

ON THE TEXAS.

"Don't cheer, the poor devils are dying." The guns had just ceased their deep roar...

JUST TOO LATE.

An Experience on an Island in the South Pacific. By Herbert M. Brace.

THE storm was over. The Pacific had calmed again. The waves rolled in and broke on the sandy shore...

There were 12 of the blacks. They might have killed their two white "bosses," but they seemed to have been satisfied with leaving them to die of thirst...

The two white men were brothers. They had come to the island a few months before to superintend the guano gathering...

Another morning, and no sign of the boat in all the wide stretch of blue sea.

Harry roused himself from his stupor, and looked eagerly into his brother's face.

"No sign of the Martha this morning," Tom said, feebly.

The sick man fell back wearily. Tom Dudley turned his face away to hide his emotion.

"Well, never mind, old man," Harry tried to say, cheerfully, "we'll pull through all right, never fear."

Tom had not said, but Harry caught him unguarded for the moment.

waves and the silence of the sands, and Tom Dudley sank with a moan upon the beach.

The forced expression of cheerfulness went out of Harry's face as his brother left the hut, and he fell back exhausted upon the bed.

"Poor Tom, poor Tom!" he murmured. "To die like a rat in a trap! Oh, God! will the Martha never come? Oh, if I could but do something!"

"Two days, only two days more," he groaned, "and then—and then—oh, will aid never come!"

His eyes wandered around the hut again, as if in search of something, and fixed upon a cupboard on the wall.

By a superhuman effort he arose, staggered to the cupboard, and took a small tin can from one of the shelves.

"Ten grains should do it," he decided, "though Maury Tom used to take as much as that to make him drunk."

He put some of the stuff on the blade of his knife, looked at it eagerly for a moment, and then swallowed it.

He thought he could see the old home again. He could hear the birds singing in the apple tree before his bedroom window...

But he could not, he must not. Tom was calling from down in the orchard—calling to him—was waiting for him.

He had accommodated one man and was not going to be caught the same way again.

HORTICULTURE

FOR POTATO GROWERS.

Description of a Digger and Marker Which Does All the Work of a Costly Implement.

Those not fortunate enough to be provided with manufactured potato diggers and planters may find a saving of labor in using the tool here illustrated.



POTATO DIGGER AND MARKER.

ter than those from double-shovel plows, but I have used the latter successfully.

When digging time arrives, go over ground as if marking out, only bear on pretty hard, and pick up all potatoes exposed.

APPLES FOR VINEGAR.

Best Way of Disposing of the Early Varieties When They Can't Be Sold at a Profit.

Whenever there are more early apples than can profitably be sold, it is a good plan to make cider from them.

Heads that there is a difference between the gorilla and the man—a difference of blood globule, a difference of nerve, a difference of bone, a difference of sinew.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Clean culture gives the best results. Mildew is one sign of an exhausted soil.

Scattering soil under pear trees lessens blight. Examine the apple trees carefully now for borers.

One advantage with raspberries is that they are almost a sure crop and sell at fair prices.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

He Believes in Christian Evolution as a "Survival of the Fittest."

Some More Hot Shots at the Evolution Theory of Darwin and Huxley—Why Not Admit the One Great Mystery of God?

Dr. Talmage in this discourse advocates a Christian evolution in contradistinction to an infidel evolution, and declares that the only radically improving force in the world is Christianity.



REV. TALMAGE.

Now, I go on to tell you, it seems to me that evolutionists are trying to impress the great masses of the people with the idea that there is an ancestral line leading from the primal germ on up through the serpent, and on up through the gorilla, to man.

Heads that there is a difference between the gorilla and the man—a difference of blood globule, a difference of nerve, a difference of bone, a difference of sinew.

The evolutionists have come together and have tried to explain the bird's wing. Their theory has always been that a faculty of an animal while being developed must always be useful and always beneficial.

So they are confounded by the rattle of the rattlesnake. Ages before that reptile had any enemies, this warning weapon was created.

If there is anything in the world that will make a man bestial in his habits, it is the idea that he was descended from the beast.

He—Yes; it is true that Mr. Churchly has been found short in his accounts.

These latter cakes are nice and hot," said Mr. Hunker at the breakfast table.

full strength and can take care of itself. The human race for the first one, two, three, five, ten years is in complete happiness.

Evolutionists tell us that the apes were originally fond of climbing the trees, but after awhile they lost their prehensile power, and therefore could not climb with any facility.

I tell you plainly that if your father was a muskrat and your mother an o'possum, and your great aunt a kangaroo, and the loads and the snapping turtles were your illustrious predecessors, my father was God.

It seems to me we had better let God have a little place in our world somewhere. It seems to me if we cannot have Him make all creatures we had better have Him make two or three.

He has been only one successful attempt to pass over from speechless animal to the articulation of man, and that was the attempt which Balaam witnessed in the beast that he rode.

But says some one, "if we cannot have God make man let us have Him make a horse."

"What do you ask me such foolish things? You drink at my place more as 100 times."

"That has nothing to do with the case, Mr. S.—State to the jury where your piece of business is."

"Excuse me your honor; you drink at my place so many times I drink you know very well where I keep my piece of business."

"Up to Date." "Here, sir," exclaimed the little man in the gray suit, "I want to show you the last war atlas."

or two stanzas which I quote from an old book of more than Demosthenic, or Homeric, or Dantesque power.

Monarchs on earth of all lower orders of creation, and then lifted to be hierarchs in Heaven. Masterpiece of God's wisdom and goodness, our humanity; masterpiece of divine grace, our enthronement.

In the course of a lawsuit, involving the possession of a stock of goods, a man who had formerly been employed as a traveling salesman was testifying.

"Do you mean to say, sir," asked the attorney for the plaintiff, "that you can't remember what you carried in your valise on the trip in question?"

"I didn't say I couldn't remember," replied the witness. "I said that at this late day it was impossible for me to recollect everything I carried on that particular trip."

"Don't evade the question, sir!" thundered the attorney. "I want to know what was in that valise!"

"Samples." "Samples of what? Mention some particular things."

"Well," said the witness, after reflecting a moment, "I remember I had a sample of a rather inferior hair dye, about the sort, I judge, that you have on your whiskers, sir."

"You may stand aside!" growled the lawyer, after the noise in the court room had subsided.—Chicago Journal.

Foolish Questions in Court. A German saloonkeeper was on trial and had been sworn. One of the attorneys began to question him: