

YOUNG MAN BEWARE!

THE PITFALLS POINTED OUT BY DR. TALMAGE.

Make the Home Pleasant for the Boys—Keep Holy the Sabbath Day—Teach Industry and Integrity Always—Glorify of Virtues.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 24, 1895.—In his sermon today, Rev. Dr. Talmage, preaching to the usual crowded audience, took up a subject of universal interest to young men. His text was selected from 2 Samuel 18:

29: "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

The heart of David, the father, was wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid 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 appearance, he was a bad boy, and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshalled an army to overthrow his father's government. 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 safety of his boy, and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After awhile, a servant, 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 hailing distance, the father cries out: "Is it a question in regard to the establishment 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 besweated and bedusted messenger flying 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 to 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: "Oh! Absalom! my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee, Oh, Absalom! my son! my son!"

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 position, and from great fortune, disgraced for time, disgraced 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 Australia, and put on the 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 partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them 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."

Now, what are the safeguards of young men? 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 with vice or poverty. Harsh words, and petulance, and scolding 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 now 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. Fresco on palace walls does not mean so much to you as those rough-hewn rafters. Parks and bowers and trees on fashionable watering-places or country-seats do not mean so much to you as that brook that ran in front of the plain farm house, and sing-

ing under the weeping willows. The barred gateway swung open by porter in 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 fifteen years ago into glory. That scene coming back to you to-day, as you sweep backward and forward on the gate, singing the songs of your childhood. But there are those here who have their second dwelling place. It is your adopted home. That also is sacred forever. There you established the first family altar. There your children were born. In that room flapped the wing of the death angel. Under that roof, when your work is done, 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 man who was faithful to his early and adopted home who was given over at the same time to any gross form of wickedness. If you find more enjoyment in the club room, in the literary society, in the art salon, than you do in these unpretending home pleasures, you are on the road to ruin. 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 house, into that room gather books, pictures and a harp. Hang your mother's portrait over the mantel. Bid unholy mirth stand back from that threshold. 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.

Another safeguard for these young men is industrious habit. There are a great 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 city. He is seated in his room at a rent of two thousand dollars a year, waiting for the banks to declare their dividends and the stocks to run up. After awhile he gets impatient. He tries to improve his penmanship by making copyplates of other merchants' signatures! Never mind—all is right in business. After awhile he has his estate. Now is the time for him to retire to the country, amid the flocks and the herds, to cultivate the domestic virtues.

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 up the castle. That is no fancy sketch; it is every-day 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 cup a bitter draught that will thrill him with unbearable agony. I should not wonder if that man's children grew up to be to him a disgrace, and to make his life a shame. I should not wonder if that man died a dishonorable death, and were tumbled into a dishonorable grave, and then went into the gnashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

Another safeguard that I want to present 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 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 unorganized, that architect has in his mind every Corinthian column, every Gothic arch, every Byzantine capital. A poet thinks out the entire plot of his poem before he begins to chime the cantos of tinkling rhyme. And yet there are a great many men who start the important structure of life without knowing whether 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 one thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine have no life-plot. Booted and spurred and caparisoned, they hasten along, and I run out and say: "Hallo, man! Whither away?" "Nowhere!" they say. Oh! 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. Oh! young man, have a high ideal and press to it, and it will be a mighty safeguard. There never were grander opportunities opening 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.

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 feeding and clothing of the immortal soul?

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 for every young man is the Christian religion. Nothing can take the place

of it. You may have gracefulness enough to put to the blush Lord Chesterfield, you may have foreign languages dropping from your tongue, you may discuss laws and literature, you may have a pen of unequalled polish and power, you may have so much business tact that you 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 locks as those which hung Abalom, and yet you have no safety against temptation. 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 professions are full, and there's no chance for me." Oh! young man, cheer up, I will tell you how you can make your fortune. Seek first the kingdom of God and all 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 Saviour you will not act like that; you have not the heart to act like that. That is not many. That is not honorable. That is not brave. Your great want is a new heart, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I tell you so to-day, and the blessed Spirit presses through the solemnities of this hour to put the cup of life to your thirsty lips. Oh! thrust it not back. Mercy presents it—bleeding mercy, long-suffering mercy. Despite all other friendships, prove recreant to all other bargains, and despite God's love for your dying soul—do not do that. There comes a crisis in a man's life, and the trouble is he does not know it is the crisis. I got a letter in which a man says to me:

"I start out now to preach the Gospel of righteousness and temperance to the people. 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 sermon a man coming up to you all a-tremble with conviction, and crying out for mercy, and telling you he had a very bad business, and he thought he would change it? That was the turning point in my history. I 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 you is unto me if I preach not the Gospel."

That Sunday night was the turning point of that young man's history. This very Sabbath hour will be the turning point in the history of a hundred young men in this 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 started 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. They came to the door of the theater. 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 home. The other young man went in. He went from one degree of temptation to another. Caught in the whirl of frivolity and sin, he sank lower and lower. He lost his business position. He lost his morals. He lost his soul. He died a dreadful death, not one star of mercy shining on it. I stand before you to-day," said that minister, "to thank God that for twenty years I have been permitted to preach the Gospel. I am the other young man."

Electricity in Art.
Electric lighting is to be applied to art in Brussels. On the Anspach memorial St. Michael is represented on horseback slaying the dragon. The sword will be made to blaze like a sword of fire, lights will be put in the saint's eyes and in the insides of the dragon.

RAM'S HORNS.

The worst deception is self-deception.

A good thought planted in good soil will grow.

The real coward is the one who is afraid to do right.

It is impossible to love God until his word is believed.

When bad men are elected to office the devil rules the city.

We can't keep away from other people and know ourselves.

The man who never gives away anything, cheats himself.

It is hard to please the man who never knows what he wants.

As soon as Eve took the forbidden fruit the devil had an army.

Don't go security for the man who runs his boots down at the heel.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

IN a report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, as quoted in an exchange, it is said that if buried, potatoes must be covered lightly at first, and the covering added from time to time, but only enough to protect

the tubers from frost. This is the most unsatisfactory and expensive way of storing potatoes. The next worse is a cellar under a building. The most satisfactory and cheapest way is to store in a dug-out. In most Kansas soils, no walls but the dirt walls are needed. The roof will be of earth over poles and brush. In wet weather such a roof will leak unless covered with boards, corn stalks, straw or other covering. The best location will be a slope or bank facing south. By leaving an alley through the center of the dugout, with plenty of large ventilator shafts through the roof, a brisk circulation will be set up whenever the door in the end is opened—particularly where the door opens on the level, as it will if the building is dug in the side of a bank. The trouble with a cellar under a building is to give it air enough. The dug-out should be built with a bin on each side of a central alley. The bottom of the bins should be raised six inches from the ground. Both the bottom and sides are best made of fence boards, with inch spaces between. The sides of the bins should be clear of contact with the walls, whether stone or dirt. Spouts should be placed at intervals through the roof at the outside of the bins, through which to pour down the potatoes into the cellar. Such a building, carefully managed as to ventilation, opened up on frosty nights and kept closed during the warm days of fall and early winter, will take Early Ohio potatoes through to spring without a sprout. Early Rose, Beauty of Hebron and such varieties may require turning over once. The only antidote for sprouting, aside from the manner of storage, that is known, is the scoop shovel. Potatoes may be kept in cold storage until August without a sprout.

Planting Trees.
If I were going to plant a tree for the amount of saccharine matter I could get from it I would plant basswood, and I would save all the fuel by keeping some bees. I think there is no shade tree that we can derive so much profit from as the basswood. Next to that would come the soft maple; it blooms so early in the spring that our colonies of bees build up very rapidly indeed when they begin to gather honey and get a certain amount of pollen from the blooms of these soft maples. They make very pretty shade trees. I think as pretty shade trees as I ever saw in our part of the country were in a basswood grove. The original trees had all been cut away from the clearing except a few basswood trees that were left to grow, and the ground was kept covered with grass. I attended a picnic in this grove, and I can assure you our Sabbath school boys enjoyed a game of football under these trees very much, and I enjoyed half a day looking at them. I think the prettiest shade trees, however, that I have ever seen are the elms which are almost universally planted in the Eastern states. I have seen some trees standing on one side of a roadway which extended to the other side, and it is something very pleasant indeed on a hot day to have the privilege of resting under one of these trees. There is a road that I travel over a good deal in the summer which is almost devoid of shade trees, and it is very suffocating sometimes to have to drive for twelve miles along that road without any shade at all; but towards the end of the journey, as the road approaches the town, there are a few elms standing, the branches of which nearly cover the road, and I have often been very thankful to be able to stand for a minute or two under those weeping elms. I would recommend the soft maple and the elm, and I would not despise the white birch. There is one objection to the white maple; a borer gets into the tree and cuts his way around it, and the result is a dead top. I planted a number of sugar maple trees some years ago, and I think there is not one in ten living today, while I planted some soft maple trees a year or two afterwards and they are all living.—Mr. Dempsey.

Keeping Qualities of Grapes.—Much loss occurs every year from lack of knowledge of the limitations of grapes as regards their fitness to keep through the winter. The most popular grapes are usually those that have been chosen for earliness and certainty in ripening. Most of these are, as might be expected, poor keepers. The grape most widely grown of any, the Concord, can hardly be kept in condition till the holidays. Grapes that are very sweet become insipid when kept long, though they may look well. Isabella when thoroughly ripened is too sweet to keep long. The Catawba, however well ripened, has an acid flavor and is a good keeper. The Agawam is more acid than the Salem and therefore keeps better. Wilder and Barry, two black Rogers grapes, are about the best for keeping. All these have thick skins. The Kumanan we have found a good keeper, as is also the Iowa, though that is quite as difficult to ripen as is the Catawba. The Brighton is best to eat as picked from the vine.—Country Gentleman.

Utilizing All of the Fruit.

There have been many errors in tree-planting in the past. Too many varieties have been set out, and improper varieties have been chosen. In many instances too large a proportion of fall fruits have been planted; hence in an abundant season the markets are soon glutted, and as a fruit of this character will not keep prices are apt to fall below a remunerative point, and disappointment is the result. We must learn to meet such difficulties as these. We must endeavor to overcome them as we find them. This particular one may be got over in a short time by top-grafting the trees with late-keeping varieties; or it may be remedied by the establishment of fruit evaporators, whereby the surplus stock may be reduced to such condition as will admit of its being sold at a later period of the year, and, if desired, shipped to any part of the civilized world. Every part of the apple may be made a source of profit, and nothing should be wasted. At a recent meeting of fruit growers in Michigan, a gentleman in the course of his remarks gave some statistics in regard to the profitability of apples, and he said that even the cores and skins were used at his factory, and the profit from these amounted in a short time to a hundred dollars. I asked him at the close of the meeting what use was made of the cores and skins, and he assured me they were very valuable in making apple jelly. On returning home I instituted some experiments in my own house, and found this was correct. In making apple sauce, too, in order to have all the flavor of the apple, the skins and cores should be stewed separately, and the resulting liquid poured into the apple sauce. This adds very much to the richness and flavor of the sauce.—D. W. Beadle.

Frost Blight.

The secretary of agriculture gives the following suggestions relative to pear blight: Pear blight is caused by a very minute microbe which enters the tree at the blossom cluster, or at the tip of the tender growing shoot. It may destroy only the blossom cluster, or a few inches of the twig, or it may run downward several feet, killing large limbs or even whole trees. The same microbe causes apple twig blight and quince blight. Most of the damage from this blight is done during the first month of growth, beginning at blossom time. After running downward for a few inches or a foot or more, the disease usually becomes a standstill. When it has stopped, a definite crack forms in the bark, separating the live and dead portions. When the diseased portion blends off into the live part, it shows that the disease is still progressing. Below the blighted portion the tree may be perfectly healthy, as the blight kills only as far as it reaches. Healthy, thrifty, rapidly growing trees suffer more when attacked than those not so vigorous. In certain cases the blight does not stop, but keeps on slowly growing in the bark till the close of the season. After this such cases continue progressing slowly, the new blight for each year coming from germs which lived over from the preceding year's cases. The remedy for the pear blight is to exterminate the microbes which cause the disease. This can be done by pruning out the old blight in the fall or winter, thus preventing the microbes from living over. In mild attacks, where there is but little blight, and wherever practicable, it is best to cut out the blight as soon as discovered. Complete destruction of the blight should be carried out in the fall, as soon as all late growth has ceased. In cutting out the blight, care should be taken to cut out on the sound wood below the disease.

Frostproof Strawberries.

In a discussion of frostproof strawberries in the columns of the "Rural New Yorker," it is made apparent that Parker Earle varies in hardness in different parts of the country. From the cold Northwest a grower with forty years' experience writes that he has never found any varieties that are frostproof. T. T. Lyon of Michigan echoes this opinion. He says: "No varieties of strawberries can be said to be actually frostproof, although certain varieties, such as Sharpless, Haverland, Holyoke, and others, are reputed to be less hardy than most others." A New Jersey correspondent names the Parker Earle as one of the best frostproof strawberries. Mr. M. A. Thayer writes that Gandy is about the safest variety he has. Warfield is long in fruit, and may have its first blooms killed by frost, yet produce a good crop from late buds.

Blooded or Scrubs.—We cannot advocate a general departure for any farmer from so-called native to blooded cattle. Many of our so-called "scrubs" are really good cows, and such will pay to keep. It is a mistake to suppose that an animal without pedigree is therefore necessarily of no use. On the other hand it is equally a mistake to suppose that all pedigreed animals are good. Like produce like, with variation, and frequently these variations produce worthless cows from blooded stock, and good cows from native stock. However, the chances are largely in favor of the blooded stock. But the test needs to be applied to our Holsteins and Jerseys as well as to our nameless cattle.

Demand for Cattle.—The Rocky Mountain Husbandman says: "Beef is bringing a good figure in the market and so great is the confidence that there is an active demand for all manner of horned stock. Bovines of any age, kind, size or description will sell at a good strong price in advance of what they would have brought one year or more ago. There is only in times of unlimited confidence in the industry that there is an active demand for everything in the cow line."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8—DAVID AND GOLIATH.

Golden Text: The Battle Is the Lord's.—1 Samuel, 17:41.—Goliath, the Champion of the Philistines, Goes Down Before David.

INTRODUCTION:
The events here recorded transpired about 1053 B. C. Saul was the King of Israel. David was about 20 years old. In the fertile plains along the coast, southwest of the Jerusalem, lived the fierce and warlike race of the Philistines (from whom the name Palestine is derived).

These people were often made God's instrument for the punishment of the sins of his people. After Saul's disobedience it is said that "there was sore war against the Philistines all the days of Saul" (14:52). "The mode of warfare pursued by them was of the guerrilla description. They made a series of sudden raids on unprotected places for purposes of plunder. At the time of this lesson their central camp was in the valley of Elah, near Shohob. The hills on either side are seven hundred to eight hundred feet high, running nearly east and west. Through the middle of the valley wound a ravine with steep sides, the bed of the winter torrents, forming a natural defense to any force drawn up on either side of it. The Philistines were encamped on the southern slope; and Saul had assembled an army of defence on the northern, with the valley between, and neither army dared to leave its position, and make an attack across the ravine, whose steep sides would give the enemy a great advantage.

11. Goliath, the Champion of the Philistines.—While the armies were in this position, Saul's night watch discovered a scout of each other across the ravine; there came out from the Philistine ranks a giant champion, who proposed that the Israelites should send forth a warrior to meet him, and have the whole battle decided by a single combat.

12. The Challenge.—Thus armed and equipped, the giant stalked down into the valley in sight of Saul's camp, and in a voice answering to his huge form defied the armies of Israel morning and evening for forty days. "It reminds us of De Bohun at Bannockburn, or of the Norman Taillefer at Senlac."
13. David Visits the Army.—The three oldest of David's brothers were in the army of Saul, only about ten miles from home, and Jesse, feeling anxious for news about them, sent David to the camp with some fresh provisions. It was the fortieth day of Goliath's challenge, and David reached the camp, and heard his haughty words. He soon took in the state of affairs. His inquiries and comments brought upon him the rebuke of his oldest brother. But he kept on till his words came to the ears of Saul. All this, and his practice with the sling, and his conflict with the lion and the bear in previous days were necessary steps to his great victory.

14. The Israelites' Champion, David.—Va. 28-40. It is well to mark the moral qualities which David manifests, and which make him a worthy champion, and without which he would either have failed altogether, or diminished the value of the victory.

15. And Saul armed David with his armor, and he put a helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail.

16. And David girded himself with his sling, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him.

17. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in his shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand; and he drew near to the Philistine.

18. And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bore the shield went before him.

19. And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him; for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.

20. And the Philistine said unto David, Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods.

21. And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thee flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.

22. Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied.

23. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand, and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcases of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.

24. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear; for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands.

25. And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to David, that David hastened, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine.

26. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slung it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth.

27. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David.

28. Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled.

Agony Easy to Bear.
Husband—Now, my darling, be sure to write to me the moment you arrive at your sister's, telling me all about your journey, and exactly how you felt after the wearing ride. I shall be in an agony of suspense until I hear that you have arrived safely and in good health.

Wife—Oh, I won't wait to write. I'll send you a nice, long telegram.

Husband—Um—that is very thoughtful, my angel; but—these telegraph companies are very unreliable. Put your telegram in an envelope and mail it to me, and then I'll be sure to get it. Here's a two-cent stamp.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Vanity is a poison of agreeableness.—Greville.

What makes life dreary is want of motive.—George Eliot.

Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them, for your friend is so much like your second self that he will judge too much like you.—Pope.

Humanity is divided into pounds, shillings and pence. The pound rule, the shilling trade and the pence labor. The unconsidered trifles are the farthings.—Labouchere.