Miscellany.

LOVE'S OFFERING.

If life were a rosebud,
Bedighted with dew,
I would pluck it, my darling,
And give it to you.

If love were a jewel
That money could buy,
I would give thee a casket
No queen could defy.

But love is not purchased,
In whole or in part,
So, I've nothing to give thee
But love, and my heart.

But rosebuds may wither
And jewels are vain,
But on to eternity
Love shall remain.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A SPECIAL ENVOY.

When Pepworth Tring, the well-known South African millionaire, sent for me, and, after inquiring if I was at liberty for a few weeks, said that he was about to commission me to take a small map to his Johannesburg representatives, I was rather surprised that he should go to the expense of a special messenger when the postal service was available.

"It seems a very simple undertaking," I said.

But he speedily enlightened me.

"Ah, that's where you are wrong," he replied, giving me a shrewd glance. "In this case the post is not to be trusted, and an unscrupulous enemy will strain every nerve to defeat my intention."

"You anticipate there will be an attempt to rob me during the journey?"

"I am quite sure of it. The matter on the face of it is simple enough. This map" (he held up a small piece of parchment a few square inches in size; it appeared to represent the course of a river, for some red crosses were marked on one portion and some lines of writing ran along the bottom) "has to be given to Mr. Howard of Fox street, Johannesburg. There your mission ends. But whether you will be able to accomplish it is another matter. Gibson, my old partner, is determined to obtain possession of this map by some means. He is rich, unscrupulous and can command the services of men even more unscrupulous than himself. This is the reason I do not trust the post. The corruption prevalent among all Boer officials extends to the postoffice; my letters have been opened. He has creatures there in his employ. You must trust no one and conceal the paper in such a manner that it cannot be found."

"But while on shipboard it would surely be better to intrust it to the captain or purser."

"That would be risky, and only postpone their attack on you. If you received the map back safely you would without doubt be robbed of it between Cape Town and Johannesburg. No; when the boat reaches Cape Town they must be under the impression that you are not the bearer."

"When am I to leave London?"

"The Roman leaves the docks to-morrow and Plymouth on Saturday. Your berth is booked. Gibson is also a passenger, and several of his following. But, perhaps, I had better explain why this map is so important.

"Gibson, like myself, is an old Kimberley man. We both did very well there, and lately, like me, he has been dealing in Transvaal mining property. We have often gone partners in various undertakings. In the autumn of 1894, being then in Johannesburg—about six months ago—and feeling the want of a holiday, I determined to go on a shooting expedition through the Transvaal toward the sea. Accompanied by two Zulus, I carried out my intention, and after some weeks of traveling we found ourselves in the low country bordering on Swaziland. Here, quite by chance, I made a remarkable discovery. In the dried-up channel of what had been a river I came upon traces of diamonds. The find, to my eyes, was most promising; but before I could pursue my investigations further one of my Zulus, dispatched to get food from a neighboring kraal, came hot-foot with the news that the Swazis were up in arms. Irritated by some act of Boer oppression, they seemed inclined to wreak their vengeance on me, and so we fled forthwith for our very lives. Before leaving I drew up a plan of the place so that it could be found again.

"After various adventures I reached Durban and took ship for England. Meeting Gibson in London I acquainted him in general terms with my discovery, stating that in the course of my journeying I had found diamonds. I had intended to take him into partnership in this affair, but the knowledge which I gained immediately afterward that he had swindled me in the matter of some gold mines changed my purpose and I broke with him for good.

"Now the value of my find is problematical. Diamonds have not yet been found in paying quantity in the Transvaal. This place may be a second Kimberley, and shake the De Beers monopoly. It is quite possible. Therefore I want the ground pegged out in the usual way, and to register myself as the owner, but if Gibson could get hold of the map he would forestall me. It is not convenient for me to go myself just now, as I have some important business in hand, so not to delay obtaining the claims. I have ordered Howard to peg them out and register in my name, but he can do nothing until he has the particulars contained in this. Now, do you understand?"

"Yes, but how far is Gibson cognizant of your plans?"

"He has found out that I intend sending the map immediately to Johannesburg. This office is watched. You will be shadowed on leaving, and when they find that you are a passenger on the Roman they will conclude that you are my messenger. It will be your business to nullify that belief."

"I see."

"You had better pretend to be a new sub-manager sent out by me to represent my interests in Johannesburg. Now, can you, do you think, conceal the map in such a way that these thieves cannot get hold of it?"

"I will do my best," I said at length.

"Trust no one," concluded my employer, giving me money for my journey and the boat ticket. "Rely on yourself alone. Put the map in your breast pocket for the present, but find a securer hiding place before you go on board. Good-by, and good luck to you."

My preparations were soon made, and the following morning found me on board the Roman. I had reduced my luggage to as small a compass as possible. It consisted of two small portmanteaus, which would go under my bunk, some wraps and a few novels, with "Lock on Gold," the latter obtained from my employer to sustain my character as a mining manager, and with its covers incased in gray calico. I had joined the ship at the docks to avoid the crush at Waterloo and to see the mouth of the Thames. There were two other men in my cabin, for the ship was full, every berth being taken, but they had not yet come on board, so I arranged my belongings at leisure, and then went on deck as we left the dock to smoke and view the river and the miles of wharves and shipping as we slowly and majestically steamed out to sea. The ship was nearly empty and I passed a quiet twenty-four hours anticipating the coming duel which was to take place and wondering if my simple scheme would be successful.

The mailbags and passengers came on board at Plymouth and a scene of animation and confusion followed, but a rough sea and head wind calmed the exuberance of many of the company, and the dinner tables in the saloon that evening showed an abundance of empty seats. Both my cabin mates succumbed and I left them white and groaning. Fortunately I was a good sailor, and having enjoyed my dinner, later in the evening found myself in the smoking-room smoking one of "Jim" Gibson's cigars and engaged in a chat with that worthy, who was most friendly and evinced some curiosity about myself.

I told my tale, which he accepted with perhaps suspicious readiness.

"Employed by Tring, are you? Peppery fellow; I know him well. We used to be friends; now he hates me like poison."

He introduced me to his friends, Spellman, Dunbarton and Vandermit, who severally expressed themselves delighted to make my acquaintance.

The first two or three days my adversaries only skirmished, tried to pump me, and dropped broad hints as to the advantages which would follow if I joined them—hints I ignored.

As, however, they felt pretty sure that I was the bearer of the coveted map, my portmanteaus were searched more than once, and my spare clothes when I was absent from my cabin. It was Spellman who was told off for his portion of the quest; finding I was not very cordial toward him he struck up a friendship for one of my cabin mates, which gave him an excuse for entering at all hours. I did not think it advisable to enlighten the latter, as my attitude was to blandly ignore my adversaries' behavior.

Spellman's researches proving of no avail, the great endeavor to discover if I had the paper took place about a week after Madeira was passed. I was playing in a whist tournament and noticed that Dunbarton and Vandermit were playing nap with the two men who shared my cabin. I guessed that Spellman was making a thorough search, and as soon as I was at liberty I hurried there.

It had indeed been thorough. Every article had been taken out of the portmanteaus and examined, and the portmanteaus themselves cut and hacked in search of a secret hiding place. Everything had been scrutinized, even the gray calico cover pulled off "Lock" to make sure that nothing was between it and the binding. Nor was this all, for while I surveyed the wreck I became conscious of an overpowering feeling of drowsiness and knowledge came to me that I had been drugged. Too late I remembered having just accepted a drink from Gibson, but I had only sense enough left to tumble into my bunk before falling into a heavy sleep.

They no doubt searched me to the skin that night, for I slept as the dead, but though I woke next morning with a bad headache I felt well pleased, for no result had rewarded their toil. Of course, I made a fuss as to the conduct of some mysterious thieves, who had not even spared the lining of my boots, and certain inquiries were instituted, which came to nothing. I innocently complained to Gibson as to the bad quality of his whisky, and there apparently the matter ended, for I was molested no more.

Gibson continued good friends with me, and often came and chatted as I languidly studied "Lock on Gold" in my deck chair. As a practical mineralogist he pointed out the best parts to study, and I imbibed much information valuable enough had I designed to turn miner. He was an amusing man, his creed simple enough—"Get money, honestly if you can; but get money." A more efficient auctioneer for selling the numbers of the ship's run in the daily sweeps it would be impossible to find, and I enjoyed the privilege of acting auctioneer's clerk, with "Lock" for a desk on my knee.

It was 4 o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon when we reached Cape Town, and Gibson managed to get away by that evening's train, leaving two of his followers to bring his luggage on next day, when the rest of the passengers bound for the Rand traveled.

The third morning after landing found me in Fox street, Johannesburg, seeking Howard's office. I had just seen the name in the window, and had ascended the steps to the door of the building when a passer-by pulled up on recognizing me. It was Gibson.

"Hullo," he said, "where are you off to now?"

The time for caution was passed, victory was mine, and I could safely enjoy my triumph. I surveyed the baffled financier with a smile of infinite satisfaction and replied:

"I am the bearer of a certain document from Mr. Tring to Mr. Howard."

From the expression on my face and the accent on my words he read the truth and knew that I had baffled him, and his face changed. Words failed him, for he was taken quite by surprise and bewilderment rendered him speechless.

Enjoying his discomfiture a few seconds, I turned and went in, leaving him on the pavement below, the most unhappy man in Johannesburg.

Having entered the outer office and given my name to a clerk, I was speedily shown into Mr. Howard's private room. He greeted me warmly and in the same breath inquired if I had been successful.

I said I had.

"That's good news. I've just got my mail and heard of your coming. Look—you see, the envelope has been tampered with. You are sure Gibson hasn't set eyes on the map?"

"Absolutely," I replied, then gave him a short account of the efforts to secure it.

"Ay, ay, they wouldn't stick at much. You're fortunate to get here with a whole skin. But where is it, after all?"

In answer I produced "Lock on Gold" and, taking my penknife, cut off the gray calico cover, which I had put on again after it had been pulled off. Then, inserting the point into the cover itself, I cut it open. There, snugly concealed, lay the precious map. I had, before leaving London, cut the cover open with a sharp knife, and, placing the map in between, glued up the edges with great care. Being unable to absolutely conceal the fact that the cover had been cut, I had put the calico cover over, and when it had been torn off by the eager searcher he had never noticed that the binding itself had been cut.

Thus, safely and securely, the map had traveled, unseen by any eye, untouched by any hand, and now, having placed it in the possession of Mr. Howard, my mission as a special envoy was over.

With the knowledge gained by the map Howard took steps which very shortly made the land where Pepworth Tring found diamonds the property of that worthy, and I knew no more, as nothing further has been heard of the discovery—no company has been publicly formed to work it. But I have a strong suspicion that the find turned up trumps, and that the reason of the silence is that it is too good a thing for the public to be admitted.—Chambers' Journal.

INVENTED THE JINRIKISHA.

Japan's Vehicle for Passengers Designed by an American Clergyman.

It is not generally known that the inventor of the famous national vehicle of Japan, the jinrikisha, is an American and resides in Philadelphia. He is Rev. Jonathan Goble. Goble accompanied Commander Perry in his expedition to Japan in 1853, when that country was opened up to the commerce of the world. Returning to the United States, accompanied by the first Japanese convert to Christianity, Sentaro, Mr. Goble entered Colgate University, at Hamilton, N. Y.

After finishing a four years' course he was, in 1859, ordained a Baptist minister and sent to Japan as a missionary by the American Baptist Free Missionary Society. Mr. Goble, who served as interpreter to the American consulate and adviser to the Japanese government, was also commissioned as United States marshal, in order to hold control of the United States consulate at Yokohama, at a time when an unfaithful consul was trying to abscond with papers and funds belonging to the government. In 1869 Rev. Mr. Goble was asked by Prince Ito to draw a plan for a vehicle to be used in the imperial parks at Yokohama, and made a drawing of a little jinriksha, or man-power car, now so popular all through the East. He derived the idea from the London bath chair, simply substituting a coolie for the little front wheel.

For many years past Japan has exported many thousands of these vehicles to other eastern countries. In Tokio alone there are not fewer than half a million now in use. The government levied a tax of 50 cents each per annum on these little carts, the sum received from this source forming no inconsiderable item of the national revenue. Mr. Goble never received a penny for his invention, as the Japanese government does not issue patents or copyrights to foreigners. However, one of his servants became a wealthy manufacturer of jinrikishas and used his profits in the promotion of bible distribution and other missionary work.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Screened from Heat and Light.

The bottom of the deep sea is, indeed, entirely screened from the warmth and light of the sun by the intervening mass of water. On land we often experience that the intervention of clouds, which are simply steam or divided masses of water, results in gloom and a fall of temperature. This effect is infinitely more intense at the bottom of the ocean, between which and the sun there is interposed, not only for a day or two, a layer of cloud, but, for ever, a volume of water often several miles thick. Even at fifteen fathoms from the surface the light is much subdued, producing more the appearance of pale moonlight than of sunlight, and experiments made with very sensitive photographic plates in the clear water of the Lake of Geneva have shown that sunlight does not penetrate to a greater depth there than 155 fathoms. In the ocean and in the tropics, where sunshine is most intense, no light penetrates beyond a depth of 200 fathoms. Below this all is dark.

The sun's heat, like its light, is also cut off from the ocean depths in the same manner. A cousin of the writer found that in the bay of Bengal there is a fall of temperature amounting to about 1 degree Fahrenheit for every ten fathoms from the surface that the thermometer sinks. At 200 fathoms he has found that the thermometer stands all the year round at 55 degrees Fahrenheit; and at 2,000 fathoms it constantly registers about 35 degrees Fahrenheit, or close upon freezing point. It is curious to note that as we rise in the air, in ballooning or on mountain slopes, the temperature falls as we rise, and the same occurs as we dive into the depths of the ocean. But in mines the heat increases as we descend.—Chambers' Journal.

Unworthy Books.

A healthy body undoubtedly conduces to a healthy condition of the mind, but it does not produce intellectual activity. The only way to accomplish intellectual results is to work the mind. Hard work of any kind is never easy—it may be satisfying and exhilarating, but not easy. When you really work your brain you know it; even to concentrate your attention to begin a task is a serious effort. Many wise workers say that when you have learned the power of concentration you have solved the problem of effective intellectual work. That is the first stumbling-block that the person who does not habitually read books, even for recreation, encounters. It is so difficult to pin your attention to the printed page, for you think of things nearer at hand with which you are familiar. But a sensational novel captures the uneasy attention sooner than more thoughtful books; therefore, people of untrained minds are the greatest devourers of unworthy books.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Simplicity Brings Life's Pleasures.

"For poor and rich alike the highest pleasure and utility in life will come from simplifying it," writes "Droch" of "Vacation Meanderings" in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The contentment that can only be had from nerves that are not overstrained is to be found by reducing your daily life to its simplest terms. This applies with equal force to the hard-working man or woman with small income, or to the rich who are cumbered with many cares. Poverty has been made just as complex as riches by the many things that ill-advised teachers have taught poverty to expect that it ought to accomplish. What both must learn, for the best results in their own lives, is not how little can be had for a great deal of money, but how much of real and permanent value can be secured for a little money. That is the highest economy and it cannot be taught—it must be learned by experience, and you cannot begin it at a better time than when seeking a vacation."

Confederate Veterans Combine.

The various Confederate veteran camps in New Orleans have combined to establish an intelligence bureau for securing employment for Confederate veterans and their sons and daughters

TOPICS FOR FARMERS

A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Sow the Kind of Wheat that Is Best Adapted to the Soil—Advice About Clipping Horses—Removing the Corn Tassels.

Selecting Seed Wheat.

It is found that a change of feed, even that from an adjoining farm, is an advantage. Wheat grown upon strong limestone soils in a cool climate has more vitality and will yield more to the acre than when sown in a warmer climate. For this reason a change of seed every few years is desirable. If home-grown seed is to be used, select the very best, and then run it through the mill several times to get only the largest and most perfect grains. There are two leading varieties of wheat, the white and the red. The white wheats make the best quality of flour. They require a good soil, thorough preparation of the ground and early seeding. The usual yield is from twenty-five to thirty bushels to the acre. The red wheats are more hardy and are most in demand. The leading kinds are Fultz, Mediterranean and Fulcastor. Our leading wheat growers sow mostly the Fultz and the red Mediterranean. The Fultz has a short, stiff straw, that stands up well. The improved Mediterranean is a very valuable wheat, especially for rich clay soils that have recently been limed. On such soils crops have been grown the past season averaging forty bushels to the acre, upon fields of twenty acres in extent. The editor would advise each farmer to sow that wheat that best suits his soil. Have plump, clean seed; seed six pecks to the acre, and take the month of August to get the wheat ground in proper condition for drilling early in September.—The American.

Clipping the Horse.

It might be thought that clipping would have a tendency to increase the risk of colds and chest diseases in the horse. Such, however, is not the case; on the contrary, it reduces the probability of such affections. The greatest sufferers are those that, after a hard day's work, are brought into the stable wet with perspiration or from rain, and having a heavy coat of hair, take a considerable time to dry, notwithstanding careful dressing, a performance which is too generally neglected. To thoroughly dry a horse in such condition is too hard work to please most grooms, consequently the horse gets a chill, and his respiratory organs become affected. A clipped horse is readily dried, and when afterwards clothed, passes the night comfortably, and is not so liable to "catch cold" as the horse that rests in a coat damp, if not sodden, with perspiration or rain. Clipped horses should always be well clothed when not at work, and especial care should be taken to preserve the temperature of the skin for the first few days after they have undergone the operation of having their natural hairy covering reduced by the clipper.—Portland Transcript.

Removing Corn Tassels.

We have never believed that it would pay to detassel corn in order to save the plant vigor and strength required to perfect the male blossom. It would in the first place involve too much labor, and we could never see that the stalks from which tassels had been removed were any more prolific than others. What used to be known as topping corn, which means cutting off all above the ear, is a certain injury to the crop. It used to be done to let the sun reach the ear. But the ear needed all the foliage that the stalk was deprived of in order to perfect its grain. Besides, it has long been recognized that these thin toppings of corn have far less sweetness and nutrition than has the larger part of the stalk below them. At earing time the richest part of the stalk will be the middle, and as close to the ear as possible. Give a cow a cornstalk and she will always begin in the middle, eating both ways till she comes to less nutrition, and casting out the butt and top ends as not suited to her taste. —Exchange.

Pear Blight.

Pear blight is one of those plant diseases that has been exhaustively studied and its exact nature fully demonstrated, and yet it has left us precisely where we were before as respects remedial measures. In a word, the only remedy when blight has stricken a branch is to cut well below the affected part and burn it; if the whole tree seems affected, to dig it out and burn it. I am not aware that any specific applications are of any use except as they may promote a more uniform and healthy development of the tree, thus giving it greater resistance and making it less susceptible to the attack of the blight bacterium. Particularly should undue stimulation of rank fertilizers be avoided, since they induce extraordinary growth which is liable to be soft and spongy, and often unseasonable, running into fall when the tree should be hardening the season's growth. The Seckel pear has the reputatalon of being one of the most resistant varieties, but it is not proof by any means, as your correspondent has testified.

Blight varies somewhat in different years. The reasons for this are unknown, but appear to be due to more favorable weather conditions some seasons than others. Discouraging as pear culture is, owing to the insidious character of blight, it will pay to watch trees carefully for the first appearance of disease, to cultivate, prune and care for them systematically.—Germantown Telegraph.

Oats and Peas for Soiling.

Excepting clover there is no better soiling crop than a mixture of oats and peas cut green. It can be sown much earlier than corn, and will be in condition long before corn is ready to cut for green fodder. The pea vines also make it a better ration than green corn at its best, as they supply the nitrogenous element in which corn is deficient. But as the main soiling crop corn will always have the preference, as more can be grown of it per acre than of the peas and oats. By sowing successively until the middle of May, oats and peas can be kept in best condition for soiling until corn fodder has got into tassel. But the latest sown oats and peas should all be used for green fodder as the excess of nitrogen in the soil will make the late oats rust and the late peas mildew so that they cannot be saved for grain. But if there is more of them than can be fed green, the corn and peas make excellent silage if put up just as the grain is beginning to form.—Cultivator.

Alfalfa Replacing Corn.

It is not likely that alfalfa, the clover which has succeeded so well in California, will ever become plentiful in the East. Our wet winters will rot the roots or at least decrease their vigor. On very dry, sandy or gravelly soil it might succeed here. But it seems to be especially adapted to hot and dry climates, and hence its success in the arid regions of the far West. As its root often goes several feet deep it is likely to change the character of the climate, for wherever alfalfa roots have gone water will also go. The alfalfa retains its greenness during the severest droughts. Of course it must be all the time evaporating moisture, and this also will have some effect in changing the climate. Hence in localities too dry for corn, alfalfa is taking its place as a feed for all kinds of stock. It is at the same time fitting the soil for growing corn and other crops.—American Cultivator.

Winter Carnations.

If carnations are wanted for winter blooming in the dwelling or greenhouse, they must be carefully cultivated now. Plants raised from cuttings this spring must have the flower buds nipped off as soon as they show themselves. Follow this treatment all through the summer. Keep the earth around the plants loose, mellow and free from weeds. By fall strong, stout, stocky plants will be had, and, with proper management, a handsome display of choice flowers may be had all through the winter. The last of September they should be potted, taking a large mass of earth up with the roots. After they are nicely potted water freely and set the pots in a partially shaded place until they finally recover. The earth must be kept moist, but not wet, in the pots. They thrive best in a cool temperature—from forty-five to fifty degrees. They grow nicely in a well-protected cold frame.—The American.

Alsike Clover.

It is no wonder that alsike clover so often proves a disappointment to farmers who sow it, thinking that it will, like other clover, at least remain in the ground two full years. Alsike clover seeds, with its first crop. Then, unless the clover has been cut before it fairly got into blossom, the root will not sprout again, and the farmer is left with a bare stubble the remainder of the summer. Some permanent grass should always be sown with alsike clover. Timothy is one of the best, as it is a patient grass, growing a little beneath the clover early in the season, and then shooting up quickly and coming into head when the ground is cleared off for it to do so. The alsike roots, being dead, begin at once to decay in the soil. They are so rich in plant food that timothy sown with alsike always makes a better sod, and will last longer than when it is grown alone.

Clover as Fertilizer.

Authorities on agriculture say that plowing under a good crop of scarlet clover is equivalent to twenty tons of stable manure per acre. They recommend that all lands from which crops have been harvested in the summer be sown in scarlet clover for this purpose. It may be sown among corn, tomatoes, turnips, etc., at time of last hoeing, or after potatoes, melons, cucumbers, have been harvested, or on grain stubble and harrowed in. When sown in July and early in August it has proved hardy as far north as Michigan and Canada. In the latitude of New York time of sowing may extend from July 15 to September 1, and farther south even later.

Sitting Hens.

On no account should hens be allowed to sit in the henhouse during the warm season. It is too dry a place at any time for healthful development of the chick in the shell. In summer it is particularly objectionable, because vermin are sure to breed in the henhouse if a hen is sitting there night and day for three weeks. When a hen at this season steals her nest and makes it on the ground the moisture which will rise through the soil invigorates the chick and enables it to peck its way to the outer world, instead of becoming exhausted and dying in its shell.

Farm Notes.

There is some objection to millet hay, owing to the seed heads, which cannot be separated from the hay. This can only be avoided when the millet is mowed. The mistake is in allowing it to advance too far in growth before mowing. The time to mow millet is when the seed heads are beginning to form.

If weeds are annual they will soon disappear if not allowed to produce seeds; if they are perennial, keep them cut down so as to prevent them from making leaves. Leaves are the breathing organs of plants, and to frequently cut down the plants as fast as they begin to grow will soon put an end to them.

Currying the horses when they have become dry after their return from the day's work relieves them of itching due to attacks of insects and opens the pores of the skin. If they are well rubbed down and also given a brisk brushing they will feel better and also be in better condition for work the next day.

Four times as much can be produced on an acre by the use of wheel hoes and other hand implements than by the ordinary cultivation with horse power, as the hand implements will allow of growing the plants closer in the rows, and the rows need not be more than twelve inches apart, but in so doing the crop must be supplied with an abundance of plant food and carefully attended to.

In Michigan a law is in force which requires all orchards infested with injurious insects to be sprayed or disinfected. This law is enforced by three commissioners in each township, who are appointed on petition of ten freeholders. If the owner refuses to do the work the commissioners can do it and tax costs against him. Thus far the law works well, and its justness is recognized. No man has a right to grow weeds or breed insects to destroy his neighbor's crops or fruit.

Japs Changing.

Some astonishing changes in the physical type of races as a result of intercourse with foreigners have been pointed out by M. Albert Gauttard to the French Ethnographic Society. The Japanese, who, since the revolution of 1868, have been rapidly adopting European modes of life, are losing the eccentricity of their eyes and the prominence of their cheek bones, while recently born children have less flattened noses than their ancestors, with a skin not so yellow. Europeans settling in Japan, on the other hand, gradually lose the rosy color of their skin and tend to acquire an eccentricity in the eye. Another instance is reported by Adhemar Leclere, who has observed in Cambodia a striking change in his countrymen, the French residents soon beginning to acquire the type and the gait of the natives.

Occasionally you find a woman who continues to think she is good-looking after marriage, but matrimony seems to dispel that idea in the men's minds.

So many people love authority that it is always easy to find an umpire at a ball game.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

A LAZY man's working time is to-morrow.

'Tis only the marble image of purity that is cold.

The poetry of nature is a Christian thought.

Prayers that mean nothing are never heard in heaven.

Our weakness can be made strength by trust in the Lord.

Never follow any guide who does not closely follow Christ.

The admiration of moral beauty cannot be got out of the soul.

The surest way of getting a revival is to first get the Holy Ghost.

To put off repenting until to-morrow may be putting it off forever.

The God who remembers the sparrow can never forget his child.

The man who thinks he is almost regenerated has not yet begun.

A self-made man generally takes a great deal of pride in his work.

A stereotyped prayer never takes the chill out of a cold prayer meeting.

If our faults were written on our faces everybody would wear a veil.

The man who plows deep makes the right kind of a prayer for a good crop.

The devil's cause gets a big lift whenever whining is mistaken for religion.

The God who makes the lily fair is able to do the same for every sinful heart.

Nobody has ever starved by getting a stone when he asked the Lord for bread.

The child has the seeing eye; years veil our vision with stupid things called facts.

If God answered all prayers, the sky would always be raining fire somewhere.

The weary and heavy laden have a standing invitation to go to Christ and find rest.

What the "crooked path" brother needs is to make God's word a lamp for his feet.

Pointing to the hypocrites in the church will not make your own shining any safer.

It is not God's purpose that any religious meeting should ever be held without results.

The fiery furnace is always a good place to the man who gets into it by following Christ.

Love among spirits is what gravitation is to matter. It binds the universe to a common center—God.

The main reason why some people get so little good by going to prayer meeting is because they expect so little.

Unanswerable.

A man doesn't like to see his pet theories and favorite dogmas attacked and everturned in a manner that leaves him no opportunity for successful reply. Yet many men—we see them every day, and read their vain and vapid tirades—will argue and dispute and vociferously declaim long after they know they are beaten—annihilated. One of the best answers in view of this kind of a defeat was that once made by James I. of England.

James had been reading a work entitled "Description of the Policy of the Church of England," written by the historian Calderwood, which severely handled a few of his pet theories. James fancied himself a profound theologian. The King read until he became angry, and then he threw the book down, with a bitter anathema upon it.

A prelate of the church who chanced to be standing near inquired of his Majesty the cause of his trouble.

The King named the work, and answered that he had been reading it.

"O!" said the prelate, with unhesitating confidence, "do not let the work give your Majesty one moment's uneasiness. We will answer it."

"Answer it!" repeated James, in a passion. "And what will you answer, man? There is nothing in it but Scripture, honestly quoted, and sound reason. It is unanswerable—and that's what troubles me."

Responsibility in Talking.

The absolute lack of responsibility which a good many well-meaning people show in the matter of talking would be incredible if one were constantly coming upon illustrations of its extent. Men and women give forth impressions and repeat, without qualification or condemnation, statements regarding others which have absolutely no foundation in fact, and to ascertain the truth or falsity of which not the slightest effort has been made. The same people would shrink from the idea of burning down a man's house or taking a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket, but they do not hesitate to smirch his character or destroy his peace of mind; calamities much more difficult to bear than the results of arson or theft. Society stands in great need of sound education regarding personal responsibility for talk which affects the character or standing of others.—Christian Union.

The Kiss Ecclesiastic.

At a fashionable wedding party, just as the happy pair were about to start on their trip, the little bride was thanking the clergyman who had made her and her choice one, on which the reverend gentleman, who was an old friend of the family and a bit of a wag, said:

"But, my dear, you have not paid me my fee yet?"

"What is that?" asked the bride.

"A kiss. Won't you pay it before you start off?"

"Of course I will," she answered, laughing. And she did.

A severe old maid, standing by, was terribly shocked at such levity and worse, as she viewed it, on the part of the jolly divine, but everybody else, the bridegroom included, smiled at the incident. As the old man a little latter was about to drive away from the door, she put her head out of her brougham window and said severely, as the parson and others bade her adieu:

"Well, Mr. Clergyman, how about that ecclesiastical kiss?"

"Not now," answered he. "I will give it you another time. So public here."

She disappeared. The guests roared, and the parson scored.

The Horrid Brute.

She—I never expected to work like this when I married you.

He—I didn't suppose you cared. You worked hard enough to get me, didn't you?—Indianapolis Journal.

There is one thing we never expect to see: a man go into an ice cream parlor alone, and order ice cream for himself.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

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March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

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