

OR,
FOR HER
FATHER'S
SIN.

POINT
OF
HONOR;

BY
ANNIE
EDWARDS.

CHAPTER I.

HE was a woman of nearly thirty when I first saw her; a woman spiritless and worn beyond her years; with sorrowful eyes deep-sunken; a complexion white with the very whiteness of death itself; and her hair already lustreless and thin, although of that blonde-urn color, when all other charms of youth are faded or which, in most women, survives unchanged, dead.

Yes; this was Jane Grand, as I first saw her dressed in deepest black, and walking wearily along the weary village street of Chesterford St. Mary; but when Gifford Mohun first saw her she was in the pride and fulness of her youth; soft-faced girl of twenty, standing beneath the shade of broad-leaved forest trees, and with the glow of a June sunset lighting up her lips and eyes and hair with radiant gold.

Gifford was the last of a long line of country gentlemen who had borne the name of Mohun, and inherited the oaks under whose shade he fell in love with Miss Grand.

Few people, perhaps, are disposed to be cynical in the case of a young and handsome lad, heir to such an estate as awaited Mohun. Whether his nature was a noble one or the reverse, Jane Grand's story will show forth. It is certain that during the two or three terms which Mr. Mohun kept (in boating, hunting and running prodigiously into debt) at Cambridge, he had just as many friends and imitators as he liked to reckon; and also that, when the day arrived for him to take possession of Yattou, there was scarce a dissentient opinion in the country as to the upright, generous and open-hearted country gentleman which the new Mohun of Yattou promised to become.

"Not a model hero, I hope!" was Jane Grand's remark, after she had been long demurely listening to the joy-bells that were ringing in honor of Gifford's birthday. "I shall never take the slightest interest in young Mohun if he is such perfection as every one seems determined to make out. Model young gentlemen are quite beyond my powers of admiration."

"My dear Jane!" cried Miss Lynch, raising her hands—knitting and all—in the mildly deprecatory gesture with which for fourteen years she had been accustomed to receive the faintest departure from commonplace on the part of her pupil. "My dearest Jane, what a very extraordinary remark! As if any one—and above all any young man—could be perfect! I am sure it quite made my eyes glaze last Sunday when Mr. Follett alluded, so beautifully, to the young heir, and all that the parish might hope and expect from his return!"

"Please don't expect me to join, dear auntie," said Miss Grand. "I think I could cry a little over the return of a very prodigal son, indeed; but the excellencies of the heir of Yattou are quite too superhuman to allow of such foolishness as tears. Dry your eyes, good old lady, and put up your work, and come away with me to Yattou woods, instead of weeping any longer over the virtues of your possessor. We shall find it deliciously cool when we are once away up the hill, and the bells won't sound so unpleasantly exuberant out among the trees as they do at home."

"And the school-feast, Jane? I promised Mr. Follett most particularly that we would not be later than 6—"

"Auntie, I don't like school feasts. The schoolroom is always so close, and there is a combined odor of heavy buns, and hot weak tea, and brown sugar, that makes me faint. But you shall go. You dote on the whole thing—heavy buns, and Mr. Follett, and weak tea, and unexceptionable heirs, and all. Yes, you shall go and improve your mind listening to the speeches, and I'll follow my own evil inclinations and get as far from the sound of the church bells as I can. You needn't be afraid if I am not home when you are. There won't be a creature but myself in all Yattou woods to-night, and, very likely, I shall go up as far as Haldon to see the sunset."

It was Miss Lynch's custom to demur at Jane's lonely evening walks among the woods of Yattou; but she only opposed a faint and conventional show of resistance on the present occasion. The noise, and heat, and windy speeches, and general fussiness and gossiping incident to all public rejoicings of the kind, were just as congenial elements to Miss Lynch's nature as they were repulsive and wearisome ones to Jane's.

"I can't turn you, my dear child," she remarked to Jane, as they departed half an hour later on their different ways to the garden gate; "but I must say I think it a dreadful pity you should miss such a delightful, such an improving occasion as this. Mr. Follett will speak, and Mr. Tennant will speak—"

"And Mrs. Tennant will speak," interrupted Jane, laughing, "and the Miss Tennants will smile, and look bashful, and you will all of you try to win the approval of the model heir, and flatter him, and admire him, and smile upon him to his heart's content. No one will miss me, auntie—and, indeed, I should be fearfully out of my element in such an assembly," added the girl, more seriously. "If only Mr. Follett and good old Miss Brown were to be there I would go—for you know I really don't mind the smell of weak tea and brown sugar a bit; but a dozen or so of our grand county people surrounding Mr. Gifford Mohun and making pretty speeches to him, in a very small room, is a scene in which poor Jane Grand would be completely out of place. Mind you don't lose your own heart, auntie," she cried out merrily after poor Miss Lynch, who, slowly making her way along the dusty village causeway, did not, certainly, look in much peril of such a catastrophe. "There has been something very suspicious about your manner for some days past, and I don't intend that Mr. Follett shall be cut out by any model young gentleman living."

And then, with a gay nod of her head, Miss Grand turned into the narrow shaded path which led from her own garden to Yattou woods, and resolved to trouble herself no more with thoughts of village rejoicings or excellent young heirs that evening.

But the reader must not suppose, in spite of all her heterodox views concerning Gifford Mohun's goodness, that Jane Grand herself was fast. Fast young ladies were not as plentiful anywhere, twelve or fifteen years ago, as they are now; and poor Jane had never experienced any higher-flavored excitements than a very mild picnic or a village tea party during her twenty years of life.

But, somehow, the very best and quietest women do not always affect the best and quietest men. In her girlish days—I mean when she was fifteen or sixteen years of age—Jane had made rather a hero of Gifford Mohun to her own heart; counting the weeks till the lad should return home for his holidays; blushing intensely when his handsome, sunburnt face first confronted hers from the Mohun pew in church; and on one or two occasions, greatly cherishing some copies of bad verses that reached her upon Valentine's Day, and which, from strong internal evidence (in other words, had spelling and an outrageous schoolboy hand), she felt could have come from no other pen than that of the young squire.

She had long ago got over the folly of her childish fancies; indeed, during the last three years she had scarcely seen Gifford Mohun's face, one or two days being the utmost of his college vacations that he had ever spent at Yattou. One thing is certain—she would not like Mr. Mohun in his present remodeled condition; neither, in all probability, would he like her. What need was there for her to continue troubling herself about him or any other disagreeable thought while she had this cool woodland freshness round her, and the prospect of sitting undisturbed with her book upon the moor during the whole remainder of this delicious summer evening? No doubt, at this very moment, Gifford was being smiled at, well content, by the Miss Tennants and half a dozen more grand county ladies. Aggie was just the sort of a girl for a man to fall in love with at first sight, and Mr. Tennant's guineas would help to give new luster to the rising fortune of the Mohuns of Yattou. Yes, there could be scarcely a doubt about it. Gifford would fall in love with one of the Miss Tennants—in all probability would be married to her before another six months were over—and she, Jane Grand, and Miss Lynch would be duly patronized by the bride as "the poor people who live in the nice little cottage just outside our gates!"

And, considering that she was so thoroughly indifferent to Gifford Mohun and all belonging to him, Miss Grand's bright face certainly clouded rather unnecessarily as she walked along.

CHAPTER II.

I have said that when Gifford Mohun first saw Jane Grand her face was radiant with the richest beauty of her youth, and lit up by the tender glory of a setting summer sun. I ought rather to have said that Jane Grand thus appeared to Gifford on the first occasion when he ever looked upon her with the discerning eyes of the spirit; for, of course, he had seen her hundreds of times before, and during many years past, with the common and uninspired eyes of the flesh.

"Miss Grand, may I hope that you have not forgotten me?"

Jane started guiltily, and blushed up to the roots of her hair.

"Mr. Mohun, I never saw you—indeed I never thought any one was here but myself. I—"

And then she broke down.

Gifford thought, first how wonderfully beautiful her blushes looked, shining through those clear cheeks and temples; secondly, that it was beyond all doubt her pleasure at seeing him that had called them forth.

"But you don't shake hands with me, Miss Grand. You used always to shake hands with me when you were a little girl."

She gave him her hand, her warm, unglowed hand, and looked up full into his eyes.

"I am glad you remembered our old days. I thought you would be so grand and changed you would not care to speak of them now."

"Grand, because I am twenty-one?"

"And master of Yattou—"

"And your next-door neighbor," said Gifford, quickly. "We shall live from henceforth within half a mile of each other. Miss Grand, I hope we shall be good friends."

"I hope so, Mr. Mohun," said Jane, demurely.

"You used to be so awfully taken up with your studies and your cottage visiting that there was no chance of seeing you except at church; and then, you know, you never by any chance took your eyes from your prayer books. Are you as deeply engaged now? Does the old woman with wonderful bonnets and indomitable rectitude of principle hold you in bondage yet?"

"You mean Miss Lynch, my dear good auntie, as I call her still, although she is really no relation to me. Yes, auntie lives with me always, but as my friend, my kindest friend and companion, not my governess. I am past

twenty now. I have done with lessons and with bondage long ago."

"And spend your whole time, instead of part of it, in aiding and abetting Mr. Follett, as you used to do?"

"And spend my whole time," said Jane, with her shy smile, "as selfishly and uselessly as any human being living."

"Impossible!"

"But I can assure you of it, Mr. Mohun. I am not near as industrious or pious as you in any way as I was at fifteen. The fact is, I have really nothing whatever to do. I don't visit much. Mr. Follett and Miss Brown and everybody else care a great deal more for Miss Lynch's conversation than they do for mine; and as to duty, I dare say I should like it very much indeed if it happened to come in my way, but, unfortunately, it never does, and so I am idle."

"What a dreadful condition of life!"

"To a well-regulated mind, no doubt; but I am sorry to say I am perfectly contented, and never find any of my days long enough. If every hour of them was filled with some appropriate duty—as all the books on education say they ought to be—I am quite sure I should not be happier than I am in my idleness."

"I am glad any way that your idleness brings you here," said Gifford; and as he spoke he threw away his half-smoked cigar and most unmistakably prepared himself to walk by Jane's side. "I hope you—and Miss Lynch—often come here in the summer evenings, Miss Grand?"

"I come here about five evenings a week, Mr. Mohun. My favorite walk—indeed I think it the only very pretty walk we possess—is through the woods to Haldon. I am going there now."

"Would you mind my going, too?"

"Oh, thank you! I should be very glad indeed," but she colored very forcibly again. "I am only surprised at your being here, not in the village, on such an evening as this."

And then Gifford, with a good deal of warmth, entered upon all he had gone through since that morning in the way of speech-making and congratulations; and how thankful he had been, at last, to steal away by himself into the woods ("little thinking whom I should find here, Miss Grand"); and Miss Grand, her shyness gradually leaving her, confessed that she, too, had stolen away, because public festivities oppressed her—especially festivities at which everybody felt called upon to make rapturous speeches about the virtues of somebody else—and then they began to laugh together over little childish jests, of former days; and Gifford asked her, gravely, if she ever got Valentines now? And, if she did, he hoped the spelling in them was better than in some that he remembered writing when he was sixteen; and, finally, by the time they reached the moor, both had thoroughly and forever overcome the constraint of their meeting and were talking almost with the old boy and girl frankness of five years before.

It is a fearful easy thing for a man to fall in love at twenty-one.

Before they had sauntered together for half an hour upon the moor, Gifford's pulse was beating faster and faster with every look Jane threw to him from her soft eyes. He had acknowledged to himself that she was precisely the one woman above all other women whom it would be possible for him to love; had thought over several of his friends who had married as young as twenty-one, and formed rapid but strong conclusions as to the wisdom of following in the same steps without delay.

Miss Grand knew nothing of the world and was very little vain of her own charms. But, in whatever else a woman may be ignorant one thing she always knows—the precise extent to which any man has lost his head about her. As Mohun lay on the smooth heather beside the stone where she had seated herself to watch the sunset, Jane knew perfectly, and without looking toward him, how intently and with what boyish, outspoken admiration his eyes dwelt on her face; she felt how his voice sank as he answered her; and like a true, although very innocent, daughter of the common mother, Miss Grand's manner grew more thoroughly frank and indifferent with every growing sign of consciousness upon that of poor Gifford.

(To be Continued.)

Unconsciously Funny Ads.

"Humor," says Mr. Crothers, "is the frank enjoyment of the imperfect." Yes, but not of imperfect fun. And I find the advertiser most deliciously amusing when he least aspires to be; I frankly enjoy his laughterless and unconscious imperfections. "Miss Ellen Terry will positively appear in three lamps," writes he; or "Try our patent lamp chimney and save half your light;" or even, "Our fish cannot be approached." A correspondence school of advertising declares in its enthusiastic prospectus, "You will never see the ad-writer play the wall-flower in society;" and, good lack, why should he? I will pledge my all to find admirers for any author of unwittingly humorous advertisements. Indeed, I dare say Mr. Crothers himself would be proud to fellowship with such an one, and "frankly enjoy his imperfections," though methinks he would perhaps reserve the right to order his own affairs without assistance from so devious and humorless an intellect.—The Atlantic.

Twenty-four Minutes in an Hour.

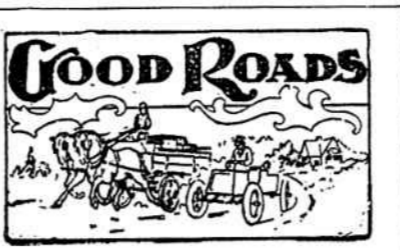
The Brahmins' clocks divide the day into sixty hours of twenty-four minutes each, called ghurees. Commonly a copper bowl with a very small hole in the bottom of it is placed on the surface of the water and gradually filled. If the bowl in the bottom is correctly made the bowl sinks in twenty-four minutes. This registers the duration of the ghuree. An attendant then empties the basin and strikes the hour of day or night on the gong.

An Indoor Rainstorm.

One of the new plays in town has such a realistic rainstorm in the last act that the audience coming out of the theatre naturally expects to find a downpour in good earnest outside.

"Why didn't we bring an umbrella?" said one woman on the way out the other night.

"Well, it isn't raining, after all!" exclaimed another, as she reached the sidewalk to find dry streets and a clear sky overhead.—New York Press.



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR OCTOBER 29.

Subject: Power Through God's Spirit, Zech. iv., 1-10—Golden Text, Zech. iv., 6—Memory Verses, 8-10—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

1. Zechariah's vision (vs. 1-5). 1. "The angel." The same angel who had shown Zechariah his other visions "came again." "Waked me." The prophet had slept after the first series of visions, and he is now aroused by a candlestick. This was no doubt similar to the seven-branched candlestick of Solomon's temple, although the bowl, the pipes and the two olive trees were peculiar to this vision. The candlestick was, 1. A type of the Jewish nation, God's chosen people to shed light to the Gentiles. If they were willing to carry out God's purpose they could not fail. 2. A type of the Christian church (Rev. 1:20). (1) Its purpose was to give light. (2) Its material was precious and costly, showing the preciousness of the church. (3) Its seven lamps in one denote the unity of God's people. (4) There was a constant supply of oil, so the Holy Spirit supplies the church with the grace of God. (5) The candlestick was not the light, but held the light; it is the work of the Holy Spirit to hold up the light, which is Christ. "All of gold." Pure in doctrine and practice and indestructible—the true ideal of the church. "A bowl." The fountain of supply of oil to the lamps. This is the emblem of Christ, through whom the Spirit is given. "Seven lamps." There was only one lamp stand denoting the unity of God's people, but it was surrounded by seven lamps, denoting their multiplicity in unity, and the number was seven, the symbol of their completeness. "Seven pipes." See Rev. v. Each lamp had seven pipes connected with the bowl.

2. "Two olive trees." The oil usually burned in the lamps was olive oil, pressed from the fruit of the olive tree. The olive trees, one on each side of the lamp stand, express the source of supply of the oil of the Holy Spirit, the inhabitants of which receive the greater part of the benefits. In fact, a great majority of the people of the United States receive no direct and but little indirect benefit from these improvements. On the other hand, a Federal appropriation for road improvement would be available for use in any section. Every State and county could share in the direct benefits, while large indirect benefits would come to the people of all cities and towns.

3. "The interpretation (vs. 6-14). 6. "Word—unto Zerubbabel." This vision was to inspire the people with confidence in their leaders as divinely sustained, and the leaders with confidence in their divine appointment to the work, and to lead all to the true source of strength and success. "Not by might, nor by power." Not by their armies, for they had none. "Nor by power." Authority from others. "But by My spirit." The providence, authority, power and energy of the Most High. No secular arm, no human prudence, no earthly policy, no suits at law, shall ever be used for the founding, extension and preservation of My church.

7. "O great mountain." This was a figure suggesting the great work to be accomplished and the many difficulties in the way. The opposition from his enemies and the lack of zeal among his own people had tended to discourage Zerubbabel. "Become a plain." Be wholly removed. At that very time God was influencing Darius to refuse the desires of the Samaritans and give his favor to Jerusalem (Ezra 6). "Headstone." As he had laid the foundation stone, so shall he put up the headstone, so shall he finish the building. He did not appear like Solomon in all his glory, but more like a common man than a great ruler. He seemed inferior to the governor of Samaria, and was subject to the King of Persia. We are people of the past with heroes. We dream of a future full of heroes. But how blind we are to the heroes of our own day and our own time! This is a universal error. "Shall see the plummet." The perpendicular line with which he should try the finished work. He is master builder, under God, the great Architect. "With those seven." Referring to chapter 3:9. In contrast with those who might be despising the day of small things, the eyes of the Lord were beholding with joy the work in the hand of Zerubbabel. The Jews themselves despised the foundation of the second temple because it was likely to be so far inferior to the first (Ezra 3:12). Their enemies despised the wall when it was in process of building (Neh. 2:19; 4:2, 3). "To and fro." A beautiful figure. "God's oversight over the whole earth."

11-14. Three times Zechariah (vs. 4, 11, 12) asked as to the two olives before he got an answer; the question becomes more minute each time. What he at first calls two olive "trees" he afterward calls "branches," as on closer looking he observes that the branches of the trees are channels through which a continual flow of oil dropped into the bowl of the lamps; and that this is the purpose for which the two olive trees stand beside the candlestick. Primarily the "two" refer to Jesus and Zerubbabel. Zerubbabel and Jesus are typified Christ as appointed with the Holy Spirit without measure, to be King and High Priest of the church, and to build, illuminate and sanctify the spiritual temple.

Twins at Eighty Celebrate.

Fifty-eight years ago Francis P. Naehner and his twin sister, now Mrs. Caroline Stacheldecker, came to America from Germany. They were twenty-two years old. All the money they had was \$6. Twelve years later Naehner opened a house-furnishing store at No. 473 Grand street, Brooklyn, from which business he has accumulated a fortune. The other night his children and his sister's children celebrated the eightieth birthday of the twins by a dinner at the home of Mr. Naehner, who is the brother of ex-Judge Charles Naehner, the president of the German Savings Bank. Three generations of the family were represented at the dinner.

Clock Stopped by Thunder.

All the clocks in the City Hall, in Baltimore, Md., stopped the other morning at 2:15 o'clock. There was a loud clap of thunder at that time, and it is supposed that the jar disturbed the batteries which run the clock mechanism.

Our Oranges Sold Abroad.

California oranges are now sold extensively in London, Eng.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Saloon a Robber—No Amount of Revenue Can Make a Business Lawful When It Ruins Men—A Serious Hindrance to Temperance Work.

One Monday morning I had occasion to visit a bank, writes the Rev. O. W. Scott. The receiving teller was doing business with a well-groomed gentleman at the window. As I waited my turn I saw this man pass in a large pile of silver dollars, besides a big roll of bank bills. I recognized the man as a liquor dealer in our city. The record was entered and the man retired.

A little conversation with the teller, who abhorred the saloon, also, revealed the fact that this keeper of a local saloon had just deposited \$200. "And," said the teller, "he probably took all this in on Saturday and Sunday." This, despite the fact that our "stringent license law," provided and enjoined that no liquors should be sold on the Lord's day!

The saloon is a robber! The transaction which I witnessed in this city, only one of thousands of similar instances occurring all over this land. This tendency to spend their week's pay at the saloon on their way home has led many corporations to change the workmen's pay day from Saturday to Monday. I have known some wives of drinking men to go to the counting rooms, and the moment their husbands were paid off secure as large a portion of the week's income before the saloon robbers had taken their hands on it. One visit to a saloon often uses up a whole week's pay.

A few days since I was visiting a friend in Boston. A drunken man, whom my friend knew, passed us. The man was a wreck, and was probably less than forty years old.

My friend said: "There goes a man who inherited a fine business on one of the principal streets of this city, but in just a few years he has lost it, business through and through, for he was a saloon man. After paying his weekly lodging bill he lives on the rest, living off the counters of the saloons." The liquor dealer had got all his property, and was drawing heavily on his small weekly earnings. Yes, the saloon is a robber.

While a pastor in Pennsylvania it was carefully estimated by a reliable student of social science that the mineral income of that State at that time was \$78,000,000, while the liquor total the same year reached the grand total of \$78,000,000. This the readers will not fail to note is \$2,000,000 more than the valuation of the entire mineral income (coal, iron, etc.) for that same year.

The presiding judge of Dauphin County (in which the State capital, Harrisburg, is situated) has stated that the county would be better to pension every licensed liquor dealer in the county with \$1000 a year, and have them retire from business, than to accept their license fees and take the responsibility of paying the bills accruing (police, jail, court, relief, etc.) from an annual license fees paid by said dealers.

One of the serious hindrances in temperance work is the conscienceless act of respectable (7) men who rent their property for saloon purposes. General city, and was informed by his agent that he found it very difficult to rent the property for ordinary business purposes, but could readily rent it for a dram shop. Instant reply came from the General. It read: "I would rather my property should stand idle and empty for all time than that it should be rented for such a purpose. Noble words, and yet every moral and religious man, every man wishing the welfare of his community ought to be endowed with the same sentiments. Were this so the work of redeeming this land from the drink curse would be greatly simplified.—Ram's Horn.

The Beer Argument Gone.

The New York Post, discussing the grave increase of the drink bill of the American people, very pertinently says:

"It has been for many years a favorite observation of sociological students that, in this country, the use of ardent liquors was giving place to the consumption of milder beverages. In the half century from 1840 to 1890, for instance, while this same average American had learned to drink nine times as much beer as he did before, he had made half as much wine again, he had made up for this by the use of nearly half of his former allowance of whiskey. "But the assertion that mild beverages are displacing strong drink can no longer fairly be made regarding present conditions. For the last eight years, as a matter of fact, we have been consuming every year not only absolutely, but relatively, more spirits than the year before. From 1.01 gallon per capita, the lower figure in our statistics, the quantity of spirits consumed in 1896, the consumption has steadily mounted till it is now 1.48 gallons, making an increase of 46.1-2 per cent. Beer, in the same time, has gained only 18.4-5 per cent."

Not Necessary as Medicine.

Dr. Charles Gilbert Davis, the eminent physician, says: "For more than fifteen years I have pursued my professional work in hospital and private practice, and while within the bounds of civilization have not found it necessary to administer alcohol. I am not at all prejudiced against its use. Beyond scientific medical associations, I belong to no temperance society. My action is based entirely upon scientific thought, observation and experience. I believe that in most, and probably all, cases disease can be better removed and surgical operations more successfully performed without its employment."

Cause of Russian Defeat.

The German Emperor tells his soldiers that Russia's defeat at Mukden was due to enervation caused by immorality and drunkenness. Moral: Let the German Army be sober and pure.

Good habits are not made in bl days nor by Christian character at New Year. The workshop of character is everyday life. The uneventful commonplace hour is where the habit is lost or won.—Mallie D. Babcock, D. D.

One-Armed Man's Industry.

John Gates of Jewell County, Mo., who has his arm torn off in a three leg machine, does more work with his hand than many a man does with two. It is hardly believable how he did but he loaded and stacked alfalfa two year without help, pitched it on to wagon, pitched it off and stacked it. One two-handed man in a hundred would think he could do that. John Gates drives four horses to a cultor and does as good a job of cultivating as any man.

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"It has been for many years a favorite observation of sociological students that, in this country, the use of ardent liquors was giving place to the consumption of milder beverages. In the half century from 1840 to 1890, for instance, while this same average American had learned to drink nine times as much beer as he did before, he had made half as much wine again, he had made up for this by the use of nearly half of his former allowance of whiskey. "But the assertion that mild beverages are displacing strong drink can no longer fairly be made regarding present conditions. For the last eight years, as a matter of fact, we have been consuming every year not only absolutely, but relatively, more spirits than the year before. From 1.01 gallon per capita, the lower figure in our statistics, the quantity of spirits consumed in 1896, the consumption has steadily mounted till it is now 1.48 gallons, making an increase of 46.1-2 per cent. Beer, in the same time, has gained only 18.4-5 per cent."

Not Necessary as Medicine.

Dr. Charles Gilbert Davis, the eminent physician, says: "For more than fifteen years I have pursued my professional work in hospital and private practice, and while within the bounds of civilization have not found it necessary to administer alcohol. I am not at all prejudiced against its use. Beyond scientific medical associations, I belong to no temperance society. My action is based entirely upon scientific thought, observation and experience. I believe that in most, and probably all, cases disease can be better removed and surgical operations more successfully performed without its employment."

Cause of Russian Defeat.

The German Emperor tells his soldiers that Russia's defeat at Mukden was due to enervation caused by immorality and drunkenness. Moral: Let the German Army be sober and pure.

Good habits are not made in bl days nor by Christian character at New Year. The workshop of character is everyday life. The uneventful commonplace hour is where the habit is lost or won.—Mallie D. Babcock, D. D.

One-Armed Man's Industry.

John Gates of Jewell County, Mo., who has his arm torn off in a three leg machine, does more work with his hand than many a man does with two. It is hardly believable how he did but he loaded and stacked alfalfa two year without help, pitched it on to wagon, pitched it off and stacked it. One two-handed man in a hundred would think he could do that. John Gates drives four horses to a cultor and does as good a job of cultivating as any man.



HOW MUCH I OWE.

When this passing world is done When has sunk your glorious sun; When we stand with Christ in glory Looking o'er life's finished story; Then, Lord, shall I fully know— Not till then—how much I owe!

When I stand before the throne, Clothed in beauty not my own; When I see Thee as Thou art, Love Thee with unceasing heart; Then, Lord, shall I fully know— Not till then—how much I owe!

The Church and the World.

We laboriously climbed the St. Pyramid, four hundred and fifty feet into the air. The cloudless sky perfectly dry atmosphere made it a pleasure to see great distances in every direction. To the north and west, curving river, the groups of palms; in the distance the domes and minarets of Cairo made up a view of charm beauty peculiar entirely to that country and that locality. To the south, east the desert stretched away as far as the eye could reach, the heated shimmering above the golden sand.

And now, looking down, we discerned what before we had not discovered. The fresh verdure of the river, by met the encroaching sands of the desert in a distinctly defined line. A bright green on the one side, all upon barrenness on the other. Above ground it is impossible to appreciate how distinct that line is. From a great elevation it was strikingly apparent.

The trouble with many in the church is that they live on so low a plane of spirituality that they do not discern a line between the church and the world. If they would but arise to their exalted privilege in Christian experience they would see clearly.

It is there, however. It lies between the sweet, restful verdure of the banks of the river of life and the dreary waste of the selfish, heartless, joyless realm of the votaries of sinful pleasures. It is where "old things have passed away, and all things have become new." It is where business methods questionable propriety end and downright honesty begins. It is where pleasures of misleading tendency put away and those things that are for purity and holiness and wholesome influence in social life come in.

That line exists as a necessity in the nature of things spiritual and fellowship with things high and dark. It is a battle line the whole length of it, and it is not a difficult thing to brave men and women of God to live near enough to God to see it. It is possible for all in the church to live near enough to God to see it. Let us all come to a higher plane. Rev. O. A. Houghton, in Christian Advocate.

In the Light of the End.

"Ye have seen the end of the Lord says the Apostle James, in writing the misery of Job's affliction, and urges that as a reason for the exercise of patience in the cross of sorrow and mystery of our ways is to be a certain sign of the end of our life. There is one life at least, apostle seems to say, which touches the very bottom of misery. Could you be more profound than that of Job? But life was in the hands of God all through the trial and pain. And we have the advantage of seeing the entire process—we see the end of the Lord. And that "end" was meful, and brought the sufferer forth a larger life.

We cannot see the "end" of our life; we are in the midst of the process. But of this we may be absolutely certain, that when the heart says "God, as did Job, "Thought He slay yet will I trust in Him," the "end" will be full of glory. Meanwhile let our glory to trust absolutely in God to do the next thing He has planned for us, and to leave all the rest to His Fatherly goodness.—London Christian.

We Must Fit the Cross.

A lady employed an artist to carve for her in marble the figure of an angel carrying a cross. He began with an angel, and had succeeded remarkably well, when he found that he could make the cross fit on his back, so could he alter the cross or the figure, and again, but in the end he left it to give up.

The lady then employed another artist to complete the work or make another. He began with the cross; then made the back of the figure fit it.

What a powerful sermon is contained in the story of the two artists' experiences! Our first impulse always is attempt to alter our crosses to fit our own experience is that we must learn to fit ourselves to them.

Just Like God.

Little Mary was one morning riding with her mother in the New Testament, and this was one of the verses of the chapter: