READING FOR THE DAY.

Sunday-School Lesson for July 1.

God's Covenant with Israel.—(Exod. xxiv, 1-12.)

Golden Text—I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people.—Heb. viii, 10.

HOME READINGS.

Mon.—God's covenant with Israel.....Exod. xxiv, 1-12
Tue.—Covenant with Abraham.....Gen. xvii. 1-10
Wed.—The covenant renewed.....Josh. xxiv, 14-25
Th.—Covenant with David.....Psa. lxxxix, 20-37
Fri.—Covenant with the obedient.....Psa. xxv, 1-14
Sat.—The covenant broken.....Jer. xi, 1-10
Sun.—The new covenant.....Heb. viii, 6-13

THE LESSON STORY.

New York Christian Advocate.

We have spent a year studying the life of Christ as Matthew tells it, and now we leave the New Testament for a time and go back to study about the Israelites on their journey through the wilderness from Egypt to the "promised land"—Canaan.

When we left the Israelites they were at Mount Sinai, and God had given them the Ten Commandments. Our lesson to-day tells us what happened just after that. The people were afraid when God spoke from the mountain, and begged Moses to come between them and God. So God had spoken other things to Moses alone, telling more about the Ten Commandments and promising blessings. Moses wrote it all down, and then read it to the people. They heard what God wanted them to do, and what He promised to do for them, and then they said: "All that the Lord hath said will we do and be obedient."

An altar had been built, and near it twelve pillars—one for each of the tribes of Israel. On the altar smoked a lamb, which God accepted as a sacrifice for their sins. God wanted to make a covenant or agreement with the Israelites—that is, He would promise to be their God, and they should promise to be His people. The people promised, and then Moses, as a sign or seal of this covenant, sprinkled some of the blood of the lamb on the people—a sign that they would do their part; and some had already been sprinkled on the altar—a sign that God would keep His promise.

But this covenant was made more than 3,350 years ago, and with the Israelites. Is it for us to-day? All of God's promises to His people are for every one who loves Him, no matter how many years ago they were made; but we have a new covenant that God has given us. Testament means covenant, and in the New Testament we read: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

God's part is to give His Son; and you know He has done His part. Your part is to believe; have you done that?

Perhaps you think your part ought to be to obey; but if God had said: "Whosoever obeyeth shall not perish," you could not be saved. You cannot always obey; no one is good always but God. But if you really believe and love Jesus you will want to obey, and your trying to obey and being sorry when you fail is the sign that you are keeping your part of the covenant.

Religious Notes.

Bunyan: Religion is the best armor a man can have, but it is the worst cloak.

Since 1876 thirty-six church buildings have been erected in the Episcopal diocese of Chicago.

"The King's Daughters" now number 20,000 in the United States. The society is to have a monthly paper.

Mr. Harold Brown, of Newport, R. I., has given $100,000 for the missionary work in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Thirty thousand rupees have been promised by American Young Men's Christian Associations toward establishing a Young Men's Christian Association in each university town in India.

London has eight homes for poor working girls, at which breakfast, dinner and tea cost only $1 a week, and a room not over $1 more. They are said to be well managed and liberally supported by charitable people.

The American Sunday-school Union reports, as the result of its work the past year: Schools organized, 1,502, with 54,127 scholars; schools aided, 5,263; Bibles distributed, 6,568; Testaments distributed, 10,362; visits to families, 31,666.

Northern Presbyterians sought to signalize the centennial of their General Assembly this year by raising $1,000,000 as a fund for superannuated and disabled ministers. They did not succeed, but over half a million dollars were subscribed.

The total number of city missionaries in New York may be set down at 266, who probably make 800,000 visits a year. Besides these there are hundreds of tract visitors, and hundreds of poor visitors and other voluntary agents of various churches and societies, who are going about continually doing good.

Senator Stanford, in speaking of his plans for his California university, said that he desired to have the students understand the evil consequences of intemperance. He believed there are in California to-day more adult men selling liquors than there are tilling the land, and the loss from this source is equal to 25 per cent of the power of production.

The Evangelist: The number of students in the eight Presbyterian theological seminaries are reported as 607; Princeton, 153; Union, 132; McCormick, 116; Western, 72; Lane, 54; Auburn, 54; San Francisco, 16; Danville, 10. The property owned by these eight aggregates $7,216,000, thus: Union, $2,500,000; Princeton, $1,500,000; McCormick, $1,100,000; Auburn, $720,000; Western, $630,000; Lane, $500,000; Danville, $206,000; San Francisco, $50,000.

Mrs. Josephine R. Nichols, national superintendent for the W. C. T. U. of work at State and county fairs, gives it as her opinion that the sooner women learn to quit wasting work and literature at metropolitan centers and spread it over the rural districts, where it will be appreciated and bear fruit, the better it will be for the temperance cause. She would be willing to predict great results if, for this one season, they could turn their whole force loose in every school house in the country and upon every picnic and fair-ground.

The national convention of Christian Endeavor societies will be held in Chicago, July 5 to 8. The programme gives promise of one of the most interesting and inspiring religious gatherings ever held in this country. The morning sessions will be given to discussions of the special features of the work, which will bring out the best methods for developing and training the young people for active service. The afternoons will be given to a broader outlook, showing the relation of the society to the great missionary movements of the times.

A Prayer for Gossips.

Oh that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest,
Or be conceived in my breast;
That each deed, and word, and thought,
Glory may to my God be brought!
But what are wishes! Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed: to Thee I cry!
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it so,
For that is more than I can do.

—Thomas Elwood, A. D., 1690.

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;
Round Him in calmness music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

—Whittier.

I am too tired to pray, O, pitying Lord.
I only know the day's hard tasks are done.
I bring my burdens. Thou can'st count them o'er;
I lay them down before Thee, every one.
I only long for sleep to still my pain
And strength to take my burdens up again.

—Mary Biddle Corley.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie;
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head.

—Lady Elizabeth Carew.

Are we so pure that we should scoff at her,
Or mock her now, low lying in her tomb?
God knows how sharp the thorns her roses wore,
Even what time their petals were astir
In the warm sunshine, odorous with perfume.
Leave her to Him who weighed the cross she bore!

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

The First Persian Railway.

Ocean Letter.

A correspondent describes the extraordinary sensation caused among the native Persians by the construction of a railroad between the postal station of Mahmoudabad, on the Caspian coast, and Amol, about twenty-five miles in the interior. Some five miles of rails have already been laid, and along these locomotives are now at work, in order to hasten the extension of the line. The engines are objects of unceasing wonder and of absorbing interest to the natives. Scarcely the slightest conception of the power of the hissing monster, even after a month's observation, appears as yet to have dawned upon the crude intelligence of the inhabitants. As the locomotive approaches, the crowd of astonished natives retire for safety to a distance, and there follows a screaming chorus of exclamations. There are upward of 2,000 men engaged in the construction of this pioneer Persian railway. The majority of them are Italians, the remainder consisting of nomads and nondescripts, who were previously engaged on the Baku section of the transcaspian line. The Mahmoudabad & Amol railroad is being constructed entirely for commercial purposes. Difficulties, delays, and considerable losses have been experienced in the landing of material at the port, where the water is shallow, and the canoes lashed together to form lighters have frequently collapsed. Steamers of light draught cannot approach within three miles of the shore. Despite all this, however, the construction of the line is making fairly good progress. It remains to be seen whether the success of the enterprise will give the necessary impetus to the construction of more important railway lines in Persia.

FASHION NOTES.

Both high and low dress collars are fashionably worn.

Gray, blue and red is the fashionable combination in dress just now.

Colored straw is the feature of the season's millinery, and often crown and brim show different hues.

Nearly all the dressy bodices for young ladies in their teens are either laced or buttoned at the back. The front of the corsage is generally much trimmed.

A pure white silk, soft and fine, and capable of washing like linen, has just been brought out by a London firm, and for underwear or sashes is simply a godsend.

A favorite finish for gowns of gray cloth is a piked edge, with an underpinking of white—to match which there is a white waistcoat buttoned diagonally with gilt buttons.

Soft cloth hats, in English walking hat shape, or "Alpines," with sloping creased crown and rolled brim, are still imported by hatters and tailors for ladies to wear with traveling costumes.

Silk-surfaced cotton moire is made up into underskirts for watering-place wear, and though their hue must vary with the gown they accompany, it is calculated that they will pay for themselves in laundry bills several times over in the course of the season.

A very pretty white mull basque is trimmed down each side of the front and around the skirt with a row of Normandy Valenciennes inserting, upon each side of which is a cluster of small tucks, and around the bottom is a frill of lace, four inches wide. The sleeves and neck are trimmed to match, and the price is but $3.50.

Charming gowns for summer weddings are made of Valenciennes or of the new fancy lace, which, in delicate web-like patterns, is woven to closely resemble point lace. Some of the dresses have the lace over the whole gown, covering the satin slip entirely, and even extending beyond it at the neck, where the lining is cut low, and serving also as transparent sleeves.

The popularity of sailor hats is still so great that milliners both here and abroad are using these simple, flat-crowned, straight-brimmed shapes for airy models in net and tulle. Thus, black tulle is shirred on wires in sailor-shape, and trimmed with erect fan bows of lace and white roses or lilac blooms. White point d'esprit, dotted with black, is made up in the same way.

White point d'esprit net simply hemmed and twisted around the crowns, caught here and there with tiny gold pins, is the usual trimming upon the fancy straw and rush hats for country and seaside wear, and a cloud-like halo of white illusion graces the finer Milan braids. Long scarf ends are crossed at the back of the hat, or oftener one long scarf is fastened there, carried around the throat, and again fastened lightly in front—a most airy, becoming, and graceful fashion, being useful as well as ornamental, as even this diaphanous drapery is more of a protection to the throat against the wind and sun than one would imagine.

TRAGEDY OF THE SACRED COW.

How a Pampered Animal of Bombay Was Degraded from a High Estate.

New York Evening Post.

When, during 1860-65, I had a house in Bombay, we employed a petty broker, a Hindoo. His name was Hurrichand Mahadu. This young Hindoo was a very intelligent fellow, and, having made a little money, concluded to get married. He came to the office one morning and announced his happy change. At the same time, Hindoo-like, he intimated that a wedding present would be very acceptable, and, as he did not expect very valuable gifts, he begged that the office would present his young wife (whose name, by the way, was Hira, or Diamond Eyes) with money enough to buy for her a little pet sacred cow—to worship, of course. The office presented him with the money, and Hurrichand bought the little animal, and Hira gave the little cow the best place in her bungalo outside Bombay or Salsette. Poor Hira paid her devotions to the cow, and fed her with bananas, mangoes and other delicacies.

Now, these devotions to the sacred cow are not so disinterested as one would suppose. The cow must give something in return, not milk or cream, but other gifts. In Hira's case it was only a laudable desire to make her husband, Hurrichand, a happy "sahib father" (of a male child) within a year. Upon the faith of this Hira, as I said, fed her little pet sacred cow on all the delicacies, and reminded her morning, noon and night that she must not fail to gratify her wishes. However, as Hira had some fears that there might be a disappointment, she gave the pet sacred cow a good talking to, as a sauce to the mangoes and bananas, and even warned her of the consequences that might follow indifference to her prayers. Well, after a year there was one morning a great "ado" in my office. The news had reached the Parsees, Sepoys, Hindoos, etc., whom we employed that Hira had whipped the sacred cow.

"Sahib," said the Sepoy, who was the office-sweeper, to me, "Hira whipped the sacred cow. She is no longer a goddess now; she is again a 'cow,' a real cow, like other other cows.

The petty broker Hurrichand, however, defended his wife bravely. He pointed out gravely and forcibly to me that a sacred cow which is daily fed with bananas and mangoes, and is twice or three times a day regularly worshiped, must be able to perform some miracles; and if after a patient trial she is found to be either impotent or unwilling to make returns, she must be degraded and become once more a real cow, and feed on hay, grass, vegetable peelings, and drink muddy water. "She had plenty warning," said Hurrichand. "Hira told her the last six months that she will whip her with the bamboo stick. Now she has got it, and I'll sell her, and she will be killed and eaten by the Christians, and her hide will make boots and shoes."

SOME NEWS ABOUT ADAM.

Said to Have Been Seventeen Feet Tall and to Have Lived One Thousand Years.

Minneapolis Journal.

Dr. J. K. Kellogg, physician in chief of the medical and surgical sanitarium of the Adventists, at Battle Creek, Mich., lectured last night upon "the Religion of Health" to a large audience. In the course of his talk he said:

"Doctors have found it necessary at times to transfuse blood from one individual to another to restore vitality. It has been the choice of those who have had to pass through this process to have the blood of a sheep transfused instead of another person. This shows that man has more faith in the health of animals than in man, because they follow nature's laws more closely. There is less disease and death among savage nations than there is among the civilized. Our intellect and civilization should have elevated us in the scale of health, but it has worked the contrary result. To show the degeneration of the race, Dr. Kellogg compared the present generation with the primitive one. He thought Adam must have been at least seventeen feet high, and he must have been 200 years old before he was fully developed, and he was 1,000 years old when he died. Dr. Kellogg attributed Adam's long life to the slow development of his strong, physical frame.

"It is a well-known rule," he continued, "that life covers a period five times the time of development of the physical man. From the flood to Abraham's day, the period of life dropped from 1,000 years to 175, and from this till the time of Moses it decreased to seventy years. Why this great change? One of the reasons assigned is the change from vegetable to animal food, there being no permission to eat animal food before the flood. Men took great credit to themselves for their sanitation, but God gave Moses the best set of sanitary laws the world has ever had. He desired a pure people and so gave them healthy food and sanitary regulations. They were not satisfied with God's ways and sometimes went among the gentiles and ate their pork. If the principles of these laws had been carried out, they would have been brought back to their primitive condition. Although so unfaithfully carried out, yet the value of these regulations is still seen in the fact that the Jews are the healthiest and longest lived people on the earth.

Till He Gets Used to It.

The Judge.

"When I grow up," said a little six-year-old philosopher, "shan't I feel strange for a day or two!"

WHETHER to dye or not is a mere matter of taste; use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Haunted.

The languid air is sown with sleep,
And low the gentle southwinds croon,
While slow through heaven's pearly deep
Slips the sweet summer moon;
With folded wings the wood-thrush sings
Of evening and of June.

The fresh turf breathes that earthy scent
The dews distill from mellow ground;
All nature's chords are softly bent
To faintest waves of sound;
Ah, what but grace could here find place,
Or aught but peace surround!

This seems no spot for fancies dark,
Yet here beside the water still,
Sheer on the moon, it's outlines stark
That blot her disk until
They chain the sight with spectral might,
Looms the deserted mill

It's silent path is thick with grass,
Through whose soft pile no traveler goes,
And no sweet-laden wagons pass
To furrow the wild rose;
Where the great door stood wide, of yore,
The buttercups unclose.

No rhythmic beating tide of trade
Stirs the still pulses of the wheel;
The very woodbirds seem afraid
That to its window steal,
And all have fled the nameless dread
Those crumbling walls conceal.

What tragedy in days a-gone,
What half-remembered deed of old
Beneath that eerie roof was done
No idle tongue has told;
But deadly woe, 'tis whispered so,
Lurks in yon dust and mold.

In soft rest sleeps each little flower,
Yet there the night wind, fitful blown,
Sounds strangely like some ghostly power
That works the mill alone;
I know not why, as it goes by,
I shudder at its tone.

—Evaleen Stein.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Between Seasons.

The cherry trees are haunted
By hordes of robber jays,
And warmer winds are fanning
The poppies to a blaze.

And loosed in fitful flurries
The sweet-syringas fall,
To lie like little snowdrifts
Against the garden wall.

Upon the laden lattice
In softly rounding shapes
A wealth of tiny clusters
Are growing into grapes.

Heigh-ho! a drowsy shimmer
Enfolds the sunny hours,
And humming-birds are humming
Within the trumpet flowers.

The tenderness of springtime
Is almost overpast,
But O the gracious summer,
It comes, it comes at last!

—Evaleen Stein.

How Long.

If on my grave the summer grass were growing,
Or heedless Winter winds across it blowing,
Through joyous June or desolate December,
How long, sweetheart, how long would you remember—
How long, dear love, how long?

For brightest eyes would open to the summer,
And sweetest smiles would greet the sweet newcomer.
And on young lips grow kisses for the taking,
When all the summer buds to bloom are breaking—
How long, dear love, how long?

To the dim land where sad-eyed ghosts walk only,
Where lips are cold, and waiting hearts are lonely,
I would not call you from your youth's warm blisses,
Fill up your glass and crown it with new kisses—
How long, dear love, how long?

Too gay, in June, you might be to regret me,
And living lips might woo you to forget me;
But ah, sweetheart, I think you would remember
When winds were weary in your life's December—
So long, dear love, so long.

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

To Him Who Waits.

Many a castle I've built in Spain,
With turrets and domes that were passing fair,
But the first wild storm of wind and rain
Has proved my castles were made of air.

Many a fleet I have sent to sea,
Freighted with hopes and ambitions bright;
Never a ship has come back to me,
Though I've watched for them long by day and night.

But I sometimes think there will come a day
When my heart's fond wishes I shall attain—
When, walled and towered in grand array,
Shall stand secure my castles in Spain.

And I look to see the sunset's glow,
As it reddens the ocean miles on miles,
Shine on the ships that sailed long ago—
My ships coming back from the Fortunate Isles.

—Edith S. Tupper in June Outing.

Desolation.

Think ye the desolate must live apart,
By solemn vows to convent walls confined?
Ah! no; with men may dwell the cloister heart,
And in a crowd the isolated mind.
Tearless behind the prison bars of fate,
The world sees not how desolate they stand,
Gazing so fondly through the iron grate
Upon the promised yet forbidden land.
Patience, the shrine to which their bleeding feet
Day after day in voiceless penance turn;
Silence, the holy cell and calm retreat
In which unseen their meek devotions burn.
Life is to them a vigil which none share,
Their hopes a sacrifice, their love a prayer.

—Henry Theodore Tuckerman.

O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!

—Longfellow.

STRANGE AS FICTION.

A Gentleman Tells a Story with Which His Audience Is Acquainted.

Nashville Democrat.

A gentleman who has been a great traveler and has visited nearly every portion of the globe has been spending a few weeks in Nashville. Like most great travelers, he is a fluent talker and a boon companion. Among other friends whom he made here was a young business man who has a store on one of the business thoroughfares of the city and lives with his mother, a widow lady a little past the middle age, in a pretty cottage in one of the quiet suburbs of Nashville. The young man was much taken with his new acquaintance, who, one afternoon, after having refused several former invitations, consented to go home with him to supper.

As the young man, his mother, who is an invalid, and the stranger sat on the portico after supper chatting quietly, the young man incidentally reminded his mother of some of his schoolboy pranks, which he said occurred while he was at school in Baltimore before his parents had returned from a residence of ten years in Australia. The stranger remarked that he had once lived at Melbourne, Australia, and after an interesting conversation with the lady and her son about points on the antipodes familiar to them all, said that he had a peculiar experience on his way home. On being pressed to tell the story by his young friend, he said:

"That was some ten years ago. I was quite a young man, though having just served a term in the British army, in which I enlisted when a mere boy, and was on my way home to Liverpool.

"We had been a few days out from Australia when a storm came up, and our ship struck a hidden rock and began to fill with water. We saw there was nothing to do but to take to the boats, which we did pell mell, without much regard to good breeding or etiquette, each fearing that he would be left. There were three ladies on the ship, and I noticed as our boat was about to pull out one of them was left. I called the captain's attention to it, but he said our boat already had enough on her to sink her; and ordered the oarsmen to do their work. I was a big, strapping, good-natured fellow, and hated to see the poor woman left, who, by the way, seemed a lady, but was very lonely, and so I caught hold of the side of the ship and held on till the lady was within a few feet of us, when she fell in a swoon. I jumped to her side, seized her in my arms and sprang back on the boat just as it was separating from the sinking ship for the last time. The captain was so angry with me that he shot at me twice with a pistol, one ball missing me entirely and the other just grazing my knee. There was no good blood between the captain and me after that; but it was no time for fighting, as shortly afterward the breakers overturned our boat while passing over a reef trying to make our way to a little coral island. I was a splendid swimmer, and soon found myself on shore alone. The only human beings in sight were a man swimming bravely for the island, and the lady whom I had rescued from the ship, clinging helplessly to a fragment of the boat. The man was soon by my side, though in a state of utter exhaustion, and I concluded as I had saved the lady's life once I'd try and do so again. Acting upon the impulse, I swam out to where she was, and finally succeeded in getting her to land in an unconscious state. She came to, but her reason had deserted her, and she was a wild, raving maniac. There was no fresh water on the island, which was very small, and no vegetables and but little grass, but there were lots of cocoanut trees full of cocoanuts and alive with monkeys. I ate a cocoanut and drank the milk, and got some for the lady and my companion, who had succeeded in getting to shore. He was taken suddenly ill from taking too much salt water into his stomach and died the second day after we were wrecked. I buried him in the sand, and made a little house out of cocoanut leaves for the lady, but she was so crazy she would not stay in it, and would not eat anything. She would run about the island and scratch and hurt herself till finally I caught her and tied her up with ropes made of bark. We stayed on the island nine weeks, and I kept her tied most of the time and fed her on cocoanuts till finally she began to get fat. I used to climb trees after cocoanuts, but I got terribly tired eating them, and used to divert myself trying to catch a monkey. I wanted to try a piece of roasted monkey, but I could never get hold of one.

"I knew the island was on the road taken by ships from Melbourne to New York, and that it was only a question of a short time till we would be picked up, but I can promise you that it seemed to me like an age before one came near enough to be hailed.

"At last a ship came by and took us on board. When we reached New York the lady was still a maniac, and I have never heard of her since, except through a friend of mine, who wrote to me about six months ago from Philadelphia that he had heard from her and that she was alive and well, and living with her husband in Washington City."

The young man and his mother had listened to the stranger's story with breathless attention, and when he had finished told him that the lady was a sister to his host's mother, and was at the time of the shipwreck returning from a visit to her in Australia. They further told him that the lady had not regained her mind for a year after she came back to America, and that then she had no remembrance of anything that occurred after she left Australia. She is now the mother of three children, and the wife of a high government official.

A Mean Man.

Boston Herald.

They were sitting at the club the other evening, telling stories about "mean" men. "The closest man I ever knew," said one, "is to-day one of the wealthiest citizens of Massachusetts. When he was a young man he got a job in a shoe shop, and earned $6 or $7 a week. When Saturday came he got his money—the first he had ever earned—and that afternoon he invested $2 in a ring, which he showed on the following Monday with a good deal of pride. But his shopmates showed him that what purported to be gold was only thinly washed brass, and that the alleged 'stone' was only a piece of glass. The whole thing was not worth fifteen cents. He was a good deal castfallen, but said nothing. The next morning he turned up minus the ring, but unusually bright and chipper. 'Perhaps you boys think I don't understand business,' he said. 'I sold that ring for $3, and made a clean dollar on it.' 'And to whom did you sell it?' they asked. 'To my sister.'"

"I can can that," said another. "I was crossing on the steamer to Liverpool a few years ago, and found myself seated next to a gentleman who had been prominent in Massachusetts politics, and is sometimes spoken of as a statesman. On three or four different days I opened a quart of champagne, and always invited him to join me in drinking it, an invitation which he never declined. Finally, one day he ordered a pint, and, instead of offering me any, said he thought it a pity that they didn't put it up in smaller bottles, because a pint was more than any man really needed, but that he had to drink it all to save waste, since the corks were so made that they couldn't be put back." "Would you mind telling me that man's name in confidence?" asked the member who had told the ring story. "Not at all," was the answer. Then there was a whispered conference, and the first speaker quickly said: "I thought so. It's the same man."

Men's Heads Are Growing Larger.

New York Telegram.

"It is interesting," said a hat salesman yesterday, "to notice how the shape of a man's head gives away his nationality."

"Can you tell where a man was born by sizing up his head?"

"Certainly, but not before he tries on a hat. Americans have long, narrow heads, and when an average American comes in for a hat the chances are that if it is long enough fore and aft it is too wide at the sides. If it fits exactly at the sides it has to be pulled out in front. Now, with Germans it is the reverse. The heads of Germans are wide at the temples, and if a hat is the exact length in nine cases out of ten it has to be stretched sideways to fit."

"How about Englishmen's heads?"

"Englishmen's heads are not so pronounced in width. There is more of a sliding scale with them as to relative length and breadth. Irishmen have oval heads and are generally easily fitted.

"Some people with apparently small heads require large hats, and others who seem to have large heads wear a small hat. A man may have a large face, and yet the part which the hat covers may be comparatively small. Taken altogether, heads seem to be growing larger. I have been thirty years in business, and when I began to sell hats the average size ranged from 6¼ to 7. Now the average size is from 7 to 7⅛.

Sedan Chairs Revived.

Boston Advertiser.

It is announced that sedan chairs are to be introduced at Bar Harbor to convey the "very modest women" from the bathing-houses to the surf and back again. As to sedan chairs, many who have been wondering at their rapid multiplicity in the dealers' shops the past year may have never dreamed of this use for these relics of old-time gentility. But every one can now see that when gilded and refurbished anew what a truly æsthetic modern watering-place rivalry they'll create. An effect, too, quite in keeping with the mania for the strange and bizarre now raging, might be introduced by rigging out some of the Penobscot Indians in the old-time war regalia of their tribe and set them to carrying the sedan chairs and their fair occupants. This would give poor Lo a new and much needed employment. There are too many of him to make the canoe business profitable, the feathers of defunct seagulls have become almost a drug in the market, the Yankee fishermen have entered into the killing off of dog seals along the coast, so that even the curing of their skins for floor mats has become a curtailed industry to the Indian. Any device of fashion that insures him a new means of revenue he will, no doubt, hail as a godsend. Ancestral pride has been pretty well knocked out of him.

Definitions of Bible Terms.

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches. A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was $8.

A talent of silver was $538.30.

A talent of gold was $13,809.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents.

A farthing was 3 cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was a cent.

An ephah, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints.

A bin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.

A Needed Invention.

Pittsburg Chronicle.

Why does not some one of our ingenious inventors get up a simple, practicable and cheap motor for running sewing-machines—something within the reach of the poorest seamstress who, by denying herself the necessaries of life for a time, has come to own a sewing machine? It is the unanimous testimony of physicians that a great many of the ailments now prevalent among women come from the use of sewing-machines, and that many a life has been wrecked thereby. While it is certain that in one way the sewing-machine has enabled women to get through more work than was possible with the hand controlled needle, it is not so certain that she has not paid dearly for the improvement in impaired health. The movement required in using the treadle seems to be especially deleterious to female health, and any man who can get up something to take its place will be a public benefactor. Of course no one can expect the application of steam to such a purpose, but we have electricity to turn to, which is likely to take the place of every other power.

Curious Freaks of Fine Steel.

Pall Mall Gazette.

The finest grades of razors are so delicate that even the famous Damascus blades cannot equal them in texture. It is not generally known that the grain of a Swedish razor is so sensitive that its general direction is changed after a short service. When you buy a fine razor the grain runs from the upper end of the outer point in a diagonal direction toward the handle. Constant stropping will twist the steel until the grain appears to be set straight up and down. Subsequent use will drag the grain outward from the edge, so that after steady use for several months the fiber of the steel occupies a position exactly the reverse of that which appeared on the day of purchase. The process also affects the temper of the blade, and when the grain sets from the lower outer end toward the back you have a tool which cannot be kept in condition by the most conscientious barber. But here's another freak of nature: Leave the razor alone for a month and when you take it up you will find the grain has resumed its first position. This operation can be repeated until the steel is worn through to the back.

Faith and Works.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Mamma," said Albert, "do you believe in the faith cure?" "Yes, dear," said mamma, "and I practice it, too." "Mamma," continued the boy, feeling his damp hair uneasily, "if a boy goes a-swimming and then lies about it can you cure him of lying by faith?" "No, dear," said mamma, sweetly, "that vice is cured by laying on of hands." And in ten minutes thereafter Albert was the best cured boy on all Long Island and mamma was putting on her slipper with the air of a woman who knows all about leather and its application to the human system.

Want of Sleep

Is sending thousands annually to the insane asylum; and the doctors say this trouble is alarmingly on the increase. The usual remedies, while they may give temporary relief, are likely to do more harm than good. What is needed is an Alterative and Blood-purifier. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** is incomparably the best. It corrects those disturbances in the circulation which cause sleeplessness, gives increased vitality, and restores the nervous system to a healthful condition.

Rev. T. G. A. Coté, agent of the Mass. Home Missionary Society, writes that his stomach was out of order, his sleep very often disturbed, and some impurity of the blood manifest; but that a perfect cure was obtained by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frederick W. Pratt, 424 Washington street, Boston, writes: "My daughter was prostrated with nervous debility. Ayer's Sarsaparilla restored her to health."

William F. Bowker, Erie, Pa., was cured of nervousness and sleeplessness by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for about two months, during which time his weight increased over twenty pounds.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

INDIANA KINDERGARTEN

And Primary Normal Training School.

This school grants annually fourteen free scholarships and offers superior advantages to women who desire to become kindergartners and primary teachers. For catalogues and further particulars, address the principal, MRS ELIZA A. BLAKER, Indianapolis, Ind.

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SECOND-HAND

Milk-Shake

MACHINES.

GOOD AS NEW

W. N. SHORT, the Druggist

49 South Illinois Street.

RAILWAY TIME-TABLES.

PENNSYLVANIA LINES—THE DIRECT AND POPULAR PASSENGER ROUTES.

Trains leave and arrive at Indianapolis as follows:

PANHANDLE ROUTE—EAST.

Leave for Pittsbg & N Y	4:30am	2:55pm	5:10pm
" " Richmond and Columbus	9:00am		4:00pm
Arrive from N.Y. & Pittsbg	11:40am	7:50pm	10:20pm
" " Colmb's, Richm'd, etc.	9:40am		3:50pm

Sleepers to Pittsburg and New York without change.

CHICAGO DIVISION.

Leave for Chicago and Northwest	11:15am		11:00pm
Arrive from Chicago and Northwest	4:00am		3:50pm

J., M. & I. R. R.—SOUTH.

Leave for Louisville and the South	3:30am	8:00am	4:00pm	5:00pm
Arrive from Louisville and the South	10.45am	11:10am	7:45pm	10:50pm

I. & V. R. R. SOUTHWEST.

Leave for Vincennes	7:10am	4:15pm
Arrive from Vincennes	10:45am	4:50pm

VANDALIA LINE—SHORTEST ROUTE TO ST. LOUIS AND THE WEST.

Trains arrive and leave Indianapolis as follows:

Leave for St. Louis	7:30am	11:55am	11:00pm	3:00pm
Greencastle and Terre Haute Accm				4:00pm
Arrive from St. L.	3:45am	4:15am	2:50pm	5:00pm
Terre Haute and Greencastle Accm				10:00am

Sleeping, Parlor and reclining-chair cars are run on through trains. For rates and information apply to ticket agents of the company or H. R. DERING, Assistant General Passenger Agent.

THE GREAT I. B. & W. ROUTE. THE SHORT LINE Both EAST and WEST.

The only line with solid trains to Bloomington and Peoria, with through cars to principal Missouri river points, in several hours less time than any other line. Also, through Sleeping and Reclining-chair Cars via Danville to Chicago, making as quick time, at lower rates, than any other line. The authorized differential route East, with quick time and through tickets to principal Eastern cities, at considerably less than regular rates.

Trains at Indianapolis Union Depot

Leave, going East	*4:10 am	11:00 am	*9:00 pm
Leave, going West	*7:30 am	3:30 pm	*11:00 pm
Arrive, from East	*7:00 am	3:15 pm	*10:30 pm
Arrive, from West	*3:50 am	10:40 am	*3:40 pm

*Daily. All trains have the finest of Buffet Sleepers and Reclining-chair Cars. For tickets and full information apply at 138 South Illinois st., the Union Depot, Indianapolis, or to any agent on the line.

☞ Look in local column for special notices of excursions, reduced rates, etc.

CINCINNATI, WABASH & MICHIGAN RY (THE ELKHART LINE.)

Try the new Sleeping and Chair Car for Grand Rapids.

Lv Indianapolis 5:05 pm | Lv Gr'd Rapids 11:00 pm
Ar Gr'd Rapids 6:20 am | Ar Indianapolis 10.50 am

The best route for Warsaw, Cedar Beach, St. Joseph, Petoskey and Northern Michigan Summer Resorts.

Three through trains each way daily, except Sunday, between Indianapolis and Marion, Wabash, Warsaw, Goshen, Elkart, Niles, Benton Harbor, St. Joseph and intermediate points.

Trains leave Indianapolis 4:30 am 11:55 am 5:05 pm
Trains ar Indianapolis 10:50 am 3:30 pm 10:30 pm

Indianapolis Ticket Offices—Union Depot, 138½ South Illinois street, Bates House.

BEST LINE -TO- CH&D CINCINNATI

With night train (6:15 p. m.) for Toledo and Detroit. Pullman parlor and chair-car seats only 25 cents, Indianapolis to Cincinnati.

Rates to New York, Boston, Buffalo and other Eastern cities, $1 to $1.50 below other lines.

Low rates to all summer tourist points.

Trains Leave Indianapolis:
3.55 a. m. (daily), 10:50 a. m., 3:50 p. m., 6:15 p. m.

Trains Arrive at Indianapolis:
8:30 a.m., 11:40 a.m., 4:57 p.m., 10:55 p.m. (daily.)

Information bureau and ticket office, corner Illinois street and Kentucky avenue. W. H. FISHER,
Gen'l Ag't C., H. & I. R. R., Indianapolis.

☞ United Order of Honor second annual picnic at Blue River Park, July 4.

IMPORTANT CHANGE OF TIME

MONON ROUTE

LOUISVILLE, NEW ALBANY & CHICAGO RY.

The ONLY LINE running a MORNING TRAIN to Chicago, returning the same day. Leave Indianapolis 7:10 a. m. daily; returning, leave Chicago 11:40 p. m. daily, arriving Indianapolis 8:10 a. m.

Other trains leave as follows:
12:01 noon (except Sunday), arrive at Chicago at 6:30 p. m.
11:15 p. m. (daily), arrive at Chicago at 7 25 a. m.
6:00 p. m. (daily), Monon Accommodation.

Pullman Sleeping and Chair Cars on all through trains.

Only $5.00 round trip to Chicago.
Ticket office, 26 S. Illinois street.

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They will positively cure Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Nervousness, Liver or Kidney Troubles, a great Blood Purifier and a System Tonic of unequaled Merit. They will instantly relieve Pains in the Stomach and all Pains in the Bowels; will cure Sick Headache in five minutes; a Vegetable Tonic that is absolutely peerless, guaranteed to be free from Mercury. Ask your druggist for it, or send to us direct, and they will come to you by return mail. Price, $1 per box.

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