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VOL. XIV.--NO. 22

COLUMBUS

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I remember, I remember

COLUMBUS, NEB. When ma had gone away: But now I wish that icy night

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My boyhood's blizzard blight; The broken window where the snow Came drifting in at night. It came whene'er the fire was out.

Would come again to stay I remember, 1 remember. The noses red and white, The frozen ears that tingled so-Oh! what a cooling sight! The show-house that my brother built, And where I used to lie Until my bones were quite congenied-

I remember, I remember, Where I was wont to skate; The pond was smooth as glist ning glas-Whereon I broke my pate. My buoyant spirit, then so light, And summer's pool can no more cool The fever on my brow.

Oh, would it now were nigh

I remember. I remember.

The cold and tey church; I used to think the minister Would freeze fast to his perch. Those frigid days have passed away, And now 'tis little joy To feel that I'm much nearer heat, Than when I was a boy.

-N. Y. Morning Journal.

COUSIN TOM'S WEDDING.

It was to be in the church, with mu-

sic and flowers, and my brother Claude and I were to walk up the middle aisle and lead the procession. "Now you must both put on your best behavior, 'said mother, after we had worried ourselves into our new clothes on the all-important night: then she kissed us just as if we'd been going to bed, and away. sent us off to the church an hour before

doors, and he let us go round with him in the dark. We found Claude on the while he lighted up, and then I pro- sidewalk, holding the door of the carposed that we should stand outside and watch the people come.

ous." said Claude, as we walked down drug store. We all three got in, and the steps under the awning. "I shouldn't were off before the people in the church think he would, though, for you know had a chance to think of anything else doctors- But I say, Bert, what's the but the darkness into which they had matter down the street there? See all so suddenly been plunged. that crowd? Let's run and find out." there," and forgetting all about our good Lord, after we had explained to her clothes and "best behavior," we both about Cousin Tom's shock. started off down the block.

race and found a lot of people bending staring at you and gossiping when they over the form of a man lying on the found the groom didn't come? grass in front of the Baptist Church. We both stood still for a minute, and very much obliged for your thoughtful-I was trying to listen to what a gentle- ness; but what will papa and mamma man next to me was telling a policeman. when Claude pulled me by the sleeve and whispered that it might be the very

"Let's tell him all about it." I cried "Quick, before they get somebody else: and then we both tore off to his lodgings, around the corner, and pulled the bell as if the house was afire. I tell you, the girl came to the door

to announce us we bolted up-stairs to Cousin Tom's room, and rushed in to took some time, but I told the story as find him just putting on his white satin quick as I could, and I had scarcely neck-tie. "Oh, do come quick!" we both fairly shouted. "Such a-"Why, boys, what's the matter?" he

in a hurry, and without waiting for her

maker forgotten to send her dress home. "No, no," cried Claude, "There's a man hurt, and an awful crowd, and-"Quick, how far from here?" interrupted Cousin Tom, leaving the two

twenty minutes "Why, it's only around the corner, in front of the Baptist Church." replied, dancing around the room in great excitement; and then we all three raced off.

his pea-jacket. "I can spare just

is he, boys?" cried Cousin ··Where Tom, and Claude pointed inside the railing that ran in front of the church, and against which, strange to say, nobody was leaning. Then, not waiting to hunt up the gate, our cousin, who was a great strap-

ping fellow, shouldered his way through the crowd, and without paying any attention to the efforts some of the people made to hold him back, he placed his hands on the top rail of the fence to vault over. The next instant he gave a spring backward instead of forward, and fell against Claude, who, of course fell against me, and we all three went down one after another like a row of bricks, while the people set up such a vell that you might have thought they

had all turned into wild Indians on the

war-path. Being boys, and quite used

to hard knocks, neither Claude nor I

was hurt, and we sprang up as lively

as ever when Cousin Tom was lifted off of us. But there was not much spring about him, and we were awfully frightened when we found that he couldn't Then they explained the whole thing to us, which was something like this: there was an electric light in front of the store next the church, and in some way the stuff-the electric fluid or whatever it is-had got off the track, or the wires, and run into the fence, and so whoever touched it got a most tremendous shock. That was what was the matter with the man inside, and the

crowd had tried to warn Cousin Tom.

but he was too excited about getting an

interesting case to listen.

"Oh, if he's killed, it's all our fault for telling him about it!" moaned Claude. "And he was half an hour." I added, despairingly. "And Miss Lord'll be in the church waiting for him, and when he don't come she may have thit or something, and oh, Claude, how can we tell her?" By this time they had picked Cousin Tom up and carried him into a drug store a few doors off. They told as he was only stunned, and would probably be able to sit up in the course of half an hour. As he hadn't lived in town a week vet, nobody in the crowd knew

who he was, and so the burden of car-

rying the dreadful knews to the wedding

party fell upon Claude and me. "It's five minutes to eight now," announced my brotner, nervously, as having left word with the druggist that we would soon be back with friends and a only by the gentleman who had asked earriage, we hurried off to the Episcopal Church. "Cousin Tom was to be in cant himself .- From Thurlow Weed's the vestry by this time, and, oh my! won't it be awful to have Miss Lord walk up the aisle on her father's arm, and then find nobody to marry her?" "But, Claude," I proposed, a bright dresses, twenty-five ball dresses, twenty idea suddenly striking me. "if we can morning and five o'clock dresses and only get to the church soon enough to undresses too numerous to count, for see her drive up, we can tell her then. Miss Murphy, the California heiress,

"Let's run for it." And run we did, but, alas! arrived at Georgia, is attracing much attenion at the church just in time to see the bride's Augusta, Ga., by his pereformances on carriage drive away from the awning- one foot. He walks a wire rope, dances

"The very thing!" cried Claude.

to the drug store.

THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF COLD. the people whispering that the procession would soon begin to move toward the altar.

"Oh, why don't they make sure Cons-in Tom's here first?" I exclaimed, in a whisper. "Perhaps they will," returned Claude. "At any rate they ought to wait for us to lead off: but, stop. I've got a plan. and though it's a kind of desperate one, it 'll save Miss Lord having a scene before everybody. I'll-'' and he spoke the rest very softly in my ear.

"Why, Claude, dare you?" I cried.

under my breath. "And do you know how to do it?" "Yes, I noticed the place when we were in here with the sexton. Now do you think you can get up close to Miss Lord before I count twenty slowly?" I nodded and hurried into the church, leaving Claude to take up his station in a dark corner of the vestibule. The procession was evidently waiting for us, and as fast as I could I squeezed a way through the crowd to take my place in front of the bride. She smiled when she caught sight of me, and put out her hand. Then just as I took it every light in the church went out, and I knew

turning off the gas. "Don't be frightened. Miss Lord. whispered, still keeping hold of her hand, "but come out with me to the carriage, because Cousin Tom's hurt. but not very bad, only he can't stand up long enough to be married vet, and - But I'll take you to him right

Claude had succeeded in his plan of

Well, she didn't scream nor say she was going to faint, but just held on to We found the sexton just opening the my hand tight, and let me lead her out riage open; and ordering the coachman (who looked as if he thought we were "I wonder if Cousin Tom feels nerv- eloping with the bride) to drive to the

"But-but did the electric fluid put "Come on," I cried: "I'll beat you out the lights in church?" asked Miss "Oh no: I turned off "Oh, somebody's been run over, or Claude, promptly. "Don't you think something." I exclaimed, as I won the it was a good way to keep people from

think has become of me?" "That's so!" I exclaimed. "We forgot all about that part of it. Stop the case Cousin Tom, who had just gradu- carriage, and I'll run back;" which I ated at the Medical School, was waiting did, and found the church lighted up again, a bigger crowd than ever inside,

and Mr. and Mrs. Lord rushing about

"Yes, I see now, and I am sure I am

in every direction in search of their daughter I was a little frightened at first, but remembering how much the bride had been spared by our plan, I walked boldly up to the "distracted parents," and began to explain the whole thing. This finished when back came the carriage

with Cousin Tom and Miss Lord both I jumped as if I had seen a ghost and exclaimed, making a muddle of his cra- indeed Tom looked like one, but devat. "Has Alice fainted, or the dress- clared that he was every bit strong enough to go through with the ceremony. Miss Lord was already in her mother's arms, and I was awfully afraid we'd have a scene, after all. but luckily everybody thought it was because the gas had gone out, and in ten ends of his tie hanging, and snatching minutes they were safely married. and

nobody out of the family the wiser. -Harper's Young People. How Thurlow Weed Secured an Ap-

pointment.

chants asked Mr. Weed to secure a

In 1861 a number of New York mer-

Consular appointment for a veteran clerk-a real "Tim Linkinwater"-who. being an Englishman, wanted to go home to end his days there. He says: Mr. Seward requested his son Frederick, the Assistant Secretary, to find a "Why, sir, he's crying because he's place for him. I went to the department with Frederick and in looking over his Consular register carefully, his eve finally rested on Falmouth, where upon examination he found that the Consul was an Englishman, and had held the office more than twenty years. It was decided, therefore, that one Englishman should give place to another, that other being an Americanized Englishman. I reported, this determination to the Secretary, who immediately sent my friend's name to the President: and when the messenger returned with Mr. Lincoln's approval. Mr. Hunter, the chief clerk, was directed to fill up the commission and obtain the President's signature in time for me to take it to New York that afternoon. Between four and five o'clock p. m. I went to Mr. Hunter for the commission, which lav before him on his desk. He rose somewhat deliberately (as is his manner), took the commission in his hand and delivered it to me without speaking, but with evident reluctance. I said: "Is it all right, Mr. Hunter?" He replied: "I have obeyed orders. "But." I added, "you do not seem pleased. Is there anything wrong about the appointment?" "I have nothing to say about the appointment. but I have never discharged a duty since I came into the Department with so much regret." He said: "The first commission that I filled out when I The agile young lady landed and kept came into office twenty-six years ago right side up, raised her parasol, and mouth, who succeeded his then recently deceased father, who received his appointment from President Washington. sex. - Boston Herald. The Consular accounts of Mr. Fox are as neatly and accurately kept as those of General Washington during the Rev-No "Dull Season for News." olution. I think he is the best Consul in the service of the Government. You will judge, therefore, whether the removal of such a Consul is not calculated to occasion regret." When he finished. while he stood looking at me with the pen in his hand, I deliberately tore the commission into strips, threw them into the waste-paper basket, and left the

department for the cars. When I explained in New York what had occurred at Washington it was approved, not me to interest myself, but by the appli-Autobiography.

ter-Ocean.

and have the coachman keep right on who recently married Lord Wolseley, in England. -A one-legged man of Talbot County. jigs and hops a mile in thirteen min-We could hear the organ playing and utes - Louisville Courier-Journal

-Felix, the man-milliner rival of

Worth, made twenty-five visiting

Adopting Grandpa.

An old man-not ragged, but clad in old and faded and time-worn garments, and moving with feeble steps and weary air-sat down under a tree on John R. street the other day to rest a bit. Three or four children were playing in the yard at his back, and directly a mite of a girl looked through the

fence and asked: "Would you hurt a little girl?" "Bless me, no!" he replied. "Why. I'd even step aside to pass a bug or a worm! No, child, I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head for all the money in

the world. "Are you anybody's grandpa?" she inquired as the other children crowded

up. 'No-not now, child. There was a time-dear me! but it hurts my old heart to remember it-when children called me grandpa. It was vears ago -vears and vears, but I can almost hear their voices yet.'

"Be you crying?" "N-no. The tears will spring up as recall the past, but I'm not crying. There are days when I can't keep 'em back-nights when I am a child, but I'm trying to be strong just now.' "I guess I'll come out and see you.

My doll's broke her neck and is most "Come right along, child! I used to mend legs and arms and necks when the children brought their dolls to me. The little one passed through the gate and sat down beside the poor old man, and while he sought to save the life of the "most dead" doll by means of a stick and a string the child ob-

"You must be quite old, grandpa; you are all skin and bone. "Old? Bless you, yes! I was eightyone only a week or two ago. Yes, I'm poor in flesh as well as in purse. "So your grand-children had dolls.

"Yes, dear-dolls and toys and fine clothes and books and everything they wanted. I was rich then. "And did they comb your hair?"

"O, ves."

"And sing to you?" "Well, I guess I'll sing you a song. | wonder if the whole hide by this time is for I'm going to ask ma if I can't adopt | not much thicker than a dime. you as my grandpa. You must excuse my voice, for I swallowed a pin the other day and ma expects it to work out of my shoulder this fall. I guess I'll sing about the three little graves.

and frequently stopping as if to swallow some of the words she sung: "Under an elm three little gravesnder the sod my children three The years may pass, but my heart will grieve And sorrow will ever rest with me-

And in a voice full of childish quavers.

Don't look at me or I shall forget.

Under the elm I walked to-day,

"Why, grandpa, the tears are just running down your cheeks!" "Y-yes, child-I can't help it! My poor old life is full of graves and

griefs! "is your wife dead?" "Long ago, child. "And all the children "" "Dead or scattered. I am all alone. "Well, that's funny. You can wipe

your eves on my apron, if you want to. "Here's your doll-good as new." "That's nice. If I should adopt you I'd keep you mending dolls all the time. Have you got over crying?"

"Yes, child." "Well, then, you must be hungry. I'm always hungry after a good cry Wait a minute. She ran into the house to return with a generous slice of bread and butter and a piece of meat, and as she handed

"I've got to go in now, but we'll re-

the food to the old man she said:

member that I've adopted you as my grandpa. Don't cry any more, and back to-morrow. Good-by. grandpa! And men who passed by saw an old man with his face in his hands to hide his tears, and when they asked the matter, a child who stood by explained:

all alone in the world, and a little girl

has adopted him!" - Detroit Free Press. Fair Woman's Latest Accomplishment. A train on the Fitchburg Railroad was just pulling out of Cambridge, Mass., at the rate of about twelve miles an hour, when a woman apparently about a quarter of a century in years, graceful, pretty and charming, said in a healthy tone: "Is this Cambridge?" A nod from the interrogated party in the affirmative caused the fair one to jump from her seat and rush to the rear end of the car. The men were startled and one or two ancient relies of the feminine gender uttered a consumptive shrick as the belated passenger reached the platform, and both men and women rose in their seats all expecting that the excited beauty would alight from the moving train and go through a series of gyrations which should put to shame a Fourth of July pinwheel after it came off the barn door and was going it through the grass on its own responsibility. But in this all were mistaken. She did nothing of the sort: she grasped the guard rail with one hand, sent one one dandy little foot earthward, poised for a moment, and then swung off that train in a manner that would have made the brakeman on the head end of with a saucy toss of her head, walked towards the depot, proud in an achievement heretofore never dreamed of by her

Talk about "the dull season for news!" There was once, but now is no | that recently in a South Russian village | is clearly demonstrable they will acmore. All the news centers of the a peasant was accused of a theft. The cept, but nothing else. These very world are tapped by the telegraphic culprit kept out of the way, but sent an people, however, believe with all their wires. The ticking of the instrument | advocate to plead his cause before the | might that they have brains, and yet is unceasing. Newspaper men, like local judicial magistrate. The lawyer they never saw them, and other folks race-horses, appear to go faster in hot employed all his eloquence to convince at any rate have no evidence that they weather than at any other time. In | the Judge that his client was innocent, | possess them .- N. Y. Herald. every well-regulated office in the coun- | but his clever appeal had no effect upon try, in the small hours every night, a | the magistrate, who knew the accused cross kind of man, called a managing and had probably condemned him be- and physic loving public are likely to editor, goes around with a big club | fore he heard the details of the case. knocking off "heads," knocking out | He gave the sentence-five and twenty "columns" and squeezing up the paper | blows with a rod. The village Solomon so it can buckle its belly-band for a red- was informed that the criminal could hot run through the press to catch the | not be found. "Never mind." he obfirst morning train. O, no, thank you. | served. "Justice must have its course. The man who was constantly coming | As the criminal is not in our hands, we around asking: "Don't you want something with which to fill up your paper?" was shot down stairs long ago. - Cincin- face to defend such a rascal deserves to nati Commercial Gazette

The "White Elephant" Not White.

WHOLE NO. 698.

Burmese soldiers and palace officials,

and stopped in front of a huge teak building, at the large open doorway of which paced half a dozen sentries. Signor Andreino whispered that this was the white elephant's palace. At last! Here I was, then, on the very threshold of an edifice containing one of the most famous animals in the world -a beast so remarkable that sober-sided occidentals did not credit its existence. Andreino spoke to the captain of the guard, tipped him slyly some bucksheesh, and he motioned us in silence to enter. I now found myself in a large and lofty hall. The roof was elaborately carved teak and the floor consisted of hard-pressed earth. On the walls were hung green, vellow, white and blue standards, golden shields and gigantie basins and vessels of a thousand fantastic shapes. Here and there upon the floor gold and silver vessels were strewn in careless profusion. "There stands the lord and owner of all this magnificence," said Signor Andreino, as he pointed to the center of the floor. The white elephant! There he stood, chained heavily to stakes planted in the ground. Was he all my fancy painted him? By no means. The great sacred white elephant was a slaty-covered, wicked-looking brute, without a patch of that snowy whiteness which I had associated with him as much as the Doe of Rvistone. His trunk, with which he was glistened above the vase of flowers. viciously tossing bundles of hay over his back, was mottled with flesh-colored leprous-looking spots; his eyes were small, slaty-gray and ablaze with suppressed fire, his ears were mottled in the same curious way as his trunk, and his body, as I have said, was a dark slaty-gray. A Burmese, stripped to the waist, was vigorously rubbing the great brute's hide with something that looked like a brick. Could it be possible? He was actually pumice-stoning his sacred majesty! I have no doubt whatever

Turning to the Italian I expressed my disappointment at not seeing a genuine white elephant, as I had expected, and he counseled me that it would be wise to affect an admiration for the brute, because already there were gathered at the doorway a number of sullen-looking Burmese. I walked round and round "his Majesty." pretending to be astonished, which I was. As for him he kept following me with his piercing little graveyes and penduluming his trunk in anything but an amiable fashion. I was to him evidently as much of a curiosity as he was to me, only he would have liked to smash up the curiosity. I asked Signor Andreino to say to the pumicestoning attendant, in a jocular way, of course, that the sacred beast was not white after all. Suspending his pumicestoning for an instant and drawing himself up to his full height, the Burmese replied with great dignity: "The King says it is." That settled it. The King said the white elephant was white and nobody else had a word to say. If the King had said it was pea-green, skyblue or magenta it would have been all the same. - Philadelphia Times.

that constant pumice-stoning had pro-

duced the slaty color, and I should not

Convicts Exchange Personalties.

One of the queerest cases on record

developed itself to-day. Policeman

Garham vesterday took a captured convict to Huntsville penitentiary and returned to the officers there. This morn- is. ing Garham, having nothing to do, -Like the dog in the manger, the thought he would call up George Has- nose is above kissing, and is always selmeyer, who had been sentenced at ready to interfere with the kissing of the last term of the Harris County others. Court to seventeen years in the penitentiary for horse-stealing. Garham me," said the loafer. "You always knew Hasselmeyer, so when the con- will have," remarked Fogg. "I don't vict who answered to that name was brought up he was astonished to find that it was not the same person who had been sentenced under that name. The penitentiary Warden insisted that it was the only Hasselmeyer confined in the penitentiary, whereupon the convict, seeing that further concealment was useless, made a confession. It seems that James Kennon, who was sentenced at the same term of court as Hasselmeyer to three years, and Hasselmever were chained together, and on the way to Huntsville Hasselmever made the astounding proposition to Kennon that they should change names and terms. Hasselmever offering Kennon \$1,000 to work his seventeen years' sentence, while he should work the is difficult to tell upon what the growthree years' sentence of Kennon. Ken- ers base their estimates. - Norristown non accepted the proposition. When Herald. Hasselmever's name was called at the | -A high school girl explained to her penitentiary and he was told to register | friend that to say, "he kicked the Kennon stepped forward and declared bucket," is slang, and that the polite that he was the man. As neither the expression is, "he propelled his pedal Warden nor the guard who brought the extremities with violence against a convicts to Huntsville knew the names familiar utensil used for the transporof the men the ruse was completely tation of water and other fluids."-N successful, and had it not been for the Y. Post. mere chance of Garham asking to see Hasselmeyer, whom he happened to oness Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett, etc., know, it is something that might hap- holds \$20,000,000 in United States pen at any time, and vet none of the funds. A recent interview with the officers would be any wiser, as they are Baroness convinces us that she intends not supposed to know the convicts per- to hold them, too. That's the gall of sonally until after they are registered it. Georgina was always that kind of at the penitentiary. Hasselmeyer was a girl. - Burdette. found on a convict plantation working -Charlie went to see the apple of his under the name of Kennon. He had eye the other evening, and, after a been working outside of the walls, as proper amount of affectionate conversashort-term prisoners are not so closely confined and guarded as are those in

to St. Louis Globe-Democrat. A Russian Solomon

for a long term. - Houston (Tex.) Special

The St. Petersburg Herald relates believe only what they can see. What decree that his advocate shall receive the flogging. The man who has the be punished. The luckless lawyer in vain protested against the illegality. -The recent explosion of several absurdity and utter injustice of the sods fountains and the poisoning of a monstrous sentence. The loss of his hundred people from eating ice cream. | time and his fees, he contended, would has been a regular bonanza to a multi- be quite sufficient punishment. But the tude of nice young men. If the scare | stiff old Russian Solomon was inexorruns through the season a good many of able, and the lawyer was actually them could take tree claims in Dakota | seized, bound and received the twenty and have money to lend .- Chicago In- five strokes as the representative of the absent criminal.

BATES OF ADVERTISING

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A low wall rising behind the Palace of Justice inclosed the royal gardens and the palace occupied by the King. We moved several hundred vards away to the left, followed by several curious

in the Catacombs at Rome. -A Hartford girl twelve years old being asked how far she was advanced in school, replied that she was "in geo-

Evening Post. -The Garfield Memorial Church, on the site of the little frame building on Vermont Avenue, Washington, where Garneld worshiped with his mother

ington Star. field, Western Turkey, is a Protestant school taught by a girl. This brave girl conducts religious services on the

-A Joint Commission, representing the five Ohio Annual Conferences of the M. E. Church, has issued an address to the ministers and members of the M. E. Church in Ohio on the proposition to imbed in the constitution an enactment for the utter extermination of the liquor traffic. - Chicago Inter-Ocean.

battle field of Isandhlwans, in Zululand. where the Prince Imperial was killed. The church is a Gothic structure of white sandstone, and was very recently dedicated. Ritualism marked the ceremony, the bishop was vested in white cope and mitre, two tapers glimmered on the altar, and a large brass cross -At a colored camp-meeting near Columbus, O., one of the evening exer-

enemies. The procession of negro Gideonites formed at headquarters and marched through the audience, coming upon the enemy at three different points. when the breaking of lamps took place -Chicago Tribune -Bishop Warren says the assertion that the Southern negro ministers are leading their flocks astray by wicked lives is not true, as far as it relates to ministers of the Methodist Church. open conference. Occasionally a man found who gives evidence of having

a variety of religious persecution: "If there is a species of punishment more execrable than another, it is that of making children learn scriptures as a penalty for their offences. The Rev Charles Garrett, the President of the Weslevan Conference, says he lately found in a school a boy who for some offence was ordered to learn a portion of Scripture, and above all chapters the fourteenth of John. And there the poor little fellow stood sobbing and murmur-

love the Bible?"

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

think you will ever catch up to it."-Boston Transcript. -Indignation will fill the breast of every artist when we state that two men were arrested in a lumber-vard the other day, because they were suspected of a design on wood - Chicago Herald

-It is estimated that the Delaware peach crop this season "will be from two-thirds to three-fourths of a full crop." As there never has been a "full" crop of peaches in that State, it

-Our amiable young cousin, Bar-

tion, said: "I'll give you a pair of earrings, dear, if you'll earn them by letting me bore your ears." "Haven't I earned them already, then?" queried

the fair object of his affections. - Chicago

-Some people assert that they will

Tribune.

-President Grevy, of France, is a

certain patient was convalescent, said.

"Why, that is nothing. I can cure con-

valescence in three hours. - Chicago

-An effort is being made to build a church for deaf mutes at Philadelphia. -An outline of the temple at Jerusalem, traced on glass, has been found

graphy on the second floor."-Hartford

and his wife, is about finished. - Wash--In the village of Todorag, Sivas-

Sabbath, reading a sermon, and her service is drawing in the villagers.

-A Christian church now marks the

cises was the "breaking of Gideon's lamps," in illustration of the Bible story of Gideon and his band, who, when warred upon by the Philistines, came upon them at night from different directions and broke their lamps with a great noise, causing the flight of their

Every minister, white or black, is every year examined as to his character in fallen from grace. He is tried, and if found guilty is expelled from the ministry. In one case at the last conference. where Bishop Warren presided, a minister was thus dealt with whose offense was not lewdness or drunkenness, but the fact that he did not pay his debts. -The Baptist Weekly thus condemns

ing as best he could: 'Let not your heart be troubled. How can boys so treated

-If you make a speech be sure that your speech is out before the audience

- "I have a bright prospect before

-An Alabama girl three years old on going to the window early one foggy morning, cried out. "O, come here and look, mamma. The sky is all crammed down to the ground

-The young doctors who have been let loose from the schools on a confiding try many experiments very interesting to all except, perhaps, the subjects of them. They remind one of the illiterate fellow who, on being told that a

great coffee-drinker-when he can get coffee fit to drink. Calling one day at a country hotel for a cup he asked: "Have you any chicory?" "Yes, sir." "Bring me some." The landlord brought a small can full. "Is that all you have?" "No, sir, we have a little more." "Well, let me have it, too." Another can was brought. "Positively, this is every grain you have?" "Yes, sir." "Very well; now go and

make me a cup of coffee.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

monthly