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satisfaction in all cases. EMBALMING SKILLFULLY PERFORMED The Old Stand, Main Street, ELLICOTT CITY, MD. MILTON EASTON, Managor. | MRS. ANNIE EASTON A SONG.

Swift and free.

Swift and free, Love, dear love, do f fly to thee! Into the gloaming dark and sweet; Straighter than arrow, than bird more fleat; Eager as honey seeking bee, Silently, lovingly, swift and free,

I fly to thee!

Swift and free, Swift and free, What are distance and time to me? Love mounts summits that touch the 2kg Pushes the briars like mist-clouds by, Love stems floods that the demons flec--Boldly, tenderly, swift and free. I fly to thee!

Swift and free,

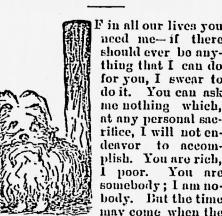
Swift and free, Over and through them all to thee! Death stands waiting with lifted sword; I conquer him with a single word. I fling him a challenge fearlessly. And brave, invincible, strong and free. I fly to thee!

Swift and free,

Swift and free, Love, dear love, do I fly to thee. Though still and cold doth my body hide, With life's true self will I reach thy side. While the earth conceals what men call me On wings invisible, tireless, free.

> I fly to thee! -Boston Transcript.

A PROXY PROPOSAL



need me-if there should ever be anydo it. You can ask do it?" me nothing which, at any personal sacrifice, I will not enplish. You are rich, body. But the time

made, Frank Millard had saved Paul was all right. It was natural; but When the outlook was at its darkest and brought her safe in his strong do not refuse, Frank," he faltered; Painter was one day surprised to hear arms to very spot upon the beach at "but you need not fear. She will that a gentleman wished to see him.

There never were two men soutterly Millard. The first a hard working do it. own hands and brain. The other a shall harm yours in the telling." from his birth; who neither toiled nor | went on unheeding:

Paul to call upon her. his profession, engrossed by strug- will bring me the answer." gles for bread and butter, which, while they seldom prevent a man from doing great things, always unfit him for society, Paul had known few women. He had no experience by which to guide himself, or by which to measure his own feelings. For a while he did not guess that he was in love, and so was drawn nearer and nearer to the whirlpool, until, when the truth at himself beside her. In a moment he last dawned upon him, there was no said: retreat. It was out of the question that she should like him. It was impossible for him now to cease to love her---to be happy without her. That she could care for him never entered asked. "You have only to say that been an absurdity too preposterous to worthy."

dream of. will make very sure that he does not guess I care one whit for him." Paul said, "She shall never laugh at me, eyes dropped. though she does not love me. She if he thought that Paul were ill.

"I am frightened, Mr. Millard."

"But do you know of anything that can trouble Paul?" asked Buth. And Frank had answered, "Perhaps I guess at something, but I am not certain." They were together a good deal, Frank Millard and Ruth. It had she said, tearfully. "But since you Spirit, Kingston, N. Y., has just comentered Paul's head at times, that this value it so highly, it is yours. It late, that it was possible that he loved | you.' ber. But Ruth, at seventeen, seemed a child to him.

"haunted thought" of his life. It last he resolved to try what charm her. there might be in absence; to leave professional success, put a barrier of trust. • miles of land and water between him-

self and Roso Lewis.

herself for the infatuation which she Frank Millard waiting for him. leavo a placo where every day bore in Laway his head. mion and coldness in his speech, still so?"

haunted her presence so persistently, and following an example already set that I have not played you false?" by most of her fashionable friends, go faltered Paul, and Frank burst into a to Europe. The A's were going, and laugh. the B's. She should have pleasant "You have proposed to her," company on the voyages, so she said said, "and she has accepted you?" to Frank Millard. On the same evening Holbrook spoke of his departure

to South America. "It's a good offer," he said.

but she will board with an old friend, hearts too well. I knew your love, and How a Girl Turaed the Edge of a Joke. and be well protected."

Chicott

Frank, doubtfully.

Frank asked no explanation. for her tour. Paul for his departure. only have a refusal. My happiness, Frank had seen a good deal of both. as I think you must guess, is depend-One morning he sat in Paul's room, ent on what Ruth will answer me some and talked as people do when their day, and I think I shall have courage

isked:

lewis?" Paul flushed, and shook his head. "It does not matter," he said. "We hall not probably meet again; nor vill she care.' "I think she would," said Frank.

'You will hurt her by going sc."

Paul shook his head again. "She will not care. Why should the other day, writes Walter Wellman. she?" and he turned his head away to. During the war a Presbyterian say the words. In a moment more Frank spoke

"Paul, you know I am neither a bashful man nor a coward in most cases; but every man becomes one or both, under some circumstances. I have a favor to ask of you. You re- kept in confinement some months he member your promise to refuse me nothing I could ask of you. The time has come when I have need of your aid. Will you give it to me?" "Tell me what you want me to

"I want you to see Miss Lewis. I want you to tell her something which | course in prayer, in which he was I have not the courage to tell her mything that I can do | self-to tell her a love story, in fact, other place than the street in which to | and the men in the party, never for you, I swear to and see what she says to it. Will you offer up their supplications, but this

deavor to accom- He stood bewildered. So Frank, fer to keep the minister and his family splendid fellow, her mate in wealth, until they were able to find employmay come when the for each other. That fancy that Frank some weeks he continued the search The little woman's heart, sweet little success that he was greatly discour-An hour before this speech was Ruth's was thus unharmed. Yet it aged. Holbrook's sister from a watery grave, why choose him for a go-between? "I

"I am a coward," said Frank. "You inlike as Paul Holbrook and Frank are a good fellow, Paul, and you will

professional man, who had struggled "But how?" asked Paul. "I know such little success as Fate had nothing of such things. I have never meted out to him, unaided save by his told any woman of my own love. I

spun; who was a man of society; a "Tell her a story—this: You know member of clubs; and one with whom a man who has loved her long, but would say I had been an unbeliever all women always fell in love. From that who has never dared to say so. He my life, and had turned to religion day they were friends. And so it came feels that his own deserts are too only from fear of death. It is not my to pass that, walking down Fifth ave- small to entitle him to hope; but on wish to give them that satisfaction, nue one day arm in arm, they met the eve of parting he can restrain and reading in one of the papers an Rose Lewis, that Frank introduced himself no longer; he must tell her account of your experiences, I reher to Paul, that they turned and that life is nothing without her, that solved to come to you. Will you pray walked a block with her, and that, a her love is the only thing worth strivfew evenings afterward, Frank took ing for; he must ask her in this strange way because he has not cour-She was beautiful. But that tells age enough to do otherwise; to bid you nothing about the woman---the him hope or despair. Then she will frank, sweet, womanly woman with ask who this lover is, and you may tell whom Paul fell in love before he had her; not until then-not until all the known her a month. Wrapped up in story of the love is told. And you

> Paul turned a ghastly face toward "You will tell the tale just as I have told you?"

Then he sought Miss Lewis. "You have come to wish me bon voyage," she said, as she held out her

"I have come upon an errand that will surprise you, Miss Lewis. I am commissioned to tell you a story." "That of some poor person?" she

his mind; that she did, would have you know him to be in need, and "It is the story of one who asks But it was true, nevertheless. Rose gift," he said, "but not a gift of alms," said, "If he cares so little for me, I his voice trembled—"a gift that only

you can give-you, of all the world. She looked at him shyly now. Her "I known man who has loved you

shall respect me, and never guess her for a long time," he went on, taking power, whatever pain I feel." And so now a sort of fierce and bitter pleasure they met and parted, day after day; in this cruel usage of himself. "For and no one guessed that anything months he has thought of you by day troubled the heiress but Frank Millard; and by night, until there is but one and only two, the same Frank Millard | woman to the world to him-you. Of | and Paul's sister Ruth, saw how pale all the objects that there are upon the height of imposition to fill up a good Paul grew. Poor Ruth! who in her horizon of the future he sees only looking cheese with a nasty, greasy, terror asked Frank Millard one day, your face. He could do anything for your sake; without you he will be Commission promises to take very de-"He is so unlike himself," she said. nothing. He has seen no token of any liking for him in your face, nor heard And Frank had said, "I think that it in your voice; yet he would have your brother cannot be very ill. If you hear his story, and know his fate, anything troubles him that will pass ere you are parted from him. His

But then a sharp spasm of pain caught his breath. He paused for an instant. In that instant Rose turned toward him and put her hand in his. "My love is not worth so much,"

And tears came faster, and woman's As she had said, he worked very do but take in his arms this woman hard, but toil could not banish the whom he adored, and who had just grew stronger instead of fading. At impression that he had proposed to at Battle Creek, Mich.

He was almost mad; he was quite the city; forbidding himselt to meet distraught indeed. The suddenness of animals may possess the same faculthe woman he hopelessly adored; and his happiness was in itself enough. availing himself of an offer which And then there was the awful conpromised to be a stepping-stone to his sciousness of a terrible breach of

His utter joy and his woeful shame mingled themselves in his soul, as, At the same time Rose, scorning having bidden Rose adien, he found could not control, had also resolved to | Frank looked at him. He turned |

its arms a possibility of meeting the "What have you been doing?" man who, with indifference, in his asked Frank. "Why do you look

Paul could not answer.

life." he said : "but I-" "Do you think I wanted to marry at one time. The interest shown on shall make money, and get on. Of Rose," said Frank, "or that I dreamed the faces of all indicates that they encourse it's hard to leave Ruth alone; she would accept me? I read your joy their meeting.—New York World.

your pride. I saw two who were made "You are doing well here," said for each other tearing themselves asunder, and I took advantage of your "In one sense, yes." "In another, foolish promise to place you in a posino. A man must not peril his tion in which it was impossible for you to conceal your true feelings. Some-

how I felt sure you would understand The days flew by. Rose was ready each other; and at the worst I should minds are on some subject which they | enough to do without your aid in this

hesitate to mention. At last he case. When Rose Lewis returned from her "Have you bidden good-by to Rose | European tour-a very brief onethere was a double welding; and since Rose and Ruth were the names of the two brides, it is easy to guess who were their bridegrooms.

Strange Story of President Pierce. Speaking of Franklin Pierce reminds me of a strange story I heard preacher in Missouri who, by the way, was afterward in a Chicago pulpit, feli under the suspicion of the Federal authorities and was arrested as a spy. His name was Painter. Despite his protestations he was bundled off to Fort Warren, Boston. After being was released, but in a pitiable plight. His clothing was worn out, he had no money, and, to make matters worse, his family had just arrived in Boston from the West, having been sent on by the military authorities. The poor man knew not what to do, but had rejoined by his good wife. They had no circumstance turned out to be in their Paul stood dismayed. He -he, of favor, for their sad story was written all men, to undertake such a task as up in one of the Boston papers, and a this! he who loved Rose so madly! hotel keeper came forward with an of-

1 poor. You are position and appearance, leved the somebody; I am no-girl also. If so, she could not fail to took up his residence with the hotel love him in return. They were made man and began looking for work. For promise will be worth something, and admired Ruth was a mere dream too. for employment, and with such poor a strange thing occurred. Rev. Mr.

Newport where the two men now stood love you. You are not one to sue in A very handsome, dignified old man made his appearance, and thus explained the purpose of his call: " have come, sir, to seek spiritual advice and comfort. As you see, I am well along in years, and failing health reminds me I am not long for this world. My home is in New Hampshire, some distance from here, but man who had fortune for his friend | He was deathly white. But Frank | there are good reasons why I do not wish to visit the ministers of the gospel in my own neighborhood. They

for me?" The two men instantly knelt, and Rev. Mr. Painter asked the mercy of

God for his visitor. The old gentleman was visibly affected. Then two or three chapters of Scripture were read, and a general talk about the stranger's doubts and fears followed, Rev. Mr. Painter giving him much comfort. Next day the old gentleman called again, and this time himself asked the grace of God. After thanking the minister for taking an interest in his case, he placed in Rev. Mr. Painter's hand an envelope, saying: "Do not open that until to-morrow." He then went away. Next day the envelope hand; but he only bowed and seated was opened, and in it were found two \$100 bills and a card on which was inscribed the name of Franklin Pierce, ex-President of the United States. -

#### Chicago Times-Herald. Adulterated Cheese.

Long ago we found out that many of our food products were made with cheap and unwholesome materials, and now the readers of an English publication are told that cheese has been examined and found to be filled with a composition in which oleomargarine plays a prominent part. The mania for substituting cheap articles for good, with an enormous profit resulting therefrom, has extended to almost all sorts of productions. But-

ter is adulterated; milk, unless one knows exactly where it comes from, is scarcely safe to drink. Either of these is bad enough, but it seems the oleomargarine compound. The Dairy cided steps in this matter, and punish as they deserve all parties who are guilty of such abominable deception as the selling of cheese with a perfect and attractive outside and the unpalatable and objectionable interior as described .- New York Ledger.

#### Are Animals Immortal?

The Rev. Charles Josiah Adams, rector of the Church of the Holy fellow liked his sister very well; of always-has been-since I first knew pleted the organization of a bureau of animal psychology or biophilism, having as its executive staff Mr. hysterical sobs. And what could be Adams, Eugene Field, of Chicago; John Burroughs, of West Park, Henry Abbey, of Kingston, and Eugene admitted her love for him, under the Glass, the editor of The Dog Fancier The object of the bureau is to col-

lect evidence to show that the lower ties that man possesses; to show that the lower animals may be immortal; to show that all the arguments that go to prove man's immortality also go to prove the immortality of other sentient beings. The evidence will be sought by correspondence and observation.

Although the organization is but a reck old, there are already nearly two hundred members who have signed their names as members of the bureau. - New York Times.

A Rendezvous for Deat Mutes. In the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel every Sunday afternoon gathers

a crowd of deaf mutes, who spend two or three hours in conversation in their sign language. The size of the gath-"You have the right to take my ering varies, but I have seen as many as fifty of the unfortunate men there

There seems to be no limit to a wo man's self-sacrifice when she once takes a charitable object to heart. This is the story of a girl who sold her diary-and you have to be a woman to realize all that that means.

It was on shipboard, and it happened on the way over from Laverpool last summer. The girl was a millionnire's daughter, and in addition to devoting her pocket money to the East Side Mission, of which she was a patroness, she spent most of her leisure time crocheting wonderful and altogether useless nothings, which she persuaded her rich admirers to buy at fabulous prices for the benefit of the poor. She had devoted the entire trip to this pretty work-except for an hour a day, which she spent in filling her diary with such sentimental observations as misses of twenty or thereabouts are apt to find expression for on the innocent white pages of

their diaries. The friends she had victimized on the way over, by luring dollars from their pockets in exchange for crocheted things, made much sport of her dairy, and at last conspired against her piece of mind.

"Now, say, Miss Blank," said one of them, in pursuance of the plot, "we have decided to strike. We are not going to help your tenement house heathen a cent's worth more unless you sell us your diary. How much will you take for it?"

"How much will you give?" asked the girl, after a little thought. Five dollars was the bid and refused. Miss Blank then playfully put the precious volume up at auction, dreaming that she could be in carnest, piled bid upon bid, until the price

stood at \$65. "The diary is yours, Mr. Jones," said the girl to the successful bidder, "but remember, my terms are spot eash, with the further condition that you leave it with me until I can make

a copy for myself." The laugh was on Jones, and his companions forced him to pay down the money on the spot. Miss Blank delivered the diary, and of course all that the unlucky joker could do was to return it unopened with his compliment. - New York Herald.

#### Nicaraguan Characteristics.

The great majority of the natives of Nicaragua are a mixture of Spanish, Indian and African, and possess the characteristes of each race-the treachery of the Spaniard, the cunning of the Indian and the timidity of the African. Occasionally you will run across a man less swarthy and greasy-looking than his fellows, an l may safely set him down as a fullblooded Spaniard. The mixture of the three races gives a product which shows some of the facial contour of each-high cheek bones, small, deepset eyes, thick lips and a flat nose. The complexion is what colored people in the United States would call a "light brown skin." The men are

mostly undersized. The women are tall and of remarkably graceful carriage, due to the custom of carrying on their heals burdens which we would ordinarily carry in our hands. This gives them an erect bearing, and, on account of the constant exercise of the muscles of the neck and shoulders, beautifully rounded throats. They are precocious in physical development. Babies are not carried in the arms, but astraddle of the mother's right side. A woman will walk thus for miles, and carry a round-bottomed gourd of water on her head without dropping the vessel or spilling a drop of the liquid. In no part of Nicaragua did I at any time see a child in the arms of a man. This is considered by the natives a demeaning to his manhood, just as much as putting a saddle on a mare-something that is never done, as it would subject the man bold enough to attempt the innovation to ridicule and

#### assault .-- New York Mail and Express.

Acme of Absent-Mindelness. Two young men bearing an ironbound box between them stepped into an elevator at the north end of the postoffice building yesterday and called out the third floor. The wrist of one was handenfied to his burden by a short, heavy chain. The sight is familiar, as messengers from the banks go to redeem old currency and transact routine business with the sub-

As the car door slammed an elderly man stopped abruptly to gaze after the rising car. He still stared at the dark shaft when the car hal disap peared. His wife went down the corridor alone and came back again.

"Come on, dear; why, you've let me walk clear to the stamp window, thinking you were beside me," she protested. "I have always argued you were the most absent-minded man in St. Joseph."

"Not at all, Jane; that is, they beat me all hollow in Chicago." And the husband smiled with the pride of proving his contention. "I was just watching him. Will you believe it? He has his gripsack chained in his hand to keep from dropping it anywhere!" --- Chicago Record.

#### Studying a Plant's Lungs.

One of the prettiest microscopical studies is the examination of the lungs of a plant. Most people do not know that a plant has lungs, but it has, and its lungs are in its leaves. Examined through a high power microscope, every leaf will show thousands upon thousands of openings, infinitely small, of course, but each provided with lips which, in many species, are continually opening and closing. These openings lead to tiny cavities in the body of the leaf, and by the opening and closing of the cavity air is continually passing in and out, so that the act of respiration is constantly going on. The sap of the stantly going on. The sap of the stantly going one of the stantly going of the sap of the stantly going of the same of plant is thus purified, just as the blood of an animal is cleared of impurities by passing through the lungs, and an average-sized tree will therefore in the course of a day do as much breathing as a man.

#### Single Men Chastised.

Plato condemned the single men to a fine, and in Sparta they were driven at stated times to the temple of Herat stated times to the temple of Hercules by the women, who there drilled them in true military style,—Cine tossed and ground by the feeber is of sin. cinnati Enquirer.

#### REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Man Overboard."

TEXT: "So the shipmaster came to him and said unto him: 'What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish

not.' "—Jonah i., 6. God told Jonah to go to Nineven on an undeasant errand. He would not go. He hought to get away from his duty by putting to sen. With pack under his arm I find him on his way to Jopia, a seaport. He goes down among the shipping and says to the men lying around on the docks. "Which of these vessels sails to-lay?" The sailors answer, "Yonder is a vessel going to Tarshish. swer, "Tonder is a vessel going to Tarshish, I think if you hurry you may get on board her," Jonah steps on board the rough eraft, asks how much the fare is, and pays it, Anchor is weighed, sails are hoisted, and the rigging begins to rattle in the strong breeze of the Mediterranean. Joppa is an exposed harbor, and it does not take long for the yessel to get on the broad sea. The sailors like what they call a "soanking breeze," and the plunge of the vessel from the crest of a tall wave is exhibitating to those at home on the eep. But the strong breeze becomes a gale,

the gale a hurricane. The affrighted passengers ask the captain if he ever saw anything like this before.

"Oh, yes," he says. "Tois is nothing."
Mariners are slow to admit danger to lands men. But after awhite crush goes the mast, and the vessel pitches so far "abean's en l" there is a fear she will not be righted. The captain answers few questions, and orders the throwing out of boxes and burdles and of so much of the eargo as they can get at. The captain at last confesses there is but lit-The captain at last contesses there is out in-tle hope and tells the passengers that they had better go to praying. It is seldom that a sea captain is an atheist. He knows that there is a God, for he has seen Him at every point of latitude between Sandy Hook and Captain. Moody companding Queenstown. Cantain Moody, commanding the Cuba of the Cunard line, at Sunday service led the music and sang like a Methodist. The captain of this Mediterranean craft. having set the passengers to praying, goes around examining the vessel at every point. He descends into the cabin to see whether in he strong wrestling of the waves the vessel had sprung aleak, and he finds Jonah asleep. Jonah had had a wearisome tramp and had spent many sleepless nights about questions of duty, and he is so sound asleep that all the thunder of the storm and the streaming of the passengers does not disturb him. The captain lays hold of him and begins to shake him out of his unconsciousness with the ery: "Don't you see that we are all going o the bottom? Wake up an 1 go to praying if you have any God to go to. What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." The rest of the story I

will not rehearse, for you know it well. To appease the sea, they threw Jonah over-Learn that the devil takes a man's money and then sets him down in a poor landing | Mediterranean sea captain: "What mean blace. The Bible says he paid his fare to Tarshish. But see him get out. The sailors of God, if so be that God will think upon us, bring him to the side of the ship, lift him that we perish not." If you have a God, over the guards and let him drop with a loud splash into the waves. He paid his fare all the way to Tarshish, but did not get the worth of his money. Neither does any one worth of his money. Neither does any one who turns his back on his duty and does that which is not right. There is a young man who during the past year has spent a large part of his salary in carousal. What has he gained by it? A

dissipated look, a petulant temper, a dis-turbed conscience. The manacles of one or two bad habits that are pressing tighter and tighter will keep on until they wear to the bone. You paid your fare to Tarshish, but you have been set down in the midst of a sea of disquietude and perplexity. One hundred dollars for Sunday horse hire. One hundred dollars for wine suppers.

soiled reputation, a half starved purse, a

One hundred dollars for frolies that shall Making four hundred dollars for his dam-Instead of being in Tarshish now he is in the middle of the Mediterranean. Here is a literary man-tired of the faith of his father who resolves to launch out into wint is called freethinking. He buys Theoof Christ" for \$1.50, Andrew Jackson Davis's works for \$2). Goes to hear infidels talk at the clubs and to see spiritualism at the table rapping. Talks glibly of David, the psalmist, as an old libertine, of Paul as a wild en-thusiast and of Christ as a decent kind of a man, a little weak in some respects, but almost as good as himself. Talks smilingly of Sunday as a good day to put a little extra blacking on one's boots and of Christians as, for the most part, hypocrites of eternity as "the great to be," "the everlasting now" or "the infinite what is it." Some day he gets his feet very wet and finds himself that night chilly; the next morning has a hot mouth and is headachy; sends word over to the store that he will not be there to-day; bathes his feet: has mustard plasters; calls the doctor. The medical man says aside, "This is going to be a bad case of congestion of the lungs." Voice fails. Children must be kept down stairs or seat to the neighbors to keep the house quiet.
You say, "Send for the minister." But
no. He does not believe in ministers.
You say, "Read the Bible to him." No;
he does not believe in the Bible. A lawyer comes in, and sitting by his bedside writes a document that begins: "Ic the name of God, amen. I, being of sound mind, I think I am on the right track at las Awake, O sleeper, and call upon the God of thy children! May He set these little ones to do make this my last will and testament." It is certain where the sick man's body will be in less than a week. It is quite certain who will get his property. But what will become of his soul? It will go into "the

waters, and the wind is "blowing great guns," Death eries, "Overboard with the un-believer!" A splash. He goes to the bot-tom. He paid \$5 for his ticket to Tarshish when he bought the infidel books. He landed in perdition. Every farthing you spend in sin satan will swindle you out of. He promises you shall have thirty per cent. or a great dividend. He lies. He will sink all the capital. You may pay full fare to some sinful success, but you will never get to Tarshish. Learn how soundly men will sleep in the

great to be," or "the everlasting now," or "the infinite what is it." His soul is in deep

mids; of danger. The worst sinner on ship-board, considering the light he had, was Jonah. He was a member of the church, while they were heathen. The sailors were engaged in their lawful calling, following the sea. The merchants on board, I sup-pose, were going down to Tarshish to barter, but Jonah, notwithstanding his Christian profession, was flying from duty. He was sound asleep in the cabin. He has been motionless for hours-his arms and feet in the same posture as when he lay down—his breast heaving with deep respiration. Oh, how could he sleep? What if the ship struck a rock? What if it sprang aleak? What if the clumsy oriental craft should capsize? What would become of Jonah? So men sleep soundly now amid perils infinite. In almost every place, I suppose,

the Mediterranean might be sounded, but no line is long enough to fathom the profound beneat' every impenitent man. Plunging a thousand tathoms down you cannot touch bottom. Eternity beneath him, before him, around him! Rocks close by and whirlpools and hot breathed Levanters. Yet sound asleop! We try to wake him up, but fail. The great surges of warning break over the hurrienne deck, the gong of warning soun la through the cabin, the bell rings. "Awake!" ery a hundred voices. Yet sound asleep in In the year 1775 the captain of a Greenland whaling vessel four I himself at night

some of the crew, he pushed out for the mysterious craft. Getting near by, he saw through the porthole a men at a stand, as though keeping a logbook. He hailed him. No answer. He went on board the vessel and found the man sitting at the logbook. frozen to death. The logbook was dated 1762, showing that the vessel had been wandering for ghirteen years among the fee. The sailors were found frozmamong the hammocks and others in the cabin. For thirteen years this ship had been earrying its

burden of corpses.

So from this gospel envir to tweet descry I flud all asloop. It is a frozm sloop. Oh, making the glass is simple.

that my Lord Jesus would come abourd and lay hold of the wheel and steer the craft down into the warm gulf stream of His mercy! Awake, thou that sleenest! Aris

Again, notice that men are aroused by the most unexpected means. If Jonah had be told one year before that a heathen captain would ever awaken him to a of danger, he would have scoffed at the ways are aroused from spiritual stu profane man is brought to conviction shocking blusphomy of a comradattending church and hearing a so the text, "The ox knowith his or goes home impressed, but cross vard, an ox come up and lieks he says: "There it is now." his owner and the ass his ma I do not know God." The of a teamster has let a man ness and heaven. The of "Father, they have orayers at Why don't we have them?" has b tion to the dwelling.

By strangest ways and in the most unexpected manner men are awakened. The gardener of the Countess of Huntingdon was convicted of sin by bearing the countess on the opposite side of the wall talk about Jesus. John Hardoak was aroused by a dream, in which he saw the last day, and the indeesifting, and heard his own name called with terrible emphasis, "John Hardonk, come to judgment!" The Lord has a thousand ways of waking up Joruh. Would that the mes-sengers of mercy might now find their way down into the sides of the ship, and that many who are unconsciously rocking in the awful tempest of their sin might hear the warning: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise an call upon thy Go I!"

Again: Learn that a man may

too late. If, instead of sleepin been on his knees confessing the time he went on board the that God would have saved thrown overboard. But he The tempest is in full bla-convulsion, is lashing itself stop it now but the overthr 'So men sometimes wake that hour has come. The n idea of dying than I have o this moment. The rigging i the foam of death. How chil "I must die," he savs, "yet not must push out upon this awful sea, but have nothing with which to pay my fare. The white caps! The darkness! The hurricane! How long have I been sleeping? Whole days and months and years. I am quite awa'ce now. I see everything, but It is too late." Invisible hands take him up. Hestruggles to get losse. In vain. They bring his soul to the verge. They let it down over the side. The winds how!. The sea opens its frothing jaws to swallow. He has gone forever. And while the canvas cracked, and the yards rattled, and the ropes thumped, the sea took up the funeral dirge, praying with open diapason of midnight storm, "Because I have called, and ye re-fused, I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded, but ye have set at naught all My counsel and would none of my reprost.

I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh."

Now, lest any of you should make this mistake, I address you in the words of the Malitan make the moch of the moc that we perish not." If you have a God, terrible exposure in a snowstorm, or at sea, er in battle, or among midnight garroters and how he escaped. Perhaps twenty years before you were born your father made sweet nequaintance with God. There is something in the worn pages of the Bible he used to ran I which

makes you think your father had a God. In the old religious books lying around the house, here are passages marked with a lead peneil-passages that make you think your father was not a godless man, but that, on that dark day when he lay in the back room dying he was ready—all ready. But perhaps your father was a bal man—prayer-less and a blasphemer—and you never think of him now without a shudder. He wor-shiped the world or his own appetites. Do not then, I beg of you, call upon your father's God, but eall on your mother's God. I think she was good. You remember when your father came home drunk late on a cold night, how patient your mother was. You often heard her pray. She used to sit by the hour meditating as though she were thinking of some good, warm place, where it never gets cold, and where the bread does not fail, and staggering steps never come. You remember her now as she sat in cap and spectacles reading her Bible Sunday afternoon. What good advice she used to give you! How black and terrible the hole in the ground looked to you when with two ropethey let her down to rest in the graveyard! Ah, I think from your look that I am on the

right track. Awake, O sleeper, and call upon thy mother's God.. But perhaps both your father and mother were deprayed. Perhaps your cradle was rocked by sin and shame, and it is a wonder that from such a starting you have come to respectability. Then don't call upon the God of either of your parents I beg of you.

But you have children. You know God kindled those bright eyes and rounded those healthy limbs and set beating within their breast an immortality. Perhaps in the be-lief that somehow it would be for the best you have taught them to say an evening prayer, and when they kneel beside you and fold their little hands and look up, their faces all innocence and love, you know that there is a God somewhere about in the

ulling at thy heart until they charm thee to the same God to whom to-night they will say their little prayers. nen are unmoved by the fact that futher had a God, that their mother ha God, and their children have a God, but f have no God. All the divine goodness nothing. All warning for nothing. The sound asleep in the side of the ship, he sea and sky are in mad wrestle. Many years ago a man, leaving his in Massachusetts, sailed from Bost China to trade there. On the coast of in the midst of a night of storm he shipwrock. The adventuror was wash on the beach senseless—all his money He had to beg in the streets of Cantkeep from starving. For two years the was no communication between himself an family. They supposed him dead. He knew not but that his family were dead. He had gone out as a captain. He was too proud to come back as a private sailor. But after a while he choked down his pride and sailed for Boston. Arriving there he took an evening train for the center of the State, where he had left his family. Taking the stage from the depot and riding a score of miles, he got home. He says that, going up in front of the cot-tage in the bright monlight, the place looked to him like heaven. He rapped on the window, and the affeighted servant let him in. He went to the room where his wife and child were sleeping. He did not dare to wake them for fear of the shock. Bending over to kiss his child's cheek, a tear fell upon the wife's face, and she wakened and he said: "Mury!" and she k ow his voice, and there was an indescribable seene

of welcome and joy and thanksgiving to To-lay I know that many of you are sea tossed and driven by sin in a worse storm than that which came down on the coast of China, and yet I pray God that you may, like the sailor, live to get home. In the house of many mansions your friends are waiting to many manisons your Theas are wanted of meet you. They are wondering why you do not come. Escaped from the shipwreeks of earth, may you at last go in! It will be a bright night—a very bright night as you put your thumb on the latch of that door. Once in you will find the old family faces sweeter than when you last saw them. your father's God, and your mother's God. and your children's God, is your own most blessed Redeemer, to whom be glory and dominion throughout all ages, world without end, Ameia

Pretty.

A new sort of ornamental glass is now made in Paris by B. M. Bay, which he calls by the name of hoar-frost glass, "verre givre," from the pattern upon it. which resembles the feathery forms traced by frost on the inside of windows in cold weather. The process of