

THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

Now, I've got a notion in my head dat when you come to die, An' stan' de zamination in de Cote-house in de sky.

ROSE-TINT TERRORS.

A Glimpse at the Bright and Dark Sides of Life in Babydom.

The New Daddy—Twins, Triplets and Quadruplets.

If the gentle reader has ever been fortunate enough to meet a young husband at the front door and ask him to guess what is, and has been observant to note the expression of his mouth as he said he thought it was a boy or a girl, the same reader will recognize the smile that enwreathed the young husband's lips in the skel.

The coming in of a cherub happens about 30,000 times a year in a city like St. Louis. There may not always be a smile to welcome its coming, but unless the daddy is already well supplied with youngsters he makes very little display of annoyance and generally manages to accept the situation gracefully.

A single arrival is usually all right. Such an incident may be overlooked, or tendered merely the time honored formality of the presumably happy father's smile. It takes

TWINS.

to destroy the serenity of a parent's feelings. Two of a kind create considerable nervous disturbances along the old man's labial horizon. They throw a halo of astonishment around his alarmed mustache—an aura of wonder, as it were, and his mouth assumes this expression:

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Later on his rattled career triplets may come to him. Just as he looks down the vista of years and imagines all is bright and blooming, just as he is reconciling himself to the world and is beginning to think there is some little happiness lingering on his end of the hemisphere, the blood curdling announcement is made to him as he enters the house some day that his wife has borne him three babies at one pop; he begins to feel bad, but summoning all the courage he has and gathering into both lungs all the wind he keeps in stock, he fixes his lips into a pucker, and out of a little round hole like this

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comes a soft mournful whistle that bears a world of misery on its dark wings. It takes several days to restore this unhappy father to consciousness, and when he comes to he is, as a general thing, at war with the whole human race.

TRIPLETS AND QUADRUPLETS.

Twins do not happen more than 300 times a year in a population of 500,000, and seldom hit the same family twice. Triplets are rare enough to be curiosities. It is estimated that not one woman in 70,000 has given birth to three children at a time, and, although there is on record in the old medical works the case of a German peasant who had twelve children at four births—three each time—and a Michigan woman is credited with having produced a dozen children in five births inside of seven years—quadruplets once, triplets once, twins twice and a lone youngster on the last occasion—such instances of fecundity are rarer than new planets, and the lady entitled to the cake for having four children at a whack is not found

more than once among 265,000 married women. When news of the astounding event reaches the heroic papa, the expression under his moustache may be formulated as follows:



Few sets of triplets survive infancy, and those who live beyond that point are, as a rule, monstrosities of some kind, with stronger animal than human instincts. The writer has not been able to find any case of the survival of four of a kind, outside of poker, in any civilized country, but old travelers go far enough to give instances of five children being brought into existence at a birth and living to maturity among the South African tribes. These, however, must be regarded as yarns or Munchausen narratives, beside which the reminiscences of the old settler in "Pike County Folks" pale into the actual insignificance of truth.

BUT TALKING OF REAL BABIES.

live, crawling, sprawling and bawling babies, what dear little creatures they are—to have around the house. They brighten up its interior like a new pattern of wall paper or a recently added assortment of bric-a-brac. They are so interesting, too, such living paradoxes in their way—helpless, but at the same time all-powerful—the former quality appertaining to their limbs, the latter to their lungs. It is so delightful for the new father to nurse the new darling; he likes to dance the baby on his knee, throw it up in the air and play with its toes; it is a treasure of enjoyment to him—in daylight; but when it begins to cheer the solemn stillness of the night with its reed-like Cs, when it clamors in the darkness and begins to howl in a manner calculated to send the stars behind the clouds with a wretched shiver, and the new father, or the old one either, has to walk the floor in his long gown and croon lowing songs of sympathy to the kicking and shrieking infant, then all the brightness goes out of its being, all interest in it is lost, all the mystery that surrounded it is torn away, and it stands revealed so complete a monster and so grand a nuisance that the parent wishes he were beside the banks of the Nile, and could feed the D—, d—, d—, dear darling to the crocodiles.

A BABY'S BEST FRIEND

is its mother. It is funny that this should be so; nevertheless it is. The mother clings to it tenderly but strongly under each and every circumstance. She will get it into Trades' pageant and veiled prophet crowds; she will carry it to the theater, to church, to the lyceum—no place on earth is so sacred or its doors so strongly barred that the mother, with her baby, will not get in. And it is usually the baby with the biggest voice that gets into the place requiring the greatest quiet.

Take a sleeping car with a baby in it. Every passenger, from the insincere drummer to the sentimental old gynecutis in white side whiskers, tickles it under the chin and wants to buy it everything from peanuts to pig-iron pound cake—each fairly adores it and wants to fondle it, coo-dle it, kiss it; but when its playfulness is asserted about midnight, there is not a single man in the car, from the colored porter down, who doesn't want to club it, and club it to death, too.

In the street car, too, because of necessity, contact with the strange baby is of short duration; the curled and pug-nosed little darling has the heart of all the passengers in its little pink hands—of all the passengers except the man sitting next to it, who would like to have the little darlings heart in his hand, not because he is cruel, but because the baby is either wiping its feet on his coat-tails, or trying to smear his standing collar with molasses candy.

IN CHURCH AND AT THE PLAY.

The baby that breaks into church is a bigger nuisance than the yellow dog that howls under the pulpit and chases the sextons and the deacons up and down the aisles. But the baby in the theatre takes the cake. If the play happens to be bad, the night hot, the players vile, and there is a combination of the worst circumstances in the world against the audience, only one thing more is required to make the spectator's life an instant and unsupported burden, and that is a crying baby. And the crying baby is sure to be there. It is always there, whether the play is good or bad. It has broken up Booth, Barrett, McCollough, and even our Berry Mitchell. many and many a time during their performances, and it will "break them up" again when it gets the chance.

These are some of the terrible and trying occasions which cause men—and childless women, too, occasionally—to harbor murderous Herodic thoughts against the world of babydom. How many have said at some time or other they wished some baby or other was eternally dead? Thou-

sands; and at the moment no death could be deemed too cruel. The same men and women have shed tears—or were in a frame of mind to shed them—as they looked upon a baby's grave, perhaps.

THE LITTLE ORTON MOUND.

with its white head-piece, its withered flowers, its broken playthings, and the empty little shoes that the weather has beaten, have filled their hearts more than once with love for somebody's darling, filled their soul with a soft glow of peace, and their eyes with the moisture that love alone, when mingled with grief, can bring to the windows of the soul. The dead baby is the best—the best liked, the most widely revered. The dead baby seems to have the most friends. R. I. P.

PECK AS A PREACHER.

Good Advice to a Boy Who Wants to Go Into the Saloon Business.

It is a cold day when there is not some boy wanting advice from the advice foundry, and there is no duty that is more pleasant to the editor than that of setting the boys right when they have symptoms of going wrong. A letter from a boy at West Alexandria, O., is as follows:

DEAR SIR:—I have been a reader of your paper for some time and have noticed your advice to boys. I am in a predicament to know what to do, and I thought I would write and ask your advice. I am a young man of seventeen years and am very desirous to go into the saloon business. I have capital enough but my father and mother object. I think that I am capable of running my own affairs. Any advice from you will be kindly received by, Yours truly,

Now here is a chance to save a seventeen year old boy from almost sure ruin, if he will take the medicine. The medicine is this: Boy, take a sharp hatchet, lay your right wrist across a butcher's block and with the left hand take the hatchet and cut off the right hand, haggle it, because you can't do a clean job of cutting with the left hand. Then go through life peddling pop-corn balls with the left hand rather than enter the business of selling whiskey at your age. As a pop-corn peddler you will be respected, as a seventeen year old saloon keeper, you will be pitied and despised, and at the age of twenty you will be a drunkard, or will have made a dozen other boys drunkards, and the friends of the other boys will hate you, your parents will not be proud of you, no girls of respectability would be seen in your company, and your companions will be loafers; you will be disgusted with yourself, will smell of stale lemon peel, whiskey, and two-for-a-nickle nicotine, and you will be a sign post of warning to the other boys to take the other road. There, you got more advice than you expected, didn't you? Well, any respectable saloon keeper—and there are successful and respectable men who keep saloons, though they are as scarce as hen's teeth—would give you the same advice. Any of them will tell you, if they tell the truth, that ninety-seven out of a hundred who begin life at your age behind the bar of a saloon, become either drunkards, gamblers, thieves, loafers or else lose their health, leave the business in disgust and die paupers. You don't want to be an unsuccessful saloon keeper. Well, to be a successful one you have got to have ability enough to be a successful lawyer, doctor or merchant. The men who are successful as saloon keepers have ability which turned in another direction would have made them successful in other callings, and they hate themselves when they think of the lost opportunities, and they almost hate the wealth that has come to them through the mouth of a whiskey bottle. A man who keeps a successful saloon and makes money, does not realize what a mean business it is until he has a family of nice children grown up. He has money, furnishes them with a nice home, educates them and is proud of them, and knows that his girls are as beautiful and accomplished as those of the best citizens in the community, and knows that they are worthy to marry the best man in the state and country. The first that he notices is that the young ladies of his household are ashamed of themselves. They are qualified by nature and education to go into the best society, but the sign over the door of the father's place of business is what is the matter. If such a girl is invited into the best society, she is liable to have her heart broken by some one asking who the beautiful girl is, and hearing the answer, "why, her father keeps a saloon down town somewhere."

No, young man, if there is any wood to saw in your vicinity, if there is a good crop of peanuts that can be baked and sold, a job to be secured driving a pair of blind mules hauling the dirtiest load that can be found, if you can control the capital to buy a

box of blacking and a brush, go into the peanut trade, drive the mules, or black boots, or anything for a starter, but don't for God's sake at the age of seventeen open a saloon, and confine the talent God has given you, to the base uses of pulling a squeaky cork out of a bottle of rum, because every squeak of the cork is a wail of a soul that has been drowned in drink, every gurgle of the liquid as it goes from the bottle to the glass is the throbbing of a poor brain that has been crazed by the hellish stuff, and every stroke of the dirty dishcloth on the bar to wipe away the stains of the spilt hell fire is an emblem of an attempt to wipe the sins from the soul of the man who killed his brother by making him a drunkard. You, a seventeen year old boy, saying "I think I am capable of running by own affairs," against the advice of the father and mother who bore you is one evidence that you are an ass, but your coming to the Sun for advice may do you good, and if so send us a postal card. Also, if you do not take the advice, and do go into the saloon business, send us a notice of your funeral two years hence when you die of the delirium tremens, or when some customer of yours, who is drunk with rum, as you are now drunk with egotism, brains you with a bung starter when you tell him he has enough liquor, and who thinks he is capable of running his own affairs. That will do, boy, you can step down and make room for the next.—Peck's Sun.

Car Wheels on Curves.

Alphonso—You ask how the outer car wheels keep up with the inner ones when the train goes around the curve. The explanation, my dear sir, is very simple. The outer car wheels do not keep up with the inner ones. As you know the railroads of our country are very crooked. They are principally of curves. Suppose the first curve outside a city turns to the right; then as the wheels on the left rail have to travel farther than those on the inside they naturally run faster and get ahead but the next curve turns to the left and then those wheels on the right rail hurry around the curve and catch up with those on the left, and as the curves to the right equal those to the left, the result is that on a long road the wheels keep about even.

Sometimes when the train strikes a straight road after making a long curve, the wheels on one side may be half a mile behind, and if you look out of the rear windows you will see them coming down the track.

You have heard of trains waiting because they are ahead of time. Well, that is when all the curves are in one direction, and they are obliged to stop to allow the wheels on one side to catch up with the train.—[Oil City Derrick.

Wladstaw Andrzejewski, a baker of Lawrence, has failed. He could raise bread well enough, but he couldn't raise money on his name.—Springfield Union.

\$1: "Thief!" \$50,000: "Defaulter!" \$100,000: "Shortage!" \$500,000: "Canadian tourist!" \$1,000,000: "Brilliant financier!"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Bad form—The other party's platform.....A surprise party—A party who has just come on deck with a warrant.....Poor collateral—Taking a mother-in-law with a wife.—Judge.

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Bulwer Lytton's Bridge. Where it Touches the Shores and the Great Columns in Mid-stream.

"What a beautiful bridge between old age and childhood is religion. How intuitively the child begins with prayer and worship on entering life, and how intuitively, on quitting life, the old man turns back to prayer and worship, putting himself again side by side with the infant," remarks Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in his "Strange Story." Yes, but between its distant abutments the bridge of life has many high and arched arches, through which the wild waters dash and roar in wrath and desolation. Prayer and worship alone do not sustain these. Nature's solid rocks must lie unshaken beneath, an human art and skill must rear and solidify the structure overhead. God's will is best exemplified in the laws he has made for the creatures whom he has placed under their control. Neither the child's trustful "Our Father" nor the old man's "Forgive me no" in the midst of mine infirmities," will alter this by the weight of a single grain. Science and art first—then faith and prayer—is the order of Heaven itself. Divinity helps through its aids, and those aids are the discoveries of man; not the vague announcements of prophets or seers. Is life a burden to you? Does time drag? Is your power to cope with life's problem and duties weakened? You are not well. Your mind is sluggish and tainted, perhaps, or some important organ is torpid or overworked. This fact may have taken the form of dyspepsia, theumatism, foot, malaria, pains in the stomach, the head, or any of a dozen other ills. PARKER'S TONIC will invigorate you as fresh air invigorates those who have been shut up in damp, fetid cells. It is powerful, pure, delicate, scientific, and the best-kept stone of the central arch of the bridge of life.

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