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ALLURING AS HONEY telligent man or woman a list of books that will be a sour manual and moral or

inrough which use designed to admit the winged combatant, called the Sphinx astropos.

Do you know that the swarming of the bees is divinely directed? The mother bee starts for a new home, and because of this the other bees of the hive get into an excitement which raises the heat of the hive some four degrees, and they must die unless they leave their heated apartments, and they follow the mother bee and alight on the branch of a tree, and cling to each other and hold on until a committee of two or three bees has explored the region and found the hollow of a tree or rock not far from a stream of water, and they here set up a new colony and ply their aromatic industries and give themselvas to the manufacture of the saccharine edible. But who can tell the chemistry of that mixture of sweetness, part of it the life of the fields?

Plenty of this luscious product was hanging in the woods of Bethaven during the time of Saul and Jonathan. Their army was in pursuit of an enemy that by flood's command must be exterminated. The soldiery were positively forbidden to stop to eat anything until the work was done. If they disobeyed, they were accursed. Coming shrough the woods they found a place where the bees had been busy—a great honey manufactory. Honey gathered in the hollow of the trees until it had overflowed upon the ground in great profusion of sweetness. All the army obeyed orders and tanched it not eave Jonathan, and he, not knowing the military orders about abstinence, dipped the end of a stick he had in his hand into the candied liquid, and as yellow and tempting it glowed on the end of the stick he put it to his mouth and attended the honey. Judgment fell upon him and but for special intervention he would have been slain. In my text Jonathan announces his awful mistake, "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and, lo, I must die. Alas, what multitudes of peoply in all ages have been damaged by forbidden honey, by which I mean temptation, delictous and attractive, but damagin

ALLURING AS HONEY

THE HOWEYER THAT IN Work—Templetion That in Delicious and Attructive
that In Delicious and Attructive
hat Dameging and Destructive—Anbreath and Nejtac for the Sunt
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the Washington, Jan. 23—Dr. Talungs
here starts with an oriental acord, from
which he drive that I. Sammet Avi. 45, 11
of the red that was in my hand, and, by
I must the
I must

been slain. In my heard Jonathan amounts come as the my heard my heard and, lo. I must dis. "As what multimake "I of the red that was in my hand, and, lo. I must dis." One would suppose that men would appear have been damaged by fortidation of the local problems and attractive, but damaging and destructive? Common in this enterport, but destrict, some in this enterport, but don't have a some interport of the men of the red that it puts a narry destrict, comes in this enterport, but don't have a been damaged by of rhooticed trank consumed with a visity, when the boyes on the care once through with a solid motion that it into out of the solid trank consumed with a visity, when the boyes on the care once through with a plan notice, that it into soi of ten of the boyes of the care once the books are injurious. All the way from here to Chicage, or New Orleans the books are injurious. All the way from here to Chicage, or New Orleans motion that object thanks book dominated the books are injurious. All the way from here to Chicage, or New Orleans and the filty reven that veroep upon it. "Old Crew!" But and the lifty reven that veroep upon it. "Old Crew!" Men and women without are in which a glamour is thrown over the paramour is a depression of your own monal character. The locabitation of the way the paramour is a depression of your own monal character. The locabitation of the way is the paramour is a depression of your own monal character. The locabitation of the way is the paramour is a depression growth of the work of the paramour is a depression of your own monal character. The locabitation of the way is the paramour is a depression growth of the paramour is the paramour in the paramount of the p

usion. It has stain a multitude of inhelicotual and moral giants, men and women
stronger than you or I. Down under its
power weit: glerious Oliver Goldsmith,
and Gibbon, the famous historian, and
Charles Fox, the renowned stateman,
and in olden times senators of the United
States, who used to be as regularly at the
gambling house all night as they were in
the halls of legislation by day. Oh, the
tragedies of the fare table! I know persons who began with a slight stake in a
ladies parior and ended with thesucide's
pistol at Monte Carlo. They played with
the square pieces of bone with black
marks on them, not knowing that satan
was playing for their homes at the same
time, and was'sure to sweep all the stakes
off on this side of the table. State legislatures have again and again sanctioned
the mighty evil by passing laws in defense of race tracks, and many young
men have lost all their wages at such socalled "meetings." Every man who voted
for such infamous bills has on his hands
and forebead the blood of these souls.

But in this connection some young converts say to me: "Is it, right to play
cards? Is there any harm in a game of
whist or euchre?" Well, I know good
men who play whist and euchre and
other styles of games without any wagers.
I had a friend who played cards with his
wife and children and then at the close
said, "Come, now, let us have mayers."
I will not judige other men's conseience,
but I tell you that cards are in my mind
so associated with the temporal and
spiritual ruin of splendid young men that
I would as soon say to my family,
"Come, let us have a game of cards," as
I would go into a mentagerie and say,
"Come, let us have a game of rattlesnakes." or into a cemetery and isting
down by a marble slab say to the gravediggers. "Oom, let us have a game of
skulls." Conscientious young ladies are
siloutly saying. "Do you think card playing will do us any harm?" Perhaps not,
but how will you feel if in the great day
of eternity, when we are asked to give an
account of our influence

norse puinges to the fit in a slough in-extricable.

The best honey is not like that which Jonathan took on the emi of the road and brought to his lips, but that which God puts on the lanqueting table of mercy, at which we are invited to sit. I was reading of a boy among the moun-tains of Switzerland ascending a danger-ous place with his father and the guides. The boy stopped on the edge of the cliff and said, "There is a "flower I mean to get." "Come away from there," said the father. "You will fail off," No," said he. "I must get that beautiful flower." And the guides rushed toward him to pull him back when, just as they heard him say, "I almost have it," he fell 2,000 feet. Birds of prey were seen a few days

Home-Brewed Ale.

Curiosity seems to be the great failure, or virtue, of monkeys. A story is told of an Englishman who had a South African monkey which had traveled with him around the world. When his bachelor days were over he took his young wife to a lovely old manor house in the south of England, and, Englishmanlike, kept several barrels of good "home-brewed" ale in the cellar. On roturning from church on Sunday morning he noticed that the cellar door was open, and started on a tour of investigation. As he went dayen the seeps Jenny, the monkey, rushed up, and he found that she had set all the spligots running. The door had been in-advertently left open, and Jenny, doubtless, went prying into the semi-lighted place. Turning one spligot on produced such a rushing stream that she tried the others also, much to the waste of the liquor. It may be added that when the Englishman's first born appeared and monopolized attention Jenny got such a fit of jealousy that she was at once sent to the seeluded but more congenial society to be found in the monkey house of the London Zoological Gardens.

to be found in the monkey house of the London Zoological Gardens.

Something About Sails.

Gustav Kobbe, writing about Some Queer Craft, says in the St. Nicholas:
A piece of wood whittled to a point for the hull, a slender chip "stepped" in a slit for the mast, a bit of paper for the sail, and we have the small boy's typical boat. Simple as it is, it is interesting, because, by himself, the boy' has adopted the square sail of the Northern races—asil so typical of these that it was doubt-less part of the right of the Viking ship. Sometimes a boy will jab his mast through two pieces of paper—a larger one, with a smaller one above it for a topsall—unconsciously adopting the characteristic rig of the Viking ship. Stopsall—unconsciously adopting the characteristic rig of the Norwegian Coaster. The first sign of disaster to the small boy's boat is the wetting of the sail as the ministure waves broak over the deck. When the lower part of the sail becomes water-soaked and limp, there is danger of foundering in mud-pond or puddle. To avoid this very danger on the real ocean, that portion of the Norwegian coaster's sail most exposed to a wetting is fastened to the rest by bands or "bonnets," and can be entirely removed when the necessity to reef arises.

The Southern nations, from the Mediterranean to the tropics, with their eye for the picturesque and their love of nature, copied the wing of a bird and adopted the pinion-like lateen sail-wing of the South," as it is called. You can see gaudity painted little boats rigad — with lateen sails along the levee of the Mississippi, off the old French Market at New Orleans—and these we over to the Italian truck-gardeners, who carry their produces to market in these picture-sque little errift.

All sails are variations of one or another of these two great types—the square raiged with barks and brigs and other synare rigade.

All sails are variations of one or atomor of these two great types—the square and the lateen. The use of the former in barks and brigs and other square rigged vessels is plain. And we can readily see, too, the fact that the fore-and aft riggib and mainsails, which, because it is easier to handle, is rapidly simplanting the arture, is an admension of the lateen.

The young man with the swell sult and gold-headed came was trying to flirt with the girl opposite, which the old man on his left nudged him with his elbow and hoursely whispered:

his left hudged into who havely whispered:

"Young man, pause and reflect!"

"Are you speaking to me, sir!" demanded the young man.

"Yes, right to you, but I've got such a hard cold that I cannot say much. Let me repeat that you should pause and reflect."

"What for?"

"You are trying to firt with that young gal, sir!"

You are trying to firt with that young gal, sir"

"And is it any of your business."

"It is, sir. Excuse my hoarseness. I kicked the bed clothes off the other night and got cold. I want to say to you, sir, that it is my business, sir! Suppose that you succeed in attractin that gal's attention."

Well, what of it "She might be flattered and fiirt back, though I don't think she's very flirtations. It might lead to a case of love, and love to marriage."

"You'd better attend to your own busi-ness, sir!" replied the young man.
"That's what I'm doin', sir! 'Scase me while I thow my nose. Yes, sir, I'm sat-tendin' right to my business."
"Then let mine alone! I'm that zal's tather!"

"Then you let mine alone! I'm that gal's father!"

"Oh! You are!"

"Yes, I am, and I don't want no more foolin' around! I've got four sons in-law jest about your shape, and am supportin' the hull gang of 'en, and afore you saddle me with a fifth you'd better pause and reflect. It might be the last straw, and I'd turn the hull crowd out to dig fur folder under the snow banks!"

graph."
Shortly afterwards he received this order
from a rural reader.
"I inclose \$1. If the autograph is on
o' them talkin' machines, send it on by
freight. I don't want the book."

No Cause for Congratulations.

Wilkins—Does your listly wake up often during the night?

Popleigh (with a tired look)—No' is never wakes up.

Wilkins—I congratulate you, old man!

Popleigh—You needn't! My baby never wakes up, because he never goes to sleep!

—Puck.

"I heard that the crowd hooted you when you appeared at the Pedlington Theatre Royal."

"False, me boy, false," replied the entire tragedian. "All false. There was no crowd."

with healthy, happy children.

Almost without exception these dreams might become realities if mothers would only teach their daughters the most common sense facts about their own physical make-up, and advise them how to protect themselves from the perils of the three critical periods of their lives—puberty or matter, motherhood and the "turn of matter, motherhood and the "turn of irregularities and resultines suffer from irregularities, and the sufficient production of the product of the cases and make their whole lives wretched. The delicate organs that make wifehood and motherhood possible, cannof be neglected with impunity. If they are neglected the result is unhappy wifehood, and motherhood will be a menace of death. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an unfailing specific for all diseases of these organs. It restores them to perfect health. It promotes regularity of their special functions. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It tones, invigorates and builds up the nerves, that have been shattered by pain and suffering.

"For years my wife suffered from what the doctors called projenance of the sure."

pain and suffering.

"For years my wife suffered from what the ductors called prolapsus of the uterus," writes Mr. Harry Chant, of 21 Haskell Street, Dallas, Texas. "She was nervous, had cold hands and feet, patpliation, headache, backache, constipation, a disagreeable drain, bearing-down pains and no appetite. She got so weak she could not in the control of the c

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