Almost All Avenues of Employment Open to Them-Newspapers Chiefly Sold by Women - Merchants of the Four Seasons, Etc.

Women in France, says a Paris letter to the San Francisco Chronicle, cannot justly complain that an insufficient num-ber of the avenues of labor are not open to them. The Government gives them occupation in many ways-in the mint, as telegraphists, in the postoffice, in the telephone offices and in other ways too numerous to mention. As physicians they conquered their place long ago. The bar is almost the only profession or trade that they have not invaded. Every Paris shop, almost without exception, has its woman cashier. A cook starts a restaurant and reigns supreme in the kitchen while his wife superintends the service, perhaps with the assistance of a matre d'hotel. A shirtmaker opens a shop for the sale of articles connected with his trade and does the cutting, while his wife presides at the counter. The tailor has usually his wife as cashier. French women are editors of newspapers and reviews, compositors, saleswomen, nurses,



THE STAFF OF LIFE.

porters, hewers of wood and drawers of water, everything in fact they want to be or are obliged to be, and their rights and wrongs, are, in general, justly recognized by the unwritten social code and the legal tribunals of their country.

Newspapers are sold in Paris at kiosks situated on the principal streets, boulevards and public places by venders, who have a coigh of vantage at the door of a wineshop or other entrance, and by news men or news women in the street. Boys rarely engage in the occupation. The dress of the men so engaged usually beggars description. The news women present ordinarily a more decent appearance. The kiosks are small, picturesque structures constructed by a company authorized by the city and leased at from 6 francs to 12 or 15 francs a month, according to eligibility. It is not always those in the most crowded localities that pay best, and at none of them are fortunes made in a day. It is not a life that an American woman, even of the most necessitous class, would not willingly follow—up in the morning at dawn and on the boulevards; never in bed before one o'clock in the morning. Most of the kiosks are kept by age women, who, summer and winter alike, pass from twelve to eighteen hours day at their task. When the weather is cold their sufferings must be great, though they are warmly dressed and have under their skirts a footstove of the kind which our ancestors used in the old New England churches when the sermons were three hours long and the temperature 10 degrees below zero. At midnight the more weary begin to nod, and you have to shout to wake them At one o'clock they have all folded their tents and stolen away to take a few hours of repose before recommencing the dull



NOUNOUS OF AUVERGNE. A notable class of the women workers of Paris are those called "merchants of the four seasons." They are provided with a handcart commonly filled with vegetables or other products of the land and water peculiar to the different seasons, but the name is sufficiently elastic to include those who deal the year round in meat, oranges or other things which the appellation would faintly suggest. The privilege of following this arduous occupation is only granted to persons who are aged and decrepit, and who, if the laws of health were observed, really should not be engaged in it. In the morning they go at daylight to the central market to lay in their stock of fruit. meat, vegetables, etc., and thence forward till dark, and sometimes until a certain hour in the evening they may be seen pushing their carts about the city, haggling with customers, retailing their misfortunes with one another, or having a row with a policeman, who threatens to take them in if they do not forthwith evacuate a particular locality which is highly desirable for their business, but where they are very much in the way. The existence of a class of small dealers of this kind implies conflicting interests. The shopkeepers object. They pay high rents, and here are dealers at their doors who undersell them and pay no rent. On hand, the merchants of the four seasons are a great accommodation to small consumers, since they sell at a reasonable price and their goods are usually fresh, because they renew their stock every morning. There are the interests of the city to be considered, for the streets are crowded at the very hours when the business of the merchants of the four seasons is most prosperous, that is just before the breakfast time (noon) and just before the hour for dinuer. Finally, the sluggard who is constantly saying to himself: "A little more sleep-a little more slumber," objects to their cries in his street during the forenoon. Still. they continue to exist, though often threatened with extermination, and to retain the privilege of certain streets at certain hours, and even to station themselves in a long line along the sidewalk in certain quarters, like the market wagons in an American city. What was originally granted to them as a privilege they begin to claim as a right. They have a corporation and lawyers to look after their interests. They have their meetings and their own orators, and though they

belong to the invalid corps, and the influenza sadly decimated their ranks this winter, they fight their battle manfully. It is a hard life getting up at daylight in the morning and pushing a handcart from morning to night in the muddy streets in rain, sleet, wind and snow, and it is only brave souls that can persevere

The cleansing of the foul linen of Paris is a highly characteristic handıcraft which gives employment to some thousands of women, old and young. The washing is usually done in the im-



A NEWSDEALER. both banks of the Seine from its en-

trance into Paris at Charenton till it quits its envirous at Asnieres. The boss washerwoman has her place of business in a small room on the ground floor in no matter what street, where the clothing is received to be sent to the washhouse and where it is ironed and prepared to be sent home. The ironer is a neatly attired young woman, intelligent for her station, ready with a repartee for the young male patrons of the establishment and highly skilled in knocking the buttons off your lines, plunging the nose of the flatiron into your shirt-fronts and leaving abrasions in your collars and cuffs. The ironer wields the heavy flatiron from an early hour in the morning till a late hour at night during the week. On Sunday afternoon she goes to the suburbs with her young man-an article she is pretty sure to have-perhaps to ud or Suresnes, or even as far as Bougival. The damsel who collects the linen and delivers it, carries her immense burdens with exemplary patience. If the lanndry is in the suburbs the delivery is effected by means of an old-fashioned vehicle, driven by an elderly womanthe business woman of the establishment -who makes this her only occupation. Some bakers are born to wagons, others achieve them, etc. If they do not have them in any of the specified ways they have a handcart which consists of a basket set on low wheels, which



CLEANEST CITY IT THE WORLD

they put in charge of their more muscular

handmaiden to be trundled about the city. Bread is the staff of life in France to an extent hardly conceivable in America. A great part of the present population makes its repasts the greater part of the time on bread and wine or on oread and cider. If bread is dear the entire population of Paris gives a cry of agony. The commerce in bread is necessarily immense, and employ a host of women, who sell at the counter or are engaged in the delivery. Men are never seen about the establishment. Their trough and oven, where they may be seen, in a costume exceedingly primitive, through the basement window at night doing their part in the serious labor of filling what Victor Hugo calls le ventre de Paris. The bakeresses present few salient points of character. They are generally neat and good-humored, whether at the counter or in the street and the same may be said of those in the pastry shops, which constitute, usually, four centuries old, and it is one of the usually, her head covered with a handker- | than even the celebrated peachblow vase, carries a portion of her burden, like sticks of wood, suspended in front of her in a cloth knotted at the shoulders. diya" are appraised at \$26,000 .- Louis-It is the headgear of the porteresses, that ville Courier-Journal. is if they wear head covering at all, for it is not uncommon to see in Paris in winter a woman braving a glacial wind or a

tempest of snow with her head unadorned except by its luxuriant tresses. Women divide with men the work of street cleaning and collecting offal. It is oftenest a woman, and a woman advanced in years, her gray, uncombed locks straggling from under a handkerchief, that is seen yielding a broom made of twigs, and washing the streets with a liberal supply of hydrant water, for the bitumin is as thoroughly scrubbed as a house floor every morning. It is women, women,



At the markets it is the same; there are those where groceries or meat are sold see a man in any of the shops, excep only men at the butchers' stalls. At the fish markets, especially at that of the Central Market, which is immense and admirably supplied and kept, there is not a man to be seen. There is no doubt these fish women have, like Shakespeare's shrew, "a tongue with a tang," but unless there is some extraordinary cause for excitement everything is as calm as a summer's morning. It is only women that keep those convenient chalets seen along the quays in all the public places of the city. Half the restaurants of Paris are served by bonnes in pretty caps,

vho, no matter how assiduously perform their duties, always an eye open for eligible conquest among the male patrons. In Paris, nurses, though they come more or less from all parts of the country, are principally supplied by Brittany and uvergne. It was for the nounces or surses of Auvergne that the melody was ritten which afterward became so cele rated in the Boulangist campaign under he name of the "Pionpions of Anergne." One who sees the nurses with neir tender charges in the Champs Elyees or the Luxembourg jardin on a fine pring day would hardly suspect what is solemn fact, that the population of France is at a standstill.—San Francisco

Illinois has the most thoroughly nuipped State normal university, probably, in this country. It was established February 18, 1857. The Legislature has appropriated \$350,000 for buildings and Spain's Baby King. SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The youngest and smallest King in the world is Alfonso XIII., of Spain, of whom Golden Days presents the following picture to youthful readers: "Merrily the joy bells announced his advent to the good people of Madrid, and sent ministers, foreign representatives, lords and ladies in waiting and a hundred other magnificos scurrying into their court clothes and dashing off to the grand ante-chamber in the palace, where they waited with more or less patience and impatience until the doors were thrown open and the Prime Minister appeared; carefully carrying on a velvet cushion, covered with a lace veil, his very little Royal Highness, King Alfonso XIII.



ALPHONSO XIII. OF SPAIN

"Gravely, and with true Castilian decorum, was the baby monarch presented to the noble assemblage, and then the Duchess Medina de las Torres took him in her arms and bore him to his mother, bidding her 'Kiss his Majesty, the King!' Five days later there came the christening, when the ceremonies were of regal magnificence, and all the grandees flocked to do honor to the baby Bourbon. Indeed, this tiny King seems to have been born to ceremony, and in his four years of life has assisted at many public affairs.

"But little Alfonso is not a strong child, and the past winter he has been so ill that great fears were entertained for his life. His high forehead, however, bespeaks intelligence, and he is well guarded and tended, while each summer e goes with his mother and young sisters to the beautiful palace of 'La Granja,' among the mountains, where he can inhale the fragrant, spicy odors of the pine forests and lead a free country Should he live he will remain in the hands of nurses and governesses until he is seven, at which age he will be turned over to a tutor and masters, to receive a thorough education, while at sixteen he is to be presented to the Cortes, the Queen Regent will retire and he become ruler in fact as well as in

A Pot Worth \$36,000.

There is no temple in the world conaining greater treasures than the edifice n Ceylon, where Buddha's tooth is preerved for the awe and encouragement of the faithful. One of the most curious itensils used by the priests is the great golden watering-pot, which plays an important part in the sacred rites.



This great vessel is known to be over separate and entirely distinct branch of most valuable jars in the world, being trade. The bread deliverer has, worth much more in the open market

chief, and when she leaves her basket, | of which so much was said a few years The metal and the gems in the "Ken-

Remarkable Coincidences.

The remarkable story told by ex-District Attorney John W. Johnston, of Lancaster County, Penn., in the Philadelphia Inquirer, is not likely to have many parallels. About three years before the war, acting on the great Greeley's advice, young Johnson got as far west as Illinois. His cousins, Frank Price and Kersey H. Fell, had preceded him there from Chester County and were well established. They put some legal matters in his hands that needed attention, and on April 30, 1857, he found himself at Decatur, then enough of a railroad centre to be the intersecting point of two Illinois roads. Connections were faulty here, and Johnson found that he would have to lay over the greater part of the day until the next train came along. Presently he met another young man who, it afterward transpired, was in precisely similar condition. They fell to talking and walking together. As a pair of scales stood near by they jumped on and were weighed. Each tipped the beam at 145 pounds. This excited some surprise, as the one seemed taller than the other. They then measured their heights. Each stood five feet nine inches. more remarkable, however, was the coincidence that now came out, that the one was born on the same day of the

ushered into the world. "Well, now," said the surprised young lawyer, "what's your name?" "John W. Johnson," came the reply, "and what's yours?"

identical year on which the other was

"John W. Johnson." So it was that these two young trangers, accidentally thrown together, found that their respective weights, ages and names were identical. Both were also Pennsylvanians. The Lancaster John W. Johnson vouches for the truth of this remarkable series of coincidences He has never seen the other John W.

Johnson from that day to this. Origin of the Term "Masher. The word masher is sometimes said to be a corruption of the French ma cherie. But this is one of the many instances of an ingenious etymology whose surface plausibility imposes on the unscholarly. Far more likely is the derivation from the Gypsy word mashava, to fascinate by the eye. Charles G. Leland, in "The Gypsies," credits this etymology. "And thus it was," he says (page 108), "that these black-eyed beauties, by mashing men for many generations, with shafts shot sideways and most wantonly, at last sealed their souls into the corner of their eyes, as you have heard before." And in a foot-note, he explains: "Mashing, a word of Gypsy origin (mashava), mean-lng fascination by the eye, or taking in. Ohicago Post.

The British Museum received one day recently a Chinese bank note issue i from the Imperial mint 300 years before the first use of paper money in England.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The climate of China is said to be growing not only colder but drier. In the Atlantic Ocean there are about THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNcighty-three pounds of salt to every ton

A revolution in coal mining is ex-pected from the use of a machine operated by electricity. . There is a great demand for metal furniture of all kinds in Australia on ac-

count of the ravages of the white ant. Galvanized wire netting is being largely sold for lawn, garden and shrubbery purposes, for which it is admirably

The coldest spot on earth is Verkoyansk, in Siberia, where the mean winter temperature is 48.6 degrees below zero, Centigrade. As a rule it seems that lepers do not

ffer severe pain, and the average length of life at Molokai, Hawaian Islands, is about four years. Cable messages are received by an in strument known as the syphon recorder,

which squirts a small jet of ink on a paper ribbon as the current is made or broken. There are said to be at least a hundred thousand acres of phosphate rock scattered through the western part of Florida. The deposits average ten feet in depth, and are rich in phosphate of

Experts claim that if steel ships are kept properly painted with good paint, and the plates properly "pickled," they would last as long as iron, otherwise they would deteriorate more rapidly than

Electric traction is said to be fairly pooming in London. In a few weeks a

A neat application of electricity to domestic uses is a miniature pumping plant.

With the use of no more current than suffices for a couple of incandescent lamps, it will pump one hundred gallons an hour or so, and keep the house tank full without a particle of attention. These little electrical devices to lighten labor in the household are particularly commendable, and as the electrical light and power becomes more widely available, will doubtless increase in numbers and of which I think this audience will attest withoverwhelming unanimity.

The first proposition is: We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The Gospel may have had a hard time to convert we may have had a hard time to conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this. People laughted at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are \$3,000 converts in Madagascar to-day. A neat application of electricity to dowill doubtless increase in number and utility.

Sham Antiquities. The great demand for all kinds of antique articles has given birth to a vast number of sham antiquities. According to the Jewelers' Weekly, an army of handicraftsmen are busily engaged in the manufacture of these wares, which are palmed off on confiding people as being 200 or 300 years old, and dated from any desired landmark in history. Old chairs, old tables, old silver, old jewelry and any old thing, even if made last week, have great value in the eyes of many persons satisfied with antiquity in appearance. Worm-eaten furniture is now one of the rages. This stuff is easily produced with the aid of bird-shot, which is fired into it. Old houses, torn down, furnish worm-eaten timber, which is turned to good account in fabricating old sets of furniture. Old door-keys, mediæval bellows, gilt flambeaux in Louis XIV. style, warming-pans and brass fenders of the fourteenth century, candelabra, and even old snuffers, find purchasers as fast as these antique wares can be made by skilful artisaus in out-ofthe-way places of the gay capital. Old coins and Regency clocks are cast by the ton every day in Paris, but they are very scarce and bring fabulous prices.

Dreams. The subject of dreams seems to demand more thorough study than it has yet received from science. Dr. Julius Nelson, of New York, has lately published the results of an examination made of some 4000 of his dreams. He finds that the dreams of evening generally follow great physical or mental fatigue, and are associated with the events of the day. The same applies to night dreams, which, however, have more of a terrifying element in them. The most remarkable and pleasant are the morning dreams, occurring after complete rest of the brain. Fancy then appears to have its widest range and activity, working marvelous transformations, and giving clear vision of the past and the future. Dr. Nelson further finds that the vividness of his dreams is subject to regular fluctuations of twenty-eight days, and that they also vary with the seasons, so that they are very vivid in December, and least vivid in March and April. An old popular superstition attaches special importance to dreams in the twelve nights from Christmas to January 6, and it is suggested that this is, perhaps, befound very vivid and distinct.

The Oldest Inhabitant.

Census Taker Bethune, of Milledgeville, Ga., in discharging his duties, ran across the oldest inhabitant, and was puzzled for awhile as to what entry to make of her age. Jane Moore, colored, living in the northern part of the city, gave her age as one hundred and twenty-one years.

Mr. Bethune questioned her for some time and discovered that the old woman was a regular encyclopedia of the early days of American Independence. She knew all about it-was there and saw it. She remembered Washington and all of the fathers. She remembered their habits and eccentricities, and said that she was married and had children when Washington died. Her oldest living child is eighty-eight years old, and since its birth she has been blessed with twentyseven others. She is evidently not less than one hundred and ten years and may be one hundred and twenty-one, as she

ays .- New York Mercury. Two youths of Napoleon, Mich., won a wager by each eating five pounds of honey at one sitting.

DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Fower of Testimony."

Text: "We are witnesses."—Acts iii., 15.

In the days of George Stephenson, the perfector of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam power successfully and without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nations witnesses of the splendid achievement. Machinists and navigators roved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic Ocean; but no somer had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard and the Imman and the National and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world, by Associated Pressput in your hands every morning and night, has made all nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for Him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld Him, heard His voice and talked with Him, and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experience and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now let me play the skeptic for a moment. There is no God!" says the skeptic "for TEXT: "We are witnesses."-Acts iii., 15.

Electric traction is said to be fairly booming in London. In a few weeks a line of omnibusses run by electricity is to be started. They will be driven by storage batteries, and will have a seating capacity for twenty-six passengers.

The thistle at the antipodes seems to attain a most vigorous growth. Its root penetrates to a depth of from twelve to twenty feet; and this root, even when cut into small pieces, retains vitality, each piece producing a new plant.

A weak galvanic current, which will sometimes cure a toothache, may be generated by placing a silver coin on one side of the gum and a piece of zinc on the other. Rinsing the mouth with acidulated water will increase the effect.

The greatest electric railroad which has been planned is the one proposed in Russia, between St. Petersburg and Archangel, a distance of 500 miles. The plan is to erect stations along the route for the generation of electricity. The estimated cost is only about \$15,000 s mile.

The projected railroad to the summit of Jungfrau, in Switzerland, contemn.

Stand to prove that to be true which measures of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experience and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are with raised from the dead, whereof we are with raised from the dead, whereof we are withers. "Now let meplay the skeptic for a moment. "There is no GoJ," says the skeptic for Insied to the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are with raised from the dead, whereof we are withers. "There is no GoJ," says the skeptic for Insied for the went with my physical eversight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never seen Him with my physical eversight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never seen Him with my physical eversight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never seen Him with my physical eversight. Your Bible is

The projected railroad to the summit of Jungfrau, in Switzerland, contemplates the boldest mountain engineering yet ventured upon. The line, which is to consist of a continuous series of tunnels, is intended to rise in a distance of a little over four miles from an altitude of 2800 feet above the sea to the lofty heighth of 13,600 feet, with grades of from thirty-three per cent. To ninety-eight per cent.—or practically perpendicular.

A neat application of electricity to do.

are 33,000 converts in Madagascar to-day. People laughed at Dr. Adomram Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are 20,000 Baptists in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Dr. Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are 25,000 Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day.

But why go so far to find evidence of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no But why go so far to find evidence of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us; they could not overcome us. But one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and nurle us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, the heathen, who went into a prayer meeting with a dagger and a gun to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying: "Oh, my great sins! Oh, my great Saviour?" and for eleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being "Free Grace." Oh, it was free

There is a man who for ten years was a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of the body, mind and soul; but he has not taken any

stimulants for ten years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else!" There is a though I were somebody else!" There is a sea captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on the sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities and made him a psalm singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people in this assemblage to-day who are no more what they once were than a waterlily is a nightshade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people here present who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far irom being ashamed they would spring to their feet with more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilaration as they cried, "We are

sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhibaration as they cried, "We are witnesses!" And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymn they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line.

On whom my hopes of heaven depend? No! When I blush, be this my shame; That I no more revere His name.

That I no more revere His name.

Again I remark that we are witnesses of the Gospel's power to comfort. There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of the Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman and of long life; but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "All this culture of twenty years for nothing."

"All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or he little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the akillful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was little dut of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all, if so soon He was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God.

What has enabled you to stand all the trial? "Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I throw myself at the feet of a sym-

tress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray, or to look up, He breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear, nor a farewell, nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There co nee up an answer from comforted widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness, saying: "Ay, ay, we are witnesses!"

When a man has trouble the world comes in and says: "Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge

deeper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off it! When everything is upturned with the bereavement and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking. You cannot stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street or that very road she once accompanied you.

Out of that grass plat she plucked flowers. Out of that grass plat she plucked flowers, or into that show window she looked, fascinated, saying: "Come, see the pictures." Go deeper into business? Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she have gray you have no ambition. and since she has gone you have no ambition

left.

Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart. I can build a Corlear's engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony" as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say "Get your mind off this; go out and breathe fresh air; plunge deeper into business" No. There was a minute when He came to you—perhaps in the watch of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and He breathed something litto your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that

place of business, perhaps along the street—and He breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and face of the dear one and say: "It is all right; she is better off: I would not call her back. Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast comforted my poor heart."

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has the power to give composure in the last moment. I never shall forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the cornfields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farm house where the bereavement had come, and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages but there was one carriage thates pecially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said: "What's that? What's that? Why those black tassels on the top?" and after it was explained to me I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman who three days before had departed in triumph; the whole scene made

departed in triumph; the whole scene made an impression I never forgot.

In our sermons and in our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox or a Harriet Newell. But I want you for witnesses. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now in the courts attorney, jury and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now; and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their deathbeds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other, there was more tenderness." Before the one you bowed perhaps in awe. In the other case you felt as if you would like to go along with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say, "no, I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were departed in triumph; the whole scene made

remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were

remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his lonliness, and then she kissed us good-by and went asleep as calmly as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composed? Natural courage? "No," you say, "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road she would cry out; she was always rather weakly." What, then, gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion and she had faith that she would go straight to glory and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die and she triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover

the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and from what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last eximency? The response comes Lord and sides from young and old and middle and aged. from young and old and middle and aged "We are witnesses!"

You see, my friends, I have not put before you to-day an abstraction, or chimera, or anything like guess work. I present you

anything like guess work. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnes estout thousands of witnesses—on earth militions of witnesses, and in heaven a great multitude of witnesses that no man can number, testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble and to afford composure in the last hour. If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness, and say they had the same sickness, and took a certain medicine and it cured them, you would probably take it.

Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We don't believe there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "have you ever tried it?" "No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The skeptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no, ""Then, avaunt?" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial and soleced in the last hour. We will take

verted to God, and comforted in trial and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are wit-

Some time ago Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul to-day, canst thou see a bright star beaming on thee? "Where" see a bright star beaming on thee? "Where?" you :ay; "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the cross of the Son of

God. Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Deep horror then my vitals froze, Death struck, I ceased the tide to ster When suddenly a star arose— It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was the 'tar of isethlehem.

Oh, hearer, get your eye on it. It is easier now for you to become a Christiam than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven.

When Madame Sontag began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Viennaby the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to declinate through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Madame Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said, "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied, "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Madame Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her

tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor woman, and it was said that Madame Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who tried in And she took a skilled oculist, who tried in vain to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death Madame Sontag took care of her and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy. But, oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind immortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart.

didst hiss thy Lord away-Christ comes no to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity He comes to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music He comes to plead for thy deliverance.

The armadillo of South America, & ittle animal about a foot long, or less, with a shell-like hide, is being introauced as an article of food into this country. It is found in immense numbers on the pampas of the Argentine Re-public, where it has for years been a avorite object of sport. The meat is canned, and exported to Europe and America, being something like the oposum, only tenderer. - Chicago Youth.

Exorcising Evil Spirits in Scotland. A curious incident is reported from Scotland. In Wigtonshire a mother had a child eighteen months of age so delicate in appearance that it was supposed to be under the influence of the evil eye. The mother determined to make a heroic effort to wrest her babe from the power of the devil, and she called a council of the crones in the village. These worthy dames recommended that the ancient process of exorcising the evil spirit be resorted to, and to this extraordinary proposition the mother consented. Accordingly, the party, carrying the child with them, repaired to a lonesome spot outside the village and formally exorcised the devil in this wise: Securing a hoop twenty-four inches in diameter,

they twisted the straw around it, and,

saturating the straw with oil, set fire to

it. Then two of the women lay hold

upon the naked infant and passed it vertically through this ring of fire eighteen times (once for every month of its age), meanwhile commanding the devil begone and remain forever therefrom. This brutal office having been per-formed, the blistered babe was taken home and put to bed, and a bunch of bog-myrtle was hung up over its cradle. Strangely enough, the tortured child did not die, but the injuries it sustained will make it a cripple for life. A movement was begun by certain persons in the neighborhood to secure the apprehension and punishment of the perpetrators of this cruel torture, but the movement had to be abandoned, for the reason that the other folk of the village rose en masse, clamoring that the old women had acted

Loved by a Female Pygmy.

inable league. - Chicago News.

wisely and religiously, and that any at-

tempt to punish them for their religious deed would be heretical and an abom-

If Dr. Parke, the plucky young surgeon who accompanied Stanley, is more impervious to beauty than his chief, not so is the fair sex in regard to him. When Stanley enterested the forests of the pygmies, a youthful female dwarf showed herself. She would have nothing to say to Stanley, but conceived a great affection for the doctor. She replied to his signs, insisted upon sleeping at his tent door while the explorers were in the forest, and when they left she wanted him to go with her to her people.—London

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