

THE MOON.

Ah, they say the Moon is dead. Life and joy from her long dead eyes...

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT LUNYAN SERMON BY THE REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT. Subject: "The Spirit of Christianity."

Brooklyn, N. Y., at Plymouth Church, the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., occupied his pulpit in the absence of the present pastor, the Rev. N. D. Hillis.

What do we mean by Christianity? What is its essential, specific spirit? It is the spirit of the Christ who came not to minister unto men, but to minister unto men.

CARE OF SPINSTERS AND WIDOWS.

Funds for That Purpose in a Massachusetts Town. A veritable "old maid" paradise is located in Setaute.

Many a person has been helped in the last twenty-five years to pay off a mortgage, buy fuel for the winter months or purchase seeds for the spring planting through this fund.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A Halifax carman has invented a machine for keeping in trim in the winter. It is a sled with a rowing seat.

The lightest of European crowns is the state crown of Great Britain, which was made for Queen Victoria.

A native Indian ruler owns a musical bed. The weight of the body sets the works in motion, and it plays half an hour, while life sized figures of Grecian maidens at its head and foot finger strangled instruments.

An interview with the Sultan of Turkey has its amusing side. That monarch is not supposed officially to know any language but his own.

An emigrant's outfit, including a cow, was in a forward car of a Kansas train, the emigrant himself being in the caboose.

A SPENDTHRIFT COUNT.

ANNA GOULD'S HAS COST HER \$2017 A DAY.

The Amazing Extravagance of the Countess de Castellane. — In the Eleven Years of Their Married Life He Has Spent Over \$9,000,000.

Reduced to cold figures, the price of her little but approximately \$2,017 each and every day for the 11 years they have been married, or the equivalent every four weeks of President Roosevelt's salary for a year.

One of his little follies was a vaudeville performance given at Antwerp when, for 250 guests, he presented an all star bill, no act of which cost him less than \$500.

When he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies he felt so good-natured that he gave a feast that would have made Lucullus turn green.

Some of the Countess's methods were able, and in the light of the recent scandal, it is probable that one of his little mysteries is revealed.

Turks Rejoice at Patriot's Death. Says a message from Saloniki, Epirus, that there is jubilation in the Turkish circles at the report of the death of Radnalyovan (Yovan of Radna), who has been a thorn in the side of the Turks for thirty years past.

A SPENDTHRIFT COUNT.

ANNA GOULD'S HAS COST HER \$2017 A DAY.

The Amazing Extravagance of the Countess de Castellane. — In the Eleven Years of Their Married Life He Has Spent Over \$9,000,000.

Reduced to cold figures, the price of her little but approximately \$2,017 each and every day for the 11 years they have been married, or the equivalent every four weeks of President Roosevelt's salary for a year.

One of his little follies was a vaudeville performance given at Antwerp when, for 250 guests, he presented an all star bill, no act of which cost him less than \$500.

When he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies he felt so good-natured that he gave a feast that would have made Lucullus turn green.

Some of the Countess's methods were able, and in the light of the recent scandal, it is probable that one of his little mysteries is revealed.

Turks Rejoice at Patriot's Death. Says a message from Saloniki, Epirus, that there is jubilation in the Turkish circles at the report of the death of Radnalyovan (Yovan of Radna), who has been a thorn in the side of the Turks for thirty years past.

A SPENDTHRIFT COUNT.

ANNA GOULD'S HAS COST HER \$2017 A DAY.

The Amazing Extravagance of the Countess de Castellane. — In the Eleven Years of Their Married Life He Has Spent Over \$9,000,000.

Reduced to cold figures, the price of her little but approximately \$2,017 each and every day for the 11 years they have been married, or the equivalent every four weeks of President Roosevelt's salary for a year.

One of his little follies was a vaudeville performance given at Antwerp when, for 250 guests, he presented an all star bill, no act of which cost him less than \$500.

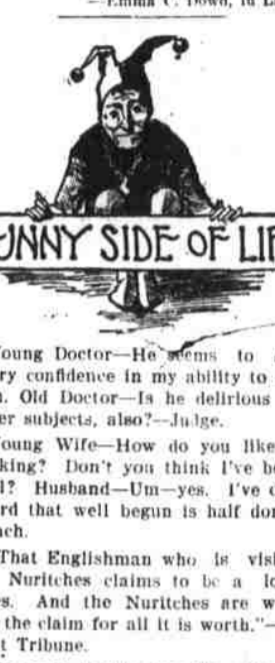
When he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies he felt so good-natured that he gave a feast that would have made Lucullus turn green.

Some of the Countess's methods were able, and in the light of the recent scandal, it is probable that one of his little mysteries is revealed.

Turks Rejoice at Patriot's Death. Says a message from Saloniki, Epirus, that there is jubilation in the Turkish circles at the report of the death of Radnalyovan (Yovan of Radna), who has been a thorn in the side of the Turks for thirty years past.

A HOMESICK BOY.

"I'm visitin' at Aunt Maria's. And I'm homesick as I can be. It's a sad and shavin' for breakfast, And shavin' and sad for tea!"



FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

Young Doctor—He seems to have every confidence in my ability to save him. Old Doctor—Is he delicious on other subjects, too?—Judge.

Young Wife—How do you like my cooking? Don't you think I've begun well? Husband—Um—yes. I've often heard that well begun is half done.—Punch.

"That Englishman who is visiting the Nuriches claims to be a lord." "Yes. And the Nuriches are working the claim for all it is worth."—Detroit Tribune.

"Mamma, is this the ship we're going over in?" "Yes, Willie." "Fright!" "You said it was an ocean greyhound. This ain't a greyhound. It's a dachshund."—Chicago Tribune.

Wearry Walker—His paper says that worry kills more fellows than work. Tired Tatters—I reckon that's right, but dey ain't nothin' but worry me like work.—Atlanta Constitution.

"Have you ever lost your faith in humanity?" asked the philosopher. "Never in your gullibility," said the grafter, "but unfortunately they've lost their faith in me!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Romance of an Apple-Dumpling.

By Olivia Lovell Wilson.

Mehitable Pettigill stood with her cheek in an old hand, the sleeves of her plump pink gown rolled away from her dainty wrists, and a little patch of flour adorning her pleasantly saucy nose.

She was not thinking of her cook-book, however, or her flour-adorned countenance. Her thoughts seemed even further than the plumes of the blue bush toward which her eyes occasionally wandered.

Could I describe with due fairness the sweet proportion and general delectableness I think the old poets treat that goodly word—Mehitable, I should not have commenced with the cook-book although it has as prominent a place in all that follows as any charm created by sweet Mehitable.

Mehitable had inherited, with this trying name, her grandmother's fair skin and sunny hair, with the complexion of a rose-leaf—a richer inheritance, in fact, than many of her friends possessed, who delighted in names breathing of poetic fancy: Lily, Daisy, Birdie and Rose.

But to-day Mehitable is in trouble, and the cook-book seems only to add to her perplexity. The sunshine dances in the kitchen doorway, through the vine-leaves merrily, smiling upon the rows of shining trees, and playing hide-and-seek in the shadows with the sparkling kettles boiling gently on everything in neat and clean dishes to make her dessert.

Mehitable made the ready dishes as Annie makes ready-table. She stands, with that from her sweet eyes, and smiles at the with eyes that only take in it, without any idea of the she is reading. Mehitable of those erratic cooks who are a dish of nothing, adding a bit of this and a bit of that, she der-loving cook, and her desirably a rare dish, made with But of all she creates, the satisfaction is reached for every when she has her apple-dumplings.

Mehitable remarks with a twinkling eye, on these occasions, a clear conscience, is a good child, my child, you are better than me, because you may appreciate our goodness without any consideration of future reward. Your appreciation is confined to Mehitable would re-ly. Mehitable should Mehitable stand play, into her cook-book, as if she did not realize Uncle Harvey's heat in her skill? She did heed the kitten—that, like of shallow, grown tired of affectionately against her shoulder and for apple-dumplings.

Four, two tablespoon- one teaspoonful of soda-hot water, two cupsful of tea, one teaspoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of apples, one cupful of flour, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of apples, one cupful of flour, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of apples.

The Romance of an Apple-Dumpling.

By Olivia Lovell Wilson.

Mehitable Pettigill stood with her cheek in an old hand, the sleeves of her plump pink gown rolled away from her dainty wrists, and a little patch of flour adorning her pleasantly saucy nose.

She was not thinking of her cook-book, however, or her flour-adorned countenance. Her thoughts seemed even further than the plumes of the blue bush toward which her eyes occasionally wandered.

Could I describe with due fairness the sweet proportion and general delectableness I think the old poets treat that goodly word—Mehitable, I should not have commenced with the cook-book although it has as prominent a place in all that follows as any charm created by sweet Mehitable.

Mehitable had inherited, with this trying name, her grandmother's fair skin and sunny hair, with the complexion of a rose-leaf—a richer inheritance, in fact, than many of her friends possessed, who delighted in names breathing of poetic fancy: Lily, Daisy, Birdie and Rose.

But to-day Mehitable is in trouble, and the cook-book seems only to add to her perplexity. The sunshine dances in the kitchen doorway, through the vine-leaves merrily, smiling upon the rows of shining trees, and playing hide-and-seek in the shadows with the sparkling kettles boiling gently on everything in neat and clean dishes to make her dessert.

Mehitable made the ready dishes as Annie makes ready-table. She stands, with that from her sweet eyes, and smiles at the with eyes that only take in it, without any idea of the she is reading. Mehitable of those erratic cooks who are a dish of nothing, adding a bit of this and a bit of that, she der-loving cook, and her desirably a rare dish, made with But of all she creates, the satisfaction is reached for every when she has her apple-dumplings.

Mehitable remarks with a twinkling eye, on these occasions, a clear conscience, is a good child, my child, you are better than me, because you may appreciate our goodness without any consideration of future reward. Your appreciation is confined to Mehitable would re-ly. Mehitable should Mehitable stand play, into her cook-book, as if she did not realize Uncle Harvey's heat in her skill? She did heed the kitten—that, like of shallow, grown tired of affectionately against her shoulder and for apple-dumplings.

Four, two tablespoon- one teaspoonful of soda-hot water, two cupsful of tea, one teaspoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of apples, one cupful of flour, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of apples.