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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

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HE GIVES A TALK PARTICULAR. LY TO YOUNG MEN.

Love of Home-Industrious Habits-A High Ideal of Life-Respect for the Sabbath-The Christian Religion-A Turning Point.

The Bon of David.

In his sermon last Sunday Rev. Dr. Talmage, preaching to the usual crowded audience, took up a subject of universal interest to young men. His text was selected from II. Samuel, xviii., 29, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The heart of David, the father, was

wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a spiendid boy, judged by the rules of worldly criticism. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there was not a single blemish. The Bible says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that when once a year it was shorn what was cut off weighed over three pounds. But, notwithstanding all his brilliancy of ap-pearance, he was a bad bay and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of largel. He had marshaled an army to overther while father's govern-ment. The day of battle had come. The conflict was begun. David, the father, sat between the gates of the palace waiting for the tidings of the conflict. Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion! Two great questions were to be decided—the mafety of his boy and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After awhile a sermind-all is right in business. After awhile he has his estate. Now is the time for him to retire to the country, amid for him to retire to the country, amid the flocks and the herds, to culture and domestic virtue. Now the young men who were his schoolmates in boyhood will come, and with their ox teams draw him logs, and with their hard hands will help to heave want, standing on the top of the house, looks off and sees some one running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within bailup the castle. That is no fancy sketch. It is everyday life. I should not wonder If there were a rotten beam in that palace. I should not wonder if God should smite him with dire sicknesses and pour into his

ing distance the father cries out. Is it a question in regard to the estab-lishment of his throne? Does he say: "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown my enemies?" Oh, no! There is one question that springs from his heart to the lip and springs from the lip into the ear of the behim a disgrace, and to make his life a shame. I should not wonder if that man died a dishonorable death and were tum-bled into a dishonorable grave, and then went into the gnashing of teeth. The way from the battlefield—the question, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" When it was told to David, the king, that, though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation and went up the stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes and then again pressing them against his temples as though he would press them in, crying: "O Absalom, my son, my son! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Is Abselom Bafe?

My friends, the question which David the king, asked in regard to his son is the question that resounds to-day in the hearts of hundreds of parents. Yes, there are a great multitude of young men who know that the question of the text is appropriate when asked in regard to them. They know the temptations by which they are surrounded; they see so many who started life with as good resolutions as they have who have fallen in the path, and they are ready to hear me ask the question of my text, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The fact is that this life is full of peril. He who undertakes it without the grace of God and a proper understanding of the conflict into which he is going must certainly be defeated Just look off upon society to-day. Look at the shipwreck of men for whom fair things were promised, and who started life with every advantage. Look at those who have dropped from high social posi-tion, and from great fortune, diagraced for time, diagraced for eternity. All who sacrifice their integrity come to overthrow. Take a dishonest dollar and bury it in the center of the earth and keep all the rocks of the mountain on top of it; then cover these rocks with all the diamonds of Golconda, and all the silver of Nevada, and all the gold of California and Austra lia, and put on top of these all banking and moneyed institutions, and they cannot keep down that one dishonest dollar. That one dishonest dollar in the center of the earth will begin to heave and rock and upturn itself until it comes to the resurrection of damnation. "As the partresurrection of damnation. "As the paridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth the not, so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." A Bafeguard. Now, what are the safeguards of young The first safeguard of which I want to speak is a love of home. There are those who have no idea of the pleasures that concentrate around that word "home." Perhaps your early abode was shadowed wih vice or poverty. Harsh words and petulance and scowing may have destroyed all the sanctity of that spot. Love, kindness and self-sacrifice, which have built their altars in so many abodes, were strangers in your father's house. God pity you, young man. You never had a home. But a multitude in this audience can look back to a spot that they can never forget. It may have been a lowly roof, but you cannot think of it sow without a dash of emotion. You have seen nothing on earth that so stirred your soul. A stranger passing along that place might see nothing remarkable about it, but oh! how much it means to you. Fres-co on palace wall does not mean so much to you as those rough hewn rafters. Parks and bowers and trees at fashionable watering place or country seat do not mean so much to you as that brook that ran in front of the plain farmhouse and singing under the weeping willows. The barred gateway swung open by porter in full dress does not mean as much to you as full dress does not mean as much to you as that swing gate, your sister on one side of it and you on the other. She, gone fif-teen years ago into glory! That scene coming back to you to-day as you swept backward and forward on the gate, sing-ing the songs of your childhood. Buy there are those here who have their second dwelling place. It is your adopted home. That size is sacred for ever. There yes outablished the first family sitar. There your children were bern. In that room damped the wing of the death angel. Under that roof, when your work is fame, you expect to lie down and die.

There is only one word in all the language that can convey your idea of that place, and that word is "home." Now, let me say that I never knew a mental health. Ask those aged men, and mental health. And those aged men, and they will tell you they never knew men who continuously broke the Sabbath who did not fail in mind, body or moral prin-ciple. A manufacturer gave this as his experience. He said: "I owned a factory on the Lehigh. Everything prospered. I

who continuously broke the Sabbath who did not fail in mind, body or moral prin-ciple. A manufacturer gave this as his experience. He said: "I owned a factory on the Lehigh. Everything prospered. I kept the Sabbath, and everything went on well. But one Sabbath morning I be-thought myself of a new shuttle, and I thought I would invent that shuttle before sunset, and I refused all food and drink until I had completed that shuttle. By sundown I had completed it. The next day, Monday, I showed to my workmen and friends this new shuttle. They all congratulated me on my great success. I
Comrade, have you got a wife? Write her every day.
Comrade, have you got a wife? Write her every day.
Half the joy is ort her life When you are sway; Never mind the thump and jar Which your loving letters mar-Write her every day.
You are in the stirring world, She at home must stay, Conscious you are being whirled Farther yet away.
There she's watching, with ever shi Now, let me say that I never knew a man who was faithful to his early and adopted home who was given over at the same time to any gross form of wicked-ness. If you find more enjoyment in the clubroom, in the literary society, in the art salon, than you do in these unpretend-ing home pleasures, you are on the road to roin. Though you may be cut off from your early associates, and though you may be separated from all your kindred, young man, is there not a room somewhere that you can call your own? Though it be the fourth story of a third-class boarding fourth story of a third-class boarding house, into that room gather books, pic-tures and a harp. Hang your mother's portrait over the mantel. Bid unholy mirth stand back from that threshold. put that shuttle into play. I enlarged my business, but, sir, that Sunday's work cost me \$30,000. From that day everything went wrong. I failed in business, and I lost my mill." Oh, my friends, keep the Lord's day. You may think it old fogy advice, but I give it to you now: "Be-member the Sabbath day and keep it holy. Six days shalt thou iabor and do all thy work, but the asynchia the Sabbath Consecrate some spot in that room with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, a mother's love and a sister's confidence, call it home. A Prime Virtue. Another safeguard for these young men is industrious habit. There are a great of the Lord thy God. In it thou shall not do any work." A man said that he would prove that all this was a fallacy, and so he said, "I shall raise a Sunday crop." And he plowed the field on the Sabbath, and then he put in the seed on the Sab-bath, and he cultured the ground on the many people trying to make their way through the world with their wits instead of by honest toil. There is a young man who comes from the country to the city. He fails twice before he is as old as his father was when he first saw the spires of the great town. He is seated in his room at a rent of \$2,000 a year, waiting Sabbath. When the harvest was ripe, he resped it on the Sabbath, and he carried for the banks to declare their dividends and the stocks to run up. After awhile he gets impatient. He tries to improve his penmauship by making copy plates of other merchants' signatures! Never

day crop. The Crowning Virtue.

There is another safeguard that I want to present. I have saved it until the last because I want it to be the more emphatic. The great safeguard of every young man is the Christian religion. Nothing can take the place of it. You may have gracetake the pince of it. You may have grace-fulness enough to put to the blush Lord Chesterfield, you may have foreign lan-guages dropping from your tongue, you may discuss laws and literature, you may have a pen of unequaled polish and power, you may have so much business tact that rou can get the largest salary in a banking house, you may be as sharp as Herod and as strong as Samson and with as long and as strong as Samson and with as long locks as those which hung Absalom, and yet you have no safety against tempta-tion. Some of you look forward to life with great despondency. I know it. I see it in your faces from time to time. You say, "All the occupations and profes-sions are full, and there's no chance for a the sea and glanced behind him at a blide the sea and glanced behind him at a try of head or hand or foot or perish! Do not have the idea that you can get along in the world by genius. The curse of this country to-day is geniuses—men with large self-conceit and nothing else. The man who proposes to make his living by his wits probably has not any. I should rather be an ox, plain and plodding and useful, than to be an eagle, high flying and good for nothing but to pick out the eyres of carcasses. Even in the garden of Eden it was not safe for Adam to be idle, so God made him a horticulturist, and if sions are full, and there's no chance for me." O young man, cheer up. I will tell you how you can make your fortune. Seek first the kingdom of God and his right-cousness, and all other things will be added. I know you do not want to be mean in this matter. You will not drink the brimming cup of life and then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a generous Savior you will not act like that; you have out the heart to act like that. That is not Eden it was not safe for Adam to be idle, so God made him a horticulturist, and if the married pair had kept busy dressing the vines they would not have been saun-tering under the tree, hankering after fruit that ruined them and their posterity? Savior you will not act like that: That is not companion, for his whole heart was with that bent old woman who was up to ber waist in the water by the out-Christ I tell you so to-day, and the blessed From the the solemnities of the fact that when the the the burgest burgest the the the solemnities of the burgest was the the the the burgest burgest

WRITE HER EVERY DAY.

Comrade, have you got a wife?

Farther yet away. she's watching, waiting, list'ning, congratulated me on my great success. I put that shuttle into play. I enlarged my business, but, sir, that Sunday's work cost With heart beating, with eyes glist'ning... Quick to catch the postman's glist'ning... Write her every day.

Would you some kind service render. Would you all her home life brighten? thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt not do any work". A new midthed with the seventh is the Sabbath do any work ". A new midthed with the seventh is the seventh is the sabbath Would you all her sorrows lighten? Bonds of sweet affection tighten?

And, however far you wander, I am sure 'twould pay, Could you see her read and ponder Over what you say; Have your tablet in your grip. Fountain pen charged to the tip, Then don't let the chances slip-Write her every day.

reaped it on the Sabbath, and he carried it into the mow on the Sabbath, and then he stood out defiant to his Christian neighbors and said, "There, that is my Sunday crop, and it is all garnered." After awhile a storm came up, and a great darkness, and the lightnings of heaven struck the barn and away went his Sun-Riveting anew.love's fetters;

These are Cupid's best abetters-Write her every day. -Travelers' Magazine.

"BOSS."

A rough, brown dog sat at the very edge of the tumble-down breakwater. He was looking steadily seaward. He was evidently old, and he was scarred by many fights, but his sunken mouth. from which he had lost many teeth. showed that he would not fight again,

off to the ledge. She saw Boss leaping frantically over the weedy rocks. He went as if he were a young dog-he went like a creature possessed. He rock to another, over the still, green

the child, waved her hand and called And what did the girl's grandmother mean only yesterday when she had stroked his head and said: cheerily, "all right!"

hand when she had spoken thus, but

How pleasant this bright day was

with its sunny, gentle east wind-a wind that brought sweet, salt smells

The child sniffed the bracing odor

and stretched out her hands, smiling

To be sure, she couldn't walk, but

granny wheeled her to the breakwater,

where she could see the moss gathered.

It was a low course of tides, and now

the water had gone far out so that one

could get to one of the ledges where

Granny had no boat as most of the

mossers had-there were some boats

now farther along, and little Molly

could see the men put their long-han-

dled ropes down and draw them up

full. She knew that those men made

more money than her grandmother, but

then, she didn't know much about

money. Some of the neighbors often said that they themselves couldn't af-

ford to keep a dog. When they said

this granny shut her lips tight, and the

first chance she had she would stroke

"I guess they don't know much about

a dog," she told Molly, "'n' I guess's

long's we got anything to eat, Boss'll

Molly sank back on her pillow in the

barrow. She amused herself by almost

closing her eyes so that the sea seemed

to come up nearer, and crimple in

sparks of fire. Then she would open

her lids wide, and the great stretch of

water would fiash blindingly on her

time; and always in front of her was the

dog; she had grown up in the convic-

Soon everything grew deliciously dim

and then clear, and the sait smell was

sweeter, and she was walking over the

hard sand as straight as anybody, hold-

ing her head up strongly. She did not

know she was asleep. It was real to

Suddenly she sat upright in her wheelbarrow, clutching the sides of it.

Boss was not there. Had he barked? Or had someone called? She looked

her that she was walking.

tion that all was well if he was near.

have some of it; eh, old feller?"

he didn't understand.

from the ocean.

the moss grew.

the dog's head.

happfly.

And Molly shook her handkerchief feebly, though she tried to shake it vie "Poor old Boss! You're gittin' old, jes's I be. 'Twon't be no kind of a orously. "I do hope she didn't see me fall place round this house 'th out Boss." He had muzzled his bead under her

The second s

said the woman. It was not easy to get her into the

boat, and she winced and grew pais, but she helped all she could and made no sound.

When she was in at last, Jim took up his cars to go round to the sandy landing. There stood Boss shivering on a rock. All at once he appeared older than ever; it seemed as if he could hardly stand.

"Take him, too," said his mistress. "No, let him walk."

"I want you to take him, I tell you," almost fiercely. "He's too old 'n' stiff to walk on the rocks."

"Oh!" with a laugh. "You oughter seen him goin' after you!"

The man began to row. Tears came into Mrs. Towne's eyes. Her voice was choked.

"You've got to take him," she said, 'or you needn't take me."

"Oh, if you feel like that-" Jim lifted the dog into the boat, and Boss crouched down by his friend, who put her hand on him. He leaned more and more heavily on her; his eyes were fixed on her face.

She had flung up her hand again to the child.

Lying there on the wet moss at the bottom of the boat she could look, with out moving, into the dog's face. He pressed yet closer.

With a curiously quick movement she managed to draw him even nearer. She bent her head to his head.

"He lays too hard on ye!" said Jim, lem me pull him away." "Don't touch him!" she cried in a

sharp volce.

The next moment she said hoarsely: vision. She played at this for a long "He's dead."-Maria Louise Pool, in the Chap Book.

Plants Thrive on a Meat Dict.

It has been proven time and again that the so-called "cannibal plants," of which the Venus flytrap is the type, are much more healthy when allowed their regular insect food than they are when reared under netting or in any other manner which excludes them from their regular meat diet. The above is an oddity in itself, especially when we consider the fact that there is a certain school of botanists which teaches cannibal plants make no use whatever of the insect prey captured by them, but it is nothing compared with the bold assertion made by Francis Darwin. seemed not to leap, but to fly from one | That noted scientific gentleman bravely meets the "vegetarian botanists" with the assertion that all kinds and class of plants, whether known as "meas esters" or not, bear more and heavier fruits and seeds when fed on meat than those that are not allowed a fiesh diet. He grew two lots, comprising various varieties of the different common plants. One lot was regularly fed (though their roots of course) with pure juices compressed from meat, the other with water and the various fertilizers. The final figures on this odd experiment proved that the plants which were fed pure ment juice bore 168 fruits of the different kinds. while the unfed plants of the same number and original condition bore but seventy-four. Also that the pampered plants bore 240 seeds to every 100 borne by the plants that were not given a chance to gratify cannibalistic tastes. This is certainly a discovery worthy of much careful study and extensive ex-

Proof positive of the fact that when people do not attend to their business they get into mischief. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways and be wise, which, having no overseer or guide, provideth her food in the summer and gathereth her meat in the harvest." Satan is a roaring lion, and you can never destroy him by gun or pistol or sword The weapons with which you are to beat him back are pen and type and hammer and adze and saw and pickax and yard stick and the weapon of honest toil. Work work or die.

cup a bitter draft that will thrill him with

unbearable agony. I should not wonder if that man's children grew up to be to

Oh, young man, you must have indus-try of head or hand or foot or perish! Do

of the ungodly shall perish.

A High Ideal. Another safeguard that I want to pre-sent to young men is a high ideal of life. Sometimes soldiers going into battle shoot into the ground instead of into the hearts of their enemies. They are apt to take aim too low, and it is very often that the captain, going into conflict with his men will cry out, "Now, men, aim high!" The fact is that in life a great many men take no aim at all. The artist plans out his entire thought before he puts it upon canvas, before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. An architect thinks out the entire building before the workmen begin. Although everything may seem to be unor-ganized, that architect has in his mind every Corinthian column, every Gothic arch, every Byzantine capital. thinks out the entire plot of his poem be-fore he begins to chime the cantos of tinkling rhythms. And yet there are a great many men who start the important structure of life without knowing wheth er it is going to be a rude Tartar's hut or a St. Mark's cathedral, and begin to write out the intricate poem of their life without knowing whether it is to be a Homer's "Odyssey" or a rhymester's botch. Out of 1,000, 990 have no life plot. Boot ed and spurred and caparisoned, they hasten along, and I run out and say: "Hallo, man! Whither away?" "No-where!" they say. O young man, make every day's duty a filling up of the great life plot. Alas, that there should be on this sea of life so many ships that seem bound for no port! They are swept every whither by wind and wave, up by the mountains and down by the valleys. They sail with no chart. They gaze on no star. They long for no harbor. O young man, have a high ideal and press to it and it will be a mighty safeguard. There never were grander opportunities open ing before young men than are opening now. Young men of the strong arm, and of the stout heart, and of the bounding step, I marshal you to-day for a great achievement.

Respect for Sunday.

Another safeguard is a respect for the Sabbath. Tell me how a young man spends his Sabbath and I will tell you what are his prospects in business, and I will tell you what are his prospects for the eternal world. God has thrust into our busy life a sacred day when we are to look after our souls. Is it exorbitant, after giving six days to the feeding and clothing of these perishable bodies, that God should demand one day for the feed-God should demand one day for the reserves the German of the first intimate Our bodies are seven day clocks, and the first intimate convey by rall in dren in such is grave. No stan can continuously break the Sabbath and keep his physical and into Germany.

Mercy presents it-bleeding mercy, long suffering mercy. Despise all other friendships, prove recreant to all other bar-gains, but despise God's love for your dring soul-do not do that. There comes crisis in a man's life, and the trouble is letter in which a man says to me:

"I start out now to preach the gospel of righteousness and temperance to the peo-ple. Do you remember me? I am the man who appeared at the close of the service when you were worshipping in the chapel after you came from Philadelphia. Do you remember at the close of the service a man coming up to you all a-tremble with conviction, and crying out for mercy, and telling you he had a very bad busi-ness, and he thought he would change it? That was the turning point in my history. gave up my bad business. I gave my heart to God, and the desire to serve him has grown upon me all these years, until now woe is unto me if I preach not the

A Turning Point.

gospel."

That Sunday night was the turning soint of that young man's history. This very Sabbath hour will be the turning point in the history of a hundred young men in his house. God help us. I once stood on an anniversary platform with a clergyman, who told this marvelous story. He said:

"Thirty years ago two young men start d out to attend Park Theater, New York. to see a play which made religion ridiculous and hypocritical. They had been brought up in Christian families. They started for the theater to see that vile play, and their early convictions came back upon them. They felt it was not right to go, but still they went. One of the young men stopped and started for home, but returned and came up to the door, but had not the courage to go in. He again started for home and went The other young man went in. He home. went from one degree of temptation another. Caught in the whirl of frivolity and sin, he sank lower and lower. lost his business position; he lost his morals: he lost his soul; he died a dreadful the dog sat down. Stut he frequently death, not one star of mercy shining on it. gave a little whine under his breath I stand before you to-day." said the min-I stand before you to-day," said the min-ister, "to thank God that for twenty years I have been permitted to preach the gospel. I am the other young man." Oh, you see that was the turning point

-the one went back, the other went on! stiff and clumsy; that he was unable The great roaring world of business life to run over the slippery rocks and keep will soon break in upon you, young men. Will the wild wave dash out the impressions of this day as an ocean billow dashes need something better than this world can give you. I beat on your heart, and it sounds bollow. You want something great and grand and giorious to fill it, and Was it the same thing what he rocks. aero is the religion that can do it. God save you!

Arrangements have been made the German military authorities on the first intimation of war to instantly convey by rall all the women and children in such large towns as Mets and Strasburg, as well as smaller places,

this hour to put the cup of life to your woman could gather it. She thrust her thirsty lips. Oh! thrust it not back. arm down to the shoulder each time for her handful of mose. She was wet, sodden wet, save for a small place across her back.

She had a man's straw hat fastened by a small rope tightly under her chin. he does not know it is the crisis. I got a Her face looked a hundred years old, it was in truth seventy-old, seamed and leathery: and it was a face you loved to look at.

Every few moments she raised her head and put her dripping hand up over her eves as she turned toward the land: she was at first dazzled by the glare of the water. When she looked up thus the little girl in the wheelbarrow always waved her hat; then a dim, beautiful smile would come in the faded eves.

"It's jest a doin' of her lots of good." she would say aloud. "I'm awful glad I wheeled her down. I wish now I'd brought her down oftener this summer.

Twice as she looked shoreward, she called out shrilly: "Boss, you take care of her; won't

you. Boss?" Then Boss pricked up his ears and shook his tail, and the girl laughed and said she guessed she 'n' Boss could git along first-rate.

"We're use't to it, ain't we, Boss ?"

When she said this the dog got up. ame to her side, gave her a swift lick across the cheek, then hurrled back and sat down on the edge of the planks again.

Once the woman out in the water slipped and fell splashing, and Boss jumped up, whining in a piteous quaver, and would not be comforted even when the child said soothingly:

"Never mind, old fellow!"

But when the woman floundered to her feet again and cried "all right!" He was thinking that this was the first summer when he had gone out moss ing with his dearest friend, and he could not understand why he was so close to her, nosing the moss she picked up, poking over lobsters and crabs, and seeing that nothing happened to her. from gnawing bones? And he liked them just as well as ever. He noticed that the young dog who lived down the road could crack bones without any

trouble. It was all very mysterious. When he lay in the sun near when the moss was drying, dosing and anapping at the files, he often looked as if he were thinking of all these things.

Molly could see the dog, and beyond him, shining water. Where was granny?

The child tried to scream, but she felt as if in a nightmare, and could not make a sound.

Oh! there was something down be tween the rocks on the far side of the ledge. It was there that Boss was going. And there was the mosser in his boat, putting his rake down just as he had been doing when the child had gone to sleep. For an instant she thought she was dreaming. But Boss was gone and yes-there was something among the rocks-it was granny's hat sticking up; and it did not move.

Molly tried again to scream, and it was as if her heart would break in the trying. Her voice was only a hoarse kind of a whisper. periment.-St. Louis Republic.

But there! Boss has reached his friend. He tried to pull her out. He could not. Between his attempts he barked, he howled; nay, he screamed. Was his heart breaking also?

At last the mosser out there held his rope just above the water and gazed towards the shore, listening. The wind was off the sea and sounds from the land did not come clearly.

The man saw little Molly Towne o the breakwater. Had she cried out? And was that the Towne dog carrying on so on the rocks?

Boss was down by the still figure that was lying in the shallow pool. He was struggling with it, making frantic efforts to pull it from the water.

Outlined on the breakwater, against the dazzle of the blue sky, the man saw Molly rise up in her barrow as if she would walk, and then fall back again.

"Good God!" he cried. He dropped the rope into the water, caught up his oars and rowed to the ledge. All the time he rowed he saw Mrs. Towne's motionless form lying there, and the dog trying to help her.

As he stepped out of his boat and began alloping and fumping over the rocks, the woman moved and raised her head. He saw her reach out her hand to the dog; he saw the dog throw himself down and lick her face eager

"That you, Jim Stowell?" she asked, "I guess I've broken my leg. I slipped. I've moused twenty year, 'n' I never slipped to speak of before." She spoke tremblingly, but with pride.

"I s'pose I fainted, or something." "I'll git you right into the boat," said Jim Stowell brinkly, "'n' take you home is no time"

Boss stood close by watching the

Mrs. Towne looked to the shore.

Another Interpretation.

What is commonly called inspiration may sometimes be only another name for concelt. An uneducated young farmer presented himself at a Presbyterian conference and said he wanted to be ordained as a preacher. "I ain't had any great learning," he said, frankly, "but I reckon I'm called to preach. I've had a vision three nights running: that's why I am here." "What was your vision?' inquired one of the eld-"Well," said the young man, "I dreamt I see a big, round ring in the sky, and in the middle of it were two great letters-P. C. I knew that meant Presbyterian Conference, and here I There was an uncomfortable am." pause, which was broken by an elder who knew the young man, and was well acquainted with the poverty of his family and the neglected condition of their farm. "I have not any gift at reading visions," said the old man, gravely, as he rose from his seat, "but I'd like to put it to my young friend whether he doesn't think it possible those two letters may have stood for 'Plant Corn'?" This version was finally accepted by the applicant.

Forgot Himself.

Archbishop Trench was a victim of absent-mindedness. Dining at home one evening, he found fault with the flavor of the soup. Next evening he dined out at a large dinner-party. Forgetting for the moment that he was not in his own house but a guest, he observed across the table to Mrs. Trench: "This soup is, my dear, again a failure."

Bacon-Does that young man who is paying attention to your daughts leave at a seasonable hour at aight Sebert-Yes; I have no resson to -Yonkers Statesman.