

THE SKINNERS.

Their Essay to Enter Society and What Came of It.



ANDY, it kind o' seems as if we'd ought to go to this here charity ball...

Nathan Skinner, be you in your senses? asked his wife. "Mandy, that's just where I be. What's to hinder?"

Well, we're a pretty couple to think of going to a ball. How do you was your last birthday?" "Mandy, you needn't be throwing it up to a feller that he's getting on to the shady side of life."

Nathan leaned back in his chair, shut his eyes and said, meditatively: "I see ye a standin' on that ball-room floor a wavin' a stick of feather fan, yer back hair put up on the top of yer head, yer front hair cut rather short and wavy like, and a dress--let's see, what'll yer dress be? I think a purty red velvet, and you'll wear gloves, Mandy, long ones, to reach plum to yer shoulder."



"It's our duty to go," said Mandy, but he described the thing he wanted as nearly as he could. Then he enclosed a liberal check and directed it to one of the prominent New York houses.

ing off between "promenade all," "join hands," "sachet to partners," "ale-man left." Mandy's dancing was something pleasant to see...



well, if that ain't a stunner." Mandy had been very much so on it. I guess you were right. We ain't got the ones to go. I see it now, but I thought you'd enjoy it."

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'll let you see."

Modern Proverbs. If we do not know how to waste time, we may be assured that time knows how to waste us. SWANKING can be nothing more than the wit of a fool who deems it honorable to have such a strong dialect of the devil's language.

THE JONES FAMILY. "Jeppha," said Mrs. Jones as her husband sat reading his paper, "I wish you would buy some of that lovely Cheddar cheese in the market."

COMMON SENSE NEEDED.

Dr. Talmage on the Necessity of Church Reforms.

Common Sense as Necessary in Religion 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 sermon 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."

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

Some years ago, on a train going toward 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?"

Men had the courage, the pluck, the alertness, the acumen, the industry, the common 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 conducting of churches.

Again I remark, we want more common sense in the obtaining of religious hope. All men understand that in order to succeed in worldly directions they must concentrate their minds take fire with the velocity of their own thoughts.

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.

In matters of religion we are not so 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 special anxiety as to whether they come or not. We may get them and may not get them.

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 in the matter of dollar and cent!

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 run a quarter of a mile.

No business man would be willing to have his investments unaccumulative. If you invest a dollar you expect that dollar to come home bringing another dollar on its back.

How little common sense in the reading of the Scriptures? We get any other book and we open it and we say: "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."

Then we do not read the Bible as we read other books. We read it perhaps four or five minutes just before we retire at night. We are weary and sleepy, and remonnet we hardly know where the book is up.

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But I remark again: We want more common sense in the doing good. 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 same ingenuity, the same strategy, the same common sense in the work of Christ that they do in worldly things.

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.

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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 be some 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 squel 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 he looked upon him with awe. I told us where we could get the cheapest sandwiches, and advised us to do as few as possible. One of our men 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."

After a while there comes an artist who is the equal of Raphael. He says: "I will retouch that picture and bring out all its original power." You have full confidence in his ability. He touches here and there. Feature after feature comes forth and when he is done with the picture it is complete in all its original power.

The bad small boy, when his mother calls, is like the echo. He answers, but he doesn't come.—Somerville Journal.

T. CAESAR STALLCUP.

A Great Man Who Know How to Look Out for Number One.

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 prospects—that is, the weather was clear and bright. Our general manager, a fellow named T. Caesar 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.

It was our duty to set type and await developments; it was Stallcup'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.

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."

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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 he wanted him to resign his position he would do so.

—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 per cent were in comfortable circumstances, and only 10 per cent were described as being in affluent circumstances.