READING FOR THE SABBATH.

Sunday-School Lesson for Aug. 5, 1888.

THE BURNT OFFERING.—Lev. i, 1-9.

Golden Text—The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.—Isa. liii, 6.

Mon—Lev. i, 1-14.....The burnt offering
Tues—Gen. iv, 3-15.....Abel's offering
Wed—Gen. viii, 1-22.....Noah's offering
Thurs—Gen. xxii, 1-9.....Abraham's offering
Fri—Mark xv, 21-39.....Christ's offering
Sat—Heb. x, 1-22.....The one offering
Sun—Heb. xiii, 10-21.....Sacrifices accepted

With the building of the Tabernacle religious worship became the chief business of the people of Israel. They were freed from all other cares and occupations until they should become thoroughly familiar with the fact of God's presence in their camp, and these new methods of approach and worship. Their camp was built around the Tabernacle, and all could see the pillar of cloud and fire as it rested on the sanctuary, where God now held communion with the representatives of the nation. The whole book of Leviticus is given to explaining the methods God had chosen for the approach of Israel to himself. The great altar of burnt offering is the single door of entrance, and a careful study of the ritual of this altar will help us to understand the central doctrines of the New Testament. There could be no approach to God, no use, even by the priests, of any part of the Tabernacle, until they had first presented to God an offering for the altar. Before this, altars to God might be erected in many places, but henceforth Israel is to have but one altar for sacrifice, testifying to the unity of the Lord Jehovah. The details of the worship are from God, in order to save the nation from a multitude of human and fanciful forms. Henceforth every act of service and worship has a divine meaning and purpose. This system, designed to educate a nation in true religion and introduce Christ's kingdom, was worthy of the divine wisdom.

HINTS AND HELPS.

Some Test Questions—1. Was it worthy of God to give such minute directions as to external forms? 2. In what form did God appear in the Tabernacle? 3. How many different kinds of offerings are mentioned? 4. What was the principle guiding in their selection? 5. What was the design of the burnt offering? 6. What kind of an offering does God here require? 7. Why did the man put his hand on the head of the sacrifice? 8. Why was the blood sprinkled on the altar? 9. Why was it called a sweet savor unto the Lord?

Points for Class Talks—1. "And the Lord called unto Moses." The special and personal calls of the Spirit for special work. 2. "Bring an offering unto the Lord." It is so easy to give and pray and work for the approval of men. But "unto God" is the only safe and sufficient law of religious service. 3. "Without blemish." God requires the best. The value of this education in the home from childhood. 4. "He shall put his hand on the head of the burnt offering." By faith we pray and confess our sins and touch the spotless Lamb of God. 5. "It shall be accepted for him." While my reason may not frame a satisfactory philosophy of the atonement, yet my heart takes in the divine idea of substitution, that "the Lamb of God" is my representative, that he provides an atonement, a method of uniting the loving Father and the penitent sinner. 6. "A sweet savor unto the Lord." As the ascending smoke of the sacrifice was taken up into the upper air, so the sacrifice of the Son of God forever goes up for us.

SPECIAL APPLICATION.

Christ's life given for ours.
Christ a perfect sacrifice.
Christ gains for us a complete salvation.

Religious Notes.

Hell is like to be full of good wishes, but heaven is full of good works.—Guevara.

Last year 248 American Baptist ministers died. Their average age was sixty-five years.

A $30,000 mortgage on Dr. Pierson's Philadelphia church was recently cremated in the presence of the rejoicing members.

There is a native light in every man, discovering to him the first lines of duty in the common notions of good and evil.—Rev. Gilman A. Whitmore.

A host of minds of profoundest thought find nothing in the disclosures of science to shake their faith in the eternal verities of reason and religion.—George Ripley.

To be forever seeing when your boy yields to a temptation, and never discovering when he resists one, is the surest way to promote the faults and discourage the virtues.—Lyman Abbott.

Christ is the key to the history of the world. Not only does all harmonize with the mission of Christ; all is subordinate to it. When I saw this it was to me as wonderful and surprising as the light which Paul saw on his way to Damascus.—Von Muller.

The Independent announces that the negotiations for organic union that had been pending between the Presbyterian, Reformed, and Presbyterian mission churches of Japan are concluded and only await the "certain approval" of the separate bodies, in November.

Fretting is an evidence of weakness. It shows that you are not controlling yourself. While in that condition you are not fit to control anybody else. Don't fret. It is your Christian duty to cultivate self-control and patience; and in so doing you are not only obeying God, but you are also working for your own greatest happiness.—Central Methodist.

The Congregational Year Book for 1888 will contain the following statistics: Churches, 4,404; church members, 457,584; Sunday-school members, 551,691; benevolent contributions for the year 1887, $2,098,485. Of this amount, $319,404 was for foreign missions, $221,237 for education, $122,590 for church building, and $436,577 for home missions.

The late Rev. William Morley Punshon wrote in his journal in a time of great bereavement: "I grieve, I wonder, but I do not rebel. * * * I can but say under the stroke, 'It is the Lord.' * * * Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me; but they are Thy waves, and I must let them sweep, waiting till Thou shalt tell, in the fullness of a clearer vision, why they sweep over me."

Encouraging reports are received from temperance work in China. Several young men of the Anglo-Chinese College at Shanghai have united with those of the Presbyterian mission press in a temperance society which meets monthly. This society advocates temperance, purity of life, is against opium, tobacco, and other evils. A number of societies have been formed among boarding-school girls.

The London Methodist Times says that of 109 candidates for the Wesleyan ministry in England, examined by committees, fifty-five were refused. Of the fifty-four accepted, forty-three were for home work, ten for missions, and one for Wales. All the approved were recommended for training in the theological colleges. The Times says: "Quite as many have been accepted as we need. The committee are influenced by the moral and mental caliber of the men."

The reverence for the Sabbath in Scotland sometimes takes a form one would hardly have anticipated. An old Highlandman said to an English tourist: "They're a God-fearin' set o' folks here, 'deed they are, an' I'll give ye an instance o't. Last Sabbath, just as the kirk was skailin', there was a drover chiel frae Dumfries along the road, whistlin' and lookin' as happy as if it was ta middle o' ta week. Weel, sir, our laads is a God-fearin' set o' laads, and they yokit upon him an' a'most killed him."—London Chronicle.

Writing of relic worship by ignorant people in the Italian churches, Augusta Larned says: "Inexplicable to the Anglo-Saxon mind is the worship of such venerated objects. The other day a friend told me that he happened to be in a small Italian city, and on going into the church saw some people kneeling near a glass case which contained something peculiarly disgusting in the appearance. On inquiring the nature of the relic he was told it was the tail of the ass on which Jesus rode into Jerusalem."

No more beautiful spectacle can be seen than a son proud of his mother and glad to obey her; not ashamed of the taunts of "apron strings" because they unite him to his most loving friend. And no more sure prophecy of evil is there than a child's unkindness to her whose love never fails. It is not always boys who are ungrateful. It is sometimes the daughter's unkindness that is sharper than the serpent's tooth. A pretty miss on the train pettishly said to her mother: "Come on; you're always behind." A venerable gentleman passing stopped and said: "Never behind when you were sick, was she?"

'Twere well with most if books that could engage
Their childhood pleased them at a riper age.
The man, approving what had charmed the boy,
Would die at last in comfort, peace and joy;
And not with curses on his art who stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.
—Cowper.

The Pass-Word to Heaven.

The following story is told in the American Advance: "Mr. George H. Stuart, acting as the representative of the Christian Commission, during the war, asked the colonel the password; he wished to go out of the lines. 'Chicago,' replied the colonel. But the sentinel said it was not the word, and [illegible] shot through him. He went [illegible] who heaven?' 'Thank God I do, Mr. Stuart,' he said; 'I learned it from you in a Sunday-school class, years ago, and, I trust, have acted on it: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."'"

SUMMER FASHIONS.

Palest baby blue and black is a fashionable color combination at the moment.

Elaborate hats, bonnets and wraps, but gowns of extreme simplicity, are the rule for this summer's fashions.

Yokes of all kinds, square, round and pointed, smocked and tucked, plain and braided, and half yokes, are all fashionable on children's dresses and coats.

A late fancy in Paris is the wearing in the hair of tortoise shell combs and pins with heads of faceted steel flowers that look like diamonds by gaslight.

A new departure in sailor hats are those of white muslin shirred over wire and trimmed with muslin loops at the back, amid which is set a cluster of some white or greenish-white flower.

Paris decrees that while tall, slender women may wear puffed sleeves at discretion, those who are plump or short must confine themselves to close-fitting ones, which, however, need by no means be devoid of ornament.

One very good black silk, made in good but unremarkable style, can be made by adding different vests, collars, cuffs and so on, to appear at least half a dozen gowns, so successfully, too, as to deceive the very elect.

The greens which are in vogue at present are not emerald nor olive shades, but pale reed green, a roseau, as the French call it. Nile green, snowball and water lily green, apple green, and the dull dark shades known as Florentine greens and serpent.

There is style as well as luck in odd numbers, especially as applied to tucks or rows of ribbon or puffs as trimming. Seven, five or three should be used; and if five puffs appear in a sleeve tie a ribbon bracelet between each one, while if three are chosen see to it that the middle one is shorter than those at top and bottom.

White muslin gowns for afternoon or morning wear are often made of soft nainsook, almost without dressing, have belted surplice waists with a ruffle of lace or embroidery at the throat, with the fullness shirred on cords to outline a yoke, and skirt of five full breadths, similarly shirred in front and at the sides, and falling straight for a very narrow space at the back under a full-looped ribbon sash.

A dressy way to vary the bodice of a lace gown is to have a pointed satin corsage, rounding over the chest in front, with shoulder-straps of the same, the back cut in a deep V. This forms a half low bodice, and to partly veil the neck, scarfs of lace are arranged in surplice fashion from the shoulder seams of the lace waist to the belt. The sleeves are unlined, and the corsage entire makes a becoming and comfortable one for evening or dinner wear whenever the weather is sultry.

The favor which India silks and foulards enjoy is due to the fact that a gown made of them is always bright and neat in appearance. They are much cooler than any of the corded silks, and so far pleasanter for hot-weather wear. These fabrics lend themselves to any sort of draping and trimming, being supple yet firm of texture, and are much less liable to crumple or lose their dressing than lawn or muslin, and the silk is so light, yet so protective, that it proves a most sensible and satisfactory selection in a dress for our fitful climate.

The bustle has diminished, the towering height of hats and bonnets has come down to a very becoming medium, the disfiguring, high-pointed shoulder effects have vanished, but few iaced forms are seen, the silly French heel has wholly disappeared, and altogether fashion this season has won golden opinions from the critics, and even the chronic grumblers have had less to say than usual. What in style was once arbitrary has become eclectic and diversified, so that a fashionable assemblage is the most kaleidoscopic collection of the best in form, style, fabric, color, and cut that was ever known to exist. Fashion's inspirations in these days are drawn from all sources, artistic as well as industrial, and reproduce the very best ideas of the past, modified by the cultivated and advanced tastes, as well as practical demands, of the present. It is impossible that this or that is the fashion in any sense of limitation, because there is hardly a limit to the boundary lines now, under the vast and wonderful dominion of the "fickle goddess."—New York Post.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Doubtless.

Time.

"What did Jonah do when he got out of the whale?"

"Told some fish-story, I suppose."

A Big Lift.

Harpers' Bazar.

Deacon (to country minister)—"I s'pose, parson, that the advance in your salary from $500 to $600 will be a big help to you?" Minister—"Yes, indeed; the additional $100 will enable me to hire a man to collect the $500."

One of the Nobodies.

Time.

Great Editor—What? You don't read the newspapers during political campaigns?

Ten-dollar-a-week Clerk—No; what's the use? There are never any arguments in them to interest me. I'm not a Workingman, with a big W. I'm only one of the 40,000,000 other people.

Applying the Rule.

Christian Advocate.

"Ma," remonstrated Bobby, "when I was at grandma's she let me have two pieces of pie." "Well, she ought not to have done so, Bobby," said his mother. "I think two pieces of pie are too much for little boys. The older you grow, Bobby, the more wisdom you will gain." Bobby was silenced, but only for a moment. "Well, ma," he said, "grandma is a good deal older than you are."

Must Be Rescued Grammatically.

Utica Observer.

He was rescuing her from the billowy waves, but it looked as if they might never see Boston again.

"Hold on tight, Penelope," he gasped, "hold on tight."

"Don't say hold on tight," gurgled the girl, with her mouth full of Atlantic ocean; "say hold on tightly."

Natural to Childhood.

New York Sun.

Mrs. Isaacstein (to husband)—Dot leetle Jacob has been a very pad poy to-day.

Mr. Isaacstein—Vas dot so?

Mrs. Isaacstein—He vent into der closet und ate all oof dot limburger kase.

Mr. Isaacstein (looking fondly at young Jacob)—Oh, vell, Rebecca, dot vas not so pad; dot vas natural; all dose leetle shildrens haf dot se-veet tooth.

She Bought a New One.

Puck.

Mrs. Gorham Ware—I must run, now, dear. We're going to have a dreadful shower. I hope your dress won't spot. Why did you come out to-day without an umbrella?

Miss Korton—Oh, don't know; I suppose because you borrowed it yesterday.

Mrs. Gorham Ware—How stupid of me to forget! This is your umbrella, isn't it? Well, I'll send it around just as soon as I get home.

A Question for Mr. Dana to Answer.

Puck.

Editor Dana, of the Sun, thinks that young people should never kiss until after they are married. We wish Mr. Dana would tell us what to do when you softly and tremblingly ask, "Will you be mine?" and she still more softly and tremblingly answers, "Yes!" It is our humble and inalienable opinion that if God ever made a kiss for anything in the world He made it for that supreme moment. We have spoken.

An Explanation Desirable.

New York Sun.

He was doing very nicely in the parlor, when a solemn voice came through the open window from the porch:

"That young man makes me very tired."

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Sampson," said the girl, as he hastily started up, "it is only Polly, our parrot."

"I understand it's the parrot," he replied, "but I would like to know who taught her to talk."

Financial Acumen.

Chicago Tribune.

A young man who has a deposit in a downtown savings bank called and asked to withdraw a single dollar of his hard-earned cash.

"We don't bother with nothing less than five dollars. If you want five dollars, you can have it, but nothing less."

"But it is printed in the pass-book that sums of one dollar and upward will be received on deposit."

"Yes; but that's a different thing. You can deposit less than five dollars."

The young man was thoughtful for a moment, and then he said, "Well, let me have five dollars in one-dollar bills." The money was gracefully flipped out to him. He put one of the bills into his pocket and handed the remaining four back, with the remark that he wished to deposit the

THE "E[illegible] Universelle de l'art Culinaire, awarded [illegible] t honors to ANGOSTURA BITTERS as [illegible] efficacious stimulant to excite [illegible] o keep the digestive organs in

Written for the Sunday Journal.

The Tired President.

[*Tune to Kingdom Coming.*]

You all have heard of Grover Cleveland
The reform (?) candidate,
Who will be blowed up with his free-trade message
In November, eighty-eight.
Vetoing bills for private pensions
Made him very tired in May,
So he packed his kit and sneaked off fishing
On Decoration day.

CHORUS.

Yes Cleveland's tired we know,
But the boys in blue will vote
To send him fishing up Salt river
In his free-trade British boat.

He looked for smoke from the iron fact'ry
Where the mighty forges glow;
But the lab'ring men were paying honor
To the men who whipped our foe.
They had left their work to scatter flowers
Where our dead heroes lay,
While he felt so tired and sneaked off fishing
On Decoration day.

CHORUS.

Yes Cleveland's tired, we know,
But the lab'ring men will vote, etc.

We have found a man in Indiana,
Of back-bone and of might,
Who fought the foe and did not tire
While standing for the right.
When President he'll stand for honor
And give the soldiers pay,
And not get tired and sneak off fishing
On Decoration day.

CHORUS.

For Harrison, hurrah!
Let tired Cleveland wait,
As the Nation's vote will send him fishing
In November, eighty-eight.

LIGONIER, Ind. —W. E. Harsh.

De Year o' Jubilo.

Air—"Kingdom Comin'."

Say, darkies, hab you seen old massa
Wid de hankchief round he t'roat,
Gwine long dis road some time dis mornin',
Like he gwine in town to vote?
He shibber jes' same like he used to shibber
When the Yankee army came—
An' I'll bet ten dollar de Democratic party
Ben a-playin a losin' game.

Chorus—De Republicans laugh, ha! ha!
De Democrats run, ho! ho!
It must be now Ben Harrison's comin'
An' de year o' jubilo.

Ole massa wore he big revolver.
Like he gwine out for to shoot,
An' car'd he shotgun ober he shoulder,
An' he bowie-knife in he boot;
He say we nigger better stay close home
An' nebber go near de polls;
But I'll bet ten dollar de Democratic party
Am a-driftin' on de shoals.

Chorus—

I heerd ole massa talk dis mornin',
He was clear troo bilin' mad;
I specs he 'fraid dat de solid South
Gwine to get beat mighty bad.
He talk free trade, but as shoo's you born
Dere was sumpin on his mind,
An' I'll bet ten dollar de Democratic party
Am a-gwine to get lef' behind.

Chorus—

I don' like dis yere red bandaana,
It 'minds me o' 'fore de war;
Gib me de flag dat freed de nigger,
Dat's de flag I'se prayin' for;
For de Stars an' Stripes an' Harrison
Dis nigger'll pray and shout;
An' I'll bet ten dollar de Democratic party
Am a-gwine to step down an' out.

Chorus—

SPRINGFIELD, Mass. —E. P. D.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Fate.

Maud, gathering roses on the lawn,
Bends her proud head with softest sigh,
And glances shyly at grave John,
Who looks, but saunters slowly by.

And as he spies fair May's bright face
Amid the window violets gleam,
With beating heart he speeds his pace,
But May slow stitches down her seam.

'Tis not the pink of summer's flush
(When later on Phil homeward goes),
That brings her cheek its sudden blush,
As he a light smile quickly throws;

Which changes soon to sharp regret,
As Maud walks in with stately tread,
And does not see his glance; and yet,
For just the gift of one rose red

He'd barter every violet blue,
And flower that grows beneath the sky.
Ah! life's a tangled skein, that you
Or I cannot unwind. Why try?

—Sharron Heath.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

The Mute Poet.

His soul was full of music never sung;
Of strange, sweet melodies that never broke
From their imprisonment, nor e'er found tongue
To voice their beauties; and though angels spoke
To him in dreams and brought him fancies sweet,
Still he was mute, and though he strove to sing
His thoughts, no words came to him to repeat.
Nor could his vagrant fancies voices bring,
But all the while his nature, stern with strife,
Was softened by the stirring thoughts within,
And milder, gentler grew, while all his life
Became a grander poem than aught sung by men.
So when at last age came and great death-faint,
Dull men, revering, christened him a saint.

—Richard K. Lyon.

Midsummer.

Roses and pansies and butterflies,
Humming-birds, swallows and bumble-bees,
Silvery cloudlets and turquoise skies,
And the crystal ripple of rain in the trees.

Deep cloud shadows on hills far away,
And the rustle of leaves in the shady lane,
Where the wind steals the odor of new-mown hay
As it dimples the breast of the golden grain.

One day when the drifted snow lay deep
By the windy marge of a frozen stream,
'Neath the kiss of spring, winter fell asleep,
And the drowsy midsummer 's his poppied dream.

—R. K. Munkittrick, in Puck.

One Mill Makes a Bill.

He lay upon his dying bed,
His chance was growing slim,
When with a feeble voice he called
His henchman Dan to him.
"O bring me quick my good stuffed club,
That I Sir Mills can kill
For busting up my second term
By that blanked free-trade bill."

—Sherman D. Richardson, in Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

A Feminine Aeronaut.

Paris Dispatch to London Telegraph.

A Parisian lady of high rank has lately attracted much attention owing to a remarkable balloon ascent which she had made in company with her husband. This lady, whose daring exploit deserves universal chronicling, is the Countess Chandon de Briailles, who, in fashionable life, is famous as an amateur actress of no mean ability, and recently walked away with the palm for histronic honors at some private theatricals given by a marchioness whose fetes and festivities are familiar to all those courtly chroniclers known here as reporters-mondains. Mme. la Comtesse and her husband, disdaining the ordinary means of locomotion which are employed by minor mortals, embarked in a balloon in Paris for the purpose of proceeding to their country-seat at Epernay. The plucky aeronauts, after having touched terra firma in dangerous proximity to a railway three times, finally descended, safe and sound, in the grounds of their chateau, which they reached before the servants and furniture had arrived from Paris.

A Black and White Dinner.

Richmond Special.

It has just leaked out here that the Bourbon party is trying to break the color line for its own benefit in a secret way. Last week W. R. Trigg, president of the Electric railway line, issued invitations to a banquet to five prominent colored men of this city. There were also present Col. N. V. Randolph, W. R. Meredith, prominent Democrats of Richmond, and Maurice B. Flynn, of Norfolk, the owner of the Richmond city railways, and others. Mr. Trigg presided, and addresses were made by Randolph, and Meredith. Whites and blacks sat at the same table and ate and drank and were merry together. Randolph and Meredith are representatives of Richmond aristocracy, and the people are much stirred up over the matter.

As to the purpose of this social gathering the impression is that it is a bold step towards getting the colored people to vote the Cleveland ticket this fall, and a bid for assistance through the agency of Flynn's large interests in this city. Society is greatly moved by the event, and the Republicans are watching the result.

How to Eat Watermelons.

Atlanta Constitution.

The art of eating a watermelon and keeping cool is as simple now as it was in the days of long ago. The rind should be split with a sharp-bladed knife, so that when the melon is divided the heart of it shall rest in halves in one lucious, juicy lump. The knife should then be carefully wiped and put in the pocket. Then the coat should be taken off, and the sleeves rolled up; plunge the right hand under one end of the heart and the left under the other; lift the dripping mass to the mouth and fall to. The juice will trickle down your arms and saturate your face, but what of it? There is plenty and to spare, though the feast is the rarest to be found on earth.

SUMMER-RESORT NOTES.

Boston Transcript.

A pleasant way of spending the summer has been devised by a member of the Harvard faculty at Canobie lake. He has a convenient cottage, built on a floating raft consisting of fifty-three empty oil casks. The dwelling is towed about the lake wherever its owner desires to go.

The Hotel Kaaterskill, among the Catskill mountains, New York, issues a pretty weekly publication from its office full of mountain notes and tourist personals. The Kaaterskill claims to be a sort of Saratago on a mountain top. Its park includes the far-famed Kaaterskill Falls and Sunset Rock, and the drives are unsurpassed.

A Massachusetts man has bought ninety acres of land at Islesborough, near Turtle Head, and is founding a new summer resort, which he calls Naples, which overlooks a distinctively New England harbor, bearing the name of "Bay of Naples." The site happens to be a good one, and the blocks and streets have already been laid out by an expert civil engineer.

The season at the various White mountain resorts has opened slowly. The number of arrivals is comparatively small, and probably a week will yet elapse before a dozen of the mountain hotels are crowded. The number of advance engagements for August, however, is sufficiently encouraging to justify landlords in predicting a prosperous season.

The view from Carter Dome, writes a tourist in Among the Clouds, is one of the finest in the White mountains. It is the only summit that is round like the top of a symmetrical head. It is covered with fir scrub, and the only lookout is from a tripod which the woodman's ax has erected for that purpose. It is not a place where you could easily spend the night, because there is no water to be had, but for a mid-day outlook the view is incomparably beautiful.

Newport's summer residents are much put out by the way their interests are served by the local authorities. The streets are not properly watered, they complain, and the roadways are not in as good shape as they should be to suit the feet of their expensive horse-flesh, and that the tradesmen gouge them on every opportunity. The local business men will suffer, as the cottagers swear that they will order all the goods they can from their winter homes rather than purchase them in a place where they feel that their coming is not appreciated.

The cottage at Long Branch which was made so famous by the death of a President within its walls has not been changed in the least since his death. I has not even received a new coat of paint, and the dull wood color and red trimmings are becoming duller every day. The cottage is at present occupied by C. E. Sands, of New York, and his family. The lawn surrounding it is well kept, and the old road, on which hundreds of willing hands labored with all their might in putting down the ties and rails over which the wounded President's car was rolled, is in excellent condition.

The Adirondacks proper, writes a visitor, are a disappointment. They are good, round family mountains from a distance, but the forests are not grand anywhere, and the treatment of the trees in "barking," which leaves them scorched and dead, gives them a ghastly aspect, and along the base of the mountains the serried ranks of pines and firs struggling upward for light betray skeletons below most unlovely. The wildness is gone, the clearings up the slopes present a spectacle of stumps, trunks and huge roots like the bones of saurians. They are not picturesque, save in spots.

The Missisquoi spring at Sheldon, Vt., which was called the "Baden-Baden of America" twenty years ago, has been bought by a New York syndicate with Alexander R. Shepherd the head. The property will be improved at once; cottages will be built in the vicinity of the spring, and the water, which has been known for its healing effects for over one hundred years, will be restored to the market. The surrounding country was once filled with well-patronized hotels, and the shipments from the spring to all parts of the world amounted to $90,000 a year. The resort was broken up by bitter lawsuits and disagreements, and everything has been allowed to go to ruin.

Love at a Summer Resort.

Bar Harbor Letter.

Various are the methods which genius, quickened by the tender passion, invents for the safe and stealthy delivery of love's vaporings in the form of billets-doux; but Bar Harbor has a system which is peculiarly its own. It is nothing more than the employment of long-haired poodies, to whose collars the notes are attached, and which are effectually concealed in the shaggy hair of the dog. These trained pets may be seen running around the halls and parlors, and even into the dining-rooms of the hotels, in search of their mistresses, on the discovery of whom they jump into their laps and allow the softly-scented notes to be detached, and are rewarded according to the nature of the tidings that they may bring. There is one of these little fellows attached to the suite of a family who are stopping at the Belmont, and his achievements in this direction outrival those of any carrier pigeon that the writer has ever heard of.

Watterson Is Not Concerned.

Long Branch Letter.

Henry Watterson has been knocking about the Branch the past two days as gay and frisky as a Kentucky two year-old. The world is as beautiful as a dream to him, and now that he has brought the country face to face with his ideal scheme for free trade, and while others are bearing the brunt of the battle, the genial Kentuckian is enjoying a perfect bridal tour with his star-eyed goddess. He has been doing the Eastern summer resorts the past three weeks. Last night John Chamberlain gave a dinner party in his honor. The guests were John Russell Young, Parker C. Chandler, George C. Gorham, Miles Rose, Frank McLaughlin, W. M. Connor and Berry Wall. When Mr. Watterson was charged the other day with having forced on the Democracy the one issue on which defeat was probable in this campaign he replied that he was not looking for victory or defeat, but for principle. He is not concerned about the fate of the party, now that he has got it committed to free trade, for when the platform was completed his labors ended.

The Thin Woman.

New York Graphic.

Thin women are dangerous. A fat woman has got to be good-tempered and easy-going. I think temper is all in the bones anyway, and when a woman is fat the temper becomes absorbed before it comes to the surface. But when a woman is thin the temper is right there on the surface. If ever a fat woman has a high temper it is awful. She never cools. A thin woman cools off quickly, but she heats up again just as quickly. A thin woman with a good temper comes just as near being an angel anybody can on this earth—if she isn't too thin.

A thin woman can dress in a white robe, and if you put a harp into her hand she'll look exactly like an angel. Could a fat woman ever look like an angel in any dress? No. As for a man, the idea that they ever make men angels is absurd. They make statuary out of some of them, but not many, after all; and—well—how does the best-looking man in the world look when he gets out of bed to see where a fire is or to light the gas? But a thin woman is insidious. When a woman has a stout, full figure there's no expression to her. She's a series of curves that don't change. No. There's something about a thin woman you can't describe that is dangerous to the peace of man. Still, people do love fat women often.

Autographs Valued at $75,000.

New Haven Palladium.

The late Dr. Edward H. Leffingwell's $75,000 collection of autographs has, for several years, been kept in a cabinet with other valuable papers belonging to Dr. Leffingwell, in the rooms of the Historical Society at the old State-house. By his will it becomes the property of a niece.

The signatures consists of the names of all the people of historical preminence for the last three centuries. Some even date further back, as that of Christopher Columbus.

There are the names of the crowned heads of England, France and Spain, and all the illustrious authors, painters, sculptors, generals and politicians. The names of actors and actresses find a place in the collection. Although the collection is made up largely of the names of foreign celebrities, Dr. Leffingwell did not forget America, and among others are the autographs of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Roger Williams, Martin Van Buren, John Trumbull, Zachary Taylor, William Penn, James Madison, George Washington, Francis S. Key, Robert Fulton, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, J. Fenimore Cooper, Archbishop Hughes, of New York, Henry Clay, William Cullen Bryant, James C. Ayer, George Bancroft, and Henry Ward Beecher.

Think of It.

Indianapolis News Record.

Indianapolis has many churches and churchgoers but with the Protestants, religion is a cloak, pleasant in winter only. Think of grand churches and preachers who get weekly notice in the daily press with congregations numbering twenty-seven, thirty-six, and forty-two at Sunday evening service!

The New Feminine Foot.

Clara Belle's Letter.

Hitherto, shoes have tended to make a girl's feet seem like something separate and distinct from herself. Now it is different. Her summer shoes [illegible] between all angels and [illegible] feet appear to really belong to her, as much so as though they were bare.

The pliability of the suede kid enables her to be—so far as decorum permits—as expressive with her feet as with her hands. So pedal shapeliness and suppleness counts for a great deal this season, and it is a fact, more than a fancy, that many a girl can walk right into the heart of a fellow. A pair of No. 2's clad in the highest style of delicacy will make him feel that if she were to "jump on him with both feet," as the slang goes, he would be simply delighted.

AMUSEMENTS.

A Lecture Everybody Wants to Hear:

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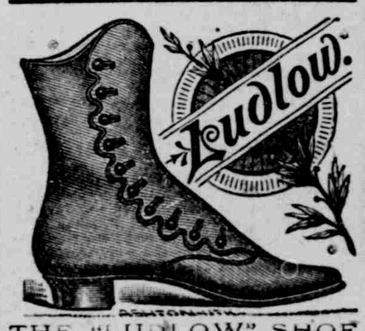
For tickets, berths, instructions, etc., apply, Indianapolis, at Monon Route (L., N. A. & C. Railroad), 26 South Illinois street.

Number of tourist tickets from each division is limited. Reduced rates given to Chicago and return.



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RAILWAY TIME-TABLES.

PENNSYLVANIA LINES—THE DIRECT AND POPULAR PASSENGER ROUTES.

Trains leave and arrive at Indianapolis as follows:

PANHANDLE ROUTE—EAST.

Leave for Ptsbrg & N. Y.	4:30am	2:55pm	5:10pm	
" " Richmond and Columbus		9:00am	4:00pm	
Arrive from N. Y. & Pitsbg	11.40am	7:50pm	10:20pm	
" " Columb'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	8:00pm
Greencastle and Terre Haute Accm				4:00pm
Arrive from St. L.	3:40am	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.

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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	*8:40 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