CHAPTER VII.

Continued. Mr. Clithero bowed his head, and his tips just moved. "He died-on the hulks; I believe that is the proper term. Miss Grand, we have reason to believe that your father died repentant for the great wrong of his life. I had a letter from the officer with him at the last; and this much I know, that he died with the name of

Jane-his little Jane upon his lips." A laugh-say rather a bitter, harsh sound-the ghost, the dreary mockery of all her new-slain youth and happiness, broke from Jane Grand.

"He did well to speak of me!-to leave me his blessing, perhaps! To me, who had better never bave livedwhose daily bread has been shamewho can think of my father's name and of myself, and of all belonging to tum and to me, only with loathing! My God! what can his repentance do for me-and for Gifford?"

With that last word her face turned livid white: her clinched hands dropped heavily in her lap. Mr. Clithero thought she was goin to faint, and rose hastily to his feet; but she motioned him to

"I can hear it out, sir. I can hear it out. Don't comfort me, please, only tell me the rest I've got to hear. Why did you ever send me near Yatton? Why have I been brought up in ignorance of all this? I should like to hear it at once, and then-then I will go home again, if you please. I shall have to speak to-Mr. Mohun-at once, you know."

"If Mr. Mohun is what I take him to be, he will not alter, Miss Grand. You are not accountable for the errors of those who are dead and gone."

"And you think I would marry Gifford now? You think I would let him, even if he wished, sully his old name attempt at rest, or quiet thought, made so?-give his children such an inheritance as mine? Ab, well! that is and unconstrained, an irresistible feva subject for him and me alone, and erish desire to do something, if only we needn't speak of it any more. Tell to get upon her feet and pace restlessly me why I ever went near Yatton, sir, and why I have been kept in ignorance of what my father's life was? This all I want to hear. When I have heard 4t, I need trouble you no louger."

But Mr. Clithero paused. In all his fifty years of practice he had never face staring strangely at her in her seen any overwhelming distress borne by a woman as Jane bore this. There the chimney-piece, "The Antiquated Chesterford parish, where every face are some few women who take grief hard and tearlessly, as most men do; she used to think were very like Mr. if that was possible-more frozen and and to look at a girl's face, white and set, and rigid, is a sight to shock the grim, painted monsters upon the Chileast sensitive beholder, even more than to see a man's cheek wet with in each old-fashioned piece of furni- from its heavy lethargy, even when she unaccustomed tears.

must have been-for what could be, hard old bachelor London lawyer, she had used to look out and think know, either practically or theoretically, of love?-made Mr. Clithero divine. through what channel the suddenlyfrozen heart might best be reached; and skilfully, and without seeming art, did he contrive to bring in Gifford Motun's name when he fulfilled the re- barriers of manhoood and womanhood mainder of his task. He told Jane how Miss Lynch had been led to take fettered, beyond the rubicon to Tottenher to Chesterford (Miss Grand must try to remember all this, because, of course, Mr. Mohun would wish to hear every detail connected with her early life). Miss Lynch had been led to take her to Cheshterford by merest accident-Mr. Clithero having heard through a country client that the cottage was to be sold on advantageous terms, and Miss Lynch wishing to take her little drooping charge away from London and bring her up in the pure air and quiet of a country village.

"It was your father's express wish," he added, "that you be educated in ignorance of him, of his history, of his name even, until you were twenty-one; and Miss Lynch and I determined long ago that no event except your marriage need induce us to depart from his wishes, even after the age at which he decided you should know all."

"You acted wrongly," said Jane, abcuptly. "In earrying out his wish, you have only carried out the horrible evil he wrought me when I was a child. If Gifford Mohun had known what I was from the first, he would not have loved

"There is some reason in what you say, Miss Grand; but it was not for us to know that you would so early form be greater than all other griefs; as a matrimonial engagement-above all, though it were monstrous, almost imwith a man in the position of Mr. Mohun. We were led into a tacit deceit from the day when you no longer bore concerned, when she in an hour had On its perimeter the threads are anyour father's name, and from that time till this we have seen no object that hving for. What a mockery was the Paso, Denver, Watertown, St. Paul, / could be fulfilled by telling you the

"No longer bore his name!" repeated Jane, but quite dully, mechanically. without interest, the moment she no longer thought of Gifford.

"Ah! I go by a false name, too! Well.

it doesn't matter-nothing will matter any more now."

"Your mother's maiden name was Grandet, and when-when your father was about to leave England, he begged that you might be called by it instead of his own. We thought afterward that a foreign name might lead to suspicion if borne by an English child, and we resolved to alter it into Grand. drive to the station; walk about the This is important, also, for you to remember and tell to Mr. Mohun. In drawing out marriage settlements it would of course be necessary for you back at home, and could rest her head brown boots came down the marble to be designated by your own-by your father's name.'

"Tell it me:" He told ber; a name unknown to ber. but notorious, even to this day, as that of one of the systematic, the respectable defrauders, to whose ranks so goodly an addition has been made

within the last-few years. "I shall recollect, ' she said (but she refrained, as she had already done, ing-glass, and at the sight of her own from using the word "father," to re- image there she almost started. Her

7 | told me, sir. Is there anything more

for me to bear?" "Nothing, my dear Miss Grand. Any other particulars that you may wish to learn Miss Lynch will, no doubt, tell you at some future time. I am sure bear, together with the fatigue of your journey, upon one day."

"Very well, sir," she answered, mechanically. "I am much obliged to you Clithero's house. Rigid and hardened for all the trouble you have taken for she went through all she had set herme; and I think now, if you please, I self to do during the remainder of the will get on my road again; I have some- day. At another time she might have thing to do for Miss Lynch before I go felt shy at going alone into a great

back to Paddington." it caused her a strange, unwonted ef-, amidst the crowd and din of a London fort to move. She was not faint, nor terminus. But she felt neither shyness trembling, only her limbs felt heavy, nor loneliness now. She seemed not so inert, cold-as her brain, her heart felt much to be acting in her own personas it seemed to her all her future life in the person of the happy blushing would be until she died.

Mr. Clithero, at parting, lapsed once more into professional commonplace, part in some dreary life remote from speaking still of her engagement to hers, and disconnected alike from her Mohun as a matter of course, and alluding to what had formed the subject of their interview, just as he would have done to any other serious family communication that he had thought it necessary to make. And Jane took leave of the old man with a feeling of relief that he proffered no deeper sympathy and sought to offer her no condolence. She stood in need of support that no words spoken by lips of flesh and blood could give her.

It was some hours before the time which Miss Lynch had fixed for her to return; and at Mr. Clithero's wish, poor Jane allowed herself to be taken upstairs by the housekeeper, and promised, passively, to rest and take some refreshments before starting on neither strange nor loving hands can her journey home. She waited, she swallowed a few mouthfuls of the food that was set before her-but the merest her heartsick. Now that she was alone up and down, fell upon her.

The room into which she had been shown was the one which Miss Lynch and she had always occupied when they visited Mr. Clithero, and every object it contained was like a familiar pain. The old print of Hogarth's above Clithero and Miss Lynch-the very nese screen-the curves and twistings scious past-when from these rindows of London (even such a London as the upper floor in Russell Square commands) as a kind of enchanted city, ready to yield up wonders, and pleasure, and intoxicating delights to all such happy people as had passed the and might walk abroad, free and unham Court road-a point at which Miss Lynch always forced Jane's unwilling feet to turn when they walked out

She looked through these windows now, and she saw London as it is-a countless mass of streets and houses, holding a countless mass of human beings-hundreds and thousands of them, no doubt, sick and bruised, and wearied of life like herself, and all callous to each other's misery and to hers. In this great Babylon who cared that she was to lose Gifford?-that her whole life was dishonored?-all the sweet and innocent fountains of her former happiness poisoned?

Already the carriages of Mr. Clithero's clients were standing before the house door; Mr. Clithero himself would be already deep in other business, in other family histories, other miserable, degrading histories like hers, perhaps; and would have ceased to all the rest of London knew her name, even, much less would care to hear whether she was in misery or in hap-

piness. And yet it seemed to her own consciousness as though her grief must possible, that the rest of the world could go on, quiet, and glib, and unlost everything that made life worth summer sunshine streaming clear and a mockery were those children's voices rising happy from their play upon the square miles; nearly forty per cent. grass within the square! The familiar shine; the children's voices-all belonged to something gone; and fevered her, while they possessed not the exact degree of pathos that could melt her

into tears. She felt as though her brain must turn if she remained longer inert. She must get into the streets; must feel, at least, the stimulus of bodily exertion; must go to do Miss Lynch's shopping: platform; murder time and conscious--until the hour when she should be for once-for the first and last time in stairway. her life-on Gifford's breast.

Gifford! How would be receive her? What would be think of her? Had she your new astomobile I saw in front of hanged? Had she hardened? Had she grown plain and haggard in this last hour, which seemed already as distant and severed a period as though You can always tell if a car is mine t could be reckoned by years and not by minutes? She walked to the lookpeat it; -"I shall recollect all , to hay .] es is looked dark and lustrous, a rich at 550 yards.

outline of her face seemed softened into fuller and more rounded lines than usual. She knew-she felt as she had never felt before-that she was beautiful, and she sickened at the thought.

She looked down at her hands-the lovely drooping hands in which every blue vein was showing in such distinctness upon the perfect skin-and she remembered whose blood it was that ran there! Were these-hands of hers, that Gifford had kissed so reverently, formed on the likeness of her mother's, the nameless French actress, or-but from that darker thought her soul revolted with a loathing that you and I reader, may feel thankful we shall never be able quite to fathom! To forgive, to pity, well-nigh to love, the memory of the man who in his crimes had not forgotten her, was a state of mind to which after-years did bring Jane Grand. Now she hated the thought of her own life, of her own beauty, of the very blood of her veins because she was his-his child, the inyou have heard as much as you can heritor of his money, of his nature, of his shame.

Rigid and hardened, even beyond what she had been at first, she left Mr. London shop, and making her way She rose to her feet, and knew that alone through London streets, and country girl who had come up to town that day-as to be going through a

> own past and future. "That was a handsome woman," one passenger remarked to another, after leaving the carriage where Jane Grand sat; "beautiful, but with a hard look about her eyes and mouth, that took away all the charm of her good looks."

> "A phlegmatic, stolld young person, in spite of her bloom and youth. An expressionless, apathetic face, that never changed a muscle during all the time I looked at her," was the reply.

For of the soul in its fiercest crises strangers read just as much-and just as little, alas!-as the nearest relations we have upon the earth, and the soul itself is closed, sealed to all. In moral as in physical death we are alone; and raise by an inch the veil that is between us and them. 'The vicar's little carriage met her at the Houghton station, with a message to Miss Grand, saying that Mr. Follett was still delayed by close attention to his parochial duties, but that'he hoped to be able to call round and see her in the course of the next day. And Jane did not feel the vicar's defection as unkind or strange or characteristic (as at another time she would certainly have decided) of his want of moral courage. She was only relieved to be alone, and not to have to speak during the remainder of her journey home. When she got in Lovers," who, when she was a child, she saw was a familiar one, she felttearless than she had done during all the preceding part of the day. Her heart quickened not by a single stroke ture, seemed to look at her, and twit had stopped at the garden gate of A sudden thought-an intuition it her with the past-the happy, uncon- home, and felt poor Miss Lynch's kindtrembling

"Is Gifford here?" "No, . Jane, dearest. I thought you would be too tired to meet him tonight. He has promised to come and see you the first thing to-morrow morn-

ing. "Have you told him anything?" "No, my child, I have told him noth-

ing." "You have done right. Auntie, I am very tired; I will go to my room and talk no more to-night. I don't want to go into the parlor, please, and I don't want Grace to see me."

(To be continued.)

When Man is in the Kitchen. The helplessness of mere man in the presence of ordinary domestic tasks, remarks the Youth's Companion, was illustrated in the case of the old miner, who explained that he had once tried to improve his cooking by studying a book of recipes. "It was no use," he sadly confessed, "because every one of them recipes starts off with 'take a clean dish."

He was kin to one of the sons of Mrs. Dunsmuir, a Scotchwoman living in Pennsylvania. She was called away from home one day just after dinner. As she was leaving she said to the

pozs: "One of you must wash the dishes think of her. Scarce another person in and the other wipe them and put them away, so that everything will be tidy

by the time I get back." "All right, mother," said Jack, "but Will's got to wipe them. I'm willing to wash, but wiping is such greasy work!"

A Wonderful Western Ecilroad.

The Rock Island system of roads covers the West like a giant cobwes. chored at New Orleans, Galveston, El Chicago and Birmingham. Within the golden on the crowded streets! What sweep of its arms lie nineteen States, with an aggregate area of 1,385,000 of the entire area of the Union, and furniture of the silent room; the sun- forty cities and towns with a population of more than 25,000 people. In 1901 these nineteen States produced corn worth \$620,000,000 out of a total for the country of \$750,000,000, or eighty-three per cent. of the entire crop; and wheat worth \$176,000,000, or forty-eight per cent. of the entire crop.-World's Work.

Easy to Tell His Auto.

One of the numerous commodores of the New York Yacht Club was stand. ness by strong physical effort, until ing in the entrance hall the other day when two young men in blue serge and

"Good morning, Commodore," sang out one of the young men; "was that the Grand Central this morning?" "Did it have a busted tire?" asked the officer in reply. "It it did it was mine.

by noticing if the tire is busted." The modern bullet will pierce the carcasses of three horses in succession



One of the machines exhibited at the dairy show recently held in London was a neat contrivance by which butter could be made out of fresh milk in sixty seconds at the tea table.

A 22,000-pound blast of dynamite was exploded at the Cherokee mine, near Chico, Cal., and blew down a rocky precipice 400 feet high. This was done to expose pay dirt behind the rock.

Traveling kitchens, which have long been in use in the Russian Army and which did much to increase the comfort of the soldiers during the long battles of the recent war, are now being tried in the French maneuvres, with a view to their introduction into the French Army.

Attention has once more been called to the geological indications that diamond drifts may exist in the northern part of Canada. This idea, to which Dr. Ami, of the Canadian Geological Survey, referred in a recent lecture, is based upon the known discovery of eight diamonds in the glacial deposits of Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan. The glacial drift in which the diamonds were found is believed to have been carried down from Canadian territory in the ice age ...

If electric phenomena are different from gravitative or thermal or luminous phenomena it does not follow that electricity is miraculous or that it is a substance. We know pretty thoroughly what to expect from it, for it is as quantitatively related to mechanical and thermal and luminous phenomena as they are to each other; so if they are conditions of matter, the presumption would be strongly in favor of electricity being a condition or property of matter, and the question, "What is electricity?" would then be answered in a way by saying so, but such an answer would not be the answer apparently expected to the question.

A LIVING OR A LIFE The Difference Between Making and Just Being.

There's a mighty big difference between making a living and making a

Almost any one can make a living.

Not every one can make a life. In making a living one may or may not have to work hard. In making a life-building character-one must do

the hardest kind of work. Some men have their living made for them. But their lives cannot be made for them.

He whose living is made for him by another usually makes a poor business at making a life. He is not used to working at anything.

The canoeist must paddle hard going up stream. He can drift down So it is easy to drift along making a

living and failing to make a life. It is easy to lie and to deceive. It is easy to go with the current. It is easy to give way to temptation. It takes moral fibre to tell the truth and to turn down temptation. Take lying, for instance.

A man can make himself believe that a lie can be told with good intentions, that there is such a thing as a "lie of necessity." Once a man admits that to himself he is subtly, poisonously deceived. The belief gets into practice. And the practice is a boomerang. It reacts on the man's life. It weakens his character. Somebody has said that even God cannot afford to lie in order that good may come. And what God Almighty cannot do a

man had better not try. A man deserves no credit for making a living. He deserves great credit for making a life.

The only thing on earth any man has a right to be proud of is his character. It represents something. It stands for striving, deprivation, clenched teeth, will power-the labor of Hercules .- Milwaukee Journal.

Southern Hospitality. Some years ago one B-, of Keokuk

County, Iowa, made a wagon trip through adjacent Southern States. On his return he recounted to his friends his impressions of his journey.

"Now, for instance," said he, "I went to a farmer to ask him the way to the nearest town. It was about 11.30 a. m., and I wanted to push on; but these here Southern fellows is so hospitable he would not let me. He says, ''Light, stranger, an' come to dinner.' So I 'lit.'

"They had a great big dish of fried potatoes in the middle of the table. The host pushed the dish towards me an' says, 'Have some, stranger.' I took a spoonful an' pushed 'em back. He pushed 'em over again an' says, 'Have some more, stranger.' I took another spoonful an' pushed 'em back. He says, 'Take a whole lot, stranger.' So I took another spoonful an' pushed 'em back. Then he pushed 'em over again, an' says, 'Take nearly all of 'em, stranger."-Harper's Weekly.

Tight Clothes the Fashion.

"Slimness is the effect that our new fall and winter fashions aim at," said the tailor. "Tight clothes for women and tight clothes for men prevail. A woman in a sack-like suit, a man in bags-when you see such persons be sure that they are beckers, pikers, scads.

"Women must now go well-corseted and their bodices must fit like a good wall-paper. Men must hold themselves erest, with the stomach in, and their single-breasted coats must stick to them like a plaster, buttoning only at one button, the second, and showing a high-cut waistcoat of flannel.

"Wemen's skirts must be plain, with long, revere lines. Men's trousers must be tight enough almost to cause the revival of the old joke about melting and pouring the owner in."-New York

His Duty Done.

A British army officer in India was awakened one morning by feeling the native servant of a brother officer pulling at his foot. "Sahib," whispered the man, "sahib, what am I to do? My master told me to wake him at half-past six, but he did not go to bed till seven."

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Why We Should Not Drink in Moderation -By Doing So We Run the Risk of Becoming Sots-Superior Longevity o

Abstainers. We ought not to drink in moderation, because no human being can be abso-

lutely certain that he will be able to long remain a "moderate" drinker. Of the many young men whom I have known, those who have "done well." as well as those who have "done badly," as the world goes. I have never yet known one who set out as a "mod erate drinker" with any intention to become or fear of becoming a drunk ard. Every man of them began to drink with a strong determination to continue a "moderate" drinker as long as he lived. Many of the world's grey fathers, like Noah and Lot, did their best to be "moderate," but sadly failed in their endeavor .. Yet in our day it is immeasurably more difficult to preserve strict moderation than it was in our race's early history. We ought not to drink in modera-

tion, therefore, because we thereby incur a risk of becoming intemperate. We ought not to drink in moderation therefore, because even if we were ab solutely certain that we would never outstep the bounds of moderation ourselves, there are all round us in life young men and maidens, joyously or timidly engaging in the struggle for existence, who, whether from inebriate inheritance or from some other nervous defect of constitution, are totally unable (from no misdoing of theirs) to drink in moderation. They can abstain and they can drink to excess, but to "moderately" is beyond their power. Such handicapped ones are the very persons generally whose mental balance is so delicate, and whose resisting power is so defective that they are often the least able to restrain altogether. If they try to follow your apparently safe practice of "modera-" they cannot continue "moderate"

We ought not to drink in moderation, because this sample is unsafe for a very large number of persons, who either are by inheritance or otherwise in danger of falling.

to the end.

We ought not to drink in moderation because intoxicating drinks are un-necessary and useless in health. We need, to live at all, well or ill, fresh supplies of certain things to repair the waste of substance, heat, fluid and energy, which is constantly going on in body and brain. Does alcohol meet any or all of these wants? It does not, neither does it give healthy tissue nor internal vital heat (though it makes our skin hot) nor any innocent liquid, not even in force. Alcohol cannot build up a sound frame. Although it makes us feel warm, it robs us of our very life's heat, and if too much is withdrawn from us, leaves us too cold to live. We are practically two-thirds water, which conveys the nourishing matter over the system, cleanses our bod es and pre-, serves our personal identity like a liquid paste or glue. Every addition of alcohol impairs this threefold beneficent capacity of nature's beverage, "honest water that left no sinner i the mire." Therefore moderate drinking is extravagance alike for body and for purse. What we pay for our liquor, if intoxicating, is simply wasted, wasted as if we threw our money into the ocean.

We ought not, therefore, to drink in moderation, because moderation is wasteful, extravagant and uneconomical physically and financially.

We ought not to drink in moderation, because this is a practice injurious to It irritates and inflames the stomach, liver kidneys and other vital organs overworks the heart and disturbs the brain; not much, perhaps, at first, but certainly in the long run. Of drunken-ness-I do not speak. No one defends that nowadays. I limit what I say to so-called "moderate" steady drinking.

We ought not to drink in moderation. because thereby we diminish our chances of long life. Superficial or unskilled observers do not see beneath the surface. The moderate drinker often looks ruddy and robust, the teetotaler pale and shrinking. But the battle is not always to the flushed in face. I have known "moderate" people die unexpectedly and quickly fifteen and twenty years before the average term of life. The seeming mystery was revealed when their bodies were opened after death.

As one, so many, he died in twenty minutes after a little extra exertion. Though there had never been a suspicion of his temperance, his liver and heart were found pierced with fatty degeneration. The irrefragable proof of the superior longevity of abstainers lies in the records of various insurance societies. The abstainers have a higher bonus because they live from some fifteen to twenty per cent. longer than the non-abstainers, drunken lives being, of course, excluded.

We should not drink in moderation, therefore because we would thereby

tend to shorten our lives. There are many good reasons why we should avoid drinking entirely. I will add only one more. Alcohol, in any appreciable quantity, reduces muscular force and lessens mental sharpness. Carefully conducted experiments have shown this. Other conditions being equal, alcohol takes the keen edge off our perceptive faculties, so that we take some seconds longer to see an object, while it mocks us by causing us to think that we have seen it sooner. So with thought. Thus is it that an abstainer can often do business more to his own advantage when the person with whom he is dealing has taken a glass of wine or spirits. Alcohol is a reducer, a blinder, a paralyser.-Dr.

Norman Kerr. A Temperance Straw.

Hon. William S. Caine, M. P., of England, at a reception in New York City, on October 20, 1898, stated that Lord Roberts, Commander-in-Chief, had said to him that one-third of the British Army in India, 24,800 out of 75,000, furnish 2000 more effective troops than the other two-thirds, who are not abstainers.

German Students Interested. The temperance movement is making considerable progress among German students.

A Hint to Rockefeller. Mr. Rockefeller's vigorous crusade

against the drink habit might be carried on in a more practical way. There are plenty of preachers against rum. Let the multi-millionaire buy the Whisky Trust and all the breweries. and then put the price so high that nobody can afford to buy.-New York

An Active Crusader. A. E. Eccles, of Chorley, Engiand, has distributed 40,000,000 publications relating to temperance, hygiene, poli-

lies and religion.

The Table

A MORNING SONG.

wake this morn, and all my life Is freshly mine to live; The future with sweet promise rife, And crowns of joy to give. ..

New words to speak, new thoughts to

hear, New love to give and take; Perchance new burdens I may bear, For love's own sweetest sake.

New hopes to open in the sun, New efforts worth the will, Or tasks with yesterday begun More bravely to fulfill. Fresh seeds for all the time to be

Are in my hand, to sow, Whereby, for others and for me, Undreamed of fruit may grow.

In each white daisy mid the grass
That turns thy foot aside.
In each uncurling fern I pass.
Some sweetest joy may hide. And if when eventide shall fall

In shade across my way, It seems that naught my thoughts recall But life of every day.

Yet if each step in shine or shower Be where Thy footsteps trod, Then blest be every happy hour That leads me nearer God.

-Chambers' Journal.

Where Shall We Find Happiness? Vanity of vanities; all is vanity. Ecclesiastes, i., 2. Fear God and keep His command-

ments, for this is the whole duty of man.-Ecclesiastes, xii., 13. These are the opening and closing words of one of the most remarkable books of the Old Testament. The book is not only melancholy, but also pessimistic, written by the wealthiest, visest man of ancient times. Without taking the time to review the history of King Solomon, the acknowledged author of these words, we may say that probably no man was ever more favorably circumstanced for testing the power of mere earthly things to

confer happiness on the soul. He had great wealth, position, power, learning, fame-all those things ordin-arily regarded as essential to happiness. And yet he describes himself as the unhappiest of mortals. The world came to him with its best, and he knew and appreciated, too, what was best in that which he sought, and yet he cried,

Vanity!" Nor are we to understand that the things to which he gave himself with such passionate devotion were all improper or useless. Some of them were highly improper, but, others, in their own place, were of great importance and value. To be rich, to be learned, to be powerful, were in themselves ambitions not to be ignored. His quest for happiness in itself was not to be despised. His passion for pleasure was wholly legitimate, but the principle or method of its gratification was erroneous; consequently, he was doomed to disappointment.

Solomon failed to realize that happiness is a thing of the soul, and that the soul is infinitely greater than any or all of the things of the world, and carries a potency of seemingly infinite devel-opment. Toward the end of his checkered and embittered career he realized seeks to live in the fear—which really means the favor—of God and keeps
His commandments can the sould be merry when God calls us to mour ing. We must not afflict ourselve when God has given us occasion to represent the sould be merry when God calls us to mour ing. We must not afflict ourselve when God has given us occasion to represent the sould be merry when God calls us to mour ing. his mistake and made the discoverey that the spiritual transcends the masess triumphant peace and overflowing

The closing words of the foregoing paragraph are among the tritest utterances of the modern preacher. But they need to be repeated over and over again to the weary, disappointed, de-jected multitudes of pleasure seekers of our day. As old Froissart said, we take our pleasures too sadly, aye, too ignorantly. Not work, not religion, but enjoyment is the business of the bour. That much of it is frivolous and harmful makes little difference; people will be frivolously and perniciously happy rather than not be happy at all. If happiness cannot be obtained in a wholesome and helpful way it will be sought in ways that injure and demoralize. 'And this passion for happiness is a God created instinct. It exists just as truly in the bosom of the ascetic as in the bosom of the socalled man of pleasure.

But the way in which happiness is found-that is the question. One man, as a worldling, finds it in "agreeable sentiments and sensations;" other, as a patriot, in dying for his country; another, as a martyr, at the burning stake, in his witness for the truth. But do not these men illustrate for us the great psychological fact that human happiness varies according to the different stages in the evolution of the soul? Differing in their conceptions of happiness, they are one in this, that happiness is essentially a good. The difference is in the kind of

happiness and the kind of good. The trouble with Solomon and all other men who have sought happiness as he did has been their failure to enter this clearer, upper region, where all lower pleasures are sublimated into holier, diviner forms. Other men have been stripped of all outer good, of every comfort of the body and of every enjoyment of the senses, but they have entered into joys so sublime, so transcendant, that all other pleasures become insignificant in comparison .- Rev. William C. Stinson, D. D., Bloomingdale Reformed Church, Manhattan, in the New York Sunday Herald.

"Grace Ever Outstrips Prayer." I would have everyone carefully con-

sider whether he has ever found God fail him in trial when his own heart had not failed him; and whether he has not found strength greater and greater given him according to his day; whether he has not gained clear proof on trial, that he has a divine power lodged within him, and a certain conviction withal that he has not made extreme trial of it or reached its lim-Grace ever outstrips prayer .-Newman.

The objection of some women in Berne, Switzerland, to removing their hats caused a riot in a theatre. The women paid no attention to the shouts of the crowd back of them, and finally one of the attendants forcibly remove some of the offending headgear. A riot ensued, and the management put ou

Hats Precipitate a Riot.

in the street. New Submarines Building. A large number of submersibles are

being byilt in Cherbourg.

the lights. The place was soon emptied

but the fight continued for some time

SCH001 SUNDAY

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENT FOR DECEMBER 10.

Subject: Reading and Obeying the Law Neb. vili., 8-18-Golden Text, Luk xi., 28-Memory Verses, 17, 18-Com

mentary on the Day's Lesson-

I. Studying God's word (vs. 1-8 The people were gathered in this gree meeting from the surrounding country from 20,000 to 50,000 in number. was the time of the feast of Trumpet Trumpets were blown everywher They proclaimed a day of rejoicing The people called for Ezra, the scrib to bring out the book of the law an read to them. Here is the first men tion of Ezra's name in the book of Ne hemiah. It is thought that he ha been absent during the past thirtee years, "perhaps working as a scribe i copying and studying, and perhaps put ting in shape the book of the law. H seems to have returned at the opportune moment. This great compan

had gathered on purpose to hear the words of the book he had copied an

probably edited."

8. "So they read." Ezra and this teen representative men from Jerass lem, standing upon an elevated plat form, read the Scriptures, in turn, to six hours or more. "In the book Books in those days were wide strip of parchment rolled upon sticks, one s either end, so that one side was rolle up as the other was unrolled to reac The writing was in parallel column across the strip and read from right across the strip and read from right i left. "Distinctly." So that every wor could be distinctly heard. This wa the first way in which they caused th people to understand. "Gave th sense." The Israelites having bee lately brought out of Babylonish can tivity, in which they had continue seventy years, were not only corrup but they had in general lost the know edge of the ancient Hebrew to such degree that when the book of the lay was read they did not understand i was read they did not understand in Therefore the Levites translated it into the Chaldean dialect. "Caused their to understand." They gave bothy translation of the Hebrew words in the Chaldee and an exposition of the things contained in them, and of the

duty incumbent upon them. II. A day of rejoicing proclaims (vs. 9-12).

9. "Nehemiah — the Tirshatha Hitherto Nehemiah has called himse pechah—the ordinary word for "governor." Now he is called Tirshatha, more honorable and reverential the for governor. The new title among the indications that this potion of the book is written by a other. "This day is holy." Mournin was unsuitable for a day of high fe tivity, the opening day of the civ year and of the sabbatical moath, i self a sabbath or day of rest, and on to be kept by blowing of trumpe (Lev. 23:24, 25; Num. 29:1-6). It a pears that the people were not only in norant, of their ancient language, but also of the rites and ceremonies of the eligion, not being permitted to observ them in Babylon. "All the peop wept." They realized how differen their lives had been from the lives con manded by God. They had falled personal duty. They had failed in the

10. "Eat and drink." Observe God appointment. They should testify the genuineness of their repentance by the faithfulness with which they kept ti feast. "Send portions." It was an o poor should be specially and liberal provided for (Deut. 15:7-11; 16:11-16 "Neither be ye sorry." We must no be merry when God calls us to mount must not hinder our joy in God's se vice. "Joy of the Lord." A consciou ness of God's favor, mercy and lor suffering. 11. "Levites stilled all th people." Hushed their loud lament tion. Emotion needs control when

failed as a nation.

is in danger of running into mere phy sical excitement. 12. "Because they - understood They now knew God's will and the own duty, which they resolved to pra-tice. This gave them ground of hor and trust in God's mercy, and ther fore gave them ground of hor

feasts as they ought and they immed ately proceeded to observe the feast the tabernacles.

14. "Found written." See Lev. 2 33-44. "Booths." The people we 33-44. commanded to leave their houses ar dwell in tents or booths made of t branches of "thick trees." The month Tishri or Eth month." nim. This was the seventh month the sacred or ecclesiastical year a the first month in the civil year.

15. "Should publish." The meaning here is that they found it written the they should do the things mention in this verse. "The mount." T mount of Olives which was near where were many olive trees and pro ably the other trees here mention 16. "The roof." The roofs of thouses were flat and easy of acce "In their courts," etc. There we booths everywhere; the city was fill with them. 17. "Sat under booths." They were to dwell in boot seven days, from the 15th to the 2 of the month. Their dwelling in boot commemorated their forty years' journ in the wilderness when they h no fixed habitations. "Since the day etc. The meaning cannot be that the feast had not been observed since t time of Joshua, for it was kept at the return from Babylon (Ezra 3:4), t since Joshua's time the joy had nev been so great as now. 18. "Solei assembly." The first and last days the feast were kept as sabbaths.

Woman Runs an Engine. Mrs. G. W. Manning, who lives en miles south of Monroe, Mo., is prably the only woman engineer in Mi ourl. Her husband operates a sawm and for two years Mrs. Manning l acted as engineer. Mr. Manning sa "Prior to two years ago I employ men at different times as engine all of whom were more or less unsat factory. Upon one occasion the en neer did not show up. My wife t me to turn the engine over to her. my surprise she handled the engine right and we did one of the best da work of the season. For two yes she has run the engine with little pense for repairs."

Two-Headed Snake. One of the oddest freaks of rept

ife ever seen in Danbury, Conn., W killed by William Bigham. It was snake with two distinct heads a was sunning itself on a West stre sidewalk when Mr. Bigham disco ered it.

Fined Because of Its Scalesr A coal company at Aberdare, Sot Wales, was fined recently for have incorrect scales.