THE FAMILY STORY

HIS REVENGE.

H. M. S. RAVAGER had met with an accident. Steaming up channel during the night she had collided with a bark out from —; and, though no one could quite tell how the mishap occurred, it was perfectly clear that the bark had gone down, and that the ram of the warship was in a damaged condition. H. M. S. Ravager was accordingly put into dry dock for repairs.

As very often happens at this place where the vessel was docked, convicts were at work upon the quays. They were a mixed lot; but, being good-conduct men, they all enjoyed a greater freedom of action in the discharge of their duties than is ordinarily extended to the enforced working guests of the nation. Yet, notwithstanding this unspoken testimony to their comparative worth, the commander of the Ravager was less disposed than usual to place trust in them. He was in a ferocious humor, for that little affair with the bark was not unlikely to interfere with his promotion. There would be an inquiry, of course, and what Christian ever could tell what confounded foolishness and injustice the "finding" might yield? He cursed the bark, and the ill-luck and the navigating lieutenant whom at one time he had left on the bridge, each with impartial fury; and put a double guard of marines ashore, with fixed bayonets and ball cartridge, and an emphatic instruction to "play the very devil with those jail-birds if they tried on any of their cursed nonsense."

The extra precaution was scarcely necessary. To do justice to these unwilling residents within the shadow of the broad arrow, they had no evil designs upon her Majesty's warship. Their hostility to an unappreciative country did not rise to quite so great a height as that. All the same, the commander might very easily have justified his course of action (had such been necessary) by the fact that many of the convicts were working only a few yards from the dock side and somewhat removed from the warder's immediate watchfulness; though it would have been possible to show on the other hand that, being men whose term of servitude was almost completed, these prisoners were perfectly reliable, inasmuch as they could not afford to commit any indiscretions calculated to jeopardize their expected early release on ticket-of-leave.

These considerations did not in any way concern the commander of H. M. S. Ravager, however. He was merely resolved to blow the convicts to the mischief, individually or collectively, if they tried on any tricks with his ship; and in the choicest of quarter-deck English gave orders accordingly.

One of the prisoners was working quite near to the dockside and almost in the track of one of the sentries from the Ravager. Though rather a refined person in appearance, the degradation of his position by no means overwhelmed him with melancholy or distress. It may have been the consciousness of innocence that enabled him to whistle softly an air which had served the street organs some seven years before and enabled him to view with unconcern the close proximity of his fellow-man. Perhaps he reflected that those aboard the Ravager were harder worked prisoners than himself and that he could afford them a trifle of pity.

He did not disdain, moreover, to take advantage of the situation in which he found himself; nor was his sensitiveness hurt by the silence of Tommy Atkins when he endeavored to engage that worthy in conversation. He was not discouraged by Tommy's dignity, and did not hesitate to try again when guard was changed late in the afternoon and Private Robert Smith commenced his monotonous sentry-go.

As it happened Private Smith was intensely interested and excited by the presence of the convicts. He had good reason to be, for he remembered with a vividness and horror that set him shuddering how near he had been some eight years before to just such a degradation as these men were enduring. He was a different personage altogether now—different even in name—to the slip of a boy who had thought it a distinction to be the boon companion of so clever and so dashing a man as Louis Vaudois. The service had made a man of him, had effected a complete change in his personal appearance; while the narrow escape from the conviction for forgery during the period of Vaudois' influence had so frightened him from wild ways that there was now no steadier member of her Majesty's red marines than Private Smith, sometime Roger Vanbrugh. But in one respect he did not alter. He remained stanch to a savage hatred against the man who had certainly brought ruin into his life, and by scoundrelly insinuating manners and methods had almost sent him into surroundings like unto those upon which he had gazed with such fascination ever since the Ravager had been floated into dock. It is true the charge against him at the Old Bailey had not been sustained through a defending counsel's clever manipulation of evidence imperfectly presented by the prosecution; but he hated Louis Vaudois no less passionately on that account, for he had but to recall those terrible hours spent before his judges—the miserable twistings, tellings, and haltings of the evidence, and, above all, the justness of the charge, to fill his heart with such fierce enmity as even now set his pulses leaping and boiling with the wildest desire for revenge.

A thrill of excitement went shivering down his spine for an instant traveled icily through his veins as he found himself ashore and pacing so closely to the convict who had made vain overtures to Private Atkins, and who was now softly humming a once favorite music hall ditty.

The man's back was turned toward Private Smith. To all appearances he was wholly engrossed by his work. And the soldier, though fascinated for a time, was gradually becoming accustomed to the other's presence when, as he passed the man for the twentieth time, a few words falling from the convict in a whispered undertone caused his heart to give one great startled bound and set all his nerves in a more painful quiver than ever.

"Say, old chap——"

But Private Smith passed on mechanically, after faltering a moment under the shock. Every sense was on the alert with excitement as he turned and came back toward the convict, his heart beating so fast that he felt near to suffocation. He was waiting with every sense in his body listening for the man to speak again.

"A bit of tobacco, old chap, will you?"

Again Private Smith passed on. This commonplace request almost caused him to burst out into a loud hysterical laugh. It was so foolish to get into such a state of serious excitement over the presence of a ruffian whose only desire was a "bit of tobacco." And he continued upon his march with a steadier and more confident tread.

But when, after again pacing forward, he once more came back towards his sentry-box, his mood was changed. A cloud was upon his face, and his brows were knit in a vain endeavor to recall some memory from the locked-up places within his mind. A repetition of the request had fallen upon his ears; but the ring of the man's voice was louder than it had been, and stirred Private Smith strangely. He stood in his box gazing upon the stooping convict and striving to remember where he had heard such a voice before. But he ransacked his mind in vain; at last dismissing his effort to remember with a rueful reflection that perchance the fellow was some old college chum who had fallen upon evil days, or may be some old comrade in arms who had come to grief. He inclined most to the latter impression, and, himself knowing well the luxury of tobacco and the wretchedness of a solitary man without it, his sympathies went keenly out to the "poor devil" who, but for the interposition of a merciful Providence, might easily have been a felon-comrade with himself. Though well knowing also that he was running considerable risk by giving the precious weed to the convict, he resolved to give him just a little for the old acquaintance sake which the man's voice vaguely suggested.

It happened that he had in his pocket a cake of tobacco purchased for a trifle when the Ravager was on the West Indian station. This he cut in two pieces, observing as he did so that the convict was watching him furtively. When he resumed his limited parade he held one of these pieces in his left hand and, swerving so as to pass nearer to the man, he loosened his hold of it and it fell at the convict's feet.

The man clutched at it with almost savage swiftness, and Private Smith kept upon his way, congratulating himself on having done a kindly thing and on escaping detection.

But the sight of the tobacco and the odor of it excited with the convict a furious covetousness. He had seen Private Smith return the second piece to his pocket, and he desired it with all the greed that was in his nature. That second piece he would have.

Private Smith was expecting a muttered word of thanks; but that was not what came when he once more strode past the recipient of his precious gift. The convict shifted his position, ever so slightly, yet sufficient to enable him to glance over his shoulder with an ugly scowl at the approaching soldier.

"That other piece," he demanded, fiercely, "or I'll split on you, by heaven!"

Private Smith saw his face clearly for the first time; and at the sight his heart stood still for an instant and then commenced beating at a madly furious and painful speed. A flash of intensest hatred ran through his blood, for there was no longer any mystery about the man's identity; and as he moved out of hearing of that now well-remembered voice he cursed himself with the most savage fury for the folly which had once more placed him in the power of Louis Vaudois.

His first belief was that, having recognized him, Louis Vaudois had done this thing with the mere desire to bring misfortune down upon him. When, however, he presently recalled how altered in personal appearance he had become since that day when last he had seen Louis Vaudois, this fear cleared away, leaving only black hate within his soul. So, he decided, the giving of the second piece would satisfy his once friend and enemy. He had nothing to fear or to lose beyond that. But he was reluctant to do this; it maddened him to think Vaudois, under even such conditions, was able to overreach and compel him to an act he would of his own will leave undone.

And yet there was apparently no other course before him than to accede to the ruffian's demands. He had arrived at this conclusion, and with a savage reluctance was preparing to submit to the inevitable when a thought flashed through his mind and set his pulses leaping with a sudden hope of retaliation. Would Louis Vaudois be fool enough to fall into the trap? That was the only question.

Swiftly he made his preparations, and then strode firmly—yet with pulses beating with an excitement stronger than before—once again toward the convict. As he advanced Vaudois' face was turned toward him with a ferociously threatening expression.

"Box—great coat—get the lot—smart!" Private Smith jerked out hoarsely as he passed.

He marched to the end of his parade, and there stood with his body only half-turned toward the sentry box. But out of the tail of his eye he saw Vaudois creep stealthily in the other direction. Almost shivering in his excitement and eagerness, he watched his enemy slip into the box and, emerging therefrom a moment later, with a swift movement make for the place where he had been working.

Now was the time for Private Smith to act. Turning to resume his march, he made pretense of observing Vaudois' doings for the first time, and with a roar of rage called upon the convict to halt. He covered the man with his rifle.

"Halt, there!" he shouted. "Hands up, or I'll fire."

And Vaudois, speechless with amazement and white with apprehension, obeyed.

The commotion that ensued was astonishing. A warder came rushing forward, and a number of blue jackets and marines hurried from the Ravager. In an instant the warder had Vaudois handcuffed, and then demanded an explanation. Private Smith lowered his rifle and went forward to where the others were standing.

"Well, what's the matter?" demanded the warder, sharply.

"I saw that fellow coming out of my box, that's all," Private Smith answered. "My greatcoat is there."

"And in the pockets——?"

"Two pieces of tobacco and a half crown."

Vaudois, after darting a glance of fierce rage upon the soldier, with imprecations upon his tongue, was taken, struggling, to the guard-room, and, being searched, the articles named were, surely enough, discovered upon his person. As Private Smith had hoped, the temptation to take the silver piece had been irresistible.

"The soldier fellow gave them to me," he cried, sullenly.

But Private Smith only smiled. "Now, why should I give a convict half a-crown?" he demanded, with quiet protest.

That was sufficient. The soldier turned to depart; and as he did so, he bent upon the convict a sly glance and gave a dry little chuckle just after the manner of Vaudois' own chuckling laughter which he had imitated a thousand times in the days long past.

Vaudois started and stared. "By heavens, you are——"

But a door closed between them, and the soldier heard no more.

Vaudois was punished. He was drafted to the heavy labor gangs; and the much-desired ticket-of-leave had to be worked for over again.

And I fear Private Smith felt more delight at having overreached his old enemy than compunction for the rather tricky way he had managed it!—Chambers' Journal.

A ROYAL CORNER.

Comical Breach of Etiquette by an American in London.

An American attending a wedding reception in a great house in London congratulated bride and bridegroom, and passed the usual compliments with the host and hostess.

There was a great throng of guests, and he could not linger at the entrance of the drawing room, when there were many behind him anxious to offer their greetings.

Perceiving a quiet corner to the right of the bride, where a gentleman and a lady were standing apart from the other guests, he went directly to it, unwittingly coming to a stop between two royal personages.

The American was not aware of the fact that he was face to face with one of the queen's daughters, and had turned his back upon another member of the royal family. He stood quietly looking about, hoping to see some acquaintance in the company with whom he might have a chat; and soon became uncomfortably conscious that he was attracting attention, and that the hostess and bride were casting uneasy glances in the direction of the corner where he had taken shelter. While the drawing room was crowded, the company of guests with one consent avoided the secluded corner where he and his two royal companions were stationed.

An acquaintance in the background perceived his mistake, and coming within hailing distance motioned to him. He left his two companions in exclusive occupation of the corner, turning his back upon both as he edged his way through the throng while everybody stared at him. When he reached the spot where his acquaintance was waiting for him, the stage whisper was breathed into his ear:

"You have been poaching on royal preserves. You are a privileged character because you are an American, but no Englishman ventures to turn his back upon a prince or a princess. People were staring you out of countenance because they took it for granted that you must be a royal personage, yet they were unable to identify you."

The answer might have been made that every American is a sovereign by the divine right of equality of free citizenship; but this would have been a meaningless pleasantry in an English drawing room, where social etiquette has a sanctity superior to loyalty to democratic principle.

The American thanked his friend for rescuing him from an embarrassing position, and then stood by and watched the corner where royalty was isolated from too close contact with the world of wealth and fashion.

No guest approached the royal pair. Their presence was an act of condescension to the host and hostess, and they remained on exhibition as the patrons of this social function without having their corner invaded. Everybody was careful not to approach them too closely, and there was a general sense of relief when they departed, and the necessity for backing away from them on side tracks was removed.—Youth's Companion.

Fable Up to Date.

One morning a horse that had its mane and tail done up in curl papers and was eating oats out of a gilded manger in a padded stall turned and whinnied disdainfully at a bicycle that was leaning against the wall feeling too pneumatic tired for expression.

"You are a mere drudge," said the horse. "You are made to scorch along dusty roads; you are never fed on anything more substantial than wind, and nobody loves you as I am loved. See how I am fed on fresh oats, hay and condition powders, while you never even have your bearings oiled until you squeak, and, besides, you have wheels." With that he gave a horse laugh and went on with his feeding.

But the patience of the bicycle was punctured, and he proceeded to make some scorching remarks.

"You pampered relic of barbarism," he replied, "you think because you are fed and cared for that you are of some importance. I take my master to and from business. I give him exercise and cost him nothing for my keep, and I never run away. I am a faithful servant, while you are merely a curiosity kept to amuse the children. Your usefulness ceased a century ago."

At this point the horse gave the bicycle a kick that punctured both its tires and pied its spokes and sprockets.

Moral: Some people argue like horses.—Truth.

Shoe-Blacking Without Acid.

Let from three to four pounds of lampblack and half a pound of bone-black be well mixed with five pounds of glycerine and treacle. Meanwhile two and a half ounces of gutta percha should be cautiously fused in a copper or iron saucepan, and ten ounces of olive oil added, with continual stirring, and afterward one ounce of stearine. Add the warm mass to the former mixture, and then a solution of five ounces of gum senegal in one and a half pound of water, and one drachm each of oil of rosemary and lavender. For use, the blacking may be diluted with three to four parts of water. This blacking keeps the leather soft, and renders it more durable.

No, Thanks.

Host (about to sing)—Would you like the "Barber of Seville?"

Absent-Minded Guest—No, thanks; I always shave myself.—Exchange.

Almost every woman cherishes a sample of the first dress her husband ever bought her.

THE FARM AND HOME

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

Farmers Owe Less than Any Other Large Group of People and Fewer Farmers "Fail," Commercially Speaking, than in Other Business.

The Credit of Farmers.

The pessimists, the ignorant and the calamity shouters are very fond of prating on the "poverty of the farming community," and some agricultural journals, not conversant with the facts, have assisted in spreading the idea. They have done their utmost to destroy the farmers' credit. But the real truth is this: While many farmers have been in distress, yet, taking the farming people as a whole, it is safe to say that the farmers have passed through the years of depression better than anybody in the country. To-day farmers owe less than any other large group of people. Fewer farmers have "failed," commercially speaking, than in any other business. Some farm mortgage companies have failed that did an extensive business, especially in the semi-arid region, where agriculture is in an experimental stage, but the records of well-managed concerns in this line of business in the Central West and Northwest show that farmers' interest is being promptly met, and the principal on many mortgages reduced or paid in full. The number of farms owned free of debt in the South shows remarkable gains. In the Middle and Eastern States farmers have maintained their good credit in the face of keen Western competition.

Contrast this with the record of failures among merchants, manufacturers and railroads. The 161 railroads that have gone into receivers' hands in the last three and a half years were mortgaged for twice as much as all the mortgages on all the farms in the United States. Probably the actual loss on investments in railroad mortgages in the past six years has exceeded the amount of all the farm mortgages in the country. Our judgment is that, taking the country as a whole, 95 per cent. of the loans on farms during the past twenty-five years have either been paid in full or are to-day worth 100 cents on the dollar.

Without in the slightest degree trying to cover up any of the evils of agricultural depression, we here enter a solemn protest against the great wrong that has been done our farmers by the irrepressible calamity howler. We solemnly maintain that the farmer's whole history demonstrates his desire and his ability to pay his just debts. Railroad "receivers," corporation wreckers and trust promoters have made an unenviable record as repudiators, but the vast majority of farmers have, can or will pay 100 cents on the dollar. More capital is the crying need of many farmers, and it is to be obtained on reasonable terms by proving the farmers' credit. Let us build up, not tear down. Let us inaugurate the policy of construction, not a reign of destruction.—American Agriculturist.

Management of Poultry.

The conditions for success in poultry raising are: Warm, light and dry quarters, clean water, wholesome food, and a moderate range. My cold-weather ration for thirty hens consists of as much finely-cut hay as can be grasped in both hands, two quarts of bran, and the refuse from the table for the last twenty-four hours. This is scalded, cooled, and fed in the morning. They get grain, usually wheat, with an occasional feed of barley and corn, at noons and evenings. They get warmed water twice a day, which is liberally taken.

They should be kept well supplied with cold ashes, and receive ground bone twice a week. Hens should scratch for their grain, which keeps them healthy and prevents egg-eating. The house should be cleaned twice a week, and given a sprinkling of fresh lime. To keep the fowls free from vermin, sprinkle the roosts once a week with coal oil and turpentine, supply plenty of coal ashes for dust baths and whitewash the house once a year. To keep up the stock to a high standard the hens should not be kept till over 4 years old. In the early part of March select about eight of the best hens and mate them with a male possessing as many as possible of the points desired to be perpetuated. Only the eggs from this pen should be set. This care will pay well for the doing. There is no profit in the haphazard system of management.—Rural World.

On the Care of Sheep.

It is knack and personal management, and not luck, which will keep a flock of sheep in good condition during the winter. They should enter their winter quarters in good shape, and then be tended with intelligence. It is folly to try to make anything out of the weaklings, and they should be weeded out closely. It is noticeable that the expression of confidence in the future of the sheep business comes from men of experience, who have before come through periods of great depression up to greater prosperity. Those who rush into and out of it with every breeze of fortune are about shaken out of the business, and sacrifices will be fewer henceforth. People eat meat and wear clothing; sheep furnish both, and no other animal does. In the beginning of the depression some one wanted to see it go that way and began calamity howling. Low as sheep are, they will buy more which the farmer needs than they did when higher, and times point to a renewal of prosperity. The too common opinion in regard to sheep is that they are but scavengers and fitted only to consume the weeds and other waste on the farm, but out of nothing comes nothing. If there is no proper food, care or shelter provided we must expect our sheep to pine away and perish. A good sheep will make a growth of nearly three-quarters of a pound a day the first 280 days, when it becomes excellent mutton. For 600 days it will make half a pound. Such a sheep will net 6 cents a pound on the farm, usually, and such sheep, having a large carcass, will have a proportionately large fleece, be it worth what it will. In sheep breeding there is but one way of keeping an ideal flock, and that is by trying to improve it when it is seemingly at its very best. The best pays in all things pertaining to stock. The average American eats twice the amount of mutton he did twenty years ago because he gets it better. The fleece weighs double, too, because of better breeding and handling. Good sheep will pay, but the old scrubs will not.—Germantown Telegraph.

Immense Apple Crop.

The apple crop this year amounts to about 200,000,000 barrels. In bushels it is about equal to our wheat crop. New York contributes 95,000,000 barrels, Michigan 30,000,000, New England 30,000,000, and other sections also produce largely. One-half or more of this enormous crop is wasted—allowed to rot on the ground—although it could be fried or converted into vinegar. As a "good apple year" is usually followed by small crops the succeeding season it would have been profitable to have made vinegar. This year the product was about three barrels for every man, woman and child in the country, but apples will be high, nevertheless, in a few months.

"Blood Will Tell."

The expression "Blood will tell" applies to all classes of stock. It may be noticed in the fleet running and trotting horses, the beef, butter and milk breeds of cattle, the numerous breeds of sheep which are bred for mutton and heavy fleeces, and in the swine, which possess meritorious characteristics peculiar to each breed. Stockmen must bring themselves to a point where they must recognize these facts and obliterate from the farms the thousands of scrub animals which fail to give profit because they are incapable of so doing. High farming, with improved methods, depends for success upon stock raising based upon the best breeds of stock.

Apples for Horses.

A quart or two of sweet apples per day for each horse will be worth more to it than the same bulk of oats additional to its regular ration of hay or grain. The apples are better than any kind of roots, and this year they are everywhere cheap and plenty. Sour apples are nearly as good, but the horses prefer the sweet apples when they can be had. In nutritive value there is very little difference. There is much sweet in what we call a "sour" because an acid disguises the sweet it contains.

Farm Notes.

Turnips for table use should be put in layers of sand in barrels. When stored that way they are fresh, and never wilt or shrivel up.

Fruit, bees and poultry can be kept on the same land, and a crop of buckwheat, for both bees and poultry, will assist in reducing the cost.

There are seventy-four stations and sub-stations in the United States, in which 576 trained specialists are employed throughout the year, solving by experiment and study the hundreds of important problems which confront the tiller of the soil.

Experiments made in the use of salt upon crops demonstrate that it is to a certain extent beneficial to onions, cabbage and celery when used in light applications, but injurious to potatoes, beets, tobacco and melons.

Charcoal is not considered a food, though it is used largely for both swine and poultry. It serves as a corrective of bowel disorders and is of value only when freshly burned. Wood ashes, which are alkaline, are sometimes readily eaten by hogs, especially when they are fed mostly on food of a sloppy kind which is acid.

There is far more danger of giving house plants too much water rather than too little water in winter. During the short days and long nights, with very little sunlight on the soil, it is hard to keep it at a temperature where the plants can grow vigorously. All the surplus water added lowers the temperature until it reaches a point where the plants barely exist without making any growth. If the soil has much vegetable matter, humic acid will be developed at a low temperature, and this will poison the plant roots.

Caught in His Own Trap.

He was a State street cable car conductor of most surly and disagreeable temper. When a woman carrying altogether too large a bundle for her strength boarded the car he grumbled a running five minutes straight about the perversity of human nature in general and of the feminine sex in particular. A few moments before he had viciously kicked at a newsboy who dared stand on the platform while selling a newspaper. At Adams street a portly military looking gentleman and his wife got on the car.

"That is the smallest I have," said the military gentleman, as he tendered a $5 bill for fare.

The conductor growled again and grumbled inaudibly, but finally dug into his pockets for the change. First he gave two silver dollars, then 90 cents—all in dimes—and then the balance in quarters. He seemed in exceedingly great hurry as he handed the quarters to his passenger. The other passengers noticed it, too.

Now, it so happened that in the change made a very bad quarter was given. The military gentleman was on the point of calling the surly conductor back when he discovered the latter had handed him nine instead of eight quarters. That decided him to hold his peace; he wasn't out in any event. They had ridden quite a distance when the surly conductor came back again.

"Didn't I give you too much change?" he queried frowningly; and in a tone that plainly insinuated: "Well, you're a nice fellow to try and beat a poor conductor."

The military looking gentleman looked up.

"You did," he said. "You gave me a very bad quarter which you were very anxious to shove on me, but as I could not possibly use it I'll give it back to you. Here it is."

The other passengers who had witnessed the whole performance laughed outright, their tantalizing sneers following the surly conductor to the door, which he opened and then slammed shut with a bang.—Chicago Chronicle.

Aimed at Chicago.

"Once, for all, girl," he hissed, "once for all, will you marry me?"

"Yes," she said, "I'll marry you, but I don't know about the once for all part of it. I guess you haven't lived here long enough to catch the spirit of our enterprising city."

And all was still, save the sound of the lake breeze and the moaning of a delegate who had been buncoed and was unable to get away.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Chipmunk's Appetite for Corn.

A Dummerston, Vt., man wished to ascertain how many kernels of corn a chipmunk could carry in his mouth. Thirty kernels were placed on a board. A squirrel carried them all away at one time. Forty-five kernels were then placed in position, and chippy got away with all of them at that trial. The little striped animal was beaten this time, but succeeded in carrying away fifty-eight of the kernels in his mouth.

His Return.

Clubberly—I believe in society, but I don't think a man ought to be entertained unless he makes some return for it.

Castleton—Return! Great Scott, old man, during the past week I have kissed fourteen girls!—Truth.

Making Sure.

"Dennis, did you mail that postal card I gave you?"

"Yis, sorr, an' o' tuk the liberty, sorr, of puttin' a 2-cint shtamp on it, sorr. Ye wrote so foine an' got so much on th' cyard ol tought it might be overweight, sorr."—Harper's Bazar

FOR SUNDAY READING

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE IS HERE EXPOUNDED.

We Live and Die for a Purpose—New Departure in a Chicago Church—Baptists Have a Fine Structure in Philadelphia.

What Is Life?

WHAT is life? A subject inexhaustible. We come into life, not of our own choice, but by the will of the Almighty, Creator of all life. We look upon the foliage which appears with the warm rays of sunshine in the spring of the year; and then, in turn, when shivering blasts of winter come, all that has been life withers and dies to all external appearances. But, is that life extinct? No—not dead—but slumbering, cared for by the Ruler of the Universe. So would I liken the human life to that of the slumbering foliage. We live and for a purpose. Man, the superior of all that is life, endowed with all our ever-loving God can give to the human life, or that which we may wish for, unless it be a keener sight so that we may penetrate the clouds and the heavens, that we might see beyond the scope of our present comprehensions. It would be needless to add, that would bring about a chaos unwelcomed, indeed. Therefore, we are content to live, but to live is not all that we were intended for. There is a wide field in which to make life what we live for. We see the infant in the mother's arms fondled with all the love and care that only a mother can give, that the little one may live to become a useful member of the community and a comfort to the parent; and yet, without a moment's warning, the innocent babe, too young to have sinned, withers and dies, like the foliage, gone back to mother earth again—and this we call life.

We see the young just entering upon their career in life, with such bright prospects; some wandering far from the path which they might have tread with honor—a life's long sorrow to the loving parents. This, we call life, but it must be said, without living. Then, again, there are those who seem never to wander from the right path with success just within their grasp, the promise of a long and useful life, a benefactor to their fellow-beings; when, at last, that little spark which is called life, suddenly begins to flicker, and goes out, like a stripling of a tree snapped in twain by the winds, as though it were but a reed. The aged parent weeps, and we wonder, what is life? when all that we love is taken from us and returned to earth again. Then, in more somber thoughts, we draw upon our imagination the picture of an ideal life. They who bring sunshine into every home and whose very presence seems to illuminate the darkness of the unfortunate by seeking the careworn and needy, bestowing beneficence with a liberal hand. Happy are they in their good doing.

Dr. Canfield's Unique Work.

Rev. Dr. Andrew J. Canfield, pastor of St. Paul's Universalist Church, whose unique work has attracted no small attention in other cities, is one of Chicago's foremost clergymen. During the years he has been at the head of St. Paul's that organization has prospered nobly. Dr. Canfield is fortunate in that he is not required to worry about finances. His congregation is rich and can afford to house itself according to its tastes. It was from this surety that the doctor's work sprang. He began agitation in his flock with a view to making the church useful not alone as a religious body, but in the broader field of philanthropy. This feeling had its outlet in the establishment of a kindergarten and an industrial school, both of which are now agents for the accomplishment of much good. Dr. Canfield has just introduced a new feature into the work of his church. The well-known preacher and lecturer, Dr. J. J. Lewis, was engaged some time ago as assistant pastor of St. Paul's, and each Sunday evening is given up to one of his interesting illustrated lectures. The congregation is delighted with the innovation. Dr. Lewis is already demonstrating the wisdom of Dr. Canfield's progressive spirit, and St. Paul's auditorium is becoming an interesting place to spend Sunday evening. Dr. Lewis' lectures form an attractive addition to the services at St. Paul's.

DR. A. J. CANFIELD.

Baptists' New Building.

The American Baptist Publication Society celebrated the opening of its new building at Juniper and Lombard streets, Philadelphia, recently. The society has splendid quarters in its new home. The structure is large and imposing. It is gracefully yet very substantially built, six stories in height. The walls are laid with buff colored, smooth-faced brick. The building has a frontage of eighty feet on Lombard street and a depth of 110 feet on Juniper street. The stairways are iron and the ceilings of hollow tiles, thus giving the building a certain safety from fire. As a printing plant the new building and its equipment are perfect. The first floor is devoted to the general business of the concern, the counting house, shipping and mailing department. On the second floor is the press room. On the third floor is done the sheet work and here the general stock is stored. The fourth and fifth floors are used as a bindery. The electrotyping and composing departments occupy the top floor. The association is well satisfied with its new quarters.

BAPTIST'S NEW BUILDING.

Love's Sweet Work.

A London paper, according to the Central Baptist, tells this touching story of Prof. Herkomer. His aged father, who lives with him in his splendid home at Bushney, used to model in clay in his early life. He has recently taken to it again, but his fear is that soon his hands will lose their skill, and his work will show the marks of imperfection. It is his one sorrow. At night he goes to his early rest and when he has gone his talented son goes into the studio, takes up his father's feeble attempts, and makes the works as beautiful as art can make it. When the old man comes down in the morning he takes the work and looks at it, and rubs his hands and says: "Ha! I can do as well as ever I did!" May we not believe that the hands of divine love will thus make over our feeble work for God till it shall bear the light of day and be perfect to all eternity?

Guardian Angels.

With us in our wanderings,
With us when we rest;
Ever waking thoughts most holy,
Purified and best.

Roaming wheresoe'er we may,
O'er the sea or land;
Ever strengthened, led and guided
By a helping hand.

Ministering angels now
Are the glorified;
Heavenly comforts are those
Whom we say have died.

Watchful care they give us now,
Tender love bestow;
Drawing nearer, nearer heaven,
Helping us to go.

The Children and the Church.

The presence of children in the house of God at the hour of divine worship is an important characteristic of an ideal church. The practice of leaving the children at home when the parents go to church is entirely too common. If the oncoming generation is to be trained to church-going and properly fitted for the religious responsibilities of mature years, the time to begin is in childhood. The ideal church is constituted of all ages and all grades. The young and old, "the rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all." Unfrequently a great wrong is inflicted upon young children in excluding them from the regular services of the sanctuary on the Lord's day, and the result is injurious to the church. For, the natural and logical tendency of this evil habit is to increase the number, already too great, of non-churchgoers.

Bits of Things.

He who would serve must sacrifice.

Who judges another, condemns himself.

Men who believe the most achieve the most.

Resist troubles and many of them will flee from you.

Faith is strong as one realizes its ground and anchorage.

The little things overlooked rob our lives of joyful strength.

Falsehood may have its hour, but it has no future.—Pressense.

A sentence well couched, takes both the sense and the understanding.—Feltham.

A thing is never too often repeated which is never sufficiently learned.—Seneca.

There is nothing so strong or safe in any emergency of life as the simple truth.—Dickens.

Study not only yourself, but those about you. By planning to live with others, we can best live for others.

The epochs of our life are not in the visible facts, but in the silent thoughts of the wayside as we walk.—Emerson.

There never was found, in any age of the world, either religion or law that did so highly exalt the public good as the Bible.—Bacon.

It is not money only that makes people rich. God is glad to give things worth more than money to those who choose his way. He gives good thoughts, good wishes, good feelings.

To character and success, two things contradictory as they may seem, must go together—humble dependence and manly independence; humble dependence on God, and manly reliance on self.—Wordsworth.

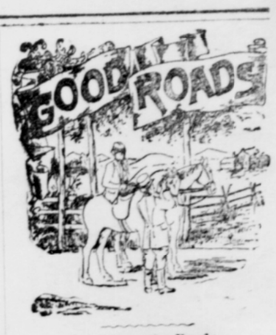
HOW OUR PINS ARE MADE.

Much Labor Is Required to Prepare the Little Stickers for Market.

To complete a pin it has to go through many hands. It is a very delicate article to handle, and the cost of building the machines to make it is the greatest outlay. The wire from which pins are manufactured is specially prepared and comes to the factory on large reels very much like gigantic cotton spools. The wire is first turned through eight or ten little copper rollers. This is to get all the bend and kink out of it; in other words, to straighten it perfectly. After this operation it is once more wound on a very large reel, which is attached to the machine that makes the pins. One of these machines makes 8,000 pins an hour, and some large factories will often have thirty or forty machines at work at one time. After the pins are released from the grip of this machine they are given a bath of sulphuric acid. This removes all the grease and the dirt from them.

Then they are placed in a tub or barrel of sawdust. Pins and sawdust are next taken together from the barrel and allowed to fall in a steady stream through a strong air blast, which separates the sawdust from the pins. But as yet they are pointless, and pins without points would not be of much use. In order to point them they are carried on an endless grooved belt, which passes a set of rapidly moving files. This points them roughly, and after being passed between two grinding wheels and forced against a rapidly moving band faced with emery cloth they are dipped in a polishing tub of oil. This latter is a large, slowly revolving copper-lined tub, which is tilted at an agle of about 45 degrees. As this revolves the points keep sliding down the smooth copper to the lower side, and owing to the constant friction against the copper and each other receive a brilliant polish and finish.

They go next to the sticker, where they fall from a hopper on an inclined plane, in which are a number of slits. The pins catch in these slits and, hanging by their heads, slide down into an apparatus which inserts them in the paper. This machine is perhaps the most ingenious of all the beautiful and complicated contrivances that help to make and manipulate the pin. It does all this at the rate of 100,000 pins an hour, and yet a single bent or damaged pin will cause it to stop feeding until the attendant removes the offender.—Dry Goods Economist.



Good Country Roads.

The road question has been one that I have studied much, as I have ridden a wheel from the introduction of the first two-wheel velocipedes, with regular wagon wheels, and a seat made of a block of wood—covered with a piece of carpet to keep you from denting the blocks—until the present time. During these years I have pedaled over roads from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific. I do not mean that I have ridden across the States, but have taken in many parts all over the United States; so have had a chance to see different styles of road-making, and different mixtures that make or spoil roads. I have come to the conclusion that in about four-fifths of the States wide-tired wheels would turn the now bad roads into smooth and money-saving ones. The balance can only be made good by a regular system, engineered by adepts in the art of road-making.

The counties now spend their money, each year, by scraping the ditches, and piling this worthless filth in the roadway, to be rolled, cut up, and finally washed down into the ditch again. During this shifting process it becomes ground up into fine powder, which cannot be rolled or packed down, making a fine soft grade of mud in wet weather and a correspondingly good dust in dry weather. Wide-tired wheels will be of little use in such places, unless all this fine dust is first scraped off, and a heavy course of crushed stone put on, rolled thoroughly and covered with gravel, and again rolled, with plenty of crown at center, for drainage. When this is done, shut out all narrow-tired heavy wagons, and a good smooth road will be insured. In the spring and fall, go over the road and fill up all soft or low places; see that the ditches are not clogged in low places, causing the roadbed to be flooded during storms. It would also pay each township to hire some good reliable man with a team to go over each road, when required, with a load of crushed stone or gravel, and fill up each little depression, before it becomes a mud-hole and require several loads to do the work of a few shovelfuls. Such a system, with a strict wide-tire law, would save each county thousands of dollars each year, and the farmer would soon find that he could haul two tons, or two loads, with one team, that now require two teams, or twice the time. In many sections this saving would amount to several times this amount.

I live just west of Pittsburg, where the roads are fairly good, as country roads go. I ride about 3,000 miles each season, and see considerable road work. We have elegant roads at times, and their fineness at such times is caused by the following conditions: First, many of the roads are made with a good crown, for drainage, and the roadway is covered with a cement gravel, taken from the beds of the creeks, and frequently rolled when placed on the roads. This gravel soon packs down, and after two or three moderate rains is in elegant condition, showing that it will pack hard before it is ground up. Now we have a fine road, and it lasts until the first hard rain; then, while it is soft, along come the cutters, in the shape of two-inch tires, worn round on the face, and cut in deeper and deeper. The rain stops, and the road dries up in ruts and humps; soon the wheels roll down the humps, and in so doing grind the material finer and finer; so, by the time it has been worked over a few times, it is powder. This will soon furnish plenty of dust, and soon turn into mud when the next shower comes.

I have seen these same roads rolled by the passage of some thirty or forty four-inch tired wagons, belonging to some contractor, and at a time when the mud was from two to six inches deep. After these wagons had passed the riding was good. I happened to be out on my wheel, and followed this trail for miles. When the wagons turned out of the road a bicycle could not navigate, and wagons had a hard time. This confirmed me in my decision regarding the advantage to the farmer in the adoption of the wide tire, as it was a plain example of a good road made bad by narrow tires and, when bad, turned to a good one by the passage of only one man's outfit.

Farmers are beginning to see the advantage of good roads; but when they are confronted with the cost of new wheels for their heavy wagons they at once become satisfied with the old ways, and go on losing what might be saved for the cost of two or three sets of wheels. If wheelmen can be made to pay for the privilege of riding on city streets, as here in Pittsburg, why cannot the farmers be compelled to provide proper wheels and stop cutting up the roads? Let the 70,000 L. A. W. members, and the thousands that ride and do not belong to the L. A. W., go to the polls and vote for such a law, and we will soon see results that farmers will rejoice over as much as the wheelmen.

First, stop the cause of poor roads by compelling the use of broad tires, and then fix up the roads in a thorough manner, and they will stay so at small expense. Any amount of money spent in road-making will not accomplish the desired result unless the main cause of the trouble is removed.—C. W. Townsend, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

For Gold.

A French journal describes a new and promising substitute for gold. It is produced by allowing ninety-four parts of copper with six of antimony, the copper being first melted and the antimony afterward added. To this a quantity of magnesium carbonate is added to increase its specific gravity. The alloy is capable of being drawn out, wrought, and soldered just as gold is, and is said to take and retain as fine a polish as gold. Its cost is a quarter dollar a pound.

Tail Did Burn.

Two boys of Haskell County, Kan., recently applied a lighted match to a squirrel's tail to see if it would burn. The squirrel ran under the house and the blazing tail soon set the building on fire.

Every woman knows just enough about statistics to prove to her husband that it is cheaper to board than to keep house.

We hope that the recording angel makes no entries on the authority of "It is said," or "They say."