Plattsmouth Journal.

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PLATTSMOUTH. : NEBRASKA.

OUR NEW NEIGHBORS.

There is truth in that old saying which we very often hear,
That to make a world it takes all sorts of folks;
But to think, of all the millions, that the ones who are so near
Are the very worst our patience half provokes.
But 'tis just as true as preaching that in all this great, broad land
There are none which at the present we recall
Who are quite so disagreeable or difficult to stand
As the family in the flat across the hall.

They have a tin piano, which they hammer all day long,
And a poodle dog that barks throughout the night.
It may be very sinful to dwell on such a wrong,
But we'll slay the creature some time with delight.
Their children tread as noisily as rampant Texas steers,
And pinch the baby just to hear it squall.
If they should ever move away there won't be many tears
For the family in the flat across the hall.

Our daughter Mabel plays with grace the organ now and then,
And Johnnie blows a little on his flute,
While Margaret takes lessons on the pleasing mandolin,
And Richard plays the violin and lute.
Of evenings all the young folks sing or have a promenade,
And now and then we give a little ball.
Our home would be real pleasant were it not for noises made
By the family in the flat across the hall.

—Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal.

TEDDY'S MAVERICK.

A Pretty Romance of the Great Plains.

Sagebrush and sand—sand and sagebrush—sagebrush and sand again, before, behind, on either side, as far as the eye could reach. All the afternoon the "overland" had been creeping across the sand plains of the great American desert, and to the passengers in the Pullman cars—especially to those who disliked cards, were too nervous to read, or who didn't care to drink—the journey was growing very tiresome. It really seemed, to the more imaginative ones, that the refrain of the car wheels was: "Sagebrush and sand, sagebrush and sand—"

The weary afternoon dragged slowly by, and the conductor of the dining car came through to announce dinner—a diverson, at least.

"Ah!" remarked one tourist, suddenly, in a gratified tone; "there's a typical scene for you, me boy."

Against the red background made by the rays of the setting sun, a short distance from the track, sat a solitary horseman, motionless, one hand resting on the pommel of his saddle, the other in the act of pushing back from his forehead his wide-brimmed white hat. Then, just as the rear cars of the train approached, he suddenly took off the hat, waved it, jammed his spurs into his wiry little bronco, and started to race with the train, yelling at the top of his lungs. At the end of a quarter-mile or so, he slowed up, drew his revolver and fired a parting salute into the air, accompanying the volley with a few more wild howls.

The occupants of the Pullmans were amused; they had not seen anything so interesting for a long time. The tourist who had first observed the horseman sighed, and declared he envied the cowboy—he really did.

"How they must enjoy it, this wild, free life of the plains, without a worry or a care—nothing to do but commune with nature—when they feel restless, to be able to indulge in a wild, reckless gallop suitable to the mood—and—and—er—all that, don't you know?"

But it did not strike Teddy MacLennan, cowboy, that—er—way at all, don't you know? He was just thinking how oppressively tiresome that wild, free life of his was getting to be—with

> Nothing to do but work,
> Nothing to eat but food—"

and

> "Nowhere to go but out,
> Nowhere to come but in—"

And, for the rest, nothing to do but get drunk or amuse one's self like a howling maniac, as he had just been doing for the delectation of the "tenderfeet."

"Hit's sho' hell," he reflected, as he continued beside the track, giving the "bronc" a "breather"—"hit sho' is, an' I'm good 'n' tired, I am; but what t do? Seems like we all gits shif'less, hit does; jes' pluggin' along an' workin' hard an' playin' hard likewise (ontell the stuff gives out), an' no airthly reason f'r bein' alive—

"Great sacrificed Wash'n't'n!" he ejaculated suddenly, jerking up his horse, "I'll swaller a snake, *I* will!"

I heard the story from Jerry Madden, Teddy's present partner in the cattle business, a couple of years ago, as we sat in the shade of the ranch-house one afternoon.

"Why, Teddy don't drink, an' likewise swears quite few?" he asked, in response to a query of mine. "That! Sho', he hain't tuk nothin' f'r most twelve 'r thirteen year, 'count o' his kid. 'Married?' Oh! no, none whatever. They hain't no heifer gits Teddy, not much. 'Why?' Give it up. Mebbe *you* c'n tell *me?*

"Ted was ridin' along one day—'tis thirteen year ago—ridin' clost by th' railroad track one evenin', feelin' kind o' sore an' disgusted-like, when, all of a sudden, he sees somethin' funny trottin' along th' track. Ted stops 'n' wipes his eyes an' gazes a hull lot more, 'cause what he seen wa'n't nothin' like what we finds 'round this yere patch o' bresh; none whatever. Moreovermore, Ted 'd be'n tankin' up quite plenty that day, he had, an' was dead leary o' what might be th' matter of 'his peeps. But 'e rubs 'em quite a lot more, an' I hope I may straddle th' 'ghost bronc' ef there wa'n't th' purtiest little maverick ye ever see—little girl 'bout five year old, browsin' along th' track, lookin' lost.

"Course Ted rides up an' asts who she is an' what she's doin' there, all alone, with 'er purty face 'n' han's an' elegant clo'es; but she couldn't tell 'im. Jes' bu'st out cryin' an' kep' a cryin', an' 'twa'n't f'r a day 'r so we c'd even guess at 'er bein' there, 'cause she was tongue-tied 'r somethin' an' couldn't say but a few words, pore little thing. But we gits at it th't 'er name's Norah, we does, an' th't she draps off a train jes' b'fore she sights Ted ('r him, her).

"She was a beaut', she sho' was, an' twa'n't more'n two days 'fore we all was ready t' do 'most anything f'r her—me 'n' Ted, 'n' ol' lady Parry (th' boss' wife) an' all th' rest; an' 'f I don't b'lieve we wa'n't real glad, 'stead o' sorry, when we fin's out they don't seem t' be no one lookin' f'r such a maverick—'cause we advertised, o' course, t' git 'er folks. But we gits no word, not a bloomin' shout, so Ted jes' bran's th' kid f'r his'n, an' pr'ceeds t' raise 'er (think o' Ted, which th' same never raised nothin' b'fore, raisin' that little tender gyurl!), Mrs. Parry takin' care of 'er f'r awhile.

"Well, Ted was jest th' funniest cow-hand I ever bucks up ag'in. Ye wouldn't 'a' knowed 'im. Ted was a howlin' wolf, a reg'lar ol' hyena b'fore that, but after th' kid comes, he braces right up an' gits good, none o' th' gang objectin', 'cause they savvies why he does it.

"After th' kid was 'bout nine 'r ten years old, we all don't get t' see much of 'er, 'cause Ted, havin' laid up some dough, sends 'er off t' school. 'She's a sho' 'nough thor'ughbred, she is,' says Teddy, 'an' she gits no scrub trainin'. *Sabe?*'

"That goes, o' course, an' th' kid likewise goes t' school, comin' back onct a year, lookin' sweeter an' purtier 'n ever, an' we all, mostly Ted, willin' t' lay right down an' let 'er tromp on our measly ol' flea-bit frames. Oh, she was jes' like Ted prognosticates on th' jump—a sho' 'nough thor'ughbred.

"Tell ye what she does one time, 'bout two year ago. They was livin' 't th' station, her, 'n' Ted, 'n' Mrs. Bell, th' woman th't give th' gyurl lessons, an' one day some eastern folks gits off th' train, lookin' f'r Mister MacLennan, which is Ted since he gits intuh business for 'isself. They was a real nice-lookin', fat ol' girl with spectacles with handles to 'em, an' a dood with one o' these yere foolish little caps ye sees through th' winduhs o' th' sleepin' cars.

"Ted an' Norah was at the deppo lookin' f'r some school friends o' the gyurl's, when these folks gits off, an' some one points Ted out, an' th' dood braces 'im.

"'Aw, me good man,' says he, takin' sight at Ted over the end of 'is nose—'aw, are you Mister MacLennan?'

"Ted's a good man—no discount on that—but 'e does sho' hate t' be called one, moreover by a dood, which critter is quite rousin' t' Ted's killin' instinc's but 'e gives it out th't his brand is sech, an' th' dood springs 'is game on 'im, which is th't he 'n' th' ol' lady is lookin' f'r Nora Somethin'-'r-other, which is th' name o' th' kid th't falls off a train one day ten years 'r so b'fore—our Norah, sho' 'nough.

"They was a su'prise all 'round, they was. Then Norah takes a hand an' flies 't th' ol' girl an' asts why she didn't find 'er then, an' they gives it out th't they never saw Ted's advertisement, an' all that, an' never learns where she is ontell they lately runs ontuh Mrs. Parry somewheres out west. They likewise makes a play th't Ted had stole th' kid. Th' ol' lady was goin' t' fall on Norah's neck an' weep a lot, but Norah don't like that style o' play, so she gives 'er a chill, an' moreover gives it out cold th't she don't move a step—th't she stays with Ted, th't's be'n a reg'lar dad to 'er.

"An' she stayed, you bet, an' Ted was th' tickledest ol' stiff in th' country, t' think she'd rather flock with him th'n t' train wi' them howlin' swelts. They makes no further play, thinkin', mebbe, th't Norah's temper's pretty high up.

"Ev'rything's real lovely ontell a little while ago—last year it was. Things got a little excitin' 'round yere—real excitin' f'r some folks, I may say. They was a few gents in these parts was gettin' quite frisky with brandin'-irons, an' was real careless 'bout drivin' off beef-critters. They was real retirin' modest kind o' people, they was, even ef they was talented in th' brandin' line, an' we was quite anxious t' meet up with 'em, but they lays pretty low; we gits two 'r three of 'em strayin' 'round; but they keeps sawin' wood an' makin' us real tired, so we goes t' work an' organizes a vigilance c'mmittee, with Ted as chairman.

"They was a young fellow 't th' station then, named Harwood. He'd come fr'm somewheres, an' give it out 'e was a doctor, a little out o' health 'isself—he didn't look it, though, bein' a big husky sort o' chap. He hangs out 'is shingle an' gits a leetle acquainted, an' then makes a dead play f'r Norah, which *seems* t' go all right; Norah lettin' on t' like th' duck quite plenty. Oh, but he was sho' spoony on her. Th' wust was, we was thinkin' th' gyurl was stuck on him, too, an' it did sho' give us a pain, 'cause we didn't want no bloomin' chump friskin' 'round Ted's corral cuttin' out Norah. An' still, this yere feller seems white an' decent, an' 'twas square onpossible t' hate 'im, none whatever. So, when he offers t' join th' c'mmittee, we says yes, o' course. He wa'n't a real tenderfoot, ye know, and acted like 'e had sand.

"Well, we keeps up th' good work an' ropes a few gents, an' they gits quite a lot careful, but keeps on workin'. Then, one night, when Ted was out yere, an' we was settin' up late, we hears a noise among th' home hosses in th' corral, an' I says: 'O-ho! they're goin' intuh th' hoss business, too, are they?' an' me'n Ted breaks f'r th' corral.

"They was five of 'em; but we was out f'r business, an' cuts loose, an' they don't wait t' pick up th' cuss we drapped, an' I'll eat a raw hide ef it wa'n't Harwood!

"I was f'r killin' of 'im clean, right there; but Ted wouldn't have it, he wouldn't, so we takes 'im intuh th' house an' brings 'im 'round, not so bad hurt, after all. He wants us t' finish th' job, 'fraid, maybe, we're savin' of 'im t' string up some; but Ted only grins a little, sort o' sour, an' tells him t' keep quiet.

"Next day me'n Ted hol's a meetin', we does, an' settles th' case, an' that night we goes t' th' c'mmittee meetin' at Jeb Barlow's, where Ted gits up an' makes a game o' talk. Says he:

"'Gents, I an' my pardner, Mr. Madden, has made a real techin' discovery. I hain't no great talker, but I jest wants t' say th't we find th't Doc Harwood, a member o' this yere hon'r'ble body, is one o' th' gents we want mostest an'—'

"Right yere they gits excited, but Ted calls 'em down an' goes on' tellin' 'em how we gits doc, an' so on. Then says he:

"'I wants t' add, right here, th't Doc Harwood is at my house, hurt bad, an', as long as he's there, I stands over 'im an' keeps 'im fr'm harm. An' I adds further th't I don't do this b'cause I'm stuck on Doc, but b'cause him'n my little girl is stuck on each other. Now, gents, I want t' make a offer. Ye can't have Doc 'thout gittin' me an' breakin' little Norah's heart; but I agrees t' pack th' galoot off t' th' states an' guarantee he stays there, ef you-all let's 'im go. Does that go?'

"I went O. K., after some rag-chawin'; so, in a few days, Doc glides back t' th' states.

"Nope. Nora didn't go—not any. Ted goes t' her an' give it out th't Doc's be'n hurt by hoss thieves, an' has got t' slide home—does she want t' go?

"Right yere Norah gives 'im th' merry 'ha-ha!' Not much, she don't want t' go. 'Not with no hoss thief, anyway, Uncle Teddy,' she says.

"'Hoss thief?' says Ted. 'What d'ye mean b' that?'

"'Mean what I say,' says Norah. 'Never mind, Uncle Teddy, I knows what I'm 'ludin' at.'

"Ted see's she's on, an' it sort o' razzles 'im. 'But, look yere,' says he, 'I be'n thinkin' you—you sort o'—well, liked th' cuss a hull lot.'

"'None at all, Uncle Teddy,' says Norah, real promp'; 'I was jes' only havin' a leetle fun with 'im—it's dull out yere sometimes, ye know.'

"This yere makes Ted feel a hull lot better, 'cause—well, 'cause, ye see, th' ol' fool was (he tells me all about it) sort o' havin' aspirations 'isself.

"About a week after Doc left, Norah comes t' Teddy one mornin', smilin,' and blushin', and kerryin' a letter. Ted was sittin' lookin out th' winder, real solemn an' sad, wonderin', jes' that minute, ef 'twas a squar' deal, an' right an' straight, f'r t' ask that leetle gyurl t' marry him. That there proposition was what'd be'n keepin' pore ol' Ted awake f'r mights 'n' nights, an' he was sho' puzzled. 'Bout yere Norah bounces in on 'im an' makes 'im jump.

"'Oh, Uncle Teddy,' says she, 'I wants ye t' do somethin' f'r Norah.'

"Ted looks at 'er real solemn a minute, and then says, more solemn:

"'Ye know they hain't nothin' t' ask fer th't I won't do f'r ye,' he says. 'W'y, see yere, Norah, darlin', can't ye understand th't I—'

"'Oh, I know, ye dear ol' goose,' says Norah, breakin' of 'is talk off short, 'but hain't this great? I've just got a letter fr'm Alec—'

"'Who's Alec?' says Ted, 'most broke up, an' gittin' out o' th' chair, tremblin'.

"'W'y, Alec's—you know—Kate Clark's brother, an' I met 'im at New York when I was stayin' with Kate, an' he says he love me an' wants me t' marry 'im, an', oh, Uncle Teddy, ye hain't cross, be ye?' And she falls on Ted's neck 'n' weeps a lot.

"Ted stan's an' lets 'er weep quite plenty, him chokin' down a big swellin' in 'is throat all th' time. Then, says he, very quiet:

"'Didn't I tell ye, darlin', they hain't nothin' ye can't have? I don't know this yere Alec chap, but ef ye wants 'im, ye sho' gits 'im, ef I has t' rope 'im myself.'

"An' so she does. Oh, they's nothin' Ted wouldn't do f'r that there gyurl."—Lester Ketchum, in San Francisco Argonaut.

NEW COLLECTING CRAZE.

A Maineac Who Has Secured Historical Buttons by the Bushel.

People get curious fads, says a writer in the Pittsburgh Dispatch. I met a man from Maine, who had traveled all over the world. He had not made a collection of spoons, stamps, autographs, photographs, nor any of the things that are usually collected by travelers. He had digressed from the beaten paths and started a new fad, which seems as sensible as at least the postage-stamp craze. He has a collection of buttons, hundreds of them, of all sorts, shapes and designs, buttons from police, firemen, constabulary and soldiery of all countries, cities and towns, as well as buttons from the clothes of famous men. Each button had a history and a long one, too, as told by the Yankee, so I did not wait to hear much about them. But he had taken the button, surely.

It may not be long until the button cranks may become prevalent, and the great men of the land will not be bothered any more by requests for autographs, but it will be: "Will you kindly send me a button from one of your suits?" The prospect of the statesmen of these great United States having to resort to hooks and eyes in self-defense after having been deprived of all their buttons to appease the demands of this coming army of cranks may cause some little joy in the hearts of those who have been wearily watching triumphant tomfoolery in congress. The predicaments which this new craze might cause are endless. We might imagine an overobliging celebrity being forced to keep to his room by thoughtlessly gratifying those who flattered his vanity by the asking. No matter how the craze may affect the victims, it is sure to boom the button industry.

—The idea that the toad is poisonous has a foundation in fact. The skin secretes an acrid fluid, and just behind the head are two sacs, which, when pressed, eject a fluid that burns and stings the skin.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The czar has among his household an understudy, singularly like him in appearance, who shows himself at the windows of railway carriages and the like when his imperial majesty does not wish to disturb himself.

—Mrs. Hannah Bedell, who died at Hempstead, L. I., the other day, aged 98 years, leaves eight children, forty grandchildren, ninety-seven great-grandchildren, and twenty great-great-grandchildren, 245 descendants in all.

—Since his recent attack of the grip the czar has betrayed symptoms of a permanent affection of the lungs. He will probably make his imperial residence at Kiev, where the climate is more favorable than at St. Petersburg.

—The duchess of Marlborough has entered into possession of the Deepdeene, Lord Francis Hope's estate near Dorking. It noble owner calls it a "beastly hole," but is willing to accept £3,000 a year for it from the American duchess.

—Mme. Le Favre, who is lecturing in New York on dress, says that men with classic features should go clean-shaven. As for women, they should dress with true art, and they should be living, animated pictures. Some of them are pictures—chromos.

—During his first campaign for congress Representative McKeighan, of Nebraska, who was living in a sod-house at the time of his nomination, traveled ten thousand miles, visiting every settlement of his big district, in order to make himself known to the voters.

—Walter Besant is hunting for an old book entitled "The Shoemaker of Jerusalem," which was published in Darlington, England, in 1790. He is anxious to obtain a copy of it for the reason that it contains an account of a visit of the Wandering Jew to the town of Hull in 1769.

—Narcisse Nero, an Italian imprisoned in Kootenai county, Idaho, for burglary, is so devoted to his prison life that when his sentence expired a few days ago he refused to go. He says they will have to put him out, and the case is waiting the arrival of the attorney general for a legal opinion in the matter.

—Mrs. Humphrey Ward says that before she finished her first novel she was seized with writers' cramp and that every word of the novel had to be dictated to a shorthand writer. She has since recovered the use of her hand. Mrs. Ward often rewrites a page twenty times before she is satisfied with the result.

—There is a woman in Sitka known as Princess Tom who is very rich. She at one time had three husbands, but has become Christianized and has discharged two. She is an extensive trader, is known all over Alaska, and wears upon her arm thirty gold bracelets made out of twenty-dollar gold pieces.

—Rev. F. E. Clark, the originator of the Christian Endeavor movement, is generally known as "Father Endeavor" Clark. "The name originated as a huge joke," he says. "It was given me by an old schoolmate, who possessed a remarkable propensity for punning on names. He took the initial letters of my name, and from these originated the name "Father Endeavor Clark."

HUMOROUS.

—"Here's a surprise for your birthday, mamma." "Dear child! Where did you get those flowers?" "From your new hat."—Hallo.

—"Is my article in the soup?" inquired the good-natured litterateur. "Not yet," replied the editor; "but I'm going to boil it down pretty soon."—Washington Star.

—In a district school the pupils were asked to define a bee line. A small boy answered: "I know it. It's the line a feller makes fer home when a bee's stung him."—Buffalo Enquirer.

—Mrs. Grimes—"Henry, Willie is teasing me every day for a sweater. I wish you'd get him one." Mr. Grimes—"A sweater? What's the matter with a buck-saw."—Boston Transcript.

—Heiress—"Dear, me! Times are hard." Mabel—"How do you know?" Heiress—"Why, all the men are proposing to me in their last year's phrases. It's very monotonous."—N. Y. World.

—"What are you in here for?" asked the prison visitor. "Plagiarism" answered the conviet. "What?" "Plagiarism. I tried to publish a private issue of fifty dollar greenbacks."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Jilson says it may be extravagant for the women to put so much material in their sleeves, but a great deal more goods would go to waist if the same fashion should prevail in men's attire.—Buffalo Courier.

—Rinx—"What are you writing now?" Scrib—"I am collaborating with my father on a book of poems." Rinx—"I didn't know that your father wrote poems." Scrib—"He doesn't: he's paying for their publication."—Tit-Bits.

—An English health officer recently received the following note from one of the residents of his district: "Dear sir: I beg to tell you that my child, aged eight months, is suffering from an attack of measles as required by act of parliament."

—Mrs. Wayoff—"And this picture is——" "That is Niobe. I suppose you are perfectly familiar with the story." Mrs. Wayoff—"No, I can't say that I just recall it. There's a good many of the neighbors I'm not yet acquainted with."—Inter-Ocean.

—Mrs. Partington—A pious old lady happened in a Christian Endeavor meeting. She was much impressed by the young people's earnestness, and especially pleased with the singing. She said: "Oh, I do love to hear 'em sing! They sing with such venom!"—Utica Observer.

—"Poor Tommy is in disgrace," said Mrs. Figg to the friend of the family who had dropped in. "I have just had to give him a whipping. You can have no idea how much I hate to do such a thing. I am so tender-hearted." "I wish," sobbed Tommy, "that you was tender-handed 'stead of tender-hearted."—Indianapolis Journal.

FOR SUNDAY READING.

COME UP HITHER!

(Rev. 4:1.)

I have heard a voice that calleth
Down from Heaven's open door;
Like a cooling dew it falleth
On my spirit wearied sore:
Falleth from the far blue ether,
From the heights by angels trod;
"Come up hither! Hither! Hither!
Child of Heaven and of God.

"What is this thy sad heart deemeth
Almost more than it can bear?
Come and see how shall it seemeth
In this cloudless upper air!
See it as the angels see it,
Who have looked upon the King;
Lift thy thought to theirs, and free it
From all earthly fettering.

"Come up hither! Hither! Hither!
Rise above thy little life;
Dreams that vanish, hopes that wither,
Thankless service, wearying strife.
Praise, and blame, and tears, and laughter,
Soon 'twill all be nought to thee;
I will show thee God's hereafter.
Come up hither! Come and see."

—Miss E. C. Cherry, in N. Y. Observer.

INFLUENCE OF RELIGION.

The Extent to Which It Lays Hold Upon and Affects the Mind of the Age.

The better conditions under which men now live must themselves be viewed as indications of religious progress. No considerate student of history can fail to see how large a place true religion fills in the coming to pass of those changes which not only make human life more tolerable, but which prepare the way for what is best in secular progress itself. The difference between a Christian and a pagan nation, in respect to all that is signified by civilization is the best meaning of the word, is, first of all, in the fact that while one is Christian, the other is not. Those who work in religious spheres and with especial view to religious interests have a right to claim a share for themselves in all the improvements seen in a more settled condition of society, in friendlier relations among those who live together in communities large or small, in those opportunities of culture which develop faculty and give direction to genius and enterprise, in bettering conditions, as respects all that most concerns prosperity and welfare among all classes. The indirect influences operating among men are often the mightiest, and most of all, in assigning credit for things achieved, may be due to those less obstrusive agencies which, doing their work silently, are realized at their true value only when men begin to ask themselves what the world would be without them.

But there is another view of this general subject. It is not surprising that uneasiness, doubt, and dread of what may be portending, is sometimes felt in view of what appears like disturbance and questioning in those matters which are, and have long been, "most surely believed among us." Should it not be borne in mind, upon the other hand, that what is thus seen has this favorable aspect, at least, that it indicates the extent to which religion, as truth, as teaching, lays hold upon and affects the mind of the age? It is wonderful how much of current inquiry and investigation in all realms of human knowledge and thought takes a religious direction. Conclusions, indeed, are not all favorable to religion, yet time may show that many of them are less unfavorable than may at first appear. In any case, they prove that religion as an element in the life of the age is a wonderfully stimulating force; that the Bible, while in parts of it the oldest of books, is now more of an intellectual and moral force than in any former age; that if there is for Christianity a better vantage-ground, somewhere, in some respects, than what it has heretofore held, it is sure to find it; that, in a word, the very agitation, the questionings, the hostile appearances; skeptical science, disturbing criticism, an apparent intermeddling with the very foundations of faith—these all show how little true it is that religion loses its hold on men as the world waxes older, and secular interests grow more and more absorbing.

There would be much to say, if there were room for it here, of the manner in which Christianity is evidently equipping itself for great things in the future. Has the reader ever set himself to number up the various forms of organized Christian activity to which recent years have given birth? They come upon the scene one after the other, sometimes in the face of protest against the multiplying of such, yet always with a result which shows there is a place for every one. And the notable thing is that their effort is to organize for work all the resources of the church as found in the various classes of his membership. The women, the young people, young men and young women among the older grown, missions, charities, hospitals; who could hope to enumerate exhaustively the various activities which enlist Christian interest, and by occupying it intensify and broaden it? Is there not a looking toward some glorious future in all this? And when was there such an equipment for the defense of Christianity, on every side where assault is threatened, or for public teaching which lays hold upon all classes of the people, entering into the life of the time as a formative energy transcending every other?

We can not think that what is seen among men at the present time indicates decline in any element of Christian power, but a notable and most promising increase in all. "The end of the age," surely, is not to be a scene of wide-spread and calamitous defeat, but of victory and triumph; the preparation now going forward, spreading and permeating, coming at last to the auspicious moment when power from on high shall turn weakness to strength, and make the banner of righteousness victorious all over the world.—Chicago Standard.

THE BEST AND THE WORST.

Employ the Organs of Speech in the Service of God.

Make right and holy use of the tongue, writes Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, under "Enemies of our happiness," in the Ladies' Home Journal. It is loose at one end and can swing either way, but is fastened at the other end to the floor of your mouth, and that makes you responsible for the way it wags. Xanthus, the philosopher, told his servant that on the morrow he was going to have some friends to dine, and told him to get the best thing he could find in the market.

The philosopher and his guest sat down the next day at the table. They had nothing but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue cooked in this way and tongue cooked in that way, and the philosopher lost his patience and said to the servant: "Didn't I tell you to get the best thing in the market?" He said: "I did get the best thing in the market. Isn't the tongue the organ of sociality, the organ of eloquence, the organ of kindness, the organ of worship?"

Then Xanthus said: "To-morrow I want you to get the worst thing in the market."

And on the morrow the philosopher sat at table, and there was nothing but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue in this shape and tongue in that shape, and the philosopher again lost his patience and said: "Didn't tell you to get the worst thing in the market?" The servant replied: "I did, for isn't the tongue the organ of blasphemy, the organ of defamation, the organ of lying?"

Employ the tongue, which God so wonderfully created as the organ of taste, the organ of articulation, to make others happy, and in the service of God!

ATHEISM IN THE HEART.

An Inward Disbelief Which Takes Away Our Enjoyment in Christ.

It is hard for even the best of us to realize how full the world is of the Divine presence, and how full life is of the Divine help. When we come at last to the vision of the realities nothing will more astonish us than the blindness which held us back from the perception of the Divine element in common things. God's thoughts lie scattered over a world of use and beauty, each charged with a mission to the needy and hungry spirits of His children; yet they too often recognize nothing in them but pure bits and parts of a big lifeless machine called Nature. God's care lies around our lives, guarding us against a thousand dangers. Yet we think of our lives too much as the relation of our own only to the environment in which we are placed. We are constantly comforted, strengthened, enlightened in the trying places of life, and see no more in it than the shift of a mood within us, for whose change no cause need be sought. So we practice a private and personal atheism, which keeps us from joying in God, our Maker and Helper. It is a great blessedness to keep the mind fixed upon this heavenward side of common life; for "whoso is wise shall heed to these things, and they shall consider the mercies of the Lord."

I am His creature, and His air
I breathe where'er my feet may stand;
The angels' song rings everywhere,
And all the earth is holy land.

—S. S. Times.

Served by Serving Others.

Serving and served! Such is the mutual relationship and experience of all who are joined in Christian work. Paul served the churches and was often served by them. He expected and desired to serve the Corinthians and by them to set forward on his journey into Judea. By such help rendered to him they would be serving others whom Paul would serve at his coming. Parents really serve their children in requiring service of them. So the Master serves both us and others in requiring services of us. Serving Him is personal culture of the best sort. God is the great example of service to us. And He clearly and distinctly serves us by requiring service of us. To evade or neglect duty is to turn away from the Divine beneficience towards us. To refuse the cross is to push aside the offered crown. To seek and demand gratification is to despise and hinder satisfaction.—Christian Inquirer.

TRUTH BOILED DOWN.

Some of the Ram's Horn's Choicest Bits of Thought.

Sin nearly always begins with a look.

The man who prays right will always pay right.

In the arithmetic of Heaven nothing counts but love.

God will not give us His truth until we are willing to live it.

The man who hates light is always afraid of his own shadow.

When people have only a litte religion they are apt to be ashamed of it.

The prayer of faith always holds out both hands to receive the answer.

There is no trouble about knowing God's will when we are willing to do it.

There are some blessings that God can bestow upon His children only in the lions' den.

You will never fall into the devil's mire as long as you pave your way with Bible promises.

God will see to it that we always have something to say if we talk about His own goodness.

When you pray for God to bless other people don't insist that He shall do it in your way.

Every time the devil makes a hypocrite he has to admit that nothing pays so well as being good.

Prospering in a worldly way is very apt to make men stop praying that they may be pure in heart.

It is easier to run an engine without fire than it is to keep up the spirituality of a church without the prayer meeting.

Every sin has a dagger in its hand with which sooner or later it will strike, no matter how harmless it may look.

One reason why Paul laid up treasure in Heaven so fast was because he was always being persecuted for righteousness' sake.

It won't do for the man who claims to love the Lord on Sunday to be found selling goods with a short yard-stick on Monday.

One reason why there are so many lame people in the church is because they made a start for the war without putting on the whole armor of God.