May she ever so closely rest. Our baby!

Where is she going? Where, oh, where fair.
That is where, thet is where.
Our baby is going.

St. Louis Republic

St. Louis Republic

MAKING A COUCERSY.

As soon as a boy is old enough to gather was the surprise of all the persants thank, and to tip his hat. A girl bows gracefully, when he meets an acquain tance, and to tip his hat. A girl bows gracefully with a little sweep of the shoulders, very slight, but just enough to be perceptible. But do you know the origin of the bow or courtesy, as our grandparents called it? It sprang from the ground before a person of superior rank. The deep how or courtesy was carried to England, and then it traveled to America, long ago. It is no longer a pretty fashion to how very low. A simple and respectful nod is all that is left of the Mahommedan custom of bowing to the Mahommedan custom of strong and spread in the news to prepare it. At the close of the feast to the Mahommedan custom of falling prostrate upon the ground.—[New York Ledger.]

THE GARRET AT GRANDFATHER'S.

The GARRET AT GRANDFAILEAS.

The rooms at grandfather's house had been used so long, they were almost human themselves. Each room had a look of its own, when you opened the door, as expressive, as a speaking countaining.

nance. But of all the rooms in that house, up But of all the rooms in that house, up stairs or down, not one had the strangness, the mysterious nod and beck and whisper, of the murky old garret.
"Hark, what was that?" it would seem to creak; and then there was silence. "Hush! I'll tell you a story," it same times answered.

Some of its stories were true, but I should not like to youth for all of them. What a number of onger thines, it kent

some of its stories were true, but I should not like to couch for all of them. What a number of queer things it kept hidden away under the caves that spread wide a broad-winged cloak of shadows! What a strange eye it had: its one buff moon window peering at you from the high, peaked forchead of the gable. It was the younger children's business to trot on crambs, and they were not consulted as to when or where they should go. Grown people seem to furget how early if gets dark up garret in winter, and how far away the house noises sound with all the doors shut between. When the children were sent up curret for nuts for Sunday dessert with mince-pie and apples, or to pass around with eider in the evening, they were careful to leave the stair door open, behind them; but there was little comfort in that, for all the people were two flights down and busy with their own concerns.

dights down and busy with their own concerns.

The autumn nut-harvest was spread first upon sheets, on the garret floor to dry, and then it was garnered in the big, green bath-tub which had stool, since the children could remember, over against the chimney, to the right of the gable window. This tub was for size and weight the father of all bath tubs. It was used for almost anything but the purpose for which it was intended.

In summer, when it was empty, the children played "shipwreek" in it; it was their lifeboat, and they were cast away on the high seas. Some rowed for dear life, with umbrellas and walking sticks, and some made believe to cry and call for help—for that was their idea of the behavior of a shipwrecked company; and some tramped on the bulging tin bottom of the tub, which yielded and sprang back with a loud thump, like the clank of oars. It was very exciting.

In winter it was the granary, It held bushels and bushels of nuts, and its smooth, outsloping sides defeated the clever little mice, who were always raiding and rummaging among the garret stores.—[St. Nicholas.

THE ORIGIN OF EASTER EGGS.

THE ORIGIN OF EASTER EGGS.

Germany is the home of the Easter egg. Other lands, of course, have them, but nowhere are they so beautiful or so freely bestowed, or used in so many lively games. On Easter morning in Germany there is always great excitement over the colored eggs and sugar eggs. and painted eggs and eggs with presents inside found in the nests the children had prepared, and every little one you meet will be saying:

to us, and that we see every - [New York Post.

where, at first came from the far East, and had at that time only been seen in large cities and towns. And these moun-tain folks had never even heard of such "strange birds."

Sactific Counters decided to repay their kindness. She secretly sent her old servant down to their old home. There he found the castle almost wholly destroyed, but was lucky enough to gather up a large number of the chickens that

sign of new life it would be a nice thing to have an egg festival for the children's Easter treat. So she took mosses and roots, and with them colored some of the eggs—saying that "the earth lay aside her mantle of snow in the spring, and God himself made the fruit and betries not only gool to eat, but pleasant to look-upon."

On Easter Sunday, after the villagers had met for their simple service, she called all the little ones, and after talking pleasantly to them for a while, she led them into a grove near by. There she told them to play about, and pretend they were little birdles, and make them-solves some cute little nests. Then she called them to her house, or cottage, and gave them a little feast of the best she could prepare. It was only some nice could prepare. It was only some nice milk soup, with cooked eggs, and egg

cakes.

When they had finished their feast, they heard a great whistling, and cooling, and squeaking in the grove where they had left their nests. What could be the matter? The children can back to see, and 10% in every nest there were five beautiful colored eggs, and on one of these, a little rhyme was printed. Imagine the surple and delight of these simple children. They talked among themselves, and recordered where they came from.

simple children. They taiked among themselves, and vandered where they came from.

What a strange hen it must be to lay eggs of so many colors? solid ene.

O. I do not think that hen lay such hard eggs, "said another. But a third one said:

"I am sure it was that dear little Hare I saw jumping out from behind the bushes where I made my nest." This idea seemed to please the little ones, and they all shouted together.

Yes, yes—the little Hare laid the colored eggs." And they kept on reposing a until they began to believe it. No long afterward, as the Countess sat talking to the children, who was it that the little daughter saw coming up the mountain? It was the dear father, the husband whom they all thought must be dead. And as he came to them on this Easter day, it was another reason why the Countess loved the day and wished to have it always celebrated.

So when she went back with her husband and children to rebuild their old home, she left a sum of money to be expended in giving the children an Easter egg-feast every year. She also started the fashion of the "egg-feast" in her own Duchy, and so it grew, and by degrees the custom spread all over the land, and the eggs also at length became a sort of a symbol of restoration to happiness and redemption from sin. The custom has spread to our own country, but I think none but German children believe that the eggs are laid by the timid little Hare.—[Ladjes' Home Journal.]

The Pitcher Plant.

The "Huntsman's cup," or pitcher plant, is conceded to be one of the earliest, if not the earliest of the wild flowers of America to become known to Europeaus. References occur in relation to it as early as 1570, when a Lisbon physician, named Launanus, sent it to a contemborary as the leaves of the frenk. eggs and eggs with presents inside found in the nests the children had prepared, and every little one you meet will be saying:

"Oh, just see what the dear little Easter Hare has brought me!"

No one seems to be quite sure where this idea started. "Some say it came from the old days of heathen-worship. But I have heard a wise German scholar relit this story, and he says that it is believed by most thoughtful people among the Germans:

Many hundred years ago there lived a good and noble woman whose name was Frau Rosalinda von Lindenburg. In those days a cruel war was laying waster the land, and she had to fly from her home in the dead of night, with her two children. At first she knew not where to go, but her old serving-man begged her to go with him to his own people, who lived in a little mining village away, hidden in the Harz mountains. So the noble Countess put herself in his care, and his brothers and sistem were very kind to the poor wanderers, took them in and gave them the best they had.

But the best they had.

But the best they had was very poor, and, at first, the daintily-reared woman and children came near starving. There also meat, no fish, and not even an egg; and this last for the good reason that there was not a fowl in the settle-the to was not a fowl in the settle-the to the good reason that there was not a fowl in the settle-the to the good reason that there was not a fowl in the settle-the to the good reason that there was not a fowl in the settle-the to the good reason that there was not a fowl in the settle-the to the good reason that there was not a fowl in the settle-the was not a fowl in the settl

SUNDAY SERMON.

ONE OF DR TALMAGE'S STER LING DISCOURSES.

lect: "Crossing the Jordan." (Delivered at Detroit, Macha

TEXT: "And the priests that bare the of the covenant of the Lord stood first dry ground in the midst of the Jor and all the Israelites passed over on yround, until all the people were paylen over Jordan."—Joshua iii., 17.

dry ground in the muist of the Jordun, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan. "Joshus iii, 17.

Washington crossed the Delaware when crossing was aronounced in possible, but he crossing was recommended the single passed the Red Sea, lut the same rechester that celebrated the deliverance of the one army sounded the strangulation of the other. This Jordanic passage differs from all. There was no sacrifice of human life—not so much as the loss of a linchpin. The vanguard of the host, made up of priests, advanced until they put their foot at the brim of the river, when immediately the streets of Jerusalem were no more dry land than the bed of that river. It was as if all the water had been drawn off, and then the dampness had been soaked up with a sponge, and then by a towel the road had been wiped dry.

Yonder goes a great army of Israelites—the hosts in uniform. Following them the wives, the children, the flocks, the berds. The people look up at the crystalline wall of the Jordan as they pass and think what an awful disaster would come to them if before they got to the opposite bank of that A jalon wall that wall should fall on them. And the thought makes the mothers hug their children close to their hearts as they swiften their pace. Quick, now! Get them all up on the banks—the armed warriors, the wives and children, flocks and herd, and let this wonderful Jordan's crossed under the trumphal arch of the rainbow woven out of the spray; the river where completed forever.

Bitting on the shelved limestone, I look off upon that Jordan where Joshus crossed under the trumphal arch of the rainbow woven out of the spray; the river where the part of the sample of the water with their feat—the water parted. They did not wade in child cryou, first than donnipotent deliverance and trypical

Difficulties but touched vanish. It is the trouble, the difficulty, the obstacle far in the distance, that seems so huga and tremendous.

The apostles Paul an i John seemed to distilte cross dogs, for the apostle Paul tells us in Fhilippians, "Beware of dogs," and John seems to shut the gate of heaven against all the canine species when he says, "Without are dogs," But I have been told that when those animals are furious, if they come at you, if you will keep your eye on them and advance upon them they will retreat. Whether that be so or not I cannot tell, but I do know that the vast majority of the misfortunes and trisls and disasters of your life that hounds your steps, if you can only get your eye on them, and davance upon them, and cry, "Begone," they will slink and cower.

There is a beautiful tradition among the American Indians that Manitou, was traveling in the invisible world, and one day he came to a barrier of brambles and sharp thorns which forbade his going on, and there was a wild beast plaring at him from this who have been due to be only phantoms, and that beet was found to be a powerless chost, and the impassible river that forbade him rushing the missible world, and that beet was found to be a powerless chost, and the part of the phantomy and that beet was found to be a powerless chost, and the part of the phantomy of the appearance they was a found to be a powerless chost, and the part of the phantomy of the pha

got through it. Advance upon it, Jordan will vanish sigh before I begin to preach at the greatness of the undertaking, but as soon as I start it becomes to me an exhibitation. And any duty undertaken with a continuous and the highest he pleasure, and the highest he pleasure. There are a great murre, Good John Livingston once, on a shoon one from the light start of the start of th

wes ready to die, it was good John Livingston.

Lothers are now a great many good people who shudder in passing a graveyard, and they hardly dare think of a graveyard, and they free a first one of the John of the John

And view the Cansan that we love

With unbelonded eyes!

Con'd we but climb we're Mores stood
And view the indecape o'er.
Again, this Jordanic passage teaches me the completeness of everything toat God does Jordania and it was halted, it would have been sturel, you would have supposed, for the water to have overflowed the region all sround about, and that great devastation would have taken place, but when God put the dam in front of the river He put a dam on the other side of the river, so that, according to the text, the water halted and F-arred and stood there and not overflowing the surfered promise the text of everything that God does!

One would have thought that, if the waters on the Jur an had drapped until the y were only two ore thrus featers, the least through it must have come up on the other bank with

their clothes saturated and their garments like those of men coming ashors from adjulated and their garments where, and that would have been as wonders rui a deliverance, but God does something better than that. When the priests feet touched the waters of Jordan and they were frawn off, they might have thought there would have been a bed of mud and alime through which the army should pass.

Draw off the waters of the Hudson or the Ohio, and there would be a good many days, and perhaps many weeks, before the softment would dry up, and yet bere in an instant, immediately, God provides a path through tha depths of Jornan. It is so dry the passengers do not even get their feet damp. On, the completeness of everything that God does! Does lie make a universe! It is a perfect clock, running ever since it was wound up, the free Satur the provider and ponderous laws the weights and might should be a supported to the constellations the internoving wheels, and ponderous laws the weights and might striking the midnight, and the sun, with brazen tonget, tolling the hour of noon.

The wildest comet has a chain of law that

noon.

The wildest comethes a chain of law that it cannot break. The thistle down flying before the schoolboy's breath is controlled by the same law that controls the sun and the planets. The rossbush in your window is governed by the same principle that is governed by the same principle that governs the tree of the universe on which the stars are ripening fruits, and on which God will one day put His hand and shadown the fruits—a perfect universe. No astronomy has ever proposed an amendment

ment.

If God makes a Bible, it is a comolete Bible. Standing amid the dreadful and deslightful truths, you seem to be in the midstof an orchestra where the wailings over sins, and the rejoicings over pardon, and the martial strains of victory make the chorus like an authern of eternity. This book seems to you the ocean of truth, on every wave of which Christ walks—sometimes in the darkness of probney, again in the solendors with which He walks on Galilea. In this book apostle answers to prophet, Paul to Issiah, Revelation to Genesis—glorious light, turning midnight sorrow into the midnoun joy, dispersing every fog, hushing every tempest. Take this book; it is the kiss of God upon the soul of lost man. Perfect Bible, complete Bible! No man has ever proposed any improvement.
God provided a Saviour. He is a complete Saviour—God-man—divinity and humanity united in the same person. He set up the starry pillars of the universe and the towers of light. He planted the eciars and the heavenly Lebanon. He struck out of the rock the sirvery of life, singing under the trees, singing under the thrones. He quarried the sardonya and crystal and the Jegates which are 12 pearls. In one instant He thought out a universe, and yet He became a child crying for His mother, feeling along the sides of the manger, learning to waik. nent. — If God makes a Bible, it is a complete

waik.

Omnipotence sheathed in the muscle and flesh of a child's arm; omniscience strong in the optic nerve of a child's eye; infinite love beating in a child's heart; a great God aspearing in the form of a child 1 year old, 5 years old, 15 years old, While all the beavens were ascribing to Him glory and honor and power on earth, men said, "Who

heavens were ascribing to film giory and heavens were ascribing to film giory and heaven on earth, men said, "Who is this fellow?" While all the heavenly hosts, with folded wing about their faces, howed down before Him crying, "foly, holy," on earth, they denounced tim as a blasphemer and a sot. Rocked in a boat on Gennesaret, and yet Ha tis that undirked the lightning from the storm cloud and dismasted beanon of its forests and holds the five oceans on the tip of His finger as the leaf holds the raindrop.

Oh, the complete Saviour, rubbing His hand over the piace where we have the pain, yet the stars of heaven the adorning gens of His right hand. Holding us in His arms when we take our last view of our dead, Sitting down with us on the tombstone, and while we plant roses there He planting consolation in our heart, every chapter a stalk, every verse a stem, every word a rose. A complete Saviour, a complete Bible, a complete universe, a complete Jordanic passage. Everything that God does is complete.

Again, I learn from this Jordanic passage that between is and every conserved.

every verse a stem, every word a rose. A complete Saviour, a complete Ble, a complete sources saviour, a complete Ble, a complete universe, a complete Jordanic passage. Everything that God does is complete.

Again, I learn from this Jordanic passage that between us and every Canani of suecess and prosperity there is a river that must be passed. "Oh, how I awould like to have some of these grapes on the other side!" said some of the Israelites to Joshua. "Well," says Joshua, "why don't you cross over and get them?" There is a river of difficulty between us and everything that is worth knowing. That which costs nothing is worth nothing.

God didn't intend this world for an easy parlor, through which we are to be drawn in a rogking chair, but we are to work our passage, climb masta, fight battlee, scale mountains and ford rivers. God makes everything valuable difficult to get at, for the same reason that the put the gold down in the mine and the pearl clear down in the same reason that the put the gold down in the mine and the pearl clear down in the same reason that the put the gold down on the same reason that the put the gold down on the same reason that the put the gold down in the same on the water of the same reason that the put the gold down in the same that the put the gold down in the same of the put the gold down in the same of the put the gold down in the same of the put the gold down in the same of the put the gold down in the same of the gold down in the gold down

comes by hard knocks. There was a river of difficulty between Shakespeare, the boy, holding the horse at the door of the London theatre, and that Shakespeare, the great dramatist, winning the appleuse of all audiences by his tragedies. There was a river between Benjamin Franklin, with a leaf of bread under his arm, walking the streets of Philadelphia, and that same Ben amis Franklin, the philosopher, just outside of Boston flying a kite in the thunder-storm. An idler was cured of his bad habit by looking through the window, night after night, at a man who seemed sitting at his deak turning off one sheet of writing after another until aimost the dawn of the morning. The man sitting there writing until morning was incustrious Walter Sockt; the man who looked at him through the window was Lookshart, his illustrious beforgather atterward. Lord Mandfeld purgued by the press and by the popular, because of a certain line of outty, went on to discharge the outy, and while has mob were around the state of the mode and said, "Sira, when one's last end come, is cannot

and the liberty of his county and of the liberty of his county and of there is my friend and of there is my friend which every man must so to worldly success and the liberty is in religion. Eminent acter is only gaussed by present the large why does that man know the Sprince of the liberty is the success of the liberty in the large to the large why does that man know the Sprince of the liberty of the success of the liberty of the success of the large that the large t

dred shipwrecks he lears over sin, tears tears over the impe tears over the impening graves made, are the man had passed. Sorre and fades the eye, and and withers the hands. ing garments in deaths in every f the relics of the o The Christian

an await toing to make Shiperson we rock of ruin-masts falling, herriest, flying, death coming grounters is tweeter, moanings in the wint, tunder at the sky, while God, with the flace of light, ning, writes all over the sky, 'll will the them in My wrath, and I will trample was in My tury."

The Christian comes down to this right torrent, and he knows he must pass out all torrent, and he knows he must pass out all the sky which his break we

The Christian comes down to this rest torrent, and he knows he must pass cut an as he comes toward the time his break per shorter, and his last breath leaves himsak steps into the stream, and no sooner down touch the stream than it is parted, and to goes through dry shod, while all the stream wave their plumes, crying: "O death, when is thy stone;" O grave, where is hy victor; at the stream wave their plumes, crying: "O death, when is thy stone;" O grave, where is hy victor; God shall wipe away all tears from the

soes through dry shoe, while all the sure is thy sting? O grave, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy visual food shall wipe away all tears trong of cod shall wipe away all tears trong eyes, and there shall be no more weigh; and there shall be no more death. Some of your children have already gauge the other bank to help you us with signature at the side of the bank; they will be on the other bank to help you us with superior and the strength. The other morant trabla all my family oresent. I thought myself how pleasant it would be the not we could pull across the river to mext world and be there altogether. In family parting, no glouny observed the next world and be there altogether. In family parting, no glouny observed to have to bank, and then in that betto from bank to bank, and then in that betto from the town of the world in the story of the strength of the time will come when these down we are now, lest we be cut of the starplaces of this world, shall be taken off, and with unsandled foot we will see into the ded of the river; with tee untrammed, free from pain and fatigue, we will gat that last journey, when, with one foot a the other bank, we struggle unward. The will be heaven. Oh, I may for all my death of the river and the other foot a the other bank, we struggle unward. The what the dying Christian nursual fatigue, we will gat that last journey. When, with one foot a the other bank, we struggle unward. The what the dying Christian nursual fatigue. It is all she my shall be assed on the moraning. To you to take all your family into hat what the dying Christian nursual fatigue. If the my death of the moraning in the said of the my father, "Father, wouldn't it be pleasant if we could all go together? Be and the said to my father, "Father, wouldn't it be pleasant if we could all go together? Be and you go with bare brow forever, the name of said to my father, "Father, wouldn't it we have all our families there to lot around and se all the endiden are present. You would

lands of heaven for your corons. The Lor God of Joshua gave them a sate Joffast passage.

Even children will go through dry sol. Those of us who were brought up us the country remember, when the summer vaccoming on in our boyhood dars, we slwsy longed for the day when we were to be barefooted, and after tessing our modes in regard to it for a good while, and they consented, we remember the delicous sention of the cool grass warn we put our covered foot out.

One word of mort on this subject far all the bereaved. You see, our deprife the covered foot out. You see, our deprife friends have not been swamped in the waters. They have only crossed over. These is racilities we only crossed over. These is racilities we have not been swamped in the waters. They have not been swamped in the waters and they are the safety of the waters of the Jordan as they had been of construction of the waters. They have been swamped in the beart of the waters and they have been swamped to the waters and they water the waters and they water the water of the waters and they water the water of the wa

consideration that our departs friends are safe! Why was there so much jor in critical why was there so much jor board it from the friends who were on board the belated steamer? It was feared that real bad gone to the bottom of the sea, and whe had gone to the bottom of the sea, and whe had gone to the bottom of the sea, and whe had gone to the bottom of the sea, and whe had gone to the bottom of the sea, and whe had gone to the bottom of the sea, and whe had gone to the bottom of the sea, and whe had gone to the bottom of the sea, and whe had gone to the friends on this side heart that the friends on this side heart that the friends on the friends on the friends of the fr long enough? Wo dren back again? take the risks of ward? For certrinly you would be them forever out of heaven. Pause and weep, not for the freed from put. But that the suga of love would out them.

Fourteen Vessels Ready for Service WASHINGTON, March 11.—A circular leb step has been addressed to the bureau high of the Navy Department by Secretary Report asking what vessels will be read for the first of the Navy Department by Secretary Report of the Secretary Beautiful Secretary Beautiful Secretary Department of the Secret

Envoy Bleunt Passes Through Chicago be available.

CHECAGO, March 17.—Ex Congression Blount, who arrived here Thursday morning has less our the Nosthwestern raine for San Francisco. He recusal to the plans, but information we gather the beautiful to leave San Francisco.



1879 I had an eruption appear o or using one and a half bottles

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURI

in Hood's Sarsaparilla."

How is Your Blo

S.S.S.

roubled from childhood witcase of Tetter, and three cured me permanetly.

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