"A BATTERY IN ACTION.

"The will retreats of the bugle's blast
Lingers in the quivering air
And the bolt sprilling from that
Deep in the sylvan thoroughfare.

"Through streams of shot and bursting rent
Upward we climb to meet the enemy
In the confusion of another hell
Our guns we place amid the hot shell.

"And from their iron-throated throats
Leaped the flaming Messenger shell,
Fleet as the wind, over these floats
The Yankee shoot and rebel yell.

"Back line of troops and model minds
Fresh from the school to minister's rim,
We poured into the livid wave
Thick and sleet the pitiless brine

"And from that gleaming wall of gray
Fleet gaps went out between their
As stars before the breath of Day
Vanish from sight in mist-rent

"All one of our guns was silenced
For the gunners were very dear
One died with his thumb on the vent
The rest by the gun-barrel lay."

—W. Nethers

DICK'S DARLING.

BY CLARICE LEE EBBELLE.

CHAPTER V—CONTINUED.

One day a merry group was gathered under the locusts on the edge of the lawn, where he could see and hear through the open window, and the sounds of laughter and snatches of songs came to him quite distinctly. They had been playing croquet, but had deserted the game to cluster around a table upon which lemonade and cake was being served. Maude Meadows, her yellow hair ruffled into picturesque confusion and her mouth full of cake, was alternately drinking lemonade and chiding Cam Thompson and Don Marsh with her mallet while she flirted with her big blue eyes at the latest comer, a drummer Fred Parker had brought out to see her. Maude professed to adore drummers. But it was not Maude and her little court upon which his keen eyes rested. Carmen was leaning back in a huge willow chair, her white canvas slippers resting upon the rounds of the chair before her, and her hands behind her head, she was looking up at Fred Parker as he leaned against the back of her chair, and did not seem to see anything about her except his handsome, blonde, boyish face. A quick frown furrowed the old man's brow, and it grew blacker as he perceived Dick and Dolores a few paces away. She was leaning against a tree trifling with her mallet, and Dick was half leaning above her with a hand resting on the tree trunk beside the dainty, dark head. Whatever may have been George Kingsley's thoughts he said nothing, only asked Carmen her guests' names when she next came into the library.

As for Fred Parker, he had slipped into his place as an old friend without that least trouble. But Dick soon learned that he was an old friend of Carmen's, though his acquaintance with Maude was more recent. On that hot day, afternoon they presently strolled away from the others until they came to the wire fence separating the lawn from the shady river walk. Carmen leaned against the post and gazed fixedly at the green waters glittering between the trees, while Parker pitched stones at the bird in the tree, and presently fell to whistling softly as he jotted down a few disconnected words on an old envelope with a fountain pen, using his knee for a desk. In this place was very still, each was busy with thoughts, and it was fully fifteen minutes before either broke the silence. Then she appeared to suddenly remember her companion's presence, and turned to him with a smile.

"Busy as usual," she said pleasantly. "My dear, you should get over your industrious habits during your vacation. What are you doing?"

She went over to him and sank down upon the grass at his side, leaning forward to read the result of his work as it rested upon his knee.

"That does very well, Teddy," she said, studying it intently, "you always had a knack of putting your thoughts into words. Do you remember used to tell you so long ago when we toiled over our compositions in Church Sarah's dining room, while Emma Jane and Josiah courted in the parlor and Maria and Benjie spooned in the sitting room. Never will I forget the time we had behind the organ, and that noisy mice ran right under my feet. I can feel the horror of it yet," with a little laugh. "Will you ever forget those good old days, Fred?"

"Never, while I live," responded Fred, an answering smile crossing his lips. "They were good old times, Carmen, though we had a tough time in some respects. I wonder where Emma Jane is now?"

"Somewhere making some man's life miserable," responded Carmen positively, resting her elbow upon his knee and her chin in her palm, "of all the disagreeable women, I really think she was the worst. I most assuredly pity her husband, poor man! I wonder why it is that an ill-tempered woman is always worse to the man who possesses her love and honor than all the rest of creation put together. I should think it would be the other way. I know it would be so with me."

"You do? Then you consider yourself an ill-tempered woman?"

"Haven't you often told me so?"

"Oh, and hundreds of other things I didn't mean. You know how much dependence to put in anything I say."

"Yes, I know you of old," she retorted, turning her smiling face towards him. The gray green and the blue eye met and her face, suddenly grew soft and tender.

"Oh, Teddy, Teddy, I am so tired of it all," she said, quickly, in a passionate undertone. "So tired and weary! I want—oh, I don't know what I want, but I know it has all been a failure, and—well, I suppose a lady can't have everything, but there are so many things I want, and I can get so few of them. I only want to be happy, Teddy!"

"And aren't you?" in a curious tone. She was leaning her face against his knee and his fingers were playing idly with the short rings of hair above her temples. "You have plenty of money, you know, and—and you will have a lot more after a while."

"Yes, but—you know how it is. I don't feel right, but generally I don't care a snap. I suppose it's just because I'm tired and lonesome this afternoon. It brought back old times to have you come down and see my body. You remember how we used to run away to the grove to study our elocution and short-hand? What glowing dreams we had then, Ted? It really seems a pity that they should fade so quickly, doesn't it?"

"Have they all faded? Mine have not," was the grave reply. "I know one that has not."

"Which one? We had so many, you know, Ted. I like to call you that, it is so like old times."

"You would like to have them back again?" curiously. "We were young young fools, Carmen."

"I know, but I prefer to be a fool. Wise people never have any fun, Ted, and we did. We may have been fools, but we were happy young fools. I am beginning to feel old, my dear boy."

"Old! You are flinging my age in my face, young lady! I don't feel old, and I am the oldest, you know."

"Three months. What is three months in a life-time, and 24 is nearly half a life-time. Would you take me to be 24, Teddy?"

"I should say you were 20, and no more," he responded. "When you raise my young spirits," with a slight laugh, "I can never stay blue where you are. Come, let us go back to the house. It must be nearly time for those boys to go if Maude's drummer is to catch the 5:30 train."

"Wait a minute." He caught her hand and pulled down beside him. "Are you going to play this out, little sister?"

"I told you not to call me sister. I don't like it," petulantly. "I am more than your sister, grandmother, any degree of relationship that exists you, but I am not your sister, and I don't care to be. I much prefer to be your friend—your true, tried friend. No, I don't think I shall play this out, as you express it. It was a case of starvation and bread at the time, for I was ill and out of money—"

"Ill! Carmen, you promised me—"

"Yes, I know, but I did not know your address, and then Ted, I knew that if you had any money you would need it for yourself; and I decided not to write you. I do you justice to know that you would be generous enough to rob yourself for me, and that was just the very reason. You would have sent me the last cent you had, and then where would you have been? No, Teddy, I can be generous, too, sometimes."

"I don't call that generosity," exclaimed Fred, angrily. "Did you think anything of generosity and all that when you were nursing me gratuitously for months, and spending your money for delicacies for me? And I took it as a matter of course because I thought we were nearly happy brothers, and that the people could be who were not related in the least, and that one day I could return the kindness. Carmen, you hurt me."

"Hurt you! Oh, no" slipping her arm through his and smiling up at him with lips that were a trifle tremulous, "I have been hurt in the world, Ted, and don't look at me that way. If we should quarrel, it would break my heart. Come, let's be friends."

"Well I will say yes because I can't bring myself to say 'no.' I can't quarrel with you Carmie."

"Then we have made up!" lightly using an expression that had been both back to the time when they were children playing together beneath a river bank that yielded the most delightful mud pies.

"Yes, but the ceremony is not completed. You remember Cousin Josiah's formula, Carmen? Now, children, I never want to hear you quarreling again. Shake hands, kiss each other and be good friends. There is my hand, Carmen."

"And here's mine" putting it in his; and without more words she reached up to meet him and their lips met.

"What a time it has been since I kissed you," she remarked, when the ceremony was finished. "Do you know, Fred, I often think how strange it was that we never fell in love with each other when we were fourteen or fifteen, I suppose, it was because we had so much else to think about, don't you?"

CHAPTER VI

Gordon Blake, Esq.

As they disappeared towards the house, a man arose from his crouching position behind some bushes, and looked after them with a set face. He was not a young man, yet his face was lined more than his years called for, and was as gentle-manly in appearance. His neat, dark business suit fitted him well and his linen was above reproach. But there was just a little too much jewelry and color about him to be in perfect taste. He smiled a little, his white teeth flashing as they gripped and unlighted his cigar.

"I wonder what my lady is up to now," he thought, half amusedly. "Whatever it is, I will see her out, make it a rule to keep pace with her, and I am glad to get one on her. So she is George Kingsley's heiress! Well, I missed more than I thought when I allowed Maria to slip from my fingers, but it was strange I never thought of this. I thought George Kingsley hated the daughter too much, for the mother's sake, ever to make her his heiress. But I suppose that old saw about blood being thicker than water is right, after all."

"Miss Carmen Kingsley, of White Hall, Virginia! Who would ever have thought that hot-tempered, shabby little Carmen Carlton would develop into such a queen? Well, if she had not been the most abstinate piece of femininity that ever walked, she would now be Mrs. Gordon Blake, and I would have been a resident of White Hall instead of a poor devil of a fellow hanging around here on his sister's money. Miss Kingsley, I owe you one for this, too."

He walked off in the opposite direction, knocking the weeds out of his path with a slender cane, and as he swung lightly in his small white hand, his glance roving around him, taking in the broad acres, the stately old house and rounded shrubs, the well-kept lawns, and the evidences of wealth on every hand, his small, dark eyes growing sharp and cunning with covetousness.

"By Jove, if I had only stood firm seven years ago!" he muttered under his breath. "The little spit-fire, she knew she could out-wit me, and I would be useless to try it now unless I had a dead clinch on her in some way. By the great unknown, I believe I will see what I can do! At the least, I might get hold of a few of old Kingsley's dollars! I never did like the fellow, even when he and Pearl were kindest to me, and I used the dollars confoundedly hard. Nell can't give me any more, I suppose. Bright-eyed! Such is life."

He walked on around the fence, being screened from the house by a thick hedge of alders, until he arrived at the side entrance. With an impulsive movement he flung wide the gate.

"Hest if I don't do it!" he exclaimed, half-aloud. Giving the gate a bang behind him, he walked boldly up to the front entrance and rang the bell.

"I wish to see Mr. George Kingsley," he said to the servant who answered his ring. "Tell him it is an old friend, as he will doubtless be saved," handing his card with a shrug.

The boy returned in a minute with the invitation to walk in, and he followed him into the shaded room where the master of White Hall sat, prim and silent, and his face lit up.

"Well, what is it you want," he asked sternly, as the door closed upon his unwelcome visitor, leaving them face to face.

Blake laughed a little maliciously.

"To renew old acquaintance, to be sure," retorted the unembarrassed personage. "As I was near you I thought I would call in and talk over old times. It is nearly twenty years since I last saw you, is it not? If I remember rightly it was the very night my little sap-coquet, had eloped, leaving neither word nor—"

"Stop!" the old man's sallow face was white. His eyes gleamed. "Never utter that name within these walls! She is as though she had never been, and I will not have that dead past raked into view. It is dead. Let it remain dead!"

"As you please." Blake had seated himself opposite his host, and was coolly looking about him. "I did not care particularly to remember, yet for all your forgetfulness, I see her daughter here, as your heiress."

"You son my daughter, sir," was the stern reply. "She has no connection with the past. She is here because it is her rightful place."

"Oh, certainly! Nobody disputes that. Quite right. "But let us leave the discussion of a subject fraught with so much unpleasantness to both of us. You seem to have quite a merry little party gathered about you, and—"

"I know nothing about it, beyond the fact that my daughter has a friend, Miss Meadows, and young men. The others are merely callers."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Five Vowels in a Row.

The Hawaiian language is composed mainly of vowels, and a few consonants put in to vary the monotony. And the beauty of the system is that there is no waste. Every vowel is pronounced. For instance, when the American eye winks at the appearance of the simple word "naauao," the glib native rolls out th five syllables with neatness and dispatch. This means "enlightened." Double vowels are pronounced, but never a diphthong. Three vowels are not uncommon, and, as above, four and sometimes more are found consecutively in a word. Even in the mouth of the uneducated native the language is apt to be explosive, but the higher classes speak it with a fluent grace that surpasses the French or the Italian. In sound it somewhat resembles the general flow of the continental European languages, and comes towards them in fluency, quality, and the accents are not dissimilar.—Washington Star.

American Notes.

The son of Albion stood gazing at the group of men in front of the "Bon Ton Temple of Bacchus," with an injured look. Excitement was running high at Red Dog. It was the day of election, and a reform ticket was in the field.

"Ahkal! Sez, ain't yer goin' ter vote fer Hank Bitters and moral methods?" cried a red-bearded enthusiast.

"The bull ticket 'll be beat," replied the party addressed; "I'll be hanged if I do."

And then the intelligent British tourist set out his tablet and wrote—Note: In America, after an election, the friends of the defeated candidate are taken out and lynched."

—Puck.

An Indian Woman's Work.

The report of the Indian postoffice shows that there is a Indian squaw woman, who is entirely illiterate, has acted as "postman" for twenty years or more. The woman has a wonderful memory and never delivers a letter to the wrong person. Our own postoffice reports do not, like that of India, tell of carriers being stopped by bands of robbers or by wild elephants. Last year, however, the Indian postal authorities were able to congratulate themselves on the fact that none of their servants had been devoured by man-eating tigers.

A Man of Zeal.

"The weather is so bad, Brother Gibbons," said one of the pillars of the church, "that we can't expect an audience this evening."

Evangelist Gibbons, reformed prize fighter, rose to his feet and looked over his small but faithful congregation.

"I'm not in business for the gate money these days, brethren," he said, taking his place in the pulpit. "There's nearly a dozen of us here and we'll pull off the sermon anyhow."

Stumped Him.

"The reason," said Mr. Figg, who is a little bit fond of airing information, gets right in the way," "the reason red is so obnoxious to the bovine race is that their eyes are fixed on the green grass all the time they are grazing and the red color strikes their retinas with a violent shock."

"Paw," said Tommy, "why doesn't it work the same way with horses?"

A Better Woman.

Nearman—So you've been married again, eh, Uncle Abner?

Uncle Abner—Yassir.

"Is she as good a woman as your first wife?"

"Heap better, sah. Why, I cud larrup dat fust wife er mine widout harf tryin, but dis yar one begin to look like she gwine to larrup me befo' we git fro argyin' de hum rule kwesh'n."—Yonkers Gazette.

A Sensitive Spirit.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the lady journalist who was editing a fashionable article, "I must get an old rose pencil."

"What for?"

"This piece is describing a brunette, and this shade of blue would be so unbecoming to her complexion."

No Complications Likely.

Father — I am inexpressibly shocked. Your mother tells me you are engaged to three young men.

Daughter—It's all right, papa. They are all football players, and when the season closes I can marry the survivor.

Rich Salmon Fisheries.

Oregon's salmon fisheries produce about 600,000 cases a year, and its wool clip exceeds 15,000,000 pounds. There are 25,000 square miles of pine forests, and the annual gold yield exceeds $1,000,000.

And Held It, Too.

"Editor stumped a snap last night."

"What was it?"

"Stepped on the preacher's bearts that he had set down for chicken thieves."

They Were.

He, at the spinning bee—I haven't found a red ear yet.

She—You make me blush up to my ears. Ain't they a little red.

WORTH THE LIVING

LIVES THAT SHINE IN HIS TORY'S PAGES.

Dr. Talmage Preaches an Eloquent Sermon Through the Press—Life Is Always Worth Living when It Is a Christian Life.

BROOKLYN, July 22.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now touring in a naturalist club, discoursed on the subject for to-day's sermon through the press, "Worth Living," the text being taken from Lamentations iii: 39, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

If we have to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophecy where we are going, it will have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises and some doubt about where it empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Life worth living?"

Solomon in his unhappy moment says it is not. "Vanity," "vexation of spirit, "no good," are his estimates. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him miserable. Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But I think such in my text life is worth living.

In a book supposed to be doleful, and lugubrious, and sepulchral, and entitled "Lamentations," he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has the right to complain. The author of my text cries out in startling intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore does a living man complain?" A diversity of opinions in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light and blue eyes, and sound digestion, and generous ancestry, and he is enriched, and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will laugh in your face and say: "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tip-top of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are all out of tune. He has passed his prime, and all the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like forty miles of Alpine climbing, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will drawl out in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide this matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from degree to degree, sometimes and if he very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much upon which way the wind blows. If the wind blow from the northeast and you ask him, he will say, "Yes;" and if it blow from the northeast and you ask him, he will say, "No." How are we then to get the question rightly and intelligently? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on eastern or western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say, "Yes," and all those who are in the negative say "No." Well there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be nine millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misfortune and trouble the "Noes" would have it. But the verdict shall give will be different from either, and it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me is life worth living? My answer, it all depends upon the kind of life you live.

In the first place, I remark, that a life of money getting is a life of failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the richest, and next to them those who are in the rich. There is not a scissors grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in store houses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire bell ring. They ought to see them in their excitement when some bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp strings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall street in the morning with a discontentment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegraph or a telephone in their own house, so that they catch every breath of change in the money market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their hearts, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their lives, into their bones.

Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chlorate of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial worldlings, he would find he is made up of copper, and gold, and silver, and zinc, and lead, and coal, and iron. This is not a life worth living. There are so many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their palatial mansions, and they summon prima donnas, and they invite everybody to come and live there, and they will not come themselves.

They send footmanned and postilioned equipage to bring her; she will not ride to their door. They send princely escort; she will not take their arm. They make their gate ways triumphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They set a bier from upholstered balcony; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation.

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money-getting fall far short of success. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

So the idea of worldly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life he is miserable. The two most unfortunate men in this country for the six months of next Presidential campaign will be the two men nominated for the Presidency. The reservoirs of abuse, and diatribe, and malediction will gradually fill up, gallon above gallon, hogshead above hogshead, and about autumn these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these nominees, and they will have to stand it, and take the abuse, and the falsehood, and the caricature, and the anathema, and the caterwauling, and the filth, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are choked, and submerged, and strangulated, and at every sign of returning consciousness they will be barked at by all the hounds of political parties from north to the ocean. And yet, there are a hundred men to-day struggling for that privileges, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered and abused cheaper than that! Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you. But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position.

Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or the show of wealth, is a absolute prerequisite. There are men to-day as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out-and-out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have entered all the known vices and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regrets without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively sublime. Making English grammar contemptuous. And yet the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is positively indispensible. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth, if you only got it. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, have a few preferred creditors, and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over and then come back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will pull out all the people who are in the petition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quickly it will get you into high social position! What is the use of forty or fifty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah! my friends, when you really love your money, how quick they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

Amid the hills of New Hampshire, in olden times, there sits a man who There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough, hard work to clear a living out of it. Mighty tug to make the two ends of the year come. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits the stockings, fills the little feet, and she is the manufacturer for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house, the spinning wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but she knows how to fill the blankets she gives On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down, and is reminded of the little description of a good housewife—"Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Now, there is a family of two old cat boys want a collegiate education, and the household economies are severe, and the calculations are close, and until those two boys graduate their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the university, stands in a pulpit widely influential, and preaches righteousness, judgment and temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The other lad is on his way to the collegiate education goes into the law, and thence into legislative halls, and after a while he commands listening senates as he makes a plea for the downtrodden and the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, starting at the foot of the ladder, but climbing on up until he becomes and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son stays at home because he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they grow old.

Of the two daughters, when the war broke out, one went through the hospitals of Pittsburg Landing and Fortress Monroe cheering up the sick and homesick and taking the last message to kindred far away. So that every time Christ thought of her he said, "She came to see me in prison and mother!" The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon or the forenoon, when she has been devoted to her household she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five absent ones, saying: "Come, mother is dangerously ill." Then before they can be ready to start they receive another telegram, saying: "Come, mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farm house to do the last offices of respect. But as that farming son, and the clergyman, and the senator, and the merchant, and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dead mother taking the last look, or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want to ask them, standing around the casket one question: "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of usefulness, is a good life, a Christian life is always worth living.

Neither would I have hard work to persuade you that Grace Darling lived a life worth living—the heroine of the lifeboat. You are not wondering that the duchess of Northumberland came to see her and that people of all lands asked for her lighthouse, and that the proprietor of the Adelphi theater in London offered her $100 a night just to sit in the lifeboat while some shipwreck scene was being enacted.

But I know the thoughts in the minds of hundreds who read this. You say: "While I know all these lived lives worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Well, my friends, whether you lead a life conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is worth living. If you live aright. And I want my next sermon to go down into the depths of all your souls. You are to be rewarded, not according to the greatness of your work, not according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents or two talents because there are grander glories within? Your life if rightly lived is the first bar of an eternal oratorio, and who despises the first bar of an oratorio? Symphonies? And the life you live now is all the more worth living because it opens into a life that shall never end, and that is the latter of the word "living" is the first letter of the word "eternity."

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Frances—Elise is just daft about brica-brac, isn't she? Adele—I should say so! Why I heard this morning that she was going to marry a base-ball pitcher.

As an excuse for dead birds being used in millinery, it is stated that some soft-hearted women are having their departed pets stuffed, and then ornamenting "In Memoriam" bonnets with them.

Mrs. Lizzie Smith of Flemingsburg, Ky., has been awarded $10 by a jury in a suit brought against Mrs. Jennie Sousley for damages for placing the sharp end of a pin uppermost in her chair-seat.

Young Husband—What? You are 25 years old to-day? Why, you told me a year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only 20! Young Wife, wearily—I know I did, love, but I have aged rapidly since.

Gloves figure largely in the list of necessary expenditures by the wives and daughters of our most conspicuous, or do any of the numerous other things which it requires two to accomplish.

A Kentucky mathematician has figured out some statistics on gum chewing. He says that the jaws of a small-mouthed young woman who is addicted to the habit, have a first-class inches, or 103 miles a year, at the rate of thirty chews a minute for ten hours a day.

"Never mind the cost, dear, choose just what you like" said a gentleman recently to a lady whom he had taken to a jeweler's shop in Greenock, Scotland. A ring, value 11 guineas, was finally selected and paid for. Then half an hour later the gentleman reappeared and requested that the jewels in the ring be replaced by "paste diamonds" and forwarded to the lady's house.

A fine example of the old-time couples are Mr. and Mrs. Tolman of Rockland, Me. They married twenty-sixty-three years ago, and have kept up many of the old customs with which they commenced housekeeping. The old fire place, a burning hearth, with tongs, bellows and shovel in convenient proximity. Mrs. Tolman in her girlhood days wove the first carpet ever made in Rockland, and has spun yarn for the family regularly until this year. She has a muff and boa made from the last bear killed within the limits of old Thomaston.

CHIEFLY CHAFF.

Stage Manager—Have you taken any preparations for a stage career? Applicant, proudly—I've been divorced twice.

First Actor, in tragic whisper—Are we quite alone? Second Actor, glancing around in the small audience—Almost.

Little Sister—Does everything need the rain to make it green? Big Sister Ye—s, I, S—pose so. Why do your young man carries an umbrella?

Little Miss Suburb—It's just too mean for anything. Mrs. Suburb—What is it, pet? Little Suburb—It's rained every day since I got my new watering pot.

Physician—Your cough seems to be better. Patient—Oh, yes, the cough's improved wonderfully. But now that it's about strong enough to take care of itself I wish you'd try to do a little something to take care of me.

Teacher—Tommy, what did you mean by telling Smith I had been in jail? Calm Individual—I didn't tell Smith you had been in jail. I simply told you ought to be in jail. Irate Individual—I beg your pardon. I must have misunderstood him.

Tom, reading history—Pretty rough the way that Spanish inquisition used to treat people, didn't it? Dick—Oh, I dunno. They showed a great deal of ingenuity in thumbscrews and things, but not one of them thought to try the effect of recitations by young elocutionists.

Mr. Billus—Here's a newspaper paragraph that says women are less sensitive than men. I believe there's something in that, Maria. Mrs. Billus—Yes, that's the masculine theory. The truth of the matter is that women have more fortitude than men. As to—mercy! For heaven's sake, John, be quick! Knock that horrid bug off my hair!

GRAINS OF GOLD.

A broken word cannot be soon mended.

Deeds are efforts the soul makes in trying to speak.

Get people to think right and they will try to do right.

No man can tell how much it will take to make him rich.

What hypocrites people are when they talk of themselves.

People who are always giving advice never like to take it.

Most men believe in the total depravity of somebody else.

The day that does not begin with prayer does not begin right.

Your conduct cannot be right while your convictions are wrong.

No man can ever be rich whose happiness depends on his money.

The only thing we can be sure of success in doing is doing good.

Faith has no eyes at times, for grief can blind them with unshed tears.

It will not make your heart any whiter to try to blacken somebody else.

The Best Things to Eat

Are made with ROYAL BAKING POWDER—bread, biscuit, cake, rolls, muffins, crusts, and the various pastries requiring a leavening or raising agent.

Risen with ROYAL BAKING POWDER, all these things are superlatively light, sweet, tender, delicious and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER is the greatest of time and labor savers to the pastry cook. Besides, it economizes flour, butter and eggs, and, best of all, makes the food more digestible and healthful.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

THE TAX-GATHERER.

The taxes of the people of this country equal about $10 to each inhabitant.

Finland is the least taxed country in Europe. The total taxes amount to only 36 per cent of population.

The revenue of nations raised mostly by taxation has trebled since 1850, increased over five times since 1810, and fifty-five times since 1680.

The royal library of Nebuchadnezzar recently unearthed at Babylon, contains innumerable tax lists and records of taxes paid and unpaid.

There are 2,964 persons in Great Britain who pay tax on an income of more than £5,000 a year, and 975 who pay taxes on more than £10,000.

The people of Italy are the most heavily taxed of any civilized nation. The state taxation equals twenty-two per cent of the earnings of the people.

The revenue of the United States government last year was $183,915,000, of which all but $3,000,000, from the sale of public lands, was derived from taxation.

The people of the United States pay more taxes than the people of any other nation on the globe. The estimated total of national and local taxation is $630,000,000.

Coffee is taxed £60 a ton in France, £56 in Italy, £40 in Austria, £25 in Portugal, £22 in Norway, £20 in Germany and Spain, £15 in Russia and £14 in Great Britain.

Under Iowa law husband and wife are one and cannot contract, bargain or do any of the numerous other things which it requires two to accomplish.

Search has been instituted in New York for Sophie Neumann, who in 1876 eloped from the Netherlands with Adolf Nohl, a good-looking but shiftless young man. Sophie's brother, has just died, leaving her a $500,000 sugar plantation. Nohl died in New Jersey in 1896 and his widow has been lost track of.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75c.

A Japanese house has been built in South Salem, Mass., for Hanaki Mutsuki, a wealthy Japanese American. It has all the American conveniences to adapt it to the climate, but is wholly Japanese inside and outside.

Touch the convex side of a watch glass upon water so as to leave a drop hanging on the glass. Pour a little ether into the concave side and blow upon the drop of water. Direct one of the ether will render the glass so cold that the drop of water will be frozen.

"In the summer," said a housewife, "the air in the refrigerator melts very rapidly. To make it last as long as possible we used to wrap about it in an old blanket or a piece of carpet, but now we wrap it up in newspapers. It keeps better in newspapers and we no longer have the trouble of washing and drying the other wraps."

A gray party of young people were driving home from church near Vanceburg, Ky. They had to pass a railroad track, and a train was coming. One of the girls suggested that they should see how long they could stay on the track without getting hit. They did. One of their number was struck and nearly killed.

A newly-elected justice of the peace in Pennsylvania, in giving his first charge, "If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand you believe what the defendant's council has told you, you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them said, I don't know what you will do." The jury disagreed.

EXPOSED.

All Kinds of Weather Enough to Shatter the Health of Any Man.

DEPARTED.

The Aching Back, the Suffering and Pain Departed, and a Man of 56 Becomes Young Again.

Think twice before you buy a cheap substitute.

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

A bad boy is condemned cussedness.

Kart's Clover Root Tea.
The great Blood and Nerve Purifier, regulates the Stomach and Cures Constipation. 25c.

It is easier to marry than it is to keep.

A woman has a right to change her mind often, because she can't change her hair.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine, the great Chapped Hand Remedy. Sold by druggists, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C.H. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

Man's mind to him a kingdom is, yet a woman's heart is that to her.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures cough and colds quicker than any other remedy, because it combines the healing and health-giving properties of the pine tree with other valuable medicines. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

Valley, Plain and Peak.

An art work of the Rocky Mountains, from photographs, over 100 views, with descriptive matter, elegantly printed, sent free to the publishers of such interest to investors and homeseekers, for 10 cents in stamps. Cost 25 cts. to get it back for a dollar, with much less information and beauty. Address F. I. Warner, G. P. A., T. A., Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

First Nighter—The man who writes the dramatic criticisms for your paper doesn't know a good play from a bad one. Editor—I know it, but what can we do? He is the only man on the staff who is tall enough to see over the bonnets.

The Famous Flathead Valley.

Investors and home seekers should investigate the chances for making homes and money in Western Montana, with its fertile farming lands, surrounded and interlaced by the richest timber lands, lakes and mines of precious metals, iron and coal, splendid climate and scenery. No blizzards and cyclones. Reaching the Flathead by first class headquarters of Great Northern Railway; 3,000 miles of track. Electric Headlights, Mills, etc. For printed matter and information address, C. E. Conrad, Kalispell, Mont.

The abandonment this year of two more Indian colonies of infantry has led to the suggestion that the present plan of enlisting the red men in troops and companies of their own in the regular regiments will gradually be given up.

Aunt Maria—I think you and Mr. Mann ought to get along nicely together. You know you both like the same people. Matilda—Yes, and what is better, we hate the same people. Just think what nice long talks we shall have together.

PILE TUMORS, and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife.

RUPTURE, cured without the knife and without pain. Tumors on the abdomen are STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, are cured without cutting.

STRICTURES of Urinary Passage are cured and safely removed without cutting.

Consultation by mail or personally free. Write for particulars, send ten cents in stamps to Davis Medical Institute, 1164 Broadway, N. Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE NO SUBSTITUTE FOR $5 CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELED CALF $4.50 $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO $3.50 $2.50 $3 POLICE, 3 SOLES. $2.50 $2 WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE. $2.00 $1.75 $2 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. $2.00 $1.75 LADIES' $3 $2.50 $2 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes, guaranteeing their intrinsic value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects you from paying profits to the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, comfort and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

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A preparation for the treatment of Freckles, Tan, Pimples, Blotches, Black Heads, Moles, Wrinkles, Scars, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks