TALMAGE'S SERMON. mothers of Samuel Johnson, and M Alfred the Great, and of Isaar Newton, and

HANNAH WAS AN OLD FASH-IONED CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

Tet Dr. Talmage flays Her Industry, Her Intelligence and Her Christian Devotion Refined Her for Heaven-A Ples for Our Mothers.

An Ordinary Woman.

This radical discourse will no doubt have its practical result in many home-The steads throughout Christendom. text was I. Samuel it., 19, "Moreover his mother made him a little coat and brought It to him from year to year when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice.

The stories of Deborah and Abigail are very apt to discourage a woman's soul persons in a community who need to be She says within herself, "It is impossible so wise and vell informed as mothers. that I ever achieve any such grandeur of Oh, this work of culturing children for character, and 1 don't mean to try." as this world and the next! This child is though a child should refuse to play the . eight notes because he cannot execute a differs from the persons I just named. She | ed down into modesty and politeness. Rewas an ordinary woman, with ordinary Intellectual capacity, placed in ordinary circumstances and yet by extraordinary piety standing out before all the ages to come the mode Christian mother. Hannah was the wife of Elkanah, who was a person very much like herself-unromantic and plain, never having fought a battle or been the subject of a marvelous escape. Neither of then, would have been called a genius. Just what you and I might be, that was Elk-nah and Hannah. The brightest time on all the history of that family was the birth of Samuel Although no star ran along the heavens pointing down to his hirthplace, I think the angels of God stooned at the coming of so wonderful a prophet. As Samuel had been given in answer to prayer. Elkanah and all his family, save Hannah, started up to Shiloh to offer sacrifices of thanksgiving. The cradle where the child slept was altar enough for Hunnsh's grateful heart, but when the boy was old enough she took him to Shiloh and took three bullocks and an ephah of flour and a bottle of wine and made offering of sacrifice unto the Lord, and there, according to a previous row, left him, for there he was to stay all the days of his life and minister in the sanctuary

Years rolled on, and every year Hannah with her own hand a garment for amiel and toos it over to him. The lad would have go' along well without that garment, for I suppose he was well clad by the ministry of the temple, but Hannah could not be contented unless she was all the time doing something for her dar-ling boy. "Moreover his mother made him a little coat and brought it to him from year to year when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacri-

Hannah's Industry. Hannah stands before you, then, to-day. In the first place, as an industrious moth There was no need that she work. Fit analy her husband, was far from poor. He belonged to a distinguished family. for the Bible tells us that he was the son of Jeroham, the son of Elihu, the son of Toba, the son of Zuph. "Who were they?' you say. I do not know, but they were distinguished people, no doubt, or their names would not have been mentioned. Hannah might have seated herself in her fam.ly, and, with folded arms and dishevelen hair, read novels, from year to year, if there had been any to read But when I see her making that garment and taking it over to Samuel. know she is findustrious from principle as well as from pleasure. God would not have a mother is come a drudge or a slave; he would have her employ all the helps ible in this children. But Hannah ought never to is ashamed to be found making a coal Most mothers need for Samuel. counsel in this direction. The wrinkles on their brow, the pallor on their check. the thimble mark on their finger, attest that they are faithful in their maternal The bloom and the brightness duties. and the vivacity of girlhood have given place to the grander dignity and useful ness and industry of motherhood. But there is a heativenish idea getting abroad in some of the families of Americans. There are mothers who banish themselves from the home circle. For three fourths of their maternal duties the prove themselves incompetent. They are ignorant of what their children wear, and what their children eat, and what their children read. They intrust to irresponsible persons these young immortals and allow them to be under influences which may er pple their bodies, or taint their purity, or spoil their manners, or destroy their souls. From the awkward cut of Samuel's coat you know his mother Hannah did not make it. Out from under flaming chandeliers. and off from imported carpets, and down the granite states there is coming a great crowd of children in this day untrained sancy, incomptent for all the practical duties of life, ready to be caught in the first whirl of er me and sensuality. Indo ent and unfauthful mothers will make indolent and unfaithful children. You cannot expect nextness and order in any house where the daughters see nothing but slatternliners and upside downative-mess in their parents. Let Hannah be hele, and most certainly Samuel will grow up Mie. Who are the industrious men all our occupations and professions? Who are they building the walls, tinning the roofs, weaving the carpets, making the laws, governing the nations, making the earth to quake and heave and roar and wattle with the trend of gigantic enter-Who are they? For the most part they descended from industrious mothers, who in the old homestead used to spin their own yarn and weave their own carpets and plait their own doormats and flag their own chairs and do their own work. The stalwart men and the fluential women of this day, 99 out of 100 of them, came from such an illustrious And who are these people in society -light as Easth, blows every whither of tempta-tion and fashion-the peddlers of filthy stories, the dancing jacks of political parties, the scum of society, the taver loanging, store infesting, the men of low wink and filth, chuckle and brass breastin and sotten associations? For the mos in and rotten associations? For the most part they came from mothers idle and linguisting, the scandal mongers of society, going from house to house attending to everyfoody's business but their own, be-lieving in witches and ghosts, and horse-there to keep the devil out of the churn, and by a publics life acting their chil-------

and of President Edwards, for the most part were industrious, hardworking mothers. Now, while I congratulate all Christian mothers upon the wealth and the modern science which may afford them all kinds of he'p, let me say that every mother ought be observant of her children's walk, her children's behavior, her children's food her children's books, her However children's companionships. much help Hannah may have, I think she ought every year at least make one gar-ment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on the man who is so unfortunate as to have had a lazy mother!

Hannah's Intelligence.

Again, Hannah stands before you to-day as an intelligent mother. From the way in which she talked in this chapter and from the way she managed this boy you know she was intelligent. There are no timid, and it must be roused up and push ed out into accivities. This child is for-William Tell." This Hannah of the text | ward, and he must be held back and tamwards for one, punishments for another That which will make George will ruin John. The rod is necessary in one case, while a frown of displeasure is more than enough in another. Whipping and a dark closet do not exhaust all the rounds of domestic discipline. There have been children who have grown up and gone to glory without ever having had their ears boxed. Oh, how much care and intell gence are necessary in the rearing of chill dren! But in this day, when there are so many books on this subject, no parent is excusable in being ignorant of the best mode of bringing up a child. If parents know more of dictetics, there would not he so many dyspeptic stomachs and weak nerves and inactive livers among children. If parepts knew more of physiolo-sy, there would not be so many curred spines and cramped chests and inflamed throats and diseased lungs as there are among children. If parents knew more of art, and were in sympathy with all that is beautiful, there would not be so many children coming out in the world with boorish proclivities. If parents knew more of Christ and practiced more of his religion, there would not be so many little feet already starting on the wrong road, and all around us voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstasy of infernal triumph. The englets in the eyrle have no advantage over the eaglets of 1,000 years ago the kids have no superior way of climb-ing up the rocks than the old goats taught them hundreds of years ago; the whelps know no more now than did the whelpe of ages ago-tiey are taught no more by the lions of the desert, but it is a shame that in this day, when there are so many Spportunities of improving ourselves in the best manner of culturing children, that so often there is no more advancement in this respect than there has been among the kids and the eaglets and the whelps.

Hannah's Plety.

Again, Hanrah stands before you today as a Christian mother. From her prayers, and from the way she conseher boy to God, 1 know she was erated good. A mother may have the finest culture, the most brilliant surroundings, but she is not fit for her duties unless she be a Christian mother. There may be well read libraries in the house, and exquisite music in the parlor, and the canvas of the best artists adorning the walls, and the wardrobe be crowded with tasteful apparel, and the children be wonderful for their attainments and make the house ring with laughter and innocent mirth, but there is something woefully lacking in that house if it be not also the residence of a Christian mother. I pless God that the gates of life shall lift and let the worn there are not many prayerless mothers. The weight of responsibility is so great that they feel the need of a divine hand to help, and a divine voice to comfort, and a divine heart to sympathize. Thousands of mothers have been led into the kingdom of God by the hands of their little children. There are hundreds of mothers to-day who would not have been Christians had it not been for the prattle of their little ones. Standing some day in the nursery, they bethought themselves: This child Got' has given me to raise for eternity. What is my influence upon it' Not being a Christian myself, how can I ever expect him to become a Christian? Lord, help me." Oh, are there anxious mothers who know nothing of the infinite nelp of religion? Then I commend to you Hannah, the pieus mother of Samuel. De not think it is absolutely impossible that your children come up iniquitous. Out of just such fair brows and bright eyes and soft hands and 'nnocent hearts crime gets its victims exurpating purity from the heart, and runbing out the smoothness from the brow and quenching the juster of the eye, and shriveling up and poison ing and puttefying and seathing and scalding and blasting and burning with shame and woe. Every child is a bundle of tremendous possibilities, and whether that child shall come forth in life, its heart attuned to the eternal harmonies, and after a life of use fulness on earth go to a life of joy in heaven, or whether across it shall jar eternal discords, and after a life of wrongdoing on earth it shall go to a home of impene trable darkness and an abyse of immeas prable plunge, is being decided by nursery song and Sab ath lesson and evening prayer and walk and ride and look and frown and smile. Oh, how many children in glory, crowding all the battlements and lifting a million voiced hosanna-brought to God through Christian parentage! One hundred and twenty clergymen were to gether, and they were telling their experi ence and their ancestry, and of the 120 clergymen, how many of them do you suppose assigned as the means of their con-version the influence of a Christian moth er? One hundred out of the hundred and twenty! Philip Doddridge was brought to God by the Scr.pture lesson on th Dutch tile of the chimney fireplace. mother thinks she is only rocking a child, but at the same time she may be rocking the destiny of caspires, rocking the fate of nations, rocking the glories of heaven. The same maternal power that may lift a child up may press a child down. A daughter came to a worldly mother and said she was anxious about her sins and she had been proying all night. The mother said: "Oh, stop praying! I don't believe in praying. Get over all those religions notions and 1's, give you a dress that will cost \$500, and you may wear it pert week to that party." The daughter took the dress, and she moved in the gay circle, the gayest of all the gay that night, and, -----

were gone and she stopped praying. A oths after she came b her closing moments said, "Mother, I of St. Augustine, and of Richard Cecil. wish you would bring me that dress that cost \$560." . The mother thought it was a very strange request, but she brought it to please the dving child, "Now," the daughter, mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed." And the dress was hung these on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother and pointed to the dress and said, "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!" Oh, what a momentous thing it is to be a mother! Again and lastly, Hannah stands before

you to-day the rewarded mother. For all His life was a lesson all comfortin'the coats she made for Samuel, for all the prayers she offered for him, for the discidine she exerted over him, she got abun tant compensation in the piety and the usefulness and the popularity of her son Samuel, and that is true in all ages Every mother gets full pay for all the prayers and tears in behalf of her chil- But sometimes I think when the heart in Iren. That man useful in commercial life, that man prominent in the profession, hat master mechanic-why, every step be takes in life has an echo of gladness in the old heart that long ago taught him to be Christian and heroic and earnest. The story of what you have done or what you have written, of the influence you have exerted, has gone back to the old home stend, for there is some one always ready o carry good tidings, and that story makes the needle in the old mother's trem-ulous hand fly quicker and the flail in the father's hand come down upon the barn foor with a more vigorous thump. Parents love to hear good news from their children. Do you send them good news always? Look out for the young man wh speaks of his father as the "governor. "squire" or the "old chap." Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her "maternal ancestor" or th blo" woman." "The eye that mocketh at his father and refuseth to obey his mother the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." God grant that all these parents may have the freat satisfaction of seeing their children grow up Christians. But, ob, the pang of that mother who, after a life of street gadding and gossip retail ing, hanging on her children the fripperies and foilies of this world, sees those children tosaed out on the sea of life like foam on the wave of nonentities in world where only brawny and stalwart character can stand the shock! But bless ed be the mother who looks upon he children as a ns and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Oh, the satisfaction of Hannah in seeing Samuel serving at the keep right on past the bridge," and she altar, of Moiner Eunice in seeing her proceeded with directions of a bewil-Timothy learned in the Scriptures! That is the mother's recompense to see children coming up useful in the world, reclaiming the lost, healing the sick, pitying the ignorant, earnest and useful in every sphere. That throws a new light back lives," and here followed still more on the old family Bible whenever she reads it, and that will be obtiment to soothe the aching limbs of decrepitude and light up the closing hours of life's day with the glories of an autumnal sunset!

There she sits, the old Christian mother. ripe for heaven. Her eyesight is almost gone, but the spiendors of the celestial city kindle up her vision. The gray light of heaven's morn has struck through the gray locks which are folded back over half an hour I had found the old man the wrinkled temples. She stoops very much now under the burden of care she under promise of sending him two of used to carry tor her children. She sits at home to-day too old to find her way to the house of God, but while she sits there all the past comes back, and the children that forty years ago trooped around her armchair with their little griefs and joys and sorrows, ti-ose children are all gone now-some caught up into a better realm, where they shall never die, and others out in the broad world attesting the excellency of a Christian mother's discipline. Her last days are full of pence, and calm er and sweeter will her spirit become until

A CHARACTER.

An' went on his pathway a singin'!

By day and by night-in the dark, in the

light-You'd find him serene and contented;

The world, to his notion, was treatin' him

An' his way with roses was scented.

A life that was kind and forgivin',

Is sick with its sorrow and grievin'.

If things never happen at all "for the

We can make 'em the best by believin'!

During the last two years that I was

at boarding school, taking art as an

extra, I paid all my expenses by the

sale of the familiar cyanotypes, or

"blue prints." They were very popular

among the girls, and the use of them in

friezes or in other wall decorations be-

came quite a fashion, so that I some-

times sold hundreds for a single room.

largely determined by my prospective

purchasers, but there was a steady de-

mand for local landscapes, and a pleas-

ant afternoon usually saw me trudging

countryward, hunting the picturesque

On a certain day, when I had pene-

trated farther into the rural districts

than usual, an obliging farmer's wife,

whom I had just "taken" in the act of

"You ought to go up to the old Turk-

ington Place, miss, if it's a real sightly

spot you're after; there sin't another

such lookout for miles around. You

proceeded with directions of a bewil-

puzzling directions. "Come to think,

Now, next to a "view," I loved an ad-

and the hypothetical ghost seemed a

combination too good to be lost. In

and obtained the desired permission,

working a wellsweep, observed:

"Who lives there?" I asked.

out as I closed the gate.

dering prolixity.

as a hungry sportsman hunts game.

Of course the choice of subjects was

AT THE WINDOW

piercin' his feet.

or who, when the sharp thorns are

right.

livin ?

the breast

Atlanta Constitution.

THE FACE

the negative was a brilliant one, per-He was always sayin': "It's all for the fect in every particular; there was clearly nothing wrong on the technical No matter what fortune was bringin', side He did what he could-left to heaven the

Observing the image carefully. noted that the eyes were not turned to the spot where I had stood, but were gazing out on the landscape, while the whole attitude, I fancied, was that of a troubled spirit revisiting earthly scenes.

made the suggestion pertinent; but no.

I thought of old Mr. Turkington, and how he was reputed "queer;" should I show him what I had unwittingly brought to light? Agitated and be wildered by an occurrence so strange. I finally put up my apparatus and went to bed. Can thank the good Lord that he's

The next day, fortunately, was Saturday, and as soon after sunrise as possible I had my wonderful negative in the printing frame. The character of the face came out clearly in the resulting impression, especially when I studied it under a pocket microscope. It was a face that might have belonged to a woman of 30, handsome but emaciated, with melancholy dark eyes. In short, it was just the head that a painter would have chosen for the casement of a haunted house. A night's rest, however, had steadled my nerves and



LIKE ONE STUNNED FOR A TIME.

revived my adventurous spirit, and I determined that the least I could do was to submit the enigma to the owner of Turkington Place.

Mr. Turkington, when I found him, was at work in his yard. He greeted me pleasantly, but with obvious surprise at my early appearance, and by this time my unmanageable heart was beating so hard that I could only stammer. "I brought your photograph, sir,

"Nobody lives there, and hasn't for and stretch forth the blue print. ten years. Old man Turkington, he He took it, very slowly adjusting his spectacles, held it off, and began vague-Is to scrutinize it, after the manner of you'd better get leave of him before one unaccustomed to pletures. Sudyou go; he's dreadful queer. They do denly the color rushed into his face. say the house is haunted," she called He raised a long shaking forefinger and pointed close to the telltale window, saying with awful deliberatness: venture, and this queer Mr. Turkington

"What does that mean?" "I do not know, sir," I responded. firmly, meeting his eye and finding my voice again. "I understood that the house was empty and I saw no one there, but when I developed-that iswhen I looked at my picture, you know, after I got home, I noticed that there seemed to be a woman inside."

He remained like one stunned for some time. At last he asked: "Do you know who it is?"

"No, sir; do you?" I rejoined, quickly, with involuntary curiosity.

'Yes, it's my darter Esther, who-I thought he was going to say died, but instead he said-"left me more than ten years ago. I didn't even know whether she was alive," he murmured. still gazing as if he expected the little wraith-like picture face to open its lips and speak.

left home. I was flery myself, and mebbe unrensonable at times. She went amongst friends, and I kept thinking we'd make it up, and I'd get her back again; but I put it off and two years went by.

"Well, one day there came a letter from her saying she was going to be married next week to an Italian as had a shop to sell figgers. That was just a little too much, expecting all along to do well by her, as I was. I will and said she could choose betwixt him and me; I didn't wish no son-in-law, least of all an Italian, and if she wa'n't back in less'n a fortnight, she needu't ever show herself here again."

Sorrow and obstinacy, resentment and tenderness, struggled in the old man's face; I understood now why the neighbor considered him "queer."

"She didn't come-of course; and I won't say I haven't made some inquirles since I cooled down, but they moved and moved again, till I lost track o' them altogether-it's eight years come May."

By this time we had reached the house, and Mr. Turkington took out a rusty key and let me in at the front door. There was some little furniture, a few carpets and a kitchen stove; but these signs of former comfort seemed to increase the dreariness of the tomblike air and the echoing, damp-stained walls. An eerie feeling crept over me as I peeped into one room after another, untenanted except by spiders and WASDS.

We mounted the stairs, and a look of irrepressible disappointment deepened the lines in the old man's face as bet entered "Esther's chamber" and found it quite empty, forsaken and mournful like all the rest.

"I am afraid, sir, that you will have to give up the search," I said.

But the old man crossed to the window, and looking down, uttered a sudden exclamination. In the thick dust that covered the window-sill lay the unmistakable prints of a woman's fingertips.

"Call that a ghost, do you?" he asked, with an odd, tremulous elation; and his eve kindled

Descending to the kitchen, he opened the stove and thrust in his hand. The ashes there were still warm there were live sparks among them.

"Depend upon it she was here no later than this morning-got in through the back kitchen window, most likely, and spent the night here. She can't have gone far, and I'll be up with her within twenty-four hours. She must ha' feit a hankerin' to have a sight o" the old place. Poor girl, if she looks like that picter o' yours she's had trouble enough."

At the foot of the hill we parted he to make a house-to-house pligrimage in search of his daughter, I to hasten back to the school with my head full of romance. As I entered the yard, one of the girls came flying out to meet

"Quick, Lu," she cried, "get your camera! We have such a picturesque subject for you, around by the servants' entrance. We inveigled her in, and have all been wasting our pocker money on shoestrings and impossible letter paper, on purpose to keep her for you. Quick! Don't wait to take off your hat!"

A woman with a little gay-colored shawl planed over her head, after the fashion of Italian street-venders, sat patiently on the step, while the kindhearted girls were fast emptying the two vallees that lay open beside her. The black braids were hidden now; exposure and weariness were stamped on the features.

out ollerim into eternal springtide and youth, where the limbs never ache, and the eyes never grow dim, and the staff of the exhausted and decrepit pligrin THEY DO SAY THE HOUSE IS HAUSTED. shall become the palm of the immortal.

athlete,

Hard Times.

What has caused the "hard times" through which we are passing? Almost every one has his theory about it. One man says it is the gold standard. another that it is the danger of free colunge; one that it is because tariff duties are too high, another that it is Place. because the duties are so low as to flood the country with foreign goods, and these are only examples of the wide diversity of opinion that exists. Perhaps the strangest theory of all. which nevertheless seems to have many adherents, is that the blcycle has of neglect and abandonment: there caused it. It is reasoned out thus: Hundreds of thousands of persons have been saving every spare penny to buy a wheel and have thus killed other business. Men, women and young people of both sexes wear their old clothing, economize in food and resort to other means of saving, and thus the business of the butcher, the baker and the capdlestick-maker is seriously diminished.

Watches, planos, jewelry, books and ther articles not necessary in the strictest sense of the word used to be the favorite luxuries; now all these things are neglected for the blcycle The market for horses was greatly injured by the substitution of electricity for animal power in moving street-cars. The trade certainly had another serious blow when the bicycle became the popular nickle of locomotion.

In all this there is an element of exaggeration, but it cannot be denied of foreground and foliage, the various that there is a measure of truth in the theory. That is, the demand for bicycles has probably intensified the bad times. But neither hard times nor good times are a result of one cause. It is a mistake to fix upon one peculiarity of the situation and say, remove that and all will be well. So far as the bicycle is held responsible for the business depression, it is sufficient to point to the fact that the wheel-craze is quite as prevalent in Europe as it is in this country, and yet business abroad is in an excellent condition,-Youth's Companion.

She Could Not Resist.

The Princess of Wales has lately had ier picture painted. It is remarkable In that it is the first time she has consented to be represente nted wearing the



the photographs, if they proved good, a matter that he, and not 1. treated as open to doubt. Should ring my tripod I climbed the long hill by a road evidently little disturbed by travel, and in due time came in sight of an overgrown yard and a large solitary mansion, whose air of chilly desertion told me immediately that it was the Turkington

The house was a peculiar one, of painted brick, with a hopper roof, and there was something indefinably gloomy and weird in its aspect, although the front received the full rays of the western sun. Everything spoke were no blinds or even boards at the windows, and the side pillars of the oldfashioned porch were held up only by the folds of a gigantic honeysuckle.

Hastily choosing a favorable point of view and adjusting my camera, I secured a negative on one of my finest plates, and, overcome by a mysterious feeling of awe, without waiting for further exploration, made the best of my way home.

That evening I developed my plo tures. Probably many of you know what it is to sit in the faint glow of the ruby lantern and watch some coveted image as it starts out bit by bit from a surface as blank as an egg. For my part, I confess it excites me, and I felt a thrill of more than ordinary eagerness as I poured the chemicals over the Turkington plate. First the sky "came up," as we say, a dark shadow; then the house, the porch and a bit details showing more and more vividly as I rocked the tray from side to side.

I was just congratulz dag myself on having captured a prize, when my attention was fixed by a peculiar ap pearance about one of the upper windows. It looked like a face-yes, surely-a woman's face, and my heart began to beat suffocatingly as an unmistakable, though shadowy, figure defined itself behind the uncurtained panes.

Somehow, at the moment, I did not think of a aatural explanation; it was the pictury of a ghost, an intangible being, invisible to a normal eye, but mysteriously patent to the sensitized film. I recalled exactly how that window had looked, glassy and lifeless, without a sign of occupancy. Was it possible that the plate had been used and for a former anotheres

"But are you sure that this is not an illusion of some kind?" I ventured, after another pause.

"Illusion!" answered the old man, with an angry start. "How do you mean illusion? Isn't it as plain as day?"

"It seems so there, certainly, but I assure you, sir, that I was as near to the house as we are to the garden yonder, and looked at it most particularly. and there wasn't a soul there, at least there wasn't anybody to be seen.'

"Did you keep you eye on the house while you were taking the picter?" he asked.

I considered, and now remembered that after uncapping the lens I had kept my eye on the my watch during the exposure-a matter of four or five sec onds. I said so.

"Then she must have come to the window about that time," replied Mr. Turkington, quietly, "Caught sight of



RECOGNIZED THE FACE IN AN INSTAN

you, mebbe, and started back. The figger's faintish, you see."

A light broke in on me, and I began to fear that I was to be balked of my ghost.

"I must go up there, of course," said he. "There's no time to be lost."

"O, may I go with you?" I cried. 'Please let me-I'm so much interest

"Yes-yes, come along. I kin make you useful, perhaps. But put them foolish notions out o' your mind."

By degrees, as we climbed the hill, the little tragic history of discord and a long-standing grievance came out.

"She was a flery, high-spirited girl. was Eather, though so pretty-looking, and always gay in her ways; and after - ----- died me had mertin and die : 10 behave 19 Well.

But I recognized the face in an instant-it was Mr. Turkington's Esther -Utica Globe.

Recreation Before Bedtime.

Want of sleep is engendered to a great extent by the overactivity of the brain at night. Many people say that night is their best time for work, and thus spend the early part of the day when the brain is freshest, in idleness and at night do their work. Working their brain until just before retiring to bed is with many utterly fatal to a thora ough rest. The overwrought and tired brain cannot throw off the thoughts caused by the work, and on laying down in bed they return with what appears to be greater intensity, and thus sleep is banished. It is a very good plan to stop brain work at a fixed hour before retiring, and then to indulge in some recreation in the way of games or light reading, such as newspapers, perior cals, novels, etc.

The way to avoid illness in four home is by practicing care, caution and cleanliness. These are the important and necessary factors for successful life. Recollect that there are two words that must be unknown to us, and they are trouble and fatigue. We must hound then out from our vocabulary, for they are impossible words in a wellregulated household. Of course the mother must not lie in bed of a morning: she must be up and about, quick, active and alert. She should recollect that children are never consulted as to whether they should be warm or not, so that it is only a debt owing them if we make their lives as healthy and happy as possible, and this desideratum annot be achieved unless we are content to sacrifice some of our pleasures.

Old Time Notices.

Papyrus leaves more than three thouand years old have been found at Thebes, describing runaway slav s and offering a reward for their capture, and at Pompeil ancient advertisements have been deciphered on the walls

"Dah am er good many folks," said Uncle Eben, "dat seems ter t'ink dat when dey's made er good resolution, dey's done tuhned out er day's wub'k." -Washington Star.

There is another reason why men any glad they are not women i women hay