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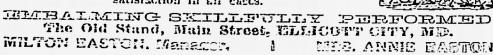


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With bowl on lap, with cheeks distant, The eager child the bubble blows: From thinnest film to bulging pride The iridescent vision grows.

Half free it sways, then swings adrift To float triumphant through the air; How bravely all its beauty shows! The bubble bursts-there's nothing there.

The lover pleads—his mistress smiles; Low words are breathed; a blush, a sigh, A stealthy pressure of the hand, The raising of a downcast eye.

The vows are sad; the symbol ring Gleams golden as the maiden's hair; Two souls are shackled till they die-The bubble bursts-there's nothing there.

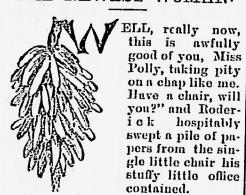
Hark to the trumpet's brazen notes! What trophtes does the warrior bring? The banners wave-behold the chief! In deafening peals the plaudits ring. The noiseless sands have stolen the hours; How soon the funeral torches flare! "The King is dead. Long live the King!" The bubble bursts-there's nothing there.

The scholar bends in patient toil. Beneath the lonely midnight flame, Dreaming that ere his course is run Laborious hours shall purchase fame. And, when the starveling soul is fled, Dame Fortune doles a niggard share. He leaves a bloodless, empty name-

The bubble bursts-there's nothing there. The infant cries in pain of life; The child rejoices with the sun; The youth sees love on every hand; The man deems life is well begun. Then, as he stands confronting fate, He feels the eyeless sockets glare, Till greybeard finds his days are done-The bubble bursts-there's nothing there.

-Tudor Jenks, in Truth.

THE NEWEST WOMAN.



you?" and Roderick hospitably swept a pile of papers from the single little chair his stuffy little office contained.

"Thanks," said Polly, demurely. "it grieves me to see"—with a severe domiciled as you have led your friends to believe. Indeed, I fail to observe ing of fairies." the costly statue, or the curtained recess which hid a painter's masterpiece, | that way; it hurts.' or the bric-a-brac which adorned your special sanctum, or the jardiniers of

"Oh, come, now, don't be hard on a fellow if he tried to cheat the world | that, would you?" a little with his optimism, but I found a parallel for every parable."

"Parable is a very mild expression," put in Miss Polly. "I call it

"The Bible name sounds better," he suggested, mildly, "and more appropriate, besides. I can illustrate every assertion. "For instance"--he pulled aside the curtain before his one window—"this is the curtained recess. unembellished, I admit, but there is a snug ledge here, from I look down upon my costly statue; there it is- have too much of a good thing someold Ben Franklin, shedding his benign | times.' presence over that dingy square. Is he not as much mine as he is yours or happy. Mr. Smith's next door? That's the

sociological light to view it in; and the inside track of the argument painter's masterpiece is a little further | there." on, but visible to the naked eye. The shimmer of the bay is exquisite in the sunlight and on dull and murky days it is Corot at his best; it might be a Turner just now, it is such a brilliant dash of color. And the bric-a-brac, I assure you, Miss Polly, that broken-

nosed Juno on the shelf just over your head is a marvel of the rare unique." "And the exotics," murmured Polly, how can you account for them?" "My greatest treasure!" he announced, pushing a single flower pot in view. "This is a a spring of rose

at the Carringtons' ball. Are you teel poor class who want something,

change-"Roderick"-

spacious quarters. Are you sure your clients will not interrupt us?"

"I think I may assure you safety on that score." "Very well, then, I shall spread the feast," cried Miss Polly, springing up and grasping a fat black bag, which had nestled unnoticed in her lap. "Remove your ink and quills from your desk into the recess, also the legal cap

you spend your time, Roderick?" "Only in my leisure moments," he

"Do you know," said Miss Polly, "I've been thinking it over calmly and her; his broad figure shut out the I've come to the conclusion that view. progress and poverty don't pull together at all. Theoretically it's all very well to strain a point and say they do, but coming down to facts." with a smart thump of her closed fist on the desk, "it doesn't work. The grindstone of poverty has no more in common with the giant strides of progress than-than"-

'You with me," suggested Roder-She sent a reproachful glauce across the desk to where he sat in the recess. "Can't you be impersonal for just two minutes?" she asked. "I like to generalize wide of the mark and narto think that all women jump at conclusions. The new woman is above such things."

"You must be the very newest thing in women," he said, in an emphatic tone of approval. She shook her head. "No, we haven't reached the superlative yet." "Wel Then you are one in the

"Certainly," cried Polly, looking swiftly that he could not escape her, neither the coast nor mountain winter distinctly offended. "You don't suppose I have come here for nothing?" "I thought-I flattered myzelf that the pleasure of my society had some. Polly—for heaven's sake, go-" thing to do with it."

"Nonsense!" She flushed up to the seeing her advantage and holding it roots of her pretty hair. "Don't be with all her feminine will foolish, Roderick. I came here with a "Polly, I implore—" purpose; do be serious."

now to the purpose."
"Oh, well," biting into another sweet biscuit, "let us discuss things first."

"I am," he assured her, "perfectly;

"What things?" "How provoking you are! Why, progress and poverty if nothing better suggests itself; we'll get the point "The first point you spoke of?"

questioned Roderick.

"Well, then, fire away." "Thanks; your elegant invitation puts me quite at my ease. I will fire away. You see, Roderick, poverty is relative, is most things are, of course; the absence of money means the absence of so much more, not only the material necessities of existence, but the finer fibres of the soul and mind, which crave—not laxury—but careful and judicious nourishment. Can you follow my flight?"

"You soar high; it is hard work." "Keep up as best you can-I am coming to"— "The point?"

"Presently; have patience. The handful of very rich do a vast deal for the great army of the very poor, although they don't get half enough the doctors by moving my right foot. credit for it, but that kind of univer-sal beggary is not the sort I mean. It was in the opposite side of the body, is the genteel poverty that is the bit- and probed for it, laying the bone of ter foe to progress. Too proud to beg my hip bare. They found the bone too honest to steal—its votaries stand broken and took out nine pieces, leavapart in dumb suffering and fail to ing one, which they failed to find, grasp the remedy." He smiled at her engerness; it was a bitter, rather hopeless smile.

"Are you the discoverer of the promised land for such hapless mor-

"There is no promised land unless we go in a body and seek it. If our good of you, Miss class of poor were only kinder to one Polly, taking pity another, more confiding and less suson a chap like me. picious in their intercourse, if they Have a chair, will would only stand shoulder to shoulder -why, what an army of workers we should be!" "Chimerno, Miss Polly, we can't set

the world revolving the other way, else the delinquent clients would step backward into my auxious clutches." Polly opened her eyes. "Why, I thought your creed was op-

timism! bending of her pretty brow-"that "Well, it is, with reservations. I you are not quite so commodiously don't believe in fairy tales, however, was found recently attached to the even though told by the most bewitch

"Roderick, I wish you wouldn't talk "I beg your pardon." what I have come to say. You

·"Not for worlds." But Miss Polly seemed suddenly to have lost her tongue. She sat staring at Roderick's "masterpiece"-a

with whitewinged sailboats. "Pride is a very selfish thing," she remarked at length, apropos of noth-

"That depends," said Roderick. "It has done a great deal of mischief," insisted Polly. "Only in the sense that one can

"Yet proud people are not often He reflected gravely; "I give you

proud."

"Perhaps." "And unhappy." "Not now."

Miss Polly changed her tack.

"Asking and getting are two very jury. different things. It's well worth risk-

ing, I should say." And-and-suppose-for the sake of geranium that a certain young lady argument-that there were two peodropped from her hair last Christmas | ple-a man and a woman-of the gensay, for instance, each other more first that this beautiful passementerie "No. All those half-truths are worse | then anything else in the world," she

"Suppose the man's pride stood up "I've come to cat my lunch with like a gaunt, grim ghost and said: you; it's dreadfully improper, I know, but" (maliciously), "my little office was so small that I sighed for more unloved loneliness because you are struggling and poor. You must have no one to help you-it would be unmaniy.' Suppose this were really so, would it be right for the woman to

suffer and be silent?" He was forced to answer her. "That would be her only course,"

"That may be your 'old woman with the meek brow and head bowed and those heavy tomes of jurisprudence to adversity's blast. We new ones and 'The Heavenly Twins,'" with know better. We are not going to let withering scorn. "Is that the way our chance of happiness slip through our fingers for a mere form-Roderick, do you hear me?" There was

low entreaty in her tone. He had risen and turned away from

"Roderick," she entreated, "won' you speak to me?" Still there was no answer. "Roderick," with a queer break in

her voice, "don't you love me, after Her face had grown suddenly colorless; her lips trembled and she was obliged to bite hard on a biscut to

ous experiment. her defiantly.

determined air. "Roderick, will you marry me?"

"Why not?"

She rose and came around to him so hands held out in supplication.

"Polly, I implore-"
"Then say it," cried Miss Polly, laughing hysterically.

It is now two years since Roderick married the new woman, and the newest woman lies cooing in her cradle.-Chicago News.

How It Feels to Be Wounded in Baitle "You have been wounded several imes, General. How does it feel to be shot?" asked a reporter for the Bloomington (III.) Pantagraph of General Miles. "That depends upon where the ball strikes you," replied General Miles.

"If it passes through the fleshy part of the body without hitting the bone, it is a half mile away before you realize that you are shot. If it meets with resistance, however, you get the full force of the bullet, and it strikes you like a sledge hammer. I was shot in the neck. The ball cut along the side of my throat, under my ear, and passed on. At Chancellorsville a ball struck my waist-belt plate and then, deflecting, went into the body. The blow paralyzed me. I could not move for weeks, from my waist downward, and every one though I would die. I was taken home to Massachusetts, and after a few days I surprised They found the bullet several inches further down than those pieces of broken bone. At another time I was wounded in the shoulder by the half of a bullet. I was holding my sword up to my shoulder when the bullet struck the edge of the blade and was cut in two, one-half of the bullet flying on and the other going into my shoulder. At another time I was wounded in the foot, the ball striking a Mexican spur that I was wearing and going off into my foot. By the way, I think I have the spur." Here the General opened a drawer in his desk and pulled out a big Mexican spur, which was broken on one side. The break was caused by the bullet strik-

ing the spur. The Remora or Sucking Fish. A striped remora, or sucking fish, bottom of one of the steam launches which run around Glen Island, says to one of the large tanks of the Glen Izland aquarium. The fish, though "And shakes my resolution to say not rare, is a deep sea tish, and is hard to capture. It grows to the length of wouldn't have me go away without twelve to eighteen inches. The flat top of its head is surmounted by a large sucking dish extending from near the tip of the upper jaw to the ends of the pectoral fins, or about onethard of the total length of the fish. orgeous bit of turquoise bay dotted The disk is made up of seventeen or eighteen pairs of bony lamine, the edges of which are furnished with wine! Give us more light, wilder music, rows of minute tooth-like projections. With this disk the fish attaches itself to a shark, a turtle or some other larger fish, and is in this manner drawn through the water without the exertion of swimming. Occasionally it will release its hold long enough to swim off and get something to eat, but immediately returns to refasten itself. The South American Indians make use of this instinct of the fish to catch sea turiles. They fasten a ring around the remora's tail to which they attach "Roderick, I am afraid you are a long line. The fish is then taken to sen, and when a large turtle is sighted the remora is thrown overboard. It

unerringly swims to the turtle and makes fast. The line is then drawn in, and soon both turtle and remora are "Don't you think if people want in the boat. It is necessary, however, something very much they should ask to wait until the fish feels inclined to for it-if-if it is so within the bounds let go, for it is impossible to detach it from the object by force without in-

Queer Facts About Spiders. My attention was called by a clerk in a drug store to a web which had been superbly decorated with flakes and scales of logwood. I thought at than lies"—with a queer little catch stopped fa; little seared look in her but after watching for a few minutes in her voice, then with a sudden wistful eyes but he was silent, so she I saw the spider descend into the box of logwood, affix a thread of silk to a flake of the dye, hoist it to the web above, and securely fasten it to one of the transverse strands. The glittering scales moved at the slightest jar or when they were struck by a current of air, and were dazzling to the eye. This little decorative artist had indeed constructed a truly palatial residence. Some spiders, unquestion-

ably, are affected by music to a marked degree. On one occasion I noticed a spider which had swung down from the ceiling of a church and hung suspended just above the organist's hands. The organist informed me that he had repeatedly noticed that spiders were affected by music. Several days afterwards, while seated at the organ, I observed the same spider. Several times I drove her away and enticed her back, by playing alternately soft indante, and loud bravura selections. Professor C. Reclain, during a concert at Leipsic, saw a spider descend from one of the chandeliers while a violin solo was being played; but as soon as the orchestra began to sound it quickly ran back again. - Boston Herald.

Seasons in South America. A Philadelphian recently returned keep back the tears of mortification. from an extended tour of South Amer-The new woman was making a hazard- ica tells an extended story of the queer climatic conditions prevailing He wheeled around and looked at in certain parts of the lower half of this continent. "Of course, it is pretty "Well, suppose I do-what then?" well known," says he, "that while the But he reckoned without his host. people north of the equator are sufferrow down gradually and logically to my objective point. It is such a mistake her feet again. She haid down her ing south of that imaginary line are in biscuit [and, leaning both elbows on the midst of summer, and vice versa. the desk, nedded across at him with a This rule, however, so far as South America is concerned, applies only to the coast, for in the mountains of the interior a peculiar condition of affairs exists. Up in the Andes the natives "I have only a woman's reason-I are in the midst of winter when midwon't. Let us talk about something summer prevails on the coast, and when winter reaches the coast it is summer in the mountains. Of course, tween the two sensons in decidedly "Jack Penrose is coming in here, marked. It is a very remarkable climatic condition."-Philadelphia Rec-"Not until you say yes," said Polly, ord.

#### REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Handwriting on the Wall."

Texr: "In that night was Boishazzar,

the King of the Chaldeans, slain."—Daniel, Night was about to come down on Baby-lon. The shadows of her 250 towers began to lengthen. The Euphrates rolled on. to lengthen. The Euphrates rolled on, touched by the flery splendors of the setting sun, and gates of brass, burnished and glittering, opened and shut like doors of flame. The hanging gardens of Babylon, wet with the heavy dew, began to pour from starlit flowers and dripping leaf a fragrance for many miles around. The streets and squares were lighted for dance and frolic and promenade. The theaters and galleries of art invited the wealth and pomp and gran lear of the city to rare entertainments. Seenes

of riot and wassail were mingled in every street, and godless mirth and outrageous excess and splendid wickedness came to the king's palace to do their mightiest deeds of darkness.
A royal feast to-night at the king's palace!
Rushing up to the gates are chariots, upholstered with precious cloths from Dedan, and stered with precious from Togarmab, drawn by fire eyed horses from Togarmab, that rear and neigh in the grasp of the charioteers, while a thousand lords dismount, and women, dressed in a 1 the splendors of Syrian emerald, and the color blending of agate, and the chasteness of coral, and the somber glory of Tyrian purple and princely embroideries, brought from afar by camels across the desert and by ships of Tarshish nerves the sea

neross the sea.

Open wide the gates and left the guests Open wide the gates and let the guests come in. The chamberiains and cupbearers are all ready. Hark to the rustle of the silks, and to the carol of the music! See the blaze of the jewels! Lift the banners. Fill the cups. Clap the cy nbals. Blow the trumpets. Let the night go by with song and dance and ovation, and let that Babylonish tongue be palsied that will not say, "O King Belshazzar, live forever!"

Ah, my friends, it was not any common banduct to which these great people came!

banquet to which these great people came. All parts of the earth had sent their richest viands to that table. Brackets and chande-liers flashed their light upon tankards of hers hashed their light upon tankards of Furnished gold. Fruits, ripe and luseious, in baskets of silver, entwined with leaves, plucked from royal conservatories. Vases, inlaid with emerald and ridged with ex-quisite traceries, filled with nuts that were threshed from forests of distant lands, Wine brought from the roughter. Wine brought from the royal vats, foaming in the decanters and bubbling in the ing in the decanters and enboung in the chalices. Tuits of cassia and frankineous wafting their sweetness from wall and table. Gorgeous banners unfolding in the breeze that came through the open window, bewitched with the perfumes of langing gardens. Fountains sising an from inclosures. witched with the perfumes of hanging gardens. Fountains rising up from inclosures of ivory, in jets of crystal, to fa't in clattering rain of diamonds and pear's. Statues of mighty men looking down from niches in the wall upon crowns and 'shields brought from subdued empires. Idols of wonderful work standing on pedestals of precious stones. Embroideries stooping about the windows and wrasping pillars of celar and dows and wrapping pillars of cedar and drifting on floor inlaid with ivory and ag-

harps, and the clash of cymbals, and the blast of trumpets in one wave of transport that went rippling along the wall and breathing among the garlands and pouring down the corridors, and thrilling the souls of a thousand banqueters. dies, the mighty men and women of the land, come around the table. Pour out the wine. Let foam and bubble kiss the rim! Hoist every one his cup and drink to the sentiment, "O King Belschazzar, live forever!" Bestarred head band and careanet of royal beauty gleam to the up-lified chalices, as again, and again, and again they are emptied. Away with care from the palace! Tear royal dignity to tatters! Pour out more sweeter periume! Lord shouts to lord, cap-tain ogles to captain. Goblets clash; decanters rattle. There come in the obscene song, and the drunken biccough, and the slavering lip, and the guffaw of idiotic laughter, bursting from the tips of princes, flushed

all I hear, "Huzza, huzza, for great Bel-What is that on the plastering of the wall? Is it a spirit? Is it a phantom? Is it God? The music stops. The goblets fall from the nerveless grasp. There is a thrill. There is a start. There is a thousand voiced shrick of horror. Let Daniel be brought in to read that writing. He comes in. He reads it, "Weighed in the balance and found want-

reeling, bloodshot, while mingling with it

Meanwhile the Medes, who for two years had been laying siege to that city, took advantage of that carousal and came in. I hear the feet of the conquerors on the palace stairs. Massacre rushes in with a thousand gleaming knives. Death bursts upon the scene, and I shut the door of that banqueting hall, for I do not want to look. There is nothing there but torn banners, and broken wreaths, and the slush of upset tankards, and the blood of murdered women, and the kicked and tumb'ed careass of a dead king. For "in that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain." I go on to learn some lessons from all this. I learn that when God writes anything on the walt a man had better read it as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolishness to expect a minister of the gospel to preach always things that the people like or the people chocse. Young men of Washington, what shall I preach to you to-night? Shall I tell you of the dignity of human nature? Shall I tell you of the wonders that our race has accomplished? "Oh, no," you say. "Tell me the message that came from God." I will If there is any hardwriting on the

will. If there is any handwriting on the wall, it is this lesson: "Repent! Accept of Christ and be saved!" I might ask of a great many other things, but that is the message, and so I declare it. Jesus never flattered those to whom He preached. He said to those who did wrong and who were offensive in His sight: "Ye generation of vipers. Ye whited sepulchers! How can ye escape the damnation of hell!" Paul the apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach. What subject did he take? Did he say: "On, you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man?" No. He preached of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous, of temperance to a man who was a victim of bad appetites, of the judgment to come to a man who was unfit for it. So we must always declare the message that happens to come to us. Daniel must read it as it is. A minister preached before James I. of England, who was James VI. of Scotland. What subject did he take? The king was noted all over the world for being unsettled and wavering about to this man who was James I. of England and James VI. of Scotland? He took for his text James i., 6: "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed." Hugh Latimer offended the king by a sermon he preached, and the king said. "Hugh Latimer, come and apologize." "I will," said Hugh Latimer. So the day was appointed, and the king's chapel was full of lords and dukes and the mighty men and women of the country, for Hugh Latimer was to apoligize. He began his sermon by saying: "Bugh Latimer, bethink thee! Thou art in the presence of thine earthly king, who can destroy thy body. But bethink thee, Hugh

King of heaven and earth, who can destroy both body and soul in hell fire." Then he preached with appalling directness at the king's crimes. Another lesson that comes to us to-nightring of the banquet of six and its close. Young man, if you had looked in upon the banquet in the first few hours, you would have wished you had been invited there and could sit at the feast. "Oh, the grandeur of Belshazzar's feast!" you would have said, but you look in at the close of the bar uet and your blood curdles with hor-ror. The king of terrors has there a ghast-lier banquet. Human blood is the wine and dying groans are the music. Sin has made itself a king in the earth. It has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banqueting hall the spoils of all kingdoms and the banners of all Nations. It has gathered from all music. It has strewn from its wealth the tables and floors and arrhos. And yet how often is that banquet arches. And yet how often is that banquet broken up and how horrible is its end! Ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A king fails. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knock together.

God's judgment, like an armed host, breaks in upon the banquet, and that night is Bel-shazzar, the king of the Chaldeaus, slain. Here is a young man who says: "I cannot see why they make such a fuss about the in-

Times.

see why they make such a fuss about the intoxicating cup. Why, it is exhibitating! It makes me feel well. I can talk better, think better, feel better. I cannot see why people have such a prejudice against it." A few years pass on, and he wakes up and fluds himself in the clutches of an evil habit which he tries to breek, but capnot, and he cries out, "O Lord Cod, help me!" It seems as though God would not hear his prayer, and in an agony of body and soul he cries out, "It biteth like a seppent, and stingeth like an adder." How bright it was at the star!! How black it was at the last!

Here is a man who begins to read loose novels. "They are so charming," he says. "I will go out and see for myself whether all these things are so." He opens the gate of a sinful life. He goes in. A sinful sprite meets him with her wand. She waves her wand, and it is all enchantment. Why, it seems as if the angels of Gol hard poured out vials of perfume in the atmosphere. As he walks on he finds the hills becoming more radiant with foliage and the ravines more resonant with the falling water. Oh, what a charming landscape he sees! But that sinful sprite, with her wand, meets him again, but now she reverses the wand, and all the enchantment is gone. The cup is full of poison. The fruit turns to ashes. All the leaves of the bower are forked tongues of hissing serpents. The flowing fountains fall back in a dead pool stenchful

with corruption. The luring songs become curses and screams of demoniac laughter. Lost spirits gather about him and feel for his heart and beekon him on with "Hail brother! Hail, blasted spirit, hail." He tries to get

out. He comes to the front door where he entered and tries to push it back, but the door turns against him, and in the jar of that shuffing door he hears these words, "This night is Belshuzzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain," Sin may open bright as the morning. It en is dark as the night! I learn further from this subject that death sometimes breaks in upon a banquet. Why did he not go down to the prisons in Babyon? There were people there that would like to have died. I suppose there were men and women in torture in that city who would have welcomed death, but he comes to the palace, and just at the time when the mirth is dashing to the tiptop pitch death breaks in at the banquet. We have often seen the same thing libustrated. Her Is a young man just come from college. He is kind. He is loving. He is enthusiastic. He is eloquent. By one spring he may tound to heights toward which many men have been struggling for years. A profession opens before him. He is established in the law, His friends cheer him. Eminent men encourage him. After awhile you may see him standing in the American Senate or moving a popular assemblage by his eloquence, as frees are move 1 in a whirlwind. Some night he retires early. A fever is on him. Delirium, like a reckless charioteer, seizes thereins of his intellect. Father and mother stand by and see the tides of his life going out to the great occan. The banquet is coming to an end. The lights of thought and mirth and eloquence are being extin-guished. The garlands are snatched from he brow. The vision is gone. Death at the

banquet! We saw the same thing on a larger scale was there but we grew it on our hils? What invention was there but our rivers must shuttle? What warm furs but our traders must bring them from the Aretie? What fish but our nots must sweep them for the markets? What music but it must sing in our halls? What eloquence but it must speak in our senates? Ho, to the National banquet, reaching from mountain to mountain and from sea to seal To prepare that banquer, the sheepfolds and the aviaries of the country sent their best treasures. The orchards piled up on the table their sweet fruits. The presses burst out with new wines. To sit at that table came the yeomanry of New Hamp-shire, and the lumbermen of Maine, and the Carolinian from the rice plantation, and the Western emigrant from the pines of Oregon, and we were all brothers—brothers at a banquet. Sud-denly the feast ended. What meant those mounds thrown up at Chiekamauga. Shiloh, Atlanta, Gettysbucg, South Mountain? What meant those golden grain fields turned into a pasturing ground for cavalry horses? What meant the excaleds gullied with the wheels of the heavy supply rain? Why those rivers of tears-those lakes of blood? God was angry! Justice must come. A handwriting on the wall! The Na-

Darkness! Darkness! Woo to the North! Woo to the South! Woo to the East! Woo to the West! Death at the banquet.
I have also to learn from the subject that the destruction of the victous and of those who despise God will be very sudden. The wave of mirth had dashed to the highest point when the invading army broke through. It was unexpected. Suddenly, almost always, comes the doom of those who despise God and defy the taws of men. How was it at the deluge? Do you suppose i came through a long northeast storm, so that people for days before were sure it was coming? No, I suppose the morning was bright; that calmness brooded on the waters; that beauty sat enthroned on the hills, when suddenly the heavens burst and the moun-

tains sank like anchors into the sea that dashed clear over the Andes and the Himala-The Red Sea was divided. The Egyptians tried to cross it. There could be no daager. The Israelites had just gone through. Waere they had gone, why not the Egyptians? On, it was such a beautiful walking place! A payement of tinged shells and pearls, and on either side two great walls of watersolid. There can be no danger. Forward, great host of the Egyptians! Clap the cymbals and blow the trumpets of victory! After them! We will catch them yet, and they shall be destroyed. But the walls begin to tremble! They rock! They fall! The ushing waters! The shrick of drowning men! The swimming of the war horses in vain for the shore! The strewing of the great host on the bottom of the sea, or pitched by the angry wave on the beach—a oattered, bruised and loathsome wreek! Suddenly destruction came. One half hour

stroyed, and without reme ly.
I am just setting forth a fact, which you have noticed as well as I. Auanias comes to the apostle. The apostle says, "Did you It was a lie. Dead, as quick as that! Sapphira, his wife, comes in. "Did you sell the land for so much?" "Yes." It was a lie, and quick as that she was dead! God's adgments are upon those who despise Him and defy Him. They come suddenly. The destroying angel went through Egypt Do you suppose that any of the people knew that He was coming? Did they hear the flag of His great wing? No! No! Suddenly; un expectedly, He came. Skilled sportsmen do not like to shoot bird standing on a sprig near-by. If they are skilled, they pride themselves on taking it on the wing, and they wait till it starts. Death is an old sportsman and he loves to take mer flying under the very sun. He loves to take them on the wing. Oh, flee to God this night! If there be one in this presence who has wandered far away from Christ, though he may not have heard the call of the gospel for many a year. I invite him now to come and be saved. Flee from thy sin! Flee to the stronghold of the gospel! Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation. Good night, my young friends; may you have rosy sleep, guarded by Him who never sulmbers! May you awake in the morning strong and well! But, oh, art thou a despiser of God? Is this thy last night on

nd there has andows floating in the room and a handwriting on the wall, and you feel that your last hour is come, and there be a fainting at the heart, and a tremor in the limb, and a catching of the breath—then thy doom would be but an esho—of the words of the text: "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."
Oh, that my Lord Jesus would now make Himself so attractive to your souls that you cannot resist Him, and if you have never prayed before or have not prayed since those days when you knell down at your

mother's knee, then that to-night you might

earth? Shouldst thou be awa'cened in the

night by something, thou knowest not what,

pray, saying: Just as Lam, without one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, Leome!

prayer as that, I will give you a still shorter prayer as that, I wan give you a still shorter one that you may utter, "Lord save me or I perish!" Or, if that be too long a prayer, you need not make it. Use the word "help!" Or, if that be too long a word, you need not use any word at all. Just look and live!

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A cool head and a warm heart should go together.

Courage not controlled by prudence s foolishness. The light we do not walk in will

oon leave us. There are no tollgates on the highway of holiness.

Unless we first look up, we will not lo much lifting up.

The man who chases bubbles never has any time to rest.

A cry is what the heart says when the lips cannot speak.

The most respectable sinners are the nost dangerous ones. The man who is ruled by his feelings cannot walk straight.

It costs more to be proud than it does to be generous. He is the greatest man who does

most for his fellowmen. A better thing than being a giant is not to be afraid of one. Try to give pleasure, and you will

eceive more than you give. It is folly to seek happiness while we are unwilling to be good.

A lie is about the meanest thing that eyer crawled out of the pit. If some people would do more

thinking, their tongues would get more rest. The man who undertakes to get a living by his wits would have a more regular supply of bread if he would depend more on his muscle.—Ram's

#### Daving Shoplifting.

Horn.

New York merchants are complaining to the police of an organized gang of shoplifters, composed of little girls under twelve years of age. They are hard to catch. Their faces tell nothing. They usually travel around with heavily-veiled women who go from counter to counter, handling the goods, but buying nothing. At a glove counter, for instance, which is a favorite place for their operations, they will stop and examine expensive gloves, and then, as if by accident, tip them over on the floor. Perhaps ten illustrated in our Civil War. Our whole Na-tion had been sitting at a National banquet grounder. The child goes to yiel them up, returns seven or eight pairs to the counter, slides two or three pairs into the bag of the shoplifter, which hangs low down in the folds of her skirt. By the way, one of the most daring pieces of shoplifting that has been done this year was by a woman detective. She had been employed by a large firm for a number of years, and was one of the most successful women in her profession. Last year she captured on an average seven shoplifters a day, and was the highest paid detective in any of the Sixth avenue stores. Sho had robbed her employers for years, and was eventually discovered by a little cash giri-who saw her take a lace handkerchief from a counter and slide it into her dress front. The honest little cash girl told the floor walker that a shoplifter had been along, and pointed out the detective. The floor walker for some reason no more difficult to fathom than a jilted affection, insisted on the detective being searched, and when this was done the handkerchief was found, as the eash girl had said, and also some other articles which had been picked up and concealed while the detective was supposed to be watching the pecuiations of others. "Set a thief to catch n thief." It is said that she was the best detective on the avenue.-New York Avertiser.

Consider the Thumb. A certain class of philosophers assert that character may be determined by the thumb's shape. A vain person is said to fold the thumb under if it is too long for beauty. A grasping person has a long thumb that turns backward like a hook. A good natured person has a short thumb. The artist's hand is a long, delicate one, and the thumb in keeping. An artisan's is short, thick, and stumpy, usually with broken nails, so that to some extent the thumb is an index to occupation. At present it is the only one of the fingers exempt from ring wearing, except by eccentric actors, but for many centuries it was decorated in this matter. Kings were especially given to wearing "thumb rings," and they were still in use at the time of Henry 1V. both for ornament and as a "sign manual." The setting was usually a jewel ent in some distinctive design,

like a family crest, from which is derived the word "seal ring." There is an old superstition concerning a woman's thumb. If in closing the hand the thumb folds out of the fingers she will rule her husband. If under, she will be ruled by him. It is hinted that a majority of them fold

In grasping, the thurb is opposed to four fingers and exerts just four times as much strength. If you doubt it try to hang to a turning pole without using the thumb. An examination of its muscles will show that they are the largest and strongest in the hand. Injury to this member sets at rest any dispute as to its sovereignty over the other fingers. Tie it up in a rag and you will be convinced. - Chicago Tribune.

Buried Under 100 Dozen Broken Eggs Edward N. Harrison, living at Hunter's Mill, Fairfax County, Va., was coming into the city yesterday

with a load of chickens, eggs and butter, says the Washington Post. In attempting to cross the cable tracks at Twenty-ninth and M streets the rear portion of his wagon was struck by cable train No. 232, west bound. which completely upset the vehicle. He was covered with broken eggs. He had with him 100 dozen eggs, and every one was broken.

#### Most Valuable Chair on Earth. The Pope is now the possessor of

probably the most valuable chair on earth. It is constructed of solid silver and cost \$10,000. It is the gift of Mr. Troop, a wealthy American banker, who arranged that it should arrive in Rome simultaneously with But if you cannot think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a shorter prayer that you can say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Or, if you cannot think of so long a of the civil power,—New York World,