

INTERPRETATION OF THE LOST SHEEP

(Continued from page 1.)

with sensuality, wrinkled with sin, blackened by passion, a mere lump of demonhood, clothed in ugly skin, and muscle, with the devil's stamp and superscription written across his brow. Talk about the silliness of the sheep! Man has only a tittle of the sense that belongs to a lamb's little brain, that runs a big body. In boyhood I saw the hunter's device for trapping wild turkeys. In the daytime they fed in the forest, and when the hunter found where the turkeys roosted at night he dug a trench, and put a wooden box across it. Then he placed forest leaves in the bottom of the trench and on the top of his wooden trap. Sprinkling corn along the trench, the hunter knew the wild turkey would put its head down to pursue the corn, go on under the box, and once there, it would lift its head, without ever having sense enough to put its head down again and wiggle out the same as it had worked in. And sure enough the next morning the hunter found the big fat turkeys that with wing power once despised a hunter, now huddled with brilliant opalescent hues in one corner of a trap—lured unto death by a few grains of corn. Now look out upon this company of gifted youth that have come up to this city to make their fortune, with a mother's kiss upon their forehead, and a father's teachings with them, and pledged to honor and truth. Behold! how simple are the devices for luring the thoughtless boy to destruction! Without taking the trouble to clothe himself as an angel of light, the demon of greed goes along before the boy and drops an occasional white dollar or yellow eagle, like grains of corn. Lo, the youth as silly as a wild turkey, goes along every day, picking up everything that Satan is good enough to give. Sometimes a little handful of yellow grain is enough, occasionally some big, avaricious sporting man, strutting like a turkey gobbler, and gorgeous in dressed vest like opalescent feathers on a turkey's bosom, must be fed with yellow chunks, but into the traps, lured now by a few hundreds and now by many thousands, these silly men go to waken up and find that he who sows to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, he that sows to the wind shall reap the whirlwind. Of what a man sows of that very kind of pain and anguish shall he reap. Every man shall give an account unto God of the deeds done in the body. For the night cometh, the long, dark, when no man can recover himself unless there be one abroad in the darkness, with locks wet with dew, seeking everywhere, intent on this one aim—to save the lost.

THE STORY OF DOLLY'S HOME ON RIVER DART

(Continued from page 1.)

with due vigor." Mrs. Eaver was also much engaged and greatly excited at the prospect of the Prince's visit; what occupied her was, however, mostly running about the houses of neighbors discussing the expected arrival, and the decorations that were to be set up. When she returned home she always found Dolly engaged in needle work. "Why good gracious, what are you about," she asked. "Well, missus, you see I'm a-making sewing sheets and odds and ends for the triumphal arch over the road—that fellow Harry set me to it. Or laboring people thought it proper to do something ourselves as a welcome to his royal highness." "But where are these things going to be set up?" "They has to be considered later Harry, he'll arrange that." "The prince arrived and there were great doings. A brass band played before him, an address was presented a cold collation had been prepared in an improvised hall of wood, and waiters had been engaged from Plymouth. Mr. and Mrs. Eaver were on their feet all day supervising, discussing, ordering and counter-ordering. The prince was gracious, he shook hands with the steward and the old lady, and the day was fine and the heights of the moor beautiful; he professed himself to be enraptured with everything that he saw. He had been presented of a bouquet of moorland flowers, and this he fastened to his green great coat and wore ostentatiously. Late in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Eaver returned to their house glowing with satisfaction, he with a heightened color and a little unsteady on his legs, for he had imbibed champagne, to which he was totally unaccustomed. On opening the door all was dark within. No fire on the hearth, no light on the table. "Why, good gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. Eaver, "where is Dolly!" "Betsy, my wife," said Mr. Eaver, "she's been out sightseeing, trying to get a glimpse of the prince's face and hear the sound of his voice. She'll be all right shortly." "Why husband Eaver!" suddenly gasped the old lady; "I clean forgot it, today, her time was out and I paid her wage last night. I do believe she's gone!" "And Betsy, my precious, where is the decoration—the arch of whatever it was with sheets and banners—that the all-forgiving, all-pitying, all-comforting God! God hath power, but He is not an organized earthquake. I call you to God, but not to a fire that consumes your soul, but to love that will consume your sins and save your soul. I call you to no throne of science, with the web of law stretching out therefrom, wherein transgressors are caught like flies in a spider's vast and intricate network. I bid you flee to God to find refuge from yourself, and His pity may stand between you and your remorse, and that His love may forgive you, and utterly forgive you, truly and forever forgive you, and forget, burying remorse and memory and sin in the depths of the sea. It is not too late for the oldest to return unto the God of his fathers, and it is not too soon for the youngest. Oh, those who art near the end of thy career, rise up and act with instantaneous decision. Do not drift beyond all recovery. See to it that you do not make shipping out of your treasure. I call you unto the Deliverer, Christ, who seeks and saves the lost. Note that He simply saves you from the guilt of sin, and then from the sinning, but that He will save you unto character, and sound habits and positive virtues. He who takes Christ, takes treasure that is unsuspected. It is as if a man should receive from this government a homestead, expecting nothing but soil for corn and wheat, to discover afterwards that the homestead that was a free gift held the coal for winter's warmth, oil for power and tools, gas for light and guidance, while underneath were mines of gold, and crystals holding diamonds. Oh, the riches of God! What an estate! What a palace! What a storehouse is Christ! The world's jewel box, filled with treasures divine. A multitude of you are strangers, coming in from distant cities and widely separated states. In this hour, when beautiful memories are stirring and great hopes are alluring you upwards, and a still sweet voice makes overtures to a better life, sit beside you and give thanks to God. Write this afternoon to the mother, whom you have neglected, and renew the pledges of your youth. Being wise by safeguarding your property lest an enemy destroy it, be wise in safeguarding the illimitable future. Prostrate yourself before the throne of God in humility and self-abasement, and then rise up to put your heel upon the neck of selfishness and sin. "For there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons who around. The rich man rose and went none to repentance."

CHEAP OVERCOATS.

(Continued from page 1.)

Sneak thieves have been busy in the city of late. The hauls they have made have not been individually large. It is overcoats they are particularly after, yet while the loss of an overcoat will not ruin a man financially, it will undoubtedly ruin his temper for the time being at least. To find one's self without an overcoat in weather like this is annoying. Of course the police have been advised of a lot of these petty thefts, and of course they have been on the watch for these sneak thieves who get into deserted halls and take whatever they find there, but few of the substituted overcoats have been recovered. They are hard to find. The ordinary second-hand dealers are either too honest or too timid to handle them. Perhaps they know they have been stolen and fear the police will find them in their shops. Yet these coats are marketed, apparently at so-called private sales. From time to time an advertisement appears in a paper saying an overcoat is for sale at a certain place. Various causes are given—man leaving the city; man dead. Some of these sales, of course are bona fide, but it is said that many are merely expedients to dispose of stolen property. Anyway the police are watching carefully. They intend to have men attend a number of these sales to see exactly what is being disposed of. A distinguished name is sometimes a handicap to a person in lowly life, as was shown in one of the police courts a few days ago when a negro was charged with snatching a purse from a woman and running off. The evidence was weak and the outcome doubtful. "Dis am a case misidentifying, yo' Honor. Ah neveh been in trouble'd be the prisoner." The Assistant District Attorney from another room and the Magistrate asked him what he thought of the charge. The District Attorney asked the name of the prisoner. "William Shakespeare, suh" responded the negro. "The name is familiar. Oh, yes, I remember now. I presented you for larceny in Special Sessions six months ago. You got three months in the pen. I had forgotten all but the name." This turned the scales and the negro was held for trial.—New York Sun.

A DISTINGUISHED NAME.

Two friends, a weaver and a tailor, became in time enemies, so much so that the tailor spoke much evil of the weaver behind his back, though the weaver always spoke well of the tailor. Upon a lady asking the weaver why he always spoke so well of the tailor, who spoke so ill of him, he replied: "Madame, we are both liars."—From the Spanish.

TO BE READ TWICE.

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AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her. Midgie Station, N. B.—One can hardly believe this as it is not natural, but it was my case. For ten months I suffered from suppression. I had different doctors. I tried different medicines, but none helped me. My friends told me I would go into a decline. One day a lady friend told me what your medicine had done for her, so I wrote you for advice and received your reply with pleasure. I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and at the second bottle showed improvement. Now I am regular and never was so well in my life, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine. Please publish my letter for the benefit of others.—MRS. JOSIAH W. HICKS, Midgie Station, N. B. Indian Head, Sask.—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is indeed a boon to women who suffer from female ills. My health is better now than it has been in my five years of married life and I thank you for the good your advice and medicine have done me. I had spent hundreds of dollars on doctors without receiving any benefit.—MRS. FRANK COOPER, Box 448, Indian Head, Saskatchewan. The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaint is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

LOVELY WOMAN.

Her waist begins just below her neck. Her hips have been planed off even with the rest of her body. She is usually buttoned up the back, and around her neck she wears a section of barbed wire covered with lace. She wears on her head a blonde haystack of hair, and on top of this a central dome with rings about the same size as those of Saturn. She is swathed in her gown like an Indian pappoose, and on the ends of her feet are dabs of patent leather. She walks on stiltlike heels with the expertness of a tight-rope dancer. The pores of her skin are full of fine white powder. This is a woman.

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