THE NEW AGE, PORTLAND, CREGON.



izes from two to eight trusts a day; he is confident that he will still be able to grub along and make a living.

excites an immediate personal interest among thousands, probably we could truthfully say millions of people. The great tabernacles with which his name was associated gave him but a small fraction of his following. His sermons published in the newspaper press had circulation and a list of readers which shamed the success of the largest selling novel. The readers could be found all over the country, in city and village and upon the most remote farms. They were of the constant kind, too, never missing the new chapter, while many of them hoarded the old ones. No preacher of his time, if we except Beecher in his palmiest years, had such a hold upon the public, and it follows as a matter of course that he must have had exceptional powers to attain to such influence. To his fame as a writer of sermons he added that of a popular lecturer, but with all his success on the platform and in the pulpit there were not a few auditors whom he distinctly repelled by his extravagances of manner. And though his Brooklyn church in particular gave signal proofs of its devotion to him, the finest tribute he ever received was in the loyalty of his larger reading public.

After several years of study doctors are agreed that the vermiform appendix, which is located at the end of one of the human canals, has no object to serve in a man's body. It is a useless growth, they declare, and all bodies would be better off without its presence. At one time it might have served a purpose, but whatever function it performed is not now in evidence. While thus discoursing, does not the thought come to mind that some men, yes, and some women, in this world are apparently as useless to the body politic as the vermiform appendix is to the human system? You meet them now and then, perhaps every day. There are of this number some who have much money, some who are in quite moderate circumstances, and others who are poor. The society woman who thinks of naught else, the man content to lead a humdrum life without making any effort to improve his condition or to better the condition of those who are dependent upon him. and the loafer who will not work-all these are in the same class; they add nothing to this life's brightness or to its progressiveness. They are dead timber. Take a step forward every day; even if you lose ground at times, forge ahead