark, as a wounded hand raps on the table and a tender voice comes through saying: "Come, for all things are now ready. Eat, oh, friends! Drink, yea, drink abundantly, oh, beloved!"

friends, that is the way the cold My world is going to be warmed up by the great gospet fireplace. All nations will ome in and sit down at that banquet. While I was musing the fire burned. 'Come in out of the cold! Come in out of the cold!"

New German Comedy.

A new German comedy with a satiric. barb to it was brought out at the Irving Place Theater, New York, the other night. It is by Robert Misch, and is called "Nachruhm," and gives the story of an unappreciated composer, who is suposed to be dead, and at once becomes the rage, and returns from foreign parts to find that he is famous

New York has an Irish population of 190,418, the largest of any city in the United States.

those bandits sweeping through the land may have somebody else wounded and half dead." Sympathy! Christian sympathy! How many such men as tha would it take to warm the cold world up Famine in Zarepthath. Everything dried up. There is a widow with a son and no food except a handful of meal. She is