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LAUGHING AND WEEPING.

O childhood, happy childhood, how easily you laugh!
The saddest thing, the gravest thing, is all a jest to you;
And, if in patient harvestings you gather naught but chaff,
Your heart laughs on as ever, and your face is laughing, too.

O woman, tearful woman, how easily you weep!
In sadness and in gladness, too, your burning tear drops fall;
For sympathy so holds your heart it will not let it sleep.
But woman's tears make joy more bright, and grief no grief at all.

O manhood, cautious manhood, upon the brink of each,
Yet laughing not, and weeping not, though by the twain beguiled;
No longer smother heart and soul, but learn what God would teach
By the weeping of a woman and the laughing of a child.

—*George Birdseye, in Detroit Free Press.*

THE GROUND-HOG.

An Animal That Is a Good Deal Smarter Than He Looks.

How One Amused Himself With a Trap—Another Had Lots of Fun With a Flock of Sagacious Crows.

"Did you ever trap for a ground-hog?" asked State Printer E. F. Meyers. "If not, don't you ever do it. In the first place, if you catch your ground-hog you won't know what to do with it, for the skin is no good and the meat will spoil soap grease. In the second place, you would never catch one, for although the ground-hog looks like a chuckle-head he's smarter than a mustard plaster. You will only risk your trap if you try to catch a ground-hog, for the chances are that the sly old hibernator will come out of his hole, spring the trap with a stick or by tossing a stone on the plate and then lug it off a mile or so and bury it. A friend of mine once set a trap to catch a ground-hog, and the ground-hog hinted to him two or three times that he didn't want the trap around his diggings by carrying it away a half a mile and hanging it on a bush. But my friend thought he knew what was best for that ground-hog than the patiently protesting rodent did himself, and so kept on setting the trap right in front of the entrance to the wood-chuck's dwelling-place.

"One morning he went to look for it, and when he got within long gun-shot of the hole he saw the ground-hog dragging the trap by its chain off across the field in the direction of my friend's barn. The owner of the barn thought he would amuse himself by quietly watching the ground-hog to see where he intended to hide the trap. The ground-hog dragged the trap straight to the barn, which was nearly half a mile away, and my friend crept along within easy distance of it. The woodchuck took the trap around the corner of the barn. My friend had a young bird-dog chained in a kennel behind the barn. He crept on after the ground-hog, and peeking around the corner, saw the cute little beast steal up to one side of the kennel and slyly shove the trap in front of the entrance. Then it gave the kennel a kick with both hind feet. Out bounced the dog, slipped both fore feet in the trap, and snap she went. The dog was caught, and while his master was releasing the yelping pup the ground-hog strode away, and my friend says it looked exactly as if it were shaking all over with ghoulish glee. The trapper took that hint right home with him and made up his mind that unless he quit trapping for that ground-hog it would be trapping for him next, and so he quit.

"May be you never went out after crows with a gun? Don't go and waste your time doing that either. Crows have a nice eye for a gun and a big nose for powder. You can make a wooden gun so near like a real gun that it would fool the best gunmaker in the country, but it won't fool a crow. You can shoulder that wooden gun and start out thinking you will scare all the crows out of the neighborhood on sight, but they are on to you at once. They will sit right still on the fence, in the cornfield, or in the tall, dead tree, and just lie back and howl with joy at the way you are being fooled yourself, and won't go away until you hit them with a stone. The crows will get up and sail away for the next county before you come within half a mile of them. Why, if you should shake hands with a charcoal man to-day, and a year from to-day sit down on a barrel of saltpeter, you couldn't get within rifle range of a crow after that. They detect the smell of that combination of charcoal and saltpeter at once, and think you've got gunpowder about you. They know what powder can do, and off they go.

"Speaking of crows and ground-hogs puts me in mind of a funny thing I saw once while I was driving to Bedford Springs. It was in July, and the road was hot and dusty. I was driving along, thinking what colossal fame and fortune awaited the man who should invent a beer keg that you could carry under your wagon seat, and that would keep beer ice-cold and fresh on tap while the mercury was dallying with the top of the thermometer, when I heard a lot of crows making a big fuss over in a field of wheat stubble off to one side of the road. There were about fifty in the flock, and they were centered about a certain spot on the field, and individual members were darting up and down and to and fro, and all the time using language that certainly would have been shocking if translated into English. The noise made by the combined throats of the fifty excited crows may be imagined by any one who has ever been within listening distance of a flock of crows unusually disturbed. The way they were handling themselves and jawing made it plain that they had much more serious business on hand than their ordinary drudgery in corn-fields and their day-long tussles with non-combative scarecrows. I stopped my horse and proceeded to observe as well as I could what in the name of Sam Hill the rumpus was all about. I wasn't long in discovering that a ground-hog was the unfortunate creature of all this disturbance. The ground-hog has as sensitive a palate to the grain that tumbles down in the stubble as the cow has, and he had innocently ventured from his hole to feed a little. The crows had discovered him, and, looking upon him as an intruder, had at once set about ejecting him. The woodchuck's burrow was on a piece of elevated ground at one edge of the field, and he was seeking to show the crows that he meant no offense by trying his best to get out of the stubble and back to his own threshold. The crows did not mean to be propitiated by this effort of the ground-hog, and they assailed him on every side with sharp beaks and vicious claws. The progress of the ground-hog homeward was consequently painful and slow. Now and then his equanimity would be upset by some particular savage onslaught of the crows, and then he would turn and show fight; but that only increased the dimensions of the picnic the crows were having. As good luck had it for the woodchuck, he wasn't far from his hole, and by and by he reached it, and he went in his front door as if he had never been so glad to reach his humble abode before.

"The sudden disappearance of the ground-hog caused great consternation among the crows, and it was some time before they could make up their minds whether he had been whisked out of sight in the air or the bottom had dropped out somewhere and let him in. One big old crow flew around among the others and went through what seemed to be some sort of inspection as if he rather suspected that some one of them had swallowed the ground-hog at a gulp. But by and by they seemed to agree that the missing poacher had gone into the hole at the edge of the field, and then they flew at it and picked into it and swore like politicians. They quieted down after a time and held a solemn confab at the mouth of the ground-hog's den. The result of this consultation was that two wise-looking old crows flew to a rail fence twenty feet or so away and the rest returned and resumed their dinner. I was hot and so thirsty that my tongue felt like a whole potato in my mouth, but I made up my mind that I would see that circus out, and so I sat still in my wagon.

"The two crows on the fence watched that ground-hog's hole without once taking their eyes of it. I knew then that they had been placed there as sentinels to give the alarm if the impudent intruder on their field of labor should appear again. Twenty minutes went by and no sound was heard from the sentinels. Suddenly one of them stepped up close to his companion and mumbled something way down in his throat, as if he was whispering. Whatever he said seemed to strike the other crow as being the proper thing, and he mumbled something back. Then the two bobbed their heads and confabbed further for a minute or so, and then yelled to the flock out in the field. The whole lot came flying to the fence, and a great pow-wow was held. The noisy interchange of views seemed to end in a perfect agreement among the crows, for they all flew down in a body and surrounded the ground-hog's hole. I thought at first that they intended to go to work and dig the poor woodchuck out and make a meal of him, but that idea was soon knocked out of my head. What do you suppose they did? They all fell to with a will and began to fill that ground-hog's hole up with stones and dirt. They worked and they worked and they worked, and in the course of half an hour they had plugged the hole up far as they could get the dirt and stuff into it, and packed it down so hard that nothing less than a pickaxe could have budged it. I was beginning to feel sorry for that unfortunate woodchuck, all fastened up in the hole that way, and probably pretty badly torn up by the attacks of the crows at that, and was resolving in my mind to go and borrow a pick somewhere and come back and dig him out that night after the crows had gone to roost, when what should I see but something moving on the opposite side of the knoll, and presently pop! came the ground-hog's head out of the ground, fifty feet away from where the crows were pegging away at fastening him in, and out of their sight. The wily animal had dug his way across and made a new exit. He drew himself out slyly, looked cautiously about for a moment, listened attentively, then stole around the base of the knoll, and went back to the wheat-field, where he took his position in the stubble and went to feeding again as if nothing had happened. All this time the crows were still working away at making the ground-hog a prisoner, as they supposed, and kept on for ten minutes after the ground-hog had returned to his mutton in the field. The situation was so comical that I could hardly keep from howling, but I did, because I felt that there was more fun coming and I didn't want to spoil it.

"After the ground-hog's hole had been hermetically sealed the crows held another pow-wow, at which they plainly congratulated themselves on the clever manner in which they had circumvented the woodchuck. Then they all rose up and flew back toward their feeding-place. Suddenly the leading crow actually staggered in the air and circled back in a dazed sort of way to the fence. He had caught sight of the ground-hog placidly gathering wheat in the stubble. Crow after crow made the same discovery, and all brought up in a state of almost speechless consternation on the fence. Presently they found their voices, and the air rang with strange sounds. Then one after another of the crows flew back to the filled-up hole, and finding it intact the consternation and amazement seemed to be increased. Suddenly one reconnoitering old crow gave a yell that almost raised my hair. He had found the ground-hog's new exit in the rear of the knoll. The whole flock inspected it amid a babel of hot words. It was plain enough that the mystery was solved for them. Pretty soon one after another of the crows circled about the ground-hog and then alighted on the fence. I expected to see the battle renewed and the ground-hog rended limb from limb, but the crows consulted on the fence and seemed very much crestfallen. After a while they rose as one bird and, with a few faint caws, flew away and disappeared in the woods.

"The ground-hog had been too smart for them, and they as much as said so when they gave up the field to him."—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Times.*

Boldly Facing Death.

"You wouldn't think" he said, indicating a gentleman across the street, "that that ordinary, commonplace looking person has many times stared death unflinchingly in the face."

"Why, no! Is he a desperate character?"

"Not very; he's an undertaker."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—There is a man in Rawlins County, Kan., who is the owner of 60,000 trees all planted by himself on his homestead.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Question "Does Religion Prolong Life?" Met and Answered.

Practical Religion a Grand Sedative, Conducing to Peace of Mind and Happiness in Life and Tending to Its Prolongation.

The subject of a recent sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage at the Brooklyn Tabernacle was: "Does Religion Prolong Life?" In answering the query, Mr. Talmage took for his text:

With long life will I satisfy him.—Psalms, xci., 16.

Through the mistake of its friends religion has been chiefly associated with sick beds and graveyards. The whole subject, to many people, is odorous with chlorine and carbolic acid. There are people who can not pronounce the word religion without hearing in it the clipping chisel of the tombstone cutter. It is high time that this thing were changed, and that religion, instead of being represented as a hearse to carry out the dead, should be represented as a chariot in which the living are to triumph.

Religion, so far from subtracting from one's vanity, is a glorious addition. It is sanative, curative, hygenic. It is good for the eyes, good for the ears, good for the spleen, good for the digestion, good for the nerves, good for the muscles. When David, in another part of Psalms, prays that religion may be dominant, he does not speak of it as a mild sickness, or an emaciation, or an attack of moral and spiritual cramp; he speaks of it as "the saving health of all nations;" while God, in the text, promises longevity to the pious, saying: "With long life will I satisfy him."

The fact is that men and women die too soon. It is high time that religion joined the band of medical science in attempting to improve human longevity. Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years. Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years. As late in the history of the world as Vespasian there were at one time in his Empire forty-five people one hundred and thirty-five years old. So far down as the sixteenth century, Peter Zartan died at one hundred and eighty-five years of age. I do not say that religion will ever take the race back to antediluvian longevity, but I do say the length of human life will be greatly improved.

It is said in Isaiah: "The child shall die a hundred years old." Now, if according to Scripture the child is to be a hundred years old, may not the men and women reach to three hundred, and four hundred and five hundred? The fact is that we are mere dwarfs and skeletons compared with some of the generations that are to come. Take the African race. They have been under bondage for centuries. Give them a chance and they develop a Frederick Douglass or a Toussaint L'Overture. And if the white race shall be brought from under the serfdom of sin, what shall be the body? what shall be the soul? Religion has only just touched our world. Give it full power for a few centuries and who can tell what will be the strength of man and the beauty of women, and the longevity of all?

My design is to show that practical religion is the friend of long life. I prove it, first, from the fact that it makes the care of our health a positive Christian duty. Whether we shall keep early or late hours, whether we shall take food digestible or indigestible, whether there shall be thorough or incomplete mastication, are questions very often deferred to the realm of whimsicality; but the Christian man lifts this whole problem of health into the accountable and the Divine. He says: "God has given me this body, and He has called it the temple of the Holy Ghost, and to deface its altars or mar one of its pillars or undermine its pillars is a God-defying sacrilege."

He sees God's caligraphy in every page—anatomical and physiological. He says: "God has given me a wonderful body for noble purposes."

That arm with thirty-two curious bones wielded by forty-six curious muscles, and all under the brain's telegraphy; three hundred and fifty pounds of blood rushing through the heart every hour, the heart in twenty-four hours beating one hundred thousand times, during the twenty-four hours overcoming resistances amounting to two hundred and twenty-four million pounds of weight, during the same time the lungs taking in fifty-seven hogsheads of air, and all this mechanism not more mighty than delicate and easily disturbed and demolished.

The Christian man says to himself:

"If I hurt my nerves, if I hurt my brain, if I hurt any of my physical faculties, I insult God and call for dire retribution."

Why did God tell the Levites not to offer to Him in sacrifice animals imperfect and diseased? He meant to tell us in all the ages that we are to offer to God our very best physical condition, and a man who, through irregular or gluttonous eating, ruins his health, is not offering to God such a sacrifice. Why did Paul write for his cloak at Troas? Why should such a great man as Paul be anxious about a thing so insignificant as an overcoat? It was because he knew that with pneumonia and rheumatism he would not be worth half as much to God and the Church as with respiration easy and foot free.

An intelligent Christian man would consider it an absurdity to kneel down at night and pray and ask God's protection while at the same time he kept the windows of his bed-room tight shut against fresh air. He would just as soon think of going out on the bridge between New York and Brooklyn, leaping off and then praying to God to keep him from getting hurt. Just as long as you defer this whole subject of physical health to the realm of whimsicality or to the pastry cook, or to the butcher or to the baker, or to the apothecary, or to the clothier, you are not acting like a Christian. Take care of all your physical forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain, cellular tissue—for all you must be brought to judgment.

Smoking your nervous system into fidgets, burning out the coating of your stomach with wine, log-wooded and strychnined, walking with thin shoes to make your feet look delicate, pinched at the waist until you are nigh cut in two, and neither part worth any thing, groaning about sick headache and palpitation of the heart, which you think came from God, when they came from your own folly.

What right has any man or woman to deface the temple of the Holy Ghost? What is the ear? Why, it is the whispering gallery of the human soul. What is the eye? It is the observatory God constructed, its telescope sweeping the heavens. What is the hand? An instrument so wonderful that when the Earl of Bridgewater bequeathed in his will forty thousand dollars for treatises to be written on the wisdom, power and goodness of God, Sir Charles Bell, the great English anatomist and surgeon, found his greatest illustration in the construction of the human hand, devoting his whole book to that subject. So wonderful are these bodies that God names his own attributes after different parts of them. His omniscience—it is God's eye. His omnipresence—it is God's ear. His omnipotence—it is God's arm. The upholstery of the midnight heavens—it is the work of God's fingers. His life-giving power—it is the breath of the Almighty. His dominion—"The government shall be upon his shoulder." A body so divinely honored and so divinely constructed—let us be careful not to abuse it.

When it becomes a Christian duty to take care of our health, is not the whole tendency toward longevity? If I toss my watch about recklessly and drop it on the pavement and wind it up any time of day or night I happen to think of it, and often let it run down, while you are careful with your watch and never abuse it, and wind it up just at the same hour every night and put it in a place where it will not suffer from the violent changes of atmosphere, which watch will last the longer? Common sense answers. Now, the human body is God's watch. You see the hands of the watch, you see the face of the watch, but the beating of the heart is the ticking of the watch. Oh, be careful and do not let it run down!

Again: I remark that practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it is a protest against dissipations which injure and destroy the health. Bad men and women live a very short life. Their sins kill them. I know hundreds of good old men, but I do not know half a dozen bad old men. Why? They do not get old. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi at thirty-six years of age, himself his own Mazeppa, his unbridled passions the horse that dashed with him into the desert. Edgar A. Poe died at Baltimore at thirty-eight years of age. The black raven that alighted on the bust above his chamber-door was delirium tremens—

Only this and nothing more.

Napoleon Bonaparte lived only just beyond mid-life, and died at St. Helena, and one of his doctors said that his disease was induced by excessive snuffing. The hero of Austerlitz, the man who, by one step of his foot in the center of Europe, shook the earth, killed by a snuff-box. Oh, how many people we have known who have not lived out half their days because of their dissipations and indulgences! Now practical religion is a protest against all dissipation of any kind.

"But," you say, "professors of religion have fallen, professors of religion have got drunk, professors of religion have misappropriated trust funds, professors religion have absconded." Yes, but they threw away their religion before they did their morality. If a man on a White Star Line steamer bound for Liverpool in mid-Atlantic jumps overboard and is drowned, is that any thing against the White Star Line's capacity to take the man across the ocean? And if a man jumps over the gunwale of his religion and goes down never to rise, is that any reason for your believing that religion has no capacity to take the man clear through? In the one case if he had kept to the steamer his body would have been saved; in the other case if he had kept to his religion his morals would have been saved.

There are aged people who would have been dead twenty-five years ago but for the defenses and equipoise of religion. You have no more natural resistance than hundreds of people who lie in the cemeteries to-day, slain by their own vices. The doctors made their case as kind and pleasant as they could, and it was called congestion of the brain, or something else, but the snakes and the blue flies that seemed to crawl over the pillow in the sight of the delirious patient showed what was the matter with him. You, the aged Christian man, walked along by that unhappy one until you came to the golden pillar of a Christian life. You went to the right; he went to the left. That is all the difference between you. Oh, if this religion is a protest against all forms of dissipation, then it is an illustrious friend of longevity. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again, religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it takes the worry out of our temporalities. It is not work that kills men; it is worry. When a man becomes a genuine Christian he makes over to God not only his affections, but his family, his business, his reputation, his body, his mind, his soul—every thing. Industrious he will be, but never worrying, because God is managing his affairs. How can he worry about his business, when in answer to his prayers God tells him when to buy and when to sell; and if he gain that is best, and if he lose that is best?

Suppose you had a supernatural neighbor who came in and said:

"Sir, I want you to call on me in every exigency; I am your fast friend; I could fall back on $20,000,000; I can become a panic ten years; I hold the controlling stock in thirty of the best monetary institutions of New York; whenever you are in trouble call on me and I will help you; you can have my money and you can have my influence; here is my hand in pledge for it."

How much would you worry about business? Why, you would say:

"I'll do the best I can, and then I'll depend on my friend's generosity for the rest."

Now, more than that is promised to every Christian business man. God says to him:

"I own New York, and London, and St. Petersburg, and Pekin, and Australia and California are mine; I can foresee a panic a million years; I have all the resources of the universe, and I am your fast friend; when you get in business trouble, or any other trouble, call on me and I will help; here is my hand in pledge of omnipotent deliverance."

How much should that man worry? Not much. What lion will dare to put his paw on that Daniel? Is there not rest in this? Is there not an eternal vacation in this?

"Oh," you say, "there is a man who asked God for a blessing in a certain enterprise, and he lost five thousand dollars in it. Explain that." I will. Yonder is a factory, and one wheel is going north and the other wheel is going south, and one wheel plays vertically. I go to the manufacturer and I say: "Oh, manufacturer, your machinery is a contradiction. Why do you not make all the wheels go one way?"

"Well," he said, "I made them go in opposite directions on purpose, and they produce the right result. You go downstairs and examine the carpets we are turning out in this establishment and you will see." I go down on the other floor and I see the carpets, and I am obliged to confess that though the wheels in that factory go in opposite directions, they turn out a beautiful result; and while I am standing there looking at the exquisite fabric an old Scripture passage comes into my mind: "All things work together for good to them who love God." Is there not rest in that? Is there not tonic in that? Is there not longevity in that?

Suppose a man is all the time worried about his reputation? One man says he lies, another says he is stupid, another says he is dishonest, and half a dozen printing establishments attack him, and he is in a great state of excitement and worry and fume, and can not sleep, but religion comes to him and says: "Man, God is on your side; He will take care of your reputation; if God be for you, who can be against you?" How much should that man worry about his reputation? Not much. If that broker who some years ago in Wall street, after he had lost money, sat down and wrote a farewell letter to his wife before he blew his brains out—if instead of taking out of his pocket a pistol he had taken out a well-read New Testament there would have been one less suicide. O, nervous and feverish people of the world, try this almighty sedative. You will live twenty-five years longer under its soothing power. It is not chloral that you want, or morphine that you want; it is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. "With long life will I satisfy him.

Again, practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it removes all corroding care about a future existence. Every man wants to know what is to become of him. If you get on board a mail train you want to know at what depot it is going to stop; if you get on board a ship you want to know into what harbor it is going to run, and if you should tell me you have no interest in what is to be your future destiny, I would, in as polite a way as I know how, tell you I did not believe you. Before I had this matter settled with reference to my future existence, the question almost worried me into ruined health. The anxieties men have upon this subject put together would make a martyrdom. This is a state of awful unhealthiness. There are people who fret themselves to death for fear of dying.

I want to take the strain off your nerves and the depression off your soul, and I make two or three experiments.

Experiment first: When you go out of this world it does not make any difference whether you have been good or bad, or whether you believed truth or error, you will go straight to glory.

"Impossible," you would say; "my common sense as well as my religion teaches me that the bad and the good can not live together forever. You give me no comfort in that experiment."

Experiment the second: When you leave this world you will go into an intermediate state where you can get converted and prepared for Heaven.

"Impossible," you say; "as the tree falleth so it must lie, and I can not postpone to an intermediate state reformation which ought to have been effected in this state."

Experiment the third: There is no future world; when a man dies that is the last of him. Do not worry about what you are to do in another state of being; you will not do any thing.

"Impossible," you say; "there is something that tells me that death is not the appendix, but the preface; there is something that tells me that on this side of the grave I only get started, and that I shall go on forever; my power to think says 'forever;' my affections say 'forever;' my capacity to enjoy or suffer, 'forever.'"

Well, you defeat me in my three experiments. I have only one more to make, and if you defeat me in that I am exhausted: A mighty One on a knoll back of Jerusalem one day, the skies filled with forked lightnings and the earth filled with volcanic disturbances, turned His pale and agonized face toward the heavens, and said: "I take the sins and sorrows of the ages into my own heart. I am the explation. Witness earth and Heaven and hell, I am the explation."

And the hammer struck Him, and the spears punctured Him, and Heaven thundered: "The wages of sin is death!" "The soul that sinneth it shall die!" "I will by no means clear the guilty!" Then there was silence for half an hour, and the lightnings were drawn back into the scabbard of the sky, and the earth ceased to quiver, and all the colors of the sky began to shift themselves into a rainbow woven out of the falling tears of Jesus, and there was red as of the blood-shedding, and there was blue as of the bruising, and there was green as of the Heavenly foliage, and there was orange as of the day-dawn. And along the line of the blue I saw the words:

I was bruised for their iniquities.

And along the line of the red I saw the words:

The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

And along the line of green I saw the words:

The leaves of the tree of life for the healing of the nations.

And along the line of the orange I saw the words:

The day-spring from on high hath visited us.

And then I saw the storm was over and the rainbow rose higher and higher until it seemed retreating to another heaven, and planting one column of its colors on one side the eternal hill, and planting the other column of its colors on the other side the eternal hill, it rose upward and upward, "and behold there was a rainbow about the throne."

Accept this sacrifice and quit worrying. Take this tonic, the inspiration, the longevity of this truth. Religion is sunshine, that is healthy. Religion is fresh air and pure water, they are healthy. Religion is warmth, that is healthy. Ask all the doctors and they will tell you that a quiet conscience and pleasant anticipations are hygienic. I offer you perfect peace now and hereafter.

What do you want in the future world? Tell me and you shall have it. Orchards? There are the trees with twelve manner of fruits, yielding fruit every month. Water scenery? There is the River of Life, from under the throne of God, clear as crystal, and the sea of glass mingled with fire. Do you want music? There is the oratorio of the Creation led on by Adam, and the oratorio of the Red Sea led on by Moses, and the oratorio of the Messiah led on by St. Paul, while the archangel with swinging baton controls the one hundred and forty-four thousand who make up the orchestra.

Do you want reunion? There are your dead children waiting to kiss you, waiting to embrace you, waiting to twist garlands in your hair. Do you want accustomed to open the door on this side the sepulcher. I open the door on the other side the sepulcher. You have been accustomed to walk in the wet grass on the top of the grave. I show you the under side of the grave; the bottom has fallen out, and the long ropes with which the pall-bearers let down your dead, let them clear through into Heaven.

Glory be to God for this robust, healthy religion. It will have a tendency to make you live long in this world, and in the world to come you will have eternal life.

With long life will I satisfy him.

HANDLE WITH CARE.

Why We Should Always Be Careful of the Feelings of Friends.

"Handle with care." Thus we label glass, china and other articles of value, whose delicacy make it essential that they be not roughly dealt with. One careless jar may dash the beautiful vase or other delicate treasured heir-loom to ruins. Once shattered, it is never to be mended. It can never again possess either usefulness or beauty. If the treatment be a little less severe, it may not be shattered to atoms, and yet may sustain an injury almost as hopeless. The ugly crack or nick in its fair, smooth surface must always be a grievous and unsightly object. Toward this can never cast his eyes without a feeling of pitiful repulsion. There is something of far greater value than glass or china which, for the same reasons, should be handled with care. It is the feelings of our friends. But, oh! how careless we are of them! How we ride rough-shod over the heart-strings and tender sensibilities, more subtle, fine and sensitive than the veins in the mimosa leaf. We "crack a joke" and then laugh so loudly that we do not hear the cracking of this fine spun-glass, deep down in the bosom of our friend. We ridicule the subject most dear to his heart. We trample on the tender buds that were just putting forth perhaps for our own benefit, and which later might have become a garden of perfumes for us. We "free our minds," and let the arrow hit where it will; and, perhaps, live on for long years without even knowing where it hit. We may never see the nicks and cracks and breaks we have made in our choice friendships; and oh, sadder still, saddest of all, if we see we can never, never mend them. The friendship we have broken can never be wholly restored in all its purity and beauty. The broken china can never again be perfect. A patched-up friendship will always show the seam. It may not be the fault of either friend. The smitten one would gladly be healed. The smiter may pour out half his soul in penitence and longing to undo the mischief. He can not change the inevitable. There is no remedy.

Alleviations are possible. Comfort to the patient may be secured. The friendship may rise up again and walk; but there is that wooden leg!

Beneath the mutual smile of understanding there lurks the memory of that past doubt, that mistrust; and time can not obliterate that gap which once yawned.

Oh, let us then touch tenderly the feelings of our friends, our choicest goods. Let us label them in large letters: Trust, Faith, Confidence. Then on this precious china closet, in still larger capitals, write: Frail, Perishable, "Handle With Care."—*Christian at Work.*

MAN'S CAPABILITIES.

How Nicely They Are Proportioned to His Capacity.

Our capacity is our power of receiving and containing; our capability is our power of out-putting. In the root both words are one, as in the source both powers are one. Our capabilities are proportioned to our capacity; for what we do not hold in store we can not draw upon for out-giving. But while our capabilities are proportioned to our capacity, it does not follow that our producing will show itself in the direction of our receiving. What we have most capacity for, we may be least capable of; what we are most capable of, we may have least capacity for. The scientest sometimes gathers his best strength from reading poetry, the poet from reading science. To one who has a work to do, a most serious mistake in confusing his capacity with his capabilities. To be fond of poetry is no sign of a mission to write poetry. One may be poetical in his taste without being a poet, scientific without being a scientist, scholarly without being a scholar, artistic without being an artist. But he who fills his heart with the truths of the poets may work them out in heroic deeds; he who fills his mind with the laws of science may work them out in the mechanic arts; he who familiarizes himself with the achievements of scholarship may work out the application of the scholar's methods to the every-day business of life—to exactness and thoroughness. So, too, if you have a capacity for suffering, your capability is not to make others suffer, but to sympathise, and to mitigate the sufferings of others.—*S. S. Times.*

REMARKABLE HONESTY.

A Debt of Honor Repaid with Interest After Twenty-Five Years.

The payment to a citizen of New Haven of more than half a million of dollars under remarkable circumstances is reported in the New Haven *Register*, which vouches for the truth of the story. That journal says that at the beginning of the civil war a wealty Southern grocer, who had recently taken his young book-keeper into partnership, fearing that his property would be confiscated, decided to go North. He told the book-keeper to use the property, valued at about $400,000, as he thought best, and that he would reply upon the book-keeper's honor for a settlement at some future time. The merchant then went North and settled in New Haven. He engaged in business and prospered. There seemed but little probability of the property he had left behind him in the South surviving the convulsion of the war, and he made no inquiry about it for some years after peace was proclaimed. Ultimately, however, a friend, a well-known lawyer in New Haven, was going South, and the merchant requested him to investigate, and collect if there was any thing to collect.

A correspondence with the book-keeper at the South was thus opened up, and the latter forwarded an acknowledgment of the claim, and an inventory showing his indebtedness to his former employer to be $648,000, and expressed his desire to return the property, but requested time to perfect his arrangements. He began remitting several years ago, and recently forwarded the last payment, including interest, thus wiping out a debt of honor.

PURSUED BY BIRDS.

Spirited Fight Between Five Robins, Five Sparrows and a Squirrel.

According to a correspondent of the New York *Times* an odd combat was witnessed on the corner of Hone and Pierpont streets, Rondout, a few days ago between five robins, about an equal number of sparrows and a squirrel. The birds were all arrayed against the squirrel. The fight lasted over an hour. When first discovered the birds were chasing the nimble-footed animal from branch to branch of a large tree. The birds swooped down on the squirrel and pecked it with their sharp bills. In vain the little animal tried to catch its enemies and defend itself from their repeated attacks. It ran from tree to tree it in its efforts to escape. Its feathered antagonists were always on its rear and pounced on it unmercifully. Then the squirrel tried a new means of escape. It ran down the tree, crossed the road, and a moment later was seen on the roof of a neighboring house. The birds espied it and once more renewed the battle. Down the leader of the house slipped the frisky little animal, the birds all the while uttering shrill cries. Across the street it darted back again and up the tree where the fight first began. Attack after attack was made by the robbins and sparrows. In among the leafy branches and crotches of the tree ran the squirrel, seeking a hiding place. The birds gave it no rest but kept continually darting and pecking at it. Finally it ran to the top of a tree, crawled out on a slender limb, and dropped on the roof of Mrs. Barber's house. It clambered over the roof pursued by the birds. Down the leader it slid rapidly, and, running across the yard, disappeared from view and from further pursuit. Probably the squirrel had been after eggs and was caught in the act.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 16, 1888.		
CATTLE—Native Steers	$6 00 @	$6 75
TOBACCO—Middling	@	10¼
FLOUR—Good to Choice	3 50 @	5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	91½@	92
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	58½@	59
OATS—Western Mixed	37 @	40
PORK—Mess (new)	15 25 @	15 50
ST. LOUIS.		
COTTON—Middling	9¼@	9⅝
BEEVES—Good to Choice	5 80 @	6 25
Fair to Medium	5 00 @	5 65
HOGS—Choice to Select	4 75 @	4 90
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 00 @	4 50
FLOUR—Patents	4 45 @	4 55
Fair to Choice	2 40 @	3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	87½@	88
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	48⅝@	48¾
OATS—No. 2	32 @	32⅛
RYE—No. 2	60 @	62
TOBACCO—Lugs, Burley	1 75 @	7 00
Leaf, Burley	8 75 @	17 00
HAY—Choice Timothy	14 00 @	17 00
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	13 @	14
EGGS—Fresh	11½@	12
PORK—Standard Mess (new)	14 50 @	14 70
BACON—Clear Rib	8⅝@	8¾
LARD—Prime Steam	8 @	8⅛
WOOL—Fair to Choice	32 @	34
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Shipping	4 50 @	7 00
HOGS—Good to Choice	5 40 @	5 70
SHEEP—Good to Choice	4 00 @	5 40
FLOUR—Winter	2 75 @	4 75
Patents	3 75 @	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	83½@	83¾
CORN—No. 2	52 @	52½
OATS—No. 2 White	32½@	32
PORK—New Mess	... @	15 70
KANSAS CITY.		
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	4 00 @	5 75
HOGS—Sales at	5 10 @	5 45
WHEAT—No. 2	83 @	84½
OATS—No. 2	29 @	29½
CORN—No. 2	45½@	46
NEW ORLEANS.		
FLOUR—High Grade	4 00 @	5 00
CORN—White	67 @	70
OATS—Choice Western	41 @	42
HAY—Choice	22 00 @	23 00
PORK—Mess	.... @	15 00
BACON—Clear Rib	.... @	8¾
COTTON—Middling	.... @	9⅝
LOUISVILLE.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	90 @	90⅛
CORN—No. 2. Mixed	52 @	53
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	35 @	36½
PORK—Mess	14 75 @	15 00
BACON—Clear Rib	8⅛ @	8
COTTON—Middling	.. @	10

Marion Harland.

The celebrated authoress, so highly esteemed by the women of America, says on pages 183 and 445 of her popular work "*Eve's Daughters; or, Common Sense for Maid, Wife and Mother*":

"For the aching back—should it be slow in recovering its normal strength—an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER is an excellent comforter, combining the sensation of the sustained pressure of a strong, warm hand with certain tonic qualities developed in the wearing. It should be kept over the seat of uneasiness for several days—in obstinate cases for perhaps a fortnight."

"*For pain in the back* wear an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER constantly, renewing as it wears off. This is an invaluable support when the weight on the small of the back becomes heavy and the aching incessant."

A STANDING offer.—"Will you take my seat, madam?"—*Tid-Bits.*

FREE! A 3-foot French Glass, Oval Front, Nickle or Cherry Cigar Case, MERCHANTS ONLY. R. W. TANSILL & Co., Chicago

THE only thing a chronic borrower will not take is a hint.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE Best Disinfectant remedy for skin irritations is Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

A DUBLIN man—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.—*Boston Gazette.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it, 25c.

THE most reliable weather report—a clap of thunder—*Burlington Free Press.*

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged.

Medical and scientific skill has at last solved the problem of the long needed medicine for the nervous, debilitated, and the aged, by combining the best nerve tonics, Celery and Coca, with other effective remedies, which, acting gently but efficiently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, remove disease, restore strength and renew vitality. This medicine is

Paine's Celery Compound

It fills a place heretofore unoccupied, and marks a new era in the treatment of nervous troubles. Overwork, anxiety, disease, lay the foundation of nervous prostration and weakness, and experience has shown that the usual remedies do not mend the strain and paralysis of the nervous system.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for circulars.

Price $1.00. Sold by druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors BURLINGTON, VT.

A Sewing Woman's Plaint.

A woman who does sewing for tailors writes to the New York *Mail and Express* on the difficulty of existing on the small wages she receives, giving as an instance of the work that it takes nearly 40,000 stitches to put the ordinary top coat together. The body of the coat I found required 4,780 stitches; the collar, 5,063; sewing the collar on, 1,763; the button-holes, 2,520; the sleeves and lining, 980; the pockets, 924; the silk lining of body, with wadded interior, 17,853, and the braiding, 2,793. A total of 39,629.

In the Hurry of Speech.

In the hurry of speech, and often in our very anxiety to be polite, some of us are liable to occasional slips, which may have the ludicrous effect of putting an entirely different construction upon a sentence than that intended. For instance, upon arriving at your entertainer's house you say: "I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late," and are met by your hostess with the words: "My dear sir, no pardons are needed; you can never come too late."

WHAT WARNER'S SAFE CURE CURES

BACK ACHE, BLADDER TROUBLES, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, HEAD ACHE, NERVOUSNESS, INDIGESTION.

There is no doubt of this great remedy's potency. It is no New Discovery unknown and mayhap worthless, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. To be