

wait there until there is a train for the place you want to go to.

Mr. Barlow also was great upon seeing all the sights in Baedeker and all the pictures that were marked with stars. I will not, however, go on with this sad story. People may travel together with comfort if they will not criticise one another and if each will allow the other to do exactly as he pleases.—*W. Robertson Nicoll.*

Ready for the Storm.

IN 1892 Philip D. Armour was on one of his annual trips to the German mineral waters. At Carlsbad he met the moneyed men of Europe, and he put together all the hints that he got from this one and that one, and out of these hints he evolved a theory. He packed his grip and started for home, and the day he landed in New York he telegraphed for the heads of his departments to meet him.

"How's business?" he asked, cheerfully, as he sat down in the midst of the powwow and within range of twenty telegraph machines.

"Never better; making money hand over fist," said the managers.

"Cut things down to the very edge," said the old man, in a very business-like way. "There's a storm brewing. Haul in sail. Stack up every dollar of cash in the vaults that you can get hands on. Go into the money streets and use the name of P. D. Armour for all it is worth. Get every dollar to be had, and then come back and tell me about it."

They all believed in their hearts that the old man was getting panicky, but they did exactly as he said. They procured nearly \$4,000,000.

"That's not nearly enough. Go out and get more," he directed. "Don't be afraid. Get every dollar you can, and get it just as quickly as you can."

Finally they obtained \$4,000,000 in cash, and this, with securities on hand, footed up \$8,000,000.

"Now maybe we can weather it," said Mr. Armour, and his preparations were hardly completed before the crash of 1893 came.

One of the first things to happen in the desperate financial straits was a run on the biggest banks in Chicago. One morning messengers brought word that a mob was lined up in front of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, and that the people were demanding their money. Some of the most conservative business men had lost their heads, and the rush was enough to stagger any set of bank officials. Ogden Armour, son of the old man, was a director in the bank.

Mr. Armour mingled with the crowd on the sidewalk in front of the bank, going first to one and then to another, pledging his own credit for the deposits. He never left the place until the closing hour, and by that time the run had stopped. He went back to his office and issued a call for a meeting of Chicago business men the next morning. Then he cabled to London and bought half a million dollars in gold on his own account. He ate a little luncheon and drove out to Armour Institute that afternoon as usual. He watched the classes at drill, and then he inquired, placidly: "Is anything wanted?"

The true Christian who is enriched with God's promises, and has stored away in the treasure vaults of his soul, the securities of God, can face the storms of the world with a quiet heart.—*Louis Albert Banks.*

Stonewall Jackson's Fidelity.

AN interesting story has been given to us by the *Standard*, of the boyhood days of that hero whom the world calls Stonewall Jackson.

When a lad Tom Jackson lived in a little place in West Virginia. Like many another boy, he was fond of fishing, and equally fond of selling the fish whenever he could find customers. Conrad Kerster, a grocer three miles distant, agreed to give him fifty cents for every pike a foot or more in length which he caught. The contract was made in good faith, and, as the sequel proves, faithfully kept.

As time went on, a good many twelve-inch pike were delivered at the market with mutual satisfaction to both

parties to the trade. One day the boy was seen tugging through town an enormous fish that almost dragged on the ground. It was two inches over a yard long. Colonel Talbot, a gentleman who knew the young fisherman very well, hailed him and complimented him on his success.

"A noble fish, Tom! I want to buy it."

"It's sold to Mr. Kerster," said the boy, without stopping. "That can't be. He hasn't seen it. Say, I'll give you a dollar for it."

"I tell you it's sold. 'Tisn't mine."

"What's Kerster going to give you for it?"

"Fifty cents!" shouted Tom, still keeping on his way.

The colonel called after him: "I'll give you a dollar and a quarter."

Tom turned a moment with an indignant look and replied: "If you get any of this pike you'll have to get it of Mr. Kerster."

Mr. Kerster was astonished. "Fifty cents isn't enough for that fish," he said. "I shall have to give you a dollar."

"No, sir; it's yours at fifty cents," insisted Tom. "I'll not take any more. You've been kind enough to pay me for some that were pretty short."

Satan's Pretext.

WHEN the devil wants to successfully engineer through society some custom or law which Christians generally condemn, he always hitches up with it a pretext that has the semblance of benevolence and grace. Thus a "charity ball" is a dance for the alleged benefit of the poor, but in reality it is always launched for the gratification of the participants. The theatres sometimes offer to the poor a share of their proceeds at Sunday plays, the purpose being to call out the benevolents inclined, chiefly for their own enrichment. The Detroit sports tried to get a law through the late legislature allowing Sunday base ball if a portion of the gate fees should go to charity. Satan's cohorts have been trying to sell the opium monopoly in the Philippines to the highest bidder, under the flimsy pretext that the proceeds should be used to educate native Filipinos. Thus the bitter portions of perdition are always sugar-coated. No telling when or how the next stealthy scheme may come up. Everything has to be watched. The devil will take our Sabbath day entirely if we don't look out, and he will take our congregations and worship, too. There is not an immortal soul in the world that he would not destroy if he could.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

The Last Chance.

AT the close of an evening's entertainment, one of the guests was going from one person to another, exchanging a few words with each. His brother, who was ready to go home, said impatiently, "You act as though this were the last chance you would ever have to speak to these people. You will see all of them to-morrow." "Maybe I will," was the rejoinder, "but this is at least the last chance that I will have for making use of this hour, and I want to make the most of it." How many of us have ever thought of this? If the days, the hours, and even the minutes, of our lives are to be accounted for in the great judgment, surely it is needful that we give consideration to that which we put into every portion of time. Remember that each day is also a last chance to make that day's record right in the sight of God.—*Lookout.*

Worry.

IN my present journey I am content with whatever entertainment I meet with, and my companions are always in good humor. This must be the spirit of all who take journeys with me. If a dinner ill-dressed, a hard bed, a poor room, a shower of rain, or a dirty road, will put them out of humor, it lays a burden upon me, greater than all the rest put together. By the grace of God, I will never fret; I repine at nothing; I am discontented with nothing. And to have persons at my ear, fretting and murmuring at everything, is like tearing the flesh off my bones. I see God sitting upon his throne, and ruling all things well.—*John Wesley.*