Subject: "A Hunting Scene."

TEXT: "In the morning he shall devour the y, and at nigo resis xlix., 27.

Text: "In the morning he shall dereate the greeg, and at neight he shall direct the spoid."

A tew nights ago 80 mm on-toped along the Long Island railroad so as to be ready for the next morning, which was the standard for the next morning, which was the standard for the next morning, which was the standard for the next morning and to the after the shock of the shoulder and shock of the shoulder show of the shoulder and should stribute the game, and another a roe. "In the morning be shall devour the prey and at night habit so wild beast shall say the shall divide the spoil." Or it may be a reference to the habit so wild beast shall say the shall divide the spoil." Or it may be a reference to the habit so wild beast shall say the shall divide the spoil. "Or it may be a reference to the habit so wild beast shall say the shall divide the spoil." Or it may be a reference to the habit so wild beast shall say the prey and then drag it back to the cave or lair and the did

mouner a roe. "In the morning be shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil." Or it may be a reference to the habits of wild cases that slay their prey and then transpired the spoil. Or it may be a reference to the habits of wild cases that slay their prey and then transpired the spoil of the prey and then transpired the spoil of the s

their swift hoofs. They wanted a gilded beldric, and so they started on the dollar huft. They chased it up one street and chased if down another. They followed it when it burrowed in the cellar. They treed if in the roof. They chased it across the leand. They stopped not for the night. Hearing that dollar, even in the darkness, thrilled them as an Adiron-dack sportsman is thrilled at midnight by a loon's laugh. They chased that dollar to the money vault. They chased that dollar to the money vault and the setters. They lesped the hedges for that dollar. Adollar! Adoll tually captured if their excitement was
the that of a falconer who has successfully
sing his first hawk.

In the morning of their life, oh, how they
aroured the prey! But there came a bet-

devoured the prey! But these came a better time to their soul. They found out that an immortal nature cannot live on bank stock. They took up a Northern Pacific bond, and there was a hole in it through which they could look into the uncertainty of all earthly treasures. They saw some Raisron, living at the rate of \$25,000 a month, leaving from a San Francisco wharf because he could not continue to live at the same ratio. They saw the wizen and paralytic bankers who had changed their souls into molten gold stamped with the imaxe of the artisty saarthy. They saw some great souls by avariete turated into flomuneuit, and they said to themselves, "I will seek after higher theysure."

said to hemselves, "I will see after higher because."

Trom that time they did not care whether they walked or rode if Christ walked with them; nor whether they lived in a mansion of toward the said of the said the robe of the said of the said the robe of the said of the said the robe of the said the said

It writes the brown of the antumed lest into the check. It gives to the race main infinite the check. It gives to the race main ilmbs the strong to the lest a rec. Ohistopher. North's pet gun, the muckle-noud fire, cong off in the summer in the forest had its each oin the winter time in the eloquence that rang through the university halis of Edinburgh. It is healthy to go hunting in the fields, but I tell you that it is belitting and bedwarfing and belsaming for a man to hunt this world. The hammer comes down on the guncap, and the barrel explodes and kills, you instead of that which you are pursuing. When you turn out to hunt the world, turns out to hunt you, and as many a sportsman aiming his gun at a pantlers heart, has gone down under the striped claws, so while you have been attempting to devour this world the world has been devouring you. Bo it was with Lord Byron.

to nevour this world has been de-vouring you. Bo it was with Lord Byron. So it was with Colerlide, So it was with Catherine of Russia. Henry II. went out hunting for this world, and its lances struck through his heart. Francis I. almed at the world, but the assassin's dagger put an end to his ambition and his life at one stroke. Mary Queen of Scots wrote on the window of her castle.

From the top of all my trust
Mishap hath laid me in the dust. From the top of all my trust
Mishap hath laid me in the dust.

The Queen Dowager of Navarre was offered
for her wedding day a costly and beautiful
pair of gloves, and she put them on, but they
were poisoned gloves, and they took her life,
warm and poisoned glove of ruinous success.
"Oh," says some young man in the audience,
"I believe what were the glove of ruinous success,
"I believe what my our are preaching. I am
going to do that very thing. In the morning
of my lite I am going to devour the prey,
and in the ovening I shall divide the spoils
of Christian character. I only want a little
be good."

Young man, did you ever take the census

be good.
Young man, did you ever take the census
of all the old people? How many old people foung man, an you ear task of people of all the old people? How many old people are there in your house? One, two or none? How many in a year assemblage like this Only her: and there a gray head, like the

are incra in your nouser. The, two or none? How many in a vest assemblage like this? Only here and there a gray head, like the patches of sow here and there in the fields on a late April day. The fact is that the titles of the years are so strong that men go down under them before they get to be sixty, before they get to be fifty, before they get to be fifty, before they get to be furly, perfore they get to be furly, perfore they get to be furly, and if you, my young brother, resolve now that you will spand the morning of your days in demuring the prey the probability is that you will never divide the spoils in the evening hour. He who postpones until old age the religion of Jesus Christ postpones it forever. Where are the men who, thirty years ago, putting it off a certain number of years? They never got to be old. The railroad collision, or the steamboat explosion, or the sudden cold put an end to their opportunities. They have never had an opportunity since, and never will have an opportunity since, and never will have an opportunity saguin. They locked the door of heaven agains. They chased the world, and they died the heaven. The wounded tiger turned on them. They failed to take the game they pursued. Mounted on a swift courser, they leaped the hedge, but the courser fell on them and crushed them. Props fig to bater their soul for the world.

While this is an aneouragement to old peoprocurs against the world.

While this is an encouragement toold people who are still unpardoned, it is no encouragement to the young who are putting inf the day of grace. This do-trine that the old may be repentant is to be 1.5 on enclosely. It is medicine that kills or curss. The same medicine given to different patients, the story of the course of

in one case it saves life and in the other it destroys it. This possibility of repentance at the close of life may cure the old man while it kills the younz. Be cautious in taking it was a series of the may cure the old man while it kills the younz. Be cautious in taking it was a series of the was a series of the series of

sayety of their appearance of God struck them they were devouring the of God struck them they were devouring the proy, but I saw also in the flood of joyful tears, and in the kindling raptures on their brow; and in their exhiliarant and transporting utterances, that tay were dividing the spoil.

If you have been in this building when the lights are struck at night, you know that with one touch of electricity they are all blazed. Oh, I would to God that the darkness of your soul midst be broken up, and that by one quick, overwhelming, instantaneous flash. of illumination you might be brought finto the light and the liberty of the sons of God!

You see that religion is a different thing from what some of you poops suppose. You thought it was a decidence. You thought out the proper than the place of the soul; that it hough the way and own and lost him half dead; that it placed out the plumes of the soul; that it houles the wing and crushed the beak as it came clawing the light and the place of the soul; that it houles the wing and crushed the beak as it came clawing the second of the soul; that it houles the wing and crushed the beak as it came clawing the second of the soul; that it houles the wing and crushed the beak as it came clawing the second of the soul; that it houles the wing and crushed the beak as it came clawing the second of the soul; that it has the teach the wing and crushed the beak as it came clawing the second of the soul is the it.

black talous through the air. No, that is not religion. What is religion? It is dividing the spoil. What is religion? It is dividing the spoil, it is taking a defensation and in an apanophytic in the set of prices by the king's hand every medal that a contain. It is an exhibitation of prizes by the king's hand religion to the stamped with a coronation. It is tanparadisation. It is enthronement. Religion makes a man master of earth, of death and hell. It goes forth to gather the medals of victory won by Prince Emanuel, and the diadems of heaven by Prince Emanuel, and the diadems of heaven and the glory of results terrestrial and calestial, and then, after ranging all worlds for everything that is respendent, it divides the spoils.

everything that is resplement, it with the spoils. What was it that James Turner, the famous English evangelist, was doing when in his dying moments he said "Christ is all?" Why, he was entering into light. He was rounding the Capool Good Hope. He was dividing the spoil. What was the aged Christian Quakeress idoing when at eightly years of age she arose in the meeting one day and said. "The time of my departure is come. My grave clothes are failing off?" She was dividing the spoil.

She longed with wings to My way.

She longed with wings to fly away And mix with that eternal day.

What is Daniel now doing, the iton tamer, and Elijah, who was drawn by the flaming coursers, and Paul, the ratting of whose chains made kingsquake, and all the other victims of flood and fire and wrock and egillottne—where are they? Dividing the spoil.

Ten thousand times ren thousand, he partiting ratment bright.

The armise of the strength of the theory of the course of the c

Their sight with death and sub.

Litt only your yolden sates
And let the version is to be a Christian.

Ob, what a grand thing it is to be a Christian. We begin now to divide the spoil, but the distribution will not be completed to all steraity. There is a poverty struck soul, there is a businesy despoted soul, there is a static soul, the soul of Christian character, the comfort to got many Master's name. Though your kneed mook toggsher in weakness, though your hand tears of uncontrollable weeping your hand tears of uncontrollable weeping some and get the spoil.

Part on for all the yould be a static sta

And He has mide use that. Though you earn in children of the world, you may go away beits of heaven. Though this very autumnst meeting you were devouring the pray, now, all wides witnessing, you may divide the spat.

## DAN COUGHLIN'S JURY.

Watched By Detectives as a Cas Watches Mice.

Watches Mice.
CHICAGO, Nov. 27 Never was jury watched with more care and persistence than is being exercised in handling the twelve men upon whose verdict hangs the future of Dan Congilin. All of life they will see from now until the areat trial is ended will be centered in two places the criminal court building and the Revers house.

the Revers house.
In the latter they are fed and housed, and precautionary measures are being taken day and night to prevent the slight

taken day and night to prevent the slight-est opportunity for communication which the outside world.

Court bailiffs watch their very move; their eigars are bought by froxy; their meals furnished in a: private daining room by special waiters; and electives are nearly as numerous about the lobby as the jurner stemselves.

nearly as numerous about the ionoy as the jurors geneselves.

Two bailits are with the jurors constantly. Under no direumstances do they both leave the little boly of men at the sune time. Men known to b in the employ of the secret service keep constant waten over the doors leading to the pirors rooms. Visitors are not permitted to approach these doors no matter how urgent their mission, but all communication is made through bell boys.

KILLED IN A GRAVE. Singular Death of a Man at His Stepdaughter's Funeral.

REGUESTER, Pa., Nov. 27.—There was a most singular occurrence at the funeral of Mrs. William Shell, in the Beaver cemetery yesterday. The grave was dug by Walter W. Fish, stepfather of the deceased Walter-W-Fish, stepfather of the deceased lady. It was necessary, however, for Fish to go to the grave in advance of the funeral to set the rough pine box in position. Just as the funeral procession arrived at the cemetery, James Brotherton curiously looked lato the grave and saw Mr. Fish lying in the rough box. Upon an investigation it was discovered that Fish was dead.

Undertaker Heno, who was on the hearse, was notified, and kept the mourners in the carriages in ignorance of what had occurred. Aided by the pail bearers, Fish's remains were removed from the grave and taken away. The funeral then proceeded without the wife or family knowing of the father's fate. Upon their return nome they were apprised of the facts.

At the coroner's inquest it was discorred that Fish's nest was broken. The accepted theory is that fish stumbled and fell into the open gravey fracturing his applied column. Mr. Fish was 60 years of age.

Chinese Aumitted. Undertaker Heno, who was on the

New York, Nov. 22.—Judge Lacombe, in the United States circuit court gave a decision permitting the landing here of a dozen Chinamen, whom collector Kilbreth had debarred. The judge held that the

The Dattlefield was our Teddy's face, For a while the frowns held the dimples at bay, it seemed they were counted clean out of the race, But, after all, twas a skirmish you see, But, and the same with glee.

\*\*FROTECED BY ITS NATURAL SNEAY.\*\*

\*\*Two wrens built their meta beneath the cause of a farm house, in Pennsylvania caves of a farm house of a farm hous

This creature is taller than a man, and his strength is something tremendous. He is, moreover, vindictive to an alarming degree. The crowd standing outside his stoutly-barred cage seem to annoy him, but when, as frequently happens, they insult him by throwing peanutabells or other refuse at him, his ragal known to bounds. knows no bounds.

knows no bounds.

He gathers up sawdust by the handful, from the floor of his cage, and throws it back at his tormantors; then, in the intervals of this futile warfare, he shakes the bars of his cage with his powerful

tervals of this futile warfare, he shakes; the bara of his cage with his powerful thands, and stamps with passion, doing feverything but asy articulately, "Oh, if I could get at you!"

One being only he loves, and that is the dark-eyed man, either a Portuguese or an Italian, who has the care of him. It was a case of love at first sight, too!

"Why," said the man who told his story, "he was as wild and ugly when we first got him—you can't think! But as soon as he set eyes on the Portygee, he threw his arms right round his neck, and they've been friends ever since!"

Poor orang-utan! he has at least one bad quarter of an hour in his monotonous day. So sensitive is he to cold that large sheets of glass are slipped into the sides of his cage by night, to protect him from draughts?

This is always a dangerous process, for he might break one of the surrounding rods, get his arm through the opening and seizes man by the throat, or do a dozen direful deeds. There are many and various pieces of mischief he could accomplish.

So, when his keepers are ready to

accomplish.

So, when his keepers are ready to So, when his keepers are ready to tighten his cage, an elephant is led in front of it. This is the only creature of which the poor beast is afraid, and while he cowers shad a mast incadible. reduced to abject and a most incredible terror, he is fastened up for the night, and the unconscious elephant is led and the unconscious elepha away. —{Youth's Companion.

THE GENTLE JAVANESE.

Imagine a playhouse village made of baskets, and you have the Javanese settlement. It had a basket-fence all about it, wrought out of split bamboo. This did not in the least hide the nestlike homes within. On the contrary, it offered constant temptation to peep through its wide meshes to see what might be going on along those glaring white roads and behind these rush-lacescreened verandas. Dolls might live there, or possibly real children just for play, but what odd homes for grown-up, busy people doing genuine, humdrum work!

It is a curious idea to weave houses just as kindergarten children weave bright-colored papers. Yet that is the way the little brown people from Java make theirs

in the kindling raptures on their and in their critilizant and transportterances, that they were dividing the country, as it was of a hears ye heart deep the cases of two glaimen who came here from Havans, as did the dozan now here, but who were hard the low roofs, and outlined their slant lines with black cocoanut fiber. They are used to in their far-off, lovely, they are all the dozan now here, but who were hard the low roofs, and outlined their slant lines with black cocoanut fiber. They are used to in their far-off, lovely, they are all the dozan now here, but who were hard the livery." In the semi-idleness which they are used to in their far-off, lovely, they are all the dozan now here, but who were taken from the dozan now here, but who were hard to they are used to in their far-off, lovely, they are all the dozan now here, but who were fames for their dwellings, braided the low roofs, and outlined their slant lines with black cocoanut fiber. They are tup the hummingest little corn-stalk weather-vane that ever whited a merry little corn the power of the promote of the promote of your poofs approve. You thought it was a descators. You thought it was a descators. You thought it is a soul; that is booked the wing and the low roofs, and outlined their slant lines with black cocoanut fiber. They created the work of the power where the power where the promote of the power where the promote of the power where the promote of the promo

## Breaking a Bronco.

The secret of the bronco's docility in standing where he is left lies in the fact that he has been broken to a bit with a "spade." Now, the spade is a broad piece of netal so placed in the middle of the bit that then the curb rein is drawn the spade comba hard against the roof of the bronco's mouth. The rider teaches the bronco the assa of the spade in this fashion: Having dismounted, the breaker throws the curb rein over the bronco's

the bronco the uses of the spade in this fashion: Having dismounted, the breaker throws the curb rein over the broace's head so that the rein lies partly on the ground. Then the breaker wants until the bronco moves. The movement is usually sudden and impetuous. The breaker, with equal suddenness places his foot hard upon the dragging end of the rein, and the spade is driven into the roof of the bronco's mouth. It is a stubborn beast that does not stop short when he feels the spade.

This discipline is repeated again and again, until the beast learns that to move while his rein hangs over his head and trails on the ground is to stir the spade into activity. When the breaker is sure that the bronco has learned his lesson it is pretty safe to turn the beast loose with the rein over his head. Should the bronco attempt to leave the place where he is left, he must sooner or later tread on the dragging rein and drive the spade upward into the roof of his mouth. When left to himself, therefore, he is extremely careful how he moves about, and he seldom attempts to trot away lest he incur the cruel retribution of the spade.—[New York Sun. he incur the cruel retr spade.—[New York Sun.

## The Cantonment in India.

The cantonment of an Indian town means the place where the English live. The native town is usually enclosed by high walls and accessible only by a few high walls and accessible only by a few gates; it is brimful of people who crowd its bazaars or shop streets. Quite outside the town and a mile or two away is the cantonment, an unwalled district, where each house stands in its own inclosure or compound, and where the regiments, British or native, are quartered in "lines" or rows of huts.

The cantonment usually has wide The cantonment usually has wide well-kept roads, with a grassy margin and avenues of fine trees, giving it the appearance of a great park. The Resglish visitor, if he stays with friends, might be a week without seeing the native town at all, unless his curtosity prompted an excursion in search of it. There is always in the cantonment a qub, with a ladies' wing (junless the ladies have a gymkhana or club of their own), and besides the various parade grounds, make theirs.

They came to the Plaisance, and set to work in an easy-going, cheerful manner, as if they had never heard the word with they are used to in their far-off leads to the latter of the word that they are used to in their far-off leads to the latter of the word they are used to in their far-off leads to the latter of the latter



Seven Surgical Opera

Hood's spring C

'Germa Syrup

teen years ago. I contract which resulted in a hoars ough which disabled me ing my pulpit for a numb baths. After trying a ing my purple for a mushaths. After trying a without obtaining relief advertisement of your robtained a bottle. I recei and permanent help. It tate to tell my experience H. Haggerty, Martinsvill

It is very diff

to convince children that a medicine is "nice to take" -this trouble is not experienced in administering

Scott's Emu

of Cod Liver Oil almost as palatable No preparation so builds up good strength and nerv Mothers the world upon it in all wastin that children are heir t

DR. KILME SWAMP-F CURED I

Gravel or S IN THE BLADDE!

ians prono GRAVE



four years I gave up all rer using 8. 8. 8. After taking was entirely cured and able to S.S.S. Is the greatest m poisoning to-day

Treatise on Blood and Skinger. Swift Specific

FARMERS YOUR Received of all binds of Cov and Game, Lave and Dynamic Binary, Cope and Dynamic Company, Cope and Dynamic Company, Cope and Dynamic Company, Cope and Dynamic