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THE CHRISTIAN'S BADGES.

He Does Not Need a Sky-Blue Ribbon.
A writer in a London religious contemporary insists that professing Christians should wear a distinctive badge, and he suggests a sky-blue ribbon.
The Christian ought to wear three badges, not though, of silk, or linen, or cotton, or worsted, or felt, or cloth, or straw, or metal—but the triad of "a meek and quiet spirit." (First Peter, iii., 4.) "good works." (Acts, xxvi., 20.) and "a holy life," (Romans vi., 22.)
Such a collection of badges would outshine the most indigo-blue canton-spun silk that the hand of man and the art of the cocoon could devise.—Christian at Work.

REDUCING THE DEATH RATE.

The Vital Value of Scientific Knowledge.
Sir Spencer Wells finds that, while the average duration of human life in Great Britain a half century ago was only thirty years, it is now, according to statistics, forty-nine years.
In fifty years the population has increased some eight millions; and at least two millions of this increase is believed to be the fruit of improved sanitary and medical work and of success over preventable sickness.

Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining.

Sympathizing Lady (to casual acquaintance on the cars)—"Lost all your children? How very sad!"
Bereaved Mother—"Yes, it is a great trial. But there is no loss without some compensation."
S. L.—"Ah, yes; you have the consoling consciousness that they are better off."
B. M.—"That is true, but I didn't exactly mean that."
S. L.—"No?"
B. M.—"No; I was about to say that we can hire a house now without any trouble."—Boston Courier.

AFRICAN RACE OF DWARFS.

Strange Little People Seen by Pasha in His Explorations.

One of the most striking things to be met with in the earlier pages of Emin Pasha's journal is a reference to a report which is brought to him between Lado and Dufle, on the Upper Nile, that a race of dwarfs inhabit mountain caves to the west of Beden.

They are said to be only forty inches high, of a brown color, and of great agility, to eat white ants and roots, and to shoot with very small arrows, which are poisoned and very difficult to extract.

The pigmies he was inclined to regard as the remainder of a dwarf population which ages ago spread itself over Central Africa.

Four years later he himself comes upon some specimens of the Akka, a pigmy people divided into numerous small tribes, who lead a nomadic life in the Monbuttu country.

One of these Akka "had a reddish but rather dark skin (probably dirt), was very prognathous, rather swag-bellied, but exceedingly nimble. His height was 3 feet 6 inches. His whole body was covered by thick, stiff hair, almost like felt, which was especially thick on the breast." A girl fourteen years of age measured 3 feet 7 8 inch in height.

These people are said to be very expert hunters, but also very vindictive, so that the neighboring tribes are glad to let them have all they want for maintenance in return for skins and feathers, the products of the chase, which they prosecute with bows and arrows alone.

One thing puzzled me much. In St. Petersburg the women very seldom crossed themselves. For one woman who would make the sign of the cross in passing the shrine of the entrance to the Gostinnoi Dvor it would be made by a dozen men. In Moscow the women were more careful to perform their devotions, but in St. Petersburg the males were much more devout to outward seeming than the women.

Of the women who did obeisance to the holy places in St. Petersburg all were poor. I did not see one well-dressed lady cross herself in the streets all the time I was in Russia. Officers and gentlemen were not so particular as the isvostchiks and workmen, but it was no uncommon sight to see them making the sign of the cross.

I traveled with Gen. Ignatieff from St. Petersburg to Moscow. The moment the train started the General crossed himself twice, remarking that although you should always pray, it was especially incumbent upon you to do so when starting on a journey.

The number of shrines in Russia where candles are burning before holy pictures is very great, and much greater importance is attached to the science of genuflection than is easily credible to the non-ritualistic rover.

Sunday was much more generally observed as a holiday than I expected. The shops on the Grand Morskaya and the Nevski Prospekt are almost all shut all Sunday.

St. Petersburg is not Sabbatarian by any means; it is more a day of amusement and of visiting than of devotion, but there seemed to me to be a much more general cessation of labor on a Sunday in Russia than either in Germany or in France.

THE PIOUS RUSSIAN.

Devotions Seen by the Traveler in the Land of the Czar.

One of the first things that strikes the stranger in St. Petersburg, and still more in Moscow, is the constant crossing that goes on in the streets. Whenever a devout Russian passes a church or a shrine or a holy altar he lifts his hat and crosses himself in the fashion of the Eastern Church.

In Moscow the number of shrines is so great and the sanctity of some of them so overpowering that it must be difficult for the devout orthodox to get along the street. In St. Petersburg the number is much less, but it is still sufficient to keep your isvostchik's arms in tolerably active exercise.

WHAT IT IS TO BE FORTY.

To discover a sprinkle of gray in your beard
A thinness of crop where the upland is cleared,
To note how you take to your slippers and crown,
And to hug to the fire when you get home from town—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.
To find that your shadow has portlier grown,
That your voice has a practical, businesslike tone,
That your vision is tricky, which once was so bright,
And a hint of a wrinkle is coming to light—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.
A sleigh ride, a party, a dance or a dine;
Why, of course you'll be present, you never decline,
But, alas! there's no invite, you're not "young folks," you see;
You're no longer a peach, but a crabapple tree—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.
A daughter that grows like a lily, a garden—
And that blooms like a rose in a queen of green,
A dapper young clerk in an ice cream saloon,
Both a dude and a dunce, is to carry off soon;
And a boy that is ten and the pride of your eye,
Is caught smoking vile cigarettes all on the sly—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

At twenty a man dreams of power and fame;
At thirty his fire has a soberer, flame;
At forty his dreams and his visions are o'er,
And he knows and he feels as he never did before
That a man is a fool till he's forty.
—Springfield Union.

BOOK ILLUSTRATION IN AMERICA.

The Development of a Noble Industry.

W. Lewis Fraser, manager of the art department of the Century magazine, addressed the Grolier Club in New York recently on "Nearly Two Hundred Years of Book Illustrating in America."

In 1689, he said, appeared the first sheet printed in America, the "Almanac of Stephen Daye." In the seventy-five years following its publication eleven hundred books were printed on American presses, but only three of them were illustrated—"The Bay Psalm Book," containing a rude cut of an eclipse; Increase Mather's "Ichabod," with a portrait of its author, and the "American Almanac," of N. W. Whittemore, bearing on its title page a drawing of Queen Anne.

Most of these books were of a religious or controversial character, and contained little matter for the inspiration of an artist.

American books were illustrated by relief plates from 1703 throughout the Provincial period, and from copper plates from a very early time. These plates were presumably engraved in America. In 1775 there were in America three relief and two copper-plate engravers, who might be classed as professionals. One of these was a negro slave owned by Thomas Fleet, a Boston printer.

The work of the ante-Revolutionary engravers was not much to be commended. After the war till the end of the century, printing offices were multiplied, and immense numbers of books were produced, varying from children's books an inch square to ponderous folios. From the beginning of the present century to 1830 copper-plate engraving was very popular for everything, from a history of Cook Robin to a folio Bible.

However, wood engraving had begun to grow in favor, and in 1830 the National Academy of Design established a course of lectures on that art. Then a mushy literature with mushy illustrations sprang into existence, and the numerous annuals formed the staple of popular reading.

In 1860 the number of steel engravers had grown until there were in all the country about 90. About that time arose the prophet of the new dispensation in steel engraving, Felix O. C. Darley, whom Mr. Fraser characterized as the illustrator par excellence of America.

Wood engraving received a new impetus a few years later, and a class of enthusiastic and gifted men devoted themselves to this art until it had attained the highest rank among the various means employed to illustrate books and periodicals.

A CHINAMAN'S WILL.

This Curious Document a Model of Clear Statement.

The following is the translation of a Chinese will, made in Australia:

At this present moment I am grievously sick. Therefore I have requested and obtained both Chinese and English doctors. They have examined me, and state that I am in great danger. I fear I cannot live long.

Therefore I at once all my business and all my accounts, goods, clothing, and the whole of my estate intrust and deliver over to Kwan Eng Sloun to receive and hold for him to entirely manage, instead of me. I do this so that neither relatives nor any others can dispute.

Kwan Eng Sloun is one whom I deeply, fully know; his heart is true and upright, and unlimited faith may be placed in him. I sincerely believe that his heart is careful to grasp the right, and am happy.

After my death I desire that he receive all my moneys and close the business; also that, though the proceeds be much or little, he call all my Melbourne creditors together and consult with them; also to request them to be liberal-hearted and kind, and ask them to return some money so that it may be sent to buy the necessities of life for my wife and children. In such case my family will receive their grace and favor, and the act of my creditors will be counted a work of virtue done by my creditors.

I substitute and make this will as a substitutive proof of my wishes. Eye witnesses to it—Lim Slay, Wong Che, Hien Sney.

The writer of the will is Kwan Eng Sloun. Will made in the thirteenth year of the reign of Quong Slucy, eleventh month, twentieth day.

GOON SAM'S X mark.

An Egyptian Baby.

I watched a child of about two and a half years enjoying a crust of bread. There were about it a swarm of flies, and I do not exaggerate when I say two or three dozen were on its face at one time, in patches as big as half a dollar, about the eyes and mouth. It would screw up its eyes when they threatened to go in. I thought some must have gone into its mouth with the bread. It did not seem at all annoyed. I saw a sleeping child on the street whose face was almost black with the insects. It smiled as if angels were whispering in its ears. I have seen men talking pleasantly together while a dozen flies would be promenading about their faces, apparently unnoticed by the owners of the faces. I asked a man how he could stand it. "Nashallah! They don't bother me," was his reply. This has made the fly bold, and he seems unable to understand what a foreigner means when he tries to drive him off. He has, too, remarkably prehensile claws, and keeps them keen and sharp when taking constitutional walks over European countenances. It was probably the knowledge of this quality which made these people pronounce it bad luck to drive them off. They found it best to educate the masses to bear the infliction and so get used to it. Nearly all the religious and semi-religious prohibitions and usages of the people of the world probably had their origin in some material benefit. The cow was most necessary—so the wise priesthood made her sacred and thus preserved her. Hogs' flesh was subject to diseases in Egypt and Syria, so the hog was made religiously unclean and infested with devils.—Carter Harrison in the Chicago Mail.

For Freckles and Sunburn.

Washing the face with acid buttermilk is a country cosmetic, still in favor for sunburn, freckles and scaly skin. The juice pressed from cucumbers is altogether preferable, and, though of old repute, is a fashionable London preparation. The juice of milkweed also is a proprietary lotion for the face, sold by modish cosmetic artists abroad. These vegetable lotions being gummy, protecting and diffusive, refine the skin, and unlike spirituous washes, do not bring out the hair on the cheeks. A seraglio secret to take away wrinkles is to heat an iron shovel red hot, throw on it a spoonful of myrrh in powder, and smoke the face over it, covering person and shovel with a sheet to keep in fumes. Repeat this three times, heat the shovel again, and pour on it two spoonfuls of white wine, steaming the face with it three times. This rite is to be repeated night and morning until the effect is gained.

Plantain water is very softening for the face. But vaseline rubbed on the skin of the neck and face every night faithfully will keep wrinkles at a distance for long years beyond their usual appearance. It should be generously applied, left for the skin to absorb for a few minutes, and the excess wiped gently off with a soft cloth. As vaseline is twenty-five cents a pound, which lasts a year, this is the cheapest as well as the safest cosmetic. This should always be applied before going into the hot sun, for long walks or rides, as well as domestic work in heated rooms. The skin must always be washed clean with warm water and fine soap, and well dried before using any application, and man or woman always wants to go to bed with face and neck thoroughly and freshly washed. Sleeping with the imperceptible dust of the day in the skin, logging and griming it is a great cause of wrinkles.—Shirley Dare's Letter.

It's His Customer.

A New York reporter called to a little boot-black to give him a shine. The little fellow came rather slowly for one of that lively guild, and planted his box down under the reporter's foot. Before he could get his brushes out another large boy ran up, and calmly pushing the little one aside, said,—

'Here, you go sit down, Jimmy.'

The reporter at once became indignant at what he took to be a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the new comer to clear out.

'Oh, dat's all right, boss,' was the reply; 'I'm only going to do it for him. You see he's been sick in the hospital for more than a month, and he can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can.'

'Is that so, Jimmy?' asked the reporter, turning to the smaller boy.

'Yes, sir,' wearily answered the boy, and as he looked up, the pallid, pinched face could be discerned, even through the grime that covered it. 'He does it for me—if you'll let him.'

'Certainly—go ahead; and as the boot-black plied the brush, the reporter plied him with questions. 'You say that all the boys help him in this way?'

'Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they turns in and helps him.'

'What percentage do you charge him on each job?'

'Hey!' queried the boy—'don't know what you mean.'

'I mean, what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep?'

'Bet your life I don't keep none; I ain't such a sneak.'

'You give it all to him?'

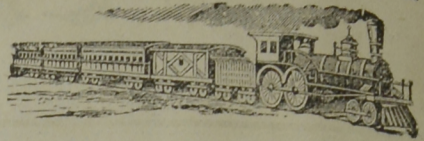
'Yes, I do. All the boys give up what they get on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking it on a sick boy!'

The shine being completed, the reporter handed the urchin a quarter, saying,—

'I guess you're a pretty good fellow, so you keep a dime, and give the rest to Jimmy.'

'Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here you be, Jim.'

He threw him the coin and was off like a shot after a customer for himself—a veritable rough diamond. There are many such lads, with warm and generous hearts under their ragged coats.



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EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

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12.00 M.—For Fredericton Junction St. John and points east.

3.15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON

9.25 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction St. John and all points East.

2.30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland Boston, and points West, St. John St. Andrew's, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock.

7.15 P. M.—Express from St. John, and intermediate points, St. Stephen, Houlton Woodstock and points north.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.00 A. M. Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

5.55 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

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A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent
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