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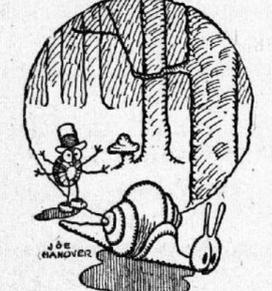
Pettit's Eye Salve for 25c. Relieves tired, congested, inflamed and sore eyes, quickly stops eye aches. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Twin Extravagances. "I don't suppose there is anything gets out of date quicker than a woman's hat?"

Unless it is a battleship. Youthful Wisdom. Father—Why did my little boy send his papa a letter with only a capital T written on the page while he was away?

Little Son—Because I thought you'd go around among your friends with it and say: "My boy is only four years old, and just see the capital letter he writes!"—Judge.

NO TIME TO LOSE.



Bug—Hey! Wait a minute, Mrs. Small. Mrs. Small—I can't stop, now; I am going to town to do some Christmas shopping, and it's November now!

Food for Our Soldiers. Mr. Squills (reading the morning paper)—"Our soldiers in the Philippines are almost in a state of mutiny because they have to eat wheat bread."

Mrs. Squills (a famous housekeeper)—"That's too bad. I suppose it's because they don't know how to fix the bread. You must write to General Wood this very day and tell him."

Mr. Squills (staring)—"Eh?" Mrs. Squills—"Yes; tell him that he must be sure to furnish the army with good butter; get print butter, if possible; it's often as low as fifty cents, and never over a dollar a pound. Then, on baking days, when the bread is fresh, tell the soldiers to spread the butter on thick, and it will be delicious. The following days, when it is a little dry, give each soldier a bowl of rich cream, and tell him to crumb it in. I'm sure they'll like it."

Paradoxical Fate. Teacher—Why was Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt? Pupil—Because she was too fresh.

"Don't Argue!" A single dish of Post Toasties with sugar and cream tells the whole story. "The Memory Lingers" Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

By E. J. Edwards

Fortune Saved Union Pacific

John Duff of Boston Sent His Securities to New York Just in Time to Meet Payment on Land Grant Bonds.

One of the great causes of the financial panic of 1873 was the failure of the banking house of Jay Cooke & Co. through having advanced too largely on the bonds of the Northern Pacific railroad, then in process of construction. Grave embarrassment was caused to many other railroad companies by the panic, and not the least embarrassed of these railroads was the Union Pacific, which, at that time, was regarded in the railroad and financial worlds as a Boston institution, since it was one of the great railroad properties of the country which Boston capital controlled.

From about 1866 John Duff of Boston, who easily took rank with the great financiers who began immediately after the Civil war the work of developing the railroad systems of the country, had been prominently identified with the Union Pacific. His was, in fact, a leading voice in the affairs of the company, and when it became evident, first to the officers of the company, and then to the public, that the Union Pacific was not in a position to meet the next payments on its land grant bonds, Mr. Duff was greatly concerned. He had been so closely identified for seven years with the financial management of the company that he felt that his business credit, his personal honor, and, to some extent, his investments, were involved in maintaining the credit of the Union Pacific.

But how was that credit to be maintained, with money in hiding everywhere, and with the Union Pacific treasury without the necessary funds to meet the payments soon due? Not taken into account by the folk who were confidently predicting a default by the Union Pacific was the grim determination of John Duff to protect his good name at all hazards; and so, the day before the coupons of the land grant bonds were due, Mr. Duff called into his office his son-in-law, Dr. William H. Bullard, and conferred with him in the latter's presence a little over three hundred thousand dollars in first class securities, which

but a short time before, Mr. Duff himself had taken from his private strong box. "William," said Mr. Duff, motioning to the securities, "I want you to pack these bonds in a traveling satchel, take the first train for New York, and as early as possible tomorrow morning call at the office of Morton, Bliss & Co., the railroad's fiscal agents, and offer them in my name as security for payment of the Union Pacific land grant coupons due tomorrow." There followed some detailed instructions, and Dr. Bullard was off for New York. Presenting himself at the banking house of Morton, Bliss & Co. on the morning, a short while before the beginning of the business day, Dr. Bullard opened his satchel in the presence of Mr. Levi P. Morton. "Mr. Morton," he said, "I have here a little over three hundred thousand dollars in securities of the very highest grade. They are to be deposited with you as collateral security. I have brought them from John Duff, in Boston, and with this collateral as security, Mr. Duff asks you to pay the Union Pacific land grant coupons due today and to keep on paying them until he sends you word to stop."

How Grant Bestowed a Reward

Dr. C. D. Webster of the Sanitary Commission Was Given the Lustrative Post of Consul at Sheffield, England.

When General Grant became president one of the country's most famous "war governors," William A. Buckingham of Connecticut, became a United States senator, and almost at once there sprang up between the two men a cordial relation that lasted until Governor Buckingham's death, in 1875.

About a year after this friendship had been formed the president became the guest of the senator at his home in Norwich, and that the people of the town might meet the head of the nation Senator Buckingham gave a large reception in his honor. Among the citizens introduced to General Grant was Dr. Webster. No sooner had the president heard the name than he detained its possessor. "On my staff, Dr. Webster," explained the president, "was a Col. John Webster. He was one of the best staff officers I ever had, and I always think of him when I hear the name of Webster spoken."

"He was my brother," said Dr. Webster. "Then I am more than ever pleased to meet you, Dr. Webster," replied the president, "and now that I come to think of it, you must be the brother of whom I have heard a Colonel Webster speak as having served without remuneration in the hospital service of the sanitary commission."

"Yes, Mrs. Webster and I were with the sanitary commission throughout the war," Dr. Webster answered. And then, because the line behind was pressing, the brief interview came to an end.

Late that evening the president told his host the pleasure he had received from meeting Dr. Webster. "I know something of the very great service he gave as a member of the hospital staff of the sanitary commission, whose work was of inestimable value to the Union army," said the president; and then he asked, "Is Dr. Webster practicing medicine here?"

In reply the president was told that Dr. Webster was now a bookkeeper on a small salary; that the prosperous school he had founded and conducted before the war had broken up when he went with the sanitary commission, and that, returning from the field, he had been glad to get work as a bookkeeper. "Ah," said the president, meditatively, "there have been many such cases." And then the subject was dropped.

A few weeks later the president returned to Washington. He had not been there more than a week or ten days when official announcement was made that President Grant had appointed Dr. C. D. Webster of Connecticut United States consul at Sheffield, England, at that time one of the country's best paying consulates. It came as a perfect surprise to all of Norwich, Senator Buckingham and Dr. Webster included. It was an appointment made entirely on the president's own volition, and made, undoubtedly, that Dr. Webster might be recompensed in some measure for the loss of his school through his devotion to the cause of the care of the Union soldier.

Fifteen years Dr. Webster served as consul at Sheffield, and in all that time he was not once on a vacation. When Grover Cleveland became president he was disposed to continue the doctor in that post, but political pressure against this policy was too great for Mr. Cleveland not to heed it and regularly he named a new man as consul.

Give Thanks. "Give thanks unto the Lord . . . who giveth food to all flesh."—Ps. 136, 1:25. The harvest time is the time of fulfilled hopes and realized expectations, when the ruddy gleam of the ripened fruit succeeds the lavish weeping of blossoms and he who went forth weeping, bearing precious seeds, returns with joy, bringing his sheaves with him. The miracle of the loaves is a sudden putting forth of the seed of his ordinary providence; the miracle of the harvest is the working of the giving power to the tiny grains to drink the dew and imbibe the sunshine and appropriate the nourishment of the soil during the long bright days of summer. The harvest fields are the golden links that connect the ages and the zones, and associate together the most distant times and the remotest nations in one common bond of sympathy and dependence. They make of the earth one great home, of the human race one great family, and of God the universal parent, and of day after day, we are encouraged to go with faithful faith and love, not in selfishness and isolation, but in a fraternal spirit which embraces the whole world, asking not for ourselves only, but for all our brothers of mankind as well: "Our Father, who art in heaven, give us this day our daily bread."—Rev. Hugh Macmillan.

Large Profit from Ducks

Elder Down, in Demand the World Over, Great Source of Income to the Icelander.

No other down is so highly esteemed or brings so high a price in the world's markets as that of the elder duck. In Iceland and the Westmann islands, where these birds nest, they are rigidly protected by law and by public sentiment. These ducks make their nests of down from their own breasts. They pluck the down out with their bills and form it into a circular mound that has the property of retaining heat to an extraordinary degree. If this down is removed, the duck supplies a second and even a third lot from the same source. The elder farms in Iceland are frequently situated on little islands off the coast covered with low hummocks. To protect the brooding ducks from the elements the Icelanders construct

small shelters of rough stones. On these farms, it is said, the ducks become so tame that any one with whom they are familiar may handle them without frightening them. Separate buildings on the Icelandic elder farms are devoted to the cleaning of the product. Down clings tenaciously to anything on which it is thrown, a circumstance that is utilized in cleaning it. There may be seen a number of frames of an oblong shape, and along these numbers of strings are loosely stretched. The down is cast on these near one end, and a piece of wood is drawn rapidly backward and forward over the other end. The down clings to the strings, but all impurities, such as grass and seaweed, fall to the ground. It takes a quantity of down to make even a small weight, and several nests must be used to obtain even a moderate amount of down. The price at the farm is about two dollars and a half a pound.

The Preacher's Library

The subject before me for discussion pre-supposes that the preacher is also a student, which most assuredly he must be if, as a preacher he desires to make his "calling and election sure." There perhaps never was a time, in the history of the church, when the demands made on the pulpit were as great as they are today.

On account of the universal diffusion of periodicals, magazines and books both secular and religious, this has become pre-eminently a reading age, and the preacher must be a reader if he desires to lead, or even to keep up with the procession. We are living in the veritable age of reason when men refuse to accept, with impetuous faith, dogmatic teaching simply because it proceeds from the church but demand, and we think justly so, that men be able to "give a reason for the hope that is in them." Therefore the preacher, to gain and retain the confidence and respect of his parishioners, should and must be a clear logical reasoner and thinker. A thinker will not do. The preacher must have brain and heart as well as mouth. We hear a great deal today in religious circles about the ministerial "dead-line," what to do with the old—that is, fifty-year-old—preachers, etc.

Preacher Must Be Student. Now it is our humble opinion that no minister can cross the dead-line as long as he remains a careful, faithful student, for thus by keeping in close sympathetic touch with the brain and heart of the generation in which he lives he is able to "serve that generation well by the grace of God" and then like one of old simply "fall asleep." But any preacher who ceases to be a student as well as already crossed the dead-line whether he be fifty or twenty-five. The fortunate thing about it is that many such are dead and do not know it. If then, it is imperative that the preacher be a student, he must have something to study and this brings us more directly to our subject, "The Preacher's Library." Now we are free to confess that we do not think that it is indispensably necessary for a preacher to know something of God, of man and of the things that come in the thought and life of those whom he is called to serve. Neither is it necessary that he have a large and expensive library. The epitaph of many a faithful, successful minister might be truthfully written thus: He was the happy possessor of few books and many babies. And while he might have been successful without the babies, we are not able to affirm, but the few books he must have. The library that is absolutely necessary for the preacher to possess and thoroughly and faithfully study, if he wish to show himself approved of God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed rightly dividing the word of truth, is composed of those sixty-six books commonly called the Bible. To this should invariably be added a good concordance, Bible text-book and commentary. These things are essential, many others may be helpful and highly desirable.

For the nourishing of his own spiritual life, in addition to the word, the preacher should keep in constant touch with the most godly men of this and preceding generations. And we should feel disappointed if we did not find in his library biographies, histories, books of sermons and addresses as well as a few of the many devotional books being constantly issued from the press. We would also expect to find in the progressive preacher's library some of the leading magazines and periodicals of the day, but not as we found on moving into certain parsonages scores if not hundreds of good standard magazines in the garret stored away in original packages, showing that while they had been received and, perhaps paid for, they had not been read. A few standard works of fiction seem almost indispensable to show the preacher things and people as others see them, to sharpen his intellect, warm his heart, quicken his imaginations and aid his liver to act properly. It would be almost impossible in this brief paper to say everything that might be said in reference to the preacher's library and it would also be unkind to those who are anxious to have something to say in the discussion that is to follow.

So we close in the language of the immortal some body with malice toward none and with charity for all.—Sabbath Reading.

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