Extraordinary Attractions for **Conference Week**

F. AUERBACH & BRO.

Extraordinary Attractions for **Conference Week**

A Combination of resistless Bargains. Visit our Store and we will Convince you that we are the most Popular House in the City and quote the Lowest Prices. Our Enormous Business has been Created by Treating all Alike.

Dress Goods and Silks.

More genuine bargains in Silks and Dress Goods will be shown by us this week than have ever before been offered by all the city combined. Don't miss getting a Dress Pattern.

AT ONE-HALF ACTUAL VALUE.

53 pieces of col. 18-inch Surah.... .25
33 pieces of col. 20-inch Surah.... .47
41 pieces of col. 20-inch Pongee.... .47

AT TWO-THIRDS ACTUAL VALUE.

500 yards of all Silk Black Gros Grain.... .37½
550 yards of all Silk Black Gros Grain.... .42½
400 yards of all Silk Black Gros Grain.... .50
500 yards of all Silk Black Gros Grain.... .87½
600 yards Black Satin Rhadamer.... .75
800 yards All Silk.... .12½
825 yards All Silk.... .37½
Black and Colored Brocaded Silks at .75, .85, 1.00 and 1.25, positively worth 50 per cent more.

AT ONE-HALF ACTUAL VALUE.

35 pieces of double width Colored Alpaca.... .12½
55 pieces of Novelty Diagonal Weave.... .25
100 pieces of Dark and Light Ground Challies.... .05
250 pieces of Dark and Light Ground Challies.... .20
60 pieces of Camelshair Novelty weaved, Double Width.... .45

An assortment of 500 Suit Lengths, containing 7 and 8 yards of elegant novelty Dress Goods, at 1.75, 2.10, 2.50, 2.75, 3.15, 3.50, 4.20, 4.50 and 5.00 a suit. These have been selling at 1.50 more than now being offered.

100 remnants of silks and dress goods of all descriptions at less than half of Eastern cost.

Notions.

PRICES THAT TELL!

PRICES THAT WIN THE TRADE!

FOR	VALUE
50c Ladies' black Kid Gloves....	$ .75
75c Ladies' black Kid Gloves....	1.00
25c Ladies' Silk Mitts....	.50
25c Ladies' Silk Mitts....	.50
10c Ladies' Lisle Gloves....	.25
15c Ladies' Lisle Gloves....	.35
25c Ladies' Lisle Gloves....	.50
25c Ladies' Lisle Gloves....	.50
10c Ladies' black Cotton Hose....	.25
15c Ladies' fast black Cotton Hose	.40
25c Ladies' fast black Cotton Hose	.50
15c Children's black Ribbed Hose	.25
20c Children's black Ribbed Hose	.35
25c Children's black Ribbed Hose	.40
25c Lot of Mens' Jerky ribbed hose, colored....	.75

Ends, flouncing 45 inches wide at astonishing price of 50c, 65c, 85c, beside this price for value.

Ladies' summer merino vests and pants for 75c a suit.

Ladies handkerchiefs 25c a dozen.

25c Ladies' handkerchiefs reduced from 40c.

10c Ladies' handkerchiefs reduced from 20c.

15c Ladies' handkerchiefs reduced from 25c.

25c Ladies' handkerchiefs reduced from 40c.

Mens ribbons go down to the very lowest month, all colors.

Nos. 5 and 7 dewing to per yard.

No. 9, down 71 cents a yard.

No. 12, down 10 cents yard.

No. 16, down 12½ cents a yard.

Ladies' Satchels, prices cut in two at 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents.

TRIMMING DEPT.

For this sale of Trimmings we shall devote a whole counter, an immense variety of splendid bargains less than one-fourth their actual value at 5c., 10c., 15c., 20c., and 25 cents per yard.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Spring Wraps

This is the Most Attractive Department in the City.

By reason of our low prices and immense assortment. The following sixteen moment of Bargains, at less than one-half their actual value, are—

BLAZER JACKETS.
At $1.50 worth $3.50
At 2.00 worth 5.00
At 2.50 worth 6.00
At 3.00 worth 6.00

REEFER JACKETS.
At $5.00 worth $ 8.50
At 6.00 worth 9.00
At 7.00 worth 9.00
At 8.00 worth 11.00

CAPES.
For 1.00 worth $2.00
For 1.50 worth 3.50
For 2.00 worth 5.00
For 2.50 worth 5.00
For 3.00 worth 8.00
For 3.50 worth 8.00
For 7.50 worth 15.00
For 10.00 worth 17.50

ALL CAPES, BLAZERS AND REEFERS ARE IN BLACK, TAN AND SLATE COLORS.

OUR STOCK OF

LADIES' WAISTS

BOTH IN SILK AND COTTON FABRICS IS NOW COMPLETE. IMMENSE ASSORTMENT. PRICES AS USUAL THE LOWEST.

$1.00, $1.25, $1.50, Etc.
Silks for $4.00, $4.50 $5.00, Etc.
Ladies' Blouses for 75c., $1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, Etc.

Ladies' Wrappers

ARE ARRIVING IN ENDLESS VARIETIES AND QUALITIES

Ladies' Calico Wrappers $ .50
Ladies' Calico Wrappers 1.00
Ladies' Gingham Wrappers 1.00
Ladies' Seersucker Wrappers 1.75

The Styles of these are Mostly Very Pretty, full Back and Front, Plaid or Plain.

WE SHOW THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK OF THE FINEST AND MOST STYLISH SHAPES IN INFANTS' AND CHILDREN'S BONNETS AND HATS. CASHMERE HATS, 25c.; SURAH SILK, 50c. & up; SILK EMB. BONNETS, 40c., 50c., & up.

Domestic Department.

PRICES LIKE THESE MAKE US DO THE BUSINESS.

Apron, black gingham, fast col. .05
Dress style gingham, latest.... .05
Seersucker, in stripes and checks.... .06½
Finest quality seersucker.... .10
Heavy unbleached sheeting.... .06½
Good bleached muslin.... .06½
Lonsdale, full of both.... .06 1-2
Striped ticking, 32 inches wide.... .06½
Unless Curtaining.... .06
Good Prints.... .05
Standard Prints.... .05
Challies.... .05
Highlands Cloth.... .05
All Linen Cloth.... .06 1-2
10c Outing Flannel.... .10
10c Outing Flannel.... .12½
Wet Bed Sheets.... .25
1.50 Bed Spreads.... 1.10
1.75 Bed Spreads, 12-4 Marcillies 1.35
50c Table Linen, cream.... .40

SHOES.

THE DEEPEST CUT OF ALL.

	VOT	AY PAIRS
125 pairs Infants' Kid button Shoes....	.60	.35
175 pairs Children's spring-heel, size 5 to 8....	.70	1.25
75 pairs Children's Shoes, size 5 to 8....	.80	1.25
80 pairs Youths' Shoes, size 8 to 11....	1.00	1.00
80 pairs Boys' Shoes, size 11 to 2....	1.50	2.50
100 pairs Misses' spring-heel Shoes, size 11 to 2	1.50	2.50
75 pairs Ladies' Kid button Shoes, size 2½ to 7	2.00	3.75
165 pairs Ladies' English Double button shoes, patent leather tips, all sizes....	3.00	4.50
175 pairs Ladies' Oxford Ties, size 2½ to 7....	1.25	2.00
200 pairs Ladies' Cloth top, latest last....	2.00	3.00

MEN'S PERCALE LAUNDRIED SHIRTS.
For 65c, worth $1.00.

GENTS' TIES AND SCARFS.
We are selling them at ½ of former price; 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c, etc.

Boys' and Children's Clothing Dep't.

We shall offer the following Special Bargains for this week's sale at prices which are in sharp contrast with those asked elsewhere.

CHILDREN.	BOYS'.
$1.75 Blue Flannel Sailor Suits,	$ 2.50
1.75 Boys' Fancy Plaid Suits,	1.50
2.50 Boys' Fancy Plaid Suits,	1.50
3.50 Boys' Lt. Plaid Suits,	2.25
4.00 Boys' Striped Cassimere,	3.00
3.75 Boys' Brown Plaids,	2.50
5.00 Boys' Fine Fancy Cassim'e,	3.75
8.00 Boys' Childrens' Jersey Blouse Suits,	2.85
2.25 Boys' Kid Suits,	1.85

Our great Overstock sale of Gent's Furnishing goods marked down to prices so fabulously low that they will all be closed out this week.

MEN'S OUTING FLANNEL OVERSHIRTS.
25 cents; worth 50 cents.
41 cents; worth 65 cents.
50 cents; worth 75 cents.
65 cents; worth 100 cents.

MEN'S BLACK SATINE SHIRTS.
75 cents; worth $1.25.
85 cents; worth $1.50.
100 cents; worth $1.75.

MEN'S WHITE UNLAUNDRIED SHIRTS.
Two shirts for 75 cents.
50 cents dress shirts for 35 cents.
$1.00 dress shirts for 75 cents.

FINE SILK STRIPE, AND PONGEE SHIRTS.
From $1.75 to $4.00.

BOYS' FELT HATS.
For 25c, worth 50c.
For 50c, worth 75c.
For 50c, worth 85c.
For 75c, worth $1.25.

BOYS' OUTING FLANNEL WAISTS.
For 25c, worth 40c.
For 50c, worth 75c.

BOYS' CAMBRIC WASTS.
25c, worth 50c.

BOYS' INDIGO BLUE WAISTS.
25c, worth 50c.

THE MORNING HILLS.

He sits among the morning hills
Who has to begin and toil;
He knows the trouble, but scarcely notes
The dew-drops in his soil.

He remembers from this peaceful life
While hours have been and still;
He sees a vision of his who dies,
A vine his sole other ill.

The flowery pride and dusty shame
He handled in his prime;
Beyond the surgeon, beyond the storms,
The dark of pestilence.

He has sat and the world,
With the hot sun at his side,
We have seen the morning mists rought
Have when he was a child.

He has sat in health, the dawn to work,
Life's fighters, year to year;
The heart's crack, the sight through work,
And silence at the bier.

The force of age destroys the last,
The feeble spirit of work
Of companions years and fear.

He does not hear the cries that leave
His name around the world;
He has no thought of good deeds done
Where sorrow is merely wished.

But evermore he is back to back,
While memory fills and swells
With echoes of the horizon's song
Among the morning hills.

—Minnie Thompson.

THE DOOMED SKATER.

We were twins, Jack and I, but otherwise unlike. He was a fine fellow; I acknowledged his supremacy and rejoiced in his bold, free spirit. From his childhood he had been the most impulsive creature that ever pointed a novel for leading youth. Ever in scrape and difficulties, but never to his disgrace. Jack fought manfully his antagonisms into being him, which the real idol of their free will, and my heart still warms tenderly toward the wild, impulsive boy, with his laughing and all ugly for mischief.

I confess I was somewhat dismayed by the report of this new country to which we were forced to settle, fresh from the sunny lanes of Kent and the local circle of friends, and how could it be otherwise? But for Jack, he was in raptures with everything that disquieted me. Nothing was more charmingly romantic than our hut on the bluff, and no river could equal the brawn, and unchoky fishing.

We did not settle down to the regulation life of the settler all at once; we determined to rip the winter of life on the Scamp, if, instead, there was any of that sentimental draft to be drained in the township. The fascination of the swift canoe kept us almost constantly on the dark, mysterious river and in truth there was scarcely any other outlet from our dwelling save on to the waters. By day we fished and we shot from our frail skiffs, and by night, when the moon was up, we would paddle them to her silvery wake.

I have said that a few rough settlers formed our society on the Scamp. Among them were some half breeds—a species of impassable Indian—who had seen from the cradle of forest life to "the servitude and hardship of the white settlers." They were lazy, good for nothing fellows, given to the latter of hunting or shooting, whenever they were prefered. We found them useful in giving instruction in the minor life of our river home. I preferred, for my own part, to go partly much by myself on our water excursions. Jack, however, had to such idea of placid enjoyment, and speedily finding me to my aquatic pursuits he joined a hanging, looking scoundrel named Oliver, whom, into an encouragement of his cause.

I am no great disciple of Lavater, but I never liked that half breed. All these dogs of Indian nobility are sullen, blear eyed creatures, with a touch of cunning, but their fellow was chief of them all for crazy opinions truth. Of course Jack ridiculed my sentiments about this new acquaintance, he was a match for a half a dozen, twenty fellows like Alec, he said, and he was a good one, and I was not to bother my head about him.

It was getting late in the fall, the Indian summer—that beautiful dream of loveliness—had ceased to be in exchanged beauty the glories of a Canadian autumn. The forests were on top with color as a newborn's infant, and the air was yet balmy with the lingering sweetness of summer. One exquisite evening, born of one of those lovely days, I was leisurely smoking my pipe on the top of the skiff, vacantly sketching some landscapes in the dark Scamp rolling beneath. A canoe shot around the bend of the river below the village, it was paddled by a solitary figure, who turned not to the shore. I knew he had gone down the Scamp to fish along with Oliver, but no half breed squatted in the opposite end of the canoe. A vague dread seized upon me as Jack, running his little hatch close up the bank, shouldered his paddle and motioned me to use.

"How now, Jack? What have you done with your morning companion?" I inquired, disguising my conjectural fear.

"Hall! I don't know," replied my brother, sitting down, oriental fashion, beside me.

"Not know?"

"Not a bit," was his answer. "How should I be acquainted with all the lies and cuts of that Mesamoth's lower? Here he induced so much liquor with his arms as would have made a few thousands of the boyes in question.

"Oh, I presume. He's gone trading deer or something of that sort," said I, somewhat relieved by Jack's manner. There was a slight pause. My face returned. I felt there was something wrong.

"Well," said Jack, "I'll tell you; I don't see why there need be any secret about it. You were quite rude about that Oliver—you were. He's a good for nothing fellow, and really pained the afternoon to paddle me when I wanted to go down the river a bit farther than usual."

"And you?"

"I ran the canoe upon a yard of bank—whether on island or not I cannot tell—figure the incident usual a good humoured with the paddle and set him ashore."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed with horror; "don't you know, Jack—haven't you seen enough to understand—that these Indian fellows are vindictive to the last degree—that they will never forget or forgive a blow?"

"Pooh!" and he, gathering quite smartly and searching homeward, swing over his shoulder; "pooh, don't you bother yourself! Oliver will be down on the morrow home tomorrow—one if he can. Besides, I owe him half a dollar."

Tomorrow came, enforced with the half breed's extension. The story got abroad among the lots, and the old settlers, who knew their man, shook their heads ominously and looked on good to my brother. Jack, however, was very gaunt hearted, laughing. Looking wonderfully hard Oliver, however, the days passed harmonly, visiting which Jack and I fished and shot together. Oliver had not reappeared, and I began to breathe more freely. Dentiques he had left the district. He was an uncertain fellow at any rate, and had no property or tie in the village to tempt his stays.

Twenty miles below the village the dark Scamp whirlers into rapids, and it boiled with plunging power over a fifty yard rock. I had often wished to see the falls, but it had been hitherto impossible to accomplish the distance by any single arm. At last my wish was to be gratified. A shooting party was made up by some of the villagers, and of my urgent request I was included. The arrangement was to spend a night at the falls, coming out on the back and return the following day. Instead of canoes, we were to sail down in a large flat bottomed boat, formed in Canadian parlance a scow. Brought by Jack did not care about going, saying that he would enjoy himself more in his own manner, and as we were already crowded he made no did not press him to change his resolution.

Our expedition had little in it noteworthy. The river for over twenty miles still maintained the same monotonous, unbeautiful scenery, never varying in the course of a mile. No a very flat of land, no wave there but a little village and the falls, not a glimpse of land. The trees lined the waters like a wall, and save the well grain no one ever tried to force a way through their close thickets, would at the base be a tangle of weed and some swamp. This aspect had seen reason for remarking the only bright thing was the patch of standing blue sky seen at the extremity of the long back of wood and water. Once an hour we had the interest video. No bird trilled as a single song; all was still, save for the impulsive woodpecker, which, perched on a rotting tree, hammered its hollow edge with its beak. Tap, tap, tap—it was a most unworthy sound.

We had seen the stupendous falls in their lonely majesty and were starting homeward in our scow. As we neared the village again, distant only some six or six miles, the sun was sinking behind the tree tops. A slight breeze here bathed the long reaches of the river with its dark softness and beauty. We vegged on a liquid field of cloth of gold. But ever and again, marring my serene appreciation of its loveliness, came the ghastly tap, tap, tap of the woodpecker.

I could not resist a chilly sensation of horror as I listened to the measured cadence echoing through the solitude. It sounded like a coffin maker hammering at his dismal task. A relief suggested itself. Some of my companions were French Canadians, and the starting to life had caused our bivouac with some gay relations of many frolicks. I asked them a stave, but I said nothing about the woodpecker, whose note I wished them to drown. A strong chorus soon vanquished the bird of ill omen and rang up the vanted river. I mention the strain well, it was a favorite voyageur's ditty, sung to the dash of the oar.

Suddenly the song lulled, and again I shuddered as I heard the ever-beating tap, tap of the unknown bird alert as a special fit. My companions had ceased to sing, and called my attention to a canoe which was floating down the river a few yards ahead of us. They thought it was a bateaux, and dared by to strike a boatman into it, with the prospect of a moment into the center up the river. Nearer and nearer the canoe came, like the note of the ghastly woodpecker, tapping unsound on wave. There was a sudden cry of horror from the author at the bow, and as we reached forward to see what was the matter, another cried out the awful tale of blood, "Here, poor fellow, see your brother—stabbed to death, as sure's there's death in a tin bullet!"

It was an awful sight. My poor brother lay bent over his idle paddle in the canoe, weltering in its heart's blood. As stinging bullet had passed through his heart. Stabbed by Oliver! Fearful bullet, that was its work, and my poor Jack's blood rested on the head! I shall not dare detail the agonies of that Indian summer. Though all my glee was the thought of an exterminating vengeance. Vengeance—my, scant pardon. I sought what has been live there in the world, but—he had fled. It was vain in those early times of a judicial system in Canada to seek for a fugitive pursuit from the dispensers of legal justice. The criminal executing might be willing, but their arm was shortened by distance. The wide wilds of wood and water where I dwelt, could proceed only from my own steady purpose and military energy.

I could depend for but small aid on the settlers, I knew of them, indeed, cursed the foul murder in no stinted speech, but others again imputed little excuse to the blood crimed culprit, and even went so far as to justify his resolving code of vengeance. Other had left the district, I was assured, when told me he would are long come back again. Likely enough, he would suppose I could not long remain in a place to which such baleful associates clung, and that he might then safely venture back. I waited up time, but he was to be tangled thicker, but to the end I knew that no earnest under heaven would prove him harmless from my wrath.

Winter set in, hard and white and cold. The river became was a level road of ice the trees were shaked up with snow and on each side of the ice lound three the trees formed the wooden cliffs of dusky rock. No path could now be traced into the remote of the forest below our village. Scarcely had winter settled down for his medium indeed when I heard the whisperings that the villain half hired was again lurking on the outskirts of the settlement. It was told me that he was trying to lay for my life, and I knew that, too, as I also that he had gone thus once come to the rear dwellings of the settlers by night, to entice their friends and obtain carbine arms for his cause.

I knew it would be vain to attempt to track him to his rendezvous or, at all events, to surprise him, his wood craft was much too keen to admit of such a possibility. But a strange, wild joy troubled through my being when I heard he came by night to the village. A terrible scheme of vengeance sweep across my soul, and I felt, no matter how foolish the spirit, that the death of the half breed was fated, and that I was to be his avenging executioner.

Night after night I lay concealed at the door entering the settlement. I was armed with pistols and sure shaten, shooting was an accomplishment which I had exercised to when a schoolboy, and fearfully in the art was of the last importance. So I waited and waited my opportunity to come. It was an exquisite night in the white expanse around sparkled in the almost a young Canadian moon which rolled calmly through a cloudless sky. I could have done the villain to be shaded in an instant, but I wanted to see him and rob his carcass, and, besides, my vengeance cried for a slower fate than death by the pistol.

Moonlight was to past my hiding place there, with a shout of exultation, I started on his track. Oliver swerved a moment to see who his pursuer was, then quick as lightning tried to double up the river again. But I had anticipated this, and with a cocked pistol in each hand I turned his pacemaker. With a curse he turned and sped swiftly down the ice.

And now the race for life began. Mile after mile we swept along in silence. An awful pathos was in the sight, through which nothing broke save the hollow boom of the swift steel cutting the way over the unyielding river. The moon in my ability to my vengeance. He would not escape me, for I found with savage joy that I was a match for the sedentated Indian. Oliver was for some weeks of Cox, but for now and again he would make close to the woods, looking to run for an opening. But I had anticipated this, and rather from that would in river, and that was over the falls!

Faster and faster yet we skated to want the citizens. It could not be for off. I pleased to myself what Oliver's thoughts might be. Did he know where he was hastening, or had the awful falls yet to flash on his gaudy mind? The fell fiend made answer to my thought. I saw him in the pale moonset start convulsively and throw his arms in the air, but he dared not stop and so he dared speak with a yell of despair which echoed wildly up the frozen channel.

Another mind came to my ear, and I knew what was coming. I was of course to meet from Oliver it was the dull thunder of the falls! We were nearing them fast. Still the walls of snow shut in my vision, and every moment increased his fear, yet of escape. One chance was left him—a distance ten and hole somewhere in the snow from my vantage. Vain hope, the wings of the lord could scarce have saved him!

Faster and faster grew the roar of the waters. I thought the Almighty in fierce power for the sinner was delivered into my hand, I heartily trust, that it is forgiven to me. Even the time I had been started on Oliver's track we had calculated exactly the same distance between us—perhaps about a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards. I still grasped my loaded pistols, ready for any stratagem on the part of the murderer.

And now the crash of the falls came loud and unknown the sun. Another five minutes would decide the hunt. Suddenly Oliver turned and stood at bay. He was not armed. I had felt certain of that all along, for otherwise he would have renewed strength with me before. Without halting my pace I stalked down upon him, holding a leveled pistol in each hand. Still my purpose was to attempt every only to shoot the villain as a last resource. When I was within twenty yards of him the vessel faltered and again turned swiftly down the river. With a yelling Laugh I pressed him, pressing still more hotly on his track.

Darkness was the case of the calculated; high into the pale sky ascended the spirit of its spray, through which the glittered lines of the moonlight darted in rainbow hues of beauty. I could see clearly in front the jagged line of the ice where it was broken by the rapids immediately above the cataract, and beyond I could trace the dark volume of the Scamp as it emerged from its prison of snow and ice. For an instant the half hound turned his face toward me as I pressed with concentrated hate on his footsteps. Never shall I forget the horrible despair that distorted the villain's features. It was a mercy that the sullen frown of the fiends covered his essence—I know he was stricking curses on me—for they would have haunted me in after years.

With the courage which is begotten of despair, he made, he dashed on to the brink of the rapids, the same moment I was alone on the ice! I paused with stern joy on the dark flood which had swept away my brother, into the chamber of blood and was hurrying him over the falls. For a moment I thought I will permit the murderer strangling to the whirlpool of death. It was one, could live only for an instant. The outcast was within pistol shot, and so a terrible back shot from my wilderness of ice and snow, I knew that the doom of the guilty clutter had been fulfilled.—Tom Flag.

The Modern "Man in the Iron."

The modern counterpart of the man who received his hot iron, by a casual jump into a humble hole is found in the person of A. A. Hobbard, of Boston, Mr. The other day Hobbard dislocated his shoulder by falling from an on each, and while on the way to a neighboring lawyer a his horse switched the sleigh in some way so that the dislocated was forced back to its original position.—New York sun.

Measuring High Temperatures.

A Frenchman has recently made some experiments with the idea of measuring high temperatures by determining the intensity of the radiations emitted by a pyrometer of platinum or clay or other material when compared with the light of a standard lamp. The results indicate that the method is an excellent one.

A new order of postage stamps has been issued by the republic of San Salvador. All stamps previous to 1892 have been called in and only the new stamps are the accepted in payment of postage hereafter.

A citizen of Perryville, Ga., expresses his willingness to watch for the frostbiten of a statesman then he recently killed seventy blackbirds at one shot with his breechloader.

Coal in the Argentine Republic.

The outlook for the recently discovered coal mines in the Argentine Republic is so favorable that the railway companies of that country have decided to renew their contracts with the British mines for fuel. Hitherto all the coal burned on the Argentine railroads has been imported, but it is believed that the newly discovered mines will furnish a supply entirely sufficient for domestic consumption.—Engineering.

Pensions for the Aged.

An idea which seems at last to be favorably regarded even in England is that of state pensions for men and women who have passed the aged sixty-five. Mr. Charles Booth has formulated out of his own head a plan which he thinks will fit all cases and make poor old people comfortable. Bismarck's scheme provided for raising this pension by deducting a small sum weekly from the wages of workingmen through youth and middle age. Mr. Booth would not do this, but would have the amount raised by general taxation for the old age pension fund.

On his estimate $1.25 a week would support each old person from the age of sixty-five till his or her death. This estimate is based on prices of living as they now are. If they should rise from any cause, then the pension would be insufficient, which is one of the chief objections to the scheme. Another is that it would take $60,000,000 a year out of the British treasury. Then, too, if the recently published methods that British statesmen are pleased to believe are shortly realized, in the United States should ever come supremest in her majesty's realm—which heaven forbid!—then these methods might be employed to increase the pensions for the purpose of increasing votes for one party or the other.

Those pointers show a state and a danger whichever way one turns in considering the subject of pensioning old people in the United Kingdom. On the whole the American way to help poor working people such good wages that they can lay aside a little yearly for the time when they shall be too old to labor, then encourage them by all possible means to join building societies, cooperative savings banks, etc., and lay up enough themselves to take care of them free. A training to habits of thrift and good humor since is worth all the old age pensions ever advocated.

A Young Convert.

At one of our churches last night the good brethren were giving "testimony," and of course telling how long they had been in the right way, when a handsome young fellow of perhaps twenty years arose, and with tearful earnestness shouted:

"I am only fifteen months old"——

The mischievous conceyes of the young ladies around the room began to twinkle and there was no disposition to hear the brother finish the sentence.—Columbia (O.) Post.