1884

UA94/1/1 Elizabeth Curd Tucker Scrapbook

Elizabeth Curd Tucker

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/stu_alum_papers

Recommended Citation
http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/stu_alum_papers/9

This Other is brought to you for free and open access by TopSCHOLAR®. It has been accepted for inclusion in Student/Alumni Personal Papers by an authorized administrator of TopSCHOLAR®. For more information, please contact topscholar@wku.edu.
Elizabeth Curd Tucker was born February 9, 1863 near Glasgow, Kentucky to Havilah and Leticia (Mosby) Curd. She attended Glasgow Normal School graduating in 1880 when she delivered the valedictory speech at commencement. She married George Tucker on December 16, 1884 in Cave City. Except for a brief residence in Bowling Green between 1914 and 1921, the couple lived and raised their family in Cave City where George owned and operated the Tucker Telephone Company. They had six daughters and two sons. Mrs. Tucker died in Glasgow September 18, 1947. The scrapbook was donated to the WKU University Archives by her daughters in 1975.

The bulk of the scrapbook is made up of newspaper clippings of poetry and articles regarding education and sermons. There are Glasgow Normal School commencement programs and drawings by her son Charles and an unidentified artist in the scrapbook as well. The following articles are of particular interest:

  - Wedding announcement for Roy Clifford and Nell Overstreet, p. 31.
  - "Glasgow Normal Senate," Friday May 28, 1880 which mentions Ms. Curd, p. 49.
  - "Glasgow Commencement Exercises," June 30, 1880 which mentions Ms. Curd giving the valedictory, p. 50.
  - Address delivered by Glasgow Normal School founder A.W. Mell at the Louisville Annual Methodist Conference, p. 54.
  - Wedding announcement for Prof. H. Leibing and Ella Bohannon, p. 55.
  - J.K. Gwynn obituary, p. 77.
  - Glasgow Normal School commencement programs

Scrapbook was scanned by University Archives student worker Todd Wilson, Feb. 2010.
Here is a complete list of titles:

A Fine Sonnet
A Good Name
A Sermon in Rhyme
Alphabet of Texts
American Wonders
Annie and Willie’s Prayer
Around the World in Eighty Days
Bar, Temple. Rest in the Grave
Barr, Lillie. The Passing Storm
Be Up and Doing
Bean, Jake. The Two Glasses
Beautiful Things
Bible Points
Bob’s Petticoats
Bradish, Alice. A Teacher’s Soliloquy
Butis, M.F. A Water Lily
Cake, L.B. Croquet
Carleton, Will. The Boy-Convict’s Story
Carlos. Gleanings from Many Sources
Carlson, Will. John Henry Payne
Chapter of Interesting Facts
Charles Tucker
Curfew Must Not Ring To-night
Dempsey, W. Koss, A Reverie
Despair
Do Not Be Idle
Dr. Rolland’s First Poem
Duties of Sabbath School Teachers
Easy Method of Washing
Eliot, Charles. John G. Whittier
Ellis, Olyette. Write Them a Letter To Night
Emerson, Ralph Waldo. The Mountain
Farningham, Marianne. The Last Hymn
Ferry, Mary. Indian Summer
Fourteen Wonders of the World
Frances Willard
Good Words for Women
Gregory, John. Necessity of Education
Henry Clay Morrison, image
Hildreth, Charles. Over the Mountains
Hill, Eugene. The Old Farm-Gate
Home Without a Woman
Horrible Rum
How Slate Pencils Are Made
Huggins, Annie. American Literature
In the Mire
Introspection
It Sounded Awful
J.G. Holland obituary
Kelly, Andrew. The Early Days
Kentucky Census Statistics
Knowledge in a Nut-Shell
Life
Life and Dinner
Longfellow, Henry. Mad River
Longfellow, Henry. Autumn
Longfellow, Henry. The Bridge
Longfellow, Henry. The Day is Done
Longfellow, Henry. The Golden Milestone
Longfellow, Henry. Winter Winds
Longfellow: Whittier’s Tribute to the Dead Singer
Look Up, Not Down
Lowell, James. The Heritage
Lowell, James. The Snow-Fall
Luck and Labor
Lukens, Henry. America’s Greatest Lyric
M’Cormick, John. Frances Willard
Mix, Paramenas. Fame
My Mother
No Flowers
Oliver Goldsmith’s House
Our Moments
Our Wasted Resources
Parallel of the Sex
Pencilings by the Way
Percy, Florence. Rock Me to Sleep Mother
Prentice, George. The Closing Year
Prentice, George. The Invalid’s Reply
Prouty, Father. The Bells of Shandon
Punctuality in All Things
R. Poole Photographer, Nashville, TN


THE FLIGHT OF TIME

Dr. Talma's New Year's Sermon Upon Longevity of Man.

We live too rapidly and say without Thought Brain and Nerve Foundations—Moderation Advised.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 1.—This morning the congregation at the Tabernacle, on its first Sunday service in the new year, found the sanctuary a little more crowded than at the flight of time. The opening hymn gave the keynote in the familiar words:

Aye, a pilgrim strange
Would not behind thee they fly.
Three hours of rest and dinner.

Dr. Talma said several passages relating to medita
tion, long life, making characteristic comments as he went from the sentiments of the verse, Jeremiah xviii., 10:

"This year thou shalt die."

Jer. 18:10.

Among the closing words, addressed上班族 in these words, they pointed out that sixty days had passed since the death of this dependency.

This is the first Sabbath of the year. It is a time for reflection and for thought, and upon which a man must be a genius at stupidity who does not think of the coming year, the new one, as a gift to the old, as the letter of Jane Seymour, the Queen, departed when that of her son, Edward, King, was born. It is a year of life.

Several years ago, I pointed out that the child of the wise, whether by side. We can hardly guess what the child will be. It will be in six or seven years, and I forget for a moment that the child has a grandfather, and that the grandfather has a grandfather, and so on, and that the child is yourself.

The text will provoke some true of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.

The text will provoke some truth of some of you. The people of the world have now and then, but have always been of the impression that there is no such thing as the world.
BE UP AND DOING.

Those who are always up and doing, always on the lookout for the good chances to make money that are occasionally offered, become wealthy just as surely as they use good judgment. Those who always hesitate and wait, allow all the good chances for bettering their condition to pass by unimproved and remain in poverty and obscurity.

Doubtless this issue of The National Agent will be read by both classes; those who are always on the alert looking out for improving their condition will take agencies at once, and by candid earnestness we induce any of the other classes to try to take a step onward it will be good work and will make men of those closely related to the miserable abhorred.

All who are up and doing in the agency business will meet their reward as surely as they work and the sun rises and sets. We are calling your attention to no ordinary business but one that the people feel an urgent need of, and is sweeping the land as no other business has ever done. It has proved itself to be a popular and profitable business. Try it.

A GOOD NAME.

What is more valuable in any pursuit than a good name? It is often the key-note of success in your calling. It is worth ten times its cost to its possessor during life; and, after death, what more precious legacy can be left for your children? Besides, the value of a good name does not accrue to yourself and children alone. The whole community is benefited thereby. Your noble traits of character remain as a stimulus to others, encouraging them to efforts of self-improvement.

To a young man, ambitious for a position of honor and success in the business world, a good name is the first consideration. Without that, no one is wanted in a position of trust. No young man, when fitting himself for business, should lose sight of this important fact. We always endeavor to impress upon pupils attending our school the value of a good name, and also to instill into them habits of industry and integrity.
Punctuality in All Things.

It is astonishing how many people are who neglect punctuality. Thousands have failed in life from this cause alone. It is not only a serious vice in itself, but it is the fruitful parent of numerous other vices, so that he who becomes the victim of it gets involved in sin from which it is almost impossible for him to escape. It makes the merchant wasteful of time; it mars the business reputation of a lawyer, and it injures the prospects of mechanics who might otherwise expect to be fortune; in a word, it is a profession, or a station in which it is not to the can of the dastardly habit.

Mercurial affairs, punctuality is an important as it is miliary. Many are the instances in which the neglect to renew an insurance policy has led to a serious loss. Hundreds of city merchants are now suffering in consequence of the want of punctuality among their Western customers in paying up their accounts. With sound policy do Binks insist, under penalty of a protest, on the punctual payment of invoices, for were they to do otherwise, commercial transactions would fail into inextricable confusion. Many and many a time has the failure of one man to meet his obligations brought on the ruin of a score of others, just as the toppling down of a line of bricks, of the master brick causes the fall of all the rest. Perhaps, that is no class of men less punctual than mechanics. Do you want an usher? He rarely comes, when he agrees. So with carpenters, painters, and nearly all others—tailors and shoemakers often do not have their articles come in time. The consequence is that thousands receive poor and inferior work, the correction, at least, if they were more faithful to their word, would secure

"Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night."

SLOWLY England's sun is setting over the hillslopes far away. Filling all the land with the yellow light of eve, the birds gog and sange and fly. And the last step closed the doors behind a man and maiden face. He with footstep slow and reverent, with hand, and thoughtful, she with lips all mild and white, straitened toward the summit. They must not ring to-night.

"Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night."  

There was a clank upon the metal, every word penned her young heart like the whisper of an angle, like a dear, beloved dream.

"Long, long years I've been, and to me the Curfew has spoken tenderly. Every morning, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour. I have done my days, and it is time to do it just and right.

"Now I'm old, and I must be done."

"Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night."  

Weary, rose, and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow. And within her secret hearts Bells make a solemn vow. And within the old walls Bells make a solemn vow. Of the ring with the forward, up the old church door. Left the old man shivering deeply poised in the old wood shadow. Not an instant passed the mantle, but with eye and check alight, with the bell swung to and fro. Mounting up the glasses, and she clasped the heavy holder on which fell no ray of light. Up and up, and out, and out, and out, out, out. "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night."  

She has reached the topmost holder, she has grasped her great dark bell. A wild is the shiver through her, like a pathway deep to hell. To the tinkling of the bell, she is a bitter bitter soul. But she thought it was a clinking bell that Bells' natural merit, still the solemn clang most firmly, and with resounding like and white. Sighs in the heath with caws, and the caws of the moor. "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night."  

On she swung, far out, the city acclam a speech of right below. Twin headed, and throb her heart suspended, as the bell swung to and fro. At the bell, the bell, the bell, old and dead, not the bell. But she thought it was the clinking bell that Bells' natural merit, still the solemn clang most firmly, and with resounding like and white. Sighs in the heath with caws, and the caws of the moor. "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night."  

It was o'er, the bell ceased swinging, and the shadows stopped once more. Finally, on the dark old ladder, when for hundreds years before. Human foot has not been upon the platform, the heavy door that she had done should be left. He long ago, and the ways of setting men should be left. The way with beauty and grace with heads of wise. Long should tell the little children. "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night."  

"Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night."  

Farewell, the distant hills came Curfew, Bells rose in the sun, and her bow. Filled of hope and of clearness, she is no anxious tear may. The bell is not lifted, the eyes she feels the coldness and sun. And her face is now in shadow, rose with a sorrow. freighted her heart with sadness and tears, "Out, my dear, and she is not at her eye with misty light. "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night."  

Alphabet of Texts.

A. "Ask and it shall be given unto you.
B. "Behold I stand at the door and knock.
C. "Children obey your parents in the Lord.
D. "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.
E. "Even as Christ forgave you, so also ye.
F. "Fear not, little flock.
G. "God is love.
H. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
I. "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me shall find Me.
J. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever.
K. "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking evil.
L. "Love us, brethren; be pitiful, be courteous.
M. "Make me an clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.
N. "Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation.
O. "Open Thou mine eyes, lest I may behold wonderful things out of Thy law.
P. "Perfect love casteth out fear.
Q. "Quickly turn thou me, O Lord, according to Thy Word.
R. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.
S. "Seek ye the Lord, and ye shall find him; seek ye him early.
T. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.
U. "Unto you which believe He is precious.
V. "Verily, I say unto you, he that believeth in Me, hath everlasting life.
W. "While we have time let us do good unto all men, that are in the days of our youth.
X. "Excellent things are spoken of thee, thou city of God.
Y. "Your sins are forgiven you; Yea, and his name sake.
Z. "Zealous in good works."
THE DAY IS DONE.

Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.
Read from some hollower post,
Whose songs rushed from his heart.
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.
Who, through long days of labor, And nights devoid of ease, Still heard in his soul the music Of wonderful melodies.
Such songs have power to quiet The restless pulse of fear, And come like the benediction That follows after prayer.
Then read from the treasured volume The poem of thy choice, And lend to the rhyme of the poet The beauty of thy voice.
And the night shall be filled with music, And the cares, that infest the day, Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, And as silently steal away.

AMERICAN WONDERS. —The greatest cave in the world is the Fall of Niagara, where the water from the great upper cataract of a river is being annually thrown over the great falls and rocks in two hundred millions of cubic feet each.

The longest railroad track in the world is the Panama Railroad, 4,600 miles in length. The greatest bridge in the world is the Eiffel Tower, 2,000 feet high and 2,000 feet wide.

Mr. J. Herman Denney, Supervisor of the Census, has kindly furnished the following statistics showing the population of several of the county-capitals in his district:

Bowling Green, Warren Co. ...5,400
Ellisville, Hardin .......5,505
Bainbridge, Nelson .......2,675
Russellville, Logan .......2,500
Lobdell, Marion .......2,000
Franklin, Simpson .......1,920
Glasgow, Barren .......1,900
Litchfield, Grayson .......1,800
Fordsville, Hopkins .......1,300
Brownsville, Edmonston .......1,200
AROUND THE WORLD
IN EIGHTY DAYS.

The St. Charles Theatre

The Great Cast

Amelia Earhart (as Indian Princeess) - Miss Helen Toner
Nancy, her sister - Miss Rose Wilson
Eric - Miss Edith Ainsworth
Nakula, Anakin's slave - Miss Josie Leary
Juliet, a Malay Woman - Miss Frances Brown
Owen - Miss Currie Mott
(Roommates of Nakula) - Miss Addie Bridges
(Companions of Nakula) - Miss Anne Hepburn
Pitt - Miss Gertrude Dickson
Miss Fogg, a member of the Eastern Club - Mrs. Henry Meredith
Miles of Fogg, an ex-Senator from N. Y. - Mr. Archie Cooper
Mr. J. P. Peters - Mr. J. P. Peters
Jean Francois Passepartout, a French Valet - Mr. John Wans
Mr. Khan, Calcutta Magistrate - Mr. W. H. Burgdorf
Sir Roger Shalbury - Mr. William Howard
Arthur Maynor - Mr. J. Morton
Peter Jones - Mr. J. Waddell
Governor of Sitt - Mr. F. E. Ellis
Slater - Mr. W. Porter
Bonwalee - Mr. P. Williams
Engineer - Mr. C. Innes
An Aged Persian - Mr. M. L. John
Brahmin Chief - Mr. A. H. Denham
Foulacey - Mr. W. Rollins
Jack River - Mr. W. Smithlins
Conductor - Mr. Frank Edmund
Engineer - Mr. H. Tiley
Chief Scout - Mr. F. Trost
Admiral Alan, King of Sitt - Mr. J. W. Van Pelt
Walter - Mr. Charles Nodsbah
Station Master - Mr. J. M. Child
Barkeeper - Mr. J. A. Cook
Captain Collins - Mr. Wm. S. Hardy

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

PROLOGUE—Club of the Easterns. A wager of half a million. 
ACT I. Scene 1.—Suez, with a view of the Canal, (new)
ACT IV. Scene 1—Saloon on the Steamer for Europe (new). Fogg, the Captain. "I will give a whole year's wages," Scene 2—Back of the Steamer (new). Fall three months at sea. "If I don't reach Liverpool to-night, I'm lost." Breaking up of the Ship. The Explosion. The Wreck. Scene 5—Lights of Liverpool (new). View of the City by Night and Day. 
ACT V. Scene 1—Hotel Paly in Liverpool (new). I lost my bet, but not my honor. No; it is Sunday, not Monday—yet in time. Last Scene—The Palace of the Eastern Club (new). This marvel of artistic achievement represents a Palace Built of Ice and Grecian Porticos. Grand Ballet of BHI-I-B 816, Congress of China of all Nations, by 100 Ladies. The Last Stroke of the Hour. He has lost. No! I am here, Gentlemen. Grand Finale.

This play was witnessed in London on the 15th of January by Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Booth. 

W. A., 1854.
TOMORROW.

If, that mythical tomorrow: That time when we shall be rid of our troubles, when we shall be rich, happy, and wise; when we shall be free from cares and sorrows.

I, for one, do not look forward to it. For what is tomorrow? A mere chimera, a mere dream, a mere illusion.

No, tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.

But tomorrow is not the day when all our troubles shall be at an end. Tomorrow is the day when we shall have to face new troubles, new cares, new sorrows.

And yet, we look forward to it. We long for it. We want it. We hunger for it. We thirst for it. We scheme for it. We plan for it.
THE HIGHLAND NELL.

When summer flowers bringeth gladness bright,
When flying stags are on the wing,
When young Apollo strings his harp,
When love and music go hand in hand,
When youthful friendship floats upon the strand,

What song comes strumming, ere one can tell,
Feeling over the moorland, from highland Nell?

See the moon, fair gentle face of the night,
See the shadow of eve falling out of sight,
See Venus twinkle, and Jupiter wave bright,
See some young lover falling in his sight,
See the moonbeam ariseth—the world in fright,
With fillings and feelings, see, all remains.

If the god do but listen to Bonnie Nell,
Softly chirps the critic in her heart and knee,

Softly clears to call, all startled on the floor,
Softly crows the dove art of holy lore,

Softly strums the faince, as hefolks his harp before,
Softly repeats some poet's sweet lines of Thomson Moore.

So she, softly touching her piano—the man's swell,
So thousands flock around her—all lovers of highland Nell.

Ope the curtains of angel's white glove,
Ope the blue vault hanging starry above,
Ope the door, see the colors of rainbow's clove,
Ope heaven's richest and choicest door,
Ope all obstructions to sun's rays above.
And you will light the minute, and love quickly tell,
To exchange for that, from highland Nell.

The lark is warbling 'tis early noon:

Then the beautiful highland's son!

The sweeter voice, the lark's or hers, 'tis hard to tell,
Though the word doubles favorably for highland Nell.

—Roxana.

Luck and Labor.

If the boy who exclaimed, "Just my luck," was truthful, he would say, "Just my business" or "Just my intention." Mr. Colman wrote some proverbs about "Luck and Labor" which it would be well for our boys to memorize:

Luck is waiting for something to turn up.
Labor, with keen eye and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in best and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy.

Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whistles.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chances.

Labor on character.

Luck slips down to indolence.

Labor strides upward to independence.

---

ON THE BANKS OF BARRENS.

Fall many a plant, by forces, too,
In elliptical paths, is propelled space, untosted through:

Fall many an hour was spent today
By kindness and friendship of a delightful way.

Roll on, young Barrens, with your muddy foam,
Pour the sweet song, how city gentlemen did roam.

On your shadowy, willowy banks—all green,
Surrounded by highlands, like a lawn between.

Ah! little they dreamed, who gazed upon your waters mild
That the lonely whippoor-will oft 'made the valley wild.'

That the saplings, which cooled the blushing cheek,
Were gifts from Providence, collected during the week.

Roll on, little Barrens, and with a simple rhyme
Echo the British Grens company in another plane:

Sing pleasantly of the Moos that adorned your shore
Neighboring some—the Susies, the Nobbies, the Jennies and more.

The sun sheds rays, which, when condensed, are strong.
Where solitude and familiarity abide, pleasure is long.

Few words to express one's sincere regard,
Are fitly condensed to wise and Doctor at large.

Roll on, proud Barrens, and, with waves, cast smiles,
As you plough the rough rocks for coming miles.

And with the gentle laugh of Misses Trigg and Cora J.
Wander, listlessly, on some rustic down your way.

The morning rose, perfumed by nature—with petals red—
The low lands of clover, and tall blue grass—a nap;—
The many, many scenes that Providence provide.
Are blessed on Pageville, for many hardness to hide.

Roll on, rolling Barrens, and, as you o'er top the lines white,
Leave them all stainless, pleasing to the sight.

And, as you flock on down your fouling way
Inscribe, with gratefulness, the English letter Z.

Roxana.

Never question a servant or child about family matters.
Never present a gift, saying that it is of no use to yourself.
Never read letters which you may find addressed to others.
Never fail, if a gentleman, in being civil and polite to ladies.
Never call attention to the features or form of any one present.
Never refer to a gift you have made or a favor you have rendered.
THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below,
Over the house, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing, laughing, beginning along.

Beautiful snow, it can do no wrong,
Falling to kiss a fair lady’s cheek,
Clinging to lips in a thousand alcove.

Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
Peace as an angel, and tickle as love!
Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow.

How the flakes come down, as they go whirling
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with everyone.

Cheerful, singing.

Hurraying by,
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Spring at the crystals that softly around.
The snow is silver, and its heart in a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild curled ones run along along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!

How the gray smiles like moon and slow,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye.

Blissful.

Swinging.

Dashing they go
Over the crest of the beautiful snow;
Snow so soft and white it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by.

To be trampled and trodden by the thousands of feet,
Till it becomes the horrible fifth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell,
Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven to hell;
Fell, to be trampled as the fifth of the street;
Fell, to be spilt on and best.

Blissful.

Crying.

Hearing to die,
Selling my soul for a bottle of wine.
Raging the living and burning the dead.

Murderous soul, let me fall down.

And yet I was once like this beautiful snow:
Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow.

Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Fluttered and aught for the charm of my face.

Father.

Mother.

Sieves all,
God, and myself I have lost by my fall.
The vicious wrath that goes shrewing by
Will take a wide sweep, but I wander too high.

For all that is on or about me, I know
There is nothing that’s pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go;
How strange it should be, when the right comes again.

If the moon and the stars shook my desperate brain
Painting.

Fainting.

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my soul.
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town.
Gone mad in its joy at the snow’s coming down.

To and fro and to die in my terrible woe.
With a bood and a shout of the beautiful snow.

Nature has strange ways of doing the most beautiful things. Out of the snowy earth, the mud and rain of early spring, come the most delicate flowers, their white petals born out of the dirt, so unsold and pure as if they had been laid there by the hand of nature.

THE WORLD’S SEVEN WONDERS.

The seven wonders of the world are:
The Pyramids, the Colossus of Rhodes, Diana’s temple at Ephesus, the Pharaohs of Alexandria, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Olympic Fire, and the Mausoleum by Artemisia at Halicarnassus. The Pyramids are numerous and space forbids giving even a list of them. The great pyramids were constructed of blocks of red or syenite granite, and of a hard calcareous stone. These blocks were of extraordinary dimensions, and their transportation to the site of the pyramids and their adjustment in place, indicates a surprising degree of mechanical skill. The Great Pyramid covers an area of between twelve and fifteen acres. The masonry consisted of 88,000,000 cubic feet, and still amounts to about 82,111,000 feet. The present vertical height is 450 feet, against 475 feet originally. The total weight of the stone is estimated at 6,316,000,000 tons. The city of Rhodes was besieged by Domitian Ptolemy, King of Mausolus, and added Ptolemy Soter, King of Egypt, the enemy was repelled. The Greeks carried on to their allies and to the tutelary deity, they erected a brazen statue to Apollo. It was 102 feet high and hollow, with a winding staircase that led to the head. After standing fifty-six years, it was overthrown 224 years before Christ; and lay nine centuries on the ground, and then sold to a few by the Saracens, who had captured Rhodes, about the middle of the seventh century. It is said to have required 800 canoes to remove the metal, and from this statement it has been calculated that its weight was 800,000 pounds. The temple of Diana at Ephesus was built at the common charge of all the Asiatic States. The chief architect was Chersiphron, and it is said that 229 years were employed in completing the temple, whose riches were immense. It was 425 feet long, 225 feet broad, and supported by 127 columns of Parian marble (90 feet high), each weighing 150 tons; finished by as many kings. It was set on fire on the night of Alexander’s birth by an obscure person named Exarchus, who confessed on the rack that the sole purpose which prompted him was the desire to transmit his name to future ages. The temple was again built, and once more burned by the Goths in their naval invasion A. D., 269. The Pharaohs of Alexandria and Hanging Gardens were described recently. The cenotaph of Jupiter in the temple of Olympia, at Elis, was by Phidias. It was in gold and ivory, and sat adorned in the temple for 500 years, and was finally destroyed by fire about A. D. 415.

From the best information it is believed that the mausoleum at Halicarnassus was a rectangular building surrounded by an Ionic portico of thirty-six columns, and surmounted by a pyramid, rising in seven or eight steps, upon the summit of which was a colossal marble quadriga with a statue of Mausolus. This magnificent structure was erected by Artemisia, who was the sister, wife, and successor of Mausolus.

THE GOLDEN MILESTONE.

Leafless are the trees; their purple branches Spread themselves abroad, like roots of coral. Rising silent In the red sea of the winter street. From the hundred domes of the village Like the street in the Arabian story Smoky columns Tower soft into the whisper of the sea. At the window whistles the distant firelight. Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer. Special watchfires Answering one another through the darkness. Org the burnt lighted logs are glowing, And like Ariel in the dream pine tree For its freedom Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them. By the fireside the old men seated Seeing ruined cities in ash. Astounding Of the past what it can never restore them. By the fireside there are youthful dreamers, Building, castles fair, with stately stairways. Asking blindly. Of the future what it cannot give them. By the fireside tragedies are acted, In whose scenes appear two actors only— Wife and husband. And above them God, the spectator. By the fireside is peace and comfort; wine and children, with fair, thoughtful faces. Waiting, watching. For a walk among the flowers in the passageway. Each man’s changery is his Golden Milestone; Is the central point from which he measures Every distance Through the gateways of the world around him. In his farthest wanderings still he was here; Here the talking flame, the answering nightwind. As he heard them. When his eye rested on the one who were, but were not, Happy he whose golden wealth was a favor. Nor the mark of the ever-reaching city. Drives an exile. From the earth or his ancestral homestead. We may build more splendid buildings, Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures, But we cannot Buy with gold the old associations!
What to Teach Boys.

A philosopher has said that true education for boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men." What is it they ought to know?

First—To be true—to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and action—rather than be learned in all the sciences and languages, and at the same time be false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than curtly power or position.

Second—To be pure in thought, language, and life—pure in mind and in body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society in which he moves, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who were banished from society, and were compelled to cry "unclean" as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

Third—To be unselfish; to care for the feelings and comforts of others; to be polite; to be generous, noble, and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and sacred things.

Fourth—To be self-reliant and self-helpful, even from childhood: to be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being, however young he may be, however rich or poor, he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.

O star on the breast of the river,
O marvel of bloom and grace,
Did you fall straight from heaven
Out of the sweetest place?
You are white as the thoughts of an angel;
Your heart is steeped in the sun;
Did you grow in the golden city,
My pure and radiant one?

Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven;
None gave me my sainly white;
It slowly grew from the blackness
Down in the dreary night.
From the ooze of the silent river
I won my glory and grace.
White's写字楼 fall not, O my poet;
They rise to the sweetest place.
—M. F. Burtis, in Sunday Afternoon.

A sound and liberal education is the surest pathway to success in all pursuits. Statistics show that the educated man will, on the average, be far advanced in his career at 35 as the uneeducated man at 45 or even 50. His education is as good as far years' start of his competitors. While not one out of every ten well educated men makes a comparative failure, not one out of every ten of uneeducated men achieve success. The chances of the educated man are, therefore, ten to one better than those of the uneeducated. This is true in every branch of business; in agriculture and mechanic arts, as well as in law, medicine, or trade—John M. Gregory, L.L.D., Prest. Ill. Ind. Univ.

What to Teach Our Daughters.

The following advice is worth many readings:

Teach them self-reliance.
Teach them to make bread.
Teach them how to cook a good meal.
Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes.
Bring them up in the way they should go.
Teach them that a dollar is only one hundred cents.
Teach them how to make their own dresses.
Teach them to darn stockings and sew on buttons.
Teach them every day, dry, hard, practical sense.
Teach them to say "no" and mean it; or "yes" and stick to it.
Teach them to wear calico dresses, and do it like queens.
Give them good, substantial common school education.
Teach them that a good, rosy rump is worth fifty consumptives.
Teach them to regard the morals and not the money of their suitors.
Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate young men.
Teach them the mysteries of the kitchen, dining room and the parlor.
Teach them that the more one lives within his income, the more he will save.
Teach them that the further one lives beyond his income, the nearer he is to the poor-house.

Reply upon it that upon your teaching, depends in a measure, the weal or woe of their after life.

Teach them the accomplishments, music, painting and drawing—if you have time and money to do it with.
Very Thrilling, But Too Brief.

[From] [From (Ky.) Patrol]

In the calm moonlight, last Wednesday evening, we witnessed a scene of thrilling interest, such as awakened feelings we shall not soon forget. A young and beautiful girl, apparently of twenty—the youth's prettiest age—is most described, was observed joyfully crossing Cedar street, in the direction of the Robinson house. There was something peculiarly attractive in the sweet, and young face, for she was beautiful; an daughter of the Tyrell was ever more lovely. Her dress was not such as to indicate a follower of fashion, though its graceful folds were arranged with more than ordinary taste. As she approached the reader she appeared disconcerted, as if dreading the approach of danger. Her brow was very fair yet not withstanding her beauty and her youthful grace; there was an expression of indescribable fear in her fair young face, showing the struggle of the heart within. Suddenly from the direction of Depot street, emerged a youth whose age could scarcely have been eighteen years. We were all anxious to know the cause of the earnest and evidently unhappy meeting. The beautiful girl (elegantly, perhaps a lady, says Tom at our door) "Just the look, we never began a sentimental sketch but something or other calls it away. Be patient, gentle reader, we will continue the story the next opportunity."
CROQUET.
By L. B. CAIN.

Well, wife, we’re here at home again,
Just you and I alone.
How strangely still the old house seems,
When all the children gone!
Ah, me! How often have I thought,
Deeper, and with richer tone.
What joys we’d see when they grew up,
Those bustling girls and boys.

They’ve done as children do,
Done just as we did, wife;
Their children will do as they.
So runs the way of life.
But could I change it now, I fear,
In life’s fall wont, to-day.
I’ll bring the children home to stay,
Till we should go away.

I’ve thought so much on that new game,
We helped the children play.
The one with angle, bat, and wicket,
With that green maze—Crescent.
That much like the game we played,
More like the game of life.
That you and I have learned to play.
Surely you became my wife.

They choose their partners, make the start,
All for position aim;
Stakes to be first from each to each,
And win to the game, Crescent.
Crescents—positioned fields away,
Drive others from the ground.
Some fall behind, some rise, some win.
Those runs the game around.

Togethers through the wicket, smile,
As we make the game we create.
We run the weary score of life,
With all the children’s game.
The sun dips low, the friend that lack,
Dove by dove go away.
The walls will be upon the ground,
Whose course it must take to go.

The right course crossing safely on,
The shadows round as blend;
But I follow the northern plain,
Between us and the end.
The cannon fall from far away,
Till even come we’re the heather.
The arches wend, I only pray
It may be out together.

LOVE AND DINNER.
By a Bachelor Undated.

An love in a cottage is all very fine,
And kisses are sweet when the loving ones take
But there’s aught in this world, when all
You never can be alone.
Like the girl who knows well how to fry and to take,
They’re called the men, not the kisses of love.
Though the smiles are all right if you rightly have
You don’t want in your dressing your love.
I have been so fond, and “dear,” and care
For love in itself is a bright household blessing;
It is well for the one who loves you to dress,
But ’tis better by far if his dinner you’re to dress.

Call him “darling!” and “lovey!” and “dearest!”
And “sweet!”
These are things all right, and by him will be
“look in,”
But not the same, all the same, that you don’t burn his head.
And serve up his meals in your best mood of cooking.
For remember that love will go out of the door
If his stomach is empty—this sturdy brazen winner.
He may love you today; he will love you no more
If you dry up his pudding and ruin his dinner.

There’s a night of this nonsense of “love all in all,”
If you tell him, endorsement has no such a handle.
The rod to affection, in cottage or ball.
Leads straight through the stomach, and that you must stand.

At the door, with a smile, when he comes unto you,
To say “how are you?” and give you the morning’s centre.
But to see that the fumes of a roast, fish, or stew rise up to the nostrils and second the greeting.
And remember, dear girls, who are lately made wives.
Let this be a lesson to each new beginner.
You may wonder and long over the roof of your kitchen,
But be sure that you second that love with your dinner.

THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING A WOMAN.

 remotely the engine to either pole the law of civilized society is "Make way for the ladies!"
any gentleman who addresses a lady! asks the cautious conductor.
I in his bluest tone; and no sooner said than done.
For whom are the bells rung at every feast? who is served first, and has the best seat,
at breakfast, dinner, and supper? When a woman is served at
The gentleman who offers his seat.

Women loves and runs away. Women brings actions for breach of promise and gets damages.
Woman loves and she rides away. Man brings his action and gets hooked out of court.
Whatever things are baseborn, whatever things are base and costly, are as the disposal of a woman to make her irrevocable.
Even the red-bread laid down his melancholy life; as justly so, since a bird in her is worth ten in the bush.
The little bow-wows give up their brass collars, that they may shine upon his snowy neck.
She goes forth conquering and to conquer.
Man, poor devil—his chimney pot hat, and his coat made of the wool of the congregant sheep—is a more collection of cylinders,

THE TUMBER. We use.

To make shoe pegs enough for American use, consumes annually 100,000 cords of timber, and to make our inciner matches, 300,000 cubic feet of the best pine are required every year. Lath and board-trees take 500,000 cords of birch, beech and maple, and the handles of toothpicks more. The baking of our bricks consumes 2,000,000 cords of wood, or what would cover with forest about 50,000 acres of land. Telegraph poles already up represent 800,000 trees, and their annual repair consumes about 300,000 more. The ties of our railroads consume annually thirty years growth of 75,000 acres, and to fence all our railroads would cost $45,000,000 with a yearly expenditure of $15,000,000 for repairs. These are some of the ways in which American forests are growing. There are others, our packing boxes, for instance, cost in 1874 $12,000,000, while the tumber used each year in making wagons and agricultural implements is raised at more than $100,000,000.
INTROSPECTION.

Have you seen her all her letters? Have you given her back her stuff? Have you used the day you met her first? Thanked God that you were not? And said that your innermost heart, as you thought, "She will never marry me?" You have cast her off; your pride is too much for you. You fancy that all is done. That for you the world is bright again. And bravely shine the sun. You have washed your hands of passion; You have whitened her down the wind; Or Tom, old friend, this goes before, The sharpest comes behind. Yes, the sharpest is yet to come. For love is a plant that never dies. Its roots are deep as the world itself; It has been as wide as the sky; And wherever once it has taken hold, It flourishes everywhere, blossoming still. And bearing its beautiful fruit with the bitter core.

II.

You will learn this, Tom, hereafter. When your heart has cooled, and you Have time for introspection, You will find no words are true. You will not be able to gaze anywhere alone, And fancy that you can see her face. With its classic oval, its ringlets flattering from her soft blue eyes widely opened. Her sweet red lips apart. As she used to look, in the golden days. When you dreamed she had a heart; When you saw, wherever she went. You will see that honors fade. And mock your dancing heroes. To haunt all time and space. These songs you write for your singing. Will sing themselves into your brain. Till your life seems set to their rhythm. And your thoughts to their refrain— Their old, old burden of love and grief— The passion you have foreseen.

II.

But the worst, perhaps, the worst of all. Is when the day has flown. When darkness comes, reflection. And your conscious heart you know. You will be very slow, but the memories of unforgotten years. Will come with a storm of wild regret— Mayhap with storm of tears. Each look, each word, each playful tone, Each timid little cares, The golden dreams of her ringlets. The rustling of her dress. The delicate touch of her ungauged hand, That looks so exquisite thrift! The flowers she gave you the night of the

In dreams her heart will ever again be yours. And you will see fair glimpses Of what might have been—what now Can never be—and as she comes to meet you With a sudden wild unrest. You stretch your arms forth lovingly, To fold her to your breast; But the Leilani song will fail and die. And with the failing tone you wake to find. You weep the thin and empty air alone. While the echoes fail beginning dissonance. On the gusty nightwind born, Will seem an long departed demon's voice. Laughing at your grief to scorn. On, Tom! say it forever. You take her tears and rings— Do you think that Love's mighty spirit then, When the world is laughing on. No, if you once have truly loved. Till the churchyard myrtles blossom above, And her note below.

LOOK UP, NOT DOWN.

Life is some in full of sorrow. Hard it is some till you slumber. Worn out by sheer despair. And the very echoes laugh. Of song on the darkened air. Vague echoes, reaching falling. Of the voice you know so well. Like the songs that were sung by the

Learl maid. Sweet with deadly spell!

In dreams her heart will ever again be yours. And you will see fair glimpses Of what might have been—what now Can never be—and as she comes to meet you With a sudden wild unrest. You stretch your arms forth lovingly, To fold her to your breast; But the Leilani song will fail and die. And with the failing tone you wake to find. You weep the thin and empty air alone. While the echoes fail beginning dissonance. On the gusty nightwind born, Will seem an long departed demon's voice. Laughing at your grief to scorn. On, Tom! say it forever. You take her tears and rings— Do you think that Love's mighty spirit then, When the world is laughing on. No, if you once have truly loved. Till the churchyard myrtles blossom above, And her note below.

LIVE.

The following remarkable compilation is a contribution to the San Francisco. From the pen of Mrs. H. A. Deming. The reader will notice that each line is a quotation from some of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of a year's laborious search among the leading poets of the past and present time. Why all this toll for triumph of an hour? Yeats.

Life's a short summer, mass a flower. By turns we catch the vital breath and--

Pope.

The cradle and the tomb, alas, so near. Prior.

To be, is better far than not to be, Swift.

Though all man's life may seem a tragedy. Quincey.

Bare life can speak when mighty voices die dumb; Denison.

The bottom is but shallow when they Roll up. Whitman.

Your life is but the common fate of all. Longfellow.

Unrequited joys here to no man belong. Tennyson.

Nature to each altitude its proper sphere; Goethe.

Fortune makes folly her peculiar care; Thackeray.

Custom does often reason overmuch. Rochester.

And throw a cruel sunshine on a God. Pope.

Love well; how long or short, permit to heaven. Milton.

They who forgive shall be forgiven. Bunyan.

Sin may be clasped so close, we can see its face. Trench.

Vile interesse, at which virtue has no place. Somerville.

Then keep each passion down, however dear. Thomson.

Then perdulium bestows a smile and tear. Spenser.

Her sensual charms let faithless pleasure lay. Dryden.

With craft and skill, to rain and betray. Cowper.

Shall not too high fall, but stope to rise; Marlowe.

We masters grow of all that we despise. Southey.

Then, I renounce that implants self-esteem; Beattie.

Eichos hievings, and grandeur is a dream. Byron.

Think not ambition wise, because it's brave. Darlington.

The path of glory leads but to the grave. Byron.

What's ambition?—it's a glorious blindfold. Wells.

Only destructive to the brave and great. Addison.

What's all the gladiery of a crown? Pope.

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down. Cowper.

How long we live, not years but actions tell. Milton.

That man lives twice who lives the first life; Young.

Make then, while yet we may, your God your friend; Thomson.

Whom Christians worship, yet not compose; Hall.

The trust that's given guard, and to yourself; Dryden.

C'est le hasard, on ne sait jamais; Shakespeare.
A REVERIE

BY W. ROSS DEPPEY.

Who lives only in the present? To think that out of daily scenes,

Paint has come, its mem’ry’s dawn.

See the good light of the awakening.

Lighting up some happy some;

A vision of the early morning.

No shadow interweaves.

In the red roses—

Here they’re calling—

Heart yearnings—

As they’re falling—

Voices in the heart—

Softly saying—

Heart returning—

With us lingering—

There it seems so—

Where it seems—

Which no seeker—

Elocks to come.

See the faces look so truly—

Rising flood with tears for me—

At the warm hearts have so purely—

For they hold a magic power—

And there will be in their spell—

And it leaves a pleasant hour—

Attuned to the voices whoses—

Dead they’re sleeping—

Long who’s gone—

While hope’s working—

Waves may call—

Morn’s calling—

Softly falling—

As the sail—

They’re drinking—

With us singing—

Hill joy reign.

Yes, fond memory’s which a power—

This will fill the heart of guise—

Hill of tears and for diving—

To the promises low—

Hours which did fair long revive—

Hours that were the best of the age—

With me are again alive.

For the loved ones—

Passed away—

I’ve seen their—

Being of day—

Still the scene—

In my heart—

My dearest—

All is well—

All is grim—

I’ve sought them—

Divine they are—

But their memories come—

And again I see the faces—

As they come and take their places—

Here is my memory—

With them I will pleased wander—

Back on as long gone by—

And the future surely tender—

Horsing over low-breathed flight—

Pater, mother—

Friend and warm—

Friends and classmate—

Dear and still—

White books and state—

Where the heart—

They come to me—

I see recollecting—

Sorrow free.

And their voice, through their singing—

Their heart as they did then—

In the step—

On the steps—

And as I had not sung them once a little boy at school—

With the happy voices mingling then in the evensong long and cool.

I do not—

Sing that song—

No one a noon—

From that old through—

That man with me—

Gradually—

Yes, no—

They come to me—

I have taken—

When I am—

Listen to the happy voices—

Voices, oh never any are—

How the thrumming heart rejoices—

At the river of day—

So when come the hours of sadness—

And the wondrous numbers flour—

Let me view the scenes of gladness—

Worn by sadness in the age—

Or if sorrow’s—

Over my route—

Let the drowned—

The deep blue—

By the wave—

And the shadow stride—

And that my heart—

In hope review—

And alone depart—

Not heart regrets—

THE OLD SEXTON.

Nigh to a grave that was newly made—

Laid the sexton old on his earth worn space—

His work was done and he passed to walk—

The funeral train through the open gate—

A smile of bygone days was he—

And his locks were white as the snowy sea—

And these words came from his lips so thin—

"I gather them in—I gather them in."—

Many are with me, but still I am alone;—

I am king of the dead in death I made my throne—

On a monument slab of stone I stand—

And my scepter rule is the staff I hold—

Come they from cottage or come they from hall—

Mankind give me my subjects—all—all—

Let them be in peace or to toilfully alive—

"I gather them in—I gather them in."—

I gather them in—both men and boy—

Year after year of grief and joy—

I’ve buried the house that to all sound—

It every nook of that burial ground—

Mother and daughter and father and son—

They come to my solitude one by one—

Or come the stranger or come the kin—

"I gather them in—I gather them in."—

I gather them in, and their final rest—

Here, low down, in this churchyard bound—

The season cease and the funeral train—

Mourn slowly over that solemn place—

And he said, my grief, when grief is bold—

A mightier voice than flattery ever took—

Will sound o’er that trump’s dreadful din—

"I gather them in—I gather them in."—

Reputation and Character.

Reputation is what we seem to be.

Character is what we really are. Men know our reputation; God knows our character. Reputation, like wealth, is left behind us when we pass into eternity. Character is taken with us over the river of Death. Reputation fades away, and is of momentary importance. Character is an everlasting possession and has an eternal value.

Then it is far more important to acquire character than to make reputation. The acquisition of character should be the great business of life. If we take care of our character, our reputation will take care of itself.

ALOZEN is said to have invented by Diophantus, who first wrote upon it, in D. 200.
Gleanings From Many Sources.

BY CARLOS.

Maps, globes and dials were first invented by Anaximander in the sixth century before Christ. They were first brought into England by Bartholomew Columbus in 1489.

Comedy and tragedy were first exhibited at Athens 603 B.C.

Plays were first acted at Rome 239 B.C.

The first public library was founded at Athens 326 B.C.

The first public library was founded at Rome 167 B.C.

The first public library was founded at Alexandria 264 A.D.

Paper was invented in China 170 B.C.

The calendar was reformed by Julius Caesar 45 B.C.

Insurance on ships and merchandise first made in A.D. 48.

Saddles came into use in the fourth century.

Horse-shoes made of iron were first used in A.D. 451.

Scurvies were made about a century later.

Manufacture of silk brought from India into Europe A.D. 551.

Pens made of quills A.D. 635.

Stone buildings and glass introduced into England A.D. 674.

Plendings in courts of judicature introduced A.D. 788.

The figures of arithmetic brought into Europe by the Saracens A.D. 991.

Paper made of linen in A.D. 1000.

The degree of Doctor first conferred in Europe at Bologna in 1399; in England, 1299.

The first regular bank was established at Venice in 1177; at Genoa in 1407; at Amsterdam in 1609; and the bank of England in 1694.

Astronomy and geometry brought into England in 1253.

Linen first made in England in 1253.

Parent must never put away their own youth. They must never cease to be young. Their sympathies and sensibilities should be always quick and fresh. They must be susceptible. They must love that which God made the child to love. Children need not only government firm and mild, but sympathy, warmth and tenderness. So long as parents are the most contented and most affectionate companions, children are comparatively safe, even in the society of others.

Wherefore should we mock the Deity with supplications, when we insult Him by murmuring under His decrees or bow, while our prayers have in every word admitted the vanity and nothingness of the things of time, in comparison to those of eternity, should we hope to deceive the Saviour of hearts by permitting the world and worldly passions to mar the value of that which we have immediately after a solemn address to Heaven? 

The true faith in Christ is to believe in Christ, and not to think something about Christ, or to set up metaphysical questions concerning the relation of Christ to God in the physical body. The true concept and practice of faith is to believe in God, take Christ for our example and leave all the abstract questions to take care of themselves, leaving all matters of uncertainty to the Father of mysteries.

Not war, but humanity, buildings, not controversy, but education and edification:—spiritual culture—is the condition of church prosperity. As Carlyle puts it: “The true epic of our times is, not arms and the man, but books and the man—an infinitely wilder kind of epic.”

The everyday cares and duties which men call drudgery are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion, and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still. —Longfellow.

How can the Almighty and Merciful Friend, who is always with us, take delight in sacrifices? Let us purify our minds, and lead virtuous and honest lives. His pleasure is not in magnificence of temples, but in the piety and devotion of consecrated hearts. Let us be sure not to admit any evil intentions into our hearts, that we may lift up pure hands to heaven, and ask nothing by which another may lose.—Donn.

Spectacles invented 1280.

The art of weaving introduced into England in 1330.

Musical notes, as now used, invented 1360.

Gunpowder invented at the city of Cologne by Schwarz, 1329-40.

Cannon first used at the siege of Algiers in 1542.

Muskets in use 1570.

Pistols in use 1644.

Printing invented at Mainz by Gutenberg 1440.

Painting introduced into England 1714.

Post-offices established in France, 1641; in England, 1581; in Germany, 1641.

Turkeys and chocolate introduced into England from America in 1560.

Tobacco introduced into France by Noot 1611.

First coach made in England 1664.

Clocks first made in England 1668.

Patents first introduced into Ireland and England in 1536.

The circulation of the blood discovered by Harvey, 1619.

The first newspaper published in England, 1655; in Venice, 1663; in France, 1631.

Coffee introduced into England in 1641; tea, 1666.

Turpentine first made in England in 1633.

Bayonets invented in Bayonne in 1670. First brought into use at the battle of Toulouse in 1695.

Sterotype printing invented 1726.

New style of calendar introduced into England 1752.

Aire balloons invented in France in 1785.

The first mail stage coach in England 1785.

The cotton gin invented in Georgia by Whitney 1794.

Life-boats invented in England 1802.

The first steamboat on the Hudson, New York, 1807.

The streets of London first lighted with gas 1814.

Some of these dates are given distinctly by different authors.
ALLIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MARY WILSON.

"Oh! dear, it is awful to be poor," said Aunt Laura, as she folded up the satin bodice she had just finished. "How I should like to have clothes like Emily and Hilda. But supposing, Aunt Laura, I do not care for such things, and yet," as a double crossed her mind, "Aunt Laura ought to know that I would go down to the parlor when the girls have their Christmas party, and she knows, too, that I've nothing suitable to wear. Ah! me, if all the fairy tales I tell little Gracie were true, I would not be sitting here wishing for love and beauty and clothes. If they would only love me a little, I would not care for all the jewels in the world. But I must hurry, for when comes Emily to try on her new dress."

"Allie, you are very slow this morning, I thought the dress was nearly done. I have only a few minutes to get it on and I am going out to look at some silks. What a poor little fairy you have; I am nearly frozen in this cold room."

Miss Norton drew nearer to the fire and thrust her little slippers upon the fender.

"Now, Emily, it is finished. What a perfect fit it will look very enough to draw a score of admirers to your feet."

"Many thanks, Allie, for the compliments. It is a beautiful dress, but all the pleasure of the party will be destroyed, for old Aunt Laura has written me a note that we may expect her here in time for the holidays, and she is so odd. I never could endure her."

"I never saw Aunt Alethea, but I am named for her. Well, Emily, your party dress is finished, and now I am going to make you something of little thing, her heart is almost broken, for Aunt Laura says she can only stay in the parlor an hour or two, and she is so angry."

Here the sound of wheels caused them both to step to the window in time to see a little old lady, with big satchel, walk briskly up the marble steps.

"It is Aunt Alethea, just as we were speaking of the evil one—you know the rest, Allie."

With this remark, the amiable young lady left the room. Poor Allie, she had kept back the tears all day; but as she folded up the rose-colored satin, with its cloud-like masses of lace, the bright drops fell and lay glittering like a blue silver fleecy threads, as she mind its folds flew by the window. When the last touch was given to the dress and the room tidied up, Allie went to the nursery, and when she reached it, welcomed her with beaming smiles.

"Cousin Allie, I've got something good to tell you."

Mr. Theodore Germaine is going to take sister Emily and me out sleigh-riding this evening. I heard mamma tell Hilda that a thing or two, and as the children made the window. What did she mean, Cousin Allie?"

"I can't say, pet, but did you know Aunt Alethea Graham has come to spend the Christmas with us?"

This Howard Germaine was an old friend of Allie's. They had played together as children and grown up as friends, but Howard had gone to Europe to finish his education; her father and mother had died, and she had become an inmate of her husband's beautiful home that should have meant happiness and content, but where she was treated by all, but her Uncle George and Germaine, as a kind of upper servant, without that servant's privileges. And she had no idea that Howard would remember her, or remember, care to know her. Filled with these bitter reflections, she had turned from the child, with her face pressed close to the cool window pane, and so, did not hear the opening door nor the light step, until a hand laid on her shoulder and a kind voice spoke her name. "Losing up close on her, Allie rose, and ere she could speak was clasped in a warm embrace.

"And so this is poor little Alethea's child."

The voice trembled, for Tom Graham was her favorite nephew, and she had never seen him since he had written to her when he married, and again he wrote telling her of little Alethea, who made them happy once again.

"You are not long were permitted to remain thus for Mrs. Newton, who has come in, bringing with her a chilly air; and indeed, such an atmosphere was kindly suited to her. So she took off her mail and kissed the sweet lips repeatedly, much to the amusement of little Gracie, whose face was never seen any careness, save her own.

Not long were permitted to remain thus for Mrs. Newton, who has come in, bringing with her a chilly air; and indeed, such an atmosphere was kindly suited to her. So she took off her mail and kissed the sweet lips repeatedly, much to the amusement of little Gracie, whose face was never seen any careness, save her own.

Miss Graham soon saw the position Allie held in her aunt's family, and her heart ached as she thought of Tom's child, subjected to insults and indignities. She mentally swore to love alethea should yet be acknowledged as so far superior to the aunt and cousins, who now saw in her only the second-rate—on whose whom they could attain some coveted coveted.

She noted the scantly furnished room and slender wardrobe belonging to Allie, and thought of the two dainty, silken clad girls, lounging in their boudoir, trifling over some fancy work suited to their soft, white fingers.

The much-talked-of party at length arrived, and Miss Graham had learned why Allie couldn't go down, but she held her north. After Allie had helped Hilda and Emily dress, she hurried to her room. In gathering darkness, she did not notice the arrangement of the room, but as she lighted the gas and turned around, she gave a delighted little scream. The illusion dress, with all the accessories of an evening "stalume, even to the delicate "kneekiss and fan. She was surprised at every turn, for the toilet was, nothing close to the famous set of pearls, but there, too, was an exquisite bouquet of hot-house flowers. Looking closer she saw a tiny note in the pocket of the toilet bag, to the light, saw that it was for Miss Alethea Graham. Opening it, she read:

"My dear child: Please accept these Christmas gifts, and we are dressed come to your room.

AUNT ALETHEA."

Quickly she put on the beautiful dress, and when the last pearl was hung in her tiny case, she went to her own."}

The old lady involuntarily opened her arms to the vision of lost loveliness that stood on the threshold of her door. And very warm and tender the welcome was, as, with her bright head resting on her aunt's shoulder, Alethea learned that the future for her was all rose-based—that she was to leave Aunt Norton's house as the adopted daughter of her Aunt Alice. The happiest Christmas gift I ever had—mine own and a mother's love.

"A happy Christmas for both, my dear Allie, I suppose you will not object to going down to the parlor with your old aunt. It has been so long since such festivities, I will be quite a loss.

"Never fear, Aunt Alethea, but you will have a greater blessing than any you spent now."

And the blue eyes danced with merriment.

Down to the corridor and in the ladies' room and Allie stood with glowing cheeks and shining eyes waiting for Howard Germaine. He clasped the outstretched hand, and raising it, pressed a lingering kiss on the dainty fingers that grew rosy at his touch. Aunt Alethea pretended not to see this little passage, and walked to the old fashioned-pored window and drew closer the heavy damask curtains. She stole a glance at the happy young face near her, for she remembered how she had once stood by the nurse's door, to watch the rosy cheeked girl as she passed from room to room. But the voice she had loved had been husky in the cradle, and now young people were so completely absorbed in their own conversation they did not notice when she left the room, but they were soon interrupted by the summons of the bell to supper.

And when they had again gathered around the old-time wood-fire in the cozy sitting room, Howard thought he had never seen a finer picture than Allie made as she sat, her fingers idly twining with the flowery white wool she was cross-stitching, for all his life, and, as he watched her, he knew that for him life had no greater happiness in store than the thought of the "sweet little Allie." He felt as if he were the luckiest man in the world, and, after all these years, he had at last, Allie no welcome for me?"

Till then Allie had never cared for a girl. She did not care for her, and, this, the oldest and dearest name fell on her ears, the rosy blushes broke on the tremulous lips again and again.
My love, my own darling, look up and tell me if my love is returned, that when I come again it will be as your promised husband? And in the blue of the morning, so trustingly to his face, Howard read his answer, and as Aunt Alethea came in, he softly pressed the clinging fingers and said:

"Aunt Alethea, for very little Alix has given me the right to call you, I ask you for the dearest boon a man ever craved—no less than the sunshine of your smile. Will you hold me close to your breast, safe to my keeping? I cannot remember the moment when Alix was not the ruling motive of my life."

"Indeed, my dears, I see there is nothing left to do but give my consent. Take her, and though all the brightness of my home will leave with her, it is a comfort to know that she will be happy."

"Heaven bless you, Aunt Alethea," and Howard pressed a kiss on the soft white hair as she told him good-bye at the door.

And so the winter passed, and with the flowers, May came on a wedding day. Mr. Norris's family were there, and in the fair, lovely bride, came in the piano, leaning on the arm of her hand, Howard Germaine. Emily and Hilda were almost blind with envy. When the words were spoken that made them man and wife, Howard, putting his hand on the bride's, pressed the flower to her bosom, and as he bent to kiss the perfect lips of his fair young wife, he softly murmured:

"My love, my wife, my own forever and ever.

THE BOY-CONVICT'S STORY.

[Wilbert Carson, in Western Farmer's Almanac, Louisville.]
THE INVALID'S REPLY.

By Mrs. L. W. Day.

Yes, dear one, I am dying. I hope at times I have whispered to you, in her sweet tones, that now, alas! I feel the tide of life ebb from my heart, and that death is near.

The green and flowery mantles of the grave will clothe me softly round my falling form. As the dark shades of the evening hour close over the fallen star, Old time and the thought of him I love are once more near.

My dying words upon the earth, and they will be my last. When we shall meet in Heaven, and when ten thousand myriads of stars shall close the past eternity, my soul will breathe the same dear words to thee—be thou, oh, be thou loved and kissed.

And when all seems dark and doubtful, I'll guide thee like a bright shadow o'er thy soul through the deep night of thy dear heart's dim light.

Anony, I will abide in darkness. These faint words are the last echo of the spirit's chords. Stirred by the breath of Memory, and the love, I pray thee, to yield open window now. That I may look once more on Nature's face and listen to her gentle murmurings. Her holy voice of love will inspire me with the most beautiful, earth and sea. In the seraphic light of thy dear face, as it is bathed in the blush of time.

Time, thy blue eye peacefully beneath the flowered crown of hill. With his sweet picture on her breast, the white and gay clouds are floating through the sky. Like cars of happy spirits, every leaf and flower is colored by the crimson hues.

Of the rich sunset, as the heart is tinged with thoughts of Paradise; and for the flood seemed to wash as it descended the heavens. Upon the holy heavens. And look! look! look at the evening glories of heaven.

The evening glories of heaven, I thank thee for thy present to me. That I am but a wretched shade of thee, and that my spirit parted from thy heart. And when I think of thee, I feel as if my heart were burning in the dim, dim light of the dear face that has left the world.

And when the sun is setting in the west, and all things are dark, I feel as if I were coming to thee. And when the sun is setting in the west, the sweet stars of heaven are shining. I am coming to thee, and I will not leave thee. And when the sun is setting in the west, the sweet stars of heaven are shining. I am coming to thee, and I will not leave thee. And when the sun is setting in the west, the sweet stars of heaven are shining. I am coming to thee, and I will not leave thee. And when the sun is setting in the west, the sweet stars of heaven are shining. I am coming to thee, and I will not leave thee. And when the sun is setting in the west, the sweet stars of heaven are shining. I am coming to thee, and I will not leave thee.
"I will set them an example, then," said Mrs. Newton. "Hereafter, whatever articles shall be purchased of you shall be paid for on the spot, and shall be sold them as reasonably as you can.

This arrangement was also made with her, and her shop is now so successful that she is no longer in need of any help.

Fortunately Mrs. Newton had a small daughter by her, which lasted until the first month, and from her husband became due. Thus she was able to carry out her plan from the beginning.

Another plan which occurred to her as likely to save expenses was to purchase articles in large quantities. She had soon saved enough from the money allowed her to do this. For example, instead of buying sugar a few pounds at a time, she purchased a barrel, and so succeeded in saving a cent or more on the pound. This, perhaps, was not as much in the course of a year, but the same system carried out in regard to other things yielded a result which was no means a trifle.

At the close of the year, on examining her book, she found that she had regularly deposited whatever money she had not occasion to use, she found that she $150, besides reimbursement for the money used during the first month, and having enough to last another year.

"Well, Elizabeth, have you kept with your allowance," asked her husband at that time. "If you have, you will have saved plenty of money.

"I have something, however," said his wife. "How is it with you?"

That is more than I can say, however, I have not exceeded my income by a single cent.

We have lived fully as well last year, and I don’t know but better than when we spent $400.

"It’s knock, Eara," said her husband smiling. "She was not inclined to mention how much she had saved. She wanted, sometime or other, to surprise him when it was serviceable to her.

She may possibly have saved up $250, thought Mr. Newton, or some things, and so dismissed the matter from his mind.

At the end of the second year, Mrs. Newton’s savings, including the interest, amounted to $600, and she began to feel quite rich.

Her husband did not think to inquire how much she had saved, or in what way, as before, that it could be very little.

However he had a piece of good news to communicate. His property had been raised from $1,000 to $1,200.

He added: As before I allowed you one-twelfth of my income for your expenses, it is no more than fair that I should do so now. That will give you a better chance to save part of it than before.

Mrs. Newton merely said that she had saved something without specifying the amount.

Her allowance was increased to $600, but her expenses were not proportionately increased at all, so that savings for the third year swelled the aggregate sum in the savings bank to $900.

On Mrs. Newton, on the contrary, was no better off at the end of the third year. Her expenses had increased by $100, though he would have been able to tell in what way his comfort or happiness had been increased thereby.

In spite of his carelessness in regard to his own affairs, Mr. Newton was an excellent man in regard to his business, and his services were valuable to his employers. They accordingly increased his salary from time to time until it reached $1,500. He had steadily preserved the habit of assigning one-half of his salary to his wife, as heretofore, and this had a further effect that he had never thought to inquire whether it was necessary to employ the whole or not.

Thus ten years rolled away. During all this time Newton had lived in the house in which he had paid an annual rent of $1,000. Laterly, however, he had become dissatisfied with it. It had passed into the hands of a new landlord, who was not disposed to keep it in repair which he considered desirable. About this time a block of excellent houses were erected by a capitalist, who designed to sell them or let them as he might have opportunity. They were modern and much better arranged than the one in which Mr. Newton now lived, and he felt a strong desire to move into one of them. It was mentioned to his wife one morning.

What’s the rent? she asked.

Two hundred and twenty-five for the corner house; $200 for either of the others.

The corner house would be preferible on account of the side windows.

Yes, and they have a large yard besides. I think we had better rent one of them today; you know our care will be out next week.

Please wait until to-morrow before engaging one.

Very well. I suppose to-morrow will be sufficiently early.

Soon after breakfast Mrs. Newton called Squire Bent, the owner of the small block, and intimated her desire to be shown the corner house. Her request was readily complied with. Mrs. Newton was delighted with all the arrangements, and expressed her satisfaction.

Are these houses for sale or rent? she inquired.

Either, said the owner.

The rent, I understand, two hundred and twenty-five dollars as he said. I consider the corner house worth at least twenty-five dollars more than the rest.

And what do you charge for the house or a cash customer? asked Mrs. Newton, with subdued eagerness.

Five thousand dollars cash was the reply, and that is but a small advance on the coast.

"Very well. I will buy of you," added Mrs. Newton.

What did I understand you to say? asked the Squire, scarcely believing his own ears.

I repeat that I will buy the house at your price, and pay the money within a week.

The house is yours. But your husband did not say anything of this transaction, and in fact I did not know of your marriage. That he had the money to invest I suppose you would say. Neither does he know it, and I must ask you not to tell him for the present.

The next morning Mrs. Newton invited her husband to take a walk, but without specifying the direction. They soon stood in front of the house in which he desired to live.

Wouldn’t you like to go in? she asked.

Yes. It’s a pity we haven’t got the key.

I have the key, said the wife, and forthwith she walked up the steps and the door was opened.

When did you get the key of Squire Bent? asked her husband.

Yesterday, when I bought the house, said his wife, quietly.

Mr. Newton gazed on his wife in profound astonishment.

What do you mean?

Just what I say—the house is mine and so is mine is none. The house is yours, Eara.

Where in the name of goodness, did you raise the money? asked her husband, in astonishment as great as ever.

I haven’t been a managing wife for ten years for nothing, said Mrs. Newton, smiling.

With some difficulty Mrs. Newton persuaded her husband that the price of the house was really the result of her savings. He felt that when he surveyed the commodious arrangements of the house that he had reasons to be grateful for the prudence of his managing wife.

THE TEACHER’S DREAM.

BY W. H. VENABLE.

The weary teacher sat alone beneath the twilight gathered on:
And not a sound was heard around;
The hopes and fears of girls were gone.

The weary teacher sat alone.

Unserved and pallid was he;
Bowed mouth a reproach, he spoke
In sobbing sighs:

Another sound, another round
Of labor thrown away.

Another chain of toil and pain
Dragged through a tedious day.

Of all walls in constant zeal,
She’s sacrifice is lost,
The hopes of sooth, so golden, turn, 
Each evening, into dross.

I squalor on a barren field.
My strength, my life, my all,
There oars I owe will never sink;
They perish where they fall.

He sighed, and low upon his hands
The secret he pressed;
And over his frame, ere long there came
A sobbing sense of root.

And then he lifted up his face,
From darkness to the light;
In tears started back again.

The sleep of hunger and sudden change
Assumed proportion vast.

It seemed a sudden half, and one
Addressed a listening crowd.
Each turning word was slower born, subdued.
Appalze rose loud and long.

The wilder teacher thought he knew
The speaker’s voice and look.
And for his name, said he, "the same Is in my remembrance.

The sound of silence half dissolved,
A church rose in its place.
Wherein there stood a man of God, Despairing of the world.

And thought he spoke in solemn tone, and
Though his hair was gray.
The teacher’s thought was strangely wrought.
"I whipped that boy today.

The churl, a pantomime, vanished soon.
What saw the teacher, then?
In circles glowed of earth’s own
An author plied his pen.

"My oldest hail," the teacher said.
Fitted with a new surprise—
"Shall I behold its name enrolled
Among the great and wise?"

The vision of a cottage home
The teacher never dreamed;
A mother’s face illumined the place,
Her infant nuzzled at her breast.

"A miracle! A miracle!"
This unnatural, well I knew,
Was my old teacher and endless child.
Half not an hour ago.

And when she to her children spoke
Of sturdy reason’s law,
Her lips repeat, in accents sweet,
My words to her in school."
ANNE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

Twas the eve before Christmas, ’twas a bright and happy night, And Anne and Willie had crept into bed; There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes, And each little bosom was beating with joy.

For tonight their stern father's command was "Go to bed," So they thought this a delusion a-coming; But Anne and Willie were not afraid, For they knew it was the moonlight that made them so afraid.

It was something new, something they had never seen Before, and they wondered what it could mean, And they clung to each other, and whispered, "Oh, let's stay up tonight and see!"

And God answered their prayer, new wasn't He! "Go to bed," said He, "I know it is, but you shall all have your wish to-night.

And Anne and Willie promised that they would pray, That they would sleep, and that they would not the least stir, And then Anne and Willie climbed into bed, And God answered their prayer, new wasn't He!"

And God answered their prayer, new wasn't He!"Go to bed," said He, "I know it is, but you shall all have your wish, And then Anne and Willie climbed into bed, And God answered their prayer, new wasn't He!"

FAME.

BY PARAMIN ZU.

"I don't wish to discourage you, but late work is certainly more to your taste, you know, than early work."

"But I think I should like to be a poet, and not a lawyer."...""But I think I should like to be a poet, and not a lawyer."...

"Well, I wish you all the success you desire, but I think I should like to be a poet, and not a lawyer."...""Well, I wish you all the success you desire, but I think I should like to be a poet, and not a lawyer."...

"I don't wish to discourage you, but late work is certainly more to your taste, you know, than early work."..."I don't wish to discourage you, but late work is certainly more to your taste, you know, than early work."...
A TALE OF TWO CITYMEN

THE TWO GLASSES

By John Howard Payne

The title was a success, and the first issue sold out. The story continued in the following months, with each issue quickly selling out. The novel was a significant work in the field of literature, and it continues to be studied and enjoyed by readers today.
ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

To the Editor of Furlough World.

In the goodness of our hearts we can not
The occupant of a house without a
woman? Such a long, how easy, and
lovely? By arts of charms as
the moonlight without its crimson tears.
Disablate as the desert without its clavity,
nest. By the love of nature as the garden without its
dying flowers! A home, without a woman? As a
right day by without its sharing sun, or
night without its lamor and sun, is stars. Truly, are they to be pityed who live
in earth’s solitary retreats away from
woman’s loving charms. Charms, that
who daily bask in the sunshiny smiles of
mother; wife, or slave, honest, kind, and
be an earthly paradise, a fit emblem of
the habitation beyond the skies. Fair readers,
let your hearts go out in parent sympathy
for these poor, these beholds who have not
a mother’s loving counsel, a wife’s holy
wooling, or a sister’s twining affection. These
houses are upon earth’s desolate waste;
or along the race-boxed shores. Here
from existence and the world be in
midnight darkness. She is the light of
the world, mine brightest flower, the poet’s
greatest theme. Where woman dwells not,
the house is without the sun’s warmth and
anger of peace. O, man be not lacking in
woman’s praise, her sweet influences are as
vast as the ocean and as high as the
heaven. Let her name be inscribed in the
scroll of fame and every home on earth
enjoy her beneficent charms.

THE EARLY DAYS.

BY ANNAW. B. SMITH.

Turn backward, Time—face rightabout,
And take me back to life’s bright May.
I know a dearer place than your
And only passed for Joshua.
But, oh!—come by far and thin.
For hair turned gray and falling white,
That fondly turn towards life’s high
or from this early candlelight.

Let me but once exist.
Oh, women, how brief a
When I brushed the hair from my
Then is past the grace of the
Or, thảo, when the day is
to the world, and the
As the innocent eye, and
To keep light and sleep
With a throng of bright and
We are as a child, who
What office is, to make us the
A WINTRY MIND.

BY M. McLAUGHLIN.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the throstolow gloom
Of loftiness.

Over the blue upland, and
Through the low, rend, of desert, worlds.
And shuddering thousands of miles.
Where, in wear, round the barren oak.
The summer winds in beauty change,
And winter winds the snows kako,
The crystal globe is hung.

When, from their frozen wars, nute spires
From the river’s icy, the
Surely the skinner’s iron, and
And voices fill the woodland side.

And how clamed from the
From the heart of earth, the
And winds were soft and woods were green.
And the snow changed to the
But still wild music shrouds
Wild, desert worlds within your cloud;
And the winter winds pipes the
And the vocal winds pipe the
Call the, and winter wind’s song
Winter winds pipe the song

The snowy waves that were said to
The white wind’s song that was heard for
And the people hunted them also.

A FIXED SONNET.

The following is composed by some critic as
Ludden’s mother’s son.

As a fond mother, when the day is
to the slave, on the leg of
And leaves his broken playthings on the
So brave, and bold, and strong,
To make all things as they
For he puts on his
Who through the morning in the
for the unknown, transform the

IN THE MINING TOWN.

[By Rose Harrick, Thuya, author of ‘Our
On a clear night, and in the
time, during,” he privately said, “I
time, you may not find your
time, you may not find your

Three miles from their
to the rock, the
The faces that were
To me, and in your hand
When they drew up to the
On a case of the

There was no sign of the

M. McLaughlin.

[By J. J. Reynolds.

The snow-fall.

The snow-fall began in the
And round, and still round, and
With round and round.
With round and round.

The snow-fall began in the
And round, and still round, and
With round and round.
With round and round.

The snow-fall began in the
And round, and still round, and
With round and round.
With round and round.

The snow-fall began in the
And round, and still round, and
With round and round.
With round and round.

The snow-fall began in the
And round, and still round, and
With round and round.
With round and round.

The snow-fall began in the
And round, and still round, and
With round and round.
With round and round.

The snow-fall began in the
And round, and still round, and
With round and round.
With round and round.

The snow-fall began in the
And round, and still round, and
With round and round.
With round and round.

The snow-fall began in the
And round, and still round, and
With round and round.
With round and round.

The snow-fall began in the
And round, and still round, and
With round and round.
With round and round.

The snow-fall began in the
And round, and still round, and
With round and round.
With round and round.

The snow-fall began in the
And round, and still round, and
With round and round.
With round and round.

The snow-fall began in the
And round, and still round, and
With round and round.
With round and round.

The snow-fall began in the
And round, and still round, and
With round and round.
With round and round.

The snow-fall began in the
And round, and still round, and
With round and round.
With round and round.
The Presidents in Brief.

The first and best President of the United States was George Washington. He was born on the banks of the Potomac river, in Virginia, in 1732. He was a man of the American Revolution, succeeded by George Washington, the first President, who died July 4, 1789. He was elected by the Electors in 1788, and served until 1797, with D. D. Tompkins, Vice President. The events of importance were the building of several important canals, the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the establishment of the Bank of the United States.

James Monroe, the next President, was born in Virginia in 1758, and died in 1831. He was elected by the Electors in 1797, and served until 1801, with D. D. Tompkins, Vice President. The events of importance were the building of several important canals, the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the establishment of the Bank of the United States.

J. Q. Adams, son of John Adams, was elected in 1825, with J. C. Calhoun, Vice President, and served one term. The only event of importance was the death of two Presidents—John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. On the same day, July 4, 1826. Adams died in 1848.

Andrew Jackson, the next President, was born in S. C., in 1767, but was elected from Tennessee in 1828 by the Democrats, and served two terms. His first Vice President was J. C. Calhoun, and Tennessee, and served one term. The events of importance were the war with Mexico, the Kansas troubles, and the rise of the Know-Nothing party.

John Q. Adams, the Bachelor President, and last of the Democratic Presidents, was born in Pennsylvania in 1819, and died from the disease of the Presidency in 1837.

Martin Van Buren, the successor of John Q. Adams, was born in Kinderhook, N. Y., in 1792, and died in 1862. He was elected to the Presidency from New York, but the Vice President, R. M. T. Hunter, was of Kentucky. The events of importance were the war with Mexico, the Kansas troubles, and the rise of the Know-Nothing party.

Harrison was born on the James river, in Virginia, in 1773. He did good service in the war of 1812, and it was his popular gain that gained in this war that caused the second M. Van Buren, of N. Y. The principal events were: The destructive cholera in 1832, Black Hawk's war in 1832, the removal of the Black Hawk's war in 1832, the removal of the Missouri Compromise, by which slavery was prohibited in all States north of 36° 30' N., except Missouri.

Sarah Adams, sister of John Adams, was born in Kinderhook, N. Y., in 1792, and died in 1862. She was elected to the Presidency from New York, but the Vice President, R. M. T. Hunter, was of Kentucky. The events of importance were the war with Mexico, the Kansas troubles, and the rise of the Know-Nothing party.

Buchanan's term expired in 1861, and he then resigned the Presidency into the hands of his successor, Andrew Johnson.

Abraham Lincoln, the first Republican President, was born in Kentucky in 1809, and was nominated in 1860. He was elected from Illinois, but his Vice President, H. Hamlin, of Maine. Lincoln was re-elected in '64, and re-elected for a second term in '65. During his administration occurred the civil war, so well known by most of my readers. Nevada was admitted in '64, and Tennessee in '66.

After Lincoln's assassination, Andrew Johnson assumed the duties as President. He was born in Raleigh, N. C., in 1808. His administration included the close of the war and the reconstruction of the Union, besides the abolition of slavery.

U. S. Grant was inaugurated March 4th, 1869, with S. Colfax as Vice President. Grant was born in 1822, and was nominated for the Union, brought the civil war to a close. During Grant's term the States that seceded were readmitted. He, together with Henry Wilson, of Mass., was elected for a second term. In the year 1876 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

R. B. Hayes, of Ohio, was inaugurated March 8th, 1877, together with W. G. Harrison of New York, who was served one term—till '81. My readers are acquainted with the events of his term, and also of Garfield's election, too cowardly to assuage the blood of the Union, the admission of Colorado into the Union.

James Garfield, the successor of R. B. Hayes, was born in OH, and died in '81. He was nominated in 1880, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1881 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

Chester A. Arthur, of New York, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1879, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1880, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

Chester A. Arthur, of New York, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1879, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1880, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

Chester A. Arthur, of New York, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1879, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1880, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

Chester A. Arthur, of New York, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1879, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1880, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

Chester A. Arthur, of New York, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1879, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1880, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

Chester A. Arthur, of New York, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1879, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1880, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

Chester A. Arthur, of New York, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1879, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1880, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

Chester A. Arthur, of New York, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1879, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1880, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

Chester A. Arthur, of New York, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1879, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.

James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was inaugurated March 4th, 1881. He was nominated in 1880, and was elected for a second term. In the year 1882 occurred the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and also the admission of Colorado into the Union.
THE MONEYLESS MAN.

THE LAST HYMN.

BY NATHANIE EMMINGHAM.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth,
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue hath birth;
Where bonos in mercy and kindness will have,
And the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no place where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah! search this wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for the moneyless man.

Go look in your hall, where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night;
Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy fold
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimming of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew
In long-lighted vistas the bewildering view.
Go there in your patches, and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for the moneyless man.

Go look in your church, with its cloud-reaching spires,
Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire;
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem so pure as a soul without sin;
Walk down the aisle, see the rich and the great,
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly state;
Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew for the moneyless man.

Go to the Judge, in his dark flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weighteth equity down,
Where he frowns on the weak, and smiles on the strong;
And punishes right, while he justifies wrong;
Where justice, their lips on the bible have laid
To render a verdict they've already made;
Go there in the court-room, and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man.

Go to the banks, where mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold,
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
Lies piled upon pile of the glittering ore;
Walk up to the corner, all there you may stay
'Till your limbs grow old and your hairs turn grey;
And you'll find at the banks, not one of the mass
With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Then go to your bower, no ravens has fed
The wife who has suffered so long for her bread;
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the dead frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn in your agony upward to God;
And bless, while it warms you, the chastening rod,
And you'll find at the end of life's little span,
There's a welcome above for the moneyless man.


Why do women kiss each other, and men do not? Because men have something better to kiss, but women have not.

The Sabbath day was ending, in a village by the sea,
The ushered benediction touched the people tenderly;
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted sea,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God’s blessed rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there;
A fierce gale moved above them—the wild spirit of the sea;
And it dashed, and shook, and tore them, till they thundered, groaned, and hummed;
And, like for any vessel in its yawling gulf entombed.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lost the dream of coming norrows should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion, and should rest upon the shore
Bits of wreck, and swolten victims, as it had done herefore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave sea,
Was strained her eyes;
And she saw the billows range vessel fall and rise,
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the plying mariners hurried from their homes and thralled the beach
Oh! for powers to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with stern;
And the ship urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! O, half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Is his heaven far to seek for those who dream?
Let! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one lost elmimg figure on a spar was seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came to the wreck tossed by the wave;
And she saw still shag and floated, though no power on earth could save,
In lethal waters, in a short message? Here's a trumpeter, about away!

Twice the pealing bugle's sound took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Pityly! Secondly! Ah!
There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of eve—
So he shouted through the trumpet: "Look to Jesus! And can you know?"
"Hang the answer over the waters loud and clear.
Then they listened, "He is saving, Jesus lover of my soul;
And the winds brought back the echo,"While the heaver waters rolled.
Strange indeed it was to hear him, till the storm of life Signa boldly from the waters, "To receive my soul at last."

He could have no other refuge! "Hangs my helpless soul on thee." Leave. O, leave me not!"—The sinner dropped at last into the sea.
And the watchers looking home and through their eyes by turns made dir, Such, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."—Christian World.
ONE of America's most beloved and revered evangelists and camp-meeting preachers,—

A profound and most eloquent pulpit orator,—

For fifteen years the peerless president of Asbury College,—

Founder and editor of The Pentecostal Herald, America's mightiest organ of Christian orthodoxy,—

A most pleasing and entertaining writer, and a popular author of many books,—

"Mighty in the Scriptures," a champion of Historic Christianity; and defender of the faith,—

A great soul with many interests, but with only one great master passion, the salvation of a lost world,—

Henry Clay Morrison is still among us, a brother, a minister and a prophet—a friend of God and a lover of men.

We thank you for your interest in the Morrison Library Plan and take great pleasure in presenting to you his latest photograph prepared expressly for this occasion.

The Morrison Memorial Committee
Rev. E. L. Eaton, Secretary.
Remember that only the golden rule of Christ can bring the golden age of man.

Frances E. Willard

For God and Home and Every Land

She lived in whole and honest love and honor and light;
They feel her presence even lingering near;
Her death was but the taking of life’s balm.
And oft she seemed to comfort, guide and cheer.
Her voice is heard in other voices, spared
To labor on, and do great good, in turn;
Her followers and successors they have shared.
And yet there is no such as to humble learn.
Her followers are legion. One by one,
They’ve spread the ranks, till now a mighty host
Are somewhere toiling still from sun to sun,
And “Good news!” is the cry from coast to coast.
Her wonderful work goes on in spite of all
That’s good and done to crown the glorious Cause;
And higher will it rise, now ever still.
The whole of God to make our country’s honor.

Frances E. Willard, Philadelphia, Pa.
THE HERITAGE

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold;
And in inherits coat, white hand;
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor knows to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:
The bank may break, the factory burn;
Some breath may burn his bubble's shares;
And soft, while hands would hardly earn
A living that would suit his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants:
His stomach cries for bread and water;
With set but heart, he hears the pant,
Of toiling hands with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his eyes and ear;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Sweat muscles and a sinewy heart;
A sturdy frame, a hardy spirit;
A king of two hands, he does his part
In every useful till and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Wares envied by being poor;
A rank approached by toil you earn;
Content that from employment springs;
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it;
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the leastest bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Oh, rich man's son! there is a toll
That with all other levels stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiteness, soft, white hands;
That is the best crop from the lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Oh, poor man's son, scorn not thy state,
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Work only makes the soil to shine,
And makes most fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of soil,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God;
Pierce title to your heritages vast,
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

THE BRIDGE

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose over the city,
Behind the dark church tower.
I saw her bright reflections
In the waters under me,
Like a golden girdle falling
And streaking into the sea.
And far into the fast distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blare of the fife band
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long black caskets
The waving shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;
As sweeping and slaying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And streaming into the moonlight
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waves rushing,
Among the wooden piles,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears.
How oft, O how oft,
I had wished the shining tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
Over the ocean wild and wide.

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.
But now it has fallen from me,
I am buried in the sea,
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadows over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridges of wooden piers
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.
And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow.
And forever and forever
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes.
The moon and its broken reflection
And shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven
And its wavering images.
How Slate Pencils are Made.

Broken slate from quarries is put into a mortar run by steam and pounded into small particles. These it goes into the hopper of a mill, which runs it into a boiling machine, such as used in flouring mills where it is boiled, the fine almost insatiable flour that results being taken into a mixing tub, where a small quantity of starch flour, manufactured in a similar manner, is added and the whole is then made into stiff doughs. This dough is thoroughly kneaded by passing it several times between iron rollers. Then it is carried to a table where it is made into cakes—that is, short cylinders, four or five inches thick, and containing from eight to ten pounds each. Four of these are placed in a strong iron chamber or retort, with a changeable nozzle, so as to regulate the size of the pencil, and subjected to tremendous hydraulic pressure under which the compound is passed through the nozzle in a long cord like a slender snake sliding out of a hole, and passes over a driving table set at right angles with the cords to give passage to a knife which cuts them into lengths. They are then laid on boards to dry, and after a few hours are removed to sheets of corrugated zinc, the corrugations serving to prevent the pencils from warping during the process of baking, to which they are next subjected in a kiln, into which superheated steam is introduced in pipes, the temperature being regulated according to the requirements of the articles exposed to its influence. From the kiln articles go to the refurbishing and packing-room, where the ends are trimmed for a second under rapidly-revolving enemy wheels, and withdrawn neatly and smoothly point ready for use. They are then packed in paperboard boxes, each containing 100 pencils; and these in turn are packed for shipment containing 100 each, or 10,000 in a shipping box. Nearly all the work is done by boys, and the cost, therefore, is light.—lz.

The Yule Log.

The ancient Goths and Saxons observed a festival at the winter solstice. As it celebrated the farthest point of the year, October 1st, when the sun began his northern journey, they named it Novil or Yule. The name is supposed to have been derived from the Gothic nul, or hul, the origin of the modern word wheel, and having the same significance. The name is preserved in the phrasing of the "Yule log," the burning of which is an old Christmas ceremony. The Scandinavian ancestors of the English used, at their feast of Yule, to kindle large bonfires in honor of Thor. The transmitted custom was formerly observed in England with pomp and circumstance.

On Christmas eve after the religious services, a huge log, sometimes a rugged block grotesquely marked, was drawn from the woods with much ceremony. As it passed the wayfarer, he raised his hat in honor of the venerable log, which was destined to support a fire that would create a welcome to all guests and burn out ancient feuds.

Formerly the custom was for each member of the family to sit in turn on the log after it was rolled to the hearth singing a Yule song and drink to a merry Christmas. When the fire was kindled, large Christmas candles were lighted, and the sport began. The log was kept burning till Candlemas, February 2nd, and a small portion of it was carefully preserved to light the Yule log of the next Christmas. Herrick sets forth the custom in the following stanza:

"Come singing with a noise
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas logs to bring;
While my good dame she
Bids you all be free
And drink to your hearts desiring.

"With the last year's brand
Light the new log, and
For good success in his spending,
On your pastimes play
That sweet date in.
Come while the log is burning."

The Blind Girl to her Father.

BY JENNY WILSON.

"Father, they tell me that to-night
You'll wish another bride;
That you will dance your lambing scene
Where my own mother died.
That she will lay her crooked head
Upon thy thrice-deserved knee,
Where her, now lying low in death,
in life's last hope did run.
They say her name is Mary, too—
The same my mother bore;
But, father, is the bird that sings
Like you your loved melody?
And is her step as soft and slow,
Like mine as sweet and mild?
And do you think she'll move me, too,
To burn my hand and helpless child?

Please, father, do not let me come
Till my dear sister's here;
I would not miss her in that room,
Where darling mother died.
Her picture hangs upon the wall,
Her books are lying there;
There stands the bony, grey-haired mother,
And there the easy chair.
That dark, where, by her side I knelt,
To say my evening prayers—
Of father I would break my heart—
I could not go to thee.
But when I swept myself to sleep,
A voice said, 'Mary, arise,
There's beauty in thy chamber, steel
My new soapstone, and yes,
And bid her gently press a kiss
Upon my trembling brow,
Just as my angel mother said.
Father, you're creeping now.
I love you, but I long to go
To yonder world of light—
'God be with thee,' I can hear,
There are no kind ones near.
Now, Father, once, before you go,
To use your promised bride,
Please sing the song my mother sang,
That night on which she died.
And let me kiss you here,
And to your lasting grave,
That His right hand may guide you both,
Over all life's weary way."

The song was sung—end the prayer—"I'm weary, sir," she said;
He gently bent her in his arms
And placed her on the bed.
Then as he turned to leave the room,
One long, girly eye was seen
His mouth mute, his burning smile—then
His blind girl was in Heaven.

They told him by his mother's side,
And rising a noble fair,
On whom they carved her thoughtful words,
"Gladly, my dearest's benediction."


The spirit of Progress.

BY HARRY SPENCE.

The Spirit of Progress is abroad. It is advancing with rapid strides, transforming the world. Civilization, we feel that great responsibilities rest upon us as a nation. Where shall we look for resistance? We must make a careful study of the principles of government and government of a state. The present conditions of society and the future. The present rights of citizens and the future. The present rights of the individual and the future. The present rights of the state and the future. The present rights of the nation and the future.

A close study of past events alone can give us the best and safest ideas in regard to the future. The brave lights of sisterhood stand perpetually to warn us of the rocks and shoals, and guide us safely over troubled seas.

It has been asserted that we are on the verge of a decisive conflict between the conservative and destructive forces; that the safety and perpetuity of our civilization is menaced; that mighty problems, greater than any that have shaken our beloved country since the days of slavery are crying out for solution; that amid scenes of aesthetic splendor, the shadow of an impending danger falls; that a conflict of ideas and principles is being waged at our very doors. There is no solution to be solved in the near future, aye, are now being solved.

Scientists base their theories on the fact that society is an organic whole, and each individual member of the state. While it is true that some laws or tendencies have commanded the attention of men in every age, it is equally true that much of the progress of mankind and much of the life of the nation must necessarily be inseparable from study of the past. If we are to come to any practical solution of the great questions of to-day. We should note closely the elements of weakness and power in the great leaders of the past.

Nero was a tyrant. Such cannot make the highest type of rulers. Insurrection will break forth, and defiance to law prevail. Alexander the Great was hard and relentless. Lacking heart, he lacked the requirements of the highest type of leadership. Napoleon was envious and selfish and though possessing some envious traits, this was balanced by his grand manner and his great hero was lost to die on the lone isle of St. Helena.

Washington stands forth as a star of the first magnitude to guide those who follow, into paths of peace and safety. True, he was "first in war, justice's, but also first in peace" and "in the hearts of his countrymen" for his justice, his courage and nobility of character.

Passing by many shining lights we come to Abraham Lincoln whose greatness lay in the fact of his fidelity to God and principles of right. Unwilling to duty as the needle to the pole, he was yet kind and simple as a child in his dealings with men. His goodness made him great. If mankind would only learn to love humanity more and more, if hearts would respond more to love and sympathy for all the races of God, then would government approach the ideal, and much sorrow and sadness be dissipated. Were all to pause and study this momentous theme, who would care to disregard for those who are struggling under the myriad and varied burdens of life? And it is the power of the example of those not imposed by God, but by unjust legislation and one's environment prominent among which is the legalized liquor traffic of to-day.

The world's heroes and the great men of the day has all been men. Deborah of old, Joan of Arc and Frances E. Willard of the present age, are types of hundreds of the mothers and sisters of the world, to whom we are indebted for the placing of truth upon the throne and whose lives furnish examples worthy the attention of any student of government.

One of the most potent factors in the progress of to-day is the public school. Its influence upon society and the government is being more fully appreciated. Many mistakes and crimes are unerringly traced back to the lack of proper education in youth. A government of the people, by the people, for the people, is the government of educated people, by educated people. If it is to meet the demands of the twentieth century. The name of Mary H. Hunt will ever shine with enviable lustre for being the means through which scientific instruction, concerning the evil effects of alcohol and narcotics upon the human system, was introduced into the public schools. It can tell for unhoped good, and the banishment of King Alcohol, in another century, upon humanity. All this to the W. C. T. U. for this, and for their instrumentality in abolishing the army cart.

It is the duty of every American citizen to arrange himself at the bar of his own conscience and call duty into question if he would be a patriot in the highest sense. To this end party will sink below principle at the ballot box and the good of the commonwealth will supersede individual preference. True politics seeks the good of all in impartiality, the state, the nation.

The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon thus voices his idea of civic duty:

What makes a city great and strong? Not architect's graceful streamers, Not factories' extended length, Not men who see the civic wrong, And give their lives to make it right, And turn its darkness into light.

What makes a city full of power? Not wealth's display nor titled fame, Not fashion's loudly boasted claim, But people rich in Virtue's dew, Whose homes, though humble still are great, Because of service to the state.

The wedding of Mr. Rev. Clifford Campbell and Miss Neil Miller Overstreet, was solemnized at the Avenue Methodist church last evening. The Rev. Frank Thomas officiating. The bride was veiled, her bouquet consisting of white and rose lilies, the bridal gown was of white lawn. A train of white roses was worn by the bride. The attendants were dressed to correspond. The church was decorated with boughs of evergreen and white roses. The music was furnished by the church orchestra.

The wedding of Mr. Rev. Clifford Campbell and Miss Neil Miller Overstreet, was solemnized at the Avenue Methodist church last evening. The Rev. Frank Thomas officiating. The bride was veiled, her bouquet consisting of white and rose lilies, the bridal gown was of white lawn. A train of white roses was worn by the bride. The attendants were dressed to correspond. The church was decorated with boughs of evergreen and white roses. The music was furnished by the church orchestra.
American Literature.

On this theme, to the fair queen America, 
Whose spirit with virginal justice of her nature, 
Beautiful, is the extreme...

With all the soul of genius, 
Cruel, and justly proud, of what? Her blood, 
Stained, battle fields, over which again 
And again the strain of victory runs long. 
So, she will fight to give happiness to 
The heart of Columbia. But her更深 search passion and you will find expression 
In her heart the exquisitely simple chaste 
Of her queenly song.

Yes, for what would America do without 
Her Literature? Take this away and you
leave her not only choice of her wealth of
w vista, law, and love, but also nature,
Reading, seeing, speaking, to all your valley of
wastage. And Bull, with scoff, perhaps,
At his lonely career for pretending a claim
literary fame: to this as it may be known
That it is done. If there be for whom a
place in the limbs and daugnter of our
Inmamunda, in exchange for a subject
would you accept a Shakespeare? Not a thousand
Times as! Shakespeare, we admit is called,
High above the common herd, but he appeals to the heart; he does not
appeal to the hear,
half asleep. Words of consolation and comfort, indeed, he does not miss and sound with is as does the dear American Author. Truly, he is a writer for the world. His name is a forehead in the law thatched cottage, and the lamented Annabel of the great, and all the quiet-laboring beings. The busy student and milliner came down to look in his mausoleum, while passing about two gloomy streets of heir. Dear, dear. In a few we scarce had time to wash with! Quills, lines, lace, and prayers as times. You touch the heart, because you speak of familiar things for you have lived in this age and have known and loved. The things that we have. Good Lord, what are blessings? any land, and bright jewels call we terrace together. The Cathedral and St. Paul Round as a sun, while belly and breathing rose to deck the bend of our island country. Lord Jesus, the cheerful, sunny face of Washington. Loving Dons, our tongue tied the deepest, finest, finest tongue by his pen, truck to roll the sunshine, sparkling and dancing, throwing clear beauty where before none. Help of ether and solid, of symbol. England has a Byron, Scott, Long a France, and Ireland a Wapka, but none of these could have written Katherine. Master of the Manor? A black dog pictures, for in his.
peculiar style Dr. Holland took the piece alone and we challenge the world to produce such another work of truth and fiction as blended together as to hide or efface all the dividing lines as Bay Poth. But step by step silently, successfully for in the annals of our country's history few writers had earned greater. Our the tomb of Bryant truly he did more for his country than if he had written the Ovated.

He died a gray hair'd, honored man and the greatest tribute to his memory is that he was universally loved. Surely he had won that accomplice for faithful labor which he so nobly sought to obtain. The other a gray周三, both living hands, and trusting hearts, for here lies the most noble the tenderest, strongest heart - the living brother - tenderest friend - Bayard Taylor, cut short in his prime and yet he left a work of great work. He rose from the depths of poverty to an envied position in every clime. He använded Destiny, which to us would appear gigantic. His life was pure for a comet's scan which hurl themselves to his very existence. What he accomplished was immortal.

So let us with a fervent prayer thank God that he was an American.

But thanks be to God a word last - we thoughtfully if he calumni over this grave.
To the talented young author who, while he lived, was an at least four-score-year-old, society which his phrase, made him so fit to allow him life with a continual tear. Who can doubt that his soul was another, and even far above all others, that was only his poor frail body that was temple and filled. In an age of seconds, merely to the possibility that the author of a novel could be wholly depended on, it seduced a tear, and I feel that a whole nation wept with me upon this young hero's fall. What America look in verse scarce to told long ago, since it's that he is dead! We recognize the good, the noble, grateful for all the evil we are done with them.

Shakespeare to the contrary, and we only see in his writing the good predominates in wisdom of this:

"I think to mix some gladness in my story but the sad things are plain and will not leave the ear."

essentially we find tirelessly now in virtue incarnates with the fairest flower, that crown the head bowed head of our dear motherland.

America is young but little more than a century has been her journey, wielding the sceptre of light. Therefore we caduceus-induced
that she has produced a Scott or Dickens. We may be sure to see As We Are That, for purity of style no nation can compare with America. We feel, that if we do not do it, America shall. All lands came by in habitants and are closely allied in one of her most illustrious productions, the calm quiet continent of the South. And the warm, passionate world of France and Italy. All these nations, divided, spread, united into one brotherhood and founded of their nationalities. There were their forefathers of their royal heritage.

Copy made by Minnie Hoppin
Signed by Sarah Green.
The Shattered Tomb.

Christ, Like Most of the World’s Benefactors, Was Appreciat-
ed Most After Death.

Oh, You Unfaithful Children, Do Not Give Your Parents So Much
Tombstone.

But a Few More Blankets — Less Funeral and More Bed-
room.

No One Was Ever More Lovingly and Tenderly Put Away to
Sepulcher.

Than Christ, Our Lord, But There Were Only Four People in
the Procession.

COME SEE THE PLACE WHERE THE LORD LAY.

[Special to the Courier-Journal.]

BROOKLYN, April 9. — Dr. Talma
explained mortgages, which are given below in the Tele

masculum this morning.

The church was decorated—both platform
and altar—so that it could hardly ever be seen in an American
church. The music was of the highest order, selections from Handel, Haydn, Schubert
and Mozart were rendered by George W.
Morgan, who conducted. All the coronet.
Miss Florence Rice-Knox, the cele-
brated contralto, sang. The opening hymn
was: "Mark the sound of jubilee,
Lead as white as the tender rose."

Subject of the sermon: "The Shattered
Tombs.

TEXT—Matthew xxvii, G; "Come, see the
place where the Lord lay."

Visiting any great city we want to see its
victories. We examine the different styles of
ceiling, of mausoleum, of crypt, of
sculpture. We sleep a warrior, yonder a poet,
here a statesman, there an orator. But
how different the feeling when we visit the
places of the victors and the victims.

Today at the base we find a marble
monument to the memory of Christ. A
tomb in which he is buried. A stone.
A grave. A vault. A crypt. A crypt, vault, grave,
tomb. A stone. All lines of huge marble
mark the place where he is laid. Here lies
the body of Jesus Christ. The very place
where he lay when he was crucified. The
very place where the body of Jesus was
put in the sepulcher. Here lies the body.

And it is the custom of many churches
to have the words of the prayer of consecra-
tion inscribed. This is the prayer of
consecration. This is the prayer of consecra-
tion. This is the prayer of consecration. This
is the prayer of consecration. This is the
prayer of consecration. This is the prayer
of consecration. This is the prayer of consecra-
tion. This is the prayer of consecration.

And it is the custom of many churches
to have the words of the prayer of consecra-
tion inscribed. This is the prayer of
consecration. This is the prayer of consecra-
tion. This is the prayer of consecration. This
is the prayer of consecration. This is the
prayer of consecration. This is the prayer
of consecration. This is the prayer of consecra-
tion. This is the prayer of consecration.
John G. Whittier.

What great love has slowly grown to all over our country for the man who has used his gift of song so wisely, so truthfully, and so movingly! It has uncovered every need. It has been a thorn and a loud sound of warning to the unwise persistent wrong-doer, a cry of warning, a trumpet-call to humble, a beginning of victory. It has given faith to the disbelieving, courage to the timid, hope to the despairing, comfort to the sorrowful, balm to the wounded. It has kept young hearts pure, and filled them with ideal and with gladness.

—Boston Journal.

True poet of the American people Whittier must ever be acknowledged. His voice rings forth clear and pure and strong, giving glad utterance to the poet's broad faith in humanity, his deep love for all human beings, and his boundless faith in a human life. It is deep, deep for all time, as a rock-cleft, and as indestructible as a shepherd's horn bound among the rocks. It will wash into the bony, strong and sweet, flows not wearisomely the useless, loving, poet's spirit of his verse. —New York Evening Post.

They who love their country will thank him for the verse, sometimes pathetic, sometimes stirring, which helped to release that country from a great sin and shame; they who rejoice in nature will thank him that he has delightfully opened their eyes to the varied charms of the rough New England landscape, its highways, rivers, mountains, and seashore; they who love God will thank him for their help and comfort with which he has sung of the infinite goodness. —Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University.
WHISPERERS

Compared to Witches That Circle Around a Belling Caldron of Gossip.

Jubilee of Whisperers, Gala Day of Back-bites, Semi-Heaven For Scalandi moggers.

Dr. Talmage Tells Eve Loose Tongue Has Brought a Whole World to Woe.

TELLING TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.

[Special to the Courier-Journal]

BROOKLYN, Nov. 18.-The following interesting sermon was preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle by Rev. T. W. Titus, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Subject of the sermon: "Whisperers."

Text: "Romans I, 29: "Whisperers."

Preacher: "Eve is called the mother of all whisperers."

The preacher told of the origin of whisperers and their influence on society. He emphasized the importance of not listening to whisperers and the damage they can cause.

TELLING TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.

[Special to the Courier-Journal]

BROOKLYN, Nov. 18.-The following interesting sermon was preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle by Rev. T. W. Titus, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Subject of the sermon: "Whisperers."

Text: "Romans I, 29: "Whisperers."

Preacher: "Eve is called the mother of all whisperers."

The preacher told of the origin of whisperers and their influence on society. He emphasized the importance of not listening to whisperers and the damage they can cause.

Dr. Talmage Tells Eve Loose Tongue Has Brought a Whole World to Woe.

TELLING TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.

[Special to the Courier-Journal]

BROOKLYN, Nov. 18.-The following interesting sermon was preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle by Rev. T. W. Titus, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Subject of the sermon: "Whisperers."

Text: "Romans I, 29: "Whisperers."

Preacher: "Eve is called the mother of all whisperers."

The preacher told of the origin of whisperers and their influence on society. He emphasized the importance of not listening to whisperers and the damage they can cause.

Dr. Talmage Tells Eve Loose Tongue Has Brought a Whole World to Woe.

TELLING TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.

[Special to the Courier-Journal]

BROOKLYN, Nov. 18.-The following interesting sermon was preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle by Rev. T. W. Titus, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Subject of the sermon: "Whisperers."

Text: "Romans I, 29: "Whisperers."

Preacher: "Eve is called the mother of all whisperers."

The preacher told of the origin of whisperers and their influence on society. He emphasized the importance of not listening to whisperers and the damage they can cause.
DESPAIR.

Ah! what is so dead as a perished delight? Or a scheme involved or a scheme overthrown? 
Savor the bankrupt heart it has left in its flight, 
Still as quick as the eye, but cold as a stone! 
The honey bee hoards for its winterlong need; 
The treasure it gathers in joy from the flowers, 
And feeds on each lip of its silver heart. 
The flavor and finish of the sweet summer hours, 
But a pleasure expires at its earliest breath; 
No labor can hoard it, no cunning can save. 
For the song of its life is the sigh of its death, 
And the scowl it has thrilled is its sowl and its grave. 
Ah! what is love with its treasures lost, 
And pleasures that pain us and pain that endear, 
But joy in an armful of beautiful dust, 
That crumbles and lies on the wings of the years, 
And what is ambition for glory and power, 
But desire to be reckoned the uppermost? 
Of a million of fools for a pitiful hour, 
And be cursed by an ass or kicked for a fool? 
Nay, what is the noblest of all that can achieve, 
But to capture a vision of light to the eye, 
That will pale ere we paint it, and fall ere time 
On the heart it betrays and the hand it defies? 
We love, and we long with an infinite greed 
For a love that will make our deep longings, 
The cup that we drink of is pleasant, indeed. 
Yet it holds but a drop of the heavenly nectar. 
We plan for our powers the divinest we can; 
We do with our powers the supreme work. 
And winning or losing, for labor and plan 
The best that we garner is reed and delay. 
Content, satisfaction—what finds these? Look down! 
They are held without thought by the fools and the drones; 
Tis the slave who in carelessness carries the crown. 
And the hordes have kings for men than men. 
The palm springs of love to the balm of her wheel; 
And she never resists as he follows his team; 
They all find the children come quickly to she. 
In fulfillment the pledge of their loftiest dream. 
With humblest ambitions and homeliest fare, 
Contented, though toiling, they travel almost 
Till the kind hand of death lifts their burdened head, 
And they sink, in the faith of their fathers to rest. 
Did I beg to be born? Did I seek to exist? 
Did I bargain for postponements or utter gain? 
Did I ask for a brain with contempt for the rest? 
That could win a reward for its labor and pain? 
Want—kind—the strong promise that guided my youth? 
Was it not the endorsement of motive and skill? 
Want it well to succeed when success was in truth, 
But the sunder of failure? Make answer who will! 
Do I rave without reason? Why look you, I pray? 
I have won and sought of the highest and 
Bustles me with no quest: and, hopeless, to end! 
I am poorer than when I set out on the quest.

The Year.

The Egyptians, it is said, were the first who fixed the length of the year. The Roman year was introduced by Romulus, 753 B.C., and it was corrected by Numa, 715 B.C., and again by Julius Caesar, 45 B.C., who fixed the solar year as being 365 days and 6 hours. This was denominated the Julian Style, and prevailed generally throughout the Christian world till the time of Pope Gregory XIII. The calendar of Julius Caesar was defective in this particular that the solar year consisted of 365 days 5 hours and 49 minutes, and not of 365 days 6 hours. This difference at the time of Gregory XIII, had amounted to 10 entire days. To obviate this error Gregory ordained in 1582 that that year should consist of 365 days only; and in 1584 it was ordered to be so used in England; and the next year 11 days were left out, the 3d of September, 1582, being reckoned as the 4th, so as to make it agree with the Gregorian calendar. The Russians still adhere to the Julian calendar (called now Old Style) which is 12 days behind the recom- 

THE PUNCTUATION PUZZLE.

The following article forcibly illustrates the necessity of punctuation. It can be read in two ways, making it a very bad man or a good man, the result depending upon the manner in which it is punctuated:

He is an old and experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found in opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of his neighbors he never rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellow creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in rowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in trying to signallize all public teachers he makes no efforts to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan’s kingdom he lends no aid to the support of the Gospel among the brethren he contributes largely to the evil adversary he pays no attention to good advice he pays great heed to the devil he never will go to Heaven he must go where he will receive the just recompense of reward.

Oh! emptiness! Life, what art thou but a lie. 
Which I greeted and honored with hopeless trust? 
But the beautiful apples that tempted my eyes. 
Break dead on my tongue into ashes and dust! 

“A father who loves all the children of men. 
A father to fill all these bottomless gaps,” 
But one life has failed; can I fasten again 
With my faith and my hope to a special perhaps. 
O! man, who begot me? Of woman who bore? 
Why, why did you call me to being and breath? 
With ruin behind me, and darkness before, 
I have nothing to fear, or live for, but death! 

C. E.
CHAPTER OF INTERESTING FACTS

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

The first air pump was made in 1747.

The first steel pen was made in 1590.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1783.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1455.

The iron steamship was built in 1825.

Coaches were first used in England in 1662.

The first horse railroad was built in 1835.

Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.

The first steamboat pld the Hudson in 1807.

The first watches were made at Nuremberg in 1472.

Glases were introduced in New York in 1830.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1690.

The first copper coin was coined in New Haven in 1857.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The first telescope was probably used in England in 1608.

The first use of the locomotive in this country was in 1829.

The first almanac was printed in 1450.

The first steam engine in this continent was brought from England in 1730.

The first complete printing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

Glass was early discovered. Glass beads were found on mummies over 3,000 years old.

The first algebra originated with Diophantus about the third century B.C.

The first society for the promotion of Christian knowledge was organized in 1665.

The first attempt to manufacture pinoss was made soon after the war of 1812.
A TEACHER’S SOLIQUY.

BY ALBERT T. BRADBURY.

[Signed at the annual meeting of Fremont Normal School Alumni Association, June 27, 1861.]

I pause, oftentimes, when I’m weary
And worn with the toil of the day.
When the pathway looks long and so dreary,
The end seeming far away.
And think of the day’s work just ended,
The routine of labor and care.
And ask if the world’s any better
For what I have done for my share.

Each day brings its toil and its sorrow,
Each night brings its darkness and rest;
Is the rest but for toiling tomorrow?
Is the toil but to fit us for rest?
Do the days stretch onward forever?
What is the man’s true mission on earth?
Is the length and the dreamism shortened,
By what may teach or may learn.

The children around me comethroving
With faces so eager and bright,
I look at them fondly, with longing,
Asking that ever all may be well.
I may guide them, and aid them, and lead,
But the troublesome question will come:
What shall I have to show for my caring
When all of my labor is done?

I sometimes ask, as I’m thinking
Of the centuries of sorrow and sin,
Of the millions of lives which have perished,
Of the myriads yet to begin,
What am I doing in the circle of ages?
What are you, mid icicles past?
Can it be that our deeds are of moment?
Can it be that our actions will last?

I see the stars shining down through the spaces,
With cold, distant looks seem to say,
We are here, we have been here through ages,
We will be here when you are but clay.
What are you then, or am I, in your wisdom?
What are you in the strength of your youth?
What are you with your straining and longing?
What are you in the glimm of our light?

I know that the stars in their places,
Are more than the sands of the sea;
I know that each one through vast spaces
Sends its clear, brilliant light down to me.
They all have been shining for ages.
They will shine on for ages to come,
No one has its place in the pageant,
Each one has its share in the song.

My heart grows happier, lighter,
Wisdom of the future less sad,
The world is not so dark and drear,
All nature around me is glad.
I, too, have my place in life’s pageant,
I, too, have my share in its song.
The day may be early or later,
The way’s not too short nor too long.

We each have our tasks to fulfill,
The duties before us lie plain;
If we do what each day sets before us,
We’ll find we’ve no time to complain.
If we pause not for question or query,
Just doing with all of our might,
We’ll find when our work here is ended,
And seen by eternity’s light.

What seems to us now small and needless,
Will unfold in the moment whole,
To a far greater beauty and fairness
Than ever has dawed on our soul.
We’ll find that each task has its meaning,
Each one, howe’er inscience, was right,
And the years we pass through so slowly
Will seem but a day’s transient light.
A SERENADE IN RHYME.

If you have a friend who loves you,
Love him, yes, and let him know
That you love him, and believing
Tinge his brow with sunray glow.
Why should good words ever be said
Of a friend—ill be he dead.

If you hear a song that thills you
Sing by any child of song,
Pray let the song
Wait deserved prolongation,
And when one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart.

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble pleading tone
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Here below God alone,
Why should any one be glad,
When a brothers heart is sad.

If salutary lungs are rippling
Through the air on his face,
Shut it. "Tis wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy are.
There's health and goodness in the sigh
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more gay
By a friendly helping hand,
Say on, speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness well the land.
Should a brilliant flower of joy
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enrich as you grow,
Leave them. Trust the harvest giver,
He will make each seed to grow,
So until its happy day.
And your life shall never lack a friend.

SERENADE.

To Mufty, of course, as a provender,
I told you just how it would be,
For no notes, no sign here to see.
Just see, Zinz! Can't paw nor walk,
I come if it isn't bad,
And I cannot see you any more.

In that street a low howl, I hear there's a stid,
I don't think that mother's so stupid,
She's got come in her own paw.
The girls' dress justKids more commonly,
Oh what am I going to do.

What a dress for a girl in her sense,
To go on the street and joy a place,
And show some sunshine—wore them last summer.
Don't trouble though she thinks they're now,
Mrs. Casely-Casely wasn't important,
She's a charming minister's wife,
And some people think her relation,
A pretty example of life.

The alca's dressed recently—I wonder
Who said those who are there from.
Some girl who has gone to school,
Don't know if it isn't good.
Just look after that, little hunting,
To invent I suppose a site,
That she's happy and her head too for fear,
And the ends of her dress show.

What a sight Mrs. Ward this morning.
That woman will kill me some day.
With her terrible face and manner.
Why will not things dress so gay?
And those same peals and freckled,
She's engaged to him—worth thing,
Doesn't I keep on you sometimes
If I didn't have a sarsaparilla.

How can this girl beat me at all,
The way she breezes round and shores.
The way she talks—such a girl.
And then—she's gloomy.
Such hard better be saying her prayers.
Dear, what a dreadful long sermon,
Do must love to be heen,
And it's after 12 now, how provoking.
I wanted to have agreed.

Through at last: well, it isn't so dreadful
As it used to be—such a comfort.

The Education of Girls.

The establishment of cooking and sewing schools in many of our larger cities is of great importance. It is significant that a change in public opinion is gradually taking place regarding the education of girls, and that the younger generation is beginning to desire that their daughters should learn not only the accomplishments, but the practical arts as well. A young girl ought to be taught thoroughly every can of the domestic duties devolving on the housewife, and with it she should be taught that which is still more important—the art of systematic hard work. Any one can, after a few trials, make a bed, sweep a room, and dust a shelf, but to do all these things and many more stably and skilfully, or at least in such nice succession that at the proper time all will be done, is no slight accomplishment, and one which can only come with practice. In this connection the New York Times offers some well-timed remarks.

What would one think of a mother who provided for her daughter's traveling outfit, every form, a long journey, to meet the waste of the ways, and of the world, and the inevitable lack of suitcases and carriages? Perhaps, it is only the flimsy dress. It might be very gracefully, in fabric, and given with abundance of the choicest flowers and sparkling gems; but it would, in any case, be made more useful and practical, a traveling dress, and we should almost think the woman deplorable in whose household the dress was made, who should provide it for such a purpose.

But it is no more difficult to send our girls out over the rough journey of life with only a stock of accomplishments to meet the waste of the ways, and the world, and the inevitable lack of carriages and suitcases? Many girls are now without the slightest preparation in the way of domestic knowledge and self-reliance in managing home affairs. It is fatally hoisted that skill shall ever be out of place in the home, and that they will manage somehow to keep a house in responsibility and comfort, but that, that, that, oh yes, that dress traveling suit! How poorly it answers in the year and force of the road.

Don't buy everything for the girls, treat them with the money after giving them as good as possible; let them learn how to use it. Let them learn how to buy by actual experience. If they make some mistakes, let them also learn; just as you have to, say a boy of a brother that had need with a tumble.

"Let him fall down. That's the way to learn." It is the way we all learn many things. If any little thing's pretty fine, sambunci fades out within, let her bleat and make, and the children. And the thing is the reason of avoiding that alluring, deceitful shade in the future.

Let her learn. And that is to go from the beginning to the end of the process, and teach her the most thrifty, efficient, short-cuts to perfection in all departments of cookery.

It is not usual to go through the tedious process our grandmothers used in preparing eggs to a loaf with a knife, waiting all day for bread to rise, and set off, in a world where egg-beaters are to be had, and inexpensive improvements which will answer the purpose of raising in an hour or two.

Let her see our cream-tarts and soda when good baking-powder is to be had, and discard all similar improvements upon which she has taken the pains of preparing the dough, with the end of raising in an hour or two.
THE SPRING.
Hymn Points,

Mr. H. O. Hallowell, Laramie, sends us the following interesting Biblical information:

The 9th verse of the 6th chapter of Esther is the longest verse in the Bible.

The Bible contains 3,884,498 letters; 773,692 words; 31,773 verses; 1,189 chapters and 66 books.

The word "and" is used 40,277 times; "Lord" is used 1,855 times, while the word "renced" occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm.

The middle verse of the Bible is the 4th of the 113th Psalm.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet save J.

The 54th chapter of Acts is the most readable.

The 19th chapter of 2 Kings and the 27th chapter of Jonah are alike.

The 55th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John is the shortest verse.

The 6th, 14th, 25th and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike.

All the verses of the 195 Psalm end with the same letter.

No word in the Bible contains more than six syllables.

**THEY NEED.**

Only the leaf of a rose.
That fell to the half-moon floor.
Fall from the tinted chandeliers
Of the big house's smile.

Quickly he stooped and seized it.
"Tis the leaf of a rose," said he; "Tinted with summer's blushes
And dearer than gold to me.
Lovely and fragrant petal,
Some sweet sentiment, who knew
I may have a chance to tell it
I cherished the leaf of the rose.
But when his lips to press it, He muttered in accepted words.
"The blighted thing is artificial.
It Sounded awful.

A temperance lecturer was preaching on his favorite theme. "Now, boys, when I ask you a question you must not be afraid to speak up and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now. Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices.

"Where will your fathers be in twenty years?"

"Dead," shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own this property then?"

"Us boys," shouted theurchins.

"Right. Now tell me, did you ever in going along the street notice the drunkards lounging around the public house doors waiting for some one to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them."

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead," exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys."

Everybody was thunderstruck. It sounded awfully! It was awful, but it was true.

Our Wasted Resources.

There are in round numbers, seven thousand licensed saloons in Chicago. Estimating the average income at $30 a day (a low estimate) it amounts to $87,287,750 a year. This money if turned into channels of usefulness could be made to produce the following result:

- Employ 10,000 men cleaning streets and other public improvements, at $1.50 per day: $4,695,000
- Employ 2,000 teams and men cleaning alleys and streets at $2 per day: $3,504,000
- Say there are 60,000 poor families in Chicago—Could each family give 10 cents per day: $18,750,000
- Pay the car-fare for 250,000 working people to and from work: $7,825,000
- Pay for lunch of 250,000 working people at 20 cents each: $50,475,000
- Buy one $20 suit of clothes for each of the 250,000 working people: $5,000,000
- Buy one $4 pair of shoes for each of the 250,000 working people: $1,000,000
- Buy one $25 suit of clothes for the father of each poor family: $1,500,000
- Buy one $10 dress for the mother of each poor family: $600,000
- Buy one $3 pair of shoes for the mother of each poor family: $180,000
- Buy two tons of coal for each poor family, $6.50 per ton: $780,000
- Buy one barrel of flour for each poor family, $4 per barrel: $250,000
- But one $4 suit of clothes for every boy and girl in the public schools (180,891) enrolled April 9, 1894: $713,574
- Establish one free library and museum in each division of the city: $3,000,000
- Build 20 new school houses at $100,000 each: $2,000,000
- Build 36 new churches at $50,000 each: $1,800,000
- Give to the Fresh Air fund for poor children: $25,000
- Give to the various hospitals of the city: $100,000

Total: $97,287,754

Have a balance to begin the new year with: $10,156

Published by the W. T. P. A. The Temple, Chicago. Price $1.50 per 100; $1.25 per 1000.
Examination for Honors,  
SATURDAY, JUNE 23.

Annual Exposition,  
WEDNESDAY, JULY 18.  
(DEFERRED FOR WANT OF TIME.)

Alumni Meeting,  
JULY 18, AT 8.45 P. M.

Commencement Exercises,  
AT BOLES HALL,  
THURSDAY, JULY 19, AT 8 P. M.

Complimentary Address to the Class,  
BY PROF. CHASE,  
—AT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—  
JULY 20, AT 8 P. M.
Meeting of Alumni

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18.
8.45 P. M.

ADDRESS BY—

A. C. TAYLOR.

Class Exercises!

THE END NOT YET.

PROGRAMME:

MUSIC.

1. "Consider the Lilies." Miss B. E. Bybee

MUSIC.

6. "Watchman, what of the night?" J. T. Williams
7. "Only remembered by what we have done."—Valedictory
   Miss Annie L. Huggins

Degrees Conferred Principal
Benediction Dr. E. Petri

Complimentary Address,
—TO THE CLASS, BY—

PROF. CHASE,
—at Presbyterian Church,—

Friday, July 20, 8 o'clock, P. M.

Formal Address of Welcome to Prof.
Chase, by

J. T. WILLIAMS.

Prayer: Elder F. S. Ellison
1. "Rome was not built in a day."—Salutatory M. P. Melling
2. "Thank God for such a bright, brother!" Mrs. Lelia Haycher
3. "Here let us stop."—M. F. Speer

Miss Voger, Oklahoma
"She knew the power of bended will. But felt that love was stronger still, and organized for doing good.

The world's united womanhood!"

But was this brave woman free from persecution? Is any great soul who is striving to serve humanity free from persecution? We see college presidents forced to resign, ministers driven from their pulpits, reformers branded with the epithet of "dreamer" and "fanatic." In the face of bitter opposition, bearing painful persecution, she endured hunger and weariness of body and mind that she might institute a new chivalry for man and declare independence of thought and action for woman. She, the preacher of temperance, was indeed the soul of chastity; the prophet of a new commonwealth, but at the same time the herald of a nobler motherhood than that of which the world dared dream, and therefore the herald of a nobler manhood, a nobler society, a nobler humanity.

Her life was short but worth centuries of common life, for her fifty-eight years were rich in thought and experience, of enduring conflict for others. A strong will, a rich mind and a true heart explain its career. Love of work, intense application, lofty purpose and firmness for the right all combined to make her name illustrious. Whether or not the world carries out her methods of political and social transformation, her ideal of home will never perish. Her daughters will be the strong and serious women of the future and her sons the embodiment of energy and quickened intellect, because they have heard and obeyed the divine command "Keep thou pure!"

When custom is displaced by right and our land is redeemed from the curse of the liquor traffic, when women shall have their rights and their homes protected, when the sun shall rise illuminating the peaks of heroes and heroines who have brought about this reformation, we shall see at its head the name of the woman, the teacher, the philanthropist, the reformer, the best loved woman of America Frances E. Willard.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." There is enough jewelry, gold and silver plate buried in Christian homes to build a fleet of 50,000 vessels, ballast them with Bibles, crown them with missionaries, build a church in every destitute hamlet, and supply every living soul with the gospel in a score of years. Our God! Let God's fierce streams come down and take possession of our hearts and tongues, and the gospel will wing its way like beams of the morning.—Arthur T. Pierson.
The House was called to order at 7:30 by the Speaker. The roll was called and a full response given. The Journal of the proceedings of the previous session was read by the Clerk and approved by the Senate.

Mr. Newman, of New York, Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, to whom was referred the Bill (No. 11), to appoint a Commission on the subject of the alcoholic liquor traffic, reported it without amendment.

Miss Curl, of Georgia, from the Committee on Military Affairs, begged leave to offer a substitute for Bill No. 12 for the protection of the Indians of the United States. The substitute was read and accepted unanimously.

The following message was received from the President of the United States:

To the Glasgow Normal Senate:

In answer to your resolution of the 7th inst., requesting the President to inform you whether the Hon. S. E. Gibson, a member of this body, from Maryland, has been appointed a minister to Spain. I am in receipt of a cable from Mrs. S. E. Gibson, L. L. D., and have been duly appointed, as honored by the Hon. S. E. Gibson aforesaid, has duly accepted the appointment and is now ready for confirmation by the Senate.

J. H. Brooks,
President of U. S.

Concurrent in by
Hon. J. S. Dickie, Sec. of the Navy,
Hon. J. H. Eubank, " " " Treasurer,
Hon. B. F. Wood, " " " Interior,
Hon. L. P. Easton, " " " War,
H. Y. Thomas, Post Master General.

The message was read and the appointment confirmed.

Miss Curl presented the petition of Archibald Drankinough and Daniel Scurtope, praying that the manufacture of spirits and wines be abolished in the United States.

Miss Reising, of Ohio, submitted the following resolution, which was considered by unanimous consent, and agreed to:

Resolved, That the Committee on Invalid Pensions, be, and is hereby directed to consider the expediency of granting a pension to Mrs. Laura Baker, widow of Lowell Baker, late a private in Company K, Twelfth Reg. Ohio Volunteers, whose papers are now on file in the office of the Commissioner of Pensions, and whose case is not covered by existing laws.

Mr. Renfro, of Minnesota, asked leave to read Bill No. 18, which the Speaker ruled out of order.

Mr. Newman read a petition praying for an investigation of alleged attempts to secure votes by bribery.

At 8:30, on motion by Mr. Williams, of Colorado, the Senate proposed to consider the Bill, proposed by him, to amend the law in regard to pensions by striking out all words or phrases in said law which make distinction between officer and private, and insert in their stead that all soldiers who were disabled while in the service of these United States in time of war, be entitled to equal pay for the same disabilities, be he officer or private; and that their widows and orphan children receive the same care and protection by receiving the same pay, regardless of their fathers or husband's rank in the army.

The Senator from Colorado made an eloquent speech in favor of the Bill, and it was opposed by the Senator from New York.

On motion by Mr. Burks, of Mass., to amend the Bill by adding thereto the following words: And the widows and orphaned children of Confederate soldiers share equally with those of Federal soldiers. Mr. Parks made a speech in its favor. It was opposed by Senators Smith and Newman.

On motion of Mr. Brents, of Cal., that the proposed Bill as amended lie on the table, it was determined in the negative.

On motion by Mr. Skipworth, of Kentucky, to commit, it was determined in the negative.

On motion by Mr. Ellison, of Ind., that the further consideration of the proposed Bill as amended be postponed to the next session, it was determined in the affirmative.

At 9:30, on motion of Miss Watson, of Virginia, that the Senate proceed to consider the Bill as submitted by her on the 21st inst., to provide for a better system of education in the United States; and, on the question to agree to said motion, it was determined in the affirmative.

On motion of Mr. Burks, the Senate proceeded to consider the Bill as submitted by him on the 14th inst., providing for a Commission on the subject of the alcoholic liquor traffic.

After debate, on motion of Mr. Bell, of Texas, that Bill lie on the table, it was determined in the affirmative.

At 9:45, on motion of Miss Hays, of Mississippi, that the Senate proceed to consider the Bill as submitted by her on the 14th inst., that the husband bear the name of the wife. After debate by Misses Hays, Redding, Johnson, Wright, Watson, and Messers. Renfro, Newman, Mill, Snoddy, Burks and Brents.

On motion by Mr. Mell that the Bill be amended, the Senate determined in the affirmative.

At 10 o'clock, on motion by Miss Redding, the Hon. C. U. Melloy, of Warren county, honored the Senate and friends present by a speech on the address. The eloquent gentleman highly complimented the evening's entertainment, and encouraged perseverance in this unique form of school exercises. The young Senators fully appreciating the honor conferred, were led to feel for one brief moment as Lowell writes:

"The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendental moment.

In long and loud applause, they expressed their thanks, together with the invitation to come again, and come often.

At 10:30 the Senate adjourned.

A. W. MELL, Speaker.
SALIS DICKIE, Clerk.
CHARLES TREY, Sergeant-at-Arms.
HATTIE JEFFERSON.
MARY DICKIE.
MARY BRENTS.
HARRY MILL.
Glasgow Normal School.

The commencement exercises of the Glasgow Normal School began Wednesday evening, June 30th, 1880.

The annual address was delivered by Prof. Bartholomew, of Louisville, and though brief, it contained rare thoughts, showing a thorough preparation on the part of the speaker.

The Alumni met at the Normal School at 8½ o'clock the same evening to hear the address of Miss Annie Bagby, on the "Propelling Powers of the Nations," which was highly appreciated for its many excellences. After which came an elegant supper, prepared by Mr. A. Rapp. The evening's programme was then concluded with the election of officers for the Alumni for the next meeting. J. L. Skipworth was elected President, J. L. Bell, Vice-President, Miss Ella Bohannon, Secretary. Mr. E. F. Ellison was selected to deliver the next address before the Alumni.

On Thursday afternoon at 2½ o'clock the commencement proper opened at Boles' Hall with a prayer from Rev. W. H. Williams, and the following essays and speeches from the young ladies and gentlemen, members of the graduating class. Miss Ella Bohannon, essay, "Retrospect;" Mr. W. S. Burks, Pageville, Ky., speech, "Wondrous and Awful are thy Silent Halls; Oh Kingdom of the Past;" Miss Lulie Breeding, Breeding's, Ky., essay, "Making Memories;" Mr. J. F. Bell, Edmonton, Ky., speech, "Value of Enthusiasm;" Miss Laura Wright, Alleghany City, Pa., "Where the Treasure Is;" Mr. M. E. Wilborne, Temple Hill, Ky., "Among the Rocks;" Mr. George Y. Renfro, Dry Fork, Ky., "Philosophy of Science;" Mr. J. L. Skipworth, Burksville, Ky., "Intellectual Sovereignty;" Miss Bessie Lee Hays, Edmonton, Kentucky, essay, "Through Winds and Tides one Compass Guides; to that and your own selves be True." After Miss Hays' essay and a benediction by Rev. C. W. Robinson, there was an intermission.

At 8 P. M. the exercises were again opened with prayer by R. W. Browder, Miss Florrie Reidig, Glasgow, "Ideals;" Mr. J. M. Breaux, Glasgow, "Milestones of Progress;" Miss Sally Watson, Celina, Tenn., "Books or no Books; the Art of Reading;" Mr. E. F. Ellison, Glasgow, "Ironclads;" Miss Lizzie Caudle, Cave City, Ky., valedictory, "Prospect. The conferring of degrees and the closing address of the Principal, closed the evening's programme.

The young ladies and gentlemen without exception acquitted themselves most admirably, and had we the space and time would be glad to make personal mention of some splendid ideas and thoughts expressed in their several compositions. These essays would have done credit to older and wiser heads. The zeal and earnestness with which they were delivered spoke well for them and their teachers. Prof. Mell may justly feel proud of his graduating class of 1880. The citizens of this community may and do feel proud of the Glasgow Normal School, and we cannot close this article without a word in praise of its Principal. A few years he came to our town and found a broken-down school that had been striving for an existence since the close of the war, under various teachers, about twenty or thirty pupils, principally little children, and none of them living outside the corporate limits of town. Prof. Mell took charge, and by his untiring industry, energy and undivided and exclusive attention, year by year built up this splendid institution of learning, and for several years past has turned out just such graduates as the present class, many of whom are teaching school and practicing law in various States of the Union.
FOURTH
Annual Commencement.
GLASGOW
NORMAL SCHOOL,
JUNE 25th, 26th and 27th, 1873.

You are respectfully invited to attend
the exercises of the
CLASS OF 70.
EXAMINATION FOR HONORS.  June 12, 14, 16, 17 and 18.

MEETING OF A.L.E.X.N.  Wednesday, June 22nd, 8.30 P.M.
M. P. Mitchell, Class Speaker.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.  Dr. J. W. Doro, Frankfort, Ky.
Methodist Church, June 24th, 8.30 P.M.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.  J. U. Biggers.
DUTIES OF SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The time has come when the church looks upon the Sabbath School as simply an auxiliary to the church, but as the basis of the church. In it we are absent, and molding tender and plastic hearts into vessels, fit either for the Master’s mercy or wrath. And I contend, or that each one upon the teacher, whose first duty and without which no one can be a successful teacher, is the thorough preparation of heart and mind for the work. He must love it for the very work’s sake; he must love it for the children’s sake; he must love it because he is doing God service.

I have very little sympathy with one who charges a Christian duty simply because the world, or the church of which he is a member, expects it of him, or only through a sense of duty. Doubt not such motives are sometimes, yea, often, blessed of God. But I think we shall be hard pressed if we say, a duty, cheerfully, willingly, gladly performed has a double reward. Think you, the mother ever feels the realization of the law of God in the work of providing for her child? Yet, none will deny that it is her duty, and more is applicable to the Sabbath School teacher; in a word, it must be a heart-work—a work of love. Again, the mind may be, in a degree, possible, well stored with Biblical knowledge. He must have at command every prominent Bible story that is calculated to enlighten the sympathies or engage the attention of the little ones; this, too, is applicable to older ones, though they may take stronger food—in the way of the deeper truths of the Gospel. This begets in the young a desire to read the Bible and learn for themselves.

On being introduced to a class in Sabbath School, it is well to study the character and temperament of each pupil before assigning a lesson; and in order to accomplish this, the first necessity is a close and general conversation, on some subject consistent with the day. This gives the class an opportunity to become acquainted with the teacher; and the teacher, by encouraging each one to express himself freely, will better understand the tendency and wants of each heart. He will, perhaps, discover faults or vices in some—human nature is imperfect in every stage of life—each heart has its besetting sin. The pious, conscientious teacher will feel its duty to call the faults and vices as they are sometimes called, and correct them; not by a direct attack, but by caution from the word of the Sabbath School, will allude to the bad habits to which they are addicted. And plainly and earnestly explain to them the consequences of such habits.

The teacher has now entered upon his labor, the next great duty to be observed is that a duty is not to be neglected with impunity. I have in my mind an old man who has a class of little boys, and it is seldom that one pupil is missing. This may be attributed to the frequent attendance at the teacher’s class. Rain or shine, that devoted man bounded on at his post Sunday morning, not ten minutes late; but, at times, not even ten minutes late, but always in his seat in time to give each little boy a ten minutes word as he comes.

Children are quick to observe the conduct of a teacher, and their interest will decrease in proportion to the carelessness or incompleteness of the teacher. It is well to remark, at this point, that when the teacher in his class descending in manner or interest, it is well to look within for the cause. Nine cases out of ten the fault lies in the teacher, and the duties devolving upon him. Example is better than precept, if the teacher shows the children how to attend properly to the Sabbath School, and at the same time how to do his duty to the best of his ability.

The next duty is one that requires close study and attention on the part of the teacher, and upon one which depends, in a great measure, on the success of the school, and upon making each lesson beautiful and instructive. We have every reason to believe that God himself is the minister of the beautiful. Nature clearly teaches this; she is clothed in the color that is most acceptable to the eye; her mountains, valleys, plains, rivers, all are arranged in the most picturesque and pleasing manner. And this arrangement not only fascinates the eye, but moves the heart. The sight of a towering mountain or beautiful landscape is a source of delight; and in this way we praise and “look through nature to nature’s God.” But the teacher should, in no instance, attempt making the class a manner of conducting a recreation to become tiresome. Children are fond of variety, and the most beautiful objects grow monotonous after a time. The teacher will guard against this by varying the exercises; for instance, when the children tire of answering “present” to the roll-call from Sabbath School, instead of repeating the same verse from the Bible, appoint some one to study a certain chapter or Bible story and repeat it to the class on the following Sabbath; this is the more easily done if, and many other means the teacher may suggest which will serve to keep alive the interest of the class.

We will now allude to a duty which should be observed by the faithful teacher, a great pleasure, but one which is too often neglected, the visiting of the parents’ homes. The teacher should, if possible, visit each pupil once a month, or at least every three months, with an interest in everything that concerns their every-day life and lead them to speak of all their little joys and griefs; rejoice with those who do rejoice and weep with those who weep. No one has done more for us all their likes and dislikes, their bearing toward parents, brothers and sisters, than the Sabbath School teachers. Besides, it will be of great benefit to the teacher to have materials for a lecture on the coming Sabbath. There will doubtless be some fault to commend—some criticism or correction to be made. Think of the social influence on the part of the teacher. The teacher should be present to understand how the children are placed in the class, and on the same principle, one who loves and one whom he can trust. Wherever you find a Sunday School teacher who has the love and confidence of his pupils, rest assured he is one who visits them: he hears a great deal said in regard to the pastor visiting his flock. This is all right and a pastor’s duty, but the careless Sunday School teacher who left the work of the church at a lower point, and thought that a little help was the slightest favor of his manhood had been lost by accepting the proffered hand of the pastor. This is a mistake. This is obedience that is acceptable unto God. The Sabbath School is rightly called the nursery of the church, and it seems to me that if its duties were well defined and faithfully discharged, if every teacher was a praying teacher, the work of the church and her minis ters would be greatly lessened. There would be little or no need for the Sunday schools, and churches are subject. Allude to existing revivals of religion. They would not be understood as condemning the practice. In many communities excitement is necessary to draw the attention of the people to the subject of religion, and thousands have been converted under such circumstances. But it is not the, in any instance, that is. The excitement of great labor is followed by a corresponding depression and exhaustion. But I am glad to see that this does not mean that what are called protracted meetings are fast dying out, and when the Sabbath School work is simply an auxiliary to the church, there will be no room for excitement.

In conclusion I would say the faithful teacher should never be discouraged, for, though he may not be able to know the full result of his labors here, there is a time coming when all things will be revealed. It may be when the pearly gates are opened for his admittance, he will find waiting on the threshold of the Celestial City, some glorified spirit to clasp his hand in gratitude for your prayers—through your labors as a Sabbath School teacher my soul was saved.

On the outside of this issue is a Sunday School address composed and delivered by a Glass lady. It is full of sound, thought, and is one of the very best literary productions of its kind we have lately seen.
FIFTH

Annual Commencement

GLASGOW

NORMAL SCHOOL

JUNE 30, AND JULY 1, 1880.
COMMENCEMENT PROPER.

Bolles Hall, Thursday, 2 o'clock, P. M.

PROGRAMME:

Part I.

Opening Prayer, ........................................ Rev. W. H. Williams.

Hymn. ..................................................

“Suffer the little children to come unto me.” Matt. 19:14.

E. B. S. W. ........................................

“Worship and adoration are the silent halls, O King of the East.”

W. S. B. ........................................

“Thou art the man of salvation.” Ps. 110:1.

Making Memory, ......................................... L. A. B. ........................................

“Value of Education.” .................................. S. P. M. ........................................

“Where the Treasures.” ................................ L. A. B. ........................................

“Among the Books.” .................................... M. S. E. ........................................

“Philosophy of Science.” ................................ J. L. E. ........................................

“Through wide and wild, thy compass guides; Thy sword points true.”

J. L. N. ...........................................

Benediction, ........................................... Rev. C. W. Robinson.

Thursday, 8 o'clock, P. M.

Part II.

Prayer, ................................................... Rev. W. H. Williams.

Hymn. ....................................................

“Flowers bloom, and interns, the art of reading.”

E. B. S. W. ........................................

“Books and the hero, the art of seeking.”

E. B. S. W. ........................................

“Prospect.” ............................................

E. B. S. W. ........................................

“Comforting of Degrees.” ............................ PRINCIPAL.

Closing Address. ....................................... PRINCIPAL.

Class Song. ...........................................

E. B. S. W. ........................................

Benediction, ........................................... Rev. C. W. Robinson.

The effects of such training are seen in the lives of those who hold their opinions loosely, or in their lack of interest in the work and activities of the school. The influence of Sabbath School teachers was significant.

The effects of such training are seen in the lives of those who hold their opinions loosely, or in their lack of interest in the work and activities of the school. The influence of Sabbath School teachers was significant.
LOUISVILLE CONFERENCE.

Prof. Hett's Welcome.

The following very handsome and appropriate address of welcome, was delivered by Prof. A. W. Mall, of Glasgow, to the Louisville Annual Conference, which assembled in this place Wednesday, Oct. 6th.

DEAR BISHOP AND BRETHREN--It is a glad occasion that brings us together. The season of the year and the things of meeting. The people of Glasgow are on tip-toe of expectation. We have been wanting to see you together, that we might have an opportunity to judge of the kind of men that fill up the rank and file of the Conference. We have been wanting to see your wives and children, and from the statement of a principle that you never want to meet a man till you know the better half of him. Our people are anxious to look on you as sides: to hear you talk and get the benefit of your accumulated culture, wisdom and experience. They are impatient to see your venerable counsellor, delivering upon grave questions of church policy. They want to hear, for them selves, those men the name of whom is purest, a name that has become household knowledge. We want to meet you in the love-feast, an institution beloved by our people of all denominations. A worthy gentleman said to your speaker some days since while in conversation upon this subject, do not omit to say that we welcome you; but rather as so many followers of Him of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named, and all the members of all denominations in Glasgow. This means something. It means much. These Baptist brethren and Christian and Presbyterian and Episcopalian are here to welcome you upon the platform of the universal brotherhood of Christ's people. And we welcome you; but rather as so many followers of Him of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named, and all the members of all denominations in Glasgow. This means something. It means much.

But I would fail to discharge the most pleasing part of the task assigned me, did I omit to say that the Christian to a soldier and his life to a warfare. I once, when quite a boy, went, in company with my father, to view a large army encamped near our home. My boyish notice was attracted by the fact that each company had separate officers, separate quarters and separate bangers. Each regiment was differently furnished from the rest. But I noticed that the flag at headquarters was the flag of each company and regiment and battalion and division bore different insignias, yet they all had a name. The same flag of Greece. Amid all diversity there was something that told a common

LOUISVILLE CONFERENCE.

Prof. Hett's Welcome.

The following very handsome and appropriate address of welcome, was delivered by Prof. A. W. Mall, of Glasgow, to the Louisville Annual Conference, which assembled in this place Wednesday, Oct. 6th.

DEAR BISHOP AND BRETHREN--It is a glad occasion that brings us together. The season of the year and the things of meeting. The people of Glasgow are on tip-toe of expectation. We have been wanting to see you together, that we might have an opportunity to judge of the kind of men that fill up the rank and file of the Conference. We have been wanting to see your wives and children, and from the statement of a principle that you never want to meet a man till you know the better half of him. Our people are anxious to look on you as sides: to hear you talk and get the benefit of your accumulated culture, wisdom and experience. They are impatient to see your venerable counsellor, delivering upon grave questions of church policy. They want to hear, for them selves, those men the name of whom is purest, a name that has become household knowledge. We want to meet you in the love-feast, an institution beloved by our people of all denominations. A worthy gentleman said to your speaker some days since while in conversation upon this subject, do not omit to say that we welcome you; but rather as so many followers of Him of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named, and all the members of all denominations in Glasgow. This means something. It means much. These Baptist brethren and Christian and Presbyterian and Episcopalian are here to welcome you upon the platform of the universal brotherhood of Christ's people. And we welcome you; but rather as so many followers of Him of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named, and all the members of all denominations in Glasgow. This means something. It means much.

But I would fail to discharge the most pleasing part of the task assigned me, did I omit to say that the Christian to a soldier and his life to a warfare. I once, when quite a boy, went, in company with my father, to view a large army encamped near our home. My boyish notice was attracted by the fact that each company had separate officers, separate quarters and separate bangers. Each regiment was differently furnished from the rest. But I noticed that the flag at headquarters was the flag of each company and regiment and battalion and division bore different insignias, yet they all had a name. The same flag of Greece. Amid all diversity there was something that told a common

LOUISVILLE CONFERENCE.

Prof. Hett's Welcome.

The following very handsome and appropriate address of welcome, was delivered by Prof. A. W. Mall, of Glasgow, to the Louisville Annual Conference, which assembled in this place Wednesday, Oct. 6th.

DEAR BISHOP AND BRETHREN--It is a glad occasion that brings us together. The season of the year and the things of meeting. The people of Glasgow are on tip-toe of expectation. We have been wanting to see you together, that we might have an opportunity to judge of the kind of men that fill up the rank and file of the Conference. We have been wanting to see your wives and children, and from the statement of a principle that you never want to meet a man till you know the better half of him. Our people are anxious to look on you as sides: to hear you talk and get the benefit of your accumulated culture, wisdom and experience. They are impatient to see your venerable counsellor, delivering upon grave questions of church policy. They want to hear, for them selves, those men the name of whom is purest, a name that has become household knowledge. We want to meet you in the love-feast, an institution beloved by our people of all denominations. A worthy gentleman said to your speaker some days since while in conversation upon this subject, do not omit to say that we welcome you; but rather as so many followers of Him of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named, and all the members of all denominations in Glasgow. This means something. It means much. These Baptist brethren and Christian and Presbyterian and Episcopalian are here to welcome you upon the platform of the universal brotherhood of Christ's people. And we welcome you; but rather as so many followers of Him of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named, and all the members of all denominations in Glasgow. This means something. It means much.

But I would fail to discharge the most pleasing part of the task assigned me, did I omit to say that the Christian to a soldier and his life to a warfare. I once, when quite a boy, went, in company with my father, to view a large army encamped near our home. My boyish notice was attracted by the fact that each company had separate officers, separate quarters and separate bangers. Each regiment was differently furnished from the rest. But I noticed that the flag at headquarters was the flag of each company and regiment and battalion and division bore different insignias, yet they all had a name. The same flag of Greece. Amid all diversity there was something that told a common
A BEAUTIFUL WEDDING.

Marriage of Prof. H. Leibing to Miss Ella Bohannon.

The fair hands and refined taste of the ladies of Glasgow arranged in beautiful order the Baptist church for the marriage of Prof. H. Leibing, of Terre Haute, Ind., and Miss Ella Bohannon, of this place, which occurred yesterday morning at 8:30 o'clock. Lovely flowers, tastefully placed, gave the inside of the church a most inviting appearance for a wedding, and long before the hour fixed a large audience of friends and relatives gathered to witness the ceremony.

Promptly at the above-named hour the bride appeared in a beautiful evening dress of pink satin, and leaning on the arm of the groom, who wore the conventional dress suit, preceded by the six usheresses, marched up the aisle to Mendelssohn's wedding march played upon the organ by Miss Annie Gorin. The ceremony was then performed by Rev. S. C. Humphreys, and at its conclusion the happy couple, followed by the usheresses, left the church by the left aisle, going at once to their carriage in waiting, and were driven to the bride's home, where she changed her bridal dress for a handsome traveling one. They then drove to the depot where they took the 10 o'clock train for the groom's home in Indiana, going by the way of Indianapolis.

The ushers were: Charles Haib, Charlie Terry, Henry Taylor, Robert Leslie, Will Evans and Ellis Warder.

The bride is the daughter of Judge John S. Bohannon, and is a lovely and accomplished young lady, while the groom is said to be in every way worthy of the heart which she has entranced him. He is a professor of music in Terre Haute, and is a gentleman held in high regard by all who know him. He has fitted up a delightful home for his wife's reception, and their embarkation upon their new life is prospects of happiness and joy.

The Tigers mingle their congratulations and good wishes with those of many other friends, and metaphorically flings its haughty of rice after the departing pair.
A BEAUTIFUL WEDDING.

Marriage of Prof. H. Liebling to Miss Elia Bohannon.

The fair hands and refined taste of the ladies of Glasgow arranged in beau-
tiful order the Baptist church for the marriage of Prof. H. Liebling, of Terre Haute, Ind., and Miss Elia Bohannon, of this place, which oc-
turred yesterday morning at 9 o'clock. Lovely flowers, tastefully placed, gave the inside of the church a most inviting appearance for a wed-
ing, and long before the hour fixed a large audience of friends and relatives gathered to witness the ceremony.

Promptly at the above-named hour the bride appeared in a beautiful evening gown of pink satin, and leaning on the arm of the groom, who was the conventional dress suit, pre-
ceded by the six ushers, marched up the right aisle to Memphitehiana's wed-
ing march played upon the organ by Miss Anni Gourin. The ceremony was then performed by Rev. E. C. Humphreys, and at its conclusion the happy couple, followed by the ushers, left the church by the left side, going at once to their carriages in waiting, and were driven to the bride's home, where she changed her trinal dress for a landscape traveling sate. They then drove to the depot where they took the 10 o'clock train for the groom's home in Indianapolis.

The ushers were Miser, Charlie Balder, Charlie Terry, Henry Taylor, Robert Leslie, Will Evans and Ellis Warder.

The bride is the daughter of Judge John S. Bohannon, and is a lovely and accomplished young lady, while the groom is said to be in every way worthy of the heart with which she has entrusted him. He is a professor of music in Terre Haute, and is a gen-
tleman held in high regard by all who know him. He has fitted up a delightful home for his wife's reception, and their embarkation upon their new life is precipitated by happiness and joy.

The Times extends its congratulations and good wishes to those of many other friends, and metaphorical-
ly rings its handbell of joy after the departing pair.
Commencement Proper.

BOLES HALL,
Friday, July 8, 1-2 o'clock P.M.

PROGRAM.

Opening Prayer........................................Rev. C. W. Robinson.

MUSIC.

Tis greatly wise, sometimes,
To talk with our past lives,
And ask them what report
They bore to Heaven—Salutatory........R. A. Snoddy, Glasgow, Ky.
Time is with Materials Filled.............T. P. Dickinson, Glasgow, Ky.
Elements of a Noble Life.......................Lizzie Mayfield, Rowlett's, Ky.

MUSIC.

Be He nowhere else.........................J. S. Dickey, Glasgow, Ky.
To give the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears—
—Dettie Bohannon, Glasgow, Ky.

MUSIC.

Forging of Thought.........................C. D. Easton, Rocky Hill, Ky.
Unrest—Valedictory.........................Jas. H. Brooks, Oakland Station, Ky.

MUSIC.

Conferring of Degrees..........................Principal.

MUSIC.

Benediction ......................................Rev. R. W. Browder.
SIXTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

OF

GLASGOW NORMAL SCHOOL,

GLASGOW, KY.

June 26, Sunday 9½ o'clock A. M., Annual Sermon—Dr. A. H. Redford, Nashville, Tenn.

June 26, 8½ o'clock P. M., Alumni Association—Oration by E. F. Ellison, Class of '90.

June 26, 8½ o'clock P. M., Annual Address—By Elder A. P. Terrell, Jeffersonville, Ind.

July 1, Commencement Proper—Boles Hall, 8½ o'clock P. M.

Compliments of the Class of '81.

President, C. D. EASTON.

Committee:

J. S. Dickey.

Bette Bohannon: T. P. Dickson.

You are cordially invited to attend.

Next session begins August 18th, 1881.

For circulars and full information, address

A. W. MELL.

Principal.
Undergraduates' Exercises,

Tuesday, June 28th, 1881.

Part I.

Song—"Ah! My Heart" Miss Loulie Breeding
Prayer—Rev. R. W. Bowers
Musical—Miss Adele Johnson
Oration—The Age of Chivalry—H. A. Shipley
Essay—"We build the ladder by which we rise"—Miss Lea Tolles
Music—Miss Mary Parrott
Essay—The Importance of Reading—Miss Minnie Martin
Tableau—"Country Cousins"
Select Reading—Miss Mary Bicker
Musical—Miss Mary Breeding
Oration—Progress of the Age—J. M. Ryan
Essay—Nothing Lives for Itself Alone—Miss Lillian Lucas
Oration—The Moral and Religious Branch of Education—J. J. Hammer
Music—Miss Annie Bolzmann
Invocation—"Beautiful Lord"—Miss Lizzie Redding
Oration—The Farmer's Son and Panel with Failures—Misses Gorlin, Breeding and Martin

Committee.

Tom. P. McKeever
Miss Minnie Martin
E. A. Shipley
Miss Lea Tolles

OUR MOMENTS.

The following very pretty lines were written for the Glasgow Normal School paper, a short time ago, and read before the school by the author, a very accomplished young lady of our town.

Our moments are like the slips of pearl
Borne by the Carrier Dove
Can bear a message to loving friends
The other to God above.

Our moments are filled with actions;
Together both good and ill;
Which the Father takes in his own dear hand,
And clothe's with his will.

So many moments are rent to heaven—
Thousands and thousands each day.
A smile on the good, a shed a tear o'er the bad,
And ever then up to stay.

Still we gather around the great white throne,
To see what our actions have done,
We find in our array, so many dark spots,
"Made by our own misdeeds of old.

Oh! let us strive each moment to bear
Naught but the good and the true,
Let each blot, that we make God's book,
Be very small and few.

W. B. Smith, Scientific 78, taught two years; was admitted to the bar in 78; went to Texas to engage in the practice of his profession. He is editor and proprietor of the Lockhart Register. We regard him as a rising newspaper man. He is now living at Alton, Illinois.

Anna L. Huggins, of Glasgow, in 80.

H. C. Swobdy, Scientific 78, after teaching two years went to Missouri to practice law. He is now living at Carrollton, Missouri.

Lillie D. Wade, Scientific 78, has taught successfully one year, and is now studying the classics at Glasgow Normal School.

W. W. Shepard, Scientific 79, has taught successfully since leaving school, and now has charge of a good school at Lake Mills, Texas. Salary, 8720.

G. C. Childress, Scientific 79, has taught a year since graduating, with E. J. Bigger in teaching at Las Vegas, N. M.

C. C. Neighbors, Scientific 79, has taught successfully ever since graduation, and is now in Hardin, Ky., in charge of a fine school at a good salary.

L. E. Brickey, Scientific 80, is now teaching in the public school, and is now in Hopkinsville, Ky., and is doing well.

S. W. Banks, Scientific 80, is now teaching in the public school at Cave City, Ky., and is doing well.

Floriane Redding, Scientific 80, is a young lady of promise in Louisville, Ky.

J. H. Bell, Scientific 80, is now at his home near Edenmont, Ky., and is doing well.

Sallie Watson, Scientific 80, is now teaching in the public school in Tennessee.
THE SINNER TAKES UP Which Great Results Hong Illustrated in His Remarkable Career.

Walking Out of a Prison Cell, the Deeps Opened for Him by an Earthquake.

THE HISTORIAN'S YESTERDAY.

[Speech to the Country-Journal.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 9th,—At the Brooklyn Tabernacle, in the evening, the following was read.

"The song of jubilation..."

The subject of Dr. Talma's sermon was "Paul in Jail," from Colossians, xi, 20: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

If he can be, he is, Paul, in jail, Paul on Mars Hill, Paul in the shipwreck, Paul before Felix. Paul, even the name is a poem, engendered by emerald, at one time distinguished for avaricious and ill-tempered character, monster of the worst material, damnable theorist, and upholder of vilest fabrics done damnable. A forerunner by the name of Paul rushing toward this city had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky which at the same time seemed so bright it blinded the rider for many days and I think so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the theme in the forthcoming speech.

It appeared that the Romans had given way to the finger of God that Paul had fallen from his horse he was a changed man. He preached Christ in Damascus till the city was converted. He had the authority for arrest and the popular cry as "Paul, he is a good man." He had fallen, shipwrecked, shipwrecked by sea, shipwrecked by land, and shipwrecked by the waves at the bottom of the sea. He was cast out of the palace, unable to earn a living, and he was in prison. He was there writing his letters to his friends, and to his church in Rome. He was there writing his letters to his friends, and to his church in Rome.
WHOSE SON ART THOU?

The Perspect Query. Selected by Dr. Talmage as a Foundation of Remarks

On the Subject of Heredity, Quoting the Story of Enucie and Grandmother Lois.

Noble or ignoble Blood Will Tell, Says the President, for God or for Devil.

Respecting to Posterity the Result of All in Ancestral Life of Sin or Goodness.

You May Be Sons of the Lord.

[Special to the Courier-Journal]

Brooklyn, Jan. 6. Dr. Talmage preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the subject of "Heredity." At the opening of the service he explained the first chapter of the Bible, "In the beginning God..." and concluded the discourse with the words, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God and the word was God..." He then proceeded to explain the words. He defined the term "heredity" as "the transmission of traits and characteristics from parent to child." He then went on to discuss the various theories of heredity, including the notions of "environmentalism" and "genetic determinism." He concluded his discourse by emphasizing the importance of understanding heredity in order to better understand ourselves and our place in the world.

The language used by the speaker was a mix of English and Biblical terms. The speaker was dressed in a black suit and tie, and had a microphone in front of him.

The audience consisted of a mixed crowd, including men, women, and children. Some were sitting, while others were standing. The room was filled with a sense of anticipation and eager listening.

The speaker began by saying, "Heredity is the study of the transmission of traits and characteristics from one generation to the next. It is the study of how traits are passed down from parents to offspring. Heredity is a complex and fascinating topic, and it is important to understand it in order to better understand ourselves and our place in the world."
At the time of my marriage, I was greatly trusted by my neighbors, who knew me to be a discreet and modest woman, and who had always treated me with respect. But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something to improve my position in the community. I therefore undertook to write a novel, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends.

The novel, which I will call "The World of Words", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price. But I was not content with this, and determined to do something more.

I therefore undertook to write a play, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The play, which I will call "The World of Sound", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.

But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something more. I therefore undertook to write a film, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The film, which I will call "The World of Sight", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.

But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something more. I therefore undertook to write a television series, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The television series, which I will call "The World of Sight", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.

But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something more. I therefore undertook to write a stage play, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The stage play, which I will call "The World of Sight", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.

But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something more. I therefore undertook to write a comic strip, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The comic strip, which I will call "The World of Sight", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.

But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something more. I therefore undertook to write a children's book, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The children's book, which I will call "The World of Sight", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.

But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something more. I therefore undertook to write a self-help book, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The self-help book, which I will call "The World of Sight", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.

But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something more. I therefore undertook to write a motivational speech, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The motivational speech, which I will call "The World of Sight", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.

But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something more. I therefore undertook to write a self-help book, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The self-help book, which I will call "The World of Sight", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.

But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something more. I therefore undertook to write a motivational speech, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The motivational speech, which I will call "The World of Sight", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.

But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something more. I therefore undertook to write a self-help book, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The self-help book, which I will call "The World of Sight", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.

But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something more. I therefore undertook to write a motivational speech, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The motivational speech, which I will call "The World of Sight", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.

But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something more. I therefore undertook to write a self-help book, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The self-help book, which I will call "The World of Sight", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.

But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something more. I therefore undertook to write a motivational speech, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The motivational speech, which I will call "The World of Sight", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.

But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something more. I therefore undertook to write a self-help book, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The self-help book, which I will call "The World of Sight", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.

But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something more. I therefore undertook to write a motivational speech, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The motivational speech, which I will call "The World of Sight", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.

But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something more. I therefore undertook to write a self-help book, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The self-help book, which I will call "The World of Sight", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.

But I was not satisfied with this, and determined to do something more. I therefore undertook to write a motivational speech, and succeeded in doing so, much to the satisfaction of my friends. The motivational speech, which I will call "The World of Sight", was a great success, and made me famous. It was translated into several languages, and sold at a high price.
A CROWN OF BEAUTY

There are two or three circumstances in which the plainest wife is a queen of beauty to her husband, more than her face or figure or voice. By financial power or by beauty of mind and manners, she can elevate her husband in the world, and rise to the highest position. But if she is not content with that, if she is not satisfied with being queen of beauty to her husband, she will go no further in her ambition. If she is not a Christian, but a respecter of beauty, she will look to her husband, and plenty of women, overpowered by her husband, may go no further than that. She will not be satisfied with being queen of beauty to her husband. She will not be content with being queen of beauty to her husband. If she is not content with being queen of beauty to her husband, she will go no further in her ambition. If she is not content with being queen of beauty to her husband, she will go no further in her ambition.

In this article, we will try to show that, although the only influence that keeps a man in check is the fear of a little more beauty, yet there is very little danger in it. If you are a beauty, you will not go any further than that. If you are a beauty, you will not go any further than that. If you are a beauty, you will not go any further than that. If you are a beauty, you will not go any further than that.

In the end, we will try to show that, although the only influence that keeps a man in check is the fear of a little more beauty, yet there is very little danger in it. If you are a beauty, you will not go any further than that. If you are a beauty, you will not go any further than that.

In the end, we will try to show that, although the only influence that keeps a man in check is the fear of a little more beauty, yet there is very little danger in it. If you are a beauty, you will not go any further than that. If you are a beauty, you will not go any further than that.
From Famile

Oct 26, 1882

In a man is worth nothing but money, he is no better, therefore, to be independent of a woman.

I don't believe in marrying a man who is a failure in business, as he is likely to run away with your money.

Yet, you must express a perfect and unexampled love in no case, as in the case of a business failure, or your heart will be broken. Moreover, your love may not last any longer than the business.

I hope that you will not forget your dear old father, who will always love you and wish you all the happiness in the world.

Mrs. A. J. D.
by quoting a dozen cases of Robert Fletcher, the great Boston pastor, where he describes the effects of the most moderate, as well as the most excessive, religious exercises upon the human constitution and temper.

There is a story of a man who said he had the most perfect of all the virtues, namely, honesty. A friend asked him what he meant by honesty. The answer was, "I have no secrets." "And what do you mean by that?" asked the friend. "I mean," said the other, "that I have nothing to hide." To which the friend replied, "Then you are in a dangerous position, for you are in the most dangerous position of all." The story illustrates the saying, "No secrets are safe, but the most secrets are the safest of all."}

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world, a society within a society, a domestic circle within the domestic circle, the rock-riding chair in the nursery is higher than a throne, and the office of a man to command the forces of the United States is a step below the office of a man to command the forces of the state. If the President of the United States was the Commander-in-chief of the armed forces, and the Commander-in-chief of the United States was the President of the United States, then a man could be President of the United States and Commander-in-chief of the armed forces. And if the President of the United States was the Commander-in-chief of the armed forces, and the Commander-in-chief of the armed forces was the President of the United States, then a man could be Commander-in-chief of the armed forces and President of the United States. And if the President of the United States was the Commander-in-chief of the armed forces, and the Commander-in-chief of the armed forces was the President of the United States, then a man could be President of the United States and Commander-in-chief of the armed forces.

There is a story of a man who says he has no secrets, and he has no secrets. A friend asked him what he meant by that, and he said, "I have no secrets." "And what do you mean by that?" asked the friend. "I mean," said the other, "that I have nothing to hide." To which the friend replied, "Then you are in a dangerous position, for you are in the most dangerous position of all." The story illustrates the saying, "No secrets are safe, but the most secrets are the safest of all."
"Stilet to the see that kind"

"To-day was moving day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. One year the pews are of wood, and white marble, and the others are of cloth, and there are many changes seen to-day. At the final rental day, Dr. Palm, the chairman, had not the first choice of pew, making him pay about $900; Mr. Everts paid $325 for the second choice of pew, making his cost about $700. The premiums and rentals were larger the year than ever before, and the spacious place was more crowded."}

Following is a bridal peug on the back of "Dromedaries" for Miss Emma Eastman and Mr. Charles B. Stimson, of the above.

The scene of the ceremony was from Genesis XXX, 66, "And Jacob went out to meditate at the well, and he stretched his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were coming.""
**The Age of the Renaissance**

Men and women put so much personal effort into their appearance that they often had nothing left for God and the causes of suffering humanity. A youth of the period traveling on a Royal train across Europe saw the change in himself by the faces of those coming into the cars. By spring, he was a different man; by winter, he was almost unrecognizable. A Christian woman at the time observed that the fashionable costumes transformed into a twenty-five dollar McAdoo suit and then into a two-piece suit for tail coatinng. Inching down the scale, she noted, was the array of managers and employees; and all of them, in the end, were transformed into the wearing of the American suit.

It is not easy merely to be gay. The gay life is the main concern of this nation, and gay life is a continuous battle. The gay life is a battle against the dark and the drab.

I have seen men and women of all ages. Some are gay and others are not. But I have seen many gay people. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

**To Fairs and Fashions**

You know very well that there are gay people. You see them. You see them everywhere. You see them in the shops, in the restaurants, in the theaters, in the parks, in the clubs, in the bars, in the streets. You see them everywhere. You see them in every corner of the city. You see them in every corner of the country. You see them in every corner of the world. You see them everywhere.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.

I have seen gay people everywhere. I have seen gay people in all walks of life. Some of them are gay because they are gay. Others are gay because they are gay.
J. K. Gwynn Dead

A telegram was received Tuesday by C. D. Hunter from New York informing him that his uncle J. K. Gwynn had just died in that City of pneumonia.

Deceased was born in Kentucky and came to Missouri, locating in Versailles in the eighties where he lived several years. He engaged in teaching a private school and established a paper, The Morgan County Messenger which he published several years. Here he married Miss Lou Hunter a daughter of the late Shores P. Hunter, a pioneer citizen of Morgan County, who survives him. Mr. and Mrs. Gwynn lived in St. Louis a few years after leaving Versailles and from there went to New York where they have lived for the past twenty years or more. And where the former engaged in the real estate business.

Mr. Gwynn was a man of splendid mind, public spirited and progressive. A man of ready and pleasing address, he made friends wherever he went. He has many relatives and friends in this county who regret to hear of his passing. He was sixty-three years old.
DON'T BE IDLE.

The great destroyer of young happiness is the habit of being idle. How to work out the ruin of the leisure habits that set the stage for leisurely toil, and to value leisure as something to be done and something to be enjoyed, is the question of the day.

Do not let your hours in school be the same as in the bean field, with the monotony of a clock ticking the time while it advances. Allow him to spend his hours in the open air, and let him breathe the pure air of the country, and drink in the full strength of sunlight.

If you have a garden, let it be full of flowers, and if you have a child, let it be full of nature.

If you are a mother, let your garden be full of flowers, and if you have a child, let it be full of nature.

The garden is a place where a mother can teach her child how to love and how to cherish the beauty of nature.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

[FLORENCE PERRY]

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight.

Make me a child again, just for to-night.

Mother come back from the schoolhouse door.

Take me again to your heart as of yore.

Kiss on my forehead, the sorrow of care.

Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair.

Over my banisters your loving watch keep,

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, turn backward, O life of the years.

I am too weary of toil and of tears—

Tell without reproach—tells all in vain—

Take them and give me my childhood again.

I have grown weary of dust and decay,

Weary of clinging to my restless path.

Weary of crying for others to reap—

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long,

Since last I heard you sweet lullaby song.

Sing, then, and unto my heart it shall seem

Womanhood's years have been only a dream.

Clasp to your heart's yearning, loving embrace,

With your light lashes just sweeping my face.

Never longer to wake or to weep—

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

TO TAKE OUT STAINS. — One teaspoonful of chloride of lime in three quarts of water will take out any kind of dirt that has been in the clothes a short time. A good wash will leave the clothes quite white.

EASY METHOD OF WASHING. — The recipe for an easy washing liquid, viz: Four ounces of soap, one handful of alum, and mix one gallon of water in ten gallons of water, is not in any way injurious to the person using it. This is a good method of washing clothes, and is especially suited to the use of children.

The recipe for an easy washing liquid, viz: Four ounces of soap, one handful of alum, and mix one gallon of water in ten gallons of water, is not in any way injurious to the person using it. This is a good method of washing clothes, and is especially suited to the use of children.

A happy thought struck me. I hastily climbed the stair, marked the position of the landing and the door of the bridal chamber—my lady must have died before I would have disbelieved in that holy chamber, where we met and sang, and dreamed of a better world. The door, and friendly night would shield my shrinking modesty and bashful-ness, and gentle darkness at last mitigate the horror of the situation. It was done. Preparations were made for the day, and the bridal chamber was fitted up. The dress was chosen, the flowers were chosen, and the bridal bed was made up.