

THE SAVING LOOK.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's Intended Discourse at the Tabernacle.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 13.—[Special.]—The destruction of the Brooklyn Tabernacle by fire at an early hour this morning prevented the usual Sunday services. The manuscript of the following sermon was handed to the reporters who called upon Rev. T. De Witt Talmage at his home. Dr. Talmage said it was the discourse he intended to deliver this morning, and requested that it be printed with this explanation:

The subject of the sermon was "The Saving Look," and the text Hebrews xii., 2: "Looking unto Jesus."

In the Christian life we must not go slipshod. This world was not made for us to rest in. In time of war you will find around the streets of some city, far from the scene of conflict, men in uniform, who have a right to be away. They are honest and faithful, and they are honestly and righteously off duty; but I have to tell you that in this Christian conflict, between the first moment when we enlist under the banner of Christ, and the last moment in which we are about the victory, there never will be a single instant in which we will have a right to be off duty. Paul throws all around this Christian life the excitement of the old Roman and Grecian games—these games that sent a man on a race, with such a stretch of nerve and muscle, that sometimes when he came up to the goal, he dropped down exhausted. Indeed, history tells that there were cases where men came up and only had strength just to grasp the goal and then fall dead. Now, says this apostle, making allusion to those very games, we are all to run the race, but not to crawl, not to walk, but to run the race, and to win before we look unto Jesus, and just as in the old time, a man would stand at the end of the road with a beautiful garland that was to be put around the head or brow of the successful racer, so the Lord Jesus Christ stands at the end of the Christian race with the garland of eternal life, and may God grant that by his holy spirit we may so run as to obtain.

The distinguished Williston, the chemist, was asked where his laboratory was, and the inquirer expected to be shown some large apparatus; but Williston offered his servant to bring on a tray a few reagents, and he said to the inquirer: "That is all my laboratory. I make all my experiments with those." Now, I know that there are a great many who take a whole library to express their theology. They have so many theories on 10,000 things, and I have to say that all my theology is condensed in these three words: "Looking unto Jesus," and when we can understand the height and the depth and the length and the breadth and the infinity and the immensity of that passage we can understand all.

Remark in the first place, we must look to Christ as our Savior. Now, you know as well as I that man is only a blasted ruin of what he once was. There is not so much difference between a vessel coming out of Liverpool harbor, with pennants flying and the deck crowded with good cheer, and the same vessel, driven and crushed, the coast of the new world in view, and the fragments of an awful and eternal shipwreck. God's body is wrong. How easily it is ransacked of disease. Our mind is wrong. How hard it is to remember, and how easy to forget. The whole nature disordered, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot—wounds, bruises, putrefying sores, and all manner of disease and come short of the glory of God. "By one man sin entered into the world and death by sin, and so death has passed upon all men for that all have sinned." There is in Brazil a plant they call the "murderer," for the simple reason that it is so poisonous it kills almost everything it touches. It begins to wind around the roots of the tree, and coming up to the branches reaches out to the ends of the branches, killing the tree as it goes along. When it has come to the tip end of the branch the tree is dead. Its seeds fall to the ground and start other plants just as murderers.

And so it is with sin. It is a poisonous plant that was planted in our soul a long while ago, and it comes winding about the body and the mind and soul poisoning, poisoning—killing, killing, killing as it goes. Now, there would be no need of my discoursing upon this if it were not for the fact that it is a thing for me to come to a man who is in financial trouble and enlarge upon his trouble if I have no alleviation to offer. It is an unfair thing for me to come to a man who is sick and enlarge upon his disease if I have no remedy to offer. It is a thing for me to come to a man in financial distress or physical distress or in any kind of distress if I have financial reinforcement to offer or a sure cure to propose. Blessed be God that among the mountains of our sin there rolls and reverberates a song of salvation. Louder than all the voices of bondage is the trumpet of God's deliverance. "Oh, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." At the barred gates of our dungeon, the conqueror knocks, and the hinges creak and grind at the swinging open. The famine struck pick up the manna that falls in the wilderness and the floods clap their hands and sing, "Oh, thirsty soul, and live forever," and the feet that were torn and deep cut on the rocky bridge path of sin now come into a smooth place, and the dry alders crackle as the panting heart breaks through to the water brooks and the dark night of the soul begins to grow gray with the morning, and the purple, yea to flame, from horizon to horizon. The battles of temptation silenced. Troubles that fought against us captured and made to fight on our side. Not as a result of any toil or trouble on our part, but only as a result of "Looking unto Jesus." "But what do you mean by 'Looking unto Jesus'?" someone inquires. I mean faith. "What do you mean by faith?" I mean believing. "What do you mean by believing?" I mean this: If you promise to do a certain thing for me, and I have confidence in your veracity—if you say you will give me such a thing and I need it very much, I come in confidence that you are an honest man and will do what you say. Now, the Lord Jesus Christ says: "You are in need of pardon and life and heaven, you can have them if you come and get them." You say: "I can't come and ask first. I am afraid you won't give it to me." Then you say: "I will come and ask. I know, Lord Jesus, thou art in earnest about this matter. I come asking for pardon. Thou hast promised to give it to me, thou wilt give it to me, thou hast given it to me." This is faith. Do you see it yet? "Oh," said some one, "I can't understand this. No man ever did, without divine help. Faith is the gift of God. You say: 'That throws the responsibility of my shoulders.' No. Faith is the gift of God, but it comes in answer to prayer.

All over glorious is my Lord. He must be loved and yet adored; His worth is all the nations know.

Sure the whole earth would love Him, too. I remark again, that we must look to Jesus as an example. Now, a mere copyist, you know it always, a painter, a painter go to a portfolio or a gallery of art, and ever exquisite, to get this idea of the natural world from these pictures, he will not succeed as well as the artist who starts out and dashes the dew from the grass and sees the morning just as God built it in the clouds, and then looked upon the wreath of the sea, and coming home to his studio, he pictured the tempest. It is not the copyist who

succeeds, but the man who confronts the natural world. So if a man in literary composition resolves that he will imitate the smoothness of Addison, or the rugged vigor of Carlyle, or the weirdness of Spenser, or the epigrammatic style of Ralph Waldo Emerson, he will not succeed as well as the man who cultures his own natural style. What is true in this respect is true in respect to character. There were men who were fascinated with Lord Byron. He was lame and wore a very large collar. Then there were tens of thousands of men who resented that they would be just like Lord Byron, and they limped and wore large collars, but they did not have any of his genius. You cannot successfully copy a man; whether he is bad or good. You may take the very best man that ever lived and try and live like him, and you will make a failure. There never was a better man than Edward Payson. Many have read his biography, not understanding that he was a sick man, and they thought they were growing in grace because they were growing like him in depression of spirit. There were men to copy Cowper, the poet, a glorious man, but sometimes afflicted with melancholy almost to insanity. The copyists got Cowper's faults, but none of his virtues.

My brother, my sister, there is a balm that cures the worst wound. There is a light that will kindle up the worst darkness. There is a copy to copy from, the roughest ocean. You need and may have the Savior's sympathy. You cannot get on this way. I see you trouble is wearing you out body, and mind, and soul. I come on no fool's errand today. I come with a balm that can heal any wound. Are you sick? Jesus can heal you. Are you weary? Jesus can weary. Are you persecuted? Jesus will give you peace. Are you bereaved? Did not Jesus weep over Lazarus? Oh, yes, like a roe on the mountains of Bethel, Jesus comes bounding to your soul to-day. There is one passage of scripture, every word of which is a word of power: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Then there is another passage just as rest. "Cast thy burden on the Lord and He will sustain thee." Oh, there are green pastures where the heavenly shepherd leads the wounded and sick of the flock.

The Son of God stands by the tomb of Lazarus and will gloriously break it open at the right time. Genesis cannot use its power so high that Christ cannot walk there. The curse of oil will multiply into an illimitable supply. After the orchard seems to have been robbed of all its fruit, the Lord has one left, full of golden and ripe supply. The reaper may wait with his scythe and with death; but there cometh after while a reaper, a coronation. Oh, do you not feel the breath of Christ's sympathy now, you wounded ones, you troubled ones? If you do not I could like to tell you of the chaplain in the army who was wounded so badly that he could not walk, but he heard a distance away a man dying a man who said: "O, my God!" He said to himself, "I must help that man though I can't walk."

So he rolled over and rolled through his sin blood and rolled on over many of the slain and he said to himself, "I am suffering and he is suffering and he is in the comfort of the gospel, and with his own wound he seemed to soothe that man's wound. It was sympathy going out towards an object most necessitous, and one that he could easily understand. And so it is with Christ, though wounded all over himself, he hears the cry of repentance, the cry of our bereavement, the cry of our poverty, the cry of our wretchedness, and he says: "I must go and help that soul," and he rolls over with wounds in his head, wounds in his hands, wounds in his feet, toward us, until he comes just where we are, and in our own blood, and he puts his arm over us and I see it is a wounded arm and it was a wounded hand—and as he throws his arm over us I hear him say: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

Again, we must look to Christ as our final refuge. We cannot win these crosses, however good our sight may be, catch a glimpse of the heavenly land for which our souls long. But I have no more doubt that beyond the cold river there is a place of glory and of rest, that we have that across the Atlantic ocean there is another continent. But the light of heaven may be seen, and into a mighty contrast. This is barrenness and that verdure. These shallow streams of earth which a thirsty ox might drink dry, or a mule's hoof trample into mire, compared with the bright crystalline river from under the throne, on the banks of which river the emerald of heaven may be seen, and into a clear flood the trees of life dip their branches. These instruments of earthly music, so easily racked into discord, compared with the harps that thrill with eternal raptures, and the trumpets that are so musical that they wake the dead. These streets along which we go, noisy and clamorous, and in poor man carries his burden and the vagrant asks for alms, and along which shuffle the feet of pain and want and woe, compared with those streets that sound forever with the feet of joy and holiness, and those walls made out of all manner of precious stones, the light interlarded with precious stones, and chrysolite and topaz and sardonyx and beryl and emerald and chrysoberyl.

Oh, the contrast between this world, where we struggle with temptation that will not be conquered, and that world where there is perfect joy, perfect holiness and perfect rest! Said a little child, "Mamma, I wish I be blind in heaven." "Oh, no, my dear," replied the mother, "you won't be blind in heaven." A little lame child said: "Mamma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No," she replied, "you won't be lame in heaven." Why, when the plainest Christian pilgrim arrives at the heavenly gate it opens to him, and the angels come down to escort him, and they spread the banquet and they keep festival over the august arrival, and Jesus comes with a crown and says, "Wear this," and with a palm and says, "Wave this," and points to a throne and says, "Mount this." Then the old citizens of heaven come down to hear the newcomers, and the angels deliver the wrought for him, and as the newly arrived soul tells of the grace that pardoned and the mercy that saved him, all the inhabitants shout the praise of the King, crying, "Praise Him! Praise Him!"

Quint John Hanyan caught a glimpse of that consummation when he said: "Just as the gates were opened to let in the man, I looked in after them, and beheld the city shone like the sun; the streets were also paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, and golden robes upon their shoulders. And after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

Brothers are Barred.

Boston Courier.

"Now then, Jennie," said the bridegroom to the bride after they returned from the church where the knot had just been tied, "how many brothers have you?"

"Brothers!" exclaimed the bride in astonishment, "you know I haven't any brothers. I'm the only child of my parents."

"Oh, I know that, but how many young men did you promise to be a sister to before you accepted me? Those are the brothers I want to know about."

"Well," replied the bride, smiling, "I think I must have about half a dozen of brothers."

"All right. You just drop a note to each of them and tell them the brother and sister business is all off now as you have got a husband. If they want sisters tell them to look around among the girls that are single. I'm all the brother you need now."

FORGOTTEN WORKERS.

They lived, and they were useful: this we know.

And naught beside; No record of their names is left, to show How soon they died;

They did their work, and then they passed away.

An unknown band; But they shall live in endless day, in the Fair, shining land.

And were they young, or were they growing old,

Or ill, or well, Or lived in poverty, or had they wealth or gold—

No one can tell; Only one thing is known of them—they faithful

Were and true Disciples of the Lord, and strong, through prayer,

To save and do.

But what avails the gift of empty fame?

They lived to God: They loved the sweetest of another name, And gladly trod

The rugged ways of earth, that they might be

Helper and friend, And in the joy of their ministry Be spent, and spend.

No glory clusters around their names on earth;

But in God's heaven Is kept a book of names of greatest worth, And there is given

A place for all who did their Master please, Though here unknown; And their lost names shine forth in bright-est rays

Before the throne.

O, take who will the boon of fading fame; But give to me

A place amongst the workers, though my name Forgotten be;

And as within the book of life is found My lowly place,

Honor and glory unto God resound For all His grace.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

The picnic at Allen's Corners was over. Rather prematurely over, perhaps, on account of a tremendous thunderstorm, accompanied with a tornado-like gust of wind and jagged streaks of bluelighting that seemed to bury themselves in the ground. Horses and vehicles were brought hurriedly to the edge of the platform; the young people dispersed like a flock of sheep in various directions.

"I don't care," said Frank Warren, speaking between his set teeth. "I wasn't having such a particularly pleasant time. Matty Vail was behaving very badly."

"It doesn't make much difference to me," said Miss Vail, with a toss of her curly head. "I've danced all I wanted to, and Frank Warren has been glaring at me like a Bluebeard the whole time. Such imprudence, indeed! And me not regularly engaged to him, after all! One thing is certain, I never shall be now! And as for riding all the way home to Daisyville with him to-night, I won't do it! There's that little girl from the city; I'll just put her in my place. Her shoes are dreadfully thin, and she has no umbrella. She'll be glad of a chance to ride. And I'll go with Harry Dix or Sam Pratt!"

"Oh, Mat! cried Miss Dillon, Matty's chief confidante and bosom friend, "what will he say?"

"What he pleases—when he finds it out." So when Mr. Warren's handsome black horse was led up, shying and rearing in the uncertain glimmer of the lanterns and the flash of lightning, Matilda Howitt found herself, she scarcely knew how, in the seat beside the handsome young farmer. She sat quite silent, wondering if it was improper to ride home with a gentleman to whom she had never been formally introduced, and trembling, ever and anon, at the storm and her unwonted companionship and the wild speed of Black Douglas as he flew along the pitch-dark, dripping roads.

"Are you frightened?" Mr. Warren asked in a low voice when they had gone a little way.

"Not much!" faltered Matilda, and then she trembled more than ever as an arm crept slowly but surely around her waist. But what was she to do? There was no back to the seat, and there was danger of her being jerked out in one of these sudden curves.

"Don't be afraid," soothed Warren. "You know you are safe with me in spite of everything."

"Ye-es," murmured Matilda Howitt.

"Matty!" She was silent. This growing intimacy was beginning to be appalling.

"Matty!" accompanied with a gentle pressure of the encircling arm. "Don't be cross with me, Matty. You know how much I love you, my own one!"

"O, gracious me!" thought Miss Howitt, "what will he be saying next?"

"You will promise to be my wife, Matty? It may seem sudden, but—Whoa, you villain!"

For Black Douglas had given a tremendous sideways jump, and required all his master's will and energy to subdue him; and by the time they had reached the Vail farmhouse Matilda Howitt found herself engaged, by implication, to a young man she had never seen before in her life until that day.

She jumped out and ran quickly into the house. Mrs. Vail met her in the hall.

"Where's Matty?" she cried. "Who are you?"

"I'm Matilda Howitt," said the girl, "I'm here because he left me. I—I don't quite know why; but the horse behaved so badly, and the

place where I board is three miles beyond the swamp. Please, can't I stay all night?"

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Vail. "You're the city school-ma'am, ain't you, that boards to Widow Dunkley's? Come in and sit down and dry your clothes! Dreadful shower, ain't it? I do wish our Matty was safe at home!"

All this was very unconventional. But, then, thought little Miss Howitt, country life is unconventional. In New York it would have taken a month, at the very least, for a young man to screw himself up to the proposing point. Did she love this man well enough to marry him? Well, she was not altogether certain of that. But he was certainly very handsome, and her heart gave a not altogether unpleasant jump when she remembered that gentle pressure around her waist. It was love—

But here the current of her reflections was interrupted by the arrival of Matty herself—"Martha Auda" was her christened name—in company of Mr. Sam Pratt, a dashing cavalier of another village.

"It's not late," said Sam. "Can't I come in? Just for a little while."

"Nonsense, Sam," said the belle.

"Oh, now, Matty!"

"Nonsense, I say," and Miss Vail shut the door in Mr. Pratt's face with a laugh.

"He's not half so pleasant as Frank after all," said Matty to herself; and then followed an interview with her unexpected guest.

"How nice!" cried Matty. "We can sleep together and talk everything over, can't we? Oh, no, ma, I'm not wet much, and you needn't have saved tea for us. We had a lovely supper in the woods."

"Oh!" cried Matilda Howitt, clasping Miss Vail's hand, "I've so much to tell you!"

"Matty's eyes sparkled.

"What did he say?"

"I'll tell you after the lamp is put out," said Miss Howitt hanging down her head.

"You don't mean—"

"Yes, I do," whispered Miss Howitt. "He really and actually did—pro-

pose!"

"Nonsense!" said Matty Vail, biting her lip. "You must have misunderstood him!"

"Misunderstood, indeed!" retorted Miss Howitt. "I'm sure he spoke plain enough."

"But you wouldn't accept a man who was caught in such a trap as that?"

"A trap!" stammered Miss Howitt. "Yes, of course. He thought it was me."

"Do you suppose he did?" (in faltering accents.)

"There can't be a doubt about it." "Then, of course, there's an end of this matter," said Matilda, with a little quiver in her voice.

"But you'll tell me just what he said?"

"No; I certainly shall not betray his confidence."

"Confidence, indeed!" flashed out Matty Vail. "A pretty confidence! But do tell me, just for the joke of the matter."

Matilda was silent. To her it was no joke.

"I'd have you to know that I have had a proposal, too," added Matty, brushing out her luxuriant blonde tresses. "That ridiculous Pratt. Of course, I only put him off. I do think all the men are crazy!"

Matty Howitt made no answer, but she shed a few silent, bitter tears after she was in bed. The sensation of "being engaged" was very pleasant. It was a pity that it had been so brief!

"As good as engaged to Matty Vail, are you?" said Mr. Warren, who had met Sam Pratt at the post-office next day. "May I ask when this happened?"

"Last night, coming home from the picnic."

"As it happened, she came home with me."

Sam Pratt rubbed his hands gleefully.

"All that was a joke, old fellow," said he. "You brought home the little New York school-teacher; who boards at Ma'am Dunkley's! Mattie Vail managed all that. You don't mean to say you never found it out? I tell you, Mat and I had a good laugh over it going home."

Frank Warren set his teeth tightly together. The girl who could enjoy such a practical joke as this was rapidly losing caste in his estimation.

"I congratulate you," said he, somewhat bitterly.

"Knew you'd be pleased, old fellow," said Sam, smiling broadly. "But they tell me the school-teacher takes it terrible hard. Cried all night. Went home before daylight on foot, all the way to the swamp. Thought that you were dead in love with her. Didn't like the idea of it's being all a put-up job."

Frank Warren turned upon him with a sudden flash in his eyes.

"And who told you," said he, "that it was a put-up job?"

"Eh?" Sam's gooseberry-colored orbs dilated with surprise. "You don't tell me—"

"I tell you that it would be a particularly good idea for you to mind your own affairs."

Frank Warren went straight to the Widow Dunkley's and asked for Miss Howitt. Matty came to him with cheeks unnaturally red and a restless sparkle in her dark gray eyes.

"I—I very sorry," she began.

"Sorry for what? Not that I asked you to be my wife, I hope," said the young man cheerily.

She was not as pretty as Matty Vail, he thought, but she was dainty

and delicate, like a violet blossoming in the shade.

"But you didn't mean it?" she faltered.

"I am not in the habit of saying what I don't mean. I am here to confirm my last night's words. Will you confirm yours, Miss Howitt?"

"But I know to little of you, Mr. Warren."

"That is a disability which can be easily remedied by time. Won't you trust me, Matty?" and he held out his hand.

And she decided to trust him.

The village belle was discomfited beyond measure when she heard that her practical joke had turned into reality. For in her secret heart she had loved Frank Warren as much as it was in her to love anybody.

"Engaged to you, indeed!" she cried to Sam Pratt, with blazing eyes. "How dare you say such a thing? I wouldn't marry you if there wasn't another man in the world!"

And Mr. Pratt departed, inconsolable.

As for Mr. Warren, he never had cause to repent his sudden resolve. Matilda Howitt made him the best of gentle little wives.

"Although it was rather unconventional, that wooing of yours, Frank," said she, "Now wasn't it?"

"Well, rather so, I must admit," said the young husband. "However, Matty, all's well that ends well, you know."

And Matty Vail's practical joke has ended in a fine prospect of her being an old maid at last.—New York Ledger.

When Woman's Rights Were Not Considered.

What the early Christians did was to strike the male out of the definition of woman. Man was a human being made for the highest and noblest purposes; woman was a female made to serve only one. She was on earth to inflame the heart of man with every passion. She was a fire-ship continually striving to get alongside the male man-of-war to blow him up into pieces. This is the way in which Tertullian addresses women: "Do you not know that each one of you is an Eve? The sentence of God on this sex of yours lives in this age; the guilt must of necessity live too. You are the devil's gateway; you are the unsealer of that forbidden tree; you are the first deserter of the divine law; you are she who persuaded him whom the devil was not valiant enough to attack. You destroyed so easily God's image, man. On account of your desert, that is, death, even the Son of God had to die."

And the gentle Clement of Alexandria hits her hard when he says: "Nothing disgraceful is proper for man, who is endowed with reason; much less for women, to whom it brings shame even to reflect of what nature she is."

Gregory Thaumaturgus asserts: "Moreover, among all women I sought for chastity property to them, and I found it in none. And verily, a person may find one man chaste among a thousand, but a woman never."

The Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs makes a queer statement, and adds: "By means of their adornment they deceive first the minds of men, and they instill poison by the glance of their eye, and then they take them captive by their doings," and therefore "men should guard their senses against every woman."

"The angel of God showed me," it says in another passage, "that forever women bear rule over King and beggar alike; and from the King they take away his glory, and from the valiant man his strength, and from the beggar even that little which is the stay of his poverty."

How, then, were men to treat this frivolous, dress-loving, lust-inspiring creature? Surely the best plan was to shut her up. Her clear duty was to stay at home and not let herself be seen anywhere. And this duty the christian writers press upon her again and again. She is not to go to banquets, where her looks are sure to create evil thoughts in the minds of men who are drinking largely of wine. She is not to go to marriage feasts, where the talk and the songs may border on licentiousness. Of course she is not to wander about the streets in search of sights, nor to frequent the theatre, nor the public baths, nor the spectacles. Does she want exercise? Clement of Alexandria prescribes for her: "She is to exercise herself in spinning and weaving, and superintending the cooking if necessary." He adds: "Women are with their own hands to fetch from the store what we require; and it is no disgrace for them to apply themselves to the mill."—Principal Donaldson, in the Contemporary Review.

Always fatten a fowl as quickly as possible. Ten days is long enough to get a fowl fat, and it should be confined either in a coop or a number in a small yard. Give plenty of fresh water, and feed four times a day, beginning early and giving the last meal late. A mixture of cornmeal three parts, ground oats one part, shorts one part, scalded, is best for the first three meals, with all the corn and wheat that can be eaten up clean at night.

To prevent cake adhering to the pan when baked, scatter a little flour over the greased surface before pouring in the dough.



A linchpin is a rolling-pin when the wagon moves.

In the china closet an ounce of holdfast saves pounds of crystal cement.

Some men make two bites at a cherry, but the man who bites the dust never takes but one.

Tramp—Will you give me a chance to get warm, sir? Man of House—Certainly, sir. You know that saw-mill two miles down the road, don't you? Well, I'll give you 15 minutes to reach it. Come, bravo!

It is a mean St. Louis man who says that Chicago people after they die always think they go to Heaven, whether they really have or not.

Young Hal (visiting neighbor)—Why, Mrs. Hammer, you are quite big. Mrs. Hammer—Yes, my dear; did you have an idea that I wasn't? Young Hal—Yes, um, cause ma said you were so mighty small that no one could get along with you.

"I trust you will not think hard of me," he remarked reaching for his hat. "Sir," she answered frigidly, "one who knows you can never think hard of you." And wandering homeward, 'neath the electric light he wondered what it was she meant to convey.—Harper's Bazar.

A little boy of 8 years, whose mother played the organ in church, and who was obliged to be left to the care of others, was asked one Sunday morning what his kitten was crying so piteously for. "I don't know," said he, in tearful tones, "but I spect the old cat has gone to church."—New York World.

Moneybags—"You say you wish to marry my daughter? Well, you know I have three, and on the marriage of each I shall give her husband \$10,000. Which one do you want?" Jack Napes—"I'll tell you what we'll do. You'll move out to Utah, and I'll take all three of them off your hands. I'm willing to do the square thing."—New York Sun.

Sweet Girl (at 18)—"Oh, it's just lovely to receive so much attention! That horrid Miss Pert will go just wild with envy when she hears that five gentlemen called on me this evening."