



Manchester Enterprise

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NOMBRE DE DIOS.

The lepers crawl from loathsome huts The rising sun to greet, Swift thro' the aisles down the fabled stairs, While down the narrow street See where she comes, you white-robed nun, This might a picture make, Scenes in faith, and duty done— This, in the name of God.

Among the curst her way she takes With loving words for all, Where fell disease a picture makes That might a feast appeal, She walks a fabled street, Than ever martyr trod, For her a fate more dread than fire— This, in the name of God.

Oh friend, when woman darts so much, Look that unto thy soul; Let there be given mercy's touch To those who lose the goal Of human good—the hall and blind Stung by the chastening rod; Be to earth's misery more kind— This, in the name of God.

—Chicago Herald

THE STUDENT'S GHOST.

"Folks sez de place am hanted, missus. Deay say hit's de students dat comes back at night."

"Nonsense, auntie, you're just too foolish for anything. You're real silly."

The old darkey's words had a rather chilly effect upon me, notwithstanding I tried to throw them off lightly.

"Yes, hit must be ghosts. 'Fo de Lawd, missus, de fokes sez hit mus', and de old auntie passed in her sweeping to catch the sound of a mouse running across the floor of the left above."

Without her uncanny references to the presence of the supernatural the old house, with its wide damp halls and musty smelling closets, would have been anything but inviting. No one had lived in it for a long time, and its bare appearance would have been enough to suggest ghosts to a superstitious mind.

All around the house the grass had grown up thick and green, and the old negro had mentioned it, the wind seemed to moan dimly through the tops of the great oak trees that overhung the roomy old country house.

I was not at all afraid of ghosts. 'No body is for that matter—until they see them. So I told the old negro woman to hush her silly talk, and was soon so busy in putting things in order that I thought no more about ghosts or anything else."

"But my household affairs. Every one in a while, though, a slight shiver passed over me, accountable to just that I don't know. Probably to the sense of being almost alone in that rambling, gloomy old house."

We were only just moving in. The house stood a short distance from the town, within a stone's throw of what had once been a large college, where students from all parts of the country attended in the days of its usefulness and popularity. But the man who owned the college was dead, and it had long since ceased to resound with the subdued hum of the students' voices. The college had succumbed to the ravages of the dread scourge."

The master and many of his pupils died with it, and since then the old school building had had no regular occupants.

"We had taken the house, where the master used to live with his family and a number of his students, who could not get accommodation at the college. The old negro woman whom we had hired to clean up and help us move in had been raised in the neighborhood, and was full of stories about the old house and the people who tried to live in it and were driven away by strange noises that were heard at the dead hour of night."

As soon as she came the old woman began telling her mysterious tales, and before the first day was over I had heard them all.

I did not believe in them very much, and so kept them to myself, not repeating what I had heard to my husband when he arrived late in the evening with the last load of household goods.

A few days after we were well settled down in our new home John was suddenly called away on business, to be gone a week or more. I had never mentioned the ghost stories to him, and so far we had had no visits from our uncanny lodger, if we had any.

My sister was sent for, to keep me company in John's absence, and she arrived two or three days before his departure. Ghosts were not mentioned to her of course, as I did not care to make her uneasy or cause her any unpleasantness.

The second morning after her arrival she came to me and complained that she did not like to sleep in the room which she had been given.

"I don't know why," she said, "but I have such a strange feeling, and both nights have been awakened by a peculiar noise."

"What does it sound like?" I asked, not without a show of uneasiness.

"I don't know, I can hardly describe it, but it sounds like the rocking to and fro of a heavy chair on the floor above."

"Oh, it's just because it's a strange room," said I; "you'll sleep all right to-night. If not, will change you to-morrow."

Next morning my sister again complained of being awakened by the same strange noise exactly at the same hour—about 1 o'clock.

"I'll have the left above cleared out to-day; it must have been rats," I said. The left was cleared out, but John going away that day, Lucy's room was changed, and the matter was forgotten for the time.

One evening during John's absence we were visited by one of our new neighbors. In the course of conversation Mr. Hall, our visitor, referred to the old days when the college was crowded with students and the head master lived in our house.

"They say the house is haunted since then," he said.

A chill passed over me at this, but affecting to be incredulous and indifferent lest my sister should become alarmed I remarked lightly:

"The idea! Did anybody ever hear of the like?"

"I don't say it is and I don't say it isn't,"

said our visitor. "I can only say what I know myself."

"Haunted indeed! The ghosts must have died before we came, I guess," said I with another chill creeping up my back, but still replying gayly, "for at least they have not ventured in yet."

I did not allow my gaze to meet my sister's eyes for fear it might call to her mind the mysterious noises which had affected her when she had slept in the spare room.

"I can only tell what I know," went on Mr. Hall. "I don't believe in ghosts myself, but strange things happen sometimes. It was when the old college over yonder was filled with students, and when the master lived here."

"A dreadful scourge which was sweeping over the country laid hold of the students, and many of them died. Some are buried in the little wood yonder beyond the college building. Some died before their friends could reach them. The horror was awful while the scourge lasted. When it ended there were almost none left at their desks, and since then no one has ever tried to start the school again."

"Well, one day the dread fever appeared here in the master's household. A young man from Texas, a bright, happy young fellow, the idol of a fond father and loving mother, was the first victim. From the first he knew there was no hope of his recovery, and only hoped and prayed that he might live until his mother and father could reach him."

"The young man occupied the room across the hall, yonder," continued the old gentleman, motioning to the room where the strange sounds had been heard.

"I began to feel very uncomfortable, and involuntarily drew my chair closer to Lucy's, as I glanced into her face, upon which was mirrored thoughts as nervously agitated as my own."

"Day by day the young student grew weaker and weaker, until the end was almost come. He hoped on, however, and the doctors did all they could to save him."

"One night the end came. The young man was dying. The master and his family were gathered about his bedside, when a loud knocking was heard at the door below. It was the father and mother of the young Texas student, arrived just in time to see their darling boy alive."

"They were nearly frantic with grief, and when the father came to his son's side he picked him up in his arms, and with his almost unconscious head leaning on his breast, sat in a great rocking chair that stood before the fireplace. There he rocked him to and fro, clasped in his arms, until he died, happy in having his longing fulfilled."

"That much I know," concluded Mr. Hall.

"For a few seconds there was silence, no one caring to ask further about the young student."

"Ever since then," resumed our visitor in a half-mysterious tone, "they say his spirit comes back to his old room every night just at 1 o'clock, when he was rocked to the long sleep in his father's arms."

"They say every night a strange sound is heard in that room like the grating of a heavy rocking chair away to and fro under a heavy burden."

"After this story every day was a terror and every night a horror. And naturally we did not pass very good tenants.—Atlanta Constitution."

Cunning Wolves.

John Mumford, whose ranch is on the north fork of Red river, tells of a case which shows that wolves have instincts little short of reasoning powers.

A sow with a dozen pigs was down in a draw leading to the river one morning, and Mumford heard a terrible row down there. He went to see what the trouble was and saw a wolf going galloping away. He returned to his place. After a while the noise began again. This time he saw the wolf had returned with its consort. The mother made a mock but apparently ferocious attack on the old sow. The sow, with bristles up and mouth open, rushed at the mother wolf, who retreated slowly and with much snapping of jaws and many snarls.

While this was going on the male wolf quietly slipped around to the drove of little grunters, and picking one up in his mouth carried off easily. He did not kill it at once, he simply carried it loose in his mouth and with his head over his shoulder as if he was enjoying the fun his consort was having with the sow, or was expecting something else. Meantime the young pig was squealing for help at the top of its voice. Leaving the she wolf, the old sow made a rush to save the captured pig, and at that the she wolf dashed at the other little pigs, caught one, and then the two wolves fed at the top of their speed.—New York Sun.

The Desires of Gladstone.

Though great cooks still command enormous salaries in Europe and America and splendid dinners are still every day affairs, there has been, I think, a certain advance further from mere glutting, past even the stage of last century gourmandizing, to that of the man who eats and drinks with the utmost moderation, but gratifies his delicate palate with re-creation, just as he does his fine ear with good music, and his critical eye with beautiful forms and colors in the decoration. For the modern Sycarite the table is a mere detail of universal luxury, not the supreme concern. Even this stage seems to me to be passing away. The length and profusion of London dinners have, in my recollection of thirty years, been greatly curtailed by improved taste; and in a singular way the adoption, from one reason or another, of water drinking habits by hundreds of men and women in society is tending visibly to minimize the luxury of the table in England, and must, I should suppose, effect the same end in America.—Frances Power Cobbe in Forum.

Man's Flattery of Woman.

I would also advise young women not to depend for happiness on the flatteries of men. It is a poor compliment to your sex that so many men feel obliged in your presence to offer unmeaning compliments. Men capable of elegant and elaborate conversation elsewhere sometimes feel called upon at the door of the drawing room to drop their common sense and to dole out sickening flatteries.—T. De Witt Talmage in Ladies' Home Journal.

Whenever William E. Gladstone catches cold he at once goes to bed. This has been his rule for fifteen years. It is an interesting fact not generally known that he wrote his election address announcing the dissolution of parliament in 1874 in bed.

THE MAGIC BOTTLE.

How Daniel Slattery and the Village of Lackabeg Were Avenged by It.

"The ignorance of the average peasant in Ireland in regard to simple remedies to alleviate pain is dense as a Newfoundland fog," said a resident of the city, who has recently returned from a trip through the southern and western portions of the Emerald Isle.

"The common ills of humanity," he continued, "such as slight fevers, colds, rheumatic twinges and headaches are borne with the stoicism of the North American Indian. In some cases a physician has never entered the thatched cottage, even in times of great distress. I had been suffering severely from catarrhal headache. To relieve it I bought a small heart-shaped bottle of green glass, with a plated silver top, containing concentrated ammonia. I used it very carefully, for the preparation was strong. While seated in my hotel before a turf fire, a bright light shone from the ammonia and experiencing the usual relief, a brawny peasant named Daniel Slattery, from the hamlet of Lackabeg, came in. At sight of the bottle his curiosity was aroused. Said he: 'That's a quare little bottle ye hav', sir!'

"Oh, it is common in America," I replied.

"What do ye tell me so," exclaimed Daniel with an accent of surprise. "What good is it?"

"It will alleviate headache."

"Usha, is that true? Shure and if ye were ain't me, sir, I hav' the headache meself!"

"What kind of a headache is it?" Nervous?"

"Arin's wan o'me knirs, but shure as nails is nails I hav' it right under me hair."

"The truth was in all probability Daniel had never had the headache in his life. His object was to get hold of the little bottle. All the time the conversation was going on he had been cunningly at it, and his fingers were itching to get possession of it. To prolong his suspense, and also to give him an exaggerated idea of the curative powers of the contents of the bottle, I took a dainty sniff at it, and then showed signs of lively satisfaction. Daniel sat on nettles. He squirmed with ardent desire to handle the bottle, and yet his sense of politeness restrained him from making a direct request for it. It was as good as a play-acted to watch him. At last he became roused to such a pitch of desire that his scruples melted like butter in the tropics. He blushed like a school girl, stammered, and then, with an apologetic smile, blurted out: 'Ye give'm yer parron, sir; but wud ye give'm to me, wud ye? I wud make me feel any better!'

"I handed him the bottle and he received it with dainty touch, as if it had been a fragile flower. He held it up to the light, and looked through the green glass at its contents."

"He exclaimed, 'the stuff in the bottle is av'nt!' 'He unscrewed the silver top and twirled it around on the end of one of his calloused fingers. When he had amused himself for a few minutes like a child with a new toy, he seized the bottle between his thumb and forefinger, raised it to his nostrils, and drew a long breath. There was a strong reaction in the system after this inhalation. He was seafed when he made it. The effect was electrical. He gasped like a dying codfish, and rose to a standing posture. The tears ran from his eyes. The shock was so severe that his hair almost stood on end. He tried to speak, but for nearly a minute could only utter broken sentences. As he slowly recovered he raised his right hand as if about to strike me. Then he resumed his seat with a bewildered look and exclaimed: 'Begorra, sir, it cured me intirely!'

"By the time he had fully recovered an idea occurred to him, for his face brightened perceptibly. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and ran out of the door, with the bottle in his hand. He started for his home in Lackabeg, three miles away, as fast as his three-mile-an-hour donkey could pull the cart. The subsequent proceedings were related by a neighbor of Slattery's a few days later thus: 'That's a quare bottle ye are after givin' Daniel Slattery, sir. He's a feller playin' tricks wid wid our Lackabeg. Divil's the stroke of work he did he do these three days, sir, but—around curin' headaches wid it. There is ne'er a house, sir, but Dan wint in. 'I have a cure,' says he, 'for every mortal pain in yer body,' says he, 'sober like a priest. 'All ye hav' to do is to sniff the little quare bottle and the pain is gone from ye like steam from the kettle.' Well, at first he had him fallin' down wid the fright he got them, 'til he came to Michael O'Brien. Michael was that jarred and frenkened by the smell he got that he let the bottle fall on the hearthstone and it bruk into a thousand pieces. And such mournin' as there was in Lackabeg becase the bottle was bruk ye never heard before, sir. Fair ivery man in O'Brien's family has on their two knees on the flure pickin' up little bits of the broken glass. Ye haven't another wan of the little bottles, hav' ye, sir?'—New York Sun.

KING LEAR ONCE MORE.

How a Man Who Divided His Property Among His Children Managed to Live.

The recent death of a Detroit pioneer came very near being followed by the skinning and flailing of the attorney who had faithfully served him for years.

As a result of early investments and fortuitous circumstances the old man had accumulated a handsome fortune. His wife died and three daughters were left as the widower's sole. In the course of time the young ladies, bright and handsome, were all married off and did well.

They each liked to entertain "pa," and rather vied with each other in securing his presence at their respective hearthstones. At length one of the girls suggested the propriety of pa's dividing his fortune among his children. They were to receive it anyhow, pa could always have a good home among them, and their husbands would have the aid of his money in carrying on business.

Pa acquiesced, had his lawyer split his wealth into three parts, and each child received her just proportion. Then things were different. The old man's welcome was not as warm as formerly; neither were his meals. He overheard one daughter-complaining that she had been keeping pa for about three months, she thought it time one of the others should assume the burden.

The old gentleman hadn't lost his shrewdness and saw what was coming. He called on his lawyer, whose advice was to keep quiet and work a scheme.

"If I send any one to you, take up what he may propose and decline to discuss the affair with your children."

Next day the father was hugging a dismal fire and inwardly suffering from the cold looks about him. There was a caller—announced to see him. The man went right to business.

"Mr. —, I want to borrow some money."

"How much the point asked: 'How much?'

"Three thousand."

"What security?"

"First mortgage on city real estate."

"What interest?"

"Seven per cent."

"If my lawyer approves of the security have him fix up the papers and make a check. I'll come down this afternoon and sign."

Next day another borrower called, went through the same talk, and negotiated a loan for \$5,000.

The daughters had learned all by judicious eavesdropping and the clouds which darkened the old man's skies gave way to a burst of sunshine. "The best was now an anxious to have him as it had been to get rid of him. The best rooms, the best seat by the fireside and the daily caresses of his three girls came to his daily lot. So it was at the time of his death."

After the funeral the lawyer was seen. From him it was learned that he was left a cent. Then there was a pawing of the air and chain shot denunciations from the daughters, wild sons-in-law talked seriously of mopping the ground with the faithful attorney. But the lawyer had made the old age of his client a pleasant one and was content.—Detroit News.

A Clever Diamond Robbery.

The death of the famous thief, Walter Stewart, alias Sheridan, in a Montreal prison recalls a bold robbery committed in a diamond merchant's store by him and a pal, ten years ago, which for skill and success has never been equaled in Philadelphia. Then Sheridan was the most expert diamond thief in America, and a decoy jewel box in the possession of Joseph K. Davidson, of No. 715 Sanson street, is the only relic of the daring theft and the mute reminder of the skill of the master thief.

Though Sheridan and his pal were arrested for the crime some time later not a shadow of the jewels were ever seen by the victim or the detectives. The box is a tin one about eight inches long, four inches wide and one inch deep. It contains white and blue papers, usually inclosing loose stones, but salt is the substance in them. Toward the end of March, 1880, Sheridan, in company with Dave Cummings, another noted crook, visited Davidson's place and purchased for \$90 a diamond ring. They carefully noted the exact size, size and appearance of the diamond while selecting the stone from the collection.

Two days later they came back, looked at the box again and departed without purchasing. When Davidson examined his trusty box he found its counterpart in its place filled with the salt paper. While the thieves were busy the box was opened and the false box and were perfectly successful in playing their trick.—Jeweler's Review.

Innocence in Danger.

A correspondent writes of a child who was found by its mother stroking and playing with a live rattlesnake. "Pity worm! pity worm!" murmured the child. "Mamma, come see my pity worm!" With inexpressible horror the mother realized the child's danger, and for a moment was powerless and speechless.

If the reptile were disturbed or angered, her boy's peril would be doubly great. She checked her first impulse to run and seize him, and called quietly, "Eddie, don't disturb the pretty worm, but come and get a lump of sugar to feed it with."

The child stole softly away from the snake and ran to his mother unharmed. She snatched him up and carried him to a place of safety; then she seized a club that lay near and dispatched the snake. It had six rattles.—Montreal Star.

Sir Robert Ball, the astronomer royal for Ireland, says the stars known to exist number 100,000,000, but if any one added a ninth or two to that total no doubt they would still be within the truth; many gaseous bodies, hundreds of millions of miles across the surface, are gradually cooling down and may in course of time become worlds.

LAST WORDS OF GREAT MEN.

How Many of Them Were Actually Spoken by Their Reputed Authors?

An intensely interesting volume might be made up of the dying words and speeches of men whom the world calls famous. Their final exits from the great stage have been generally edifying and always characteristic.

"God be praised," exclaimed Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, on learning that the French were giving way in every direction, "I die happy." His antagonist, Montcalm, also received a mortal wound while endeavoring to rally his men, and when told that his end was approaching made answer: "So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

"I pray these see me safe, but for the coming down I can shift for myself," remarked Sir Thomas More, observing the weakness of the scaffold.

"I heard say the executioner was very good, and I have a little neck," said Anne Boleyn, putting her hands about it and laughing heartily.

The unhappy Charles I expired with the words "Remember" on his lips, and the last words attributed to "Buckshot" Forster were "No home rule," while Rabelais calmly remarked: "Drop the curtain, the farce is played out."

With some presentiment that they are about to die is the first symptom of approaching death. Mozart wrote of requiem under the conviction that the monument he was erecting in his genius would prove a monument to his own remains. When life was ebbing fast he called for the score, and as he mused over it, he said: "Did I not tell you truly that it was for myself that I composed this death chant?" Bewick, the famous wood engraver, was last employed upon a representation of "The old horse waiting for death" and Forster, delirious at the death of all things, and having given it a last touch, seized his palette, and broke it in pieces, remarking: "I have finished."

Many remarkable instances may also be cited in which the dying lips murmur out the names of friends and the occupations and recollections of the past life. Goethe's dying lips murmured something about a beautiful woman's face, and Napoleon's last thoughts were for the head of the army, while Disraeli, some quarter of an hour before his death, raised himself a little in his bed, and stretched himself out in the old familiar way that he was wont when rising to reply in debate, while his lips moved in silence.

De Lagry, the great mathematician, was asked the square of twelve when he was no longer able to recognize his friends about his bed, and mechanically answered "144." No less striking were the last words of Lord Tenterden, the famous English judge. Some time before his death he had been delirious and talking incoherently, but, on recovering his composure and raising himself from his pillow, he was heard to say, in slow and solemn tones, as when he used to conclude his summing up in cases of great importance: "And now, gentlemen of the jury, you will consider your verdict."

Sometimes the ordinary mind breaks with a sudden sanity. It was in this way that Boileau expired from the effects of dropsy. A friend entered the room where he was sitting, and the poet, in one and the same breath, bid him hail and farewell. "Good day and adieu," said he; "it will be a very long adieu," and instantly expired.—Once a Week.

A Woman's Way.

"My husband doesn't chew any more tobacco," said a newly married lady to a number of friends, "or, at least, he doesn't where I can see him."

"How did you stop him?" they all asked.

"The morning after we were married," began the lady, "and he and I were sitting on the front porch, I noticed he was all at ease, and finally I asked him what was the matter with him."

"My darling," he said, taking my hands, "there is something I should have told you before we were married."

"What is it?" I gasped, as the vision of another woman swept over me.

"Love," he answered, "I am an inveterate tobacco-chewer. Can you, will you forgive me?"

As he finished, I slipped my hand from his and drawing out a box of snuff and a brush, I said:

"Oh, John, I'm so glad you spoke of it for I'm nearly crazy for a dip."

"His face was a picture. I can tell you, and I had three minutes we had entered into a solemn compact to forever abstain from the weed."

"And did you really use snuff before you were married?" asked one of the ladies.

"No," answered the wife, "but I was fixed for John."—Atlanta Constitution.

Strange Crabs.

In Bermuda the soldier crab carries heavy shells up the hills to puzzle future geologists. Another species climbs the mangrove trees. A shore crab in the Cape Verde Island may be seen running along like a piece of paper blown by a strong wind. In Ascension Island there are crabs which "climb up to the top of the mountain, and the larger ones steal the young rabbits from their holes and devour them." The famous robber crab of the Philippines, that cracks and eats coconuts, is itself routed out of its hole and feasted on by the wild swine.—Edinburgh Review.

How to Miss to Order.

A new brush has been invented by some ingenious individual. It can be laid on half an hour or so before it is required to act, and can be set, like an alarm clock, to go off, or, rather, to come on, at a

PHENOMENA OF DREAMS.

The Strange Impressions and Sensations Experienced During Sleep.

It is told of the tyrant Dionysius that one morning, one of his intimate friends and boon companions told him that he had dreamed the night before of cutting Dionysius' throat, whereupon Dionysius caused him to be put to death, justifying his act by the assertion that unless the dreamer thought of such a thing in his waking moments he could not have dreamed it when asleep.

But is that theory of dreams tenable or logical? Does a dream, no matter how fantastic or unusual, presuppose a voluntary act of the mind in the same direction? History, observation and experience would seem to show the contrary. There is no one who has not had such dreams as he could not devise in his waking moments, or if he could, would not, for under certain conditions of body and mind we dream of such horrors as would afford a frightful and a French philosopher who took a great interest in the subject of dreams made numerous experiments upon himself to test how far he could determine his dreams at will by operating upon the mind through the senses. With this view he left his knees uncovered, and dreamed that he was traveling at night in a diligence, with a strong impression of cold knees produced by the rigors of the weather. Darwin relates the case of a deaf man who in his dreams seemed to converse by means of his fingers. He never had the impression of hearing speech, for he had never heard it. We must dream of objects with which we are acquainted, but it is the combination or use of such objects, of which we may never have thought, though we may dream of them, as a man may dream of shooting another with a gun or pistol, though nothing could be further from his thoughts when awake.

Tartini, who was a distinguished violin player, is said to have composed his "Devil's Sonata" under the inspiration of a dream; and Coleridge always professed to have composed his poem, "Kubla Khan," and when I got converted I took an oath that I'd never strike a man again, and now I've done it. What will become of me? Everybody assured him that no angel would record that blow to his discredit.—New York Herald.

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Good Sponges Are Expensive. Good sponges have become so expensive that they are a luxury to be enjoyed only by those well to do. Of course you can buy a reef sponge cheap, a small one costing only a few cents; but if you want a Turkey cup sponge large enough for bathing purposes you will have to pay \$4 or \$5. Sponges come all sizes; the largest one I ever saw measured twenty inches across. These very large sponges are likely not to be perfect, and they do not bring as good prices as smaller and better ones. The largest of the perfect kind measures about fourteen inches across the top and nine inches through, such a sponge being worth about \$20. It is too large for bathing purposes, and too expensive to be used in washing carriages, and is kept by dealers for a chance customer. A good size bathing sponge is about eight inches across the top and five through and is worth \$8.—Boston Globe.

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"PARSON DAN" BROKE HIS OATH.

Under the Circumstances It is Not Likely to Be Scored Against Him.

The boys all called him "Parson Dan." His real name was Daniel Higgins. He was quite 50 years old and rather under the average height, but he was as tough as hickory and the best workman in the whole foundry.

Long before I made his acquaintance he had "got religion," and not being the sort of man to rest satisfied with merely saving his own soul, he went to work zealously to impart religion to others. Far worse preachers than "Parson Dan" earn big salaries in fashionable churches. But "Parson Dan" had a herd crowd to deal with, and much of the seed he scattered fell on stony ground. Often he was subjected to a deal of coarse chaffing. He endured it all good naturedly and never retaliated. But this is what made me regard "Parson Dan" as one of the finest men I had ever met.

One day during the dinner hour he was hollering forth on his favorite topic. Among his listeners was an apprentice named Will Preston. As ill luck would have it "Jake" Donohue, the foreman of the department in which the lad worked, came along that way. He was a big, vicious tempered fellow, and the terror of all the men under him. For some reason he had a grudge against Will Preston, and forthwith began to abuse him foully. "Parson Dan" interceded for the lad. Then "Jake" turned his profanity upon him.

"You infernal psalm singing hypocrite, I'll teach you to mind your business." With that he struck the lad a blow that knocked him down. "Don't do that," pleaded "Parson Dan"; "it's cowardly."

Jake's response was a still more sulphurous outburst of oaths, and to show his contempt for "Parson Dan" he aimed a kick at the prostrate lad. For a moment "Parson Dan's" face was a study. It was that of a man struggling against an overwhelming temptation. He turned pale, his lips were compressed, his hands clinched. Then he stepped forward. There was nothing suggestive of the preacher in his manner. "Stop it!" he exclaimed, sternly, "or I'll make you."

Jake was so astonished that he could merely stare without a word. "I've broken my oath," he said. "What do you mean?" I asked. "Why, sir, years ago I used to be a prize fighter, and when I got converted I took an oath that I'd never strike a man again, and now I've done it. What will become of me?"

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PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

LESSON IV. SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, APRIL 27.

Text of the Lesson, Luke viii, 4-15—Comment Verses 12-15—Golden Text, Luke viii, 18—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

(Compiled from Lesson Helper Quarterly by permission of H. S. Hoffmann, publisher, Philadelphia.)

According to the first three verses of this chapter, after bringing joy and peace to the poor women in Simon's house, He went through all the cities and villages showing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God, the kingdom foretold by all the prophets, when the Lord shall again choose Jerusalem, comfort Zion and restore Israel, never to be plucked up or scattered again (Zech. i, 17; ii, 10-12; Jer. xxii, 6, 7); that through them He may establish His Messianic kingdom in all the world. He was accompanied by the twelve and certain women whom He had healed and who now ministered unto Him. Returning, probably, to Capernaum, He healed one possessed with a blind and dumb demon. This drew forth from the Pharisees the accusation that He was possessed by the devil, and thus did these mighty works. Jesus in reply warned them of the sin that can never be forgiven, whether committed in this age or the age to come. He also foretold His death and resurrection and pointed them to coming judgment. They receive not His teaching, but determine to kill Him (Matt. xii).

"And when much people were gathered together, and were come to Him out of every city, He spoke by a parable. Matthew says: 'The same day went Jesus out of the house and sat by the seaside; and great multitudes were gathered together unto Him so that He went into a ship and sat, and the whole multitude stood on the shore.' If the rulers would not listen to Him the common people heard Him gladly (Mark xii, 37), and it is still true that 'not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called' (I Cor. i, 26).

"A sower went out to sow his seed," etc. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." It is a simple story of a man sowing seed, but it is a parable of the kingdom of God. On the hillside a farmer, some falling on the beaten path, some on thin soil beneath which was a great rock; some where the thorns had already preoccupied the ground; and some on good ground. The Saviour anticipates the harvest, and speaks of that which fell on the good ground as the only portion accomplishing anything. He was in the habit of using the most familiar things with which to illustrate His teaching.

"And He said, Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God; but to others in parables." By comparing Matt. xii, 36; Mark iv, 10, we see that Jesus sent the multitudes away and went into the house, and that then He gave the explanation of this parable. The Saviour was in the house when He interpreted the parable appears also from verses 19 and 20 of this chapter. It has been said that a parable is somewhat like a nut which keeps the kernel for the diligent, but from the indolent. Because they would not trouble themselves to get the kernel, He therefore so speaks that the unbelieving and indifferent may not see nor hear.

"Now the parable is this: The seed is the Word of God." Mark says: "The sower sows the word." The business of every Christian in this whole age is to be every where sowing the seed of the Word with which He may scatter the seed of the word. "Those by the way side are they that hear; then cometh the devil;" We have now four kinds of soil on which the word falls and will fall till the kingdom comes. There is the hard beaten road, where the seed is hardened. He has gone to church all his life, perhaps is seldom absent on Sunday morning, but he is too weary in body to bear with profit, or, if not, the business of the week so crowds in upon him that while apparently he is listening to his preacher, he is really going over yesterday's business transactions or anticipating those of to-morrow.

"They on the rock are they which, when they hear, receive the word with joy; and these have no root." Here is another class of churchgoers, for observe that such kind of soil represents those who hear, so that this parable does not touch those who have never heard the gospel. It shall be far more tolerable for them (Luke xii, 47, 48) in that day. This is a hearer who pays attention, and actually enjoys the public worship, or to talk of the things of God, when it does not cost much that is when the weather is fine and there are no difficulties in the way, no one opposing. Such may probably make a profession of faith in Christ, and for a time give joyful testimony, but as soon as there is anything to be endured for His name, or when the word immediately they are offended and fall away. It was not a saving faith, not an acceptance of Jesus to suffer with Him cheerfully in view of the reigning by and bye, but only the receiving of some glad news about Him. These, like the other, give us no solid encouragement.

"And that which fell among thorns are they which, when they have heard, go forth and are choked." These hearers may possibly be saved; the seed has taken root, but it is too close to the ground, and the thing lacking here is fruit, ripe fruit, that which glorifies God. But can any one be saved who does not bear fruit, and who allows cares, riches, pleasures and lusts of other things to choke the word? We must stand on the word of God, even though it be unpopular, and we must be diligent in reading in reference to these words Luke vi, 24, 25, xix, 16-19; xii, 23, 29; II Pet. i, 5-11; II John vii, etc. The difference between those and the others is that these have truly accepted Jesus (not simply the truth about Him) and have firmly believed the truths concerning the kingdom of God, and they are revealed at His appearing. They are, therefore, weaned from present things, are not seeking to convert this world in this dispensation, but, believing this parable, are not discouraged if their labor seems largely in vain; content to leave it to turn out as best for the present, sure that in His time and way the kingdom will come.

What Prompted Her? Rev. Dr. Primrose—God will reward your having deterred your husband from fighting that duel. It was a true Christian act. Mrs. Sainly—Yes, my husband is an awful bad shot.—Epoch.

A Bruin. "This bread of yours, my dear, is a contradiction of the laws of gravity." "Indeed?" "Yes. It's as heavy as lead, but it won't go down."—Chatter.

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Table listing various clothing items and prices. Items include: Good Four Button Cutaway suits (\$10.00 to 20.00), Black Prince Albert English Worsted suits (15 to 26.00), Black and Fancy Clay worsted (14 to 24.00), Finest Imported Blue wide wail flat braid (12 to 20.00), Fine Cutaway Sack suits (15 to 22.00), Elegant line of Twilled Cheviot (10 to 16.50), Brightest assortment of Tweeds (7.50 to 12.00), Fat Mens Suits, good assortment (10 to 22.00), Slim Mens Cutaway suits (14 to 20.00), Gray and Drab checked all wool Sacks (9 to 14.00), Gray and brown hair line Cassimere (10 to 16.50), Indigo Blue Middlesex and Slater Flannel (6.50 to 12.00), Youth Suits, all new patterns (6 to 10.00), neat Pin Checks, all wool (7.50 to 12.00), Boys' good and durable (3.50 to 5.00), fine Tweed Plaids (5.00 to 8.00), Clay worsted (8.50 to 12.00), Childs' Fine Cheviots (4.00 to 7.50), Good value Cassimere (3.00 to 5.00), A wear resister (1.75 to 2.50).

Table listing Men's and Youths' Spring Overcoats. Items include: Gray and black Mixed Cassimere (7.50 to 10.00), Blue Diagonal Worsted, silk-face (9.00 to 12.00), All Wool Drab Kersey (8.50 to 12.00), Drab English Melton, silk face (13.50 to 18.00).

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