FIDGETY NAN.

A queer old wife was Fidgety Nan,
A funny old wife was she,
A wearisome wife for a sailor man,
As the sailor man told me.
He never could make her understand
When a storm raged fiercely on the land,
It might not rage at sea.
She hung in a dangling, dangerous place,
Where the wind could sweep it free,
The old brass kettle had served her race
Full well for a century,
And whenever a terrible storm took place,
She hurriedly climbed the tree,
"I thank the powers that give me grace,
To swing in this kettle," said she.
"For how could I stay in a safer place
And my man in peril be?"
But the funniest fact of this curious case,
As the sailor man told me,
Was when she swung in that dangerous place
It was deadly calm at sea.—St. Nicholas.

DICK'S DARLING.

BY CLARICE LEE IZBELLE.

CHAPTER III—CONTINUED.

Carmen Kingsley was rather quiet during their three mile drive, and Dick wondered what she was thinking about. The old hall looked ghostly in the pallid moonbeams and she did not seem much pleased with her first view of it. Her father was awaiting their coming in the library, from which he seldom stirred except to seek his sleeping apartment. Never did father and daughter meet with such apparent coldness. Carmen paused in the doorway, her dark eyes growing almost black, as they rested upon the old man's face. He in his turn looked fixedly at her, and grew a shade paler.

"You are welcome," he said coldly, holding out his hand, thin to boniness. "You, I presume, are my daughter?"

"I am Carmen Kingsley," replied his daughter, coldly, placing her gloved hand in his for an instant. "This is my friend, Miss Meadows, I wrote you about."

"You are welcome," he said icily, and Maude uttered a little sigh under her breath, and made her best bow, covertly giving Dick a slight grimace and an amused look from under her heavy eyelids.

"Dick," the old man turned to him with something very like relief, "will you please conduct your cousin to the parlor and summon the servants? I can trust you to make all necessary explanations and all arrangements; so good-night," with a formal bend of his head.

His daughter shot one glance at him from out her strange eyes, and turned to follow her companions. And thus George Kingsley and his only child met for the first time, which was a forecast of what all their future meetings were to be. Dick conducted them to the long, old-fashioned parlor and introduced the young mistress to the old servants, who looked at him sadly, he thought. The implied regret touched him a little. He knew they liked him and had always regarded him as the future master of White Hall, and was sorry they were disappointed. But as for himself—well, he was a man and he did not need much, and as George Kingsley had said, "What belonged to the father should be the daughter's." Carmen Kingsley had only come to her own, so he laughed with Maude Meadows and his cousin over their late lunch and afterwards tried the ancient piano for them, and neither of them dreamed of the tragedy that would grow out of the home-coming of George Kingsley's daughter.

CHAPTER IV.

Love's Victim.

The moon had grown into a silver sickle, and lighted the pathway across the cornfields, as Dick Kingsley wended his way homeward that evening. It was nearly eleven before he left White Hall, and he was thinking idly of his new cousin and her new friend when the shadow of the big sycamore loomed before him. He stopped and gazed dreamily at the place she had occupied. How sweet and fair and fragile she had looked! He could almost imagine her a thing of air and not of the earth, and his heart grew suddenly tender. Dolores! What a dear, sweet name it was! Just the very name he would have imagined belonged to her. Someway it seemed to belong to her and nobody else. Dolores!

The dusty, yellow road looked like a silver ribbon stretched by a careless hand as he jumped the fence from out the shadowy rows of corn. The night was calm and quiet—not a sound, save—yes, those were footsteps, hurried footsteps at that, coming around the curve. He turned curiously and the next instant a slight, white-draped figure turned the curve with hurried, uneven footsteps. His heart gave a leap and then stood still. It was she!

As her eyes fell upon him she stopped short with a sharp, voiceless cry, and even in the moonlight he could see that every particle of blood had left her face; and her hands clasped each other breathlessly.

"I beg pardon. Did I frighten you?" he uttered, mechanically doffing his hat and standing there with the moonlight falling over his waving brown hair and frank, manly face. For a moment she stared at him with distended eyes, and then slowly approached as a child who is yet uncertain what sort of welcome it will receive.

"I—I—did not know you—at—at first," she said, slowly, the frightened look gradually dying out of her face, and her hands falling to her sides. "I was frightened; everything was so still, and—and I did not see you until—oh; I was so frightened," with a little sigh, born of her late excitement, and breathing of unmistakable relief.

She had come quite close to him, and was looking at him out of her sweet, serious eyes, the pallid moonbeams making her face look like a snowdrop in its framework of soft, curling locks that fell about her temples and neck in sweet confusion. She wore a short-waisted white gown of soft mull, cut away from her slim throat, and leaving the arms bare to the elbows. Dick caught his breath and bit his lip. Was she flesh and blood or a spirit?

"I am sorry," was all he could think to say, and stood like a statue, his blue eyes never leaving her face.

"But I am very glad I met you," she went on in her clear, childish treble, that had a trace of plaintiveness in it. You will help me, won't you? I was going for someone to find a doctor for auntie. She is ill—oh, so very ill, and there was no one to go except Rebecca, and she could not go as fast as I could, for Billy is—well, Billy is ill, too," with the least—the very least shadow of a smile crossing her serious lips. "Won't you help me?" with confident directness.

Help her! Dick felt like shouting. Of all the fortunate things that had ever happened to him, this was without doubt the most fortunate. Help her! Why, his heart was going like a trip hammer at the very prospect.

"Most assuredly," he exclaimed, with such undisguised pleasure that she gave him a little wondering look. "Come with me to my home—I live just across the pasture here—and I will telephone for a doctor, and my mother will go home with you. She is an excellent nurse, and would be only to glad to be of service. I hope it is nothing serious—your aunt's illness, I mean."

Already he was leading the way to a large carriage gate, opening into a grass-grown drive, and she was following contentedly at his side.

"No—o, I hope not," she replied, seriously. "It is her heart, I think. She never speaks of it, and will not allow me to do so, but I am sure there must be danger. Whenever she is frightened, or excited, she suffers dreadfully. I thought she was dying awhile ago," with a half-sob. "It was Billy. The apples—he—we—had to-day made him so ill he was groaning, and he did not know about frightening auntie, so—oh, I hope she is better!"

"So do I," soothingly. "But here we are," glancing up at the windows of the stately old red-brick farm house from which streamed a ray of yellow lamplight. "Now let me introduce myself, and forgive me for not thinking of it sooner. My name is Dick Kingsley."

"Yes, I knew your name. I have often seen you riding by our house," she replied, simply. "I am Dolores Grey, and we live in the old Wayne cottage. We have been there two months now."

Mrs. Kingsley ran down the stairs with the lightness of a girl in answer to her son's summons. She looked absurdly young and small beside her tall son, and her quick, cheerful movements and motherly ways soon put Dolores at her ease. Yes, indeed, she would go, she hastened to say, and hurried away for a wrap and to tell Sampson not to lock the side entrance, while Dick struggled with the telephone, and the sleepy boy at "central," and presently they three were hastening across the dewy fields with the silent brick house far behind them.

Mrs. Kingsley at once proved her son right when he said she was a good nurse, by entering upon her duties, and presently, Miss Grey was better.

Presently Miss Grey called him to her bedside to thank him, and when she invited him to call sometime, Miss Grey was somewhat surprised by the fervor of his thanks.

Mrs. Kingsley decided to stay the few hours remaining of the night, and Dick walked down the rose-bordered path alone except for his thoughts. He paused as he closed the gate to glance back at the light glimmering through the curtains that held her from sight, and felt his heart grow warm and tender within his bosom. Was there ever yet a maiden like this tender-eyed little one with the serious mouth and plaintive voice?

As he turned away he stopped suddenly, his attention attracted by an almost imperceptible movement of a tall syringa bush. He gazed fixedly at it a moment, and then attributing it to the wind, went on his way with the picture of a sweet, colorless face, framed in dark hair before him.

CHAPTER V.

A Glimpse of the Past.

The days flew by rapidly after that memorable night. Dick called at Wayne cottage, and then called and called again. Dolores was as gentle and childish as ever, and he felt almost like he was doing something wrong to even dream of loving such a pure and perfect being. At first he was jealous, madly, unreasonably jealous of "Billy." Dolores was continually speaking of him in the most affectionate manner. So was Miss Grey, too, for that matter, and Dick would sit and inwardly grind his teeth, and wonder how two such women could be so fond of that young reprobate, for of course he was a reprobate and villain of the deepest dye. Miss Grey was a gentle appearing, rather stately woman of fifty years, and he wondered why she did not inculcate better principles into the youth's mind. The third visit he made to Wayne cottage he was sitting under the great spruce at the end of the porch talking to Miss Grey when a boy wearing a dilapidated straw hat came around the house with his hands filled to overflowing with rich ripe plums.

"They are gett'n' ripe, Aunt Nell," he announced in a deep bass voice. "They'll be all right in another week," the last part of the sentence was spoken in a decided tenor. Dick stared and then smiled. Evidently the boy's voice was undergoing the change from childhood to manhood's tones. He was short and small for his sixteen years.

"Are they?" Miss Grey smiled upon this soiled, ungainly youth. "That is news, Billy. This is Mr. Kingsley. My nephew, William Grey, Mr. Kingsley."

"How do," mumbled Billy and disappeared, but Dick felt that he was never so thankful in all his five and twenty years. And this was the Billy he had been so jealous about! Well, it decidedly was a joke, only he made a silent resolve then and there that he would be the only one that would ever enjoy that joke.

He took Dolores over to call on his cousin and Miss Meadows, and Maude and Dolores both uttered simultaneous exclamations, and rushed into each others' arms. Afterwards they explained that they had been schoolmates in the "dark and shadowy past," as Maude expressed it, and the friendship was at once renewed. Carmen also took a fancy to Dolores, and seemed to find something irresistible about her quaint, childish ways, so before another week had passed the three girls were great friends, and spent much of their time together. White Hall speedily lost its gloom and quiet and scarcely an evening passed that several callers did not present themselves at the hospitable entrance. Needless to say that a great many of them were men. Miss Kingsley's romantic story, the fact that she was the richest heiress in the country round, and Maude's vivacity and gay spirits, naturally drew strangers towards George Kingsley's changed home, and Dick found himself in much demand by the young ladies. At first Miss Meadows seemed inclined to favor a desperate flirtation with her friend's handsome cousin, but evidently concluding that there was more fun to be found in other quarters, she abandoned him with a celerity that would have dazed a more interested person, and left him to follow his own way which generally led him to Dolores Grey's side.

Carmen was like and yet unlike her friend. She enjoyed a crowd, and there were never too many gathered in the cool, old-fashioned parlors over which she presided, but she did not flirt. The men as a rule liked her, for she was an entertaining and amusing companion, having read and traveled considerably, and observed quickly all that she saw that was worth remembering. She was cordial, pleasant and perfectly at her ease with one and all, but she never had the least shade of diffidence in her manner to any. She was as frank and open to men as women, and it would have taken a very close observer to have noted the least shade of difference in her towards the sexes, and as she once avowed before a half dozen, she did not intend to fall in love or let any man fall in love with her. She wanted friends, not lovers, and the prospect seemed fair to secure an abundance of both.

The dreamy summer days drifted away. Maude Meadows was enjoying herself hugely. Carmen Kingsley was having quite as pleasant a time in her less demonstrative way, and Dolores, who had grown to be their constant companion, was certainly brighter, and, yes, lovelier. Dick watched her with fond, pleased eyes, and his foolish heart would go like a trip-hammer when he saw the faint color tinge her cheeks, and her eyes brighten at his approach. It seemed almost too good to be true that she should care for such a commonplace, good-for-nothing fellow as he.

As for George Kingsley he sat in his library with his books about him, and apparently did not know what was transpiring around him. Once a day, in the morning, his daughter entered to say a few words and inquire if there was anything she could do for him, but the answer was invariably the same, "No, thank you," and they parted without the slightest show of interest or affection upon either side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HE OBEYED HER.

One Time When Politeness Was Not Its Own Reward.

Most American women have had embarrassing experiences in social emergencies, says the Youth's Companion. Perhaps none was ever more trying than the adventure of a lady noted in New York society for her courtesy and savoir faire.

One winter day she started on the train for Philadelphia, taking her seat in what she supposed an ordinary parlor car. There was but one other occupant, a somewhat stout man, who sat with his back to her. Presently he lighted a cigar and began to smoke. The lady coughed and moved uneasily, but her hints had no effect. She said at last tartly:

"You probably are a foreigner, sir, and do not know that there is a smoking car attached to the train. Smoking is not permitted here."

The man without reply threw his cigar out of the window.

A few minutes later the conductor entered and stared at her in dismay.

"How did you come here, madam?" he inquired.

"Why, where am I?"

"In General Grant's private car."

The mortified lady's usual tact failed her. She looked at the dumb, immovable figure and retreated without a word.

Gordon's Soudan Throne.

Gordon's "Soudan Throne" is a folding armchair he always sat in at Khartoum and carried with him on his camel journeys. It was a little straight-backed chair, having a skeleton frame of round iron, a carpet back and seat, gilt knobs for ornament and small pads on the arms for comfort. The carpet had grown dim in the African sun, which deprived it of all royal pretensions, so that when Gordon returned from his governorship of the Soudan and suddenly asked, "Where is my throne? Has it been brought in?" they were all surprised. His throne? Nobody had seen a throne. But at length the camp-stool was found where it had been stowed away.—Chamber's Journal.

Great Cities.

The greatest cities of ancient times were Babylon and Rome. The former is said to have had an area of 100 to 200 square miles; its houses were three or four stories high, but palaces and gardens occupied much of the area, so that the population was not what these figures would seem to indicate. In fact, it is said by one historian that nine tenths of this area was taken up by orchards and gardens. The total population of the city under Nebuchadnezzar and his son, Evil-Merodach, is estimated at upward of 2,000,000. Rome reached its greatest size during the fourth century of our era, and its population was then about 2,500,000.

An Equally Good Plan.

A clergyman, who owns a farm, found his plowman sitting on his plow resting his horses. Quoth the clergyman:

"John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a scythe here and be cutting a few bushes along the fences while the horses are resting a short time?"

"Yes, sir," said John, "and wadn't it be weel for you tae hae a tub o' taties in the pulpit, an' when folks were singin' to peel them awhile to be ready for the pan?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Deluded, But Happy.

"There is no use in trying to deny it," said one young man to another. "Blimmins is badly married. I hate to say it, but it's so."

"How do you know?"

"By a talk I have just had with him."

"Does he complain?"

"No. That's the pathetic part of it. He was telling me how good-natured and clever his wife is, because this morning, she showed him how to fasten his suspender with a hairpin."—Life.

A Safe Promise.

Mrs. Gotham, looking for a home in the suburbs—This is a gem of a place, I admit, but the house is too small.

Agent—You said you had but two children.

"Yes, but there are no rooms here for servants."

"Don't worry about that, my dear madame. If you succeed in finding a servant girl willing to stay over night I'll have an addition built."

An Idea Strikes Him.

Fweddy—Deah boy, the Dutch weally did take Holland, didn't they?

Cholly—I don't know. I suppose so.

"Oh, but they did! Awsk me how they took it."

"Well, how did they take it?"

"They cabbaged it, deah boy! Haw, haw!"—Chicago Tribune.

He Did.

"I think, sir, you should look over some of your son's wild ways."

"I do," thundered the old man. "I look over 'em every day, and the more I look the madder I get."

A Press Item.

"Oh, don't squeeze me so!" said she, after she had murmured "Yes!"

"I can't help it," he returned; "this is an impressive moment."—Texas Siftings.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

A SERMON APPROPRIATE TO THE TIMES.

"He that Sitteth in the Heavens Shall Laugh"—"Then Was Our Mouth Filled with Laughter"—Blessed Are the Weak: They'll Laugh.

BROOKLYN, July 15.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now in Australia on his round-the-world journey, has selected as the subject for his sermon through the press to-day, "Laughter," the text being taken from Psalm 126: 2: "Then was our mouth filled with laughter," and Psalm 2: 4: "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh."

Thirty-eight times does the Bible make reference to this configuration of the features and quick expulsion of breath which we call laughter. Sometimes it is born of the sunshine and sometimes the midnight. Sometimes it stirs the sympathies of angels and sometimes the cachinnation of devils. All healthy people laugh. Whether it pleases the Lord or displeases him; that depends upon when we laugh and at what we laugh. My theme to-day is the laughter of the Bible, namely: Sarah's laugh, or that of scepticism; David's laugh, or that of spiritual exultation; the fool's laugh, or that of sinful merriment; God's laugh, or that of infinite condemnation; heaven's laugh, or that of eternal triumph.

Scene: An Oriental tent; the occupants, old Abraham and Sarah, perhaps wrinkled and decrepit. Their three guests are three angels—the Lord Almighty one of them. In return for the hospitality shown by the old people God promises Sarah that she shall become the ancestress of the Lord Jesus Christ. Sarah laughs in the face of God; she does not believe it. She is affrighted at what she has done. She denies it. She says: "I didn't laugh." Then God retorted with an emphasis that silenced all disputation; "But thou didst laugh." My friends, the laugh of scepticism, in all ages, is only the echo of Sarah's laughter. God says he will accomplish a thing; and men say it can not be done. A great multitude laugh at the miracles. They say they are contrary to the laws of nature. What is a law of nature? It is God's way of doing a thing. You ordinarily cross a river at one ferry. To-morrow you change for one day and you go across another ferry. You made the rule. Have you not the right to change it? You ordinarily come in at that door of the church. Suppose that next Sabbath you should come in at the other door? It is a habit you have. Have you not a right to change your habit? A law of nature is God's habit—his way of doing things. If he makes the law, has he not a right to change it at any time he wants to change it? Alas! for the folly of those who laugh at God when he says: "I will do a thing;" they responding: "You can't do it." God says that the Bible is true—it is all true. Bishop Colenso laughs; Herbert Spencer laughs; Stuart Mill laughs; great German universities laugh; Harvard laughs—softly! A great many of the learned institutions with long rows of professors seated on the fence between Christianity and infidelity, laugh softly. They say: "We didn't laugh." That was Sarah's trick. God thunders from the heavens: "But thou didst laugh." The Garden of Eden was only a fable. There never was any ark built; or if it was built, it was too small to have two of every kind. The pillar of fire by night was only the northern lights. The ten plagues of Egypt only a brilliant specimen of jugglery. The sea parted, because the wind blew violently a great while from one direction. The sun and moon did not put themselves out of the way for Joshua. Jacob's ladder was only horizontal and picturesque clouds. The destroying angel smiting the first-born in Egypt was only cholera infantum become epidemic. The gullet of the whale, by positive measurement, too small to swallow a prophet. The story of the immaculate conception a shock to all decency. The lame, the dumb, the blind, the halt, cured by mere human surgery. The resurrection of Christ's friend, only a beautiful tableau; Christ, and Lazarus, and Mary, and Martha acting their parts well. My friends, there is not a doctrine, or statement of God's holy word that has not been derided by the scepticism of the day. I take up this book of King James's translation. I consider it a perfect Bible; but here are sceptics who want it torn to pieces. And now, with this Bible in my hand, let me tear out all those portions which the scepticism of this day demands shall be torn out. What shall go first? "Well," says some one in the audience, "take out all that about creation and about the first settlement of the world." Away goes Genesis. "Now," says some one, "take out all that about the miraculous guidance of the children of Israel in the wilderness." Away goes Exodus. "Now," says some one else in the audience, "there are things in Deuteronomy and Kings that are not fit to be read." Away go Deuteronomy and the Kings. "Now," says some one, "the Book of Job is a fable that ought to come out." Away goes the Book of Job. "Now," says some one, "those passages in the New Testament which imply the divinity of Jesus Christ ought to come out." Away go the Evangelists. "Now," says some one, "the Book of Revelation—how preposterous! it represents a man with the moon under his feet and a sharp sword in his hand." Away goes the Book of Revelation. Now there are a few pieces left. What shall we do with them? "O," says some man in the audience, "I don't believe a word in the Bible, from one end to the other." Well, it is all gone. Now you have put out the last light for the nations. Now it is the pitch darkness of eternal midnight. How do you like it?

But I think, my friends, we had better keep the Bible a little longer intact. It has done pretty well for a good many years. Then there are old people who find it a comfort to have it on their laps, and children like the stories in it. Let us keep it for a curiosity, anyhow. If the Bible is to be thrown out of the school, and out of the court room, so that men no more swear by it, and it is to be put in a dark corridor of the city library, the Koran on one side and the writings of Confucius on the other, then let us each one keep a copy for himself, for we might have trouble, and we would want to be under the delusions of its consolations; and we might die, and we would want the delusion of the exalted residence of God's right hand, which it mentions. O! what an awful thing it is to laugh in God's face, and hurl his revelation back at him. After awhile the day will come when they will say they did not laugh. Then all the hypercritisms, all the caricatures, and all the learned sneers in the "Quarterly Reviews," will be brought to judgment; and amid the rocking of everything beneath, and amid the flaming of everything above, God will thunder: "But thou didst laugh!" I think the most fascinating laugher at Christianity I ever remember was a man in New England. He made the word of God seem ridiculous, and he laughed on at our holy religion until he came to die, and then he said: "My life has been a failure—a failure domestically; I have no children; a failure socially, for I am treated in the streets like a pirate; a failure professionally, because I know but one minister that has adopted my sentiments." For a quarter of a century he laughed at Christianity; and ever since Christianity has been laughing at him. Now, it is a mean thing to go into a man's house and steal his goods; but I tell you the most gigantic burglary ever invented is the proposition to steal these treasures of our holy religion. The meanest laughter ever uttered is the laugh of the sceptic.

The next laughter that I shall mention as being in the Bible, is the laugh of God's condemnation: "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh." Again: "I will laugh at his calamity." With such demonstration will God greet every kind of great sin and wickedness. But men build up villainies higher and higher. Good men almost pity God, because he is so schemed against by men. Suddenly a pin drops out of the machinery of wickedness, or a secret is revealed, and the foundation begins to rock; finally, the whole thing is demolished. What is the matter? I will tell you what the matter is. That crash of ruin is only the reverberation of God's laughter. In the money market there are a great many good men, and a great many fraudulent men. A fraudulent man there says: "I mean to have my million." He goes to work reckless of honesty, and he gets his first $100,000. He gets after awhile his $200,000. After awhile he gets his $500,000. "Now," he says, "I have only one more move to make, and I shall have my million." He gathers up all his resources; he makes that one last grand move, he fails and loses all, and he has not enough money of his own left to pay the cost of the car to his home. People can not understand this spasmodic revulsion. Some said it was a sudden turn in Erie railway stock, or in Western Union or in Illinois Central; some said one thing and some another. They all guessed wrong. I will tell you what it was: "He that sitteth in the heavens laughed." A man in New York said he would be the richest man in the city. He left his honest work as a mechanic, and got into the city councils some way, and in ten years stole $15,000,000 from the city government. Fifteen million dollars! He held the legislature of the state of New York in the grip of his right hand. Suspicions were aroused. The grand jury presented indictments. The whole land stood aghast. The man who expected to put half the city in his vest pocket goes to Blackwell's island; goes to Ludlow street jail, breaks prison and goes across the sea; is rearrested and brought back, and again remanded to jail. Why? "He that sitteth in the heavens laughed." Rome was a great empire; she had Horace and Virgil among her poets; she had Augustus and Constantine among her emperors. But what mean the defaced Pantheon, and the Forum turned into a cattle market, and the broken-walled Coliseum, and the architectural skeleton of her great aqueducts? What was that thunder? "Oh!" you say, "that was the roar of the battering rams against her walls." No. What was that quiver? "Oh!" you say, "that was the tramp of hostile legions." No. The quiver and the roar were the outburst of omnipotent laughter from the defied and insulted heavens. Rome defied God and he laughed her down. Nineveh defied God and he laughed her down. Babylon defied God and he laughed her down. There is a great difference between God's laughter and his smile. His smile is eternal beatitude. He smiled when David sang, and Miriam clapped the cymbals, and Hannah made garments for her son, and Paul preached, and John kindled with apocalpytic vision, and when any man has anything to do and does it well. His smile! Why, it is the 15th of May, the apple orchards in full bloom; it is morning breaking on a rippling sea; it is heaven at high noon, all the bells beating the marriage peal. But his laughter—may it never fall on us! It is a condemnation for our sin; it is a wasting away. We may let the satirist laugh at us, and all our companions may laugh at us, and we may be made the target for the merriment of earth and hell; but God forbid that we should ever come to the fulfilment of the prophecy against the rejectors of the truth: "I will laugh at your calamity." But, my friends, all of us who reject Christ and the pardon of the Gospel must come under that tremendous bombardment. God wants us all to repent. He counsels, he coaxes, he importunes, and he dies for us. He comes down out of heaven. He puts all the world's sin on one shoulder, he puts all the world's sorrow on the other shoulder, and then with that Alp on one side and that Himalaya on the other, he starts up the hill back of Jerusalem to achieve our salvation. He puts the palm of his right foot on one long spike, and he puts the palm of his left foot on another long spike, and then, with his hands spotted with his own blood, he gesticulates, saying: "Look! look! and live. With the crimson veil of my sacrifice I will cover up all your sins; with my dying groan I will swallow up all your groans. Look! live." But a thousand of you turn your back on that, and then this voice of invitation turns to a tone divinely ominous, that sobs like a simoom through the first chapter of Proverbs: "Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out my right hand and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I, also, will laugh at your calamity." O! what a laugh that is—a deep laugh; a long, reverberating laugh; an overwhelming laugh; God grant we may never hear it. But in this day of merciful visitation, yield your heart to Christ, that you may spend all your life on earth under his smile, and escape for ever the thunder of the laugh of God's indignation.

The other laughter mentioned in the Bible, the only one I shall speak of, is heaven's laughter, or the expression of eternal triumph. Christ said to his disciples: "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." That makes me know positively that we are not to spend our days in heaven singing long-meter psalms. The formalistic and stiff notions of heaven that some people have would make me miserable. I am glad to know that the heaven of the Bible is not only a place of holy worship, but of magnificent sociality. "What," say you, "will the ringing laugh go around the circles of the saved?" I say, yes; pure laughter, cheering laughter, holy laughter. It will be a laugh of congratulation. When we meet a friend who has suddenly come to a fortune, or who has got over some dire sickness, do we not shake hands, do we not laugh with him? And when we get to heaven and see our friends there, some of them having come up out of great tribulation, why we will say to one of them: "The last time I saw you, you had been suffering for six weeks under a low intermittent fever;" or, to another, we will say: "You for ten years were limping with the rheumatism, and you were full of complaints when we saw you last; I congratulate you on this eternal recovery." We shall laugh. Yes; we shall congratulate all those who have come out of great financial embarrassments in this world, because they have become millionaires in heaven. Ye shall laugh. It shall be a laugh of re-association. It is just as natural for us to laugh when we meet a friend we have not seen for ten years, as anything is possible to be natural. When we meet our friends from whom we have been parted ten, or twenty, or thirty years, will it not be with infinite congratulation? Our perception quickened, our knowledge improved, we will know each other at a flash. We will have to talk over all that has happened in the ten years of his heavenly residence, and we telling him in return all that has happened during the ten years of his absence from earth. Ye shall laugh. I think George Whitefield and John Wesley will have a laugh of contempt for their earthly collisions; and Toplady and Charles Wesley will have a laugh of contempt for their earthly misunderstandings; and the two farmers, who were in a law suit all their days, will have a laugh of contempt over their earthly disturbance about a line fence. Exemption from all annoyance. Immersion in all gladness. Ye shall laugh. Christ says so. Ye shall laugh. Yes, it will be a laugh of triumph. Oh! what a pleasant thing it will be to stand on the wall of heaven and look down at satan, and hurl at him defiance, and see him caged, and chained, and, we forever free from his clutches. Aha! Yes, it will be a laugh of royal greeting. You know how the Frenchmen cheered when Napoleon came back from Elba; you know how the English cheered when Wellington came back from Waterloo; you know how Americans cheered when Kossuth arrived from Hungary; you remember how Rome cheered when Pompey came back victor over 900 cities. Every cheer was a laugh. But, Oh! the mightier greeting, the gladder greeting, when the snow white cavalry troop of heaven shall go through the streets; and, according to the book of Revelation, Christ, in the red coat, the crimson coat, on a white horse, and all the armies of heaven following on white horses. Oh! when we see and hear that cavalcade, we shall cheer, we shall laugh. Does not your heart beat quickly at the thought of the jubilee upon which we are soon to great enter? I pray God that when we get through with this world and are going out of it, we may have some such vision as the dying Christian had when he saw written all over the clouds in the sky the letter "W;" and they asked him, standing by his side, what he thought that letter "W" meant. "Oh!" he said, "that stands for welcome." And so may it be when we quit this world. "W" on the gate, "W" on the door of the mansion, "W" on the throne. Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! I have preached this sermon with five prayerful wishes: that you might see what a mean thing is the laugh of scepticism, what a bright thing is the laugh of spiritual exultation, what a hollow thing is the laugh of sinful merriment, what an awful thing is the laugh of condemnation, what a radient, rubicund thing is the laugh of eternal triumph. Avoid the ill; choose the right. Be comforted. "Blessed are ye that weep now—ye shall laugh, ye shall laugh."

HISTORICAL LIES.

There was probably no such man as Romulus. The first historian who mentions him lived at a distance of time so great as to throw extreme discredit on the story as told by him.

Alexander the Great did not weep for other worlds to conquer. There is reason to suspect that his army met with a serious reverse in India, a fact that induced him to retrace his steps.

The crew of Le Vengeur, the famous French ship sunk by an English man-of-war, did not cry "Vive la Republique!" They bawled for help and the English boats were sent to their assistance.

Worshipers are not crushed by hundreds under the wheels of Juggernaut. The car has not been taken out of the temple for many years, and such deaths as formerly occurred were exceptional or accidental.

The immense burning glasses with which Archimedes burned the ships of the besiegers of Syracuse at ten miles distance were never manufactured, and it is now known that they could not have existed.

Pitt did not use the expression, "The atrocious crime of being a young man." The words were used by Dr. Johnson, who was not present, but wrote a report of the speech from an abstract given him by a hearer.

Vinegar will not split rocks. So Hannibal could not thus have made his way through the Alps. Nor will it dissolve pearls. So that the story of Cleopatra drinking pearls melted in vinegar must have been a fiction.

Captain Moore of the Mary Gibbs, is home from a voyage to Africa with a cargo of rum and missionaries from Boston. He called at thirteen ports to unload rum which was received with wild enthusiasm. At the thirteenth port the missionaries went ashore uninvited.

That there is a Providence that guards the babies was shown the other day in Brooklyn, when a runaway horse after upsetting half a dozen vehicles in which there were grown people, raised himself lightly and leaped over a deserted coach in which an infant was sleeping.

A German printer named Schnedereit reached his birthplace in Rathenow, Prussia, recently, after walking all the way from Calcutta, a trip which took him more than two years. He left Melbourne, Australia in May, 1892, with his savings, 23,000 marks, his wife and two children. The vessel on which he sailed was struck by lightning and burned, and his wife, children and fortune were lost. Schnedereit and a few others escaped in a small boat, and at last he reached his home.

A dress of Japanese crape has accordion-plaited skirt, a full waist gathered to a bodice, enormous sleeves after the bishop model, a very wide frill of the crape edged with lace falling from a pointed collar and a looped bow at one side of the of the bodice, the ends almost covering one side of the skirt.

Neck bows are still worn, although not in such exaggerated proportions as those brought out earlier in the season.

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

He Could Afford to Be Peculiar.

Bishop Twirlwall, an English prelate, had the greatest aversion to answering questions. One day a tailor said to him, when he had been summoned to take the bishop's measurements. "What are your lordship's orders?" "I want a suit of clothes." "Here is a nice cloth, my lord." "Ah!" "And this is likewise a very good one." "Yes." "And here is another, of excellent quality." "Very." "Which material will your lordship decide upon?" "I want a suit of clothes." "Ah, well, then the tailor could get. When the new gardener accosted him, book in hand, in the garden, to ask: "How will your lordship have this border laid out?" there was no answer. "How will your lordship be pleased to have this border laid out?" was the next attempt. Still there was no reply; but when the question was repeated for the third time, the answer came: "You are the gardener, I believe, and I am the bishop!"

Benefits Derived from Trees.

Systematic efforts have been made in different parts of the world to introduce a growth of trees where they had never been known, from which important results have followed in many instances. Egypt, which had formerly only about six rainy days during the year, has, since having planted trees on an extensive scale, already attained about forty in that number. Sixteen square miles of the swampy, unhealthy country along the bay of Biscay was planted with thousands of trees, especially the cork oak and swamp pine. The trees have drained the land so as to destroy the swamp fevers, and to change it into a healthy country with fine forests. Biscay law requires that for every tree cut down two shall be planted.

Thomas a Becket's Chasuble.

The chasuble of Thomas a Becket was nearly the cause of a duel in France recently. The circumstances surrounding the affair are curious enough in themselves. The martyred archbishop is particularly revered as a saint at Sens, his chasuble being kept as a relic in the cathedral. One of the cathedral priests cut off a fragment to send to a neighboring shrine, and this desecration brought down tremendous abuse on the priest from the anti-Semitic paper, Libre Parole. The insulted priest's brother, an officer in the army, rushed off to challenge the writer, and it was only by friendly mediation that a serious duel was prevented.

Vigor in Speech.

Manager — You do not inject enough contempt, spite, and venom into that word. Actress—I can do no better. Manager — Nonsense! Speak it just as you say "Plush" when you meet a rival in an imitation sealskin.—New York Weekly.

Part of the Bird.

The Young Housewife—Have you any nice chickens?

The Poulterer—Yes, ma'am.

The Young Housewife—Well, send me a couple in time for dinner, and I want them with the croquettes left in, do you understand?

What She Wanted.

Miss Elder—Oh, how I wish sometimes that I could go to heaven. There alone can the yearning of my soul be satisfied.

Miss Perte—I doubt it. The good book says there's no marrying at all there.

The Silver Lining.

"Hard times hit you?" asked the traveling man. "Some," replied the country editor, "but it has given me a heap to be thankful for." "How's that?" "I don't own the paper any more."—Washington Star.

Critical.

"I don't think Fleecy sang with much feeling last night." "No; if he had any feeling he would not sing at all."

Winter Wheat, 100 Bushels Per Acre.

Wonderful reports come in on Salzer's new winter wheat and mammoth rye. Over 2,000 farmers planted these grains last fall and now report yields of 50 to 70 bushels wheat, and over 60 bushels rye per acre. The way it looks this will be reached. Send to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., 4c postage stamps, for samples of this wheat and rye and fall catalogue. w

The highest cathedral tower in the world is that of Ulm Minster.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

The cost of the world's railroads is estimated at about $29,000,000,000.

When Traveling.

Whether on pleasure bent or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cent and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Every nation of the globe has had its stone age at some period of its history. Even as late as the time of Moses and Aaron the rite of circumcision was performed with a stone knife.

2 POINTS.

BACKACHE and LAME BACK come from disordered Kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills positively cure all Kidney Complaints. Testimony proves it to the world. Fifty cents will prove it to you. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Sole Agents for United States.

Price, 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50; sent by mail on receipt of price. For sale by all druggists.

Fortune tellers talk to long ears.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Don't take tips from flattery's tongue.

Karl's Clover Root Tea. The great Blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the Complexion and cures Constipation. 25c., 50c., $1.

A pretty label sweetens the bitterest dose.

Mrs. M. Schaenberger, Beaver Dam, Wis., writes: "We have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in our family for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Rheumatism. It cures every time."

The best fighters wear the fewest feathers.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, &c. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

The German name for tramp car is "Pferdestrassenbahnwagen."

As reconciling enemies is the work of God, so separating friends is the work of the devil.

Every time you avoid doing wrong you increase you inclinations to do that which is right.

Remarked by E. C. Joiner, of Allen P. O., Hillsdale Co., Mich.: "Nothing gave me such quick relief as Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—believe it infallible for rheumatism."

The trials of life are the tests which reveal how much of truth there is in us.

No man can be regarded as a master of himself till he has conquered his passions.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS taken after eating will relieve any feeling of weight or over fullness of the stomach. Sold everywhere.

There is no grief without some beneficial provision to soften its intenseness.

Do good to those who do you evil, and by this means you will gain a victory over them.

The first trial of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will satisfy any one that the lung-healing virtue of the pine tree has now been refined into an effective and convenient cough medicine. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

"Don't you find it very uncomfortable to fast 30 days?" said the visitor to a man who was doing the act in a dime museum. "Well," replied the freak, "I don't mind telling you confidentially that I can stand fasting 30 days pretty well, so long as I can get a square meal every night."

NIAGARA FALLS EXCURSION.

Via the C. H. & D. R. R.

Under agreement of the Trunk lines, it was decided that the Niagara Falls cheap excursions would this year fall after the first of August. The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad, in pursuance of their famous excursions to Niagara Falls at the usual low rate will run excursions in August. These excursions were discontinued last year owing to the World's Fair, and it is expected that they will be larger than ever this year. Look out for the announcement of them in this paper.

A villainous amusement in India is that called pan-ab. It consists in locking hands and seeing who can be made knock. Many hands are thus broken.

Dougherty county, Georgia, has a negro who makes it the business of his life to kill rattlesnakes and sell the buttons.

Among the numerous towns that ought to be pretty well soaked is Wallace, Idaho. With a population of 1,200 they have fifty-seven saloons.

CROSS-GRAINED, sour, irritable, so that those who know you feel the world seems wrong. That's the way you feel when your liver is inactive. You need Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to stimulate it and correct it, and clear up your system for you. They're so small and so natural in their effects. All that you notice of them is the good, that they do.

In the permanent cure of Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Dizziness, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and every liver, stomach, or bowel disorder, they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or the money is returned.

Don't tinker at your Catarrh with unknown medicines. It's risky and dangerous. You may drive it to the lungs. Get the Remedy that has cured thousands for years — Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The makers guarantee it to cure, or benefit, in the worst cases.

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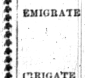

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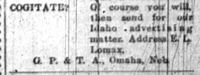

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