THEIR NEIGHBOR.

"Girls! " cried Margery Kearney, "I've seen him!—Clive Sterling—our new neighbor!"

In quite a whirl of excitement Margery had dashed into the cozy room where her three sisters were sitting- She was shining with rain from the hood of her silver-gray gossamer to the tips of her rubbers. The fluffy brown curls across her forehead were sprinkled with bright drops and her cheeks were glowing from her rapid walk.

"You did?" interrogatively chorused three eager voices.

"I really did!"

"Is he handsome?" asked Janet, who appreciated all beauty as intensely as only a plain-looking person can.

"Intellectual-looking?" inquired Clotilde, who dipped daily into Emerson and professed to adore Ruskin.

"Jolly?" queried little Bertie, who was at the age when jolly people seemed created for her especial amusement.

"No—no—no!" laughed Margery "Not handsome—or learned-looking—or even jolly. He is simply the most awkward-looking mortal I ever beheld!"

And she broke into a peal of heartiest laughter at recollection of her encounter with their new neighbor.

"You see it was this way, girls," jerking off her gossamer and disclosing a form attired in a dress of chocolate cashmere—a form that was trim, slim, and willowy as that of sweet 17 is apt to be. "I was running home in a great hurry—for it's chillier out than folks imagine—and just as I came opposite the gate of The Oaks' I stopped very suddenly, for right there was the most tremendous black dog I ever saw. I said, 'Go way!' and he didn't budge. I shook my umberella at him. He wasn't a bit afraid. I said, 'If you don't get out of the way I'll hit you!' and he actually grinned. There was nothing to do but step out in the street—it was so muddy, too—and walk around him. But just then—I suppose my dilemma was apparent from the house—down the path he came running. Oh, he looked so ridiculous! He is about as tall as Jack's bean-stalk, lean as a lath, and brown as an Indian."

"Well!" exclaimed Janet. "He must be charming!"

"Oh!" cried Margery, going off into a fresh paroxysm of laughter. "What with his glasses, and his coat-tails, flying straight out as he rushed to my rescue, he looked like some great, curious, comical bird!"

"Birds don't wear glasses," corrected Bertie. "Was his coat a swallow-tail?"

The appeal for information was ignorned.

"Well, he called off the dog and apologized for the master, and—that's all."

"I wish he'd offer me the use of his library," sighed Clotidle.

"They say 'The Oaks' is a perfect palace as far as the furnishing goes," murmurs Janet.

"I think I'll ask him to loan me the lovely little white pony," decided Bertie.

But this rash resolution was ruthlessly crushed.

"The Oaks" had been shut up so long—ever since the Kearneys had come to live in the gray-green cottage near by. It's owner had gone abroad on the death of his mother, three years ago, leaving his handsome house in the care of a coupie of servants. But now that news of his return had spread, curiosity was rife in the fashionable suburb of Riverview. And not the least interested were Clive Sterling's near neighbors.

A pleasant room this in which the sisters sat; a home-like room, even if the carpet was threadbare, the chairs venerable, the damask curtains darned—perhaps all the more home-like for these suggestions of social service and experience.

Janet went on with her task of remodeling an old dress. Clotilde went over to the window, and looked wistfully through the drizzling rain to the red brick chimneys which rose above the house which held the coveted books. Margery, obeying a sudden impulse, had snatched up her ever-ready sketch-book from the table, and was scratching vigorously away. An ecstatic giggle from Bertie, who was peeping over her shoulder, called the attention of the others to her work.

"What is it?" asked Janet.

Margery looked up with a nod and smile.

"Wait a moment."

Oh her brisk pencil flew, the dimples in her pretty cheeks deepening as her mischievous smile grew.

"There!"

She held up the open book. The others flocked around to her.

"Oh, Margery!"

"He can't look like that!"

"What a caricature!"

Indeed, comical and grotesque was the drawing of the long, lank figure, with the spidery extremities, the flying coat-tails, the tremendous goggles.

"Oh, just a trifle accentuated—not quite a caricature," she said, laughingly, as she scrawled under the picture the words: "Our New Neighbor."

"The rain is clearing off!" cried Bertie. "I'm going to run and ask mamma if I mayn't go out."

And off she rushed.

Soon, with her kitten in her arms and her little spaniel at her heels, she was out on the wet road. The rain had quite ceased. The afternoon sun, weary of sulking, was coming out in splendid state. In its radiance every drop on every clover leaf was a glittering jewel, and the pools in the street reflected bits of the brilliant sky.

On and on wandered Bertie, her scarlet skirt blowing backward, her yellow hair tangling flossily as the breeze caught and played with it. As she passed "The Oaks" she paused to put her small inquisitive face against the iron railing and peer through.

What a grand, big house it was! And how smooth and green was the large lawn all lovely with beds of bloom! And how sweet the flowers smelled after the rain—the geraniums, and carnations, and sweet-briar, and verbenas!

"I should so love to see the funny man Sister Margery saw," she said to herself. And then, just as if she had had a magical ring, her wish was gratified. For out on the main walk, not twelve feet away, from a small path, came Mr. Sterling.

He saw the little maiden outside the railing—the bright-eyed, curious face. He liked children. He sauntered toward the gate.

"Hello, little lassie! what is your name?"

"Kearney, sir."

"Oh! you're one of the Kearney sisters, are you? Which one?"

Bertie hugged her kitten more tightly and looked very important.

"I'm not the clever one," she said. He smiled.

"No?"

"No. Clotilde is the clever one."

"Well."

"And I'm not the good one. Janet is the good one."

"Indeed!"

"Yes," with a nod. "And I'm not the pretty one either. Margery is the pretty one."

"And you?"

"Oh, I'm the bad one. At least that is the way Uncle Dick says we ought to be dis-distinguished!"

She was breathless from her struggle with the big word.

"Then," he said, laughter lighting up his quiet brown eyes—"then it was Margery I saw to-day?"

"Yes, and I think," indignantly, "she was all wrong. I don't think you're one bit awkward."

"Eh!"

"I think you're downright nice, and some day—now, because the girls said I mustn't—but some day, when we're better acquainted, I'm going to ask you to let me ride on your little white pony."

He bowed gravely.

"Certainly

"It's so sweet!" growing friendly and confidential. "Do you know that last summer—keep still, Kitty Kearney," to the pussy, which was writhingly attempting an escape—"last summer Margery, who is the grandest artist that ever lived, I think, made a sketch of it when it was out at pasture. Just wait here, and I'll run and get it. Come on, Twig."

Away she scampered, her little dog after her. Smiling amusedly, the tall brown gentleman by the gate waited her return.

In about fifteen minutes she was back with a flat book under her arm.

"It is in there, and he is eating grass!"

He took the book rather diffidently, but very curiously, too. It could not matter. Sketches were made to be looked at. And this was a sketch of his own pet pony.

"By George!"

He almost dropped the book.

"Oh' please, please." cried Bertie, in an agony of remorse. "I quite forgot your picture was in there. What won't Margery say? Oh, never mind the pony's picture now.

She snatched the book, turned, ran home as fast as her fat legs would carry her, leaving Clive Sterling crimsoning and laughing as he never had crimsoned and laughed before.

"Well, I've seen myself for once as others see me, thanks to the pretty one!"

He dropped his eye-glasses and sauntered back to the house. For several days he neither saw nor heard anything of his neighbors. Then he chanced to encounter Bertie.

"Oh, please, I can't talk to you," the child said. "The girls say I'm so un-unreliable. You know Margery caught me when I was sneaking her sketch-book back, and made me tell her where I had taken it to."

"And then?"

"Then," confessed Bertie, with a contrite gulp, "then she sat down and cried!"

"I say! No!"

"She did. There she is now. Oh, Margery, Margery!"

The girl had come unspectedly around the corner. To avoid a meeting was impossible. She was quite near her sister and the master of "The Oaks."

"This is Mr. Sterling. Margery. You know you weren't reg-regularly introduced before. I've been telling him how you cried about——"

A delicious blush of mortification, regret, pleading, swept across Margery's wild-rose face. Frankly she held out her hand, and lifted her clear eyes.

"I am so sorry for having been so rude! Will you forgive me if you can? And come over and play tennis this afternoon?"

"Thank you. Yes!" he said.

"Why, Margery," the others said to her, when he, after a rattling good game, had returned home, "he is just splendid!"

"Good-looking, too!"

"And a gentleman!"

"All three!" decided Margery, promptly, as she sought the sketch of their new neighbor and deliberately tore it up.

She is Mrs. Clive Sterling now.

"Bertie was her bridemaid.—New York Ledger.

Getting it Down Fine.

A Bangor druggist has a pair of scales so accurate as to enable the clerk to weigh one sixty-fourth of a grain, though he is not called upon to balance below one-fifteenth of a grain. Recently he weighed one-fifteenth of a grain of atrophine, which he afterward made into twelve powders for some believer in minute doses.—Lewiston Journal.

RAILROAD wrecks are becoming alarmingly frequent. Like other misfortunes, they seem to come in troops. And until things have for a time run along without occurrences of this sort travelers will give more thought than usual to the risks of life on the rail.

MEDITERRANEAN VOYAGE.

Dr. Talmage Preaches to the Italians at Brindisi, on His Trip.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine Draws a Lesson from His Own Experience—He Exhorts His Hearers to Be of Good Cheer, Every One.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, the Brooklyn divine, spent the Sabbath at Brindisi, Italy and addressed an interested audience on the text—Acts xxvii, 44: "And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land." Dr. Talmage said:

Having visited your historical city, which we desired to see because it was the terminus of the most famous road of the ages, the Roman Appian Way, and for its mighty fortress overshadowing a city which even Hannibal's hosts could not thunder down, we must tomorrow morning leave your harbor, and after touching at Athens and Corinth, voyage about the Mediterranean to Alexandria, Egypt. I have been reading this morning in my New Testament of a Mediterranean voyage in an Alexandrian ship. It was this very month of November. The vessel was lying in a port not very far from here. On board that vessel were two distinguished passengers: one, Josephus, the historian, as we have strong reasons to believe; the other, a convict, one Paul by name, who was going to prison for upsetting things, or, as they termed it, "turning the world upside down." This convict had gained the confidence of the captain. Indeed, I think that Paul knew almost as much about the sea as did the captain. He had been shipwrecked three times already; he had dwelt much of his life amidst capstans, and yardarms, and cables, and storms; and he knew what he was talking about. Seeing the equinoctial storm was coming, and perhaps noticing something unseaworthy in the vessel, he advised the captain to stay in the harbor. But I hear the captain and the first mate talking together. They say: "We cannot afford to take the advice of this landsman, and he a minister. He may be able to preach very well, but I don't believe he knows a marlinespike from a luff tackle. All aboard! Cast off! Shift the helm for headway! Who fears the Mediterranean?" They had gone only a little way out when a whirlwind, called Euroclydon, made the torn sail its turban, shook the mast as you would brandish a spear, and tossed the hulk into the heavens. Overboard with the cargo! It is all washed with salt water, and worthless now; and there are no marine insurance companies. All hands ahoy, and out with the anchors!

Great consternation comes on crew and passengers. The sea monsters snort in the foam, and the billows clap their hands in glee of destruction. In a lull of the storm I hear a chain clank. It is the chain of the great apostle as he walks the deck, or holds fast to the rigging amidst the lurching of the ship—the spray dripping from his long beard as he cries out to the crew: "Now I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but for the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar: and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."

Fourteen days have passed, and there is no abatement of the storm. It is midnight. Standing on the lookout, the man pears into the darkness, and by a flash of lightning, sees the long white line of the breakers, and knows they must be coming near to some country, and fears that in a few moments the vessel will be shivered on the rocks. The ship flies like chaff in the tornado. They drop the sounding line, and by the light of the lantern they see it is twenty fatnoms. Speeding along a little farther, they drop the line again, and by the lantern they see it is fifteen fathoms. Two hundred and seventy-six souls within a few feet of awful shipwreck! The managers of the vessel, pretending they want to look over the side of the ship and undergird it, get into the small boat, expecting in it to escape; but Paul sees through the sham, and he tells them that if they go off in the boat it will be the death of them. The vessel strikes! The vessel parts in the thundering surge! Oh, what wild struggling for life! Here they leap from plank to plank. Here they go under as if they would never rise, but catching hold of a timber come floating and panting on it to the beach. Here, strong swimmers spread their arms through the waves until their chins plough the sand, and they rise up and ring out their wet locks on the beach. When the roll of the ship is called, two hundred and seventy-six people answer to their names. "And so," says my text, "it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

I learn from this subject:

First, that those who get us into trouble will not stay to help us out. These shipmen got Paul out of Fair Heavens into the storm; but as soon as the tempest dropped upon them, they wanted to go off in the small boat, caring nothing for what became of Paul and the passengers. Ah me! human nature is the same in all ages. They who get us into trouble never stop to help us out. They who tempt that young man into a life of dissipation will be the first to laugh at his imbecility, and to drop him out of decent society. Gamblers always make fun of the losses of gamblers. They who tempt you into the contest with fists, saying, "I will back you," will be the first to run. Look over all the predicaments of your life, and count the names of those who have got you into those predicaments, and tell me the name of one who ever helped you out. They were glad enough to get you out from Fair Havens, but when, with damaged rigging, you tried to get into harbor, did they hold for you a plank or throw you a rope? Not one. Satan has got thousands of men into trouble, but he never got one out. He led them into theft, but he would not hide the goods or bail out the defendant. The spider shows the fly the way over the gossamer bridge into the cobweb; but it never shows the fly the way out of the cobweb over the gossamer bridge. I think that there were plenty of fast young men to help the prodigal spend his money; but when he had wasted his substance in riotous living, they let him go to the swine pastures, while they betook themselves to some other new comer. They who take Paul out of Fair Havens will be of no help to him when he gets into the breakers of Melita.

I remark again, as a lesson learned from the text, that it is dangerous to refuse the counsel of competent advisers. Paul told them not to go out with that ship. They thought he knew nothing about it. They said: "He is only a minister!" They went, and the ship was destroyed. There are a great many people who now say of ministers: "They know nothing about the world. They cannot talk to us!" Ah, my friends, it is not necessary to have the Asiatic cholera before you can give it medical treatment in others. It is not necessary to have your own arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And we who stand in the pulpit, and in the office of a Christian teacher, know that there are certain styles of belief and certain kinds of behavior that will lead to destruction as certainly as Paul knew that if that ship went out of Fair Havens it would go to destruction. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth: but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." We may not know much, but we know that.

Young people refuse the advice of parents. They say: "Father is over-suspicious, and mother is getting old." But those parents have been on the sea of life. They know where the storms sleep, and during their voyage have seen a thousand battered hulks marking the place where beauty burned, and intellect foundered, and morality sank. They are old sailors, having answered many a signal of distress, and endured great stress of weather, and gone scudding under bare poles; and the old folks know what they are talking about. Look at that man—in his cheek the glow of infernal fires. His eye flashes not as once with thought, but with low passion. His brain is a sewer through which impurity floats, and his heart the trough in which lust wallows and drinks. Men shudder as the leper passes, and parents cry, "Wolf! wolf!" Yet he once said the Lord's Prayer at his mother's knee, and against that iniquitous brow once pressed a pure mother's lip. But he refused her counsel. He went where euroclydons have their lair. He foundered on the sea, while all hell echoed at the roar of the wreck: Lost Pacifics! Lost Pacifics!

Another lesson from the subject is that Christians are always safe.

There did not seem to be much chance for Paul getting out of that shipwreck, did there? They had not, in those days, rockets with which to throw ropes over foundering vessels. Their lifeboats were of but little worth. And yet, notwithstanding all the danger, my text says that Paul escaped safe to land. And so it will always be with God's children. They may be plunged into darkness and trouble, but by the throne of the eternal God, I assert it, "they shall all escape safe to land."

Sometimes there comes a storm of commercial disaster. The cables break. The masts fall. The cargoes are scattered over the sea. Oh! what struggling and leaping on kegs and hogsheads and cornbins and store shelves! And yet, though they may have it so very hard in commercial circles, the good, trusting in God, all come safe to and.

Wreckers go out on the ocean's beach and find the shattered hulks of vessels; and on the streets of our great cities there is many a wreck. Mainsail slit with banker's pen. Hulks abeam's end on insurance counters. Vast credits sinking, having suddenly sprung a leak. Yet all of them who are God's children shall at last, through his goodness and mercy, escape safe to land. The Scandinavian warriors used to drink wine out of the skulls of the enemies they had slain. Even so God will help us, out of the conquered ills and disasters of life, to drink sweetness and strength for our souls.

You have my friends, had illustrations, in your own life, of how God delivers his people. I have had illustrations in my own life of the same truth. I was once in what on your Mediterranean you call a Euroclydon, but what on the Atlantic we call a cyclone, but the same storm. The steamer Greece of the National line, swung out into the river Mersey at Liverpool, bound for New York. We had on board seven hundred, crew and passengers. We came together strangers—Italians, Irishmen. Englishmen, Swedes, Norwegians, Americans. Two flags floated from the masts—British and American ensigns. We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly remodeled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the sea. The pilot was discharged; and committing ourselves to the care of him who holdeth the winds in his fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of three thousand miles. It was rough nearly all the way—the sea with strong buffeting disputing our path. But one night, at eleven o'clock, after the lights had been put out, a cyclone—a wind just made to tear ships to pieces—caught us in its clutches. It came down so suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails or to fasten the hatches. You may know that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn with the ghastly work of cyclones. Oh! they are cruel winds. They have hot breath, as though they came up from infernal furnaces. Their merriment is the cry of affrighted passengers. Their play is the foundering of steamers. And, when a ship goes down, they laugh until both continents hear them. They go in circles, or, as I describe them with my hand—rolling on! rolling on! with finger of terror writing on the white sheet of the wave this sentence of doom: "Let all that come within this circle perish! Brigantines, go down! Clippers, go down! Steamships, go down!" And the vessel, hearing the terrible voice, crouched in the surf, and as the waters gurgle through the hatches and port holes, it lowers away thousands of feet down, farther and farther, until at last it strikes the bottom; and all is peace, for they have landed. Helmsman, dead at a wheel! Engineer, dead amidst the extinguished furnaces! Captain, dead in the gangway! Passengers dead in the cabin! Buried in the cemetery of dead steamers, beside the City of Boston, the Lexington, the President, the Cambria—waiting for the archangel's trumpet to split up the decks, and wrench open the cabin doors, and unfasten the hatches.

I thought that I had seen storms on the sea before; but all of them together might have come under one wing of that cyclone. We were only eight or nine hundred miles from home, and in high expectation of soon seeing our friends, for there was no one on board so poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to die. There were none who made light of the peril, save two. One was an Englishman, and he was drunk, and the other was an American, and he was a fool! Oh! what a time it was! A night to make one's hair turn white. We came out of the berths, and stood in the gangway, and looked into the steerage, and sat in the cabin. While seated there, we heard overhead something like minute guns. It was the bursting of the sails. We held on with both hands to keep our places. Those who attempted to cross the floor came back bruised and gashed. Cups and glasses were dashed to fragments; pieces of the table getting loose, swung across the saloon. It seemed as if the hurricane took that great ship of thousands of tons and stood it on end, and said: "Shall I sink it, or let it go this once?" And then it came down with such force that the billows trampled over it, each mounted of a fury. We felt that everything depended on the propelling screw. If that stopped for an instant we knew the vessel would fall off into the trough of the sea and sink, and so we prayed that the screw, which three times since leaving Liverpool had already stopped, might not stop now. Oh! how anxiously we listened for the regular thump of the machinery, upon which our lives seemed to depend. After a while some one said: "The screw is stopped!" No; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and we breathed easier again when we heard the regular pulsations of the over-tasked machinery going thump, thump, thump. At 3 o'clock in the morning the water covered the ship from prow to stern, and the skylights gave way! The deluge rushed in, and we felt that one or two more waves like that must swamp us forever. As the water rolled back and forward in the cabins, and dashed against the wall, it sprang half way up to the ceiling. Rushing through the skylights as it came in with such terrific roar, there went up from the cabin a shriek of horror which I pray God I may never hear again. I have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hearing that one cry. Into it seemed to be compressed the agony of expected shipwreck. It seemed to say: "I shall never get home again! My children shall be orphaned, and my wife shall be widowed! I am launching now into eternity! In two minutes I shall meet my God!"

There were about five hundred and fifty passengers in the steerage, and as the water rushed in and touched the furnaces, and began violently to hiss, the poor creatures in the steerage imagined that the boilers were giving way. Those passengers writhed in the water and in the mud, some praying, some crying, all terrified. They made a rush for the deck. An officer stood on deck and beat them back with blow after blow. It was necessary. They could not have stood an instant on the deck. Oh! how they begged to get out of the hold of the ship! One woman, with a child in her arms, rushed up and caught hold of one of the officers and cried: "Do let me out! I will help you! Do let me out! I cannot die here!" Some got down and prayed to the Virgin Mary, saying: "O blessed mother! keep us! Have mercy on us!" Some stood with white lips and fixed gaze, silent in their terror. Some wrung their hands and cried out: "O God! what shall I do? What shall I do!" The time came when the crew could no longer stay on the deck, and the cry of the officers was: "Below! all hands below!" Our brave and sympathetic Capt. Andrews—whose praise I shall not cease to speak while I live—had been swept by the hurricane from his bridge, and had escaped very narrowly with his life. The cyclone seemed to stand on the deck, waving its wing, crying: "This ship is mine! I have captured it! Ha! ha! I will command it! If God will permit, I will sink it here and now! By a thousand shipwrecks I swear the doom of this vessel!" There was a lull in the storm; but only that it might gain additional fury. Crash! went the lifeboat on one side. Crash! went the lifeboat on the other side. The great booms got loose, and, as with the heft of a thunderbolt, pounded the deck and beat the mast—the jib boom, studding sail boom, and square sail boom, with their strong arms, beating time to the watchful march and music of the hurricane.

Meanwhile the ocean became phosphorescent. The whole scene looked like fire. The water dripping from the rigging, there were ropes of fire; and there were masts of fire; and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. May I never see anything like it again!

Everybody prayed. A lad of 12 years of age got down and prayed for his mother. "If I should give up," he said, "I do not know what would become of mother." There were men who, I think, had not prayed for thirty years, who then got down on their knees. When a man who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time, it makes a very busy night. All of our sins and shortcomings passed through our minds. My own life seemed utterly unsatisfactory. I could only say, "Here, Lord, take me as I am. I cannot mend matters now. Lord Jesus, thou didst die for the chief of sinners. That's me! It seems, Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon thy infinite mercy I cast myself, and in this hour of shipwreck and darkness commit myself and her whom I hold by the hand to thee, O Lord Jesus! praying that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory!" Oh! I tell you a man prays straight to the mark when he has a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him, and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his cheek.

The night was long. At last we saw the dawn looking through the port holes. As in the olden time, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave cliff to wave cliff; and when he puts his foot upon a billow, though it may be tossed up with might it goes down. He cried to the winds, Hush! They knew his voice. The waves knew his foot. They died away. And in the shining track of his feet I read these letters on scrolls of foam and fire, "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea." The ocean calmed. The path of the steamer became more and more mild; until, on the last morning out, the sun threw round about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, for all the splendors of earth and heaven to walk upon—a pavement bright enough for the foot of a seraph—bright enough for the wheels of the archangel's chariot. As a parent embraces a child, and kisses away its grief, so over that sea, that had been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction, and the lips of earth and heaven met.

As I came on deck—it was very early, and we were nearing the shore—I saw a few sails against the sky. They seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said, "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters."

It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in purple clusters along the sky; and, as if those purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder, fire cleft stood opposite to fire cleft; and here, a cloud, rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the windows. The whole scene lighted up until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wavecrests, changed into jasper, and crystal, and amethyst, as they were flung toward the beach, made me think of the crowns of heaven cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before: "Thy way, O God, is as the sea, and thy path in the great waters!"

So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and night of the Christian's life. The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden feet of the rising morn will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendor of eternal joy. And so we come into the harbor. The cyclone behind us. Our friends before us. God, who is always good, all around us. And if the roll of the crew and the passengers had been called, seven hundred souls would have answered to their names. "And so it came to pass that we all escaped safe to land." And may God grant that when all our Sabbaths on earth are ended that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have weathered the gale!

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
Home at last!
Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,
Home at last!
Glory to God! All our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore.
Glory to God! we will shout evermore.
Home at last!
Home at last!

IN A NUT SHELL.

People would not die so fast if they didn't live so fast.

The corset is a paradox. It comes to stay, and yet goes to waist.

How to be happy when married—Let your wife do all the talking.

The husband who "smiles" too often will never have a smiling wife.

Figures that won't lie—Those that are seen in modern bathing suits.

Judging from the many attractions in the dime museums, it is easy to believe that this is a freak country.

It has been observed that the man with the fewest failings is the man most tolerant of those of his neighbors.

Man wants but little here below, but what he does want he wants badly, and, when he can't get it, realizes what want is.

Collecting silver spoons is a new craze, but a rather dangerous one, for your host or the hotel waiter may have his eye on you.

Good intentions do not justify acts that are productive of annoyance. The man who starts out to play the trombone at midnight to please his neighbors isn't always a benefactor of his race.—Boston Courier.

Getting Their Money's Worth.

An English traveler in Africa says that he remained with a certain tribe for sixteen days, and that during each day of that time they tortured a prisoner whom they had captured from another tribe. They told him that they could make the poor fellow last for thirty days, giving him something new and excruciating every day, and at the end they would let the caymans eat him. The American Indian is no good.

FOR THE FARMER.

Pointers for Farmers.

Oil the bearings of the mower often, using a few drops of oil each time. Every time you stop to oil the machine cast a glance around to see that the bolts and pins and nuts are all right.

* * *

Broods that are being weaned by the mother hen, require watching for a few evenings lest they crowd into neighboring coops and get pecked by cross-grained hens or crowd together and smother.

* * *

Turpentine, coal oil and vinegar, equal parts, well shaken together, and rubbed on the eggs of the bot fly on horses' legs will, we are told, utterly kill them after about three applications.

* * *

The little chick is happy when he can swallow a big fat worm. Don't begrudge him the little fruits, or the plants he sometimes accidentally destroys. He will return its value in a few weeks, destroying pests.

* * *

Thirteen miles from Cheyenne is what is said to be the largest horse farm in the world. There are 120,000 acres of land, where roam 5,000 horses, which require the constant attention of sixty-five men. One hundred miles of wire fence keeps the animals in bounds.

* * *

By stirring the soil after every rain, the weeds will be more easily destroyed than at any other time. Never allow weeds to go to seed, especially in the garden. A single weed that seeds entails more labor next season than it would cost to clean out all of them at this time.

* * *

The sudden approach of summer heat is enough for fowls to contend with; when the plague of lice is added the burden is intolerable. While the poultry keeper cannot control the weather he can control the lice, and there is really no good excuse for permitting them to worry the flocks as they do for night and day.

* * *

The farmer who considers all matters designed for the improvement of agriculture will not neglect the sheep. In an old weedy pasture or wood lot they will more than pay their keep by the service performed in keeping down the noxious weeds and briers, while nothing equals them for restoring fertility to a worn-out field.

* * *

A strong, vigorous plant produces a strong, vigorous seed, which in turn, withstands abuse to a certain extent above the more delicate off spring of weaker plants. Strength is given a plant by proper cultivation in suitable soil. But proper cultivation does not consist in allowing the weeds to rob the plant of nutriment.

* * *

An exchange suggests that an additional incentive to raising good horses, did it ever strike you that the horse was the ouly product of the farm that the farmer was allowed to put his own price on? The Big Four fix the price on the meat crop, John Bull on cotton, and the gamblers on the grain, but the horse crop has not yet been cornered.

* * *

There is no crop grown on the farm but will run out in time if care is not taken to obtain new seed occasionally, or unless care is taken to keep the seed pure and carefully selected, but no other crop seems so short lived as potatoes, nor can new varieties of any other be so easily produced. It will pay occasionally to try for a new one.

* * *

It is discouraging when even a little grain is given a cow in Summer at pasture to have her begin to fatten instead of increasing the milk flow. But if the cow be of that kind, the sooner her owner discovers it the better. If graining fattens her she probably is not worth keeping without the grain. So fatten her as rapidly as possible, and get a better cow in her place.

* * *

The Shorthorn cattle originated in Durham, England, and it is even yet common in some old-fashioned sections to speak of them as the Durham breed. Of course the original Durhams were not bred up to the present standards for beef making, but the characteristic tendencies of a good beef breed were in the original stock. Good feeding and careful selection of breeding stock has done the rest.

* * *

The heavy driving rains often carry away from the barn-yard a deep stream of valuable fertilizing material, which is irretrievably lost. This may be prevented by keeping the yard well scraped up, and the contents carried out promptly to the fields, and spread. There they are free from leaching and waste, and there they will do the most good. Neglect of this liability to wash out the best of the contents of the barnyard is often one of the great leaks of the farm, and yet it is one which may be easily prevented.

* * *

Blue grass will bear pasturing lightly earlier than almost any other grass. Its roots lie near the surface, and are quickly started into growth in the Spring if the land is rich enough. For this season too they are more easily reached by light showers. Later in the season it may suffer from drought, but hardly more so than other grasses and clovers that strike into the subsoil and thoroughly exhaust its moisture long before the Summer drought has come.

Probably Ended.

KEY WEST, Fla., Nov. 17.—The cigarmakers' strike will probably end soon. A compromise was effected between Baker & Dubess and their employes and the latter returned to work Thursday. This factory is the first to reopen though the last to shut down, and the proprietors say they will sacrifice their entire profits by their concessions, which, however, will be made in order to keep their contracts. The Costello factory has also reopened, though it may close at any time, as the pickers and packers have now made a demand for increased wages. No action will be taken by the proprietors until next Monday. The strike has greatly depressed every branch of business.

A Narrow Escape.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 18.—The limited mail west on the Pennsylvania railroad ran into a landslide near Bessemer, Pa., last night and the engine and baggage car were wrecked. Fireman Goode is thought to be fatally injured. The engineer had his leg broken, but will recover. Had the engine fallen to the right instead of the left, the entire train with a load of two hundred souls would have gone down an embankment one hundred feet high.

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175 "	Y. L.	" " "	13	"
74 "	stove gasoline	"	11½	"

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