FUNNY SNAPS.

Briggs—"You haven't any idea how much I suffer from the infernal heat." Rev. Mr. Wilgus (mildly)—"In anticipation?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Her Father—"Has my daughter given you any encouragement, sir?" Suitor—"Well, she said you were always a very generous parent."—Philadelphia American.

Mamma—"I think the baby is growing very fast, don't you?" Papa—"Decidedly. I thought he weighed three pounds more at four o'clock this morning than he did at two."—Truth.

Fortunate Awkwardness.—He—"'Pon my soul, Miss Amy, I never proposed to a girl before!" She—"I believe you; and, for your own sake, I'll see that you never do it again!"—Brooklyn Life.

When a man is struck by Cupid's dart he trembles like the balloon sleeves of the bicycle girl; it is only when he is passed by by the little hunter that he is as self-possessed as a well-starched four-ply collar.—Boston Transcript.

Fuddy—"But don't you think that Bender is a terrible bigot?" Duddy—"Bigot? No, indeed. What put that into your head? I never knew Bender to disagree with me either in religion or politics. Why, he's the fairest man going."—Boston Transcript.

Old Friend—"Are you making a success at your profession?" Dr. Carbolate (throat specialist)—"Oh, yes. It was uphill work at first, but, in the language of the poet, those who "came to cough remained to spray."—Indianapolis Journal.

He—"I am going to pay you the highest compliment a man can pay a woman." She—"This is so sudden." He—"I know it, but I came away without my pocketbook—can you lend me a dollar until to-morrow?"—N. Y. World.

The Dear Girls.—"Now, Kitty, let there be no secrets between dearest friends. What was your first thought after you accepted Harold Lawler?" "Honest Injun?" "Of course." "Well, then, my first thought was that now he could never marry you."—Detroit Free Press.

INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE.

Melon mice are ruining crops in the neighborhood of Newport, Ky.

Farmers in Douglas county, Kan., are educating their horses to eat potatoes which they can feed at 11 cents, while corn stands for 17 cents.

An immense pumping engine at the mines of Friedensville, Pa., raises 17,500 gallons of water at each revolution of the huge fly-wheel.

Not all western cherries in eastern markets come from California. Oregon shippers sent two car loads east within a week from Salem and Portland.

Why suffer with Constipation, Indigestion and Sick Headaches when Dr. Carlstedt's Great German Liver Medicines will cure you. They do not weaken the organs on which they act but regulate the whole system, thereby bringing relief to the sufferer. Syrup 50 cts. and $1 per bottle. Powder 25 cts. Every bottle guaranteed or money refunded. For sale by druggists.

"Why, Mr. Portly, you are all done up. What's the matter?" "Bicycle." "But you don't ride a wheel—" "No, but the other fellow does."—Fliegende Blaetter.

All About Texas.

Address D. J. Price, A. G. P. A., I. & G. N. R. R., Palestine, Texas, sending seven cents postage, for a 200 page hand-omely illustrated book telling all about Texas. Texas is now attracting a great number of settlers by reason of cheap lands and mild climate.

Friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation.—Washington.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. Handy, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, '94.

Selfishness is self robbery, no matter whether it dwells in a hut or in a palace.—Ram's Horn.

Prudence and industry are the best safeguards against hard luck.—Chicago Standard.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

I find the great thing in this world is, not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.—O. W. Holmes.

If we knew what our enemies have suffered, our enmity would often die a sudden death.—Ram's Horn.

You don't hear of a policeman being run over—they are never in the way.

When you loaf, remember the rights of busy people.—Atchison Globe.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best blood purifier. All druggists. $1.

The best blood purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills are all Liver Pills, 25 cents.

DRESSMAKERS

FIND THE ONLY ORIGINAL DESIGNS PUBLISHED In This Country

—IN—

L'Art de la Mode,

And all the most reliable information on the question of dress. Dozens of new Patterns in every issue. Cents. Price, 25 cents. Sent Free on receipt of price for the last Number.

THE MORSE-BOUGHTON CO., 2 West 14th Street, New York.

B. P. O. E.

CERTAIN CHILL CURE

For sale by druggists or Sent Free on receipt of price by CERTAIN CHILL CURE CO. - Evansville, Ind.

Flour Samples Sent $1, $2 or $3

Cornices

691 Main Street, Memphis, Tenn.

LORETTO ACADEMY

LORETTO, MARION CO., KENTUCKY.

Acknowledged to superior in facilities for imparting Knowledge in Science and Business. TERMS MODERATE. For Catalogue apply to DIRECTRESS OF STUDIES.

TEMPLETON INSTITUTE, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Wicked Cities of the World and Their Redemption.

Pictures of Metropolitan L'fe—Elevation of Municipal Standards—Christian Effort Needed to Aid in the Mighty Work.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage devoted a recent sermon to the wickedness in cities, and the coming work of redemtion. It was based on the text:

And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.—Zechariah viii., 5.

Glimpses of our cities redeemed! Now, boys and girls who play in the streets run such risks that multitudes of them end in ruin. But, in the coming time spoken of, our cities will be so moral that lads and lasses shall be as safe in the public thoroughfares as in the nursery.

Pulpit and printing press for the most part in our day are busy in discussing the condition of the cities at this time; but would it not be healthfully encouraging to all Christian workers, and to all who are toiling to make the world better, if we should for a little while look forward to the time when our cities shall be revolutionized by the Gospel of the Son of God, and all the darkness of sin and trouble and crime and suffering shall be gone from the world?

Every man has a pride in the city of his nativity or residence, if it be a city distinguished for any dignity or prowess. Cæsar boasted of his native Rome, Virgil of Mantua, Lycurgus of Sparta, Demosthenes of Athens, Archimedes of Syracuse, and Paul of Tarsus. I should have suspicion of baseheartedness in a man who had no especial interest in the city of his birth or residence—no exhilaration at the evidence of its prosperity or its artistic embellishments, or its intellectual advancement.

I have noticed that a man never likes a city where he has not behaved well! People who have had a free ride in the prison van never like the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I find Argos, and Rhodes, and Smyrna trying to prove themselves the birthplace of Homer, I conclude at once that Homer behaved well. He liked them and they liked him. We must not war on laudable city pride, or with the idea of building ourselves up at any time, try to pull others down. Boston must continue to point to its Faneuil hall and to its common, and to its superior educational advantages. Philadelphia must continue to point to its Independence hall, and its mint, and its Girard college. Washington must continue to point to its wondrous capitoline buildings. If I should find a man coming from any city, having no pride in that city, that city having been the place of his nativity, or now being the place of his residence, I would feel like asking: "What mean thing have you done there? What outrageous thing have you been guilty of that you do not like the place?"

I think we ought—and I take it for granted you are interested in this great work of evangelizing the cities and saving the world—we ought to toil with the sunlight in our faces. We are not fighting in a miserable Bull Run of defeat. We are on our way to final victory. We are not following the rider on the black horse, leading us down to death and darkness and doom, but the Rider on the white horse, with the moon under His feet and the stars of Heaven for His tiara. Hail, Conqueror, hail!

I know there are sorrows, and there are sins, and there are sufferings all around about us; but as in some bitter, cold winter day, when we are threshing our arms around us to keep our thumbs from freezing, we think of the warm spring day that will after awhile come; or in the dark winter night we look up and see the northern light, the windows of Heaven illuminated by some great victory—just so we look up from the night of suffering and sorrow and wretchedness in our cities, and we see a light streaming through from the other side, and we know we are on the way to morning—more than that, on the way to "a morning without clouds."

I want you to understand, all you who are toiling for Christ, that the castles of sin are all going to be captured. The victory for Christ in these great towns is going to be so complete that not a man on earth, or an angel in Heaven, or a devil in hell will dispute it. How do I know? I know just as certainly as God lives and that this is holy truth. The old Bible is full of it. If the nation is to be saved, of course all the cities are to be saved. It makes a great difference with you and with me whether we are toiling on toward a defeat or toiling on toward victory.

Now, in this municipal elevation of which I speak, I have to remark there will be greater financial prosperity than our cities have ever seen. Some people seem to have a morbid idea of the millennium, and they think when this better time comes to our cities and the world people will give their time up to psalm singing and the relating of their religious experience, and, as all social life will be purified there will be no hilarity, and, as all business will be purified, there will be no enterprise. There is no ground for such an absurd anticipation. In the time of which I speak, where now one fortune is made, there will be a hundred fortunes made. We all know business prosperity depends upon confidence between man and man. Now when that time comes of which I speak, and when all double dealing, all dishonesty, and all fraud are gone out of commercial cities, thorough confidence will be established, and there will be better business done, and larger fortunes gathered, and mightier successes achieved.

The great business disasters of this country have come from the work of godless speculators and infamous gamblers. The great foe to business is crime. When the right shall have hurled back the wrong, and shall have purified the commercial code, and shall have thundered down fraudulent establishments, and shall have put into the hands of honest men the keys of business, blessed time for the bargain makers. I am not talking in abstraction, I am not making a guess. I am telling you God's eternal truth.

In that day of which I speak taxes will be a mere nothing. Now our business men are taxed for every-thing. City taxes, county taxes, state taxes, United States taxes, stamp taxes, license taxes, manufacturing taxes—taxes, taxes, taxes! Our business men have to make a small fortune every year to pay their taxes. What fastens on our great industries this awful load? Crime, individual and official. We have to pay the board of the villains who are incarcerated in our prisons. We have to take care of the orphans of those who plunged in their graves through unusual indulgences. We have to support the municipal governments, which are vast and expensive just in proportion as the criminal proclivities are vast and tremendous. Who support the alms houses and police stations, and all the machinery of municipal government? The taxpayers.

But in the glorious time of which I speak, grievous taxation will all have ceased. There will be no need of supporting criminals. Virtue will have taken the place of vice. There will be no orphan asylums, for parents will be able to leave a competency to their children. There will be no voting of large sums of money for municipal improvement, which moneys, before they get to the improvements, drop into the pockets of those who voted them. No oyer and terminer kept up at vast expense to the people. No impaneling of juries to try theft and arson and murder and slander and blackmail. Better factories. Grander architecture. Finer equipage. Larger fortunes. Richer opulence. Better churches.

In that better time, also, coming to those cities, Christ's churches will be more numerous, and they will be larger, and they will be more devoted to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and they will accomplish greater influences for good. Now, it is often the case that churches are envious of each other, and denominations collide with each other, and even ministers of Christ sometimes forget the bond of brotherhood. But in the time of which I speak, while there will be just as many differences of opinion as there are now, there will be no acerbity, no hypercriticism, no exclusiveness.

In our great cities the churches are not to-day large enough to hold a fourth of the population. The churches that are built, comparatively few of them are fully occupied. The average attendance in the churches of the United States to-day is not 400. Now, in the glorious time of which I speak there are going to be vast churches, and they are going to be all thronged with worshipers. Oh, what rousing songs they will sing! Oh, what earnest sermons they will preach! Oh, what fervent prayers they will offer! Now, in our time what is called a fashionable church is a place where a few people, having attended very carefully to their toilet, come and sit down—they do not want to be crowded; they like a whole seat to themselves—and then, if they have any time left from thinking of their store, and from examining the style of hat in front of them, they sit and listen to a sermon warranted to hit no man's sins, and listen to music which is rendered by a choir warranted to sing tunes that nobody knows! And then, after an hour and a half of indolent yawning, they go home refreshed. Every man feels better after he has had a sleep!

In many of the churches of Christ in our day the music is simply a mockery. I have not a cultivated ear, nor a cultivated voice, yet no man can do my singing for me. I have nothing to say against artistic music. The $2 or $5 I pay to hear any of the great queens of song are a good investment. But when the people assemble in religious convocation, and the hymn is read, and the angels of God step from their throne to catch the music on their wings, do not let us drive them away by our indifference. I have preached in churches where vast sums of money were employed to keep up the music, and it was as exquisite as any heard on earth, but I thought, at the same time, for all matters practical, I would prefer the hearty, outbroken song of a backwoods Methodist camp meeting.

Let one of these starveling fancy songs sung in church get up before the throne of God, how would it seem standing amid the great doxologies of the redeemed? Let the finest operatic air that ever went up from the Church of Christ get, many hours the start, it will be caught and passed by the hosanna of the Sabbath-school children. I know a church where the choir did all the singing, save one Christian man, who, through "perseverance of the saints," went right up, and afterward a committee was appointed to wait on him and ask him if he would not please stop singing, as he bothered the choir.

> Let those refuse to sing
> Who never knew our God:
> But children of the Heavenly King
> Should speak their joys abroad.

"Praise ye the Lord, let everything with breath praise the Lord." In the glorious time coming in our cities, and in the world, hosanna will meet hosanna, and hallelujah, hallelujah.

In that time of which I speak, all the haunts of iniquity and crime and squalor will be cleansed and will be illuminated. How is it to be done? You say, perhaps, by one influence. Perhaps I say by another. I will tell you what is my idea, and I know I am right in it: The Gospel of the Son of God is the only agency that will ever accomplish this.

A gentleman in England had a theory that if the natural forces of wind and tide and sunshine and wave were rightly applied and rightly developed, it would make this whole earth a paradise. In a book of great genius, which rushed from edition to edition, he said: "Fellow-men, I promise to show the means of creating a paradise within ten years, where everything desirable for human life may be had by every man in superabundance without labor and without pay—where the whole face of nature shall be changed into the most beautiful farms, and man may live in the most magnificent palaces, in all imaginable refinement and luxury, and in the most delightful gardens—where he may accomplish without labor in one year more than hitherto could be done in thousands of years. From the houses to be built will be afforded the most cultured views that can be fancied. From the galleries, from the roof, and from the turrets, may be seen gardens as far as the eye can see, full of fruits and flowers, arranged in the most beautiful order, with walks, colonnades, aqueducts, canals, ponds, plains, amphitheaters, terraces, fountains, sculptured works, pavilions, gondolas, places of popular amusement, to lure the eye and fancy. All this to be done by urging the water, the wind, and the sunshine to their full development."

He goes on and gives plates of the machinery by which this work is to be done, and he says he only needs at the start a company in which the shares shall be $20 each, and $100,000 or $200,000 shall be raised just to make a specimen community, and then, this being formed, the world will see its practicability, and very soon $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 can be obtained, and in ten years the whole earth will be emparadised. The plan is so so preposterous as some I have heard of. But I will take no stock in that company! I do not believe that it will ever be done in that way, by any mechanical force, or by any machinery that the human mind can put into play. It is to be done by the Gospel of the son of God—the omnipotent machinery of love and grace and pardon and salvation. This is to emparadise the nations. Archimedes destroyed a fleet of ships coming up the harbor. You know how he did it? He lifted a great sun-glass, history tells us, and when the fleet of ships came up the harbor of Syracuse he brought to bear this sun-glass, and he focused the sun's rays upon those ships. Now the sails are wings of fire, the masts fall, the vessels sink. Oh, my friends, by the sun-glass of the Gospel converging the rays of the Sun of Righteousness upon the sins, the wickedness of the world, we will make them blaze and expire!

In that day of which I speak, do you believe there will be any midnight carousal? Will there be any kicking off from the marble steps of shivering mendicants? Will there be any unwashed, unfed, uncombed children? Will there be any blasphemies in the streets? No. No wine stores. No lager beer saloons. No distilleries, where they make the three Xs. No bloodshot eye. No bloated cheek. No instruments of ruin and destruction. No fist-pounded forehead. The grand-children of that woman who goes down the street with a curse, stoned by the boys that follow her, will be the reformers and philanthropists and the Christian men and the honest merchants of our cities.

Then, what municipal governments, too, we will have in all the cities. Some cities are worse than others, but in many of our cities you just walk down by the city halls and look in at some of the rooms occupied by politicians, and see to what a sensual, lecherous, ignorant, besotted crew city politics is often abandoned. Or they stand around the city hall picking their teeth, waiting for some emoluments of crumbs to fall to their feet—waiting all day long, and waiting all night long.

Who are those wretched women taken up for drunkenness, and carried up to the courts, and put in prison, of course? What will you do with the grogshops that make them drink? Nothing. Who are those prisoners in jail? One of them stole a pair of shoes. That boy stole a dollar. This girl snatched a purse. All of them crimes damaging society less than twenty or thirty dollars. But what will you do with the gambler who last night robbed the young man of a thousand dollars? Nothing. What will be done with that one who breaks through and destroys the purity of a Christian home, and with an adroitness and perfidy that beats the strategy of hell, flings a shrinking, shrieking soul into ruin? Nothing. What will you do with those who fleeced that young man, getting him to purloin large sums of money from his employer—the young man who came an officer of my church and told the story, and frantically asked what he should do? Nothing.

Ah! we do well to punish small crimes; but I have sometimes thought it would be better in some of our cities if the officials would only turn out from the jails the petty criminals, the little offenders, ten-dollar desperadoes, and put in their places some of the monsters of iniquity who drive their roan span through the streets so swiftly that honest men have to leap to get out of the way of being run over. Oh, the damnable schemes that professed Christian men will sometimes engage in until God puts the finger of His retribution into the collar of their robe of hypocrisy and rips it clear to the bottom! But all these wrongs will be righted. I expect to live to see the day. I think I hear in the distance the rumbling of the King's chariot. Not always in the minority is the church of God going to be. The streets are going to be filled with regenerated populations. Three hundred and sixty bells rang in Moscow when one prince was married; but, when righteousness and peace kiss each other in all the earth, 10,000 times 10,000 bells shall strike the jubilee. Poverty enriched. Hunger fed. Crime banished. Ignorance enlightened. All the cities saved. Is this not a cause worth working in?

Oh, you think sometimes it does not amount to much! You toil on your different spheres, sometimes with great discouragement. People have no faith, and say: "It does not amount to anything; you might as well quit that." Why, when Moses stretched his hand over the Red sea it did not seem to mean anything especially. People came on, I suppose, and said: "Aha!" Some of them found out what he wanted to do. He wanted the sea parted. It did not amount to anything, this stretching out of his hand over the sea. But, after awhile, the wind blew all night from the east, and the waters were gathered into a glittering palisade on either side, and the billows reared as God pulled back on their crystal reins! Wheel into line, O, Israel! march! march! Pearls crushed under feet. Flying spray gathers into rainbow arch of victory for the conquerors to march under. Shout of hosts on the beach answering the shout of hosts amid sea. And when the last line of Israelites reach the beach, the cymbals clap, and the shields clang, and the waters rush over the pursuers, and the swift-fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow.

So you and I go forth, and all the people of God go forth, and the stretch forth their hand over the sea, the boiling sea of crime and sin, and wretchedness. "It don't amount to anything," people say. Don't it? God's winds of help will, after awhile, begin to blow. A path will be cleared for the army of Christian philanthropists. The path will be lined with the treasures of Christian beneficence, and we shall be greeted to the other beach by the clapping of all Heaven's cymbals, while those who pursued us, and derided us, and tried to destroy us, will go down under the sea, and all that will be left of them will be cast high and dry upon the beach, the splintered wheel of a chariot, or, thrust out from the foam, the breathless nostril of a riderless charger.

Perilous Times.

The country has seen no more serious, critical time since 1860 than it is passing through now. Industries are paralyzed, and there seems to be no assurance of their revival. There is also danger that we shall bring down upon ourselves an avalanche of disaster. It is time to put away our purblind optimism and colossal national self-conceit and strive to utilize all the wisdom of our best men.—Rev. Washington Gladden, Congregationalist, Columbus, O.

Americanism.

The true patriot is not the ward hustler or the millionaire or the native born, but the one who lives the good life devoted to the highest prosperity of the home and state. Let others be true to the land in which they live, but Americans can and ought to be true to this, their land, the land of their homes and the arena of their children's children. America, then, for the Americans who are Americans.—Rev. W. B. Leach, Methodist, Chicago.

Second-Hand Christians.

Many men are willing to give checks to help the poor, but they are not willing to give themselves in personal visitation or in any manifestation of personal interest. They wish to use the religious societies as a slot machine, into which they shall put their checks, and from which the poor shall receive benefits in some form.—Rev. R. S. MacArthur, Baptist, New York.

Great Cities.

The character of our great cities is more and more determining the character of our country. Our government is rapidly becoming a government of great cities. New York, Chicago and Cincinnati practically govern this country now.—Rev. E. A. Orr, Baptist, Chicago, Ill.

"BEARIN THE CROSS."

Andy Lucas at the "Big Protracted Meetin."

He "Remained Over and Tarried Around Amongst the Brethren"—"Three Sermonts a Day and Dinner on the Grounds."

"You didn't make Andy Lucas, and neither did I, Rufus, which I maintains that we both ought to be joyful like and proud to that extent," says Ben Chris Weaver to me after breakfast next mornin. For the sake of them old and brighter and better days, you understand, I had borrowed the pantry keys from mother, after which me and Ben Chris had went down under the hill in orderment to mix a little pure spring water with the early runnins of the corn.

"Remained Over and Tarried Around."

"But sometime and somehow in the beginnin Andy Lucas was made," Ben Chris went on—which by this time his talkin machinery was limbered up considerable.

"Accordin to the Scripture—which says that mortal man was taken from the bosom of the earth and must consequentially retrun back to the same thing, or words to that extent—I reckon the good Lord must of made Andy along with the rest of human creation. Leastwise the public in general has got Him charged up with the job. Some people are jest naturally proneful to throw off all the blame on the good Lord anyhow, Rufus. Now as to me, I don't to say blame Him for the makin of Andy Lucas. Ef He made that lost and ruint man, which accordin to the Scripture I reckon He did, it was because He had a whole pasele of odds and ends, and rakins and scrapins, which He didn't have no particlar use for, so He jest flung the pile together and made a human bein and called it Andy Lucas.

"To be certainly I recollect that you and Andy was horned and bred and brung up together on joinin farms, and still eat peas from the same dish and take soup through the same quill to some extent," says Ben Chris as he went down after his tobacco and put a fresh bundle in the rack. "Yet still at the same time, Rufus, I don't wear no padlock on my mouth as anybody knows of, and I don't mind tellin you the naked unwashed truth though it breaks up the plan of salvation and brings on another war between the United States.

"But what I put in to tell you about was the trip which Andy made down into the old Panther Creek settlement durin the dark nights and hot days of August, and what a tremendius wide row he weeded around at the big protracted meetins. As for me, I was too monstrous busy pullin down and stackin up my fodder right along about that time, and I couldn't turn out to the meetins any to speak of only on Saturdays and Sundays. But Andy he remained over and tarried in the settlement somethin better than three weeks and took in all the big meetins indurin of that time. When he first rid into the range he turned his horse in my lot and made our house his general headquarters, though I didn't lay eyes on him more than oncat or twicat a week whilst he tarried down there amongst us. Still at the same time I could hear some news from Andy every day in the week.

"The very next day after Andy showed down in the Panther Creek country me and him went to a big Methodist meetin over at Long Creek church, where they had three sermonts a day and dinner on the grounds—which, you understand, that was on a Sunday. And late that evenin when I got ready to start off on my return back home lo and behold there was Andy Lucas! Finally at last I found him, and where do you reckon he was? He was way off down there in the woods behind a big pine log with old Parson Raynor—which the parson had Andy down on his knees and was prayin for him in a deep and fervent voice. He was pleadin in dead earnest with both eyes shet, and consequentially he didn't see me. But Andy caught sight of me, and when he did he closed his left eye slow and knowin like and waved his hand at me to go on back. And then, when presently him and the old parson come up out of the woods, the great horsetrader had his pocket handkerchief in one hand and a prayer book in the other, whilst his face was pulled out as long as your arm. They then shook the partin hand and spoke a sad farewell. The good old parson went on his way rejoicin in the hope, and that blame fellow Lucas come to me and said, said he:

"Ben Chris, from the way the cards are runnin now and the general circumference of the calamity, I reckon you will have to return back home alone by yourself. I don't see how I could go with you this evenin. I feel called to remain over at this meetin and tarry around amongst the brethren for a few days longer. Whilst the lamp holds out to burn the durndest sinner maybe mought return, and if I tear myself away right now I expect the meetin would come to a sudden close. But there is grounds for hope and room for great rejoicin and material to work on so long as I remain over and tarry around the mourners' bench so regular and so frequent. In that regards you must recollect, Ben Chris, that I am a full blood grandson of old Hiram Lucas, which they tell me he was the hardest customer and the most wickedest sinner that ever drove a horse trade or spit cuss words in all these regions round. Whereas you can see how and why they will run this meetin several days longer—with three sermonts a day and dinner on the grounds—if they have any hopes of pullin your humble servant, the grandson of old Hiram Lucas—which he was a whole team and a holy terror in his day and generation—on board of the Old Ship, with her prow set for the promised land. It wouldn't be right, Ben Chris, with the cards runnin the way they are now, for me to lay down my hand and quit the game. I will remain over for a few days and tarry yet a little while around amongst the brethren and the church at Long Creek."

Was His Name Written There?

"Well, I could see at oncat from the lay of the land that Andy Lucas had enlisted for the meetin. You will recollect, Rufus, that I have knowed the Lucas stock of people from old Hiram down to Andy. I know the pasters which they grazed on, the sort of materials they was made out of, and it stood to reason with me that Andy was in that game to stay. Jest so long as they had three sermonts a day and dinner on the grounds, and plenty of swappin stock hitched around the horse rack, jest so long a man by the name of Lucas was right there.

"That was on Sunday evenin you understand, and it was after supper time the next night when old Parson Raynor rid by to tell me the news concernin the meetin. That good old man was so happy, Rufus, till for a little more and he would of shouted right there in the big road. They didn't have any new members as yet, he went on to tell me, but from general appearments they had high hopes of a mighty outpouring before long. Andy Lucas—a full-blood grandson of old Hiram Lucas—had went up to the mourners' bench three times that day, and was now bowed down under his great load of guilt and fears and sorrow. And with that the old parson rid on towards home, singin and rejoicin.

"Naturally, of course, it was none of my business, Rufus, as my name is writ on the books of another church, and I didn't want to let my mouth go off too quick and hurt that good old man's feelins. But I could see the rale facts in the case as plain as a plank fence and hit painted, and it was all I could do to keep from tellin the parson that if Andy Lucas was the only hope for new recruits they mought as well to take out and quit. But I helt back and Andy he helt on. The meetin didn't wind up till the next Thursday, and when it broke and they closed the church books onet more the name of Andy Lucas was not written there.

"Andy then rid by and spent one night at our house. After that he lit out for old Macedonia church over there in the hill country, where the Free Will Baptist had a big meetin goin on at that time. I went over there myself on Sunday, and, jest as I lowed, Andy he was there with every foot up and coat tails a flyin, and next to the preacher he was the mainest man in the meetin. The next followin Tuesday evenin old Sister Hasseltine—which you understand she is the onlyst member of that church from our side of the creek—she rid by to tell me what a felonious good time they were havin with their meetin over at Macedonia.

"'And who would of thought it, Ben Chris?'—says the old lady as she clapped her hands and brung a long breath—'Andy Lucas, a full blood grandson of old Hiram Lucas—which they tell me he died drunk and a cussin—has mellowed down powerful in durin of our meetin. The young man, from all I can hear, is a chip offen the old block, but nobody would think it to see him so meek and so humble—bowed down so low in spirits—and kneelin around the mourners bench so reglar and so constant. No cross, no crown. Ben Chris, and bless the Lord that wild and wayward young man will soon be bearing the cross in hopes of wearin the crown.'

"And by this time that good old soul warmed up and waxed so happy till blamed if she didn't break out with the holy laugh right then and there. At the same time I was achin and itchin all over to tell her that so long as they had three sermonts a day and dinner on the grounds that wayward and wicked grandson of old Hiram Lucas would lead the procession to the mourners' bench, and if they didn't watch him when the meetin closed he would hold four aces or a straight flush, whilst the good people of Macedonia wouldn't have nothin better than two pair, if that. But she was so joyful like and happy till I didn't have the heart to throw cold water on her hopes.

"So things rocked on two or three days longer, and when we got the news that the big meetin over at Macedonia was closed we likewise also learnt that the wayward feet of Andy Lucas still wandered down the broad and easy road which leads to death and ruination.

"About supper time that night Andy he rid up in a swingin fox trot and turned his horse in the lot. After supper he went on to tell me what a tremendius big time he had been havin over at Macedonia. But from the general run of his conversation I soon found out what was the mainest think with Andy. He had swapped horses with the brethren four times, got back the same horse started with, and had $15 hid away in his flanks, not to speak of the three sermonts a day and dinner on the grounds."

In the Wrong Crowd.

"But on the next following Saturday the Old School Baptists opened up a three days meetin down at Cool Springs church, and I am here to tell you, Rufus, there is where the famous grandson of old Hiram Lucas backed his fool self up agin a scandlous big snag. They had three sermonts a day and dinner on the grounds, but they didn't have no mourners' bench, and Andy he was like the label on a bottle, you understand—all around on the outside, but not in it any at all hardly. Then when the three days run out the meetin closed in reglar order, Lucas or no Lucas. But that want all by a whole lot, Rufus.

"In the main time Andy had tackled three of them Hardshell preachers in three horse trades hand runnin, and by gatlins they had jest naturally swapped the livin socks off of him. He wound up at last with a horse that was mooneyed and bellused and would kick at his shadow—which he sold out soon as he could for ten dollars. And that's how come you saw Andy totin of his saddle and bridle on his return back home. When his luck did change it changed good and quick, and then the cards run from him like a shot til the other fellows heit three aces and a pair of kings, as it were, whilst he couldn't show down with nothin better than three tens.

"Somehow I was rale glad that Andy remained over and tarried around down there amongst the brethren till the three days meetin come off over at Coal Springs. You see I knowed the crowd a whole lot better than he did. Some of God's own people worship together down there at Coal Springs, Rufus, and I knowed well and good when Andy tackled that meetin it would soon be a mighty good time of year for him to return back home.

"And in the maintime, Rufus, from general appearments and so far as the Lucas generation of people count, it would seem like the dead aint alive and the lost have not been found to any serious extent."

RUFUS SANDERS.

Connecticut's Criminal Law.

Under the habitual criminal law of Connecticut a man who has been convicted of a crime three times shall, at the expiration of his third sentence, be deemed incorrigible, and may be detained in prison for 25 years. The first application of the law has been made in the case of George A. Minor, who is now detained in the Weathersfield prison.

The Presumptuous Youth.

Wheeler—Saw a thrilling thing today. Runaway horse went tearing along the sidewalk out in the edge of town and nearly ran over a half-dozen children before he was stopped.

Walker—I guess the fool beast thought he was a bicycle.—Indianapolis Journal.

Over She Went.

He—What a daring bicyclist that Miss Dashley must be. I hear that when out riding the other day she went right over a cow lying in the road.

She—Yes, Miss Dashley went over with a rush, but the bicycle remained on the other side.—Detroit Free Press.

A Singular Form of Monomania.

There is a class of people, rational enough in other respects, who are certainly monomaniacs in doing themselves. They are constantly trying experiments upon their stomachs, their bowels, their livers and their kidneys with trashy nostrums. When these organs are really out of order, if they would only use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would, if not hopelessly insane, perceive its superiority.

Only the man who gives hoping for nothing again, who gives freely, without calculation, out of the fullness of his heart—can find his love returned to him.—F. D. Maurice.

Kind words prevent a good deal of that perverseness which rough and imperious usage often produces in generous minds.—Locke.

Parke—"I don't suppose, old man, you can really appreciate how bright my children are." Lane—"No; I have never met your wife."—N. Y. Herald.

When we are good in the right way we are good for something.—Chicago Standard.

In the race of life it isn't the fast man who come out ahead.—Texas Sifter.

Natural slippers—Eels.

A teacher said to a little girl at school: "If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl you would forgive her, wouldn't you?" "Yes, ma'am," she replied, "if I couldn't catch her."

There's the bicycle face, and the bicycle back,
With its queer, altitudinous curve;
And the bicycle tongue, in the middle hung,
And the scorcher's bicycle nerve.
—Indianapolis Journal.

"Mamma, what part of the body is the trombone?" "No part of the body, my dear." "Yes, it is, because it says in the paper here that last night, while returning from the symphony concert, Prof. Gridel fell and broke his trombone."

Mrs. Homespun, who has a hard time every morning to get her young brood out of their beds says she cannot understand why children are called "the rising generation."

"De only trouble 'bout havin' patience under provocation," said Uncle Eben, "is dat dess ez soon ez er man gits er reppytation foh it, ebrybody seems anxious ter gib 'im er chance ter show off."—Washington Star.

Mabel was visiting her friends, the Burtons, in the country, and soon developed a propensity for wandering off by herself. Several times Mr. Burton found her and brought her home, and finally she remarked to his wife, disgustedly: "Does Mr. Burton tag you around all the time, the way he does me? I shouldn't think you could stand it to be married to him."

"How can you stand the country, Julia? Haven't you any objections to cows?" "Yes. However, that wouldn't mar my pleasure; but the cows seem to have objections to me."

An upright carriage—The elevator.

The latest "wrinkle" in cuffs is caused by the heat.

The first law of gravity—Never laugh at your own jokes.

Syrup of Figs

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

STEADY WORK WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men everywhere to SELL STARK TREES proven "absolutely best." Superb outfits, new system. STARK BROTHERS, LOUISIANA, Mo., ROCHPORT, Ill.

SHIP YOUR PRODUCE of all Kinds to S. A. Andrews & Co., Memphis. Quick Sales! PROMPT RETURNS!

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. P. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.

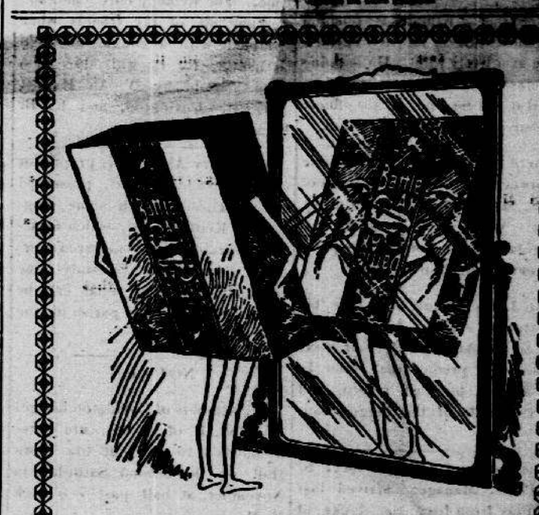
$30.00 per week and expenses to Canvassing Agents. Add. Wm. S. Burkhart, Cincinnati, O.

EFFECTS OF A SMILE: YUCATAN KILLS IT.

CURES THEM ALL. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

A. N. K., F. 1092

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS mention this paper.



"I am Bigger than the Biggest; Better than the Best!"

Battle Ax PLUG

What a chewer wants first is a good tobacco; then he thinks about the size of the plug. He finds both goodness and bigness in "Battle Ax." He finds a 5 cent piece almost as large as a 10 cent piece of other high grade brands. No wonder millions chew "Battle Ax."

If Your Merchant Doesn't Handle, Send 25c. to VAN VLEET-MANSFIELD DRUG CO., Memphis, Tenn.

PLANTATION CHILL CURE IS GUARANTEED.

If Your Merchant Doesn't Handle, Send 25c. to VAN VLEET-MANSFIELD DRUG CO., Memphis, Tenn.

One Cup One Cent

Less than a cent in fact — and all Cocoa — pure Cocoa — no chemicals. — That describes Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, - Dorchester, Mass.

RHEUMATISM

HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, and PAINS generally, yield at once to the old reliable, tested remedy

DUNCAN'S LINIMENT

For COLIC in HORSES and MULES it is a "Dead Shot." Ask your druggist for it. WEBB MANUFACTURING CO., PROPRIETORS, NASHVILLE, TENN.