

ANDY, it kinder ought to go to this here charity ball. We don't want to be stingy with our money now we've got is and besides, I've got a bankering to go."

"Nathan Skinner, be you in your "Mandy, that's just where I be. What's

to bender!" Well, we're a pretty couple to think of poing to a ball. How old was you your last

Mandy, you needn't be throwing it up to a feller that he's getting on to the shady side of life. I'm willing to admit that I ain't quite so young as I was once, but you ain't so old as I be. It's on your account I ees thinking of it."

"Well, Nathan, don't think of it any more. It's foolish

Nathan slept very poorly that night. He was thinking of the ball. Poor, foolish fellow, he wanted Mandy to have one more chance to shine. He said to himself: "Why, they couldn't none of the girls compare with ber. I'd like to know what's been the good of our coming to town if we ain't sgoin' to git inter sassiety. I've allers here's a chance to git acquainted with the Hallams and McDonalds and all the rest, what must Mandy do but turn stubborn." He had set his heart on going and he

could not bear to give it up. At breakfast the next morning while Mandy baked griddles' full of crisp, brown cakes, and Nathan heroically devoured them as they floated in rich amber sirup. he spoke: "Mandy, I've been thinking it's our duty to go."

"To go to what, Nathan?" said Mrs. Skinmer, absently. She was thinking she must get something to tempt Nathan's appetite.
"He never stopped off with four griddles full when we was up home. It must be the air ain't quite so good here in the city," she thought.

"Why, the charity ball," said Nathan. impatiently interrupting her reverie. "O, yes," answered Mrs. Skinner, recalling herself; "I remember you did speak of

"Speak of it? I say we must go! 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,' you know. Our money may be took away from us if we don't use it right."
"Well, I can't help it. I'd like to help

some of them awful poor folks, but I can't go to that ball, and, Nathan, I wouldn't quote Bible to git me to go."

"You've got to, Mandy. I've set my book If I were to tell you that Mandy never in-

tended in the least to go, you would wonder why she meekly answered: "Very well, Nathan, if you're so set on goin', I e we'll go. Mandy was a wise woman, and she had

not lived with Nathan Skinner all these years without learning to let him have his own way, apparently.
"Good. Now, Mandy, that sounds right.

You know you'll have to have a new dress and some other fixin's."

"Nathan Skinner, you're extravagant. Such things is sinful. I shall just wear my black silk."

"No, you won't do no such thing. I ain't been a reading the papers lately for nothin'.
If you'd noticed you'd a seen me studying
them new fashions. What was I lookin' Er, a new gown fer my Mandy." Nathan leaned back in his chair, shut his

eyes and said, meditatively: "I see ye s din' on that ball-room floor a wavin's estrich feather fan, yer back hair put up on the top of yer head, yer front hair cut ruther short and wavy like, and a dresslet's see, what'll yer dress bei I think a purty red velvet, and you'll wear gloves, Mandy, long ones, to reach plum to yer

He opened his eyes and said, briskly: "I'll go with you and help you git things; you see I know yer taste is pretty sober and I ain't a goin' to have you look glum. We'll have to get at it to-day, Mandy. After you git the dishes done up, we'll go down and see what we can find."

That day they were seen to enter every dry-goods store in the city. Nathan in variably took the lead. "Trot down yer best velvet," he would

say, "I don't care how much it costs." The shade of velvet which he wanted was not to be found. He had an exaggerated notion in his mind, gleaned from some very flashy novel, as to the wonderful richner which velvet might possess. A disappointed couple they started home that night. "Let's give it up, Nathan."
"Well, I rather think I won't. They keep

more variety in them big stores down to New York, don't they! I'm a goin' to send

He composed a letter beginning "Dear Sirs," and then there was a long pause. The letter when finished did not satisfy



"IT'S OUR DUTY TO GO."

as nearly as he could. Then he enclosed a liberal check and directed it to one of the ninent New York house "We kin git yer other fixin's here,

The wext night after supper, with an art fulness worthy of a diplomat, Nathan be gan to talk of "old times." Times when they had danced together. When he thought he had cautiously led up to the subject, he said: "Mandy, I was a practicin's little upstairs, and I find I've kinder forget ten how some of them steps goes. It won't do no hurt to try 'em a little. Come on Mandy, I shan't dance myself, but I want you to practice a little so you'll be good and

ing off between "promenade all," "join hands," "sachet to partners," "al-o-man

Mandy's dancing was something pleasant to see. Her plump, pretty figure, with the lines of youthful grace still in it, showed to great advantage as she took the steps with Nathan, proving she had not forgotten. The dress came. Nathan was a little disappointed, but Mandy was pleased and al-most wished she could go to the ball.

Nathan, having ideas of his own on the subject, they searched the whole city over before they found the right person to un-dertake the making of the dress. Then Nathan said to her: "Now, I want it to fit amazin'. You can cut it a little low, for Mandy's got such a pretty neck. Make it stylish. Money don't need to hender." He stopped every day to see how the mak

Just four days before the ball the dres came home in a large box. Mandy was looking at it and wondering if she should not wait and let Nathan open it, when a city ambulance drove up to the house, and as Mandy with an agonized face opened the door, they brought Nathan

"O, Nathan! what's the matter?" she cried, when she knew he was not killed. "I fell on a piece of ice and broke my leg, they say. Oh, Mandy, I'm afraid you can't go to the ball," and he groaned.

"Do you suppose I care for that when you're hurt?" said Mandy.

When the doctors had set the leg and told him it meant three months in bed, and when he felta little easier, they talked it all

over. "I'm sorry on your account, Mandy. I did so want you to go, but you've never



"WELL, IF THAT AIN'T A STUNNER."

been very much sot on it. I guess you wa right. We am't just the ones to go. I see it now, but I thought you'd enjoy it." "I never meant to go. I knew we'd be made fun of, but that dress did almost tempt me. I hadn't got the box opened when you was brought in. I wouldn't care; but it was awful foolish of you, Nathan, to

get it; I wonder I let you." "You couldn't help yourself, Mandy, and I ain't sorry, but I did want that dress to go to the ball."

Later, Ruth Brown, their pretty young neighbor, came in to sit awhile. Ruth's family were not rich, but they moved in the best society. Ruth had been much pleased with the Skinners. Their domestic life interested her. She liked to watch them

She talked on and on, of a reception, concert and the latest news of the charity

"I want so to go. Frank Mitchell aske me to. I ought to have told him no, but I hoped there would be some way out, and have even been wicked enough to pray for something to wear. Mamma and I have looked over every single article of clothing we both possess, and there is positively nothing left. Frank is coming up to-night, and I shall have to tell him I can't go because I have nothing to wear," and poor littie Ruth burst into tears.

"I'm provoked at myself for telling my troubles here when you have so much to bear, but I did so want to go," the sobs sub-

"Nathan," said Mrs. Skinner, laying down her knitting, "don't you think Ruth and me's about the same size! Just wait a moment," and Mandy left the room. She returned with the big white box.

When it was uncovered Ruth opened her eyes wide with wonder. "Oh! oh!" she cried; "you beautiful thing!" Yes; it was beautiful. Even Nathan was

"Now, Ruth, you run up-stairs and try i on and then come down and show us," said

"But where did you get it?" asked Ruth "I got it for Mandy to wear to the ball,"

Then between them they told the whole "I'm thankful we was kept from making fools of ourselves," said Mandy.

When Ruth came down, managing her train with wonderful skill, Nathan raised himself on his elbow and exclaimed: "Well, if that ain't a stunner!"

Mandy walked over, threw her arms around the girl's neck and kissed her as she said: "There's the gloves and the other fixin's, too." So the wine-colored velvet went to the

ball in spite of fate. Frank Mitchell had been counting on that opportunity for so long, and there was a question asked and answered there that

right that made two people happy.

Ruth still persists in saying: "I owe if all to the Skinners and the velvet dress Nathan got for his wife to wear to the ball." A. R. HUBLBUT.

## MODERN PROVERBS.

Ir we do not know how to waste time, we may be assured that time knows how to

SWRANING can be nothing more than the wit of a fool who deems it honorable to have such a strong dialect of the devil's lan-

Some men go to the country to cultivate their virtues; but it often turns out a mere recreation to give new vigor to their vices. TEMPTATION comes like a river; we need power to go against its tide, but we can float along with it and arrive at the transgressor's destination without the moving of a BRODEAG.

The Jones Family. "Jeptha," said Mrs. Jones as her hus band sat reading his paper, "I wish you would buy some of that lovely Cheddar cheese in the market."

"How much is it?" snarled Jor "Only fifty cents a pound, dear!"
"Well, I should Cheddar!" said the reck
less man as he returned to his reading.

"All about the Jones-Smith divorce and the n' earthquake," called a newsboy in the

COMMON SENSE NEEDED.

Dr. Talmage on the Necessity of Church Reforms.

Common Sense as Necessary in Religio as in Business Affairs-It Should Be Exercised in Prayer and in All Other Religious Duties.

During his summer vacation Rev. T. De Witt Talmage visited Montana and in a ermon at Livingston took for his subject: Outwitted by the World " His text was, St. Luke xvi. 8: "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." Fellowing is the

That is another way of saying that Christians are not so skillful in the manipulation of spiritual affairs as worldlings are skillful in the management of temporalities. I see all around me people who are alert, earnest, concentrated and skillful in monetary matters, who in the affairs of the soul are laggards, inane,

The great want of this world is more common sense in matters of religion. If one-half of the skill and fercefulness employed in matters of business had been employed in trying to make the world better, within ten years the last juggarnaut would fall, the last throne of oppression upset, the last iniquity tumt-le and the anthem that was chanted over Bethlehem on Christmas night would be schood and re-echoed from all nations and kindred and people: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Some years ago, on a train going to ward the Southwest, as the porter of the sleeping car was making up the berths at the evening tide, I saw a man kneel down to pray. Worldly people looked on, as much as to say: "What does this mean?" I suppose the most of the people in the car thought the man was either insane or that he was a fanatic; but he disturbed no one when he knelt and he disturbed no one when he arose. In after conversation I found that he was a member of a church in my own city , that he was a seafaring nan and that he was on his way to New Orleans to take charge of a vessel I hought then, as I think now, that ten uch men-men with courage for God as that man had-would bring the whole city to Christ; a thousand such men would bring this whole and to God; ten thousand such men, in a short time, would bring the whole earth into the kingdom of Jesus. That he was successful in worldly affairs I found out. That he was skillful in spiritual affairs, you are already well persuaded.

If men had the courage, the pluck, the alertness, the acumen, the industry, the ommon sense in matters of the soul that they have in earthly matters, this would be a very different kind of world to live in. In the first place we want more common sense in the building and conduct of churches. The idea of adaptiveness is al- | 1 gicians trying to sharpen our mental ways paramount in any other kind of faculties for a better argument, and we do fect confidence should tell you that tothey resolve upon putting up a bank, the like that, and we do not like the other eleven and twelve o'clock you could by a bank is especially adapted to banking purposes; if a manufacturing company put up a building, it is adapted to manufacturing purposes; but adaptiveness is be sees a light in a mountain cabin; he itiveness about it, and on Wednesd not always the question in the rearing of goes to it, he knocks at the door; the there would not be so much, and Thurschurches. In many of our churches we want more light, more room, more venti-lation, more comfort. Vast sums of money are expended on ecclesiastical structures, and men sit down in them, and you ask a man how he likes the church: he says: "I like it very well, but I can't bear." As though a shawl factory were good for every thing but making shawls. The voice of the preacher dashes against the pi lars. Men sit down under the shadows of the Gothic arches and shiver, and feel they must be getting religion, or

something else, they feel uncomfortable O, my friends, we want more common sense in the rearing of churches. There is no excuse for lack of light when the heavens are full of it: no excuse for lack of fresh air when the world swims in it It ought to be an expression, not only of our spiritual happiness, but for our physical comfort when we say: "How amiable are Thy tabernac'es, O Lord of hosts! A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand !"

sense in the obtaining of religious hope. All men understand that in order to succeed in worldly directions they must concer trate. They think on that one subject until their minds take fire with the velocity of their own thoughts. All their acumen all their strategy, all their wisdom, all their common sense they put in that one direction, and they succeed. But how sel-dom, it is true in the matter of seeking af er God. While no man expects to accomplish any thing for this world without concentration and enthusiasm, how many there are expecting after awhile to get into the Kingdom of God without the use of any such m ans.

A m lier in California, many years ago held up a sparkle of gold until it bewitched nations. Tens of thousands of people left their homes. They took their blankets and their pickaxes and their pistols and went to the wilds of California. Cities sprang up suddenty on the Pacific coast. Merchants put aside their elegant apparel and put on the miner's garb. All the land was full of the talk about gold. Gold in the eyes, gold in the ears, gold in the wake of ships, gold in the street—gold, gold, gold. Word comes to us that the mountain of God's love is full of bright treasure; that men have been digging there and have brought up gold, and amethyst, and carbunce, and jasper, and sardonyx, and chrysoprasus, and all the precious stones out of which the walls of Heaven were builded. Word comes of a man who, digging in that mine for one hour, has brought up treasures worth more than all the stars that keep vigil over our sick and dying world. Is it a bogus company that is formed? Is it undeveloped territory? O no, the story is true. There are thousands of people in this audience who would be willing to rise and testify that they have discovered the gold and have it in their presession. Notwithstanding all this, what is the circumstance? One would suppose that the announcement would send people in great exc tement up and down our streets, that at midn ght men would knock at your door, asking how they may get those treasures. Instead of that, many of us put our hands behind our back and walk up and down in front of the mine of eternal riches and say: "Well, if I am to be saved, I will be saved, and if I am to be damned I will be damned, and brother, you do not do that way in business matters? Why do you not to-morrow go are many men who have an arrogant way to your store and sit down and fold your with them, although they may not feel Ember."

Rathan held out his hand and Mandy took it. Nathan's movements, although rather stiff and awkward, showed his exceeding emission as the continuous the carthquake came and six down and 1 lid your agents and six down and 1 lid your arms and say: "If those goods are to be sold they will be sold, and if they are not to be sold they will be sold, and if they are not to be sold they will not be sold; there is a manner which seems to say: "Don't you wish you were as good as I am? Way, answers, but he doesn't come.—Something for me to do about it." No, you wish you were as good as I am? Way, answers, but he doesn't come.—Something for me to look clear down before I can see the divoror."

vertisements, you adorn your show windows, you push those goods, you use the instrumentality. O that men were as wise in the matter of the soul as they are wise in the matter of dollars and cents!

This doctrine of God's sovereignty, how it is misquoted and spoken of as though it and foot for time and for eternity, when, so far from that, in every fiber of your ody, in every faculty of your mind, in every passion of your soul, you are a free man and it is no more a matter of free choice whether you will to-morrow go abroad or stay at home, than it is this moment a matter of free choice whether you will accept Christ or reject Him. In all the army of banners there is not one conscript. Men are to be dragooned into Heaven. Among all the tens of thousands of the Lord's soldiery there is not one man but will tell you: "I chose Christ; I wanted Him; I desired to be in His service; I am not a conscript-l am a volunteer." O, that men had the same common sense in the matters of religion that they have in the matters of the world-the same concentration, the same push, the ame enthusiasm! In the one case a secular enthusiasm; in the other, a consecrate l'enthusia m.

Again I remark: We want more common sense in the building up and enlarging of our Christian character. There are men here who have for forty years been running the Christian race and they have not and talked with those newly affi-

run a quarter of a mile. No business man would be willing to talked with the man cramped have his investments unaccumulative. If you invest a dollar you expect that dollar o come home bringing another dollar on who should invest \$10,000 in a monetary institution, then go off five years, make no inquiry in regard to the investment. then come back, step up to the cashier of the institution and say: "Have you kept those \$10,000 safely that I lodged with est or about dividend. Why, you say, "That is not com non sense." it, but that is the way we act in matters of the soul. We make a far m re important investm nt than \$10,000. We invest our soul. It is accumulative? Are we growing in grace? Are we getting better? Are we getting worse? God declares many dividends but we do not collect them, we do not ask about them, we do not want them. O, that in this matter of accumulation we were as wise in the matters of the soul as we are in the matters of the world!

How little common sense in the reading of the Scriptures? We get any other book and we open it and we -ay: "Now, what does this book mean to teach me? It is a book on astronomy; it will teach me astronomy. It is a book on political economy; it will teach me political economy. Taking up the Bible, do we ask ourselves what it means to teach? It means to do just one thing; get the world converted and get us all to Heaven. That is what it sure Christ will pardon us is the present. proposes to do. But instead of that we go into the Bible as botanists to pick flowers. or we go as pugilists to get something to You will agree with me to quit sin, take fight other Christians with, or we go as thing. What would you think of a man certain financial transaction make \$5.000, lost on the mountain-? Night has com- but that on Tuesday perhaps you might down; he can not find his way home and mountaineer comes out and finds the tray- day less, and Friday less, and so on less eler and says: "Well, here I have a lan-tern; you can take it and it will guide you to the matter? Why, your comon your way home." And suppose that man should say: "I don't like that lantern: I don't like the handle of it; there are ten or fifteen things about it I don't like; if you can't give me a better lantern than that I won't have anv."

Now, God says this Bible is to be a lamp to our feet and a lantern to our path, to Now, let us bring our common sense in guide us through the midnight of this matter of religion. Here are the guide us through the midnight of this world to the gates of the celestial ci y. We take hold of it in sharp criticism, an deprecate this, and deprecate that. O. how much wiser we would be if by its may not. The prospect less and less and holy light we found our way to our ever- less and less. lasting home!

Then we do not read the Bible as we compolent we hardly know which end of on the story of Samson and the fexes, or upon some genealogical table, important unless I had at the same time the author-in its place, but stirring no more religious ity of saying he may be say-d. Suppose emotion than the announcement that omebody begat somebody else and he begat somebody else, instead of opening the book and saying: "Now I must read for my immortal life. My eternal destiny is

involved in this book." How little we use common sense in prayer! We say: "O, Lord, give me this," and "O. Lord, give me that," and "O, Lord, give me something else," and know we have it. We have no anxiety about it. We do not watch and wait for

its coming. As a merchant, you telegraph or you write to some other city for a bill of goods. You say: "Send me by such express, or by such a steamer, or by such a rail train." The day arrives. You send your wagon to the depot or to the wharf. The goods do not come. You immediately telegraph: "What is the matter with the goods? We haven't received them. Send them right away. We want them now, or keep writing, and you keep telegraphing, and you keep sending your wagon to the depot, or to the express office, or to the wharf, until you get the goods.

In matters of religion we are not wise as that We ask certain things to be sent from Heaven. We do not know whether they come or not. We have not any especial anxiety as to whether they come or not. We may get them and may not get them. Instead of at seven o'clock in the morning saying: "Have I got that blessing?" at twelve o'clock noonday ask-ing: "Have I got that blessing?" at seven o'clock in the evening saying: "Have I received that blessing?" and not getting it, pl ading, pleading-begging, begging esking, asking until you g t it Now, my brethren, is not that comm a sense If we ask a thing from God, who has sworn by His eternal throne that He will do that which we ask, is it not common sense tha we should watch and wait until We got it? But I remark again: We want more

common sense in dol g cood. How many people there are who want to do good and yet are dead failures? Why is it? They do not exercise the same tact, the sam ingenuity, the same strategem, the same common sense in the work of Christ that they do in worldly things. Otherwise they would ucceed in this direction as well as they succeed in the other. There you, you are so far beneath me." That manner always disgusts, always drives men away from the kingdom of Jesus Christ instead of bringing them in.

When I was a lad I was one day in a village store and there was a large group of young men there full of rollicking and were an iron chain which bound us hand | fun, and a Christian man come in, and without any introduction of the subject and while they were in great hilarity said to one of them: "George, what is the first step of wisdom?" George looked up and said: "Every man to mind his own business." Well, it was a very rough answer, but it was provoted. Rel gon had been burled in there as though it were a bombshell We must be adroit in the presentation of religion to the world.

Do you suppose that Mary in her con-

versation with Christ lost her simplicity? or that Paul, thundering from Mars Hill. took the pulpit tone? Why is it people can not talk as naturally in prayer meeting and on religious subjects as they do in world y circles? For no one ever succeeds in any kind of Christian work unless he works naturally. We want to imitate the Lord Jesus Christ, who plucked a poem from the grass of the field. We all want to imitate Him who taked with farmers about the man who went forth to sow, and talked with the fishermen about the drawn net that brought in fish of all sorts, and talked with the vine dresse about the idler in the vineyard, anced about the marriage supper, and money matters about the two debtors, and talked with the women about he yeast that leavened the whole lump, its back. What would you think of aman and talked with he shepherd about the lost sheep. O, we might gather even the stars of the sky and twist them like forget-me-nots in the garland of Jesus. We must bring every thing to Him-the wealth of language, the tenderness of sentiment. the delicacy of morning dew, the saffron you?" but asking no question about inter- of floating cloud, the tangled surf of the tossing sea, the bursting thunder guns of the storm's bombardment. Yes, every star must point down to Him, every heliotrope must breathe His praise, every drop in the summer shower must flash His glory, all the tree branches of the forest must thrum their music in the grand march which shall celebrate a world redeemed.

Now, all this being so, what is the cor mon sense thing for you and for me to do? What we do I think will depend upon three great facts. The first fact that sin has ruined us. It has blasted bouy, mind and soul. We want no Bible to prove that we are sinners. Any man who is not willing to acknowledge himself as imperfect and a sinful being is simp y a fool and not to be argued with. We all feel that sin has d sorganized our entire nature. That is one fact. Another fact is that Christ came to reconstruct, to restore, to revise, to correct, to redeem. That is a second fact. The third fact is that the only time we are Now, what is the common sense thing for us to do in view of these three facist Christ and take Him now. Suppose some business man in whose skill you had permake it, but there would not be any pos mon sense would dictate: "Immed ately I will at end to that matter between eleven and twelve o'clock to-morrow (Monday) morning, for then I can surely accomplish it, but on Tuesday I may not and on Wednesday there is less prospect. I will attend to it to-morrow. hopes of the Gospel We may get them now. To-morr w we may get them and we may not. N. xt day we may and we

The only sure time now-now. I would read other books. We read it perhaps know that Christ was able to save all the four or five minutes just b fore we retire people, and save thou-ands as easily as at night. We are weary and sleepy, so save one. I would not go into a hospital and tear off the bandages from the wounds the book is up. We drop our eye perhaps if I had no baim to apply. I would not have the face to tell a man he is a sinner unless I had at the same time the authorin Venice there is a Raphael, a faded picture. It is nearly faded away. Y u say: "O. what a pity that so wonderfu a picture by Raphael should be nearly de-faced!" After a while a man comes up, very unskillful in art, and be proposes to retouch it. You say: "Stand off! I would rather have it just as it is; you will only make it worse." After a while there comes an artist who

was the equal of Raphael. He says: "I will retouch that picture and bring out all its original power." You have full con-Adence in his ability. He t uches it here and there. Feature after feature comes forth and when he is done with the picture it is complete in all its original power. Now God impressed His image on our race, but that image has been defaced for hundreds and for thousands of years, getting fainter and fainter. Here comes up a divine Raphnel. He says: "I can restore that pe ure" He has all power in Heaven and on earth. He is the equal of the One who made the picture, the image of God in our soul. He touches this sin and it is gone, that transgression and it desappears and all the defacement van-ishes and "where sin abounded grace doth much more abound." Will you have the defac m at or will you have the restoration? I am well persuaded that if I could by a touch of Heavenly pathos in two m nutes put before y- u what has been done to save your soul there would be an · motional 'ide overwhelming. "Mamma." said a little child to her mother when she was being put to bed at night, "mamma, what makes your hand people's hands?" "Well," said the mother, "my child, when you were younger than you are now, years ago, one night after I had put you to bed I heard a cry, a shrick, upstairs. I came up and found the bed was on fire and I took hold of you and tore off the burning garments, and while I was tearing them off and trying to get you away I burned my hand and it has been burned and scarred over since and hardly looks any more like a hand, but I got that, my child, in trying to save you." O man! O woman! I wish to-day I could show you the burned hand of Christ—burned in plucking you out of the Tire, burned in snatching you away from the flame. Aye, also the burned foot, and the burned brow, and the burned heart-burned by you. "By His stripes ye are healed."

## T. CÆSAR STALLCUP. A Great Man Who Knew How to Leek

I am going to relate a bit of my own experience. In 1876 a number of printers, including the writer, started (I had come within one of saying established) the Evening Mail, in Nashville. We started out with fair prospectsthat is, the weather was clear and bright. Our general manager, a follow named T. Casar Stallcup, declared that the sunshine which greeted our first appearance was an omen of infallible significance. It was not at that time, nor is it now, exactly clear what he meant by "infallible significance," but I grasped his hand and warmly shook it. He said that he had started quite a number of newspapers, one at Bear Wallow, Ky., among the number. and that he had always noticed that those born during sunshiny weather. needed less nursing, and, in fact, appeared to live longer than those that had been born under a cloud. Such words of encouragement thrilled us; and a set of resolutions which we immediately adopted declared that T. Cæsar Stallcup was the ablest newspaper man in the State of Tennessee. He swallowed a lump of emotion, and said that it had ever been his habit to do his duty by his newspapers, and that, fate helping him, we should soon see the Mail soaring aloft like the proud bird of freedom.

It was our duty to set type and await developments; it was Stalleup's duty to await developments. When we needed money, which we did from the beginning, he talked to us of our strong band of brotherhood. When we became hungry, he took us to one side and told us that we had to make a sacrifice, or we should never become great.

"Look at Bennett," said he. "That man wrote his editorials on a flour barrel."

Some of the boys remarked that they would like to see a flour barrel. This disgusted him. "Do you think that we are simply carnal creatures?" he exclaimed. "Do you think that we live by flour alone? A time has come when we can all be great, but, shutting your eyes on this fact, you stand around and talk about a flour barrel."

The boys, feeling ashamed of themselves, apologized. Stallcup, accepting their apologies, said:

"Now, you are talking like white men. I now see that you desire to become great. Go to your cases now and set up the paper. My duties grind me down at the desk. Would that I had time to help you. But there is coming a time, boys, when I shall not be ground down. I do not complain of my overworked condition. There are men who would squeal under this burden, but I do not murmur. Set up that advertisement for the Stepenhead brewery with a flourishing display."

The man was so self-denying that we looked upon him with awe. told us where we could get the che est sandwiches, and advised us to as few as possible. One of our m fell heir to three dollars and eighty cents and had invited some of the boys to eat with him when Stallcup, overhearing the invitation, reprimanded him: "You can not afford," said he, "to throw away your fortune. We have a duty to perform. Lend me two dollars and a half."

He took the money and sadly shoved it down into his trousers. We congratulated the man who had let him have it. We said that he was a hero to the cause. The victim shook hands with us and laughed in a sickly way. He knew that he was doing his duty; he did not exactly know how but he felt that he was discharging the obligations of a great trust. I envied him. I wished that I had possessed money to

Election time drew near. Candidates came around. Looking up from my "case" I could see the aspirant for the office of sheriff and our manager sitting in close communication with a bottle of wine. One of the boys ventured to remark that he would like a little wine, but Stallcup, hearing of the remark, came into the composing-room and told us that if we wanted to hamper him, all right. In the discharge of his duty he knew that he was subjected to ignorant criticism and that if we wanted him to resign his position he would do so. After awhile he came out as a candidate for sheriff. He said that he did this in self-defense and we believed him. He declared that the other candidates were unfriendly to the Mail. We worked for him, and by this time our paper had secured such a "pull" that we elected him. It was a happy day in our office when the returns came We shook one another's hands and in pledges of muddy water swore eternal allegiance to our victorious publication. We knew that a dividend would be soon declared and the boys est around and talked about the meals they were going to eat after awhile.

One day, T. Cæsar Stallcup, sheriff of Davidson County, came around, and by authority in him vested, too charge of the office. In telling us to get out he said that it was our duty to obey the law, and assured us that in a few months time we might secure employment down on the steamboat landing. T. Cæsar Stallcup was undoubtedly a sociable man, but there were some points about him that I do not admire. Opie P. Read, in Arkansaw Traveler.

-In Prof. Humphrey's "Report on Aged Persons," containing an account of 824 individuals of both sexes, and between the ages of 80 and 100, it is . stated that 48 per cent. were poor, 42