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THEIR OPPORTUNITY, SAFETY, DE-FENSE AND DESTINY.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says a Good Home Is a Mighty Defense, and So Are Industrious Habits, But He Insists That Religion Is the Strongest of All.

Washington, Nov. 29.-A resounding call goes out in this sermon of Dr. Talmage. If heeded, it would be revolutionary for good. His subject is "Young Men Challenged to Nobility" and the text II. Kings, vi, 17, "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young

One morning in Dothan a young theological student was scared by finding himself and Elisha, the prophet, upon whom he waited, surrounded by a whole army of enemies. But venerable Elisha was not scared at all, because he saw the mountains run of defense for him in chariots made of fir urawa by horses of fire—a supernatural appearance that could not be seen with the natural eye. So the old minister prayed that the young minister might see them also, and the prayer was answered, and the Lord opened the eyes of pure young man, and he also saw the procession, looking somewhat, I se, like the Adirondacks or the

Alleghanies in autumnal resplendence. Many young men, standing among the most tremendous realities, have their eyes half shut or entirely closed. May God grant that my sermon may open wide your eyes to your safety. your opportunity and your destiny!

A mighty defense for a young man is good home. Some of my hearers look back with tender satisfaction to their early home. It may have been rude and rustic, hidden among the hills, and architect or upholsterer never planned or adorned it. But all the fresco on princely walls never looked so enticing to you as those rough hewn rafters. You can think of no park or arbor of trees planted on fashionable country seat so attractive as the plain brook that ran in front of the old farm house and sang under the weeping willows. No barred gateway adorned with statue of bronze and swung open by obsequious porter in full dress has half the glory of the old swing gate. Many of you have a second dwelling placeyour adopted home—that also is sacred forever. There you built the first family altar. There your children were born. All those trees you planted. over the hot pillow, flapped the wing of death. Under that roof you expect when your work is done to lie down and die. You try with many words to you fail. There is only one word in language that can describe your meaning. It is home.

Now, I declare it, that young man is comparatively safe who goes out into the world with a charm like this upon The memory of parental solicitude, watching, planning and praying brained reformer, but an institution es-will be to him a shield and a shelter. I tablished at the beginning. God has and adopted home who at the same time was given over to any gross form of dissipation or wickedness. He who seeks his enjoyment chiefly from outside association rather than from run down. Failure must come sooner ures of which I have spoken may be suspected to be on the broad road to Lord's day, and he who devotes it to ruin. Absalom despised his father's the world is guilty of robbery. God and you know his history of sin and his death of shame. If you seem unnecessarily isolated from your kinsome room that you can call your own? tel. Make ungodly mirth stand back One beautiful Sabbath when the noistrom the threshold. Consecrate some was all hushed, and the day was a spot with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, and a mother's love, and a sister's

confidence, call it home. Another defense for a young man is industrious habits. Many young men in starting upon life in this age expect to make their way through the world by the use of their wits rather than the toil of their hands. A boy now goes to the city and fails twice before he is as old as his father was when he first saw the spires of the great town. Sitting in some office, rented at \$1000 a year, he is waiting for the bank to declare its dividend, or goes into the market expecting before night to be made rich by the rushing up of the stocks. But luck seemed so dull he resolved on some other tack. Perhaps he borrowed from his employer's money drawer and forgets to put it back, or for

merely the purpose of improving his penmanship makes a copy plate of a merchant's signature. Never mind. All day, I venture to prophesy, will meet is right in trade. In some dark night with no permanent successes. God's ere may come in his dreams a vision of the penitentiary, but it soon vanishes. In a short time he will be ready to etire from the busy world, and amid his flocks and herds cultivate the do-mestic virtues. Then those young men who were once his schoolmates and knew no better than to engage in honest work will come with their ox teams to draw him logs and with their hard hands to help heave up his castle. This is no fancy picture. It is everyday life. rotten beams in that beautiful palace. I should not wonder if dire sickness should smite through the young man, or if God should pour into his cup of life a draft that would thrill him with unbearable agony; if his children should become to him a living curse. making his home a pest and a disgrace. I should not wonder if he goes

of the ungodly shall perish. My young friends, there is no way to genuine success except through toil, either of the head or hand. At the battle of Crecy in 1346 the Prince of Wales, finding himself heavily presse by the enemy, sent word to his father for help. The father, watching the battle from a windmill, and seeing his son was not wounded, and could gain the day if he would, sent word: "No, I will not come. Let the boy win his spurs, for if God will, I desire that this day be his with all its honors." Young man, fight your own battle all through and you shall have the victory. Oh, it is a battle worth fighting! Two mon archs of old fought a duel, Charles V. and Francis. and the stakes were kingdoms, Milan and Burgundy. You fight with sin and the stake is heaven or

to a miserable grave and beyond it

Do not get the fatal idea that you are

A CALL TO YOUNG MEN a genius and that, therefore, there is no need of close application. It is here where multitudes fail. The curse of this age is the geniuses—men with enor-mous self conceit and egotism and nothing else. I had rather be an ox than an eagle; plain and plodding and useful rather than high flying and good without work is extraordinary failure. There is no hope for that person who begins life resolved to live by his wits, for the probability is that he has not any. It was not safe for Adam, even in his unfallen state, to have nothing to do, and therefore God commanded him to be a farmer and horticulturist. He was to dress the garden and keep it, and had he and his wife obeyed the divine injunction and been at work they would not have been sauntering under the trees and hankering after that fruit which destroyed them and their posterity-a proof positive for all into mischief.

Scripture would ever have been reclaimed had he not given up his idle habits and gone to feeding swine for a living. The devil does not so often attack the man who is busy with the pen and the book and the trowel and the saw and the hammer. He is afraid of those weapons. But woe to the man whom this roaring lion meets with his

hands in his pockets.

Do not demand that your toil always be elegant and cleanly and refined There is a certain amount of drudgery through which we must all pass what ever be our occupation. You know how men are sentenced a certain number of years to prison, and after they have suffered and worked out the time, then they are allowed to go free. So it is with all of us. God passed on us the sentence. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." We must endure our time of drudgery, and then, after awhile, we will be allowed to go nto comparative liberty. We must be willing to endure the sentence. We all know what drudgery is connected with the beginning of any trade or profession, but this does not continue all our lives, if it be the student's, or the merchant's, or the mechanic's life. I know you have at the beginning many a hard time, but after awhile those things will become easy. You will be your master. God's sentence will be satisfied. You will be discharged from

prison. Bless God that you have a brain to think and hands to work and feet to walk with, for in your constant activity, O young man, is one of your strongest defenses. Put your trust in God and do your best. That child had it right when the horses ran away with the load of wood and he sat on it. When | cient times, to encourage his mer asked if he was frightened, he said: "No, I prayed to God, and hung on like a beaver.

Respect for the Sabbath will be to the young man another preservative against evil. God has thrust into the toil and fatigue of life a recreative day when the soul is especially to be fed. It is no newfangled notion of a wild made natural and moral laws so harmonious that the body as well as the soul demands this institution. Our bodles are seven-day, clocks that must be wound up as often as that or they will Sabbath. Inspiration has called it the will not let the sin go unpunished either in this world or the world to come

This is the statement of a man who dred and former associates, is there not has broken this divine enactment: "I was engaged in manufacturing on the Into it gather books and pictures and Lehigh River. In the Sabbath I used a harp. Have a portrait over the man- to rest, but never regarded God in it. was all hushed, and the day was all that loveliness could make it. I sat down on my piazza and went to work inventing a new shuttle. I neither stopped to eat nor drink till the sun went down. By that time I had the invention completed. The next morning I exhibited it and boasted of my day's work, and was applauded. The shuttle was tried and worked well, but that Sabbath day's work cost me \$30,000. We branched out and enlarged, and the curse of heaven was upon me from that

day onward." While the divine frown must rest upon him who tramples upon this statute. God's special favor will be upon that young man who scrupulously oberves it. This day, properly observed, will throw a hallowed influence over all the week. The song and sermon and sanctuary will hold back from presumptuous sins. That young man who begins the duties of life with either secret or open disrepect to the holy curse will fall upon his ship, his store, his office, his studio, his body and his soul. The way of the wicked He turneth upside down. In one of the old fa bles it was said that a wonderful child was born in Bagdad, and a magician could hear his footsteps 6000 miles away. But I can hear in the footstep of that young man on his way to the house of worship to-day the step not only of a lifetime of usefulness, but the oncoming step of eternal ages of happiness yet millions of years away.

A noble ideal and confident expectation of approximating to it are an infallible defense. The artist complete in his mind the great thought that he wishes to transfer to the canvas or the marble before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. The architect plans out the entire structure before he orders the workmen to begin, and, though there may for a long while seem to be into the gnashing of teeth. The way nothing but blundering and rudeness he has in his mind every Corinthia wreath and Gothic arch and Byzantine capital. The poet arranges the entire plot before he begins to chime the first canto of tingling rhythms. And yet, strange to say, there are men who attempt to build their character without knowing whether in the end it shall be a rude Tartar's tent or a St. Mark's o Venice—men who begin to write the intricate poem of their lives without knowing whether it shall be a Homer's "Odyssey" or a rhymester's botch.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine men

out of a thousand are living withou any great life plot. Booted and spur red and plumed, and urging their swift courser in the hottest haste, I ask "Hello, man! Whither away?" His response is, "Nowhere." Rush into the ousy shop or store of many a one and taking the plane out of the man's hand or laying down the yardstick, say, Subscribe for THE WEEKLY SUN. Latest news in THE WEEKLY SUN.

"What, man, is all this about-so much stir and sweat?" The reply will stumble and break down between teeth and lips. Every day's duty ought only to be the filling up of the main plan of existence. Let men be consistent. If they prefer misdeeds to correct courses of action, then for nothing but to pick out the eyes of let them draw out the design of knav-carcasses. Extraordinary capacity ery and cruelty and plunder. Let ev-'ery and cruelty and plunder. Let ev-ery day's falsehood and wrongdoing be added as coloring to the picture Let bloody deeds red stripe the picture and the clouds of a wrathful God hang down heavily over the canvas, ready to break out in clamorous tempest. Let the waters be chafed and froth tangled and green with immeasurable depths. Then take a torch of burning pitch and seorch into the frame the right name for it-the soul's suicide. If one entering upon sinful directions would only in his mind or on paper draw out in awful reality this dreadful future, he would recoil from it and say, "Am ages to come that these who do not I a Dante, that by my own life I should attend their business are sure to get | write another Inferno?" But if you are resolved to live a life such as God I do not know that the prodigal in | and good men will approve, do not let it be a vague dream, an indefinite determination, but in your mind or upon paper sketch it in all its minutiae. You cannot know the changes to which you may be subject, but you may know what always will be right and always will be wrong. Let gentleness and charity and veracity and faith stand to the heart of the sketch.

On some still brook's bank make lamb and lion lie down together. Draw two or three of the trees of life, no frost stricken, nor ice glazed, nor wind stripped, but with thick verdure waving like the palms of heaven. On the darkest cloud place the rainbow, that pillow of the dying storm. You neco not print the title on the frame. Th dullest will catch the design at a glance and say, "That is the road to heaven." Ah, me! On this sea of life what in numerable ships, heavily laden and well rigged, vet seem bound for mo port! Swept every whither of wind and wave, they go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys and are at their wits' end. They sail by no chart, they watch no star, they jong for no harbor. I beg every young to day to draw out a sketch of what by the grace of God, he means to be. Think no excellence so high that you cannot reach it: He who starts out in life with a high ideal of character and faith in its attainment will find himself incased from a thousand tempta tions. There are magnificent possibilities before each of you, young men of the stout heart, and the buoyant step, and the bounding spirit. I would marshal you for grand achievement. Go now provides for you the field and the armor and the fortifications. Who is on the Lord's side? A captain in anagainst the immense odds on the side of their enemies, said; "Come," my men, look those fellows in the face They are 6000; you are 300. Surely the match is even." That speech gave them the victory. Be not, my hearers dismayed at any time by what seems an immense odds against you. Is fortune, is want of education, are men are devils, against you, though the multitudes of earth and hell confront you, stand up to the charge. With 1,-000,000 against you, the match is jus even nay, you have a decided advantage. If God be for us, who can be against us? Thus protected, you need

Many years ago word came to me that two imposters, as temperance lec turers, had been speaking in Ohio in ience, and they told their audience that they had long been intimate with me and had become drunkards by dining at my table, where I always had liquors of all sorts. Indignant to the last degree, I went down to Patrick Campbell, chief of Brooklyn police saying that I was going to start that night for Ohio to have those villains arrested, and I wanted him to tell me how to make the arrest. He smiled and said: "Do not waste your time by chasing these men. Go home and do your work, and they can do you no harm." I took his counsel, and all was well. Long ago I made up my mind that if one will put his trust in God and be faithful to duty he need not fear any evil. Have God on your side, young man, and all the combined forces of earth and hell can do you no dam-

And this leads me to say that the mightiest defense for a young man is the possession of religious principle He may have manners that would put to shame the gracefulness and courtesy of a Lord Chesterfield. Foreign languages may drop from his tongue. He may be able to discuss literature and laws and foreign customs. He may wield a pen of unequaled polish and His quickness and tact may qualify him for the highest salary of the counting-house. He may be as sharp as Herod and as strong as Samson, with as fine locks as those which hung Absalom, still he is not safe from contamination. The more elegant his manner, and the more fascinating his dress, the more peril. Satan does not care for the allegiance of a cowardly and illiterate being. He cannot bring him into efficient service. But he loves to storm that castle of character which has in it the most spoils and treasures. It was not some crazy craft creeping along the coast with a valueless cargo that the pirate attacked, but the ship full winged and flagged, plying between great ports, carrying its million of specie. The more your natural and acquired accomplishments, the more need of the religion of Jesus. That does not cut in upon or back up any moothness of disposition or It gives symmetry. It arrests that in the soul which ought to be arrested and propels that which ought to be propelled. It fills up the gulleys. It elevates the transforms. To beauty it gives more beauty, to tact more tact, to enthusiasm of nature more enthusiasm. When the Holy Spirit impresses the image of God on the heart, He does not spoil the canvas. If in all the multitudes of young men upon damaged, I would yield this proposil

You may now have enough strength of character to repel the various temptations to gross wickedness which assail you, but I do not know in what drinks in safety. St. Louis Republic. strait you may be thrust at som future time. Nothing short of the grace of the cross may then be able to deliver you from the lions. You are "Young Mr. Gurley displant meeker than Moses, nor holier than presence of mind last night." David, nor more patient than Job, and "If he displayed any mind at all you ought not to consider yourself in- must have been rare." Advertise in THE WEEKLY SUN. THE WEEKLY SUN \$1.00 a year.

vuinerable. You may have so point of character that you have never discovered, and in some hour when you are unsuspecting the Philistines will be upon thee, Samson. Thrust not in your good habits, or your early training, or your pride of character—nothing short of the arm of Almschix Cod. ing short of the arm of Almighty God will be sufficient to uphold you. You look forward to the world sometimes with a chilling despondency. Chee up. I will tell how you may make a fortune. "Seek first the kingdom "Seek first the kingdom God and His righteousness and all other things shall be added unto you.' know you do not want to be in this matter. Give God the freshness of your life. You will not have the heart to drink down the brimming cup of life and then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a Saviour so infinitely generous you have not the heart to act like that. That is not brave. That is not honorable. That is, not manly Your greatest want in all the world is new heart. In God's name I tell you that, And the Blessed Spirit presses through the solemnities and privileges of this holy hour. Put the cup of life eternal to your thirsty line. Thrust it not back. Mercy offers it-bleeding mercy, long suffering mercy. Reject all other friendships, be ungrateful for all other kindness, prove recreant to all other bargains, but to despise God's love for your immortal soul-do not do I would like to see some of you this

hour press out of the ranks of the world and lay your conquered spirit at the feet of Jesus. This hour is no wandering vagabond staggering over the earth; it is a winged messenger of soul. Life is smooth now, but after awhile it may be rough, wild and precipitate. There comes a crisis in the history of every man. We seldom understand that turning point until it is far past. The road of life is forked, and I read on two signboards: "This is the way to happiness," and "This is the way to ruin." How apt we are to pass the fork of the road without thinking whether it comes out at the door of bliss or the gates of darkness. Many years ago I stood on the anniversary platform with a minister of Christ who made this remarkable statement: "Thirty years ago two young men started out in the evening to attend the Park theatre, New York, where a play was to be acted in which the cause of religion was to be placed in a ridiculous and hypocritical light. They came to the steps. The con ences of both smote them. One started to go home, but returned again to the door, and yet had not courage to enter, and finally departed. But the other young man entered the pit of the theatre. It was the turning point in the history of these two young men. The man who entered was caught in the whirl of temptation. He sank deeper and deeper in infamy. He was lost. That other young man was saved, and ie now stands before you to bless God that for 20 years he has been permitted to preach the gospel."

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee

About Table Forks.

It is difficult for us to realize what comparatively modern invention; the table fork is, or how our ancestors managed to get along without it. Queen Elizabeth never heard of such an implement, it having been many years after her death before the first set of queer little two-tined knives, each forked blade being round and pointed, and made rather for lifting than for carving," were taken into England. A passage in the book called Coryate's "Crudites" has given many antiquar ians the idea that the author of that work was the first to introduce table forks in the British Isles. In the passage cited he says: "While in Italy 1 observed that the Italians always used little forks made of iron, steel or silver. I thought it good to imitate this forked cutting of meat, and have since my return often been called 'furcifer' only for using my fork at feed-

Some authorities on manners and customs believe that the fork was in general use all over Europe as early as the year 500 A.D., but if they were their use and the fork itself were lost sight of up to about the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the useful little table implement first became generally known and popular. Walton, Weems and other well-known writers on antiquities, hold to the earlier date given above—500 A.D.—as being the time when the fork was introduced. Part of their authority for so doing, probably is based on the fact that a one vessel containing coins of the

middle ages and many iron forks was

dug up at Sevington, England, in the

year 1834.-St. Louis Republic.

The Latest Umbrella The newest umbrellas have conspicu ously long handles. It is an old fashion revived. For years the handles of the best umbrellas, though richly orhamented, have been short, Now they are being made from twelve to fifteen inchs in length. This gives the um brella makers, a good opportunity for introducing decorative work.

The umbrella most in favor with women at present is made of a good. strong quality of changeable taffeta bilk. Blue and green is a favorite color combination. These umbrellas are made with a name plate fastened to the tie. The latest idea for the name plate is to have it made of gilded silver and ornamented with enamel matching the tints of the umbrella in color.

The ferrule of these new umbrellas, instead of being wood, with a steel cap, is made quite elaborate. Some of then are of silver. Others are made of the same material as that used for the

Canine Strategy.

When an Egyptian dog of the Nile egion wishes to drink at the river's edge he knows exactly how to do it, and at the same time escape being eaten by a crocodile. In working out whom religion has acted you could find his little piece of strategy he runs a mortgage."
one nature that had been the least short way up the river and howls for "What do you mean, you little some time. The crocodiles, attracted by the sound, immediately crowd to that place, whereupon the intelligent dog hastily runs to that part of the river which the reptiles have left and

"Young Mr. Gurley displayed rar

"MOTHER'S APRON STRINGS." When I was but a verdant youth,
I thought the truly great
Were those who had attained, in truth,
To man's mature estate,
And none my soul so sadly tried
Or spoke such bitter things
As he who said that I was tied
The mather's apron strings.

I loved my mother, yet it seemed
That I must break away
And find the broader world I dreamed
Beyond her presence lay,
But I have sighed and I have cried
O'er, all the cruel stings
I would have missed had I been tied To mother's apron strings.

happy, trustful girls and boys! The mother's way is best,
She leads you midst the fairest joys.
Through paths of pence and rest,
If you would have the safest guide,
And drink from sweetest springs,
O keep your Leart forever tied
To mother's apron strings.

## SLAPJACKS!

When pape died we found that instead of being the wealthy man we had always supposed him to be, he was a poor man. He had not indorsed the notes of any old and dear friends to save them from bankruptcy and dishonor. Alas, no! Our sweet popper was not that kind of a man. Quite the contrary, for when it came to settling up his affairs we found that many of his friends had gotten beautifully left by indorsing notes for our dear popsey. He had been guilty of the great over sight of not putting everything in our sweet mamma's name, as she had fre quently urged him to do, and you can imagine the poor dear's feelings when she found herself a widow, too old to stand a ghost of a chance of marry ing again, and with three grown

But we were too plucky to sit down in tearful supineness with folded hands while we lived on the charity of friends, even if this charity had been forthcoming, which it was not.

daughters on her hands, to say nothing

of a mortgage for its full value on the

We bravely sold all of our horses and carriages, with the exception of a single pair of matched horses and a carriage or two that we kept for dear mamma's sake. The creditors could not lay their vulgar, grasping hands on them for mamma had a bill of sale to prove that they were her private property. Dear old Jane, our tender, faithful

servant, who had lived with us for so many years that we had come to regard her as one of the family and had long since ceased to pay her any dear old Jane said that she would never leave us; and Ben, our honest, faithful, cld coachman, vow ed with great fervor he would never leave us until he got the two years wages due him. So with these two faithful souls, and Becky, our trusty little parlor maid, we began the battle of life for ourselves.

We had not a dollar in the world

and there was that mortgage on the house. That, we girls determined, should be lifted at once, but how? Barbara, our stately, formal sister Barbara, the beauty of the family, had once won a prize of two dol(lars and a half for making 59.648 words out of the words "Death to Dirt Soap." She had also received \$1.60 for a story of five chanters that she had written for a religious paper called "The Heavenly Way," and the publishers had

offered her the editorship of the puzzle made Barbara determine to go into literature. Madeline, my second sister, could

paint beautifully on satin and china and she knew how to do five differen kinds of embroidery. I was Patricia or "Little Patsy," as dear popper used to call me. What could I do? I must not be idle while my sweet sisters were so bravely putting their shoulders to the wheel. I had always been a fondly petted, free-from-care little thing, a veritable little wild birdie with no thought but to sing and plume my wings and be happy. But now must take life seriously. One day l was standing before the mirror in my own room trying on a string of magnificent pearls of mamma's that were to be mine some day. The fact that looked at me from the mirror was not a royally beautiful one like Barbara's. but it had a dear little rosebud of a mouth, eyes that twinkled with merriment and sweetly dimped cheeks as soft and blooming as velvet cream and buttermilk and a face masque at night could make them. The old, vexed question of what I could do to help lift the mortgage was perplexing me sore ly that day. Suddenly I ran downstairs clapping my hands and, bursting into the reception hall where momsey and the girls were awaiting their summons to dinner. I shouted merrily

Momsey, dear momsey, in her din-ner gown of rick black velvet with jewels flashing in her ears and at her throat, said in gentle reproof: "Why, Patsy, little maiden, what alls you? You are beside yourself!" I wound my slender, fair young arms around her beautiful white reck and, turying my happy face in the rare old lace worth its weight in gold at her throat, I whispered:
"Slapjacks, mommer mine, slap-

"Slapjacks, girls, slapjacks!"

"Explain yourself, dear, didn't you and the girls say at the breakfast table that the slapjacks we had were simply

two little hands?" "That you did, my pet."
"And cidn't dear popper used to say that not even at Delmonico's did they serve such slapjacks as I, his wee Patsy, made?" "Dear popper!" said mommer, with

ber \$50 lace nandkerchief, his last gift,

to her eyes. "But what has all this to do with your mad gaiety, little sister mine?" seked Barbara, toying lightly with the jeweled fan popper had once brought her from Dresden. "It means, sweet sisters and precious, prec'ous morrsey, that your little Patsy has solved the problem of get-

tirg rid of that horrir, naughty old minx?" asked Birbara, pinching my cheek and then kissing it. "I shall open a slapjack emporium Then I shricked with merriment at the

blank look on their faces. "People love to eat," I said, "and anything good to eat will sell. I am going into the slap;ack business." "My darling! my brave little Patsy!" said mummer as she folded me to her

I was up before daylight the next morning and by 6 o'clock I had baked they injure the legs of fowls. Latest news in THE WEEKLY SUN. Advertise in THE WEEKLY SUN.

fully a bushel of crisp, dainty slapjacks. I put eight or ten dainty plates cn this tray and piled them high with slapjacks. Then, with a dainty little cap of real honiton lace on my head and a crisp white apron around me, I took my position on our front steps which ran down to the sidewalk, and called out in my clear, sweet girlish

"Slapjacks! slapjacks! Fifty cents each! Only fifty cents each for these delicious slapjacks!"

My first patron was a dear little newsbay who are six and pronounced them "bully." Then a bank president whom we had known in our prosperous days drove up in his carriage and when he saw me he said:

"What have we here, Miss Patsy?"
"Slapjacks, Mr. St. Vandeville," I said; "I must do something to help mummer now and this is all I can do." "Noble child!" he said wiping a tear from his eye, "I will take six," and he drove away with them in his hand. Orders came pouring in thick and fast and at the end of four weeks I slipped up to my darling momsey's room and silently laid the mortgage in her lap.

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"What have we here, pet?" she said, "If it is the butcher's bill, take it back to him and tell him to go away or I will have him arrested, the bold, vulgar thing!"

"Look at it, little marmee," I said. "The mortgage!" she cried, almost the mortgage was for \$20,000!"
"I have paid it all the same." I re-

plied. "Am I not a bright little business woman? I'm your little slapiack "Heaven bless you." cried momsey. while the tears streamed down her fair

Having once acquired a taste for business I could not easily give it up and kept on making and selling slap-One morning I was sitting in my

usual place selling slapjacks when a tall, slender, handsome young man, bearing every mark of the gentleman of refinement and wealth, approached, "Patricia! Patsy!" he cried when he drew near.

I looked up and the next instant I vas clasped in the strong, tender arms of St. George De Montmorency, a multi-millionaire whom I had known in the old days.

"You noble, noble girl!" he cried, needless of the slapjacks he was crushing between us and of the melted butter trickling down his coat. "I want you for my own sweet wife! proves to me your noble worth. You nust be mine, little Patsy, mine! Of course I said that it sudden, and that I ought to take time to think, but he would make me say "Yes." right there, and now we have nut a second mortgage on the house to buy my trousseau and pay for my wedding; but as dear little momsey archly says, St. George will have to lift this second mortgage. Ah! I hear his manly voice in the hall asking for his dear, little slapjack girl.

"Coming, St. George, dear!" "My own little slapjack darling!" "How happy we are!"

How Is Your Voice?

The speaking voice of the American roman has ever been a reproach to ier, Owen Meredith said the Italians had voices like peacocks. While every American girl who has the slightest evidence of a singing voice and has the money indulges in singing lessons, very few take any notice of the odulation of the speaking voice.

Elecution is taught in public and private schools, but the methods tend to the perfecting of the declamatory rather than the conversational style and are of little use in every-day life. Nothing adds so to a woman's fascination as a clear, sweet, well-modulated voice and if nature does not bless her with it there is no reason why she

should not cultivate it. It is almost a hopeless task for a grown person to correct such a fault as a harsh voice and for that reason it is all-important that mothers should take especial pains to correct their children of any faults in their way of speaking. In most schools the children recite their essons in a high-pitch, monotonous voice and so long as the answers are correct the tone of voice makes no difference to the teacher. In England and France children are always reproved for talking too loudly or too fast and as a result there is more music to be found in the woices of their American sisters.

A low-key voice and a distinct enunciation should be the possession of every woman and much of the charm a plain woman may lie in her voice. The voice of the American woman has been a subject for ridicule and comment by English writers for many years and the worst of it is there is a great deal of truth in the things

A Monument to Daguerre A monument to the memory of Daguerre, the inventor of the daguerreo type, the precursor of the photograph, soon to be unveiled in the little vil-

lage of Bry-sur-Marne, France. The famous chemist spent the last twelve years of his life there, and the ruins of his house in the Rue de Villiers are pointed out to tourists. He constructed a tower nearly 60 feet in height, having a room at the summit in which he performed his experiments. At the ceremony of unveiling the monument, which the Czar's visit has postponed, the municipality of Bry-sur-Marne "And didn't I make them with these will organize a series of fetes for the day and evening.

> The Most Important Room The sitting-room can be made to do duty as a parlor. The library as a music-room. A drapery-hidden corner of the second floor hall as a bathroom. A chamber with a folding, turn-down sofa bed for a sitting-room, sleeping-

room, smoking-room or reading-room. But a kitchen, however, metamorphosed, will be, must be, and cannot be otherwise than a kitchen still. These considerations mark out the kitchen, in the plan of household salvation, as the most important room in the domestic economy of home-making.-Good Housekeeping.

To keep down lice I scatter coal ashes in the hen house very thoroughly. I take a pan of ashes with me when I

feed the hens, and upon opening the door give the ashes a whirl toward the top of the inside of the hen house, so that the aid may be impregnated with ashes. It certainly aids in keeping away hen lice. Do not use wood ashes in quantities, as when they get wet

that he been la For a ed to it the flat of the ing and building three o under thing The . & Co., G. M. I stock, \$30,000; furnish \$15,000; \$3,000. Besid sustain dealers offices The