

## COWBOY AND CORSET.

BY CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

"I jest wish you had never went to Dallas. I wish you'd stayed here on the ranch en' kep' on a bein' yer own self, stead o' driftin' off the range to the city an' a makin' a play to be a high-tone leddy. Y'ain't like yo' used to be, Cassie."

There was a scowl on the cowboy's face as he stood before Cassie Denton, the daughter of the owner of the Texas ranch at which he was employed. The face of the bright-eyed little maiden wore a pained look as she toyed with the buckskin wrist loop which depended from the handle of the six-shooter in his belt.

"I knowed just how it would be," he continued. "When yer pop got the notion into his head that yo' must be educated an' be a leddy, I tol' him it's spile yo'. I tol' him yo' never would be the same gal no mo', that yer little head 'd git turned there among the fine stock, an' yo' wouldn't have no mo' use fur graded critters sich as the riders o' the ranges."

"But Bob," the girl interrupted, "I am not changed in my feelings toward you. I love you just as well as I did the day pop said I could marry you, and he sent me to school for two years just to make me fit to be your wife. It was all for your sake, Bob, and it's real bad of you to act so after I had studied so hard to make of myself a lady worthy of such a man as you. I know I'm not like I used to be. I am not rough and wild like I was once, I dress better and I talk better. It's refinement, Bob—that what Miss Bentley, the teacher, said, and she said that a girl without refinement was just a wart on the face of society. That's just what she said, Bob, in her own words, and I feel like crying at the way you act."

"I'd a whole lot rather see you a good, healthy wart on the face o' society, than to see yo' a dab o' bright paint on one o' yer cheeks, or a string o' no 'count beads a hangin' about yer neck. Style is fur them that lives in cities, Cassie, an' is jest as much out o' place in here on the ranch as a cheap 'erline' greaser 'd be out o' place in glory. I'd never believed it of yo', Cassie, that yo' come back here with your foretop curled up in a bunch, an' a corset cinched round yo'. I wouldn't b' I swear I wouldn't. No woman kin make a rancher a good wife that wears a fashion pack-saddle, an' bunches up her mane like yours is bunched. I mout git over the curl business in time, but I ain't never goin' to have no wife that'll cinch herself up so's she can't breathe below—"

With a scream of laughter the girl placed her hand over his mouth and checked his further speech.

"Oh! Bob, Bob, you naughty boy! Is it my poor little corset that has come between us to ward off your love? Oh! I must laugh, for it's really the funniest thing I ever heard of. Why, Bob, I could never live without a corset. It is such a support and comfort, and you know, you wicked boy, that my figure is much prettier than it was before I went to Dallas. Isn't it, now?"

She placed her hands against her waist and waltzed saucily around so that he could inspect her neat form.

"No, tain't. Tain't free an' easy like God intended it should be. If He'd wanted yo' pinched up like yo' are now, He'd a built yo' that way. There'd be jest as much sense in cinch- in' up cows to make 'em look purty. Yo'd laugh yer eyes out to see a cow a goin' round here with corsets on an', yo' hear me, it's jest as ridiculous fur a gal to do it. I'm a goin' to round up the ranges fur a gal 'at's got more savvy than to wear sich monstrousities, 'less I never will double up in matrimony long as I live. Throw 'em away, Cassie, or yo' an' me won't be nothin' much to each other no mo'."

"Bob, I won't make a fool of myself for a little senseless whim such as yours. I'll wear what I please, and if it don't exactly meet with your ideas of propriety you can go and round up a girl that's willing to put up with your nonsense."

The little girl was angry now, and with a spiteful frown she turned from him and went into the house. Her anger was like a passing summer cloud, and when in a few moments it had spent itself she ran to her room, and, throwing herself on the bed, burst into tears. She knew Bob Taylor loved her dearly, and, rough and uneducated as he was, she almost worshipped the handsome young cowboy. She would gladly have consigned the offending article of dress to the waters of the Brazos, which ran near the house, but she could not for a moment countenance such an unreasonable whim on Bob's part, and with set teeth and clinched hands she vowed that if her lover took her to be his wife the corset must be included in the inventory of her personal effects.

Days sped by, and Bob passed and repassed her about the house, seemingly as oblivious of her presence as if she were a thousand miles away. Only once did he notice her, when, in maidenly desperation at his coldness, she asked:

"Ain't you never going to make up, Bob?"

"Not till you skin off that infernal pack saddle," was the surly reply.

Their love had been a fruitful and never stale topic of conversation among the pupils of Miss Bentley's school for girls in Dallas, and in all their confidential chats Cassie had heard of but one effective method of whipping a recalcitrant lover back into the traces: "Flirt with some other fellow." Her only fear was that if she should try the experiment Bob might lose control of his temper and shoot the other fellow, and as a result he might be locked up for a long, long time in a cheerless prison and the marriage be necessarily postponed until the misdemeanor was atoned for. The judge might be a cruel old monster with no sympathy for young lovers and might send him into retirement for years, and she might become

a wrinkled or calcimined old maid before he again breathed the air of freedom. That would be terrible. But, pah! Bob would never be so foolish as to puff out a human light for one little girl in a country literally running over with the prettiest girls in America. Not he. Anyhow, she would risk it, and if Ben Allison, of the Diamond O ranch, came around and made eyes at her again as he had done on several occasions she would encourage him just the least bit, and then, when Bob recovered from the fit of temporary insanity into which her corset had thrown him and came to her in a penitent mood she would throw herself into his dear arms and tell him that she never did, never would and never could love anyone but him. Of course he would forgive her and kiss her tears away, and the sun of love would again burst forth and shine over them with new and exquisite luster.

Ben Allison's heart became real unruly when at his next visit to the Denton ranch Cassie met him with a well-coming smile, extended her pretty little hand and permitted him to hold it quite a little while after he had got through shaking it. After this gratifying reception his visits increased in frequency, and although, with great feminine tact, the girl kept his ardor within proper bounds, she did not repulse him, and it soon became noised about among the riders of the ranges that "Ben was sure goin' to pitch a matrimonial rope at Cassie Denton, an' the little thre'bred 'd soon pack his brand."

Bob noted all this, and his heart was filled with bitterness toward his supposed rival. He never cast the look of recognition upon Cassie, yet when he would see her moving about the house or corral or galloping about the range on her pretty little pinto pony, it began to dawn upon him that her corseted form was indeed far neater than that of any girl on all the ranges of the Brazos. After a time he was ready to swear that he had never seen anything one-half so handsome as that neat, graceful figure, and the uncorseted girls of his acquaintance seemed almost frightful in his eyes when he gazed upon their loose, dumpy forms. He began to harbor the impression that he had made a very pronounced fool of himself, but his stubborn nature asserted itself. He had said the corset must go, and go it must.

"That's a way-up-on-top gal sence she got back from Dallas; ain't she, Bob?" Allison said to him one day, when they met in the corral of the Denton ranch.

"You don't want to make no funny plays about that gal when I'm around," Bob hotly replied.

"I hain't never yit found out that it makes any difference who's around or who ain't around when I want to make a talk play," retorted Allison.

"Some things gits found out mighty sudden, Ben Allison, an' this ain't goin' to be fur from one o' 'em. I want to tell you right now, an' to holler it out plain, too, that yo' are a nosin' 'round this ranch too plenty o' late instead of ridin' your own ranch, an' I ain't a goin' to stand it no mo'."

"Mebbe you wouldn't mind tellin' me what business it is o' yours whar I ride. Long as the gal's throwed you to one side you ain't got no say as to other fellers pitchin' a rope at her."

"Yer a liar when yo' say she's throwed me, an' yo' know it, an' yo' want to hit the Diamond O trail right now or yo' an' me's a go in' to bump together pow'ful hard. Jest top that boss o' yours an' work him lively away from here, or a calamity's a goin' to occur right quick."

"You talk mighty brave fur a east-off shoe, Bob Taylor, an' you can't begin the bumpin' business any too quick to suit me, you poor, worthless sneak."

That was the limit. The two men, their eyes blazing with anger, backed away from each other, drawing their six-shooters as they went. The guns were thrown into position for quick work, just as a slight girlish form darted around the corner of the adobe stable and sprang in front of Taylor. Allison's pistol rang out before he noted the presence of the girl, and with a scream of pain she fell senseless to the ground. The man who had fired the shot fled in terror, and Bob bent over his wounded darling, calling her by the most endearing names and begging her to live for his sake.

The form of the girl was borne into the house, and a doctor from Waco, who was fortunately there, attending a cowboy who was down with the break-bone fever, was called in.

"Is she dead, doctor?" asked Bob, in tones of the most pitiable agony.

"No, only stunned. Ball struck a corset steel and glanced off. She will be all right soon, but it was a close call, my boy, and she undoubtedly saved your life."

Cassie soon recovered consciousness, and, with joy in his every tone, Bob confessed what a fool he had been, and begged for forgiveness. Of course it was sweetly granted, and he declared that the marriage must take place just as soon as she became able to stand before the minister.

"And can I wear my corset, dear?" she coyly asked.

"Wear what saved yo' fur me? Cassie, I wouldn't have you throw that away fur a million dollars. You kin wear two o' 'm if yo' want to, an' if yo' say so I'll wear one myself."—N. Y. Telegram.

### A Tablet for a King.

A tablet recently set up at Naples commemorates the bravest act done by a king in this century, the visit of King Humbert to the cholera sufferers in 1884. It stands near the spot where the excommunicated king, Cardinal San Felice and the archbishop of Naples met while passing through the hospital in the performance of their duties.

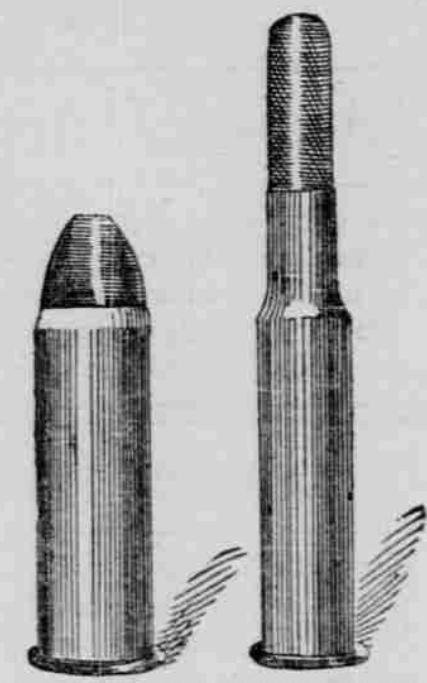
—La Mollie River, in Vermont, was at first called La Monette, "the seagull," from the great abundance of these birds.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

### THE NEW ARMY RIFLE.

A National Guardsman Reports Favorably on It—Wherein It Differs from the Remington Rifle—Impressions of a New York Soldier Who Has Given It a Most Thorough Trial.

"The United States army magazine rifle, model of 1893," has been described often enough. Everyone knows that it is a five-shot magazine rifle of thirty caliber. It is about two inches shorter than the Springfield and the Remington rifles, the calibers of which are forty-five and fifty respectively. It is a bolt gun, the breech being opened by a lever rising from the bolt at an angle of about thirty degrees to the



REMINGTON CAR- RIDGE. KRAG-JORGENSEN CARTRIDGE.

plane of the axis of the rifle. But the little details of the piece are not so well known; and an enlisted man of the national guard of New York state, having obtained permission to try the piece at Creedmoor, makes public here-with some of his impressions concerning it.

As has been said, the piece is a little shorter than the present rifle; but the breech block is so much longer than that of the Remington rifle that the barrel of the Krag-Jorgensen is about six inches shorter. The barrel is heavier than that of the other piece. Immediately in front of the trigger the stock is grooved on both sides, like the stock of some of those sporting rifles which carry a magazine under the barrel, and these grooves afford a good grip for the hand when firing the piece. The lever of the breech will prevent the piece from being "carried" as the present rifle is carried, with barrel to the rear; but if the manual of arms is changed, so that the barrel is to the front where now it is to the rear, the new piece will be easily handled. It is half a pound heavier than the present rifle, but it is better balanced, and may be shouldered as easily as the Remington. The breech lever being on the right side, the lockplate may be laid flat on the right shoulder when the piece is shouldered, though it is said to be the intention of the board on regulations to alter the manual, so that "right shoulder arms" shall be "slope arms," as "left shoulder arms" is now. The butt plate is perfectly flat.

The bayonet is not merely a toasting fork or fire poker, like the present implement. It is a knife a foot long and weighing one and a half pounds to the one pound of the present bayonet. It can be used to cut wood or cheese, to throw up earthworks or build a field oven, and will stick an enemy as well as the old bayonet. It does not fit over the foresight as the present bayonet does; so that there will be no danger of twisting the sight in the hilarious excitement of fixing bayonets and stacking arms.

The breech mechanism is remarkably simple; it consists of only four parts, the bolt and lever, the spring, the firing pin and the extractor. The trigger works with a spring, separately. There are four parts to the magazine—the hinge, the spring which moves the feeder, and the door.

It is in shooting, however, that the beauties of the new rifle show themselves. The foresight is on a stud fully half an inch high, while the rear sight is low, graduated from point blank at 300 yards to 600 yards before the leaf of the sight is raised, and thence to 2,500 yards. The bar of the sight is held in place by a spring, and allows for the "drift" of the bullet, but there is no allowance for wind, as in the Buffington and Edwards sights. The trigger is short, and the guard will not admit two fingers. The trigger itself has a "creep," that is, it moves through a perceptible arc before it frees the hammer. This "creep" is the standard trigger pull of foreign rifles. It gives an excellent chance to aim and fire without disturbing the aim, for, having taken a hasty aim, the trigger may be pressed until the "creep" is over; then a final aim may be taken, the trigger pressed a little more—bang! the hammer is freed, the firing bolt comes home, and scree-ee! goes the bullet, 2,100 feet a second, with a range of a mile and a half and a trajectory almost perfectly flat, until it hits something and makes its presence felt.

The cartridge, the exact size of which is shown, is .30 of an inch in diameter and 3.1 inches in length. It contains 30 grains of smokeless powder, the bullet weighing 220 grains. With the very high foresight, it was found necessary at 100 yards and 200 yards to aim entirely below the target; even then the shots were high. At 200 yards the lower edge of the target was aimed at. At 500 yards the bar of the sight was left at the 300-yard mark and a "fine" sight taken on the bull's-eye, and at 600 yards the bar was raised to the 100-yard mark. In almost every case the shots were high. Out of some forty shots fired, only three were below the middle of the target. Three shots missed; the other thirty-four were above the middle of the target. There was no perceptible recoil, and absolutely no smoke.—N. Y. Sun

## SUBSTITUTE FOR STONE.

Description and Composition of a New Building Material.

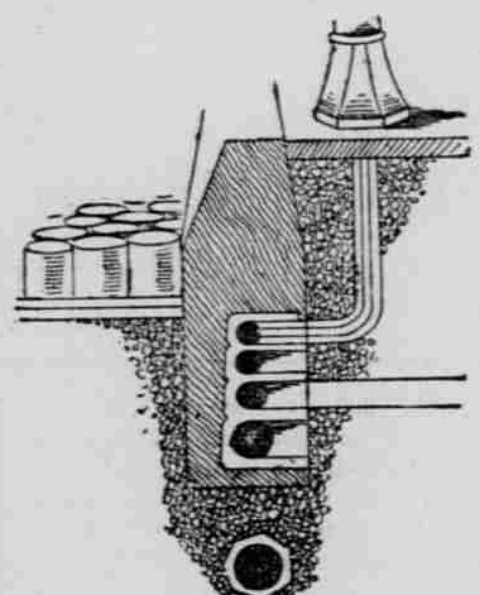
The new kind of building material some time since announced as a proposed substitute for ordinary stone or brick is now receiving special endorsement on account of its freedom, under various and repeated tests, from the usual liability to crack or fracture. To insure this property, with the other essential adaptations, silicic acid is used, powdered and cleansed from all impurities; five to ten per cent. of this is mixed in warm river or rain water, and this is applied to slacked or well-burnt lime or added to hydraulic lime, the resulting product being mixed with sand and small portions of fluorspar. This mixture is cast into molds in various shapes as may be desired, and after removal the castings are left to dry from twelve to twenty-four hours, which brings them to a condition as dry as atmospheric air. In this state they are brought into a steam boiler and steam blown through so as to drive out all air, after which the boiler is hermetically sealed up and steam let in under a pressure of ten atmospheres. In this high-pressure steam bath the stones remain from forty-eight to seventy-two hours, afterward being submitted to a bath of boiling and saturated chloride of calcium for six to twelve hours, also under a pressure of about ten atmospheres, in the same boiler, and the condensed water may be used for the bath. The stones are allowed to dry in the open air, or, more quickly, by circulating steam inside the boiler after the chloride of calcium has been withdrawn and prior to taking out the stones.—Landscape Architect.

### CURB AND CONDUIT.

Chicago Scheme for Burying Electric Wires at Moderate Cost.

One of the few corporations in this country which, having occasion to run wires through public streets, shows a disposition to put those wires underground furnishes electric light in Norwood Park, a suburb of Chicago. And it has decided to make use for this purpose of an invention of a man named Sampson, consisting of a combination of curbstone and conduit. One advantage of such a plan is that the drive-way may be left entirely to the gas and water companies, and their pipes may be entirely disregarded in laying the conduit. Moreover, it will not probably be necessary to dig so deep a trench as otherwise might be the case, although it is proposed to lay a tile and gravel drain, connecting with catch basins and the city sewers, underneath the conduit.

Blocks four feet in length and having a cross section such as is shown here-with are placed about two feet apart at the edge of the sidewalk. These blocks are composed of concrete, and the tubes are of vitrified tiles. Similar



files are carried across the gap between the blocks, being sustained and kept in place by mandrils reaching from duct to duct; and then the intervening space is built up with a mixture of cement and concrete. A sheet-iron mold keeps the plastic material in shape until it sets; and a trowel is used to form and smooth the curbstone on top. Whenever it is desired to run a branch into a house or to a street light, T-shaped tiles are inserted in one of these gaps before filling in. The glossy inner surface of the duct offers little obstruction to the drawing in of the cables, and it is also waterproof. If the construction is properly conducted, therefore, the conduit should be thoroughly waterproof and practically indestructible. Of course, the system is as well adapted to wires for telegraphic, telephonic and power purposes as to those for lighting.—N. Y. Tribune.

### Violas Made of Aluminum.

The idea of making violins out of aluminum is enough to cause the makers of the precious old Cremonas to turn in their graves. Aluminum violins, however, are being made, though they are, at all events, in this early stage of their manufacture, more remarkable for noise than for tonal beauty. The metal is not without advantages for the purpose. Sounding boards of aluminum do not produce secondary tones discordant with the primary tones and have not the uncertainty and lack of individuality found in the wooden boards, nor the liability to warp and crack. The aluminum plates used must be riveted, not soldered. The aluminum violin gives full and resonant tones, and experts say that it will be an acquisition to the orchestra, but it seems to lack the qualities necessary for the finest solo performances.

### Longevity on the Increase.

There has been a decrease in the death rate of Great Britain since 1859 at all ages under 55, while between the ages of 65 and 75 there has been an increase.

### How the Eye Operates.

The eye adapts itself to view objects near and distant by a change in the curvatures of the crystalline lens.

### To Build a Channel Bridge.

It is estimated that it would cost \$170,000,000 to build a bridge across the English channel.

## RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

### LET ALL PRAISE HIM.

Psalm 148.

Hallelujah! Praise Jehovah!  
From the heavens in the heights;  
Praise Jehovah, all His angels,  
Praise Him, all ye hosts of might.

Praise Him, sun, with dazzling splendor;  
Praise Him, moon, that rul'st the night;  
Through creation wide extol Him;  
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

Heaven of heavens, praise Him, praise Him,  
All ye stars that float on high:  
Pouring down your crystal treasures  
From God's river in the sky.

Let them praise His name: Jehovah  
Spoke the word, creation rose;  
He established them forever;  
Fixed their orbits as He chose.

Praise Jehovah, land and water;  
Dragons, monsters of the sea;  
Fire, and hail, and snow, and vapor;  
Storm wind, doing His decree.

Praise Him, hills; and praise Him, mountains;  
Fruit-trees, cedars, praises sing;  
Praise Him, wild beast; praise Him, cattle;  
Praise Him, bird and creeping thing.

Praise Him, kings; and praise Him, nations;  
Chieftains, judges of the earth;  
Young men, maidens; old men, children;  
Praise ye Him with holy mirth.

Let them praise Jehovah's greatness,  
For exalted is His fame,  
Far above the earth and Heaven  
Shines the glory of His name.

High His people's horn is lifted,  
High their honor by His word;  
Near to Him, and dear, is Israel;  
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

—Rev. D. D. Tompkins McLaughlin, in N. Y. Observer.

### WORD CRUSHING.

Mighty Effect of Words Carelessly or Unkindly Spoken.

Up in the mountains of California and Nevada they have a machine into which they pour car loads of rock, and it grinds them to powder. The object of this grinding is to get the gold out of the rock. It is there in minute particles and can not be separated until the quartz is crushed. The crushing enriches the miners and adds to the wealth of the world. But there is another kind of crushing as old as the days of Job, which is like this in some respects, and yet, how unlike in others. It is as powerful as that in the mines but no gold is secured by its operations. Wherever it grinds it impoverishes. When the pious patriarch was suffering "with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown" three friends, as they called themselves, came to comfort him. But they were such "miserable comforters" that he cried: "How long will ye vex my soul, and break me in pieces with words?" Yes, they brought their machine with them, and set it up beside the ash heap on which Job lay, and began to grind and grind, until their words were more painful than the boils.

Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar have many successors in their business of breaking with words. Speech, which God gave to promote our happiness in society and the home—alas! how often it is perverted to the crushing of hearts and hopes! See that fault-finding meek-eyed maiden he promised to love and cherish her. But he begins at the breakfast table to criticize and complain. The coffee is weak, the eggs are too hard, the griddle-cakes are heavy and cold. When she asks for money to buy meat and vegetables for dinner he is as cross as if she were trying to rob him. There is many a broken heart in our nominally Christian homes because we "lords of creation" become petty tyrants. The savage beats his wife with a club to keep her submissive, but the word-beating civilized society is harder to bear. The Christian man ought to be a gentleman. And when a woman finds too late, that she has married a savage in broadcloth, her life is blighted, her very soul is crushed.

Many a mother, wearied and worried, breaks the hearts of her children with words. She is so fretful and impatient that they begin to think she does not love them, and without love child-life is as dreary as a desert. O, ye mothers, do not scold the little ones every time that they drop a crumb on the floor, or rush into the house without wiping their feet. They are thoughtless, only. They do not mean to worry you. Remember that you were once a child. Remember, too, that gentleness is more effective than harshness in building up such characters as you want your children to have. Every community has its breakers with words. Solomon says: "The words of the tale-bearer are as wounds," and again, "there is that speaketh like the piercings of a sword." Words are but air articulated by the tongue and the lips, and yet when so articulated under the influence of a cold and critical spirit they become as destructive as a cyclone. The professional gossip is a professional heart-crusher.

And so is the proud self-righteous Pharisee who denounces the sinner instead of trying to woo him by kindness from his evil ways. Our divine Lord did not cry "Woe unto you publicans and harlots," but "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites." There are thousands of men and women in the gutter to-day who might be virtuous and happy if they were not trampled upon by the heel of respectability.

And there are word-breakers who are the modern fac-similes of Job's comforters. The go-to the chamber of the suffering and talk and talk, until their well-meant but senseless prattle is harder to bear than the twinges of bodily pain or the scorchings of fever. They tell the impatient patients of all the sickness in the community and of those who have died of the very disease by which they are afflicted. The nurse of an invalid said to me some years ago: "Miss A. means to be kind, but every time she visits my patient she does her more harm than good. She not only wearies her but talks to her about the very things that are most distasteful and distressing to her." Why can not people learn to be real comforters to those who are sick or in trouble instead of trying to break the spirit that is already like a bruised reed? I have

known men who might be called prayer-meeting crushers. They talk so long and in such a rambling, repetitious way, that they exercise the spirit of devotion and of brotherly love. It is hard to be charitable to one who says that he wants to edify us and then disgusts us. Such men may be zealous and sincere, but they are like the brethren at Corinth about whom Paul wrote in his first epistle, who spake in an unknown tongue. They did not edify and comfort their hearers. When a man finds that he can not interest his brethren and sisters in the prayer-meeting, he had better not try to speak. That is one of the cases in which silence is golden.—Obadiah Old-school, in Chicago Interior.

### TRUE THANKSGIVING.

We Too Often Forget the Real Meaning Behind Our National Holidays.

How far do we really give thanks on Thanksgiving day? It is a question which applies, more or less, to all memorial days. Do we, as a rule, think more of Christ at Christmas than on other days? Does that national anniversary, the Fourth of July, recall national history, especially in that significance which was originally intended, more than any other day of the year? Doubtless each of these serves as a reminder in some more or less vague and general way; yet the questions just set down appear to be pertinent, after all.

The tendency of memorial observance is to become something else than properly memorial. As the years glide by the event so commemorated retires into the more and more distant past, and in the same proportion grows faded and dim. In the years immediately following the institution of Thanksgiving by the Pilgrims, it may be presumed that appreciation of what harvest means where famine had prevailed or threatened, was vivid and warm. As each year brought round the same abounding tribute of the soil to the hand that tilled it, tradition would recall the time when such a kindly gift from "the mother of us all" was welcomed at Plymouth as life from the dead. With this might naturally go a keener sense of indebtedness to Him, who through instrumentalities of rain and sunshine and soil feeds His children—indebtedness not only for this, but for countless mercies besides. So it may have been for some generations. Has lapse of time wrought lapse of memory?

It may be that the special significance of Thanksgiving is not always kept in mind. It is a thanksgiving for the seedtime and the harvest; for the blessing granted to human labor in its tilling of the soil, and so providing abundance of that store of natural product upon which not alone human life, but so much of what concerns human labor and enterprise in other spheres must depend. Even the thanksgiving meal, with its loaded-table and its happy and eager participants, has a significance lifting it out of the category of mere enjoyment. It is the symbol of abundance; of that abundance which came after famine when the devout Pilgrim, with his harvest safely gathered home, could thankfully and joyfully look forward to impending winter no longer with dread lest the wof of hunger should be heard barking at the door.

On Thanksgiving day let the poor be remembered. Let some opportunity of genuine Christian beneficence be used; let it be used as thankfully and gladly as the abundance of another year of seed-sowing and harvest is welcomed and enjoyed. God has taught us that the offering of thankful hearts is peculiarly pleasing to Him, and that to such offerings His blessing will especially be given.—Chicago Standard.

### Reading God's Messages.

The old Greeks used to send messages from one army to another by means of a roll of parchment twisted spirally round a baton, and then written upon. It was perfectly unintelligible when it fell into a man's hands that had not a corresponding baton to twist it upon. Many of Christ's messages to us are like that. You can only understand the utterances when life gives you the frame round which to wrap them, and then they flash up into meaning, and we say at once: "He told us it all before, and I scarcely knew that He told me, until this moment when I need it."—Alexander MacLaren.

### Sorrow as Praise.

When sudden sorrow befalls the Christian, the last thing that he needs to know is why he has been chosen for stroke. The first thing that he needs to learn is, how can he glorify God through and by affliction. If he must know why he was afflicted peculiarly, it is enough that God loved him. And this is reason enough for making sorrow a pean of praise.—S. S. Times.

### Why We Shall at Last Obtain.

The Christian is sure that he will hold on his way, and at last receive the crown of glory, not because of his own strong desire and purpose, but because he belongs to Christ.—United Presbyterian.

### THE FINEST OF THE WHEAT.

Fifty Sayings Gleaned From the Columns of the Ram's Horn.

Saying no to self is saying yes to God.

God never fails to promote the faithful worker.

Only when God honors us are we truly exalted.

The most dangerous evil is the one that looks most harmless.

Try not only to be good, but to be good for something.

It is a great misfortune to be blind to our own faults.

In most cases the reformer goes away from home to begin work.

Unless you seek your treasures outside of this world you will never be truly rich.

The world needs men who will do right, no matter what is to come of it.

If able preaching could have saved the world, the devil would have been traveling on foot long ago.

If you have to shout to tell people that you are religious, there are many who will never find it out.