Annual Report 1 J. G. Lee, -OF THE-**COUNTY TREASURER** LAURENS CO., S. C. VEMBER 1st, 1887.

OF MONEY PAID FROM NO- 1 J. R. Wilson, 2 VEMBER 1st, 1886, TO NO-

To His Honor the Presiding Judge 4 of the Court of General Sessions 1 W. C. Patterson, for Laurens County, Feb Term, 2

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1 Kate Lark,

1 M. E. Templeton, 2 A. C. Johnson, SCHOOL DISTRICT, No. 2.

1 Ida Templeton, 8 . . . 1 Zack T. Young. 2 6 6 4 D. H. McMorris. ۵ 1 Mattie B. Moore,

0 66 1 L. W. E. Putmas, 2 4 4 4 1 Nora Arnold, 15 44 1 Beulah Compton,

> J. W. Fowler, 44 A. Carson. ** 45 Dr. Cook,

M. A. Cox, 44 6 1 F. J. Gwinn,

1 E.O. Fowler, 44

SCHOOL DISTRICT, No. 3. Saille Knight, 66

Mattie Barksdale. 1 J. R. Martin, 44 1 F. J. Gains, 1 L. W. E. Putman, 44 44 1 John H. Moore,

1 O. L. Canty, C. G. Gerrett,

J. T. Owinn, - 61 - 61

W. T. McElroy, a

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1 Mattie D. Anderson, 25.00 25.00 1 Mollie Terry, 25.00 25.00 Emma Goodgion, 25.00 25.0066 25.00 25.00

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1 T. F. Jones. 1 W. S. Knight, 1 E. M. Dial, 4 B. F. Arnold. I Henry Beeks.

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S. H. Johnson, 10.00 | 1 S. P. McElroy, . . B. J. Simpson, C. Eichelberger, 1 J. H. Elledge,

3 " " M. B. Brown, 1 Moses Madden, 14.00 2 " " 1 R. A. Carter, 1 J. A. Madden. 1 John H. Moore,

1 W. H. Simpson, 7.50 3 ... 1 P. B. Lockwood, I A. W. Moore.

.. ... 2 E. B. Moore, 1 S. A. Mounts, 1 M. S. Scott,

2 " " " I J. H. Black well, 8 " 44 1 A. L. Anderson.

1 M. A. Cunningham, 1 S. A. Norris,

1 Letitia Merriman, 3 A. F. McFadden.

SCHOOL DISTRICT No. 6. 1 C W Salter. I W S Pitts,

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1 DS Davis.

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1 M J Williams,

1 Young & Watts.

1 M E Snowden.

CONCLUDED ON SECOND PAGE.

30.00 DR. TALMAGE'S FIFTH SERMON TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

THE VEIL OF MODESTY.

The Great Preacher Says That a Man's Character Is Determined by His Appreclation of Woman-Mightiest Influences Are Ever the Most Silent.

BROOLKYN, Feb. 5.—The annual pew \$0.00 letting in Brooklyn tabernacle has just 80,00 taken place, and the rental exceeds all previous years. For the best pews five, 20.00 six, seven and eight hundred dollars were (30.0) paid. But parts of the house are kept free, so that no one can truthfully say that he cannot attend church here for lack of means. If this immense structure were twice

13.50 as large it would not contain all who desire to worship here. By the time the service begins the streets are, blocked with people going away.
The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.,

the paster, preached this morning the "Series of Sermons to the Women of America, with Important Hints to Men." His subject was "The Veil of Modesty," and his text: Esther i, 12: "The Queen Vashti refused to

If you will accept my arm I will escort you into a throne room. In this fifth sermon of the series of sermons there are certain womanly excellencies which I wish to commend, but instead of putting them in dry abstraction, I present you their impersonation in one who seldom, if ever, gets sermonic recognition. We stand amid the palaces of Shushan.

The pinnacles are affame with the morning light. The colums rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empires flashing from the grooves; the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast, and scenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields, and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leap of architectural achievement. Golden stars, shining down on glowing arabesque. Hangings of embroidered work in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass and the white-ness of the sea foam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, in which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is sub-20.60 merged. These for carousal, where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow. Amazing spectacle! Light of silver dripping down over stairs of ivory on shields of gold. Floors of stained marble, sunset red and night black, and inlaid with gleaming pearl. Why, it seems as if a heavenly vision of amethyst, and jacinth, and topaz, and chrysoprasus had descended and alighted upon Shushan. It seems as if a billow of celestial glory had dashed clear over heaven's battlements upon this metropolis of Persia. In connection with this palace there is a garden, where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak, and linden, and acacia the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frank-incense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling in crystalline bapti. .n upon flowering shrubs-then rolling down through channels of marble, and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the finny tribes of foreign aquariums, bordered with scarlet anemones, hypericums, and many colored ranunculus. Meats of rarest bird and beast smoking up amid wreaths of aromatics. The vases filled with apricots and almonds. The baskets piled up with apricots, and dates, and figs, and oranges,

30.00 and pomegranates. Melons tastefully 15.00 twined with leaves of acacia. The bright waters of Eulaeus filling the urns, and sweating outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal vats of Ispahan and Shiraz, in bottles of ringed shell, and lily shaped cups of siler, and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher, and the evelry breaks out into wilder transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and souched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hiccough of the inebriates, the gabble of fools and the song of the drunkards. In another part of the palace Queen Vashti is entertaining the princesses of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Abasaerus says to his servants: "You go out and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the

women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command; but there was a rule in oriental society that no roman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come in unveiled before the multitude. However, there was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Abssuerus, more brilliant than

the old of Shushan, of more wealth than the realm of Persia, which com-15.00 manded her to disobey this order of the king; and so all the righteousness 30,00 and holiness and modesty of her nature rices up into one subline refusal. She says: "I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Of course Ahamerus was infuriate; and Vashti, robbed of her position and her estate, is 30.60 30,00 90,00 drives forth in poverty and ruin to suf-35.60 for the scorn of a nation, and yet to re-ceive the applause of after generations 20,60 20.00 | who shall rise up to admire this martyr 20.00 to kingly insolence. Well, the last ves-20.00 tige of that feast is gone; the last garland 30.00 has faded; the last arch has fallen; the 30.00 blushin is a ruin but as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the 30.00 30.00 Bible, who will come into this picture 30,00 gallery of God, and admire the divine portrait of Vashti the queen, Vashti the yeiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the

20.30 In the first place, I want you to look upon Valuti, the queen A bine ribbon, 20.60 rayed with white, draws round her fore-15.00 bead, indicated her queenly position. It 15.60 | was no tradithener to be queen in such a 15 00 realm as that. Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels! And yet, my friends, it is not necessary to have induce and result robe in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with stout faith in God, putting her foot upon 80.00 30.00 all meanness, and selfishness, and godies

20.00 from the stanty on the commons or the massion of the fa-biomable square. I great her wish the shout: "All ball best in the dark lane and in the shadow, and where the sun does not seem to contact the brow of Mary of Scotland, or reach them, so God appoints to most land." 15.00 Elizabeth of England, or Margaret of womanly natures a retiring and unobgroup France, or Catherine of Russia, compared with the worth of some of our Christian does call an Isabella to the throne, mothers, many of them gene into glory?

30.00 — or of that woman mentioned in the South control of the c the herds and flocks of her husband?—or of Ruth, who toda's under a tropical sun for poor, eld, helpiess Naomi?—or of Mrs. Adomrain Judson, who kindled the lights of salvation and the darkness of of Burmah?—or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will for ever be associated with hunder's hern, and captive's chain, and brilal hour, and lute's throb, and curfow's knell at the dying they were shimmering sampling and

downeats. There are in none of your homes women more worthy. These persons, some of them, come out from affluent lames, choosing teaching as a useful profession; others, finding that father is older than he used to be, and that his eyesight and strength are not as good as once, go to teaching to lighten his loxi, then I tell you the history of the majority are woman struggling for political of the female teachers in the public schools when I say: "Father is dead." After the estate was settled the family,

on their own resources. It is hard for men to earn a living in this day, but it is harder for women— their health not so rugged, their arms not so strong, their opportunities fewer. These persons, after trembingly going through the ordeal of an examination as o their qualifications to teach, half bewildered step over the sill of the public school to do two things-instruct the young and earn their own bread. work is wearing to the last degree. The management of forty or fifty fidgety and intractable children, the suppression of their vices and the development of their excellencies, the management of rewards and punishments, the sending of so many bars of soap and fine both combs on benignant ministry, the breaking of so many wild colts for the harness of life, sends her home at night weak, neuralgic, unstrung; so that of all the weary people in your cities for five nights of the week there are none more weary than the public school teachers. Now, for God's sake, give them a fair chance. Throw no obstacles in the way. If they come out ahead in the race, heer them. If you want to smite any, smite the male teachers; they can take up the cudgels for themselves. But keep your hands off of defenseless women. Father may be dead, but there are enough brothers left to demand and see

that they get justice. Within a stone's throw of this building there died years ago one of the principals of our public schools. She had been twenty-five years at that post. She had left the touch of refinement on a multitude of the young. She had, out of her slender purse, given literally thousands of dollars for the destitute who came under her observation as a school teacher. A deceased sister's children were thrown upon her hands, and she took care of them. She was a kind mother to them, while she mothered a whole school, Worn out with nursing in the sick and dying room of one of the household, she herself came to die. She closed the school book and at the same time the volume of her Christian fidelity; and when she went through the gates they cried: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of

Queens are all such, and whether the world acknowledges them or not, heaven acknowledges them. When Scarron, the wit and ecclesiastic, as poor as he was brilliant, was about to marry Mme, de Maintenon, he was asked by the notary what he proposed to settle upon mademoiselle. The reply was: "Immortality! The names of the wives of kings die with them; the name of the wife of Scarron will live always." In a higher and better sense, upon all women who do their duty, God will settle immortality! Not the immortality of earthly fame, which is mortal, but the immortality celestial. And they shall reign forever and ever. Oh, the opportu-nity which every woman has of being a queen! The longer I live the more admire good womanhood. And I have come to form my opinion of the character of a man by his appreciation or non-appreciation of woman. If a man have a depressed idea of womanly

character he is a bad man, and there is no exception to the rule. The writings of Goethe can never have any such attractions for me as Shakespeare, because nearly all the womanly characters of the great German have some kind of turpitude. There is his Mariana, with her clandestine scheming, and his Mignon, of evil parentage, yet worse than her ancestors, and his Theresa, the brazen, and his Aurelia of many intrigues, and his Philine, the fermagant, and his Meline, the tarnished, and his Baronoss, and his Countess, and there is seldom a womanly character in all his voluminous writings that would be worthy of residence in a respectable coal cellar, yet pictured and dramatized and embiazoned till all the literary world is compelled. to

see. No! nob Give me William Shakespeare's idea of woman; and I see it in Desdemona, and Cordelia, and Rosalind, and Imogen, and Helena, and Hermione, and Viola, and Isabella, and Sylvia, and Perdita, all of them with enough faults to prove them numan, but enough kindly characteristics to give us the author's idea of womanhood, his Lady Macbeth only a dark background to bring out the supreme loveliness of his other female characters.

Oh, women of America! rise to your opportunity. Be no slave to pride, or worldliness, or sin. Why ever crawl in the dust when you can mount a throne? Be queens unto God ferever, Hail Vashti!

Again: I want you to consider Vashti 30.00 display, going right forward to serve 25.00 display disp Scriptures, who put her all into the Lord's to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to treasury?—or of Jephthah's daughter, who made a demonstration of unsellish patrictism?—or of Abigail, who rescued the herds and flexis of her husband?—or the herds and when women are called

throb, and curfew's knell at the dying they were shimmering sapphire, and day?—and scores and hundreds of all the harpies of hell sink down women, unknown on earth, who have to their dungeon at the stamp of their given water to the thirsty, and bread to womanly indignation. But these are the hungry, and medicine to the sick, exceptions. Generally, Doreas would and smiles to the discouraged--their rather make a garment for the poor footsteps heard along dark lane, and in boy; Rebecca would rather fill the government hospital, and in almshouse trough for the camels; Hannah would corridor, and by prison gate? There rather make a cont for Samuel; the may be no royal robe—there may be no Hebrew maid would rather give a palatial surroundings. She does not need them; for all charitable men will the woman of Sarepta would rather unite with the crackling lips of fever struck hospital and plague blotched lazretto in greeting her as she passes; carry a letter for the inspired apostle; Mother Lois would rather Among the queens whom I honor are the female day school teachers of this land. I put upon their brow the coronet. They are the sisters and the daughters of our towns and cities, selected out of a vast number of applicants, because of their especial intellectual and moral endownents. There are in none of your homes women more worthy. These per, in the coroner of th

a woman struggling for political preferment, and rejecting the duties of home as insignificant, and thinking that were comfortable before, are thrown the offices of wife, mother and daughter of no importance, and trying to force her way on up into conspicuity. Isay: "Ah, day when purity of soul and heroism of ing the office. "Too late," was the anwhat a pity; Vashti has long lost her When I see a woman of comely veil. features, and of adroitness of intellect, and endowed with all that the schools can do for one, and of high social position, yet moving in society with superciliousness and hanteur, as though she would have people know their place, and an undefined combination of giggle, and strut, and redementade, endowed with allo pathic quantities of talk, but only homeopathic infirstesimals of sense, the terror of dry goods clerks and railroad conductors, discoverers of significant meanings in plain conversation, prodigies of badness and innuendo—I say: "Vashti has lost her veil."

But do not misinterpret what I say into a depreciation of the work of those glorious and divinely called women who will not be understood till after they are dead, women like Susan B. Anthony, who are giving their life for the betterment of the condition of their sex. Those of you who think that women have under the law of this country an equal chance with men are ignorant of the laws A gentleman writes me from Maryland. saying: "Take the laws of this state. man and wife start out in life full of hope in every respect by their joint of forts, and, as is frequently the case, through the economic ideas of the wife succeed in accumulating a fortune, but they have no children; they reach old age together, and then the husband dies What does the law of this state do then? It says to the widow, hands off your late husband's property, do not touch it; the state will find others to whom it will give that, but you, the widow, must not touch it, only so much as will keep life within your aged body, that you may live to see those others enjoy what rightfully should be your own." And the state seeks the relatives of the deceased husband, whether they be near or far, whether they were ever heard of before er not, and transfers to them, singly or collectively, the estate of the deceased husband and living widow.

Now, that is a specimen of unjust laws in all the states concerning womanhood. Instead of flying off to the discussion as to whether or not the giving of the right of voting to women will correct these laws, let me say to men, be gallant enough, and fair enough, and honest enough, and rightcous enough, and God loving enough to correct these wrongs against women by your own musculine votes. Do not wait for woman suffrage to come, if it ever does come, but so far as you can touch ballot boxes, and legislatures, and congresses begin the reformation. But until justice is done to your sex by the laws of all the states, and women of America take the platforms and the pulpits, and no honorable man will charge Vashti with having lost her

Again, I want you this morning to consider Vashti the sacrifice. Who is this that I see coming out of that palace gate of Shushan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes home-less, houseless, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is sher It is Vashti the sacrifice. Oh, what a change it was from regul position to a way-

farer's crust. A little while ago approved Vashti the sacrifics. Ah, you and I have seen it many a trans. Here is a home empalaced with back. All that refinement, and looks, tax wealth can do for submergement. that home insticentione; but Ahasucrus, the husband and the father, is taking hold on paths of sin. He is gradually going down. After a while he will flounder and struggle like a wild beast in a hunter's net-further away from God, further away from the right. Soon the bright apparel of the children will turn to rags; soon the household song will become the sobbing of a broken heart. The old story over again. Brutal Centaurs breaking up the marriage feast of Lapithne. The house full of outrage, and cruelty, and abomination, while trudging forth from the palace gate are Vashift and her children. There are homes represented by botanists to be the most convicted in the world. resented in this house this morning that are in danger of such a breaking up. Oh Ahasuerus, that you should stand in a home, by a dissipated life destroying the peace and comfort of that home. Go I forbid that your children should ever have to wring their

have to tradge the path of poverty and wrotehedness. God forbid that any evil spirit, born of the wine cup or the brandy flask, should come forth and uproot that garden, and, with a blasting, blistering, all consuming curse, shut for ever the palace gate against Vashti and the children. Oh, the women and the men of sacrifice are going to take the brightest coronals of heaven! This woman of the text American lady who owns a chariot. This

hands, and have people point their finger

at them as they pass down the street and

say: "There goes a drunkard's child." God forbid that the little feet should ever

a word or two: Through the hot black breath of the burning

Jim Flinds, 's coles was heard.
And they all had trust in his stubbornness,
And they all had trust in his stubbornness,
And tenes he would heap his word.
And they are bern they all got off
Affect has an kentacks fell;
And Thurbers shout west.
In the consequent west. And libeled a cheet went up above, In the most of the France belts.

He weren't so mint, but at Judgment I'd tun my chance with Jine 1 mandale of come pious gentle

Once more: I want you to look at. Vaniti the silent. You do not hear any outery from this woman as she goes forth dignity of her nature you know there will be no veeleration. Sometimes in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes in life it is necessary to resist; but there are crises when the most triumphant thing to do i So heep silence. The philosopher, confident in his newly discovered principle, wanted for the coming of more is tolligent generations, willing that men should hugh at the lightning rod, long years through the scotting of philosophical schools, in grand and magnificent silence. Cableo, tondeposed to sophical seno is, in grand and magnificent silence. Gableo, condemned by mathe-maticians, and monks, and carduals. Gen. Logeret, the French minister of carriestured everywhere, yet waiting and war, has announced his intention of rewatching with his telescope, to see the coming up of stellar re-enforcements, which the stars in their courses would ing at a provincial ball, letting his father-with the stars in their courses would in the stars in their courses would in the stars in the stars in the stars in the stars with the stars in the stars would be started in the stars in the started in th fight for the Copernean system; then sitting down in complete blindness and deafness to wait for the coming on of deafness to wait for the complete blindness and deafness to wait for the complete blindness to wait for the complete blin deafness to wait for the coming on of the generations who would build his monument and bow at his grave. The reformer, excerated by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fires of public contempt burning under him, ground under the cylinders of the printing cross, yet calculy waiting for the printing cross, yet calculy waiting for the character will get the sanction of earth and the plaudits of heaven. sharpness of the pang, and the violence of the storm, and the heft of the chain, and the darkness of the night—waiting until a divine hand shall be put forth to soothe the pang and hash the storm, and release the captive. A wife abused, per-secuted, and a perpetual exile from every earthly comfort - waiting, waiting, until the Lord shall gather up his dear children in a heavenly home, and no poor Vashti will ever be thrust out from the palace gate. Jesus, in silence, and answering not a word, drinking the gall, hearing the cross, in prospect of the rapturous consummation when-

Augels thronged his chariot wheel, And bore him to his throne; Then swept their golden harps and sung The glorious work is done.

An Arctic explorer found a ship floating helplessly about among the icebergs, and going on board he found that the captain was frozen at his logbook, and the helmsman was frozen at the wheel, and the men on the lookout were frozen in their places. That was awful, but magnificent. All the Arctic blasts and all the icobergs could not drive them from their duty. Their silence was louder than thunder. And this old ship of a world has many at their posts in the awful chill of neglect, and frozen of the world's scorn, and their silence shall be the enlegy of the claims, and be rewarded long after this weather beaten craft of a The count's gray beard streams sidewise planet shall have made its last voyage. I thank God that the mightiest in-

tles or a few thousand tons, but the sun that warms a world rises and sets without a crackle or faintest sound. Travelers visiting Mount Etna, having heard of the giories of sunrise on that peak, went up to spend the night there and see the sun rise next morning, but when it came up it was so far behind their anticipations they actually hissed it. mightiest influences today are like the metary system—completely silent, Don't hiss the sun!

Oh, woman! does not this stery of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent, move your soul? My sermon converges into the one absorbing hope that none of you may be shut out of the palace gate of heaven. You can endure the hard-

ships, and the trivations, and the cruelties, and the misfortunes of this life, if you can only gain admission there. Through the blood of the everlasting covenant, you go through those gates or never go at all.

When Rome was besieged the daughter the left arms of the enemy, and she sent word to them that she would betray her city and surrender it to them if they would only give her those bracelets on their left arms. They accepted the prof-fer, and by night this daughter of the ruler of the city opened one of the gates. The army entered, and, keeping their promise, threw upon her their bracelets, and also their shields

until under weight she died. Alas, that all through the ages the same folly and sought for; nor none so poor as to acknowledge by acquaintanceship. and glittering treasures of this world men

Through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ may you be enabled to imitate the example of Rachel, and Hannah, and Abigail, and Deborah, and Mary, and Vashti. Amen!

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Mrz. Oliver Ames, of Massachusetts, is the possessor of one of the famous peach blow voses.

complete in the world.

Father Labelle, who is a philanthropist and an energetic business man as well as a priest, has introduced an improved Belgian band loom among the inhabitants of the province of Quebec. He hopes to encourage flax culture and the making of fine linen cloths as a "domestic employment."

Nannie Jones, a normal graduate at Fish university, of the class of 1886, is to go, under the auspices of the American board, to the southeastern part of Africa, about 600 miles from Natal. She is the first single colored woman sent out by the American board. She has been adopted by the ladies' board of the interior, whose headquarters are at Chicago.

gave up palatial residence, gave up all for what she considered right. Sacrifice! springs that swing gracefully up over the Is there anything more sublime? A back and front. A high coat heavily upon the Mississippi river, Bludso, the engineer, declared he would keep the bow of en, with the wide straps for them to the best to the shore till all were off, and he kept his promise. At his post, scorched and blackened, he perished, but he saved all the passencers. Two verses of pathetic poarry describe the scene, but the verses are a little rough, and so I changed verses are a little rough, and so I changed.

little rough, and so I changed a singular aclietion. He is a railroad engineer, and a short time ago, after stepping off his engine, he slipped on a o of ice and fell, striking the ground onte violently with the back of his head. He was helped home, and now that he has begun to recover from the first painful effects of his fall and can raise himelf up, he is very much alarmed to find · that when erect he is totally blind. In a lying posture he enjoys his sight as previous to his fall, but as soon as he assumes an upright position he can see nothing whatever.

> Miss Emma Nevada's manner of living is about the same as that of an athlete in training. At 9 o'clock in the morning she takes her chop, a cup of tea and two slices of b, end without butter. At noon she goes to church and says her prayers (in this she is unlike the athlete), then she takes a long walk, and at 3 she eats her dinner, which consists of a bowl of bouillon, a slice of underdone roast beef, baked potatoes, relist chicken, boiled rice and stewed prunes. After dinner she takes a nap, and at 0 misses for the theatre. After the opera miss a beef-

swer; "silence gives consent. Not hearing Affliction, from you, he concluded that you had acenduring without any complaint the cepted. Your nomination is in The Mon-

The World's Cavalry Horses.

The important roles which cavalry and artillery play in the art of modern warfare, make it interesting to know the total number of animals which the leading countries of the world can throw into the field of battle. Here, according to the latest statistics, is the list: 21,579,000 horses; America, 9,500,000; the Argentine Republic, 4,000,000; Austria, 3,500,000; Germany, 3,350,000 France, 2,800,000 horses and 300,000 Traice, 2,800,000 horses and 300,000 mules; England, 2,790,000 horses; Canada, 2,624,000; Spain, 680,000 horses and 2,300,000 mules; Italy, 2,000,000 horses; Belgium, 383,000; Denmark, 315,000; Australia, 301,000; Holland, 105,000; Australia, 301,000; Holland, 125,000, and Portugal 88,000 horses and 50,000 inules. It will be remarked that Russia heads the list by an enormous majority.- Chicago News.

Portraits of Russia's Novelist.

An eminent Russian painter has in his studio two (as yet unexhibited) portraits of the good Count Tolstol. The smaller of the two is thus described by a privileged visitor: "It represents him plowing in the fields, with the barrow hitched to the rear of the unwieldy plow, which is drawn by a white horse along the slope." across his blue blouse and half bared fluences are the most silent. The fires in a furnace of a factory or of a steamship on the spot last summer."—Public Opinion.

Bangles would appear to have become the raze again, and finest silver threads the favorite.

Bookmarkers with slips of paper for comments on what is read are a new Boston wrinkle.

Fur top shoes are seen on the feet these days of some of the extravagant women of Vanity Fair,

Solid silver paper knives in the form of a Damascus sword have crept in among wed-

ding presents. The cold water treatment for a beautiful inplexion is said to be gaining more con-

verts every day. Not meny women have the courage to have their "picture taken" in toboggan dress by rural photographers,

Mr. Luskin's mental condition is consided more and more unfavorable, and he is under partial restraint.

Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith) is to take up his abode in Paris once more as successor to England's long time minister, Lord Lyons, Mr. James Russell Lowell will remain in of its ruler saw the golden bracelets on - Europe the rest of the winter. His "Elm-the left arms of the enemy, and she sent wood" home, at Cambridge, is re-let to Mrs. Ole Bull. Mrs. Maria Barton will not write any new

books except for pleasure. Her claim to Mexican property worth \$5,000,000 has ju-been decided in her favor after eights years of bard fighting. Strangely enough, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale,

was for many years the editor of Gd's Lady's Book and did a vast amount lit-every work, is today best remembers, her verses; 'Mary Had a Little Lamb,"