

triumphs during the years preceding their final subjection, and it was sel- lowed. dom that their bloodthirsty bands. returning redhanded from the slaughter of the unprotected, were overtaken by immediate and adequate punishment. So swiftly would they swoop down on the unsuspecting settler, murder, burn, destroy 'and disappear, that pursuit was nearly always fruitless, and though, in time, punishment was meted out after a fashion to the whole tribe, the individual perpetrators almost invariably escaped identification and justice. When Gen. Crook subdued them and placed them on reservations, it was not by any one pitched battle, but by hunting them relentlessly from their mountain fastnesses and keeping them constantly on the move until there was no longer a hiding place in all the land where they could be safe from pursuit. Then they sued for peace, which was granted them, but which they only observed when it was convenient to themselves.

In spite of Christian teachings the to the law of retaliation and refuses to be satisfied when those who have taken human life are left in possession of their own. It is consequently, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. least in which a brutal band of Apache and terrible retribution. The instance here related is history-heretofore unticulars be found in the records of the war department, for it was not deemed advisable in those days to report the raising a clamor among the Boston departed. philanthropists, so called, a class in the east who could hear of the massacre of settlers and their wives and Taylor or his remains; also to note children unmoved, but who never failed to shudder and raise a wail at whether they were still lurking in the the death of a "poor Indian." The raid vicinity. The party was a small one, on the Hassayampa is only too well for there were not many men in the remembered by many residing in Ari- settlement, but it was not their inten zona to-day, for it was one of the last tion to attempt an engagement with Indian outrages committed in northern so large a body as this was known to Ar zona.

mining camps sprinkled along the tary post at Date creek, forty miles Hassayampa river were commencing from Wickenburg. The party on reachto breathe easier. It was nearly four ing the scene of the murders followed months since Gen. Crook had gathered the well-worn trail leading to the

came nearer they could see that he was a well-formed, handsome young fellow, over six feet in height, and that he carried an ivory-handled sixshooter slung to the cartridge belt that encircled his waist. No one knows exactly what happened next, but it is certain that he must have been startled out of his presence of mind-perhaps by their diabolical yelling, or perhaps by an arrow whizzing past him-and failed to use his pistol. The tracks in the sand indicated that on coming opposite the ambush he started to run west across the canyon, and that fifty or more of the savages took after him, catching him under the sulted, in the cliffs on the opposite side. This would never have happened if he had pulled his pistol and faced them. They would have been compelled to shoot him dead, and thus he would have

> avoided the awful torture that fol-George Taylor, the eighteen-yearold son of the superintendent of Smith's mill, had been dispatched to Lambley's ranch that morning to attend to some work on the flume which delivered water to the mill, and to turn on the water for the first mill run. P. W. Smith, the mill owner, had brought him as far as the ranch in his buggy and had gone on to Wickenburg, intending to call for him on his return that same evening. After completing his work on the flume young Taylor had decided not to wait for Smith but to return on foot, as there still remained several hours of daylight; though Lambley, who liked the boy, urged him strongly to spend the remainder of the afternoon and the night at the ranch. That was the last

seen of him alive. In due time Smith stopped at Lambley's in his buggy, and learning that the boy had gone allowed himself to be persuaded into spending the night. The next morning at Smith's mill, Mohuman mind still clings instinctively Donald, one of the mill men, had to go to Wickenburg, and saddled his horse at sunrise. He never came back. Death still lurked behind those fatal bowlders, and as he passed opposite them on his big gray horse there was a a pleasure to recall one instance at whir of arrows, and he was sent to meet Gus Swain and George Taylor. That murderers were overtaken by a swift must have been about seven o'clock in the morning, for at eight o'clock Smith came along in his buggy, and, written, it is true; nor can all the par- discovering the two dead bodies, did not need to be told what was wrong, but turned his horse and hurried back to Lambley's. That he was unmolestkilling of many Indians for fear of ed was proof that the murderers had

The next day a party started out to bury the bodies and to hunt for young which way the Indians had gone and be. However, a swift courier had The few score of citizens of the little been dispatched at once to the mili-

ers. The man was on foot, and as he BRAVERY HALF THE BATTLE.

William Goat's Nimple Wit Proved Too Much for Leo.

There was once a wise old goat. One day he took refuge from a storm by running into the first cave he saw. It of Uji, between that city and Nara, has proved an excellent shelter, but it be- always kept its reputation for produconged to a lion; and soon the goat ing the finest tea. The most valuable heard the lion coming home.

"Aha!" remarked William Goat to himself, "this is a place where wit is of the open air without any protection, more use than sharp horns!" And when evergreen bushes from two to three the lion came in, he calmly found the goat stroking his beard.

"How very lucky," exclaimed old William, just as the lion was about to spring upon him.

"Lucky?" said Leo, stopping halfway "for me, you mean?"

"Not at all," answered William: "I mean for myself. It is my business to hunt lions.

"I never heard of such a thing," answered the lion, laughing scornfully. "Very likely not," replied the goat. But then I'm not an ordinary goat. I am the lion-hunting kind. We are rare, but there are a few of us still left. I made a vow that I would kill ten lions this week, but they are scarce, and so far I have slain only five. You will be the sixth."

So saying he lowered his head and charged the lion with pretended ferocity. Not expecting the attack, the lion turned and ran out.

No sooner was William the goat sure that the lion was at a distance than he on a framework of bamboo, so that started off, too, but in another direction. Meanwhile Leo met a jackal, and told him about the story the goat had made up.

"What nonsense!" said the jackal, bursting into a roar of laughter. "Why, I know old William Goat well. He is no fiercer than any other goat. Come with me and we'll quickly make an end of him." So they turned back toward the cave, and soon finding the goat's tracks, they made after him at top speed.

William Goat luckily caught sight of them before they saw him.

"Now," said he to himself, "I must make believe harder than ever, or all is lost."

Thereupon he turned around and ran toward his pursuers at full speed. As soon as he was near enough to be plain- per's Magazine. ly heard, he cried out in as angry a tone as he could put on:

you I needed five lions, and here you bring me only this little one!"

At this Leo was again overcome by fright, and he once more took to his paws toward the deepest part of the jungle. The jackal called after him in vain, and, being really a coward, did was in turn kept in a locked bureau not dare to face old William Goat alone, drawer. Estelle noticed that the ring SoWilliam arrived safe at home, to was in places worn almost to a thread, Nicholas.

Beautifying Effects of the Artless, Happy Laugh.

The apostle of comeliness should never forget that mirth is beautifying. No end of women possess what is

TEA GROWING IN JAPAN. Valuable Plants Which Are Reared Under

Covers of Matting. In the twelfth century Kyoto was the

center of life in Japan, and the district leaves are those on the young spring shoots. Most of the shrubs grow in feet high, and among them the women and children were at work. As they squatted by the plants filling their baskets very little of them was visible, but their big grass hats shone in the sun, looking like a crop of gigantic mushrooms. The Japanese "kasa" is made of various light materials-straw, split bamboo, rushes, or shavings of deal; it is used, like an umbrella tied to the head, as a protection against sun and rain; in the evening or on cloudy days it is laid aside. and the laborers wear only their cotton kerchief, spread out like a hood, or tied in a band round their brows. Though it can not be called the "vast hat the Graces made," it is, nevertheless, very effective in the landscape, and the variations of its outline in different positions indicate happily the action of its wearer. The plants which produce the most expensive teas, costing from six to eight dollars a pound, are carefully protected by mats stretched

the tender leaves may neither be scorched by the sun or torn by the heavy rains, and there are acres of them so inclosed. It was a curious thing to look down from a little hill-top on a sea of matting which filled the whole valley from one pine-clad hill to another, its surface only broken by the ends of the supporting poles and by the thatched roofs of the drvinghouses which stuck up here and there like little islands. Underneath the mats women were picking, and in every way-side cottage those who were not in the fields were busily sorting and cleaning the leaves. There are no large factories or firing-houses; each family makes its own brand of tea, labelling it with some fanciful or poetic name.-Alfred Parsons, in Har-

A TALE OF TWO RINGS.

"Why, Jackal, how is this? I told How a Young Girl Learned the Significance of the Golden Circlet.

slender gold ring set with a tiny diamond. This ring her mother kept locked in a little brass casket, which returning it to the dark little casket. of a Magdalene. Estelle knew that her mother was a

member the exact number. of dessert that was served, and he re- committed in the wilderness? warded ther with a meaning look. cherished and guarded the ring that The sunny soul that is full of hope. The kent in the casket - Jewelers' And whose beautiful trust he'r falleth:

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

THE SABBATH.

"In the Spirit on the Lord's Day." For the tired world what raptures blest Thou givest birth, sweet day of rest! Baptized with dews of purer grace, Earth wears with thee a heavenlier face.

No sounds so glad fall on my ear As when thy pleasant chimes so dear Ring out the week-day toil and din And ring the happy Sabbath in.

There seems a spirit in the air Which loves God's presence to declare, And draws the heart with tender chords To heed the Father's loving words.

O would that we had ears to hear. To-day, that Voice rise sweet and clear; That reassured each soul might be. Its spirit is, O God. with Thee.

With Thee in worship, here to find The revelations of Thy mind: For on this day, the rest above, God sets His signet-ring of love

Woe to the sacrilegious hand That would efface it from the land, To leave life one vobroken chain Of days of toil for sordid gain.

-Rowland Brown, in Christain Work. THE SIN OF FRETTING.

Evil Growing Out of This Disease-Why We Should Cultivate the Opposite Qual-Itv.

"Fret not thyself." says the psalmist. Mankind has a proneness to be discontent with their condition. The millionaire would offer his possessions for the health of the poor laborer and the happiness of his humble home; while that same poor laborer would deem but a fraction of the millionaire's wealth the richest earthly gift that Heaven could bestow. Man is discontented with his condition whatever it may be. Fretting may be classed as a disease-a disease of the soul. At first it may be only acute or spasmodic; and then, from the force of habit, it becomes chronic, and fretting, like drunkenness and other sins, becomes habitual. Ps. xxxiv, 17. All of charity and love is crushed out of our lives, and with nothing to make smooth the path of life, we fret at the prosperity of our neighbor, or what fretting unfit ourselves for that same prosperity or its enjoyment. The fretthat love God;" that God may be deal-

COSMETIC VALUE OF MIRTH. widow, but she was not quite sure lamities that are going to happen have starting point: "Trust in God." "Trust what a widow was, and she knew also caused more misery than those that in the Lord with all thine heart; and that she herself was the youngest of have happened." A fretful spirit never lean not unto thine own understandmany children-so many that at five sees the silver-lining of a cloud, but ing," is the keynote of the whole book. years of age, Estelle could never re- only the blackness of despair and the Trust Him for counsel, help and Often during her childhood Estelle, result. Fretters become to themselves and keep. Trust Him to sustain in termed "gas beauty"-that is, they are having seen others wear beautiful prophets; never prophesying good, but trouble and to comfort in grief. Trust plain enough on ordinary occasions and rings, had wondered why her mother always evil; telling about things that Him in the morning, at noon and at did not wear hers, and had even asked never have happened and are not likely night. Trust Him moment by moment, for an explanation: "Because, darling," to happen, and by this fretting unfit day by day, and week by week. Make her mother had said, "papa gave the themselves for the enjoyment of the trust in God the corner-stone of your ring to mamma, and she must not wear blessings by which they are surround- plan for life .- Ram's Horn. it out." Estelle wondered who "papa" ed. They make themselves miserable, was, and why he should care if her and not only themselves, but those undation of light that transform mother wore the pretty little ring. around them. Not only does a fretful Afterward, Estelle's mother died, and spirit do no good; it also does harm, in Estelle grew older and forgot about that it unfits man for the duties of the ring. She had not time to culti- life, and from the enjoyment which vate the sentiments that belong to such somes from the performance of those the festive air generally, that inspire trifles, for she was very poor and duties. Fretting is a sin, and sin worked day after day in a kitchen. brings its punishment. Israel mur-But in time a young farmer, who mured against God in the wilderness. worked in the field even harder than and was punished, all falling in the and their very eyes to dance with high Estelle worked in the kitchen, grew wilderness save those two just men, foud of her. Estelle surreptitiously Joshua and Caleb. Are the sins of the gave him sometimes the largest plate present less punishable than than those If along the pathway of life we met Many women are very much-like those Then followed the old story, and Estelle none save those selfish, fretful persons, learned there was something in life life would be a bitter walk, indeed; worth living for, and that it was not a but there is a bright side to the picture. diamond, until one day the young Along the path are persons who, like even insignificant beauty, but when farmer placed on her finger a ring ex- Paul, have learned in whatsoever state the flame is kindled, when the unre- actly like her mother's, except that it they are, therewith to be content; perwas heavier and had never been worn sons who by their cheerfulness are disbefore. When her lover was gone pensers of sunshine wherever they go. A spontaneous smile lifts every line Estelle leaned on the kitchen table and They look not at the blackest cloud, toyed with the ring, and then for the but beyond at the silver lining. Such the elixir of youth. The play of the first time she realized why her mother persons have been described by one as-The grass is green and the flowers are bright, Though the winter storm prevaileth. Such persons seem to be the minis-During the great strike a few years tering angels of God. sent to dispense ago, among the officials of the North | the sunlight of love along the pathnature. It is the happy langh of British railway much difficulty was way of life. They can go into the right place is empty. animal content of little children re- experienced in finding qualified engine- homes of misery, want and woe, and oleing in the song of birds, fresh air, drivers to maintain the necessary train without being intrusive or obtrusive, of the man who does not give. service. Upon one occasion a young minister to their wants and leave a ray fellow was put upon a section in Fife. of sunsaine that makes those homes One day he ran some distance past a the better for their having been there. certain station, and, upon putting back, They can go into the home of sorrow he went as far the other way. The and bereavement, and there, weeping stationmaster, seeing him preparing with those that weep, they minister for another attempt, to the great such consolation and comfort to those amusement of the passengers on the sorrowing hearts, as give hope that the sun will shine again for them. In the "Just bide where you are, Thomas; communities where such persons live, they are universally loved by the young, the middle-aged and the old; army, and when death claims them they are truly mourned and missed. Oh! that life might have more such persons practice. along its pathway, giving and taking pleasure from the blessings by which the scales they use in Heaven as a rich God has surrounded them! There are some reasons why we persona, God has surrounded us by of mischief. many things for our comfort and enjoyment; and it is a duty we owe our- appear to work at their trade only one selves to fit ourselves to enjoy the day in the week. blessings God has given us. It is a duty we owe our fellowman to shed sunlight and love along his path, and we feel like it. make his life one of sweet enjoyment. off the offending eyelids and threw rai's are as clean and as smooth as But there is a higher duty, our duty to ligion that does not make its possessor God. It was God who said, "Fret not more benevolent. thyself," and it is our duty to obey, shrub which has ever since had power tree small boys .- Boston Home Jour and with humble trust submit to His will. Then as a duty we owe ourselves, our fellowman, and above all our God, let us all carefully cultivate cheerful- fear they will offend a friend. ness of heart and mind, and prayerfully try to lay aside all discontent and fretting .--- United Presbyterian.

A JAPAN LEGEND.

Simple but Very Important Truth Illus-trated by a Beautiful Story.

There is a beautiful legend that comes to us from the somewhat unlikely source, Japan, of the founder of bells, who was ordered by the emperor to cast a bell which should make the most vacied and ravishing music, and should be heard at the distance of one hundred miles. From the coffers of the emperor, gold and silver and brass were supplied, in any quantity required, so that all the metals, blended together, might give all the notes that a bell could produce. But after several attempts to east a bell with many metals, and repeated failure, the emperer lost patience with the founder. and said that if he failed again he should die. And then his daughter, a young and beautiful girl, thought that she would go to the oracle and learn how the casting might be made; and the oracle replied that only the blood of a virgin could make the metals mingle and secure the casting of the bell. Her resolution was at once formed, and going into her father's foundry when the metals were in the chaldron, she put her cloak around her head and plunged into the chaldron; and when the bell was cast, the music rang out, and could be heard, varied and beautiful, at the distance of one hundred miles, nay, as some find to-night, at the distance of half the globe. For the simple truth lay there that the music of the human soul is never beaten out, and never sounds clear and sweet, penetrating, and satisfying, until sacrifice has occurred and self has perished in the making of the music -- Roston Watchman.

THE GUIDE BOOK.

If Prayerfully Consulted It Will Point Out the Right and Safe Course.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles .-

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The Bible makes it as clear as anything in language could, that God wants His children to understand that they can depend upon Him under all seems to us his prosperity, and by our circumstances. What wonder there must be among the angels in Heaven if they can look down upon us and see all ful spirit frets at the providence of this. God promising to be all things to God, altogether forgetful that "all us, and to do for us more than we will things work together, for good to them ask or think, and yet we remain so full of doubt and fear that we will not ing with them in mercy, and not in trust. When dangers begin to threatjudgment. The parents who are called en us, we lose our faith, and courage, When Estelle was a mere child, her to lay away the child with whom they and peace, and instead of asking God to mother occasionally showed to her a feel "it is well," may fret at this dis- lead and help, we disregard all of pesation of God's providence, and bit- His precious promises, and become terness may fill their hearts; but may despondent and unhappy because we it not have been in mercy that God has forget that we still have a Friend who been dealing with them? Perhaps is mighty to help. The safest thing to God has been sparing them the deeper do under any and all circumstances is and more bitter sorrow of seeing that to make the Bible our guide-book the great joy of Nanny and the little and that sometimes, when her mother same child in a felon's cell, or a drunk- through this life. If praverfully conkids .- Christopher Valentine, in St. fitted it on her finger, she wept before ard's grave, or branded with the brand sulted it will always point out to us the course that is right and safe, and It has been well said that "the ca- that course will always have for its

dire and dreaded calamities that will strength. Trust Him to lead, direct

Apaches and placed them under mili- camped, and there, surrounded by the tary control on the reservation, and it was now possible to lie down at night. or even to travel from place to place, without fear or trembling. Former borrors were forgotten and men were at their ease and off their guard. But the poor Indians were suffering from ennui. So one day a large band of them stole away from their reservation on the Verdi river and headed for the mining camps on the Hassavampa. They had some squaws with them, for they intended to take a good long holfday and the gentle squaws could not bear to forego the pleasure of torturing the white prisoners, of whom it was hoped there would be many. They belonged to that branch of the Apache nation known as the Apache-Mohave, and there were just 125 of them in all.

It was midafternoon on the 18th of . May, 1873, when the snake-like procession wound down through a dark, narrow ravine to the deep canyon of the clean-nicked bones of the butchered peared noiselessly among the huge mutilated. bolwders that lined the opposite side | overhanging mountains. Four miles arrived from Date creek, supported by below was Smith's mill, a ten-stamp a company of Indian scouts, and took quartz mill that had just been com- up the well-defined trail, which led the river came to the surface for a short gades at their next halting place had distance before sinking again in the killed and eaten the other of Swain's sandy channel. There was no one in mules, and, as before, had consumed it the canvon from Smith's mill to fell in with a strong scouting party Lambley's ranch, and thence to the from Fort McDowell, who had heard mining camp of Wickenburg, still from Camp Verde that some Indians farther above. Soon Gus Swain came had escaped from the reservation, and sandy road, his rickety wagon The two parties so opportunely met filled with empty barrels. As he joined forces forthwith, and late that neared the group of bowlders it is afternoon the scouts brought in word warning that death lurked behind a short distance ahead of the column. them, for his off mule was noted for It is probable that the maranding its intense dislike for Indians. Poor party had sent back spies for the first Swain's body was found the next day. day or two, and thus learning that mutilated in an unspeakable manner, they were not being followed-for the lying in the sand beside his deserted troops did not take the trail until the a big musket ball in his breast, and had grown careless and relaxed their they breathed easier when they saw vigilance. By the waters of a crystal that proof that death had saved him | spring, in a deep, seeladed valley, from torture. The tracks showed how walled by high mountains, the murthe Indians had swarmed around the derers had chosen their sesting place. wagon, and that they had led away They had butchered the large gray one of the mules, but had butchered horse ridden by McDonald, their third the other on the spot. Not a trace of victim, and were feasting and making the latter was left on the ground ex- merry in fancied security. The bucks cept the contents of its paunch and a were lying around at their ease, withone carrying a share of the slaugh- roasted great hunks of flesh at the wered animal, they climbed to the sum- camp fires and waited on their lords. rsit of the rough, bowlder-strewn Silently the stern-faced troops closed riountain, still in single file, and in around them, and at a signal volley building a score of little fires that after volley was poured into them made no smoke to betray their pres- from every side. There was no chance ence from a distance, they rozsted and of escape. Panic-stricken, they rushed feasted and made merry.

tain rgain waited behind the bowld- were averged.

in the numerous bands of marauding mountain top, where the Indians had



Hassyyampa, and crossing quickly mule, they found the body of the unover the dry bed of the stream, cisap- fortunate boy, stripped and horribly

Another day passed, and then a deand covered the abrupt slope of the tachment of United States cavalry pleted, and five miles above was Ed eastward over unexplored mountain Lambley's ranch, where the water of ranges. They found where the renesight as the Indians waited behind the entire, leaving nothing but the cleanbowlders, but a wagon road passed up picked bones; and the next day they driving his mules slowly along the had been sent out to intercept them. strange that his mules did not give him that their quarry had gone into camp wagon. But there was the wound of third day after their departure-they few splashes of blood. Then, each out their arms, while the squaws to and fro within the circle of belch-Soon word was passed that a white ing flame and smoke. In a few minman was coming down the canyon, and utes all was over. Their little please

a party of them descending the moun- ure trip was over-and their victims

midnight, under the blaze of candelabra and gas-jets, they become radiant. metamorphosed beings. It is not altogether the glitter of jewels, the cloudy tulles, the shimmer of silks and the inthem. It is something more subtle. It is the idea of unalloyed gavety. suggested by the lively strains of music, the fragrance of flowers, and these chameleonlike women with a light-heartedness that causes their faces to become envreathed in smiles. spirits. The demi-semi smile that gives a twitch to the mouth, but does not creep up to the eye is a poor affair by comparison.

bewitching modern lamps dressed in their pretty modish shades, that possess in the daytime a cold, unalluring, strained smile bursts forth, a transformation takes place.

of the face. It might almost be called facial muscles that comes from hearty frequent laughter restores freshness she kept in the casket. - Jewelers' and tone to the flesh of the face. It is, Weekly. indeed, a sort of poetic message. The laughter should be the laughter of artlessness, however; it should spring from the childlike side of one's blue sky, and a sense of gladness in mere existence that is all beautifying.

The Origin of Tea.

-Harper's Bazar.

It is difficult nowadays to imagine how the Japanese managed to live without tea; everybody drinks it at all hours of the day, and the poorest people rarely get a chance of drinking anything stronger, and yet it is, as things went in old Japan, a comparatively recent introduction. Tea was introduced with Buddhism from China, and though some plants were brought as early as the ninth century, it was not much grown until the end of the twelfth. Daruma, an Indian saint of the sixth century, often represented in Japanese art either crossing the ocean on a reed or sitting a monument of pa- money. tience with his hands in his sleeves. was the father of the tea-plant. After the matter with a load of hay?-Judge. years of sleepless watching and prayer he suddenly got drowsy, and at last his eyelids closed and he peacefully slept. When he awoke he was so ashamed of them on the ground, where they in- glass. stantly took root and sprouted into the to keep the world awake.-Alfred Par- nal sons, in Harper's Magazine.

-"That's a curious paradox." said Hicks. "What is?" queried Hawkins. "Offer a timid man affront, and he'll be taken aback."-Harper's Bazar

Accommodating.

platform, shouted:

we'll shift the station!"-Tit-Bits.

Just the Thing.

First Friend (of intending groom)-Well, we'll have to give them a present. What will it be and how much shall we spend?

Second Friend-Idon't know. I'll go as deep as you. First Friend-Let's send something

that will make a big show for our Second Friend-All right. What's

Use for the Small Boy.

Mrs. Watts-Mary Ann, these balusters seem always dusty. I was at Mrs. this pardonable weakness that he cut Johnson's after church, and her stair

Mary Ann-Vis mum. But she has

-Mrs. Hale (just married)-"Maria. we will have eels as a second course for dinner." Maria-"How much ought I to get. ma'am?" "I think twelve yards is sufficient."-Vogue.

Annoying and Providential.

Interruptions in our work are important in their place, yet we are apt to be impatient of them. When we are absorbed in some occupation in the line of duty or of profitable pleasure, it is annoying to be called away to attend to some person in whom we have liitle interest, but who seeks our sympathy or help in his work or needs. Yet when the interruption is not of our choosing, and one that can not properly be evaded by us, it is clearly a providential ordering, and we are to accept it as designed for our good, and as being really better for us than the privilege of uninterrupted effort. There may be opportunities for interruption which we ought not to accept; but if we are interrupted in spite of ourselves, we may understand that God knows what we need. better than we know .- S. S. Times.

SAGE SAYINGS.

Some Bright Bits of Truth Taken From the

Ram's Horn.

The devil is always polite upon first acquaintance.

We are sure to lose what we try to keep God from having.

There is no more dangerous decention than self-deception.

When we get in the wrong place our

The devil has his hand over the eves

The golden calf men worship never becomes a cow that gives milk.

If you get into the place God wantsyou to have you will have a good one" The devil has to work hard to get a: finger on the man who loves his Bible. No man who claims to be doing business for God has any right to use a short vardstick.

A good man on his knees weighs more than the biggest giant in the devil's

The devil is not so much concerned about our profession as he is about our

A poor man's all weighs as much on man's millions.

On the day when we have not done a should try to be numbered with these little good we have done a great deal

There are some preachers who only

There is a bad flaw in our religion if we never praise the Lord except when

There is not much Christ in the re-

Church members who never smile will some day find out that God has somewhat against them.

There are people who do not want to call the devil by his right name, for

People who try to serve the Lord only for gain would prefer to work for the devil at the same salary.

Machinery of the best manufacture in the world. Their constrpation and sick headache per- cattle at ten cents per head. If those large number of head howere near THE JOURNL needs all the money anto him unto whom honor is due, manently cures and piles prevented who wish to have such work done will