Neir hearts were longing for word Of the love that once had been; But never a lip there spoke their names. Never a tear was shed; The crow looked down from his lofty tree-'Tis the way of the world," he said. A singer stood in the market place,

Singing a tender lay But no one heeded his sorrowful faca, No one had time to stay. de turned away; he sang no more; How could be sing in vain? And then the world came to his door. Bidding him sing again:

But he recked not whether they came or went. He in his garret dead: The grow looked down from his lofty tree-"Tis the way of the world," he said.

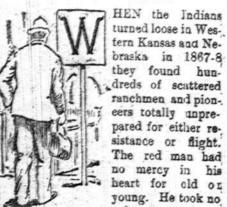
There sat a oueen by a cottage bed, Spoke to the widow there: Did she not know the same hard blow The peasant had to bear? And she kissed that humble peasant's brow, And then she bent her knee; Fod of the widow help her now, As Thou hast belped me."

"Now God be thanked," said the old, old As he sped from his lofty bough: The times are ill, but there's much good

In the way of the world, I trow."

## HEROINE OF THE CABIN.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.



eers totally unprepared for either resistance or flight. The red man had no mercy in his young. He took no prisoners - m e n. women, and children were tomahawked and scalped as fast as they fell into his

Southwest Kansas, he desolated the land

with torch and tomahawk. At midnight one night a wounded man rode into our damp on the Smoky Hill fork of the Kansas River, on the Overland trail. He had two bullets in his body, and he fell to the earth as he Ustrengthen the cabin." was challenged by our sentinel, but he It was a rough shed of poles and had a story to tell before he died. Ten thatch, but a good portion of it was of miles to the north of us a pioneer had value to us. We chincked up many staked out his claim and set up his home, crevices between the logs, made new to defiance of all dangers. He had come portholes, and when we were through from the Missouri River, and the family. consisted of himself, wite, a son fourteen years old, and a sister-in-law of eighteen. It was almost criminal on his part to thus expose their lives, but the frontiers of the West witnessed thousands of such instances. The family had

remained too long. When it was decided to abandon the claim and seek safety the country was full of war parties thirsting for vengeance. The wounded man was a land looker, who was just riding away from the cabin of the Applegates when fired upon. They might be able to defend the cabin for a few. hours, but unless help was sent them they would be wiped out before noon-We were only a detachment of a regiment, with work enough on hand for a regiment, and no force could be spared. The captain in command shook his head as the story was finished, and the shadow

of death flitted over the face of the man who had come riding through the darkness to tell it as his life ebbed away. His entire force would not have been strong enough to attempt a rescue, even if at liberty to move. He did not return to his sleep, from which he had been aroused, but sat moody and silent by himself, and not more than twenty feet away was the dead man covered with a blanket. "Look here, captain," said my fellow

scout as we moved up to him after a brief talk between ourselves, " while you ain't got force 'nuff to drive these reds off and, bring the fam'ly out, it seems as if a couple of men might help to stand the Injuns off till Custer comes up with the rest of the command." "How would you do it?" asked the

"Wall, pard and I kin make the disfance afore daylight. If the fam'ly has bin wiped out we'll come back; if not, we'll try to git in and help 'em hold the fort till the reds git tired or Custer drives 'em off."

The captain took five minutes to think it over, and then gave us permission to go. The Indians had overreached them. selves in their attack on the cabin-that is, they had betrayed their presence by fring upon the land looker too soon. As his horse dashed off with him the Applegates parricaded doors and windows and prepared to fight to the end The cabin was constructed of logs, sods and stones-a temporary shelter to be replaced the next year by something more pretentious. It stood on a knoll. with clear ground all around it. Fifty feet from the back door was the spring sem which water was obtained.

A mile from the house we turned our

es loose to find their way back to and then crept forward. We felt that Indians were about, but we them them. Lying flat upon the statistic feet away, we cautiously sigunited and repeated until those inside naturally suspicious of trickery, and it was a quarter of an hour later before we got into the house. In addition to what the land looker had told us we found that Mrs. Applegate had been killed by s ballet which had satered one of the port ho'es, and another had struck the husband in the fleshy part of the leggand mucted a painful wound. In the darksees we could not see each other's faces. and our conversation was in whispers. When daylight came the body of Mrs. Applegate was laid on the bed and covred up, and we dressed the man's wound to his great benefit. The sister-in-law was named Lucy Rogers. She was a surprise to me. She had the voice and bearing of a born lady, and I never saw t handsomer girl. Such a girl ought to have been lying in a dead faint or walkng about and wringing her hands and innerving the others. Instead of that hed, with the girl binding up a wound the was calm and cool and rather in slined to take charge of affairs. The poy was only a boy in years, but when I cooked him over I knew that he would sount for a man in the attack which we

night soon look for. "Now, here's the situation," said old Bill as daylight made our surroundings plain. 'Thar' are five of us here. We've rot three Winchesters, a cavalry carbine, and three revolvers, and pienty of am-minition. We kin thand off a hundred in a couple of days and accord need be scart. How's the grap and water?"

pails. You two scouts must cover mewith your rifles."

The barricade was removed from the back door and she walked out without the slightest hesitation. She made her first trip without incident. As she was filling the pails a second time the In. dians discovered her. Not knowing of behind a ridge forty rods away and ran to capture her. Bill and I were lying on the ground half way between the house and the spring. She heard the redskins well and she knew they were coming for her, but she filled the pails just as coolly as if there wasn't a red within fifty miles. She was on her way back to the house, and the nearest In. dian was within a hundred feet of her, been sheltered behind the ridge. At were moving down upon her when we can find in the military records of that, date when I say that we knocked over four of the six off-hand and wounded a fifth, though he got away. The six had been left there for the night, probably, as we saw no others. While the girl was

carrying water we stripped the dead of their arms and ammunition. We got one Winchester and three percussion rifles, and one of the warriors had a navy revolver. Everything that could be spared to hold water was filled. Not an Indian was to be seen at this time, but we had no idea of leaving the place. It might be an hour before any force showed up. but we would have our hands full then. As the girl finished her task she came to us at the door and said: "There is a spade. Dig a grave close. to the house for my dead sister. We may be cooped up here for three or four

days yet." It was the thing to do, but neither of us would have dared suggest it. While Bill used the space I brought more water from the spring and drenched the house and the short, dry grass around it. Everything that would burn was thoroughly soaked. Applegate sat on the floor with a chair as a prop for his back. while a boy watched through a porthole at the other end of the cabin.

"Henry" said the girl, as she beck-oned us to enter the cabin, "we are go-ing to bury Delia just outside. Charley," heart for old or to the boy, "go and kiss your mother. We helped her to wrap the body in a quilt, and then we carried it to where the husband sat, and he kissed the dead face and covered his own with his hands. hands. From the Niobrara River, in Lucy's face betraved the torture of her South Dakota, to the Cimaron, down in soul, but she shed no tears. It was a shallow grave, and the body was soon hidden from sight. When the earth had

been trodden down the girl said: "While I am preparing breakfast do you men tear down that stable and bring up such material as we may want to

with our work we had made a fort of the shanty. As we snatched a bite to eat the girl stood at the door and watched. We had not finished when she stepped back and quietly said:

"They are coming-a full 2001 There is no hurry yet. While you eat I will distribute the guos and ammunition. Henry let me draw you back a little. You can load the guns for the rest of us to fire. Charlie, take this Indian's Winchester in place of the carbine. I'll put the cartridges here beside you. One of you men take the front door, the other the rear. Now, then, we are all ready for them!"

There was, as was afterward known, 238 Indians in the force which appeared. Within twenty-four hours they had massacred about twenty white people and burned two stage stations. Our force, as far as they knew, was composed of only two men and a young woman. Their contempt for us was shown in their first movement. Twenty young bucks, anxious to distinguish themselves, were selected to attack. They divided to take shanty front and rear. They laid their rifles on the grass, drew their tomahawks, and at a signal came rushing upon us with the usual accompaniment of whoops and yells.

"In case either of you need a fresh gun call out," said the girl, as Bill and I

stood waiting. As Bill always asserted when relating our adventure around the camp fire, it was like sitting down to a good dinner. We began firing as soon as they were in range. Each of us had a dead rest, and it was no trick at all to send a bullet where you wanted to. Not one of them on my side got nearer than twenty feet. The fire was so hot that those unburt shied off.

"Four down on your side and five on his," said the girl as she came over to me, "and I think they are all dead. That's good shooting. They will now make a general attack. Charlie, be ready there, and I will take this other side. You men keep your places as you are." By calling out to each other we all kept informed as to the general movements of the band. They held a council and then divided rate four bands. That meant an attack on four sides of the shanty at once, and we placed the spare arms where they would be the most convenient. Each band marched off to its station, and men from each gathered bundles of dry grass. As the signal for a rush was given these bundles were ignited. Just what happens at such a time is hard to remember and describe afterward. The din made by aver 200 redskins, each yelling at the top of his voice, was something awful. Each had his rifle and kept firing, and there was no checking such a rush. I thought they would lift the sharty high in the air as they swept up. They pulled at the logs, battered the barricades, and mounted to the roof, but our steady fire was too much for them. When they fell back a score of bundles of hay were burning against the logs, and they doubtless thought us doomed. The water I had

thrown about saved us, however. Each bundle burned out without damage to the shanty. When the smoke blew away the sight was one to be remembered. In retreating they had carried off their dead and wounded as far as possible, but there were twenty-three dead still lying around. and the dry grass was so stained and smeared with blood and there were so many bloody trails criss-crossing that it seemed like a map drawn in red ink. In that five minutes we killed and wounded more Indians than the Seventh Cavalry could show for a year. Bill and I were shaking hands and yelling when we discovered that Applegate was dead. A stray bullet had entered the room and passed through his head. As we looked about we found the boy Charlie on the

on his cheek. "It isn't very serious," she said, as we came forward, "but will disable him for a time. We have given the redskins a good dose, but they may come again." "Did you know that-that he was dead?" I asked as I pointed to the body

of Applegate. "Yes, some time ago, poor fellow!" Mudge-she answered. "What are the Indians, I'm sure. doing now?"

No band of redskins ever suffered so Lexplained to him that you had never great a loss at the hands of four people, got off a joke of your own in your life.

"We have plenty to eat," replied the The rapidity of our fire led them to begirl, "but the water is about gone. I lieve that there were a score of soldiers am now going to the spring with two in the shanty, and that they had been tricked. After about an hour a warrior approached with a flag of truce and demanded a surrender. Our reply was a bullet, which whizzed close enough to scare him. About thirty men then kept up a long range fire on the front of the house, while half a dozen tried to set fire to the back roof by means of burning our presence, four warriors rose up from arrows. Nothing came of it, and after parading up and down and wasting a great deal of ammunition the main body retreated about sundown, leaving perhaps a score of warriors to maintain a desultory fire and prevent our escape. We were so well satisfied that the fight was over that we simply maintained a lookout at each door. None of us slept. The boy was in too much pain, and the rest of us had no desire. An hour after when we opened fire. Six warriors had sunrise 200 cavalrymen came galloping over the prairie to our rescue, scattering the redskin like rabbits, and our work jumped up. I tell you only what you was done. I looked to see the young woman break down then, but she did now She requested that another grave might be dug and the body of the husband given burial. Then she packed up a bundle of clothing, secured a few mementoes, and was ready to go. After three or four days she and the boy were sen. away to Hays City, and I have never seen either since. Two years after the event. however. Bill one day shoved a photograph under my nose. It was that of a feminine chan with his hair parted dead centre and a baby look about his mouth.

"Who is it?" I asked. "Her husband." "Whose busband?"

meeting place.

"Why, Lucy's, you idiot! Yes, sir. that ar gal has gone and done got married to this thing-to a feller who'd der fainted dead away at hearin' them redskins yell that day! Waugh! I'm tired." -New York Sun.

One Grows Fond of the Bet. "It's funny, when a man gets to be over forty, how he always longs for his own bed if he happens to be separated from it," said a returned sojouner at a

"When I start toward home I always begin to give rein to my hitherto restrained desire to get home, and the main idea in my mind is to get into my own bed. It isn't because those I have been occupying nights were poor enes, or because mine is superior, but there's a something unexplainable when you land your weary body in it. Somehow it seems as if the outside world was not quite so powerful in its harassments. The sigh you heave when you pull up the sheets and put your head into the pillow is just about the same size and build von used to pump out when you were a little boy and had been fearfully homesick, away for the first time from home. You can look back to that time, and see with clear eyes at longe range through time's magnifier, that it was not sick for home that you were, but just heart sick for your mother, and when you were once more with her, and bedtime came, how, after you were safely tucked in between the sheets, she came with soft steps and her thin hand put up before the lamp to shade your face, and gliding up to the bedside, stood there looking down-steadfast, solicitous, wistful faces of poor work-worn mothers! Moist eyes have to see them now with

#### The King of Locomotives.

memory's belp. - New York Recorder.

A new monster locomotive belonging to the New York Central Railroad is considered by the officials of that road the most powerful locomotive engine in the world. The engine is two-fifths larger than the ordinary locomotive, its mighty driving wheels being a full seven feet in diameter; the largest ever used in regular railway service.

The newcomer is called "No. 903." and surpasses in every particular its rival, "No. 870," which has bitherto drawn the "Empire State Express," the fastest train in the world. It weighs. when ready for work, 100 tons, or forty tons more than the ordinary locomotive; measures fourteen feet, 104 inches from track to top of smoke stack, and has 11,000 horse power, while the ordinary locomotives has between six and seven thousand.

The engine was built two years ago, and was originally fitted with five foot eight inch wheels, but this last change has been made in an endeavor to lower by a half hour the time of the express in the trip from New York to Albany. It is now made in two hours and fortyfive minutes, and if the change is successful "No. 903" will run the 143 miles in 135 minutes, and in her "sourts" will be able to break her predecessor's record of seventy-eight miles an hour --New York Commercial Advertiser.

Fertile Alaska. The nature of the whole land can be roughly divided into three conditions Snow and ice fields bury the coast range and choke up every bollow; to the im mediate north the valleys are rocky and barren, but the vast interior beyond in richly clothed in luxuriant vegetation The scientific authorities theoretically mapped out giant ice fields as spreadin. over the entire land from the Fair weather and Mount St. Elias range north almost to the valley of the Yukon Colossal heights mantled in never melting snows tower Aboutands of fee in the air, but within the shadow o these mighty uplands, in the sheltere hollows beneath, lie immense valley carpeted in richest grasses, and grace fully tinted with wild flowers. Here is the summer a genial clime is found where strawberries and other wild fruit ripen to luxuriance, where there are fouand a half months of summer and seven and a half of winter. In June and Julthe sun is lost below the horizon only fo a few hours, and the temperature though chilly at night, has an average or sixty-five degrees in the daytime .-Century.

Wongerie. Co. S.

The most wonderful weapons in his ters, uniting miraculous sharpness with wonderful elasticity, are undoubtedly the blades of Damascus.

The sabre of Japan, though as hard a the fowl you sold a diamond, with an edge so acute tha it will go through a piliow or a poker as if it were air, cannot compete with the old Syrian swords, because it has at elasticity. This elasticity is not alto gether a lost art, as to-day one may se in Toledo, Spain, blades packed in coil

like watch springs. Swords have been made during the present century in Pussia that rivaled in adge and bending qualities the famous Damascus blades. At the imperial factory of Ziatoust, in the Urals, some have been turned out which bend till the point touches the hilt, and which would also cut through an iro- bar. More than this no blade has ever done, or can do. -Yankee Blade.

DEFENDING A FRIEND.

Yabslev-Watts was accusing you for dways laughing at your own lokes but I comptly called him down. Mudge-Ah, you did. Much obliged

Yabsiey-Don't mention it. You see,

#### HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

THE USE OF MILK-WEED.

A very dainty and soft carriage robe for baby may be made of silk or silk oline, tufting it with baby ribbon bows. And in place of padding it with cotton or down, milk-weed may be used, some-times known as New York State cotton. Most every one who has been in the country has seen it growing by the road. side, and now is the time to gather it. The process it has to undergo to prepare it for use is this: Remove the pod and the seeds and then take the silkly part away from the pitch. Next, dry the silk by putting it in a cheese-cloth bag and hang it in the sun for about two hours. It is now ready to use. Sofa pillows and head-rests also may be stuffed with it. and they will be equally as soft as down and about quarter as expensive. - New

CLAM BROTH FOR AN INVALIDA In making a clear clam broth for an invalid, wash the clams and put them over the fire in a sauce pan until they open. Draw off the liquor, strain it. and season to taste. In some cases the soft part of the clam may be given the patient. It the flavor is too strong dilute with boiling water. Clam bouillon is also nourishing for invalids and an appetizer as well. Open twenty-five large clams without boiling them. Wash, drain and do not use the liquor. Chop the clams and put them in a double boiler until the heat draws out as much juice as possible. Drain and press the clams and put the juice in a sauce pan. Mix four ounces of flour thoroughly with the white of an egg by beating, add to the broth, and when it reaches the boiling point strain it at once through a napkin and and season slightly. It may be diluted with milk or water .-- New York Post.

HOW TO KEEP FOOD. All foods should be kent separate

om each other. Keep fresh meat above the ice. Keep cold cooked meat in a clean, dry "safe" or wired cupboard. Keep potatoes and all root vegetables

in a box or bin in a dry cellar. Keep butter in a covered crock or tub in a cool, dry place. Cranberries may be kept for months in crocks or jars, and covered with

Sugar, rice, hominy, farina, oatmeal and the like are hest kept in bags or boxes in a cool, dry closet. Milk should be as far as possible separated from other food and kept clean and cool.

A basket kept on a swinging shelf is the proper recentacle for eggs. Coffee and tea should be kept in close canisters by themselves. Spices also. Baking powders, carbonate of soda and the like keep best in small, selfsealing glass jars.

Lard should be hard, white and kept in a covered crock. Dried fruits are best kept in bags and hung upon a dry wall, but they may also be well preserved, if properly dried, in

Apples and oranges keep longest by being wrapped separately in tissue paper and spread out, so as not to touch each other, in a cool, dry place. Pies, cooked meats, cold cooked veretables and the like must be covered,

not kept in a wired cupboard, or "safe," as it is called. All food that is not perfectly sound, that is unripe, that is allowed to dry, or accumulate the particles floating in the air, is unwholesome. -St. Louis Repub-

RECIPES

Sweet Potato Waffles-Take two tablespoonfuls of mashed sweet potatoes. one spoon of butter, one of sugar, one pint of milk and four tablespoonfuls of wheat flour; mix all together and bake in waffle irons.

Hickorynut Cookies-Three eggs, well beaten; two cups wellow (light brown) sugar, one cup sour cream, one cup pork fryings, one cap nut mests, one heaping teaspoonful soda; flour to roll; do not roll as thin as sugar cookies; bake in moderate oven.

Rice Fritters -Two cups of cold boiled rice, one cup of milk, a little salt, one cup of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg, white and yole beaten separately and white added last Beat all up together and drop from : spoon into hot lard.

Roasted Chicken-A spring chicken roasted is more delicious if cut open us the back, rolled in sifted bread crumb and placed inside down in a dripping pan containing a plentiful allowance of hot butter, than when rosted whole. Baste often, be careful and do not scorch, and serve with brown gravy in s

Evg and Cheese Salad-Slice a dozen hard-boiled ergs, and put a layer of cheese in the dish. Grate on a thick covering of cheese, and then another layer of eggs, alternating with the cheese until the ergs are used up. Sprinkle over the top a few cappers and fine chopped pickles. Pour over it all mayonnaise sauce, and again cover with grated cheese.

Brown Sauce-One tablespoonful butter, one tablespoonful flour, one-hall pint of stock, one-half teaspoonful onion juice, one-eight teaspoonful of pepper, one half teaspoonful of salt. Melt the butter, stir until dark brown, ald the flour, mix well, ald the stock and stir continually until it boils; addo onior juice, salt and pepper, and it is ready

Meat Scallops-When there is considerably cold meat at hand chop fine, and make a scallop. Butter a pudding. dish and line the bottom with a layer of bread crumbs, add a little salt and a few bits of butter, then a layer of meat and another of bread crumbs, and so on til the dish is full. Pour over the whole bowl of gravy if you have it and, if no moisten well with cold water, cover, and bake three-quarters of an hour, uncove and let it brown.

WITH GOOD REBOUND.

Pipkin-Did I understand you, that spring chicken? sir; that was a spring Pipkin-I thought I heard rightly; and I'll bet a dollar they were coil springs, too. - Truth.

PURELY SUBJECTIVE. Mr. Hukleberry-No one admires me.

Miss Wallflower-No oue admires me, Mr. Huckleberry-We had better organize a mutual admiration society. I admire your eyes. What do you admire about me?

Miss Wallflower-Your good taste .-Puck. A SIERLING EAURTION Dashaway-They say that to lend a nan money is to make an enemy of him.

Do you believe it? Travers Not always. A fellow lent ne \$10 not long ago, and I am suite I save never tried to get even with him .-Life.

Pythons are abundant in the Pailin sines, the species being identical with that found in Borneo.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

TEXT . The stork in the heaven knowet

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN DAY SERMON.

her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord!"-Jeremiah viii., 7. When God would set fast a beautiful thought He plants it in a tree. When He would put it affoat He fashions it into a fish. When He would have it glids the air He mosts it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct-the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come, in Holland an Germany, and build its nest over the door way; the sweet dispositioned turtledove-, mingling in color white and black and brown and ashen and chestnut; the crane with voice like the claug of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart, shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under essy wing and in the cittch of stout claw. suppose it may have been this ver season the year-autumr-and the prophet out

of deers, thinking of the impenitence of the

people of his day, hears a great cry over-Now you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eyesight to look into the deep blue of the noonday heaven, but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks and turtledoves and cranes and swallows drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves into two lines, making an angle-a wedge splitting the air with wild velocity-the old crane, with commanding call, bidding them onward, while the town, and the cities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet; almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down an begins to think how much superior the bir.ls are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs, and he puts his hand upon the pen and begins to write, "The stork in the leavens knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the

If you were in the field to-day, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field you would see a convention of birds noisy as the American cong: ess the last night before ad journment, or as the English parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in queen's household—a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the subject of migration; some proposing to go to-mor-row, some moving that they go to-day, some moving that they go to-day, some moving that they go to Brazil, some to Florida, some to the tablelands of Mexico. but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord, written on the first white sheet of the frost and in the pictorial of the changing leaves.

There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire crested wren, or a plover, or a red legged partridge but expects to spend the winter at the south, for the apartments have already been ordered for them in South America or in Africa, and after thousands of miles of flight they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Strew the continent with music, and whether from northern fields, or Carolinian swamps, or Brazilian groves men see your wings or hear your voice, may they bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text, 'The stalk in the heaven knowth her appointed times, and the turtle and the crane swallow observe the time of their coming but my people know not the judgment of

I propose, so far as God may help me: this morning, carry out the idea of the text, to show that the birds of the air have more sa-gacity than men And I begin by particular zing and saying that they mingle music with their works. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual travel from the Hudson to the Amezon, from the Thames to the Nile. Naturalists tell us that they arrive there thin and weary and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way; the ground, the lower line of the music; the sky, the upper line of the music; themselves, the notes scattered up and down

It is a good sign when you hear a work-man whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley A violin chorded and strung, if somethi accidentally strike it, makes music, and suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace that even the rough collisions of life will make a neavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried, I believe that if you could roll the 'Old Hundred' doxology through Wall street it would put an end to any financial disturbance! I believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven born halle

Some one asked Haydn, the celebrated musician, why he always composed such cheeriumusic. "Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise. When I think of God my soul is so tull of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen " I wish we might all exu't melodiously before the Lord. With God for our Father and Christ for our Saviour, and heaven for our hom; and angels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world let us remember that we are on the way to the summery clime of heaven, and from the migratory populations flying through this autumnal air learn always to keep singing.

Children of the Heavenly King. As ye journey sweetly sing: Sing your Saviour's worthy praiss, Glerious in His works and ways.

Ye are traveling home to Gol. In the way your fathers trod; They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see The church of Gol never will be a triumphant church until it becomes a singing

I go further and remark that the birds of he air are wiser than we in the fact that in their migration they fly very high. During the summer, when they are in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun, but when they start for the annual flight southward they take their places midheaven and go straight as an arrow to the mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder cannot reach them. Yould to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our flight beavenward We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh and the devi! are brought down by temptations that ought not to come within a mile of reaching

Oh, for some of the faith of George Muller, of England, and Alfred Cookman, opc.) of the church militant, now of the church triumphant! So poor is the type of piety in the church of Gol now that men actually car:cature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did be lieve in eagles. But, my brethren, because we have not reached these heights ourselves. shall we deride the fact that there are any such heights? A man was once talking to Brunel, the

famous engineer, about the length of the railroad from Lon lon to Bristo'. The engineer said: "It is not very great. We shall have after a while a steamer running from England to New York." They laughed him to scorn, but we have gone so far now that we have ceased to laugh at any thing as impossible for human achievement. Then, I ask, is anything impossible for the Lord? I do not believe that Got exhaustel all His grace in Faul and Latimer and Edward Payson. I believe there are higher foints of Christian attainment to be reached in the future ages of the Christian world. You tell me that Paul went up tiptop of the Alps of Ciristian attainment. Then I tell you that the stork and crane have found above the Alps plenty of room for free flying. We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God and lie down. On the marrow, these tempta. tions rally the asslves and attack us, and by the grace of Gol we defeat them again; but staying all the time in the old encamp-ment we have the same old battles to figut over. Why not whip out our temptations. and then forward march, making one raid through the ensury's country, stopping

not until we break ranks after the last vicbo, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat at any rate by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is IT the church of God, if we as individuals made rapid advancement in the Curistian dife, these stereotyped prayerswe have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fifteen years ago. Oh, for a higher flight in the Christian life—he stork and the crane in their migration test singuathe

> year Lord, and soah we ever live At this poor dying rate— Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?

Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop storks and granes; don't be in a hurry!" they would say "No, we cannot stop; last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill finte of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go. We must go. Bo they gather themselves into companies, and turning not aside from storm or mountain top or shock of musketry, over land and sea, straight as an arrow to the mark they go. And if you come out this merning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try to get them to stop, they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them.

Oh, that we were as wise about the best time to start for Goi and beaven! We say Wait until it is a little fater in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year. After awhile we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know, exceptional cases where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the And there are those who have per ished half way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the min't was gone, or they were on the express train going at forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge and the "draw was up" and they went down. How

long to report and pray? Two seconis! Two seconds! To do the work of a difetime

and to prepare for the vast eternity in two

I was red ling of an enterteinment wisen in a king's court, and there were musician's there with elaborate pieces of music. After awhile Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank niece of paner be fore him, and the king familiarly over his shoulder and said "What are you playing? I see no music before you."
And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." was very well for him, but ob, my friends, we cannot extempor za heaven If we do we cannot extemporize heaven not get prepared in this world, we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. Os, that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempest

Some of you have felt the pinching frost of sin. You feel it to-day. You are not happy: I look into your faces, and I know you are not happy. There are voices within your soul that will not be silenced, telling you that you are sinners, and that without pardon of God you are undone forever. What are you going to do, my frients, with the accumulated transpressions of this life time? Will you stand still and let the avaanche tumble over you? On, that you would go away into the warm heart of God's mercy! The southern grove, redolent with magnola and cactus, never waited for northern flocks as Go1 has waited for you, saying 'I have loved thee with an ever-lasting love. Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will giv vou rest.

Another frost is biddin; you away—it is the frost of sorrow. Where do you live no x? "Oh," you say, "I have moved." Why dil you movet You say, "I don't want as large a house now as formerly." do you not want as large a house? You say, "My family is not so large."
Where have they gone? "To eternity." Your mind goes back through that last sickness, and through the almost supernatural effort to save life and through those prayers that seemed unavailing, and through that kiss which received no response because the lips were lifeless, and I hear the bells tolling and hear the hearts breaking-while I speak I hear them break. A heart! Another heart! Alone, alone, alone!

This world, which in your girlhood and boyhood was sunshine, is cold now, and oh, weary dove, you fly around this world as though you would like to stay, when the Wind, and the frost, and the blackening clouds would bid you away into the heart ot an all comforting God! Ob, I have noticed again and again what a botch this world makes of it when it tries to comfort a soul in trouble! It says, "Don't cry!" How can we help crying waen the heart's treas-ures are scattered, and father is gone, and mother is gone, and companions are gone, and the child is gone, and everything seems It is no comfort to tell a man not to cry.

The world comes up and says, "Oh, it is only the body of your loved one that you have put in the ground!" But there is no comfort in that. That boly is precious. Shall we never put our hands in that hand again, and shall we never see that sweet face again! Away with your heartles-ness, oh, world! But come, Jesus, and tell us that when the tears fall they fall into God's bottle; that the dear bodies of our loved ones shall rise radiant in the resurrec tion, and all the breakings down here shall be lifted up there, and "they shall hunger so more, neither thirst no more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eves.

You may have noticed that when the chaffinch, or the stors, or the crane starts on its migration it calls all those of its kin t to come too. The tree toos are full of chiro and whistle and carol and the long roll call. The bird does not start of alone. It gathers all of its kind. Oh, that you might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and that you might gather all your families and your friends with you! I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might Start for heaven yourself and take your

children with you. Come thou and all thy house into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are realms of balm and sweatness for all those who fly in the right direction. Swifter than eagle's stroke put out for heaven. Like the crane or the stork, stop not night nor day until you find the right place for stopping. To-day the Saviour calls.

Ye wanderers come.
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

Oh, grieve him not away.
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Blue-fir en Snow. "There will be a blue snow before that takes place," has been a phrase of scornful derision for eous. It is repect. able by reason of its antiquity, but in the light of modern research should be used with caution. For there are, in reality, three places where blue-green snow is found. One of these places is near Mount Hecla, Iceland; another, fourteen miles ast of the mouth of the Obi, and the third near the Quito, South America. - New York Advertiser.

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