

THE FAMILY STORY

A PAIR OF BLOOMERS.

BEFORE bicycling became a craze with women there had never been even so much as the shadow of a quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Cranston. But after Mrs. Cranston bought a bicycle and learned to ride well there was a disagreement which came very near breaking up a happy home. They had been married three years, and they had often said that their married life had been one long honeymoon.

Tom had yielded so readily to all of his wife's whims that she had unconsciously gained an opinion that her word was to him like the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

But this idea was all knocked to pieces when one morning as they sat at breakfast Mrs. Cranston said: "Tom, I'm going to order my dressmaker to make a suit of bloomers for me to-day. I do so much bicycling now that skirts are too heavy for me."

"What!" she shouted Tom, dropping his spoon in the oatmeal and spluttering milk all over his necktie, looking at her as though she had announced that she was going to commit suicide.

Mrs. Cranston also dropped her spoon and looked in surprise at her husband.

"I said," she repeated, "that I was going to get a bloomer suit. What strikes you as particularly strange about that?"

"What strikes me as particularly strange?" he repeated, with a wild look in his eyes. "Do you think for one instant that I will allow my wife to race around town looking like a lithograph of a variety entertainment? Not much."

"But, Tom," said Louise, in a tone that had never failed to persuade her husband that she was right and that he was wrong. "I don't see why I can't have bloomers. Mrs. Kynaston and Mrs. Bentley and Mrs. Jennings all wear them and their husbands don't object, so why should you?"

"It makes no difference why I should," said Tom, doggedly. "I don't intend to have my friends on the exchange coming to me and saying 'Tom, I see your wife's wearing bloomers.' Not if I know it."

"But, Tom," she began, "I—"

"Oh, don't talk any more nonsense, Louise," he broke in. "I am sick of it. You shouldn't wear bloomers, so that settles it." And Mr. Cranston, whose appetite had been entirely taken away by his wife's announcement, got up from the table and started for the door.

"Good-by," he called from the hall, and then the door slammed, and Louise sat at the breakfast table wondering how it was that she had never before known that her husband had a will of his own.

She had told all of her friends, only the day before, that she would be wearing bloomers within a week, and when they had suggested that her husband might object she had said:

"Tom, I'll promise you never to mention bloomers again, but if you ever change your mind about them please tell me, for I'm really very anxious to wear them."

The smile which for twenty-four hours had been absent from Tom Cranston's face came again, and he kissed his wife.

"That's a dear good girl, Louise," he said. "I hated to refuse your request, but really I don't like the idea of your wearing those things. And now if there is anything else you want me to do for you just name it, and I'll do it."

He went away, but returned in a moment and called out:

"Oh, Louise, I'm going to a dinner at the club to-night, and I want you to have my dress suit handy when I come home. Good-by."

"Now, then," said Louise, as she went upstairs. "I'll see if I can't make Mr. Tom change his opinion about bloomers. That promise of his was the very thing I wanted."

The hour longed for by both came at last. Tom entered the house and rushed to his room to put on his dress suit.

"Oh, Tom!" Louise called while he was dressing, "come down here; I want you to redeem your promise of this morning and do me a favor."

"All right," he called. "I'll be down in a minute and I'll keep my promise."

He found his wife sitting on the floor with a dress pattern in front of her and dress goods scattered all around.

"Well, what's all this?" he asked. "Are you making a rag carpet? What is it you want me to do for you? If it's to clean up all this mess here I shall refuse, for I have some work to do next week."

"No," she said, laughing. "I don't want you to clean up the mess and I'm not making a rag carpet. I'm making a bicycle dress, which I must have early to-morrow morning, and I want you to let me drape the skirt on you so that it will hang all right."

"But, Louise," he objected. "I've got to go out to that dinner at 8 o'clock, and it's now nearly 7. I won't have time."

"I can't let it go, for I must have it to-morrow morning," she insisted. "You've promised to do what I asked, and now when I want you to do a little thing like this you refuse, and I think it's real mean."

Mrs. Cranston stood up holding a pattern in one hand and an unfinished dress in the other, and looked as though she were about to burst into tears.

"Oh, come now, Louise," he said, impatiently. "Can't you see that your request is trivial and unreasonable and I must go to that dinner?"

The tears that had seemingly been held back with such an effort now became visible and rolled down her cheeks.

"I think it's mean," she sobbed. "You promised to do anything I wanted you to, and now you won't keep your word. I've cut up my other dress and the bicycle party is, of just as much importance as your old dinner."

Mr. Cranston looked grave. He did not want to lose that dinner, and he didn't want to break his promise.

"How long will this fitting business last?" he questioned, after several moments' silence, broken only by the sobbing of his wife.

"About half an hour," she replied, brightening up a little.

"Well, then, hurry up," said Cranston, throwing off his coat and standing erect. "Bring the thing here."

"Oh, nonsense, why don't she wear bloomers? Come on. We are late already," said his friend.

"Louise," whispered Cranston, "if you'll call my promise off you may have bloomers or anything else you want."

"Oh, you dear, good boy," cried Louise, with well-feigned surprise. "Go to your dinner. Now hurry or you'll be late."

Then Tom, after kissing her good-by, rushed off to the club.

Louise put on her bonnet and went to Mrs. Kynaston's house.

"Katie," she cried, as her friend welcomed her at the door, "I'm to have bloomers."

And then she told the story of the manner in which her husband had been induced to change his mind.

And she said in conclusion: "I bought the bloomers yesterday, and I'll wear them to-morrow."

"You really cried, did you?" asked Mrs. Kynaston. "Well, Louise, if you went in for woman suffrage we would have it in twenty-four hours. Talk about men's executive ability! Why, I believe you could make your husband wear bloomers himself!"—New York Evening Sun.

Burns' Last Written Words.
"In July, 1796, the protracted illness from which Burns had been suffering became so acute that he was advised to go to the seaside as a last resort," writes Arthur Warren, apropos of the approaching centenary of Robert Burns' death, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "He went off to Brow on Solway Firth. All his thoughts at this time were of his wife, whose condition was such as to warrant his fears. His anxiety for her increasing, he hastened back to Dumfriess. He was so weak on reaching home that he could hardly stand. Barely able to hold a pen he wrote a note of appeal, begging his wife's mother, who was estranged from her daughter, to come on to Dumfriess, as Jean was in urgent need of her care. They were the last words he ever wrote."

"Let us not forget that the expiring effort of the falling genius was impelled by tender anxiety for his loving wife. In his dying hours he begged her, if his mind should wander, to touch him and thus recall him to himself. It was as he wished. The touch of his Jean was the last sensation which Robert Burns carried with him to eternity. He died on the twenty-first of July, 1796, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. On the day of his burial his son, Maxwell, was born. The little fellow lived less than three years."

"The Scottish admiration for Burns was so great that his widow and children (three sons and two daughters) were not suffered to know what a subscription of six thousand dollars was immediately raised for them. Four years later, that is to say, in 1800, Currier's well-known edition of the poet's works appeared. This realized seven thousand dollars more for the family. These sums made a snug fortune in those days. Duly invested, the amount yielded an income for the modest though comfortable maintenance of Jean and her children. Jean Burns survived her husband thirty-eight years."

Knew Lawyers' Ways.
The sudden manner in which the team that was coming down the road halted was enough to show that the driver was surprised at something. He took his broad-brimmed straw hat off and waved it at a man who was working in a field, at the same time calling at the top of his voice:

"S-a-a-y t-h-e-r-e!"

"What do you want?" asked the man who was working, as he came and leaned over the fence, without letting go of the lines over his team.

"Didn't ye hear 'bout it?"

"Bout what?"

"It's goin' on?"

"Land sakes! There's a man fur ye. Ye'll be sayin' next yer uncle didn't die 'an' leave a will that mentions yer ter 'ave a hull lot o' money, if the other fellers don't succeed in breakin' it."

"Course I knowed that."

"An' the case come up fur trial this mornin'?"

"I knowed that, too."

"Then why wasn't ye up to the court-house takin' an interest into it, same ez the rest o' em did?"

"Wal, ye see this here's a busy season with me. If I hadn't nothin' else ter do, I wouldn't mind droppin' in an' hearin' 'em argy bark an' forth. But I dunno's I care much which o' the lawyers gets the money."—Detroit Free Press.

A Novel Idea.
To keep babies from crying an ingenious device has been resorted to in India. The moment a child begins to cry its mother places her hand over its mouth and nips its nose, so that it cannot breathe. Then it is allowed to breathe freely again, but should it make use of the opportunity to again set up a howl, it is at once suppressed in the same way. This is repeated till the baby imagines that the painful stoppage of the breath is caused by its own effort to scream, and so is careful to keep quiet.

The First of Many.
The first white child born on United States soil was the grand daughter of White, the Governor of Roanoke Island. She was christened by the name of Virginia Dare, and her birthday was Aug. 18, 1587.

AS THE TREE FALLS.

NOMATTER IN WHAT DIRECTION, THERE IT SHALL LIE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches An Earnest Sermon, Warning the Impenitent Against Waiting for the Next World Before Correcting the Errors of This.

Talmage's Sunday Talk.
Dr. Talmage in his sermon discusses a question that everybody sometime discusses. It is one of tremendous import, Shall we have another chance? The text is Ecclesiastes II, 3. "If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be."

There is a hovering hope in the minds of a vast multitude of people that there will be an opportunity in the next world of correcting the mistakes of this; that however complete a shipwreck we may make of our earthly life it will be on a beach up which we may walk to a palace; that as the defendant may lose his case in a circuit court and appeal it and have it go up to the supreme court or court of chancery and all the costs thrown over on the other party, so a man may lose his case in this world, but in the higher jurisdiction of eternity have the decision of the earthly case set aside, all the costs remitted and the defendant be triumphant forever.

A Baseless Hope.
The object of my sermon is to show you that common sense declares with the text that such an expectation is chimerical. "If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be." There are those who say that if the impenitent and unrepentant man enters the next world and sees the disaster, as a result of that disaster he will turn, the distress the cause of his reformation, but we have 10,000 instances all around about us of people who have done wrong and disaster suddenly come upon them. Did the disaster heal them? No; they went on.

There is a man flung of dissipations. The doctor says to him, "Now, my friend, if you don't stop drinking and don't stop this fast life you are living you will die." The patient thanks the physician for his warning and gets better. He begins to sit up, begins to walk around the room, begins to go to business, and takes the same morning train, and he goes out in life under the same circumstances, and he goes on and on. He is in the same condition as the man who has done wrong and disaster suddenly come upon them. Did the disaster heal them? No; they went on.

"Let us not forget that the expiring effort of the falling genius was impelled by tender anxiety for his loving wife. In his dying hours he begged her, if his mind should wander, to touch him and thus recall him to himself. It was as he wished. The touch of his Jean was the last sensation which Robert Burns carried with him to eternity. He died on the twenty-first of July, 1796, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. On the day of his burial his son, Maxwell, was born. The little fellow lived less than three years."

He is in hell on earth. Does it stop him? Ah, no. After awhile delirium tremens pours out upon his pillow a whole jungle of hissing reptiles. His screams horribly the neighbors as he dashes out of bed crying, "Take these things off me! He is drinking down the comfort of his family, the education of his children, their prospects for this life and perhaps their prospects for the life to come. Pale and convalescent he sits up. Physician says to him: "Now, my good fellow, I am going to have a plain talk with you. If you ever have an attack of this kind again, you will die. I can't save you, and all the doctors in creation can't save you."

The patient gets up, starts out, goes the same round of dissipation and is down again, but this time medicines do not touch his case. Consultations of physicians say there is no hope. Death ends the scene. That process of imberbation and physical suffering and medical warning and dissolution is taking place within a stone's throw of where you sit and I every neighborhood of Christendom. Pain does not reform. Suffering does not cure. What is true in regard to one sin is true in regard to all sins, and yet men are expecting in the next life there will be opportunity for purgatorial regeneration. Take up the printed reports of the prisons of the United States and find that the vast majority of the criminals were there before, some for two times, three times, four times, six times; punished again and again, but they go right on. Millions of incidents and instances working the other way, and yet men think that in the next world punishment will work out for them salvable effects. Why, you and I cannot imagine any worse torture from another world than we have seen men in in this world, and without any salutary consequences.

The Last Chance.
Furthermore, the prospect of reformation in another world is more improbable than here. Do you not realize the fact that a man starts in this world with the innocence of infancy? In the other case, starting in the other world, he inherits the accumulated bad habits of a lifetime. Is it not to be expected that you could build a better ship out of new timber than out of an old hulk that has been ground up in the breaker? If starting with comparative innocence the man does not become godly, is it possible that starting with sin a scraph can be evolved? Is there not more prospect that a sculptor will make a finer statue out of a block of black rock that has been cracked and twisted and split and scoured with the storms of a half century? Could you not write a last will and testament, or write a deed, or write an important document on a pure white sheet of paper easier than you could write it upon a sheet scribbled all over with infamy and blot and torn from top to bottom? And yet there are those who are so unconcerned as to believe that though a man starts in this world with infamy and his innocence turns out badly, in the next world he can start with a dead failure and turn out well.

"But," say some people, "we ought to have another chance in the next world because our life here is so very brief. We scarcely have time to turn around between the cradle and the grave, the wood of the one almost striking against the

marble of the other. We ought to have another chance because of the brevity of this life." My friends, do you know what made the ancient deluge a necessity? It was the longevity of the antediluvians. They were worse in the second century than in the first, and worse when they got 300 years old, and worse at 400, and worse at 500, and worse at 600, and worse at 800, until the world had to be washed and scoured and scrubbed and soaked and sunk and anchored a whole month under water before it was fit for decent people to live in. I have seen many pictures of old Time with his scythe to cut, but I never saw any picture of Time with a chest of medicines to heal. Seneca said that in the first few years of his public life Nero was set up as an example of clemency and kindness, but he got worse and worse, and the kind descended, until at 58 years of age he sent his wife to suicide. If 58 years of lifetime could not cure the antediluvians of their iniquity, I undertake to say that all the ages of eternity would be only prolongation of depravity.

"But," says some one, "in the next life the evil surroundings will be withdrawn and good influences will be substituted, and hence expurgation, sublimation, glorification." But you must remember that the righteous, all their sins forgiven, pass right up into a beatific state, and then having passed up into the beatific state, not needing any other chance, that will leave all those who have never been forgiven, and who were impenitent, alone—alone—and where are the salvable influences to come from? Can it be expected that Dr. Duff, who spent his whole life in pointing the Hindus to heaven, and Dr. Aebel, who spent his life in evangelizing China, and that Judson, who spent his life in preaching the gospel to Burma—can it be expected that they will be sent down from some celestial missionary society to educate and save those who wasted their earthly existence? No. We are told distinctly that all missionary and evangelistic influences will be ended forever, and the good, having passed up to their beatific state, all the morally bankrupt will be together, and where are the salvable influences to come from? Will a speckled or bad apple put in a barrel of diseased apples make the other apples good? Will one who is down be able to lift others up? Will those who have miserably failed in the business of this life be able to pay the debts of our spiritual insolvents? Will a million wrongs make one right? King Rufusropolis was the city where King Rufus of Thrace put all bad people of his kingdom, and whenever there were iniquitous people found in any part of the land they were all sent to Poneropolis. It was the great capital of wickedness. Suppose a man or a woman had opened a primary school in Poneropolis; would the parents of other cities have sent their children there to be educated and reformed?

Words of Warning.
If a man in this world was surrounded with temptation, in the next world, all the righteous having passed up into the beatific state, the association will be more deteriorating, depressing and down. You would not send to a cholera or yellow fever hospital a man for his health, and the great garbage of the future, in which are gathered the diseased and the plague struck, will be a poor place for moral recovery. The Count of Chatoaubriand, in order to make his child courageous, made him sleep in the towers of the castle, where the winds howled and specters were said to haunt the place. The mother and the sisters almost died of fright, but the son afterward gives his account, and he says, "That gave me nerves of steel and gave me courage that has never failed." But, my friends, I do not think the tower of darkness or the spectral world swept by sirens and eurodyndal will ever prepare a soul for the eternal land of sunshine. I wonder what is the curriculum in the College Inferno, where a man, having been prepared by enough sin, enters and goes up from freshman of iniquity to sophomore of abomination, and on up from sophomore to junior, and from junior to senior, and day of graduation comes, and the diploma is signed by Satan, the president, and all the professional demagogues attest the fact that the candidate has been a sufficient time under their drill and then enters heaven. Pandemonium, a preparatory school for celestial admission! Ah, my friends, what Satan and his cohorts have fitted a vast multitude for ruin, they never fitted one soul for happiness—never.

Again, I wish you further to notice that another chance in another world means the ruin of this. Now, suppose a wicked man is assured that after a lifetime of wickedness he can fix it all right up in the future. That would be the demoralization of society, that would be the demoralization of the human race. There are men who are now kept on the limits of sin by their fear. The fear that if we are bad and forgiven here it will not be well with us in the next existence is the chief influence that keeps civilization from rushing back into barbarism, and keeps semi-barbarism from rushing back into midnight savagery, and keeps mid-night savagery from rushing back into extinction. Now, the man is kept on the limits of sin. But this idea coming into his soul, this idea of another chance, he says: "Go to, now. I'll get out of this world all there is in it. Come, gluttony and revenge and uncleanness and all sensuality, and wait upon me. It may abbreviate my earthly life by dissipation, but that will only give me heavier indulgence on a larger scale in a shorter length of time. I will overtake the righteous before long. I will only come in heaven a little late, and I will be a little more fortunate than those who have behaved themselves on earth and then went straight to the bosom of God, because I will see more and have wider excursions, and I will come to heaven via gabenna, via sheol!" Hearers! Readers! Another chance in the next world means free license and the demolition of this. Suppose you had a case in court, and all the judges and all the attorneys agreed in telling you the first trial of it—it would be tried twice—the first trial would not be of very much importance, but the second trial would decide everything. On which trial would you put the most expenditure? On which trial would you employ the ablest counsel? On which trial would you be most anxious to have the attendance of all the witnesses? "Oh, you would say, 'if there are to be two trials, and the first trial does not amount to much, the second trial being everything, everything depending upon that, I must have the most eloquent attorney, and I must have all my witnesses present, and I will expend my money on that.'"

If these men who are impenitent and who are wicked felt there were two trials, and the first was of no very great importance, and the second trial was the one of vast and infinite importance, all the

preparations for eternity would be post mortem, post funeral, post sepulchral, and this life. My friends, do you know what made the ancient deluge a necessity? It was the longevity of the antediluvians. They were worse in the second century than in the first, and worse when they got 300 years old, and worse at 400, and worse at 500, and worse at 600, and worse at 800, until the world had to be washed and scoured and scrubbed and soaked and sunk and anchored a whole month under water before it was fit for decent people to live in. I have seen many pictures of old Time with his scythe to cut, but I never saw any picture of Time with a chest of medicines to heal. Seneca said that in the first few years of his public life Nero was set up as an example of clemency and kindness, but he got worse and worse, and the kind descended, until at 58 years of age he sent his wife to suicide. If 58 years of lifetime could not cure the antediluvians of their iniquity, I undertake to say that all the ages of eternity would be only prolongation of depravity.

As to the Invitation.
Furthermore, my friends—for I am preaching to myself as well as to you; we are on the same level, and though the platform be a little higher than the pew, it is only for convenience, and that we may all the better speak to the people; we are all on the same platform, and I am talking to my soul while I talk to yours—my friends, why another chance in another world when we have declined so many chances in this? Suppose you spread a banquet and you invite a vast number of friends, and among others you send an invitation to one who disregards it. During twenty years you give twenty banquets, a banquet a year, and you invite your friends, and every time you invite this man, who disregards your invitation or sends back some indignity. After awhile you move into a larger house and amid more luxuriant surroundings, and you invite your friends, but you do not invite that man to whom twenty times you sent an invitation to the smaller house. Are you to blame? You would only make yourself absurd before God and man to send that man another invitation.

Twenty years he has been declining your kindness and sending insult for your kindness and courtesy, and can he blame you? Can he come up to your house on the night of the banquet? Looking up and seeing it is a finer house, will he have the right to say: "Let me in. I declined all those other offers, but this is a larger house, a brighter house, a more luxuriant abode. Let me in. Give me another chance?" God has spread a banquet of his grace before us. For 365 days of every year since we knew the difference between our right and our left he has invited us by his providence and by his spirit. Suppose we decline all these offers and all this kindness. Now the banquet is spread in a larger place, in the heavenly palace. Invitations are sent out, but no invitation is sent to us. Why? Because we declined all those other banquets. Will God be to blame? Will we have any right to rap on the door of heaven and say: "I ought not to be shut out of this place; give me another chance!"

Twenty gates of salvation stand wide for free admission all our life and then when the twelve gates close we rush on the bosom of Jehovah's buckler, saying, "Give me another chance!"

A ship is to sail for Hamburg. You want to go to Germany by that line. You see the advertisement of the steamer's sailing. You see it for two weeks. You see it in the morning papers and you see it in the evening papers. You see it placarded on the walls. Circulars are thrown into your office telling you all about that steamer. One day you come down on the wharf, and the steamer has swung out into the stream. You say: "Oh, that isn't fair. Come back; swing up again to the docks. Throw the plank ashore that I may come aboard. It isn't fair. I want to go to Germany by that steamer. Give me another chance. Here is a magnificent offer for me, and it has been anchored within our sight year after year, and year after year, and year after year, and all the benign voices of earth and heaven have urged us to get on board, since it may sail at any moment. Suppose we let that opportunity sail away, and then we look out and say: 'Send back that opportunity. I want to take it. It isn't treating me fairly. Give me another chance.' Why, my brother, you might as well go out and stand on the Highlands at the Navvick three days after the Majestic has gone out and shout: 'Captain, come back. I want to go to Liverpool on the Majestic. Come back over the sea and through the Narrows and up to the docks. Give me another chance.' You might as well do that as, after the last opportunity of heaven has sped away, try to get it back again. Just think of it! It came on me yesterday in my study with overwhelming impressiveness. Just think of it. All heaven offered us as a gratuity for a whole lifetime, and yet we wanting to rush against God, saying: 'Give me another chance.' There ought to be, there will be, no such thing as posthumous opportunity.

A Grand Chance.
You see common sense agrees with my text in saying that "if the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be." You see this idea lifts this world from an unimportant way station to a platform of stupendous issues and makes all eternity whirl around this hour. Oh, my soul, my soul! Only one trial, and all the preparations for that trial to be made in this world or never made at all. Oh, my soul, my soul! You see this piles up all the emphasis and all the climaxes and all the destinies into this life. No other chance. Oh, how that intensifies the value and the importance of this chance. Alexander and his army used to come around a city, and they would kindle a great light, with the understanding that as long as that light was burning the city might surrender and all would be well, but if they let that light go out then the battering rams would come against the walls and there would come disaster and demolition. Oh, my friends, all you and I need to do to prepare for eternal safety is just to surrender to the King and Conqueror, Christ. Surrender hearts, surrender life, surrender everything. The great light keeps burning, light kindled by the wood of the cross, light flaming up against the dark night of our sin and sorrow. Oh, let us surrender before the light goes out and with it our last opportunity of making our peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, my brother, talk about another chance; this the supernal chance. In the time of Edward II, at the battle of Mueßelberg, a private soldier saw that the Earl of Huntly had lost his helmet. The private soldier took off his helmet and went up to the Earl of Huntly and put the helmet on his head. Now, the head of the private soldier uncovered, he was soon slain, while his commander rode in safety through and out of the battle. But it is different in our case. Instead of a private offering a helmet to an earl, it is the King of heaven and earth offering a crown to an unworthy subject, the King dying that we might live! Oh, tell it to the points of the compass, tell it to day and night, tell it to earth and heaven, tell it to all the centuries and all the millenniums that God has given us such a magnificent chance in this world that we need no other chance in another!

Five Mormon missionaries left Salt Lake City a few days ago bound for New Zealand to establish a mission among the Maoris.