his investments unaccumulative. If you invest a dollar you expect that dollar to come home bringing another dollar on its back. What would you think of a man who should invest ten thousand dollars in a monetary institution, then go off for five years, make no inquiry in regard to the investment, then come back, step up to the cashier of the institution and say: "Have you kept those ten thousand dollars safely that I lodged with you?" but asking no question about interest or about aking no question about interest or about dividend. Why, you say, "That is not common sense," Neither is it, but that is the way we act in matters of the soul. We make a far more important investment than ten thousand dollars. We invest our soul. Is it accumulative? Are we growing in grace? Are we getting better? Are we getting worse? God declares many dividends, but we do not collect them, we do not ask about them, we do not want them. Oh that in this matter of accuwant them. Oh that in this matter of accumulation we are as wise in the matters of the soul as we are in the matters of the world!

How little common sense in the reading of the Scriptures! We get any other book and we open it and we say: "Now, what does this book mean to teach me? It is a book on astronomy; it will teach me astronomy. It is a book on political economy; it will teach me political sconomy." Taking

up the Bible, do we ask ourselves what it means to teach? It means to do just one thing; got the world converted and get us all to heaven. That is what it proposes to do. But instead of that, we go into the Bible as botanists to pick flowers, or we go as pugilists to get something to fight other Christians with, or we go as logicians trying to sharpen our mental faculties for a better argument, and we do not like this about the argument, and we do not like this about the Bible, and we do not like that, and we do not like the theory thing. What would you think of a man lost on the mountains? Night has come down; he cannot find his way home and he sees a light in a mountain cabin; he goes to it, he knocks at the door; the mountaineer comes out and finds the traveler and says: "Well, here I have a lantern; you can take it and it will guide you on the way home;" and suppose that man should say: "I don't like that lantern, I don't like the handle of it, there are ten or fifteen things about it I don't like; if you can't give me a better lantern than that I won't have any."

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Now, God says this Bible is to be a lamp to our feet and a lantern to our path, to guide us through the midnight of this world to the gates of the celestial city. We take hold of it in sharp criticism, and depreate this, and deprecate that. Oh, how much wiser we would be if by its holy light we found our way to our everlasting home! Then we do not read the Bible as we read

other books. We read it perhaps four or five minutes just before we retire at night. We minutes just before we retire at night. We are weary and sleepy, so somnolent we hardly know which end of the book is up. We drop our eye, perhaps on the story of Sampson and the foxes, or upon some genealogical table, important in its place, but stirring no more religious emotion than the amouncement that somebody begat somebody else, and he begat somebody else, instead of opening the book and saying: "Now I must read for my immortal life. My eternal destiny is involved in this book."

How little we use common sense in prayer! We say: "Oh, Lord, give me that," and "Oh, Lord, give me something else," and we do not expect to get it, or getting it, we do not know we have it. We have no anxiety about it. We do not watch and wait for its coming.

and wait for its coming.

and wait for its coming.

As a merchant, you telegraph or you write to some other city for a bill of goods. You say: "Send me by such express, or by such a steamer, or by such a rail train." The day arrives. You send your wagon to the depot or to the wharf. The goods do not come. You immediately telegraph: "What is the matter with those goods? We haven't received them. Send them right away. We want them now, or we don't want them at all." And you keep writing and you keep telegraphing. and you writing and you keep telegraphing, and you keep sending your wagon to the depot, or to the express office, or to the wharf, until you

get the goods.

In matters of religion we are not so wise as that. We ask certain things to be sent from heaven. We do not know whether they come or not. We have not any special anxiety as to whether they come or not. anxiety as to whether they come or not.
We may get them and may not get them.
Instead of at 7 o'clock in the morning
saying: "Have I got that blessing?"
at 12 o'clock noonday, asking: "Have
I got that blessing?" at 7 o'clock in
the evening saying: "Have I received that
blessing?" and not getting it, pleading,
pleading—begging, begging—asking, asking
until you get. Now, my brethren, is not
that common sense? If we ask a thing from
God, who has sworn by His eternal throno God, who has sworn by His eternal throno that He will do that which we ask, is it not common sense that we should watch and wait until we get it?

But I remark again: We want more com-mon sense in doing good. How many people there are who want to do good and yet are dead failures! Why is it? They do not ex-ercise the same tact, the same ingenuity, the same stratagem, the same common sense in the work of Christ that they do in world! the work of Christ that they do in worldly things. Otherwise they would succeed in this direction as well as they succeed in the other. There are many men who have an arrogant way with them, although they may not feel arrogant. Or they have a patronizing way. They talk to a man of the world in a manner which to a man of the world in a manner which seems to say: "Don't you wish you were as good as I am? Why, I have to look clear down before I can see you, you are so far beneath me." That manner always disgusts, always drives men away from the kingdom of Jesus Christ instead of bringing them in. When I was a lad I was one day in a village store, and there was a large group of young men there full of rollicking and fun, and a Christian man came in, and without any introduction

full of rollicking and fun, and a Christian man came in, and without any introduction of the subject, and while there were in great hilarity, said to one of them: "George, what is the first step of wisdom?" George looked up and said: "Every man to mind his own business." Well, it was a very rough answer, but it was provoked. Religion had been hurled in there as though it were a bombshell. We must be adroit in the presentation of religion to the world.

Do you suppose that Mary in her conver-

Do you suppose that Mary in her conversation with Christ lost her simplicity? or that Paul, thundering from Mars Hill, took the pulpit tone? Why is it people cannot talk as naturally in prayer meeting and on religious subjects as they do in worldly circles? For no one over weet in the converse of the religious subjects as they do in worldly circles? For no one ever succeeds in any kind of Christian work unless he works naturally. We want to imitate the Lord Jesus Christ, who plucked a poem from the grass of the field. We all want to imitate Him who talked with farmers about the man who went forth to sow, and talked with the fishermen about the drawn net that brought in fish of all sorts, and talked with the vine dresser about the idler in the vineyard, and talked with those newly afflanced about the marriage supper, and talked with the man cramped in money matters about the two debtors, and talked with the woman about the yeast that leavened the whole tump, and talked with the shepherd about the lost slieep. Oh, we might gather even the stars of the Oh, we might gather even the stars of the sky and twist them like forget-me-nots in the garland of Jesus. We must bring everything to Him—the wealth of language, the tender-ness of sentiment, the delicacy of morning dew, the saffron of floating cloud, the tangled surf of the tossing sea, the bursting thunder guns of the storm's bombardment. Yes,

guns of the storm's bombardment. Yes, every star must point down to Him, every heliotrope must breathe His praise, every drop in the summer shower must flash His glory, all the tree branches of the forest must thrum their music in the grand march which shall celebrate a world redemand. Now, at this being so, what is he common sense thing for you and for me to do? What we do I think will depend upon three great facts. The first fact that sin has ruined us. It has blasted body, mind and soul. We want no Bible to prove that we are simera. Any man who is not willing to acknowledge himself an imperfect and a sinful being is simply a fool and not to be argued with. We all feel that sin has disorganized our entire mature. That is one fact. Another fact is that Christ came to reconstruct, to restore, to revise, to correct.

to redeem. That is a second fact. The third fact is that the only time we are sure ont. Now, what is the common sense thing for us to do in view of these three facts? You will all agree with me to quit sin, take Christ and take Him now. Suppose some business man in whose skill you had perfect confidence should tell you that to-morrow (Monday) morning between 11 and 12 o'clock you could by a certain financial transaction make five thousand dollars, but that on Treeday perhaps you might make it, but there would not be any positiveness about it, and on Wednesday there would not be so much, and Thurskay less, Friday less, and so on, less and less—when would you attend to the matter? Why, your common sense would dictate: "Immediately; I will attend to that matter between 11 and 12 o'clock to-morrow (Monday) morning, for then I can surely accomplish it, but on Treeday I may not, and on Wednesday there is less prospect. I will attend to it to-morrow. Now let us bring our common sense in this matter of religion. Here are the hopes of the Gospel. We may get them now. To-morrow me may get them and we may not. Next day we may not womay not. The prospect less and less and less and less.

The only sure time now—now. I would not talk to you in this way if I did not know that Christ was able to save all the people, and save thousands as easily as save one. I would not talk to you in this way if I did not know that far a the same time the authority of axying he may be saved. Suppose in Venice there is a Raphael, a faded picture, it is nearly faded away. You say: "Stand off! I would rather have it just as it is; you will only make it worse." After a while a man comes up, very unskillful in art, and be proposes to retouch it. You say: "Stand off! I would rather have it just as it is; you will only make it worse." After a while a man comes up, very unskillful in art, and be proposes to retouch it. You say: "Stand off! I would rather have it just as it is; you will only make it worse." After a while a man comes up. very unskillful

DEATH ON A PLEASURE YACHT

Four Lives Lost by an Explosion of Naphtha Gas-Narrow Escapes.

About 4 o'clock & the afternoon bystanders near the boathouse at the foot of Ferry street, Buffalo, N. Y., heard two explosions in quick succession from the boathouse just being built by L. B. Crocker, in which his pleasure yacht, the Cedar Ridge, was stored. Immediately following the explosions the boat burst into flames, which soon made a furnace of its interior. Simultaneously with the explosion two or three persons were thrown into the water as if from the force of the discharge.

Caleb Tolema got a boat and picked up a young women, Miss McLean, aged 28, from

the water. The was badly burned.

Mr. Crocker's young son was seen standing on the boat's deck against a background of fire. Another man named Charles Schweigels seized a pike pole and extended it toward the little fellow till it almost touched his breast, at the same time crying to him to grasp it and he would rescue him. But the little fel-low seemed paralyzed, and in a moment fell back into the fire and burned to a crisp be-

fore the horrified gaze of the onlookers. But now attention was directed to a carpenter clinging to a rafter just over the blaz-ing boat. For a lew moments he hung desperately on his perch, and then, as if stupe-fied by the heat and suffocated by the smoke, loosed his bold and dropped another victim into the furnace below. His name was John Rugenstein, aged 30, married. He leaves a wite and five small children.

Two other children of Mr. Crocker-Leonand Lemuel, a son, aged 9 years and 10 months, and Ethel. a daughter, aged 8 years and 9 months—also perished in the flames. Another girl, Charlotte, aged 14, was blown into the water and rescued therefrom and sent along with Miss McLean to the hospit. 1.

The yacht was what is known as a naphthal

The yacht was what is known as a naphtha launch, run by naphtha for fuel. It is supposed that the accident was caused when the engineer lit the match for ignition of the fuel by the explosion of some gas which had leaked out.

The family was preparing to go off on a pleasure trip, and Mr. Crocker had taken his four children and Miss McLean, of Detroit, to the river for an excursion.

THIEVES STOP A TRAIN.

Pistols Pointed at the Engineer and Fireman.

The Rio Grand Western train No. 3, known as the Modoc, was held up near Crevesse, Col., by train robbers. Two of them boarded the baggage-car at Thompson Springs. They climbed over the engine, pointed revolvers at the heads of the engineer and fireman and compelled them to stop the train. They forced the fireman to attempt to chop through the door of the express car, and made the engineer bring a bag to hold the plunder. Messenger Willis was ready with a magazine shot-gun and two self-cocking revolvers. The fireman was unable to cliop through the

boiler-iron door, so the robbers fired a dozen shots through the cars. Messenger Willis lay on the floor, and was not hurt. The robbers dared not show their heads at the broken windows lest they should get shot. They gave it up, and joined two other robbers back in the other car. The four went through the train with their revolvers drawn, and gathered in \$900 and

One passenger put his head out of the win-dow to see what was going on, and the rob-bers sent a builet through his hat. Most of the passengers hid their valuables success-fully, those losing them being too frightened to hide them. twenty watches.

What Is Courage!

All men, no matter how brave they may be, generally experience fear in the presence of a danger with which they are not familiar. A soldier, who will without hesitation march up to a cannon's mouth, is frightened when some contagious disease makes its appearance in the garrison or camp, while the physician who walks among his the physician, who walks among his cholera and typhus fever patients daily, unmoved by the slightest fear for his health or life, would likely waver in the face of a bayonet charge. Familiarity in this, as in many other matters, breeds contempt. The soldier learns to nurse his sick comrade without trembling for his own safety, and many a military surgeon has lost his life or been grievously wounded while facing death on the battlefield in the discharge of his duty.

Not only is courage largely a matter of experience and education, but it is to a great extent under the control of the will. If left to himself, and without any higher motive to actuate him than the desire for his own safety, a man will generally do his utmost to escape from an impending danger, but when moved by some feeling which, for the time being, is paramount with him, such, for instance, as patriotism or love for others, or the fear of punishment or of ridicule, he will stand up and be shot at or incur any other risk rather than evince the slightest fear. Perhaps the strongest of all these emotions is that sense of self-respect which is possessed by the generality of men who have been liberally educated or well brought up. This feeling enables them to exert their will power in such a way as to prevent the exhibition of any sign of cowardice even in the presence of the greatest dangers.

A story is told of two officers who

were serving together in the Peninsular war, which illustrates this volitional control of the manifestations of a powerful emotion. One of them whom I will call Captain Smith, was remarkable for his bulldog bravery, which never failed him under any circumstances when mere animal courage was required. The other, Captain Jones, was a good officer, but was thought by some to be deficient in the contempt of danger which is, after all, the least qualification of a soldier. The bullets were whistling around when Captain Smith, riding up to Captain Jones, who stood pale but collected at his post, said, with the inexcusable brusquerie to be expected of such a person:

"Captain Jones, you look as if you were frightened?"

"Yes," replied Jones, "I am frighten-ed, and if you were half so much frightened as I am you would run away.'

When, therefore, we hear of people controlling their feelings it is not generally in reality that the feelings are held in subjection but merely the exbibition of them. A person may possess the power of preserving his equanimity in the presence of circumstances calculated to arouse an emotion such as fear to the highest pitch, but is able to restrain himself from crying out or fainting or seeking safety in flight .-William A. Hammond in Cleveland Leader.

DOCTOR-But-dear me! You have had three glasses of beer daily. I only allowed you one! Patient—It's all right, Doctor. You're the third medical man I've consulted, and they each allow me one glass, so that makes it right, you see.

Save That Sweet Girl!

Don't let that beautiful girl fade and droep into invalidism or sink into an early grave for want of timely care at the most critical stage of her life. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip ion will aid in regulating her health and establishing it on a firm basis and may save her years of chronic suffering and consequent unhappiness.

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Taking it altogether there never was a time when our country was enjoying greater prosperity than at the present moment, and yet there are thousands of people in the land who are fussing and fuming about hard times. No doubt but what many of them are honest in their complaints, and it is often because they have not found the right kind of work or the right way to do it. Now, if business is not moving along with you satisfactorily, take our advice and write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. It is more than likely that they can help you, at any rate, it would cost you nothing but a postage stame to apply to them.

Hush money-The wages of the baby's

Heirs Wanted.

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of Johanna Wilson, daughter of Mark sweeney, wife of Thomas Wilson, born in Limerick Co., Ireland. She is, if living, heir to an estate. If dead, her children or next of kin are wanted. Address, W. J. Covil, Webster City, Iowa.

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like a new person."-Mrs. W. A. Tunnen, West N. II .-- If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

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THRITE weeks after an old Cincinnati bachelor had got married, he met a friend and said to him, "Why is my wife like a baker who is making a small goosebearry pie?" "I don't know," said the friend "It is because she is growing a little tart," answered the disgraceful creature.

Ar the stage door: Oldboy: "Let me kiss you for your mother, my charmer." Polly Lightfoot: "Not much. But you can for a small bottle."

"HAVE you any children?" asked the landlord. "None but a goat," was the reply. "All right; you can have the house."

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She nobler to make his calling, Whispered to him nature's secret-Told him of the herbs so potent For the healing and the saving."

-EXTRACT FROM FORM OF "UANITA."

An Editor's Experience. Major Sidney Herbert, a well-known journalist in agricultural circles, writes Apri. 18th, 1889: Some five years ago I wrote a letter stating that Swift's Specific had cured me of severe rheumatism. Since that time I have had no return of the rheumatic troubles, although frequently exposed to the influ-ences that produced former attacks. Several of my friends had a similar experience, and are firm in their conviction that S. S. S. brought a permanent cure. The searching power of this medicine is shown in the fact that it developed a scrofulous taint that was conspicuous in my blood over thirty years ago, and has removed the last trace of it. I have also tested S. S. S. as a tonic after a severe attack of malarial fever, which kept me in bed for three mouths, and am convinced that its curative and strengthening properties insured my recovery from that illness, as I was in a very low condition of health.

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