THE BABY SLEEPS.

The baby sleeps! so softly; spread Fresh linen on the cradle bed oth out the pillow, snowy white, We'll lay him there again to-night, Where he has lain so of before, He'il rest this once, and never more.

Come, part and curl the silken hair. Naturally with loving care: Nay, leave that tress above the face Just as it falls, in wanton grace; But this one ringlet sever and take-"Twill be the mother's last keepsake. Now tenderly we'll lay him down: He will not wake-he sleeps too sound.

The baby sleeps, and not a smile Wreathes his pale blue lips the while; No trace of pain or suffering now Disturbs the fair and placid brow, Only a look, so sweet, so blest, Portraying deep unbroken rest.

Not soon will these white flowers die Upon the heart where now they lie. For waxen hands so pure and cold Can wither naught they touch or hold, Now draw the spotless winding sheet From golden head to dimpled feet And come away! Who is it weeps Because the baby sweetly sleeps?

Dry thy tears. Be thankful rather The great Shepherd sees fit to gather This wee lamb's soul, while it is pure, Safe in His fold, from harm secure. Our hearts are human and will moan— When God claims one we call our own; But think! Adown life's rugged way Young feet are slipping day by day. Pleasure's treacherous mountain pass Is hidden by a waving mass Of hanging vines, whose blossoms fair Conceal temptation's deadly snare. Thrice blessed are they who early miss The yawning mouth of sin's abyss.

Mourn for mothers whose hearts are slain Mourn for wives tortured with pain Mourn for those whose living sorrow Has no hope of balm to-morrow: But here, to-day-who is it weeps Because the rescued baby sleeps? -Fannie B. Thompson, in Atlanta Constitution



ly she was hanging out the clothes on Monday morning. No. 47

was going along pretty lively through the outskirts of a little farming town that lay next to the one where our trip I had often noticed the farmhouse. This morning I saw a young girl come out of the green side door with a basket of clothes. "Hard pull that for a young one,"

says I to myself, and I took another look at her.

She had on some kind of a blue frock, with the sleeves rolled up, and her hair was brown, shining gold like in the sun as she bent to the basket now on the ground, and drew out a sheet and began to put it on the line.

all day, and when I made my return trip I stared with all my might at the clothes hanging there.

But they just flapped back, kind of disdainful, and I didn't catch a glimpse of what I wanted to see. I was making then a round trip, and

a half a day, so I stayed every other night in Chewboro, the town next that where my girl in blue lived.

Well, that being my Chewboro evening. I walked six miles and back to

pass the old gray farmhouse. I saw her, too, for, as I was sitting on the stone wall opposite the house, resting and speculating as to who she was, she came to the window and looked

out at the moon. 'All the next day I kept thinking how pretty she looked with her hands raised to hang the sheet, and how the light glistened on her hair, and how she had leaned forward to look up at the moon. and that night—that was my Boston night-I spent in rescuing her from the coils of a boa constrictor, only to find her the next minute in danger of being run over by a freight car. The heroic acts I performed that night would make

The next day, on my second trip, 1 gown, flying around the corner. Says I to myself:

This thing must stop, Sam, or you'll be getting into trouble some day.



WHAT I SAW BEYOND THE FENCE. You'll be forgetting to slow up over

that trestle, and there'll be big headlines in the paper: 'Owing to the carelessness of the engineer a score of souls hurled into eternity!

"No," says I, "this won't do. Either ain't, and the best thing for you to do, Sam, is to find out which right off."

So that evening at supper I opened kind of gently with the landlady, "Good farming country round here," says I. You see I hadn't been on that branch very long, so the remark seemed natural enough. "Um." says Mrs. beefsteak to set a good example to the Tom for being not only bad, but weak spirited boarders.

"I noticed some fine trees along by Stowboro," says I, mentioning the help them." town where my blue girl lived. "Um," from the landlady, again hard

at work. "There's one especially handstome one in front of an old house beyond the trestle, on the right, ever noticed it?"

There's one especially handstome one pleased to has the children brought home but grandfather confine t listen to her and forbade anyone's mentioning the subject to him again.

"He seems to grow worse as time goes on, so leaves of the book were old and faded, says 1, as careless as I could, but waitwhen you space of your knowing two boys."

The seems to grow worse as time goes on, so leaves of the book were old and faded, and the question is: How did it get ing quite breathless for her answer.

"Dea Stackpole's, yes."

young kids in the poorhouse down in Maine. "Stackpole, Stackpole, what's the deacon's family?" "Nothing but his wife and a grand-

daughter.' "O, yes," says I, quite careless. "Seems to me I've seen a little girl playing round."

"Little girl," slouted Mrs. Grubb, forgetting her beefsteak in her cagerness, "she's seventeen if she's a day, tell you. At which for some unknown reason !

felt much pleased. "And she's all-fired pretty, too," added Jim Stokes, the engineer of 19,

at which I felt an equally strange and sudden desire to kick him. I put on my other suit and a new blue necktie-the girls used to say I

looked pretty well in a blue necktieand I started out for my six-mile I hadn't male all these preparations

posed to do something more than sit on the stone wall that evening. There was a light in the sitting-room

when I came in sight of the house, and I plucked up my courage and knocked at the door.

I don't mind telling you that while I was waiting for somebody to come I felt | my own best. kind of weak about the knees, and when the door opened and there stood Molly holding the lamp up high and looking out into the darkness with her cheeks a marriage license, and with that in my as pretty as a peach, well then I was pocket I felt that I could defy forty clean gone.

I managed to stammer out the speech I'd made about being out walking and steam in 47, and it seemed as if the being tired, and might I rest and have minutes were hours until five o'clock. a drink of water. Goodness knows I I'd had to tell the scheme to my fireneeded both, for I was that shaky I was | man-I'd got leave for him, too.

fit to drop. Molly told me to walk in, and called her grandfather. I told him who I best engine on the road, too, sir-and he made me welcome and treated me

"This is my wife," says he, "and this is my granddaughter Molly," he added, as she came in carrying a pitcher of cider and some glasses, and with a

pretty flush on her cheeks. I sat down and had a real pleasant evening, and it wasn't the last I spent there, either, for in course of time whenever I spent the night in Chewboro, which was every other night, you remember, I spent the evening with Molly.

One evening we got talking about names, and says I:

"Your name's a queer one-Stackpole-I never met with it before except when I was a boy. Down in Maine where I lived there were two boys who had been left on the poorhouse steps one night and who were brought up there. Tom and Bije their names was, I remember, and we boys used to call them 'haystack' for fun.'

Molly had given a little cry of sympathy for the orphans, I supposed, but ceased abruptly as her grandfather glanced at her severely. He was a stern man and disliked all display of softheartedness.

"The name isn't uncommon in some parts," said he, and that was all. Do man would hardly speak to me and gine.
gave me to understand by his manner

to Molly: "I tell you, Molly, I can't stand this. I must see you as much as I have done, and I can't do it with your grandfather lance? acting as if he owed me money. Now, I don't want to do anything underhand, and I know your honest little grandfather now."

You see, we'd made it all up between possible. us some time before, but we'd agreed to wait a year, because Molly was so young.

Molly said "Yes," and off I went to How anxiously I watched every step, a very cordial reception, but I didn't either engine increase or slacken its

I was consigned to a spot not fit to be made my proposition, and the old gen- gravel. tleman used language that certainly didn't belong to a deacon. Then I got

mad, and, says I: "Have you anything against my character, Deacon Stackpole," says I, "or my prospects?"

"No," says he, "I've looked them up thought I caught a glimpse of that blue | pretty carefully when I guessed what you were hanging round here for." "Then what is your objection?" says

> But he wouldn't have anything to say to me but "no, no, no," and wouldn't listen to anything I said, so I went off to find Molly crying under an apple tree, for she'd heard our angry voices. I didn't see her the next evening but one, for I found at my boarding house

> a long letter from her. "Sam, dear, grandfather is very determined, and you'd better not come over this week. "It's all about those two little boys you knew n Maine, in the poorhouse. You see, I had an Uncle Tom, who was grandfather's oldest so He turned out to be very wild, and a great trial to grandtather, and he nearly broke grandfather's heart. After awhile he married an actress, and they went away and never were

> heard of for years,
> "Grandfather is an awfully proud man, and he was mortified to death at the way Uncle Tem had acted. He had been expelled from the church, and that was a great blow and, finally, when he brought home his wife, that

> was the finishing touch. "She was black haired and she reddened her cheeks and was rather handsome, but loud talking, and not like grandmother.
> "Grandmother tried to lear with her, but one

day she was impudent, and Uncle Tom stood up for her against his mother, and grandfather got angry and turned them both out of doors. -In three or four years a letter came to grand mother from Uncle Tom, written from Maine, saving that his wife had died and that he was very ill himself and didn't expect to live long. "No, says I, "this won't do. Either and that he had two little boys whom he had this girl's worth fretting about or she called Tom and Abijah, after himself and granufather, and ther they'd have to go to the poorhouse if something wasn't done for them soon and would grandmother tell grandlather how matters stood sand how Uncle Tom re-pented of what he had done.

"Grandmother actually didn't dare to grandfather, though her heart ached for her boy, so she copied it all down and sent it to him anonymously. He was angry as could be and cursed Uncle Tom's wife for bringing the tirubb, hard at work on a piece of name of Stackpole to the poorhouse, and Uncle

> In about a week she saw in the newspaper the account of a man found dead, and his name,

named Stackpole in the poorhouse he began to there? This is the second occurrence hate you, and he's hatest you ever since. That's of the finding of strange articles in "Stackpole," I repeated aloud. "I excialmed when you told heir sames because I knew 1 had somewhere two courses, two courses, two -Atlanta Constitution

was true enough, only they were two Tom and Bije, but I didn't know .ben all the story as I have told it to you "Sam, dear, grandfather is going to send me to boarding school right away, so I can't see

Then came some tender words from the dear little girl's loving heart, and I | tastefully chosen decanters and glasses. decided that something must be done,

and that at once The next day that I was in town J the particulars. She was to go to a boarding school one hundred miles have taken the place of the old ruby and a good tall girl for her age, and a away the next day on the five o'clock and deep green. great help to her grandmother, I can train, and her grandfather was to go with her.

I had been thinking all night over a plan, and I resolved to put it into exefar from me, it was utterly out of the

First I wrote a long letter to Molly, describing the whole plan and giving than the others. her minute directions as to her part in whom I could trust, with directions to

give it to Molly, herself. Then I traveled all over town to get for nothing, you may be sure. I pro- leave of absence for the next day. I was going to take the day off anyway, but I thought I'd rather get it honestly

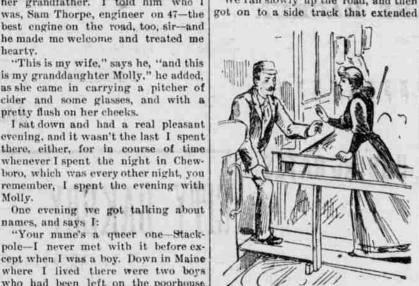
if I could. I got permission for Joe McDonald to ron his engine on my train and that suited me; I needed a locomotive in carrying out my plan, and of course I knew

The rest of the night I spent in some necessary carpenter work. A long day the next was. I obtained

ross-grained grandfathers.

Early in the afternoon I got up I was 'getting pretty hervous when

we started out a little before five. We ran slowly up the road, and then



MOLLY'S ESCAPE.

alongside the main track about ten miles and was just then free from cars. buckily.

At last we heard the rumble of the express in the distance. Then I pulled the throttle and we began to make good speed, so that out gait just equalled that of the express, and we ran side by side, first, second, third car.

That was the one I had told Molly to be in, and on the farther side, so that you know, after that evening the old her grandfather should not see my en-

We fell back a little and ran even sir, but I kept thinking about that girl be. It made me mad. So at last I says would be be. It made me mad. So at last I says Would she have the conrage to do it? Such a slight little thing as she was, and it would need such pluck. Could she escape the old man's vigi-

Yes; there she was on the platform. Quick now; there was the result of my night's carpenter work, a plank heart wouldn't let you, either, so the long enough to reach from the cab of only thing for us to do is to get married my locomotive to the platform of the all the finest of hand needlework, hem right off, and I'll go and ask your ear, provided with a rail, so that the stitching and drawn work. perilous walk might be made as safe as

> upon it bravely, though her cheeks were deathly pale.

interview the old man. I didn't expect keeping one hand on the throttle lest expect anything nearly so warm as I speed and the plank be shaken or bent from the straight line.

mentioned before ladies the minute I as she glanced down at the flying with a cap and long cloak to match. "Courage, my darling," I cried.

People were beginning to crowd to the windows, and out upon the platform rushed the brakeman and a half dozen passengers, among them grandfather Stackpole.

No one dared to speak for fear that Molly would lose her balance. The brakeman steadied that end of the bridge and the deacon wrung his hands in misery.

Almost over, two steps more, and then I pulled her in and smothered her with kisses, while the fireman slackened our speed and played engineer for

The plank, Molly's dangerous bridge, fell to the ground as the express pulled ahead, and we noticed that the feat had been accomplished just in time, for I looked out and saw only a threequarter mile stretch of the side track before us. We reversed the engine-dear old 47

that had won me a wife-and within an hour I was the husband of the sweetest little woman that man ever loved-my Molly, here. "What became of grandfather?" He soon forgave Molly, and has always

been kind to us, but his heart is still hardened to Tom's sons, whom Molly insisted on hunting up in Maine. We found them both prosperous farmers, who had no need of grandfather's help, and this fact seemed to

confirm his determination to have nothing to do with them. Grandmother has visited them, and is the same kind-hearted old lady, devotedly ford of Molly, and attached to our two boys, Sam and Abijah. - Mable

S. Clark, in Boston Globe. A Book in a Tree Trunk.

There have been numerous stories told of the finding of live frogs in the heart of a tree which was sound in its outward appearance, but perhaps the best tree story of the series comes from Ware county. A negro there, as the story goes, was cutting down a dead pine tree, when the blade of his ax disclosed numerous thin particles of use," he said, "and his children and he may printed paper. He was naturally die in the poor house before I'll raise a tinger to amazed at this, but kept chopping away until be discovered the remains of a leather-bound book, which subsequently proved to be a Testament or Thomas Stackpele, was found in his pecket. quently proved to be a Testament or "Grandmother plucked up courage, and small Bible. There was a considerable

FASHIONS IN GLASSWARE.

White and Pale Tints Have Displaced the

Deeper Colorings. Nothing save flowers lends so much charm to a well-appointed table as There is a fashion in this as in all oth- ard is being successfully conducted by er matters. In regard to coloring the Ernest Reyber, the proprietor of the prevailing taste is certainly not in this received a note from Molly telling me direction. Even for bocks white is street. Mr. Reyber estimates that beoften used, and citron and pale green

The revolution in the shape of champagne glasses has apparently proved a velcome one, for the wide, low glass is rarely found among the newer pat- fibery material, within which the incution, for as to Molly's going away so terns, and has been almost universally sects nest and lay their eggs. At this replaced by the old, tall, narrow shape familiar to one's childhood. These look more graceful and are easier to lift

Sorbet glasses, too, are coming into This I dispatched by a messenger fashion. This is a welcome innovation, as that particular kind of ice has hitherto been served in ordinary custard glasses, which, to the foreigner at least, must seem rather anamalous.

> Engraved glass is still used and very beautiful designs are seen in a faint or given up to the insects, which have aptwisted wave. In this pattern are at parently divided the space into many tractive Elizabeth jugs and breakers mounted in silver, copies of old stoneware vessels in the South Kensington museum dated 1560.

For decorative purposes there are many novelties in colored glass. The admired, and is made in many artistic shapes. It is less expensive than the English, and of a paler tint. A new troublesome to me, and which are atvase for flowers is shaped like a milking stool, and the tall heliotrope-col ored glasses, ornamented with gilding, are very effective. There is also a new kind of decorative glass which is likely to become a favorite, though the prices will be rather high. It is an imitation of tapestry work enameled in faint old-

There is a great deal to say on the subject of the management of glass. It is essential that it should be thoroughly well cared for, since badly cleaned plate and dull glass are a disgrace to any house. Some servants use cold water, others prefer warm. It should be cemembered that delicate glass will not stand very hot water. A wooden bowl is the best vessel to use, and it should be kept for this purpose only. and frequently scoured to obviate all the softest and driest cloths should be used, and without these it will be impossible to put a good polish on the

glass. There are many ways of cleaning decanters. The habit of using shot is not to be recommended, as it is apt to leave atoms of lead adhering to the glass, but common salt, tea leaves, and, above all, ammonia, are excellent for cleansing purposes. All bottles should be well shaken after being nearly filled with ammonia, or other material, and left to stand for a time. After more shaking, rinse again, till the water remains quite clear and set the decanter upside down on a rack to drain: the outside can be washed and polished when the inside is clean and dry. A final polish can be given with a leather, and it is a good plan for the servants to wear a wash-leather glove when put ting the glasses on the table.-London

BABY'S WARDROBE.

the Infant Ruler of th Household. Baby's wardrobe is fairly bewilder

Queen.

ing in its costly simplicity, lace-trimmed and hand-embroidered bibs, "booful petticoats to wear beneath his wonderful bretelled and puffed and collaretted dresses, dainty sacks, all embroidered on sleeves and collars and revers, an

"Pink for a boy and blue for a girl is a generally accepted dietum, though It was fitted in place and she stepped, why nobody quite knows, unless a boy's outlook is so much more roseate that the girl is fairly tipified by blue. But for those who prefer a departure from the ordinary, pale green is an excellent choice, and silver ribbon and silver silk can be made to add wonderfully to an outfit. For instance, a cobwebby robe Half way across! A little faltering of drawn work over a slip of silver silk, The fancy wrappers and the little bootees have bows of colored ribbons, of course. "Baby" ribbons are used for rosettes, and these decorate the lisping lieutenant. Lazily opening the dear little doll - like caps his eyes he remarked; which fit close to the tiny heads are the cutest things in the world. Wadded wrappers are made of the captain can be." cheese cloth or flannel, but some mothers prefer wrappers of eiderdown, which does not need wadding. Beau- fire was burning on the hearth, placed tiful carriage rugs are of eiderdown in its hottest center a powder canister For winter two layers of eie erdown are and instantly retreated. bound together with ribbons. Thus a large rug of white eiderdown will have a face of blue and a binding of blue satin ribbon, and on one corner will be set a gigantic bow of broad blue satin ribbon. Summer rugs are of one thickness of eiderdown embroidered with moss rosebuds or other small flowers in chenile. Long cloaks are particularly elegant at present, the short-caped-much-be-collared-and-bewinged style is most popular, and in it baby looks like a smaller edition of mamma. In all and through all is the idea that fineness and softness are the cover his egress, but now, dropping it two essentials of Master Baby's ward- he raised the window, and out he robe, and all others are subserviert .-Chicago Post. Fairy Gingerbread.

One cupful of butter, two of sugar, one of milk, four of flour, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger. Beat the butter to a cream. Add the sugar gradually, and when very light, the ginger, the milk in which the soda has been dissolved, and finally the flour. Turn bakingcans upside down and wipe the bottoms cry clean. Butter them and spread the cake mixture very thin on them. lake in a moderate oven until brown. While still hot cut into squares with a case-knife and slip from the pan. Keep in a tin box. This is delicious. With the quantities given, a large dish of gingerbread can be made. It must be spread on the lottom of the pan as thin as a wafer, and cut the moment it comes from the oven.-N. Y. Ledger

Art at Home.

The subject of lampshades is so far from being exhausted that designs of Cobble-No. He is waiting to get great beauty and often of the most un- some one to go up in it. Detroit Free ooked for oddity have appeared. A Press. new one of these last is a dolphin which rosses the middle of the lamp, the shade portion consisting of plaited silk paper which represents sea foam coming rom its mouth. A very handsome design shows blue lilies at the top, placed ery high, and rosebuds running around the wide plaited paper which covers the glass chimney,-Chicage

A SPIDER FARM.

Several Thousand Living Specimens Care fully Tended in One Room Many will be inclined to discredit the statement that spider-raising is an established industry in Chattanooga Enterprise bottling works on Cowart

tween 5,000 and 6,000 of these insects make their homes in his bottling department, which occupies a large room probably sixty feet square. The ceil ing is fairly covered with thousands apon thousands of little patches of season they spend little time in their nests, but in day time hide in dark, out-of-the-way cracks and corners, but in easy command of their woven snares. Spider-webs are everywhere, span-

ning the space between floor and ceiling or spread about the machinery, in front of the window-wherever, it fact, the busy weavers can find a place from which to hang their net work. A big corner of the room is besides our-walled apartments.

Mr. Reber is a pleasant and intelli-

gent talker and a shrewd observer. His fair complexion betokens his Teutonic descent. Said he: "Those creatures know more than a great many people. green Nuremberg glass is very much I keep them because they wage such constant war on flies, cockroaches and other such vermin which are very tracted by the siraps, sugar, etc., used in the bottling business. A spider never cares for sweet things nor drops into my vats or bottles. Flies and cockroaches are nature's scavengers but those spiders watch every one that approaches like hawks, and soon lure him into their meshes. I never disfashioned colors on fine threaded glass turb them when I can help it, except to feed them occasionally. They appear to know my call, and will come when called and crawl upon my hand or take a fly from my fingers. They are tame, and have never bitten me. though I couldn't promise so much to a stranger. This spider is a hibernating animal and shuts himself up during the most of the winter in those little nests you see stuck like mud daubs on the ceiling. When winter comes I brush away all these webs, for possibilities of greasiness. None but the spiders prefer to weave new webs every spring." As a cow must be milked every day this wary and provident little creature must unravel each

spring the silken fabric that is stored in its body. He does not make his appearance till May, when the flies have laid their eggs and hatched their first young, else the fly crop would soon give out. Meantime the hundreds of eggs which each female spider laid during the previous summer and fall have been going through a process of incuba tion, and now turn out the older ones to seek a living for themselves. Mr. Reyber has encouraged the insects to harbor in his establishment for two years past, and finds the spider of such practical utility as to be almost indispensable.-Chattanooga Times. ONE ON THE COOL CAPTAIN.

The Lisping Lieutenant Finally Gets De eidedly Even for Past Jokes.

A good story is told by an English paper of a lisping officer having been vietimized by a brother officer (who was noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerves), and his getting square with him in the following manner:

The cool joker, the captain, was always quizzing the lisping officer, a lleutenant, for his pervonsness, and said one day in the presence of his company: "Why, nervousness is all nonsense.

tell you, lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous." "Well, inquired his lisping friend, 'how would you do thoose a thell with an inth futhee thould drop itthelf in a three-quarters."-N. Y. Press. walled angle, in whith you had taken thelter from a company of tharpthootherth, and where it wath thertain

if you put out your nothe you'd get good memory,-Boston Courier. peppered? "How," said the captain, winking at the circle; "why, take it cool, and spit man whose beat includes eight fruit on the fusce!

The party broke up, and all retired except the patrol. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on the parade and talking in clusters, when along came

Saying this, he walked deliberately into the captain's quarters, where a

"I want to try an experiment thith

There was but one mode of egress from the quarters, and that was upon the parade ground, the road being built up for defense. The occupant took one look at the canister, comprehended the situation, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened on the ontside.

"Charley, let me out, if you love me! shouted the captain. "Thpit on the canister!" shouted he

in return. Not a moment was to be lost. H had at first snatched up a blanket to bounded, sans every thing but a very short undergarment, and thus, with hair almost on end, he dashed upon a full parade ground.

The shouts which hailed him brought out the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a sergeant in front of him to hide himself. "Why don't you thpit on it?" in

quired the lieutenant. "Because there were no sharpshoot ers in front to stop a retreat," answered the captain. "All I've got to thay then, ith," the lieutenant. "that you might thafely have done it; for I'll thware there

wathn't a thingle grain of powder in The captain has never spoken of nervousness since. - Boston Globe.

A Long Wait. Cobble-Bilter has invented a balloon that he says is a great success. Stone-Has he made an ascension

-"Now, remember," said the school teacher, "a contagious disease is on you can can catch." "Is spanking a disease?" asked Benny Bloobumper. "No: how ridiculous!" "Well, I ofter

catch one. -If our eyes were better the stars

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

-Be not faint hearted in misfortune. When God causes a tree to be hewn down, he takes care that his birds can nestle on another.

-The Presbyterian church asks for \$250,000 to prosecute the work among the freedmen, which is the same amount asked by the Methedist Epis copal church.

-The first Sabbath school ras instituted in 1787. There are now in the United States 108,939 Sabbath achools. with 8,649,000 scholars. The world has 20,078,595 Sabbath school scholers.

-Faith is the hand that lays hold on Christ; the eye that looks to Christ; the ear that hears the voice of Christ: the mouth that feeds on Christ; the finger that touches Christ; and the key that unlocks the treasures of Christ .-Rev. F. Harper.

-The sculptor Ephraim Keyser has been appointed instructor in modeling at the Maryland institute, Baltimore, in the schools of art and design. Mr. Keyser's finest work is an angel of herole size designed for the tomb of President Arthur. He has also a "Psyche" in the Cincinnati Art museum, and he has made the statue of Gen. de Kalb Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup for Annapolis. -Elders James Brown and Edward

Sudbury have returned to San Francisco from the Society islands, whither they were sent as Mormon missionaries. "We now have ten missionaries in these islands," said Elder Sudbury. "The natives take kindly to the Mormon religion, and we are converting them by hundreds. In some places whole islands have been converted." -The Lutheran church naturally has

its largest membership in Germany-32,000,000-but it has also a large mem bership among those who speak other languages. For instance, 5,300,000 Swedish, 2,500,000 Norwegian, 2,300,009 Danish, 2,048,000 Finnish, 1,250,000 Eng lish, 1,113,000 Hungarian, 624 Livon ian, 480,000 Courlandish, 272 Esthonian 70,000 French, 70,000 Icelandic, and 48, 000 Bohemian.

-It is reported in the Roman Catho lic papers that the Paulist Fathers are planning a new aggressive campaign for the purpose of converting protestants to Roman Catholicism. They say that hitherto the chief effort of the church has been to make Catholics more Catholic. Now they must go direct to Protestants and put before them the claims of the church and the need of membership in it.

-The United States were settled by men who desired to worship God ac cording to their own consciences, yet in Virginia a hundred years ago every county officer, justice and vestryman was required to subscribe to this test possession over two hundred certificates oath: "I do declare that there is no transubstantiation in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, or in the elements of bread and wine, at or after the consecration thereof, by any person whatsoever."

-Rev. G. Furness Smith, an English missionary, recently related to Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being a London meeting that the Turkish authorities at Constantinople had declined to allow the circulation of St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, supposing the people of Galata, a suburb of the Turkish capital, to be those addressed, and refused to be entirely sat- time, and read the Label. isfied on the point till a certificate of St. Paul's death was forthcoming.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Guest-Here, waiter, there is a fly in my coffee. Waiter-That's all right. sir; we've got plenty more.-Inter Ocean.

-Mrs. Potts-Mrs. Flyer called this

afternoon. Jack Potts (absent-mindedly)-What did you have?-Philadelphia Record. -"Do you call your wife your better half, Mr. Henpeck?" "Better half?

H'm! My friend, she is more than -At the Mountains -First Girl-What are you sketching? Second Girl -A man. First Girl-You must have a

-"Do you believe in a lucky star? "Of course I do. I know one policestands and seven saloons."-Indian-

apolis Journal. -I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls: I felt at ease, with life content, Till fancy brought the landlord's calls: He came, alas, to get the rent

-Buffalo Courier. -"Do you believe Schiller when he says that the best woman is the one of whom nobody talks about?" morning and see how extheedingly cool rather think it is the one who talks about nobody."-Plauderecke. - I notice that Congressman G.

Swosh talks a good deal about the

farmer in his speeches." "Yes." "Does

he know much about agriculture?" 'Well, I guess he has had hay fever.' -Washington Star. -The man who wagered a lady that he could thread a needle in less time than she could sharpen a lead pencil won in sixteen minutes, at the end of which time the lady had whittled up

her pencil.-Boston Gazette. "Take that back," said the insulted man. "No, sir," replied the other. "I never took water in my life." "You can't tell me that," returned the first speaker. "I know better. I used to

supply you with milk."-Waif. -Wilson's Suggestion.-Mrs. Hardy -(boarding-house keeper.)-I wish we could get rid of that young man who is approving my daughter with his attention. Mr. Wilson-(boarder)-Why not take him to board?-Yankee Blade.

-First Dear Girl-Charlie gave me such a lovely string of pearls yesterday. It was my birthday, you know. A pearl for every year. Second Best Girl-Dear me. How awfully expensive!-Philadelphia North American.

- 'We could adduce a hundred illustrations to prove the advantages of shorthand and the saving of time thereby effected. Only think, gentlemen, it took Goethe forty years to write his 'Faust!' How many years he might have saved if he had only known shorthand. -- Dorfbarbier. - Hicks-I saw Lipper just now. What

an interesting talker he is. Wicks-You may well say that. Why, he was in a barber's shop getting shaved the other day, and he so charmed the barber by his conversation that the fellow actually let him go without asking him if he'd have a shampoo!"-Boston Transcript.

-Farmer Medders-Here I been an' paid fur a college eddication fur ye, an' what on earth good are ye-ve durned withless, lazy, conceited, loafin' dude? What did ye larn to college, anyway? Graduate-Well, this for one thing (yelling): Hoopla! hoorah! zip! bang! ninesy-three-three-three! K. M. G. Selah! Farmer Medders (delighted-Well, begosh, a college eddication is with suthin'. I'm goin' ter town ter-morrer would give us more light - Ram's ter peddle vegetables, an I'll take re along ter holler -Harper's Bazar.

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THE INJUSTICE OF A JUST Verdict .- A bung from a beer barrel blew out and instantly killed a Harrisburg man who stood in its way. The coroner can hardly escape the verdict that the man died from the effects of liquor.—Boston Herald.

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