READING FOR THE SABBATH.

Sunday-School Lesson for Sept. 16, 1888.

THE SMITTEN ROCK—Num. xx, 1-13.

Golden Text—They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them; and that rock was Christ.—1 Cor. x, 4.

Mon.—Num. xx, 1-13.......Twice smitten.
Tues.—Exod. xvii, 1-7.......Once smitten.
Wed.—Deut. viii, 1-20.......Water from the rock.
Thurs.—Psa. cv, 26-45.......Opening the rock.
Fri.—Psa. lxxxi, 1-16.......Proved at Meribah.
Sat.—1 Cor. x, 1-13.......Drinking from the rock.
Sun.—John iv, 1-14.......Fountain in the heart.

THE LESSON STORY.

More than thirty-seven years had gone by since the Israelites were so near the promised land, but could not go in because of their unbelief. The morning after the day told about in our last lesson, when they cried and said the ugly words to Joshua and Caleb, who wanted them to go and fight the giants, the people saw that they had been foolish, and were ready then to go and take the land God had promised them; but God had seen their unbelief, and had said they must go back into the wilderness—they were not fit to go into Canaan. But in spite of God's command, and all that Moses said to keep them back, they went out to battle, without the pillar to guide, and were terribly beaten.

Many things happened in the thirty-seven years. Many of the older people had died, and those that were children had grown up. But all the time God had led, taught and fed His people, and now they were again in the place on the border of Canaan where they had been nearly forty years before.

But here was a new trouble: No water to drink; the sun scorching hot; the rivers and brooks dried up because there had been no rain; and every one of all the men, women and children, and all the cattle, almost wild with thirst. It was hard to bear, of course, and yet wouldn't you think they would have said, "God can send us water; He has fed us with manna all these years, and He gave us fresh, pure water before when all the water we could find was bitter?" But instead of believing that the God who had done so much would still care for them, they began again talking bitterly to Moses. Moses and Aaron went to God with their trouble, and He told Moses to gather the Israelites together near a great rock, take his rod in his hand and speak to the rock, and from it would come water enough for all the Israelites, and their cattle, too.

Moses gathered the people together; but he was out of patience with them. To be sure, they had behaved very wickedly a great many times, and always before Moses had been patient; but their wickedness could not excuse him for speaking hastily, and now he talked angrily to the Israelites, and instead of speaking to the rock he struck it twice with the rod. The water gushed out, and all the thirsty multitude were refreshed; but God was not pleased that Moses had spoken and acted as he did. It was a bad example for the leader to set before the people, and as a punishment God told Moses that he could not go into the promised land.

From the previous rebellion of Israel to this lesson, for the long space of nearly eight and thirty years, we have hardly any record of their history. It is doubtful if there was anything worth recording, and so the inspired writer kindly passes it over in significant silence. The tribes had been scattered up and down the desert (Num. xiv., 25-34), doing about as they pleased, and giving but small attention to the leaders and the Levites, who kept up the forms of worship under Aaron and his sons. Nearly all of the people must have died in this wilderness life, as they wandered from Kadesh to Ezion-Geber (Num. xxxiii, 19-36). Their "little ones," instead of becoming "a prey" to the Canaanites (xiv, 31), became a new and better nation, with better ideas, and God fulfills his promises to them instead of to their fathers. Once more Moses calls the tribes together to Kadesh, from which place they begin the new march to Canaan, which they enter within a year. But while they tarry there, Miriam, the sister of Moses, dies. Here the people are led to complain of the lack of water, and to blame Moses for bringing them together in such a place. It was at this place that Moses again brought water from the rock; but it was done in such a way as to bring upon him the displeasure of God. It is the story of doing a right thing in a wrong way, and doing good in such a spirit that he dishonors himself and fails to honor God.

HINTS AND HELPS FOR TEACHERS.

Some Test Questions—1. Locate on the map the desert of Zin and Kadesh. 2. Who was Miriam? 3. Where and how did their brethren die "before the Lord?" (verse 3.) 4. In what form did God's glory appear unto Moses and Aaron? 5. What was the preceding history of Aaron's rod? 6. What was the exact command that God gave to Moses? 7. In what ways did Moses exceed the commands of God? 8. How did Moses fail to sanctify God in the presence of the people, and what was the punishment? 9. Why was Aaron punished with Moses?

SOME POINTS FOR CLASS TALKS.

1. The calls of God that bring together his people for great forward movements. 2. "They gathered themselves together against Moses," or blaming the minister instead of God. 3. "And there was no water for the congregation." "No water," yet every rock, and hill, and valley was full of it, waiting to obey the call of God. 4. "Would God we had died." Our discomforts often make us rebels or cowards; yet there was the making of heroes in these same men. 5. "And they fell upon their faces." Sometimes we can only bow down and wait for God. 6. "Take the rod * * * and speak unto the rock." The word of the Lord is our rod of power. Believe that God is with it. 7. "Must we fetch you water?" God does not hold us responsible for results; but He does ask simple obedience in the use of appointed means. 8. "The water came out abundantly." God does not punish the people for the error of Moses. The people are often helped and comforted by unworthy ministers. Success does not prove the favor of God. 9. Moses did not enter Canaan, but he did not lose heaven.

Religious Notes.

Those who always love have not the leisure to complain and be unhappy.—Joubert.

The three essentials to human happiness are, something to love, something to do, and something to hope for.

It is of no concern to Christianity what you and I think of it, but it is an immense concern to ourselves.—President R. D. Hitchcock.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it, but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.—Mme. de Stael.

The hardest of all church debts to get rid of is the spiritual mortgage held by some powerful predecessor.—Syracuse Christian Advocate.

Twenty years ago the gospel was not allowed to enter Spain; now there are between 10,000 and 12,000 adherents of the evangelical churches.

You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve yourself.—Ruskin.

The centenary of Alexander Campbell, founder of the "Christian" Church, will be observed by special services in all the churches of that denomination Sept. 16.

The true Christian is like the sun, which pursues its noiseless track and everywhere leaves the effect of his beams in blessing upon the world around him.—Luther.

It is the purpose of the Free Church of Scotland, before the year 1893, the fiftieth anniversary of the disruption, to pay the entire indebtedness on its churches. Four years ago the indebtedness was $1,345,000.

We never know through what divine mysteries of compensation the great Father of the universe may be carrying out his sublime plan; but the words, "God is love," ought to contain to every doubting soul the solution of all things.—Mrs. Muloch.

It is said that the very house in which Tom Paine wrote "The Age of Reason" is now the property of a good Methodist class leader, and that the press on which "The Age of Reason" was printed is now in Geneva, and is used for nothing but to print Bibles.

A London preacher placarded the city with notices that he would preach in Spurgeon's Tabernacle on the subject: ",—;—:—!—!—." There was a large congregation, to whom he announced the text: "Stand thou still awhile," and then said that his subject was "The Pauses of Life."

To be incapable of temptation is the privilege of involuntary creatures; a man, or an angel, dares not desire it. So long as he feels who it is that has made him capable of such danger, who has given him a will, he is safe; for his life is a prayer that he may not be left to his own guidance.—F. D. Maurice.

Fifty years ago seven shoemakers in a shop in the city of Hamburg said, "By the grace of God we will help to send the gospel to our destitute fellow men." In twenty-five years they had established fifty self-supporting churches, had gathered out 10,000 converts, had distributed 400,000 Bibles and 8,000,000 tracts, and had carried the gospel to 50,000,000 of the race. It would only take 150 of such men to carry the gospel to the whole world in twenty-five years.

When the inhabitants of Mentone desired a visit from the Prince of Savoy they made a way for him over the mountains. Hills were tunneled and valleys bridged, that the beloved sovereign might receive the welcome of his subjects. If we would really welcome the Lord Jesus we must make a road for Him by abasing our pride, elevating our thoughts, removing our evil habits and preparing our hearts. Never did a soul cast up a highway for the Lord and then fail to enjoy His company.—Spurgeon.

"Brethren," said a Tennessee preacher, "don't put Pontius Pilate down as a bad man. He wasn't a bad man; he was only a weak one. He himself would much rather have released our Saviour, but he couldn't resist the pressure of the Scribes and Pharisees and the howlings of the rabble. He didn't have any backbone. He wasn't bad, he was a poor creature—in fact, there was nothing to him. Brethren, if Gen. Andrew Jackson had been in Pontius Pilate's place that trial would have had a different ending."

Now that they are discussing in England the question of marriage, the words of "Chinese" Gordon on the subject are appropriately recalled: "I think that, happen what will, a husband ought to take his wife and children with him wherever he goes, and trust God with the results; the separation is unnatural and shows how little we trust God. It is not the climate, it is not the fever, but it is He who snaps the thread, for wise purposes of His own. Bridge the grave this side of it, and these very temporary separations will lose their sting."

The Christian Inquirer (Baptist) says: "An English clergyman, who, contrary to the generality of his brethren, fraternizes with Congregationalists and Baptists, and works with them, remarked the other day that he disliked the term 'unhappy divisions;' there were happy divisions, as different members of the same body. Many people who bemoan the 'unhappy divisions' help to make a good deal of the unhappiness by continually calling attention to the divisions, like those benevolent people who remind sick people of their ailments."

The Independent says: "It is said that the Bishop of Ely proposes to license his deacons to preach only one original sermon a week, the other sermon to be selected from such volumes of homilies as he may authorize to be used. His idea is that two sermons a week requires too much labor of young men who should be giving their time to study. That is an excellent reason; but those who study the most are just the ones who will find it easiest to prepare two sermons of twenty minutes each week. More men suffer from not doing enough work at composition than from doing too much."

Learn to say Yes; be thou thyself
A living affirmation.
So think and act that none shall need
To call thy faith in question.
Whose speech is all denial;
He best resists whom years of strife
Have fitted for the trial.
—Robert Whitaker.

THE LIFE THAT LIVES ON.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.
So when a good man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.
—Longfellow.

FISK AND THE METHODISTS.

The Rev. Dr. Dorchester Exposes a Campaign Roorback.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune.

A special dispatch from New York to The Boston Herald appeared in a recent issue of that paper which is liable to do much harm. It is a tissue of false statements, and so discreditable to General Fisk and to the Methodist denomination that, knowing as I do all the matters referred to, I feel called upon to make public correction.

The dispatch says: "General Fisk has performed a remarkable feat of political campaigning;"—"has set the machinery of the Methodist Episcopal Church to grinding out and thoroughly desseminating a manifesto for him;"—that "in the late General Conference, "he advocated a new and official expression of Methodist policy as to alcoholic beverages, and in consequence of his exertions, a committee was appointed to formulate a doctrine;" that "the General was not a member of that body, but it was his pen that wrote the report;"—that "a resolution was proposed and rapidly pressed through, ordering the tract society to print the report in tract form, etc.;"—and that this last action "was the privoted point of General Fisk's wheel within a wheel;"—that "an edition of 1,000,000 copies is to be printed by the end of August," "to be sent into every Methodist household;"—and that "the intention is that it [this tract] shall appeal, as by church authority, to Methodists to vote for General Fisk as the Prohibition candidate for the presidency."

Wonderful! wonderful! Is there any patent on the machine that forged this roorback? Is it not early in the campaign for roorbacks? Certainly, any machine that can grind out such forgeries must be tremendously overstrained, and must speedily break down. There are at least ten false statements (an excited politician would say lies) in the twenty lines of manuscript in which I have summarized the roorback.

1. It is not true that in the late General Conference General Fisk "advocated a new and official expression of Methodist policy as to alcoholic beverages." Nor did any member advocate any new expression on the subject; for the Methodist Episcopal Church has held the most radical doctrine of total abstinence for over half a century, and has repeatedly and officially renewed that expression, in over a dozen General Conferences. This year the conference, as the dispatch truly says, renewed its time-honored testimony in favor of total abstinence, etc.—language quoted from the report.

2. The committee on "temperance and prohibition" was not "appointed to formulate a doctrine on this subject."

3. Nor was the committee appointed "in consequence of his [Fisk's] exertions," but on the motion of other persons. It has been the invariable custom of the General Conferences for about one hundred years to have a committee on temperance; and this year, as always, it came up as a matter of course.

4. It is incorrectly said that General Fisk "was not a member of that body" (the committee on temperance and prohibition.) General Fisk was a member of the committee, but he held no official position in it.

5. It is not true that "it was his [Fisk's] pen that wrote the report." General Fisk wrote nothing on "temperance and prohibition" that came before the General Conference except a response to a memorial from the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. I was myself chairman of the temperance committee. The committee, when it met, appointed sub-committees, to whom separate items were referred. When the sub-committees reported to the general committee, it was voted that all the papers be put into the hands of the chairman, and that he have full power to draft the report to the General Conference, using his judgement freely in the matter. Accordingly, I took all the papers, prepared the report alone, and presented it the next day and to the General Conference.

6. As to the resolution instructing the Tract Society to print the report in form of a tract, for general circulation, I wrote that resolution. The idea originated in my own mind. It was a part of the report as presented to the conference. No other person had any share in it.

7. Furthermore, there was nothing in the report which favored the "third" or "Prohibition party," either directly or by any possible honest construction. General Fisk said to me: "I hope no one will be so unwise as to endeavor to commit this General Conference in favor of the 'third party.' We do not want to attempt to bind the church to any partisan action." The most conservative Republicans, as well as men of other parties, voted for the report, and it was adopted with little dissent.

8. We have no ultramontane hierarchy in the Methodist Episcopal Church, dictating political action, or disposed to do so. It would not be tolerated for a moment. Nor do Methodists vote for even estimable men for office because they are Methodists. In politics, political issues determine votes; and good Methodists sometimes champion unwise political measures, and do not receive the political support of their brethern.

DANIEL DORCHESTER.

BOSTON, Aug. 27.

Very Intellectual.

Table Talk.

Cultured Boston has inaugurated a quite new "fad" in entertaining. Less cultured folk might say the idea, quoted as "original," owes its conception to the once popular "thirteen puzzle." In issuing invitations to an evening party, a gentleman sent cards to ten young ladies and nine young gentlemen. Enclosed was a handsomely engraved card bearing the word, "Causerie," followed by the line from "Paradise Lost," "With thee conversing, I forget all time." No little curiosity was aroused. When the nineteen guests had assembled the host presented ten current topics for discussion, and instead of the gentlemen writing their names on the ladies' dance cards, the latter flitted about and selected their partners for a chat. As there was one lady too many, zest was added to the choice. But fifteen minutes was allowed for each conversation, when at the tinkle of a bell a new move was made. The "left-out" lady reports as having the best time of all; moving from couple to couple she ascertained "just how popular Mrs. Cleveland is in the country," "how many cigars the average man smokes in the course of a day," and "the one and only correct recipe for preparing Boston baked beans."

The Way It Goes.

Nebraska State Journal.

The author who turns out an average-sized book in a year is considered prolific. The newspaper man who turns out enough material to make forty average-sized books in a year, is referred to as having a soft snap. So runs the world away.

SIGHTS BY THE WAY.

Monotony of Travel When Journeys Are Frequent—The Railroaders' Apathy.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Inexperienced travelers rarely see anything more astonishing on their trips abroad than the apathy exhibited by the attaches of railway trains. To the home "lady," alert in every fibre, with every sense wide awake that no least trifle be lost, the unchanging countenance of conductor, brakeman and porter is an unsolvable enigma. They guess at the mystery, and the pathetic poem of Mrs. Hemans is suggested. The wanderer pro tem. concludes that some great grief has wrung the last atom of geniality from the heart of each one of these solemn men, and they brave the dangers of railroad life in utter indifference, since the blight fell upon them and Fate decreed they should never smile again. But if the inexperienced one finds himself compelled by business or duty to go over the same few miles, say a hundred, once or twice each year for five, or ten, or twenty years, he begins to have a faint idea of the unutterable weariness it must be to go up and down the same line once a day or on alternate days for that number of years. The idea can be but faint, since the traveler may read, look from the window or smoke (if the traveler happens to belong to the tobacco-loving sex) whereas, the man who works his passage must attend to his duties at regular times and places. There is no respite from the routine, and to save itself no doubt the soul goes to sleep, leaving the automatic body, the servant of habit, to endure the treadmill as it can. The passenger, as well as the train man, on a first trip may gaze upon the most commonplace scenery with some degree of interest, or with the hope of a change, or a faint curiosity as to the purpose of its creation. But the veteran trainman saw, only the day before yesterday, that same farm-house, with the group of tow-headed children in the door, their light brown mother behind them, and their dark brown father whittling the gate-post. He will see them again the day after to-morrow. The annual passenger has not seen them since last year. The children have grown taller, the father has shaved off his whiskers, and the mother has lost a front tooth. She leans forward to watch the train, and she has a curious, swaying motion—oh, she's rocking the cradle with her foot. But the trainman saw her do that last year for that embryo granger who clings to her skirts, and the year before the small Cincinnatus standing half way between the house and the gate was rocked. Its the same old story—nature's serial profusely illustrated. The cradle is always rocking. On a yearly trip one may gaze upon the new house or barn, free from the memory of its spasmodic efforts at getting itself together. There it stands, the materialized thought of its owner. The trainman has felt that house in the air ever since the first shovel full of earth was lifted for the cellar. He has watched it hopefully when the work was put forward with a full force of men, and he would say: "Now, this looks like business. The house will be finished before snow flies." Then for days together there would be but a solitary carpenter or mason "pottering 'round," and the despairing railroader would soliloquize: "That house will rot as it stands. What a good thing it would be if a spark from the engine should set it one fire! Of course it's insured." On rainy days, too, the sight was discouraging. Then the half-made thing looked more like a dismantled ruin than what it was growing to be, the pride of the neighborhood, where, at its warming, the local elocutionist declaimed:

Out of the old house, Nancy,
Moved up into the new.

Passing through a town once a year, one notices the fresh paint on the new roof that braces up and makes respectable the middle-aged houses. Some buildings are gradually lost sight of among growing trees. Sometimes one is refreshed with the sight of a new name over an office door at the very minute when the question arose: "Is that long-nosed pair, John Smith and father, still there?" Then came the wonder whether they were dead or gone West. The train man knows. He saw either the crape streamer or the packing-cases. Year grave-yards. Sometimes there are so many more after year the pilgrim sees changes in the country little head stones than there were a year ago, as if the children had played there last winter, building snow men, and all had melted but the snow-man's boots. Then a tall monument springs into view, and the pilgrim knows that the great man of the neighborhood, or "Susan Ann, the beloved wife" of the great man, is dead, and consigned "to the open hand of Time."

Sometimes one gets interesting particulars of the occurrence that cast a gloom from surviving friends who travel that way for a few miles. The sight of the monument brings it all back to them. If the survivors are men, and the deceased was the great man, the conversation was of the number of acres to which he read his title clear, the flocks and herds that were his, the amount he had invested in stocks and bonds, and how near the heirs are to scalping each other in their efforts at an unequal division. If the survivors are women, and the dead was the great man's wife, then the talk runs on memories of the wedding-day; the number of children there are, living and dead, and a final decision as to whether the handsome ones favored his or her folks. There are nods, and sneers, too, that, interpreted, mean, "the widower is beginning to take notice." They review all the signs there were for weeks beforehand that there was to be a death in the house. One survivor remarks cheerfully: "I knowed, the very first time I seen her after she was took, that she'd never get up agin. There she was, all scrooched down in the bed, the bolster a foot away from the head-board, and she a-layin' there all crooked an' discouraged-like. Soon's I got home I told him how 'twould be."

And true enough, there is the monument proving that to "scrooch" is certain death.

One sees cultivated fields this year, where last year was a swamp full of coarse grass, weeds and "huckleberry" bushes. Then is explained the long black trench, the pyramids of tiling, and the men stalking about in rubber boots of a year ago.

But the train man saw the ditch staked off, and the tile unloaded from the wagons, and after all these hopeful signs of redemption, sometimes for days together the whole swamp was deserted because of high water. The trainman watched this work from its beginning. He even guessed what the farmer was thinking of when he saw him one day during the drought walking through the dry grass. The train man thought it was a good idea, but sometimes he grew so discouraged at the way the work dragged along he could almost have deserted the road forever for the sake of hurrying it through the draining of this swamp.

But whatever may have been his thoughts, he never forgot to punch a ticket, or turn a brake or charge "fifty cents all round," and he never smiled.

MARGARET HOLMES.

Pins, Twelve Dollars a Paper!

"Hard Times in the Confederacy," in September Century.

In August, 1864, a private citizen's coat and vest, made of five yards of coarse homespun cloth, cost $230, exclusive of the price paid for the making. The trimmings consisted of old cravats; and for the cutting and putting together, a country tailor charged $50. It is safe to say that the private citizen looked a veritable guy in his new suit, in spite of its heavy drain upon his pocket-book. In January, 1865, the material for a lady's dress, which, before the war, would have cost $10, could not be bought for less than $500. The masculine mind is unequal to the task of guessing how great a sum might have been had for bonnets "brought through the lines; for in spite of patient self-sacrifice and unfaltering devotion at the bedsides of the wounded in the hospital, or in ministering to the needs of relatives and dependents at home, the Southern women of those days are credited with as keen an interest in the fashions as women everywhere in civilized lands are apt to be in times of peace. It was natural that they should be so interested, even though that interest could in the main not reach beyond theory. Without it they often would have had a charm the less and a pang the more. Any feminine garment in the shape of a cloak or bonnet or dress which chanced to come from the North was readily awarded its meed of praise, and reproduced by sharp-eyed observers, so far as the scarcity of materials would permit. But fashion's rules were necessarily much relaxed in the Southern Confederacy, so far as practice went, when even such articles as pins brought through the blockade sold for $12 a paper, and needles for $10, with not enough of either.

Red Tape in Russia.

George Kennan, in September Century.

How easy it is in Russia to get a high official's signature to any sort of a document may be illustrated by an anecdote that I have every reason to believe is absolutely true. A "stolanachainik," or head of a bureau, in the provincial administration of Tobolsk, while boasting one day about his power to shape and direct governmental action, made a wager with another chinovnik that he could get the Governor of the province—the late Governor Lissogorski—to sign a manuscript copy of the Lord's Prayer. He wrote the prayer out in the form of an official document on a sheet of stamped paper, numbered it, attached the proper seal to it, and handed it to the Governor with a pile of other papers which required signature. He won his wager. The Governor duly signed the Lord's Prayer, and it was probably as harmless an official document as ever came out of his office.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

An Indianapolis Tourist's Notes of a Flying Trip to Some European Cities.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

LAKE LUCERNE, Aug. 12.—When I tell you that the ladies have not been without their wraps nor the gentlemen without their overcoats a single day since leaving New York, last June, you can form some idea of the cool summer we are experiencing. At this moment we are high up in the Swiss Alps, surrounded by glaciers and eternal snow, and the weather is quite cold. It seems strange that some enterprising Hoosier doesn't invent a machine for drawing down a stratum of cool air from the heavens just above the city, and in that way cool it off for so much a day during the intense heat. With that improvement, natural gas, a patent cloud-burst for laying dust and Mr. Love's hidden river Indianapolis might bid for her quota of the tourist trade. And, by the way, speaking of the tourist business, it is something enormous wherever we have been. People from all parts of the world seem to be traveling and sight-seeing. Americans and English are everywhere predominant, the former traveling as a matter of education, the latter principally for recreation. At the hospitals an American rushes through the wards taking down short-hand notes of everything, duly records the date of the founding of various cathedrals, heights of a hundred various peaks in the Alps, even if he never expects to see them again. John Bull goes over the same ground quietly and good-naturedly, non-contentiously—and just so he gets back to the hotel in time for table d'hote, and can get a good seat at the opera, he is satisfied. A good seat, as well as a good meal, isn't, as a general thing, a bad thing to have, whether in a nominating convention, railway carriage or during a procession, such as we saw the other day at Munich, and of which you have doubtless had telegraphic accounts.

Leaving Heidelberg, with its grand old castle, renowned university and silly dueling students, we journeyed on to Stuttgart. These so-called students, in answer to a "you-can't-lick-me," go to work hacking each other with swords, utterly disfiguring themselves for life. It is the most debasing, shameful piece of business I know of. There are strong suspicions that these brilliant fellows have a few extra scars added to increase their charms. Armed with these marks of scarassic destruction, a long pipe, a stick of wood for a cane, a bull dog, an embroidered jacket and a thimble cap, held on to the side of the head by a piece of rubber, they are supposed to be utterly irresistible "mashers," although I heard a lady irreverently remark that they were "perfectly hideous." Stuttgart must ever be dear to the Journal, as it is the city where Mr. H. New wrestled successfully with the intricacies of the German language. It is beautifully situated, in the middle of a valley surrounded by high hills. The latter are dotted by beautiful villas, which peep out here and there from the thick forests. This city offers its complement of palaces, parks, churches, museums, and public institutions, which the sight-seer or student is morally bound to visit. From here we went to Munich, the modern Mecca of artists and students of art. It is also important as a medical center, and, as I was informed by Professor Winkel, has more students than Berlin. Here I met an old townsman, Professor Parvin. A young Hoosier artist who is making his mark here, is Mr. Sam Richards. He is doing fine work in oil-painting, and deserves recognition from Americans. In the grand "salon," or collection of paintings, they have a room devoted to American artists. Americans draw well, but when it comes to the ideal and purely imaginative the Germans are much superior. No wonder that art flourishes in this country—it is appreciated, patronized and encouraged. Besides, the artist's national pride is a stimulus to his efforts, surrounded, as he is, by the French, Austrian, Italian, Belgian, English, and other schools. In this salon there is a perfect sea of pictures, many of them masterpieces, and with such a variety of treatment, infinite number of subjects, and different schools of painting, that one is dazed, hardly knowing how or where to commence the feast. Suffice it to say we all partook, enjoyed, and were satisfied. Hoping soon to tell you of other sights in Munich, I remain, respectfully,

CALVIN I. FLETCHER.

The Measure of a Man.

Boston Advertiser.

Two bright-looking women were talking in a Boston horse-car the other day, and mentioned the name of a mutual acquaintance. "I detest him for his cheap opinion of women," remarked one. "If he speaks of a clever woman, even, he seems to regard her as a joke that required some qualifying apology."

"Did you ever see his wife?" inquired the other. "Well, if you did, you'd understand it. When I learn a man's opinion and attitude toward women in general, I can always measure the quality of his wife."

"Oh," answered the other, with a judicial air, "that is very true; but it applies rather to men who know little of the world and things outside of their own homes. A man of varied acquaintance don't measure that way."

"Perhaps not; but few men have time or opportunity for a varied acquaintance in our busy land, and I'll stick to it that the average man measures all women by his wife." Some of the listeners smiled, and thought this was hard on the wives.

Rev. E. P. Roe's Estate for Sale.

New York Star.

The estate of the late Rev. E. P. Roe at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, is offered for sale by his widow. The sale is to be a private one. The place contains twenty-two acres of land, and has on it a commodious dwelling built in Queen Anne style, two and one-half stories high. It stands on a slight elevation 500 feet back from the road. There is also a barn and a stable on the place.

A survey of the homestead shows that the vines and trees were all planted very carefully and with the most systematic care. Mr. Roe gave his flower garden his personal supervision, and only a short time before his death succeded in engaging a man capable of ascertaining the actual values of the different varieties of small fruit and vegetables on the place. He had intended to write up the result for the benefit of the public. Part of the estate is occupied by an orchard of apple and pear trees, which, though fairly good, had not yet shown to any extent the results of special cultivation.

No Doubt About the Attitude of Women.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat (Rep.)

The lady who grabbed General Harrison's hand at Put-in-Bay and said, "I only wish I was a man, so I could vote for you," expressed the sentiment of a large majority of her sex throughout the country. If we had female suffrage in the United States Harrison would be elected by the largest vote ever given to any presidential nominee.

A Famous Doctor

Once said that the secret of good health consisted in keeping the head cool, the feet warm, and the bowels open. Had this eminent physician lived in our day, and known the merits of **Ayer's Pills** as an aperient, he would certainly have recommended them, as so many of his distinguished successors are doing.

The celebrated Dr. Farnsworth, of Norwich, Conn., recommends Ayer's Pills as the best of all remedies for "Intermittent Fevers."

Dr. I. E. Fowler, of Bridgeport, Conn., says: "Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."

Dr. Mayhew, of New Bedford, Mass., says: "Having prescribed many thousands of Ayer's Pills, in my practice, I can unhesitatingly pronounce them the best cathartic in use."

The Massachusetts State Assayer, Dr. A. A. Hayes, certifies: "I have made a careful analysis of Ayer's Pills. They contain the active principles of well-known drugs, isolated from inert matter, which plan is, chemically speaking, of great importance to their usefulness. It insures activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. Ayer's Pills contain no metallic or mineral substance, but the virtues of vegetable remedies in skillful combination."

Ayer's Pills,

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Sole Agent for Indianapolis.

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.

Cairo Express, Leave	7:10am
Vincennes Accommodation, Leave	4:00pm
Vincennes Accommodation, Arrive	10:50am
Cairo Express, Arrive	5:00pm

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
Greencastle and Terre Haute Accm			4:00pm
Arrive from St. L.	3:45am	4:15am	2:50pm
Terre Haute and Greencastle Accm			10:00am

Sleeping, Parlor and recling-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.

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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 Sleeping 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.

THE OLD RELIABLE LINE TO CINCINNATI — C. H. & D.

Dayton, Toledo, Detroit and the East. Night train (6:25 p. m.) for Toledo and Detroit.

Next $2.50 Cincinnati excursions Sept. 15, 16 and 17, account Drummers' Day at Centennial Exposition.

Trains Leave Indianapolis:
3.55 a. m. (daily), 10:50 a. m., 3:50 p. m., 6:25 p. m.
Trains Arrive at Indianapolis:
8:30 a.m., 11:40 a.m., 4:55 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.

MONON ROUTE — LOUISVILLE, NEW ALBANY & CHICAGO RY.

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11:15 p. m. (daily), arrive at Chicago at 7 25 a. m.
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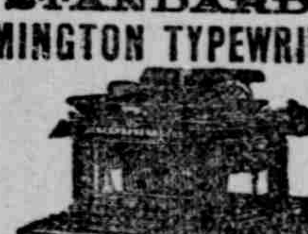

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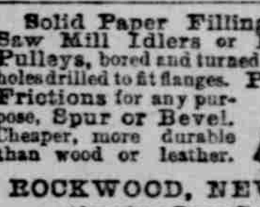

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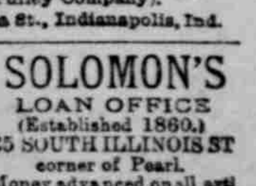

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