A BLUESTOCKING;

...OR... ROMANCE and REALITY.

By Miss Annie Edwards.

CHAPTER I.

Roses.

A GRANITE-BUILT Jersey farmhouse, its walls bleached by the salt storms of a hundred winters, its windows casemented and lozenged after the fashion of 1750, the date that, with two hearts entwined, figures in rudely cut characters above the central porchway.

Overhead are balmiest summer airs, a sky with more blue in it than you will see during a dozen ordinary English Junes, and roses.

Roses around the windows, above the door, along the eaves—roses everywhere.

The penetrating odor of newly burned "vraic" strikes the sense, overpowering even the luscious smelling garden lilies, the pinks, gillyflowers and brown lavender that stock the trim-kept borders. You may hear the crawl of the tide upon the sands; you may hear, if you listen long enough, the following love song, chanted forth from some interior region of the house, in a monotonous peasant voice—a voice possessing about as much pretention to cadence or expression as does the wild refrain itself to meaning:

Belle diguedi
Belle diguedaine,
Belle diguedon,
Dondon—dondon!

Other sound or sign of human existence is there none, and, indeed, the singer's voice before long grows silent. Hay cutting is at its height to-day, and Margot, the solitary woman servant of Fief-de-la-Reine, is hurrying through her kitchen work to join the men and maidens in the field. The house dog takes his afternoon siesta on the porch. Floods of sunshine, solid, amber, Cupid-like, give to the scene I know not what dreamy flavor of Mariana in the South. Almost you might expect to hear the sharp cry of the cicala, almost believe that yonder sweep of quivering sapphire were the Mediterranean or Adriatic, not the prosaic strip of British sea that separates Cherbourg from the Channel islands.

"And this is all! For this we are born, weep a little, and die." So muses Daphne Chester as she looks out at the world, her last pat of butter printed, from the alder-shaped windows of the cool, sweet dairy. "Haymaking this month, harvest the next, and then the second crop of hay; apple picking, cider making, turnips, mangels, plowing for the corn, potato planting, potato digging, back to hay again! If one were only as old as Aunt Hosie! If one could only wake some blessed morning and find that one had done everything—done thirty or forty more hay harvests and cider makings and potato diggings, say! If life were a little less long, or a little more variegated. Why for twenty-four hours to pass without a tide, for Margot to sing a newer love song than 'Diguedon'—nay, even for a single market day, to print the butter with another name than Fief-de-la-Reine would be something!"

"Mamsey!" shrieks out a piping treble from the direction of the flower garden. "Viens, p'tite Maman, irte—Paulie taught him, fast."

Daphne leans forth her face quickly through the dairy window and beholds her small son Paul prone in the middle of a centre border, his golden head scorching in the sun, his straw hat crushed to the earth beneath both brown, dimpled fists—alas! and one of the finest dove pinks in the garden—Aunt Hosie's special care and glory—crushed along with it!

"Ah, Paulie, wicked boy that you are!" cries Mrs. Chester, sternly—if the most excellent voice ever bestowed on woman could by possibility be stern, above all when it addresses the child. "Another pink broken—that makes three of Aunt Hosie's best since dinner—and your hat torn to ribbons, a new hat last Whitsuntide! Wait till I come out! This time I shall punish you in good earnest, sir!"

And, a moment later, behold her flying forth through the porch, then down the garden path, her white arms bare, her dainty apron hung as an improved sunshade over her head, to administer condign judgment and retribution upon her son.

Daphne is a fair, slenderly built girl of two-and-twenty, graceful after the manner that out-of-door living and unconsciousness of effect are apt to beget, and with hair of as burnished a blonde as the curls of little Paul. Her complexion boasts the pink of a May morning, a pair of limpid hazel eyes give to her countenance somewhat of the grace of Correggio's Virgin Mother. So much for the surface coloring, the outward form. What is the hidden, the moral want of Mrs. Chester's face? For that this wants exists a stranger can scarce be in her company a minute without discerning. No flaw is there of feature; the profile is clear; the serious lips close well above a set of white and even teeth.

"Notre pauvre demoiselle a la Maladie sans Maladie," say the country people of the district, hitting the nail straight home. "Notre demoiselle grew old before she was young. Her account with the world is closed."

Here is the solution: "La Maladie sans Maladie."

Dissect the young face curiously and you will find that what it lacks is expectation. The blank, acquiescent look that life plows into faces of forty and fifty, and that we label resignation or despair, according to our creeds, twenty-two years have sufficed, without a line, without a wrinkle, to trace hers. Daphne Chester expects nothing, is forbidden even the natural joy of looking forward to Paul's manhood. She grew old of heart before she was young; has had fatalist experience of men—of their love, of their truth—and would fain keep the child a baby forever on her breast.

"Me taught him Mamsey," repeats Paul, looking up, the triumphant glow of a Nimrod on his peach-like, ruddy cheeks. "See what Paulie taught."

And cautiously from beneath his flattened straw hat draws forth what two minutes ago was a butterfly, a mangled heap of legs, wings and gold powder, just enough of life animating all for the creature to quiver an instant in its conqueror's iron grip, then be still.

"Oh, Paul! One more butterfly murdered!" says Daphne in a voice gravely proportioned to the heinousness of the child's crime. "He was so happy with his friends among the flowers and did nobody any harm, and you have killed him! Paul will never be able to run races with the poor butterfly again."

"Me till another," says Paul promptly, and, showing a row of tiny pearl-white teeth as he shakes the corpse of the victim with disgust from his small fingers. "Vilain butterf'y—va!"

Mrs. Chester snatches the child up from the ground, looks reprovingly for a moment or two at his bold, brown, three-year-old face, then begins to smother him with kisses—the usual beginning and ending of Paul's "punishments."

"Tell me, my sweet," she whispers, as she bears him in her strong, young arms toward the house, "think a long time first, and tell me how much love Paul has got for Mamsy?"

Without thinking a second, Paul mute off a scarcely appreciable fraction of space on one tiny finger.

"And how much for the three old aunts, who all want to see Paul a good boy?"

For a moment Paul looks innocently up at the sky, as though he heard the question not; then he commences drumming a little, impromptu tune of his own composition upon his mother's shoulder.

"What, no love for Aunt Hosie, when she makes you toffee on Saturday?"

Paul's appreciation of Aunt Hosie's "toffee" making is measured, after due deliberation, by the length of one hand—say, three inches and a half.

"And for Maitre Andre, when he lets you ride Lisette, at the Grand Charrue?"

The child stretches both arms wide.

"Paul aime Maitre Andre beautoup, beautout!" he cries eagerly. Paul's language, I must explain, is strictly composite, part broken English part patois French. "Beu plus qu' to 'p tite Maman."

Daphne's lip trembles. She belongs to the class of women who want perpetual expressions of love from the object beloved, even though the object shall have only learned to lisp; and Paul, whose healthy heart is granite hard—Paul has already learned the delights of playing tyrant.

"If I tell you a great, big secret—oh, ever so big, Paulie!—how many kisses will you give me, I wonder?"

The child nestles his cheek coaxingly against his mother's. At three years of age children are sufficiently versed in philology to know that the word "secret" means a new pleasure for themselves.

"To-morrow Jean Marie will bring the hay home. Aunt Hosie and I made cakes this morning, and there's a little cake for Paul to take down in the field, like the real haymakers."

"All for mine own self?"

"All for your own self, sir, and with 'Paul' on the top in currants. Now, how many kisses?"

He hugs her well nigh to strangulation, bestows three or four noisy, careless kisses on her cheeks and neck; finally, a fresh butterfly, more painted than the last, catching his eye, struggles down out of her embrace, and, waving his hat wildly above his head, is off.

Daphne watches the small, impetuous figure until it is lost to sight among the raspberry bushes and espaliered pear trees that divide the domain of flowers from the ampler kitchen garden. Then she turns away into the house, where her own name at this instant is being lustily vociferated from the landing at the first floor.

"Daphne! What in the world is Daphne blustering about?"

The voice is old, quivering, yet possesses a certain gruff ring of majesty in its tones. One would say, hearing it for the first time, that, during three or four score years of human life, that voice had been more used to command than to entreat.

"Theodora! I wish to know if our niece Daphne, with her usual heedlessness, has forgotten the post bag?"

Upon this, a door on the opposite side of the passage to the kitchen opens, and a modishly dressed lady appears upon the threshold.

I use the word "modish" with premeditation. Faded though Theodora Vansittart's lavender silk may be, it has received readjustments and readjustments that bring up its style to the level of M. Worth—I mean M. Worth as represented in the last number but three of the Petit Courier des Dames. Her collars and cuffs would have been the newest thing out, not a twelvemonth ago in Oxford street. Her flaxen hair, plentiful still, though sixty winters have powdered it, is fashionably, almost girlishly, made the most of beneath a tiny Watteau cap of lace, rosebuds and ribbon. A tarnished blue and gold keepsake or annual, of a date coeval with Miss Theodora's own youth, is in her hand.

"My dear Daphne! Is it possible that you have again forgotten the postbag? This is a little too hard."

Theodora Vansittart's tone barely savors of so plebian a quality as sourness, yet it is acidulated enough to carry reproach.

"I have been performing my duty," those staccatoed, chilly accents seem to imply. "I, dressed in a lavender silk, a la Regence, with folded white hands, with a mind engaged in the pursuit of elegant literature, have, in the expectation of possible visitors, been keeping up the appearance that befits our family's birth and breeding, while you——"

"I and Aunt Hosie have had as busy a day as I remember," says Daphne, with the conscious homage that (in real life) the Industrious Apprentice never offers to the idle one. "First, there were the currant cakes for to-morrow's haymaking—you know Aunt Hosie will never suffer any one but me to beat the eggs, and then I had to print all the market butter by myself. Margot could scarce singe 'Diguedon,' in her fever to get away from the housework to the hayfield, so I——"

"I cannot, for the life of me, understand performing menial work for pleasure," interrupted Miss Theodora, with a downward turn of the eyelids upon her own dainty dress and useless, delicate hands. "'Superintend your domestic concerns as narrowly as you will,' our poor papa used to tell us. 'Give your orders every morning to the housekeeper, and let her be responsible for their non-fulfillment. But never, if you wish your servants to respect you, step beyond the precincts of your drawing room.' Now, really, why should not Margot compound the laborers' cakes and print the butter for the market as well as Henrietta and yourself?"

Daphne makes no reply. Faded rejuvenated silks, useless hands, elegant literature, and mystic duties performed toward society in general have long ago invested Miss Theodora, in the eyes of the whole household, with the sacred halo of irresponsibility. Little Paul himself, the very dogs and cats, seem to know that Theodora Vansittart is not of the same work-a-day commonplace sort of stuff as Aunt Hosie and Daphne.

"It is futile to argue. I know Henrietta's eccentricities do not, alas! decrease with age. But it does seem a little hard that others should be made to suffer for what I cannot but regard as the very refinement of selfishness. Your poor grandpapa, child, Colonel George Vansittart, the sweetest tempered, most forgiving of men, used to say that the one unbearable trial of our career as pilgrims was to be kept waiting for one's letters. Now, my dear Daphne, may I beg of you to put on your hat, take Paul as your companion, and run up to Quernac with what haste you can? Margot is absent from the kitchen, you tell me—for the sake, it must be assumed, of meeting her lover in the hayfield—so I fear I must ask you to hurry back with as little delay as may be, in the event of visitors."

Twelve ladies' perhaps, on a liberal average, arrive at Fief-de-la-Reine during a twelvemonth. A stray, open-ended circular finds its way thither occasionally, Miss Theodora having, in an unguarded moment, addressed a London stockbroker, years ago, on the matter of investments, and being forever after treated as a speculative capitalist by the whole stockbroking fraternity. Once a week the sisters got a "Cheltenham Looker-On," three or four days old, together with an antediluvian "Court Journal." Christmas brings its modest, very modest, stock of tradesmen's bills. Yet so ineradicable is habit the two elder Miss Vansittarts still look out for the post as in those old, long dead times of youth and properity, when the postman really used to bring them communications of living flesh and blood interest—invitations to dinners or balls, letters of friendship, letters of love! Rain or shine, ever much, Daphne Chester walks to the village shop at Quernec, where by arrangement the overworked country factor goes daily through the transparent fiction of depositing the Fief-de-la-Reine letter-bag.

"If the thermometer did not stand at eight, Paul would enjoy the walk, Aunt Theodora! As it is"—with half guilty consciousness Daphne makes a suggestion that involves Theodora Vansittart doing anything—"as it is, if you would not mind looking after the child a little till I come back? He will give you no trouble if you will let him stay in the garden. Paul is always good when he is out of doors."

"Paul is never good—out of doors or in," says Miss Theodora, with Bismarckian decision. "But I am, of course, ready to keep watch over him in your absence, if you consider such watching necessary. When I was a child," adds Theodora devoutly, "people of education believed the world to be under a moral government. Parents had faith in Providence."

To be Continued.

The New Craze.

The word "fashion" might be defined as the latest notion for pandering to the craze for excitement in the society set, says London Truth. In this sense ballooning is coming into fashion. It is being launched with all the prestige which money and rank can give. Santos-Dumont, who has at least the credit of having risked his life a dozen times, has shown that, for a person ready to throw away $10,000 or $20,000 a year, some very pleasant jaunts can be indulged in in midair. With a compact little airship, and not much bulkier than a motor car, and not much more expensive, you can sail forth from your own piazza, pay a visit to a friend ten miles distant, and, provided the weather is calm, you can land again in your own house, having breathed some delightful whiffs of fresh, invigorating air.

Cause of Sleeping Sickness.

The investigations by the governmental commission sent to Uganda have discovered the cause of the sleeping sickness, which has caused so many thousand deaths among the natives. Buvuma Island, which had a population of 22,000, has now but 8000. The southern province of Busoga has been practically depopulated.

The first step in the discovery was the observation of trypanosomes in the cerebro-spinal fluid in five cases of the sleeping sickness. A further investigation showed the existence of this parasite in the cerebro-spinal fluid and in the circulating blood of all of the cases. As it was closely related to the disease of cattle caused by the tsetse fly, it was suspected that the sleeping sickness was caused in like manner by infection.

A London buyer has been in the Chicago market engaged in executing an order for artillery horses for the British Government. For these horses from $125 to $150 per head is paid, and their weights run from 1200 to 1300 pounds.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Professor George Darwin, F. R. S. has been elected President of the British Association for the meeting to be held in South Africa next year.

The American traction engines are rapidly replacing the British type in Argentina. The former are said to be lighter and can be more easily moved over the ground, and are cheaper.

The report of the Minister of Railways gives the length of the railways in Canada on June 30, 1903, as 19,836 miles. Of this, 19,077 miles were operated by steam and 759 by electricity.

Sir William Ramsay, at a recent lecture, said that cases of rodent ulcer had been cured by the aid of radium, but as far as he knew, there had been no successful effort yet to treat cancer.

Experiments to ascertain the nutritive qualities of condensed milk, and to discover its possible adulterations, are being made at the agricultural experiment station of Wisconsin University.

M. J. J. Siegfried has given to the Institute of France the Castle of Langeais, with the sum of 100,000 francs for the costs of installations and an endowment yielding an income of 10,000 francs for its support.

One of the most interesting possessions of the museum at the Hahnemann Medical College, in Philadelphia, is a complete nerve skeleton made by Dr. Rufus B. Weaver, the famous neurologist. It is said to be the only specimen of the kind in the world.

The Otto Wahlbruch prize, of the value of $3000, has been awarded by the University of Gottingen to Professor Wilhelm Pfeffer, Professor of Botany at Leipzig. The prize is awarded for the most important contribution to science during the past two years.

HE WOULD NOT WED.

Cynical Views of a Bachelor and a Story of Two Ruined Lives.

"I went to lunch with a friend the other day," said the philosopher. "He is a man about thirty-five, well to do, a good fellow in every respect. I asked him when he intended to marry. He laughed good-humoredly, and told me that no consideration could ever induce him to give up his freedom. He said he had seen too much of women ever to settle his faith upon any particular one; that in his earlier days he had contracted the disease of love several times, and each time had been deceived. He told me that he had become too much a settled man of the world ever to have any foolish hopes again. Then I lunged at him and ran him through again and again. I told him plainly that such a pose, of all poses, was the most narrow minded that a man could take. It was a denial of the existence of millions of good, true women who all the world over do so much to make life better and nobler. To refuse to believe in the existence of these women because an experience with those who had proved deficient was as foolish as to foreswear eggs, not to believe that there were any more good eggs in the world because one or two had been found bad. I told him a story, the incidents of which had come under my own observation, illustrating the constancy of a true woman and her need of the perfect confidence of the man whom she loves.

"This man was a good enough fellow in his way, but he was of a suspicious nature, and no loyal woman will ever discover her affection to the man who distrusts her. He believed that he had been deceived; she allowed him to believe it. He went his way, miserable and discontented. She was miserable also, but she kept a brave countenance and went about in her gay world; but the years went by and none of her suitors that surrounded her were ever successful in winning her. He did not know that all her gentle woman's heart required was that he should cast away his unworthy distrust of her. Two lives were ruined, not by the fault of the woman, but of the man. On her deathbed he learned of the foolish course he had pursued and of his irreparable loss. Unable to bear the melancholy which took possession of him, he committed suicide. How many other men lose good women because of lack of faith? I could see my friend's face take on a serious expression as I told the story. Probably he was thinking of some woman who was waiting for him and would give him a lifelong devotion, if he had but the gumption to know how to win her."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Tibetans' "Praying Wheel."

"To the Yellow God, the Black God, the White God and the Green God—Please kindly take us all up with you, and do not leave us unprotected, but destroy our enemies." Such a prayer is to be found on a Tibetan praying wheel, said Mr. A. R. Wright at a meeting of the Folklore Society held in Albemarle street, W. A novel feature of this prayer wheel which the Tibetan spends much of the time in turning is that if turned the wrong way everything done before is undone.

Some of the articles used by the Tibetans in their devotions are very gruesome. A human thigh bone covered with human skin is used as a horn for exorcising demons and to draw the soul from hades. A double drum made from two halves of a skull, the skin covering being that of a human being, is placed on the altar of certain fiend deities in the Tibetan religion.—London Mail.

How Glovemakers Meet New Conditions.

A size six glove to-day is larger than a size six glove five years ago, and this applies to all the sizes made. The explanation is that ladies' hands have grown larger than they used to be, through their practice of cycling, golfing, hockey, etc., but they do not like to admit it, so the glovemakers meet the new conditions and yet avoid hurting the vanity of their customers.—Westminster Gazette.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR AUGUST 28.

Subject: Elijah Discouraged, I Kings xix., 1-8—Golden Text, Psa. cxx., 1—Memory Verses, 3, 4—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

I. The flight of Elijah (vs. 1-3). 1. "Told Jezebel." She was not affected by the story as she would have been by the actual events. "Elijah had done." Ahab did not appear to recognize the hand of God in the affair. There are eyes so blinded (2 Cor. 4:4) and hearts so steeled against the truth that no evidence can reach them. "Had slain." The slaughter of the prophets of Baal, who were probably of the same foreign nature as the queen, was what stirred all the fierceness of her nature. As she listens to the story her one thought is revenge.

2. "Sent a messenger." Here was lack of shrewdness and forethought, if she really wished and designed to carry out her threat, for such an announcement of her purpose gave Elijah full opportunity to escape her, or prepare to meet her opposition. But it is possible that her object was to terrify him and drive him away from her city, and that she feared to cope with him otherwise, lest her own fate should be like that of the false prophets. Some have thought that the exact time which was given him — "by to-morrow about this time"—is a proof that her threat "was intended and understood as a sentence of banishment on pain of death." "Unto Elijah." The prophet did not venture into the city, and thus put himself in her power, but waited to see how she would receive the news. It is not the duty of even God's prophets to rush heedlessly into the lion's den unless directly commanded to do so. He used good judgment in this matter. "Let the gods." One of the most tremendous vows which mark the history of the Semitic race, both within and without the Jewish pale. This was the most terrible oath she could use. It meant that if she did not slay Elijah then let the gods slay her

3. "When he saw." When he heard of the rage of Jezebel, and saw the storm that was coming on him. "Went for his life." He knew Ahab's weakness and lack of courage and the instability of public sentiment. It seemed to him that his efforts had been in vain, that the bright prospects on Carmel had resulted in no permanent good, and that God's cause was utterly lost. Jehovah seems to have left him for a season to himself. Perhaps there was danger that, like the apostle, he might be exalted above measure by the abundance of revelations and of power which were manifested through him (2 Cor. 12: 7), and it was needful to remind him by an impressive experience that he was still a man encompassed with human passions and infirmities. To many it may seem that a great opportunity to reform the worship of the kingdom was lost by Elijah's flight. The people were convinced, and it would have been an easy matter for God to have removed Jezebel and the remaining false prophets. But there is a point beyond which divine power will not multiply miracles, and the turning point here was the instability of Ahab. "Beer-sheba." At the extreme southern limit of Palestine, and about ninety-five miles from Jezreel. Beer-sheba was originally assigned to the tribe of Simeon (Josh. 19: 2), though in Josh. 15: 28 it is included among the uttermost cities of Judah. It appears that the tribe of Simeon had now become largely absorbed in the tribe of Judah. "Left his servant." The servant must have attended him from Carmel to Jezreel and from thence to the south of Judah. The prophet now desires solitude. In the need of spiritual communion with God no companion is desired. Even Jesus Himself said to His disciples, "Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder" ((Matt. 26: 36). Jewish tradition says the servant was the son of the widow of Zarephath, and no less a person than the prophet Jonah.

II. Elijah in despair (v. 4). 4. "Into the wilderness." The wilderness here spoken of is the desert of Paran, through which the Israelites had of old wandered from Egypt toward the promised land. He did not feel himself safe until he was beyond the territory of both Ahab and Jehoshaphat. He is now led down into the dark depths of temptation. "Juniper tree." The Hebrew says, literally, one juniper tree, or broom, shrub, and thus depicts the desolation of the country. It was stout enough to be used for fuel (Psa. 120:4), and in time of famine its roots could be eaten (Job 30:3, 4). "That he might die." The prophet's depression had reached its lowest point. "Not better," etc. His life seemed like a great failure. In moments of despondency even Shakespeare thought himself no poet, and Raphael doubted his right to be called a painter.

III. Elijah fed by angels (vs. 5-8). 5. "Lay and slept." Elijah was physically exhausted. It was the reaction after the intense nervous strain on Carmel. First of all God supplied his physical necessities, He giveth His beloved sleep. "An angel." We hear little of these heavenly ministrants during the great period of prophetic activity. The mediation of angels was largely supplanted by that of inspired men. But at times they appear to remind us that they ever encamp around God's servants. "Arise and eat." Food was provided for him. Jehovah is not yet done with him, and He miraculously cares for him as He did for Jonah when he fled

6. "Cake." A round, flat cake put between hot stones laid in embers of a charcoal fire, but he is too weary to eat a sufficiency and so falls to sleep again. This is not the first time that God had given angels' food in the desert (Psa. 78:25; Neh. 9:21; Deut. 8:16). "A cruse." A bottle or jar. 7. "Angel—came again." It is well to note the fact that Elijah's physical needs were fully met before any effort was made to encourage his drooping spirit. "Our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost and we must keep those temples in repair." "Journey—great." The journey he had already taken and that which was yet before him.

8. "Went—forty days." He was miraculously sustained. On the same mountain Moses had twice fasted this same length of time (Exod. 24:18, 34:28), and in another wilderness Jesus did the same (Matt. 4:2). "Horeb." This is the same as Mount Sinai—the mount at which the law was given. The distance from Beersheba to Horeb is not over 200 miles. Elijah was probably wandering in despondency and seeking to hid himself. The time spent was not what was required for the journey only, but far more in meditation and prayer, and seeking from God a reason why all the toiling and testimony, which the prophet had bestowed, had proved so unproductive. The spiritual conflict of Elijah prefigures the spiritual conflict of Jesus. "Mount of God." So called because God here revealed His majesty and glory and gave the law to Moses.

Suspends Paper to Marry.

A Richmond (Ind.) dispatch to the Chicago Inter-Ocean runs: James Culp, editor and proprietor of the Vernon (Ind.) Journal, has just been married to Miss Myra Allen Hinchman. That he might enjoy his honeymoon he has suspended the publication of the Journal for one week and has gone away with his bride. So far as known, this is the first case on record in which a paper has been suspended in order that a honeymoon might be taken. Culp is an enterprising young man and has something of a reputation for doing unusual things.

Dream Restored Stolen Purse.

While Mrs. Jacob Ebert was sitting on the front porch of her home at Wilkesbarre, Pa., thieves entered from the rear and stole a pocketbook containing $28 and some papers. The woman says that next night she dreamed that the pocketbook was hidden under the grape arbor in her yard. She went to the place and found the pocketbook, but the money was gone.

Cog Railroad Up the Alps.

A fourteen-hour climb to the top of Mount Blanc, Switzerland, will soon be done in two hours by a cog railroad. It will climb over 11,700 feet and reach a point 14,970 feet above the sea level, and will be nearly eleven miles in length.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Washington's Miles of Saloon Fronts—Lecturer Says There Are Enough to Line Pennsylvania Avenue—Herman C. Metcalf's Address on Liquor.

"The Liquor Traffic in Washington" was the subject of an illustrated lecture delivered by Mr. Herman C. Metcalf at a recent meeting of the District Christian Endeavor Union, at Assembly Presbyterian Church. Mr. Metcalf took the position that the advocates of the abolition of the saloons were dreamers, but he contended that their dreams might be well realized by the application of practical methods in their labors. He showed by stereopticon pictures the actual conditions existing in the barrooms, of every class, in the District. The church was well filled by Endeavorers and the lecture was enthusiastically applauded.

The lecture was preceded by a meeting of the Union, at which a new organization to be known as the Concordia Lutheran Intermediate Society was admitted to membership. The Nominating Committee to select officers for the ensuing year was also elected. The meeting was presided over by Mr. Owen P. Kellar, President of the Union, and the prayer was offered by Rev. George B. Wilson. In his lecture, Mr. Metcalf said:

"I never have been able to see how our cause could be advanced by hurling epithets at the men who are engaged in the liquor business. They are, as a rule, honorable in their business dealings, faithful to their friends, and affectionate to their families.

"I am not here to heap abuse upon the heads of public officials. Neither do I believe we should unsparingly condemn and berate the man who becomes the victim of his appetite. The sooner we acknowledge that the drunkard is the victim of disease—a disease of body and mind and soul—and seek to apply a remedy, the sooner may we look for more practical results from our labors.

"In 1892, the year before the League was organized, there were exactly 1100 licensed places. During the current license year 627 licenses have been issued, a net reduction in number of 473.

"Allowing twenty feet front to each licensed place, which would be a conservative estimate, the 1100 in 1892 would, if placed side by side, make a row over four miles long, half the distance from Washington to Alexandria. The 627 licensed places, over 500 of which are in full blast to-night, would line Pennsylvania avenue solidly on both sides, and without leaving openings for cross streets, between the Peace Monument and the Treasury, and there would still remain ninety-nine saloons with which to decorate some other thoroughfare."

Mr. Metcalf said that it had been many times suggested to him in his work with the Anti-Saloon League that Washington was cleaner than most great cities, not only of this country, but also of Europe; but, he said, although he admitted this to be so, Washington would never be clean enough for him until there was not a licensed barroom here.—Washington Post.

Liquor and Efficiency.

The views on total abstinence voiced by Count von Haeseler, of the German Army, are of considerable interest. The Count is himself a teetotaler and declares that the soldier who abstains altogether can march better and is a better soldier than the man who drinks even moderately. "Strong drink tires and only increases the thirst," he says, and recommends instead "water, coffee and, above all, tea."

In America, where the efficiency of the soldier is not quite so vital a question as it is in Germany, Count von Haeseler's testimony is, nevertheless, important. We have our own great army of peace in which we are all officers or enlisted men. If liquor is bad for the German soldier, if it reduces his efficiency mentally and physically, how much more injurious is it to the American soldier in the army of business? Many of the effects of liquor may be worked off by the German soldier with his hard physical work, his constant living in the open air. But the American soldier of business, with his comparatively sedentary life and his fierce and constant nervous strain, must find in the use of liquor much more injury than the stolid German private.—Chicago Post.

Misuse of Drink.

M. Thiry, Professor in the University of Liege, has persuaded his Government to permit him to lecture in the prisons on ethics and the conduct of life, with special reference to the use and misuse of drink. Statistics from his town show that in cases of fighting and assault half of the offenders are more or less intoxicated; among thieves and swindlers, thirty-four per cent. are habitual drinkers. Criminals are usually ignorant, and they offend in their sins, as they often offend in their living, through lack of guidance and understanding. Professor Thiry had the opposition of the authorities, as all penalogists have in respect to prison reform, there seeming to be a general view that the society should "take it out" of the convict to the uttermost, without regard to his personality, history or the gravity of his offense. But, having obtained the required permission, he has talked on temperance and allied subjects, and, as he reports, with the best results. The self-respect of the prisoners has been awakened.

No Drinking Men as Elevator Builders.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the old elevator constructor, as he puffed reminiscently upon a short stemmed pipe, "if there is ever a time when a man wants to keep a clear head and have his wits about him, it is when he is working on an elevator job in one of our modern skyscrapers.

"Not only would a single misstep cost him his life, but a weakened bolt, a misplaced screw, or a defective bit of machinery would imperil the lives of scores of men and women. So essential are steady hand and bright wits in our trade that under the rules of our union no drinking man can stay in the organization. The first time a member of the union goes on a job under the influence of liquor he is suspended for a month and fined. For the second offense he is summarily expelled, without hope of reinstatement. It's pretty drastic treatment, but we have found it the wisest way to deal with the matter."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Welcome News.

An English magazine brings the welcome news to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union members that enthusiasm for temperance is overtaking the majority of fashionable women in England, and that, having found out that wines and spirits are bad for the complexion, they are drinking lemon barley water at luncheon.

Brewers as "Angels."

A decision of the Supreme Court of Nebraska is to the effect that breweries must not be allowed to take out barroom licenses, except in their own names. But what is there to prevent the brewers from acting as "angels"—to use a theatrical term—and furnishing capital to the applicants for licenses while they protect their investments by mortgages on the properties? It is known everywhere that a system of that sort, or somewhat like it, is practised on a most extensive scale by the richest brewers in the Empire State and elsewhere.—New York Tribune.

Cancer and Beer.

An inquiry by Dr. Alfred Wolff into the mysterious cause of cancer has yielded an unexpected conclusion which promises temperance advocates a new and powerful argument. Dr. Wolff discovers that all the districts of high cancer mortality are those in which beer or cider is largely drunk. Bavaria, for instance, heads the list in Germany, and Salzburg in Austria, both great beer-drinking provinces. In France the statictics are still more striking. There is the most marked contrast between the high cancer mortality in beer-drinking departments and the low death rate from cancer elsewhere—London Tit-Bits.

The Sunday Breakfast Table.

Three Wishes.

An infant in its cradle slept,
And in its sleep it smiled—
And one by one three women knelt
To kiss the fair-haired child;
And each thought of the days to be
And breathed a prayer half silently.

One poured her love on many lives,
But knew love's toil and care;
Its burdens oft had been to her
A heavy weight to bear.
She stooped and murmured lovingly:
"Not hardened hands, dear child, for thee."

One had not known the burdened hands,
But knew the empty heart;
At life's rich banquet she had sat,
An unfed guest, apart.
"Oh, not," she whispered, tenderly,
"An empty heart, dear child, for thee."

And one was old; she had known care,
She had known loneliness;
She knew God leads us by no path
His presence cannot bless.
She smiled and murmured, trustfully,
"God's will, God's will, dear child, for thee."

—The British Weekly.

An Unknown Conqueror.

When Rachel Hill was fifteen her mother died, and she became the head of the household. It was not an easy position for so young a girl, for Nora and Ned were wilful and difficult to manage, and delicate little Ada needed special care. It would have been a great relief to fall back upon some relative—some one who was older and more experienced—or to hire a housekeeper, but neither plan was possible, and so Rachel cheerfully assumed the burden herself.

She was not particularly wise or tactful, and she made many mistakes. There were many nights, too, when, weary and heart-sick, she fought the battle with her own rebellion over the girlhood and "good times" she was losing, things which future years could never bring her again. But she never for a moment thought of giving up.

When she was twenty-two a lover appeared, and for a year Rachel tasted the joy of life. Then Ada, who had been growing worse, was pronounced an incurable invalid by the doctors. There was anxiety over Ned, too, and pretty, thoughtless Nora needed an older sister's care. So Rachel sent her lover away. It was not fair to him, she said, to keep up the engagement when she could see no prospect of freedom. He protested at first, but not for very long. Then Rachel settled down to her life of sacrifice.

As the years passed they brought new burdens. Nora married poorly, and after a while, a widow and penniless, returned to the old home with her child, to be supported by her sister. Ned went out West, and was not heard of for years, but at last when Rachel was sixty, he, too, returned, broken in health and spirits, another care for the busy hands of the mother-sister.

But through the long years those hands had grown used to burdens. To strangers there was nothing about the worn, gray-haired woman to reveal one of life's conquerors. She was not particularly attractive in any way, and she had been too busy to acquire that easy touch with the world which opens so many doors. But although she did not realize it, her life had won the greatest gift of all—victory. In youth she had had the faults as well as the virtues of youth. She had cherished aspirations and had had her own selfish plans and desires. But one by one she had put them resolutely away, and had not repined. From the sellishness of youth she had grown into an unselfishness marvelous to all who knew her.

"My prayer for years," she told her pastor one day, "has been that I may outlive all the others, so that I can take care of them to the end. And I think it is going to be granted me. I have no other wish but this."

Does the story seem a sad one? Yet how many eager young hearts, reading the stories of holy lives of other ages, have caught visions of the greatness of love which "seeketh not her own," and been touched to higher purpose.

"Don't, dear!" a lady exclaimed to a young girl, who was laughing over some little peculiarities of dress and manner of an old woman she had seen on the train. "You don't know—we are so blind, often. It may be that she is one of the world's saints."—Youth's Companion.

The Beaten Oil.

The lamp of God is designed to shine all through the dreary hours of the night. And when we make frequent mention of the goodness and grace of God we are holding forth the word of life, and shining as lights in the world. Some one groping amid darkness is encouraged, strengthened and cheered. There is more real help and encouragement in the Christian life coming from the pews than we think. But this volume of light might be increased a thousand fold if we would only observe the goodness of God, and meditate thereon, and then make mention of all His loving kindness. There are three characteristics about oil, whether good or bad. Crude oil gives poor light, makes a bad odor and is liable to explosion. Pure oil gives a good light, gives no bad odor and is safe from explosion. Religious utterance may be like either of these. A hasty, forced, unmeditated speech is not illuminating, not very fragrant, and apt to need revision in calmer moments. Whereas, a prayerful, prepared and spiritual word sheds light, its savor is sweet and it abides unchanged. Are we giving beaten oil for the sanctuary? Let us not rob God of His due, but make mention of His manifold kindness and everlasting faithfulness.—From sermonette by the Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin.

The True and the Artificial.

It is not difficult to distinguish between the true and the artificial. The moral test is the sure one. When conscience is sensitive, and the will submissive, and the life consistent, there is no doubt about one's spirituality. When the soul sings: "I delight to do Thy will, O God," and then does delight to do God's will, or does the will of God from firm resolve, there can be no doubt. When one loathes sin, and tries to leave it—all sin, all kinds of sin—sin against the body, sin against the soul, sin against the neighbor, sin against Christ and the Father—there is no difficulty in reaching a decision as to the genuineness of Christian character. It is no mirage. The garden of the Lord is there.—Bishop John H. Vincent.

The Greatest Often Obscure.

Real greatness has nothing to do with a man's sphere. It does not lie in the magnitude of his outward agency, in the extent of the effects which he produces. The greatest men may do comparatively little abroad. Perhaps the greatest in our city at this moment are buried in obscurity. Grandeur of character lies wholly in force of soul; that is, in the force of thought, moral principle and love, and this may be found in the humblest condition of life.—W. E. Channing.

No man can hold back the hands of God's clock.

Discovered an Old Meteor.

Captain R. A. Weiss, keeper of the lighthouse on Point Loma, Cal., has discovered a meteor which fell in 1875, and which has lain on the ground near the lighthouse ever since. In the records of the lighthouse Captain Weiss found an account of the falling of the meteor and the location where it struck. He followed them and had the gratification of locating the stone. The meteor was found to be very large, too large to be taken out of the ground as a whole, but several chunks of it which had broken off in the fall were recovered.

Income Tax in Montenegro.

The income tax has been introduced for the first time in Montenegro.