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CHAPTER XVI.

Continued "It was her way of looking at Gifford, and speaking so low," she explained when, long afterward, she found a confidant respecting the trials of that first evening-"speaking so low and tremulous, when, not a minute my servents about her boxes. And

then her hat-a modest woman, seeking a situation among young children, with a hat like that upon her head! and her mantle trimmed actually with velvet, and a dress that might have stood alone, when she said herself that her mamma had scarce the common necessaries of life! These were the things that set me right as to her real nature from the first moment I saw

And as Jane never mentioned anything about Miss Fergusson's youth and beauty, and Gifford's evident and warm appreciation of the same, it is to be held that these petty considerations did not really influence her in the opinion to which she referred.

Miss Fergusson was very lively and pleasant at tea; and indeed during all the rest of the evening. Quite early in the entertainment she asked Miss Grand, as a girl may ask a middleaged woman, to call her at once by her Christian name-Matty.

"It is really Mathilda, you know, but mamma always calls me Matty, and I should be very glad if you would do so too."

.Thereby making Jane feel herself to be old enough to be Matty's mother, and Gifford to think what a natural unaffected creature this poor neglected child managed, after all, to grow up.

"How many years is it exactly since you and Mr. Mohun met?" said Jane in the course of Miss Matty's little continental reminiscences. "Four? five? you could not have been such a very young child then, after all. Four years ago you were-

"Nearly fifteen," said Matty, composedly. "I didn't look my age, did I, Mr. Mohun? I was very short indeed for a year after that, and poor dear mamma always would dress us to look like children of eleven. What a life it was!"-eyes of perfect candor as she said this-"oscillating between Ems and Spa and Wiesbaden and Baden in summer, and Hamburg and Frankfort in winter-poor papa always playing, playing at that horrible tapis vert, whether we had money for dinner or not; and dear mamma still dressing and going to all the concerts and bails, when I'm sure there was enough at home to break her heart if she had felt things even as much as we children. Do you know, Miss Grand, my sister and I have often gone round to the hotels at dinner time and begged bits of broken meats as the dishes came out from the table d'hote-and this, perhaps, at the very time when poor mamma would be dressing herself elegantly for the Redoute in the am sure."

Mohun glanced at Jane, as much as to say, "You see what I have told you about their bringing up was true;" but he also looked favorably upon Miss Matty's flushed, candid face. Jane felt that the girl was saying precisely what put herself in the best position-allowing facts that Gifford's memory must make it impossible for her to ignore, and improving them to the utmost! Mohun had forgotten every syllable of her letter within half an hour of reading it; but Jane tenaciously remembered those words: "Our happy circle," "our dearest father and moththeir substance on their own frivolity and miserable pleasures!

That morning-nay, not an hour ago -Gifford, with the vision before him of Mrs. Fergusson and the freckled children, had been cynical, suspicious, and very near the truth in his remarks upon what Miss Matty must have grown up; Jane, all charity, forbearance, generous sentiment toward the friendless girl she was going to befriend. They had seen the poor friendless girl, and lo! she was fair to look upon, plausible of speech and attractive in manner. And now Mr. Mohun was disposed to like her, and to stare, well content, in her handsome face and listen, well diverted, to her lively foreign talk; and Jane-the mild; the charitable, the kindly-had already gone a long way on the road toward hating her, and suspected a hidden motive or detected a palpable deceit under every one of the pretty little you and I have known! Poor Alexis!romances her childish tongue babbled

Was she commonly, meanly jealous then?-she, who had always held herself above the mere suspicion of such a feeling.

When that long evening had worn to a close, all Miss Matty's amusing stories over, and Mohun was lighting his out after him to the little hall, and with a quiet conscious feeling of her to sound him on the subject so terribly near her heart.

"You judged her too hardly, Gifford. She is a very nice girl, after all, and coup. Discrepancies of dress could be -and unusually handsome, Gifford, is explained away to the woman after-

deeply interested in the lighting of his cloak (so kind of her to lend it me).

is so taking at first sight?" sponded Gifford, and as he spoke he fille and her maid servant looked as surius from his case. "I beg your buried, themselves and their cottage, graph.

pardon, Jane, what is it you were saying? The Fergusson handsome! Oh, well, yes-not bad; forward in manner though, just what I told you a daughter of Mrs. Fergusson's must be Thank you, Jane!" She was buttoning his coat across his chest, in fond fear of the mild air of the soft spring before, she had given loud orders to night. "My own dear Jane, so good, so kind-a thousand-fold above all the

Matty Fergussons living!" Then-and remember, he knew quite well he admired Matty, and was on the eve of a flirtation with her-Mohun had the exceeding baseness to hold poor Jane's hand fondly, and even press it to his lips, as he had not done for a very long time past, before be left her.

I don't think she was quite reassured but she tried to say to herself that she was happy, and that she had misinterpreted all the looks that Gifford's and Miss Fergusson's eyes had been exchanging during the last three hours At all events, she went in again with a strong determination to succumb no more to any of the torments of idle jealousy, and was much more genial in her tone to Matty now, they were alone than she had found it possible to be while that young lady was appealing at every instant to Mr. Mohun for sympathy and admiration.

Miss Fergusson, however, after saying "yes" and "no" at the proper intervals, for about five minutes, was seized with the most violent intermitten fits of yawning, and gave evidence of extreme abstraction in her own replies.

"How very different some young people are when they have not the stimulus of a man's presence," thought Miss Grand. "In another five minutes the girl would be asleep in her chair."

Still, she was not sorry herself of any excuse for escaping from the society of her visitor; and as Miss Matty eagerly jumped at the first mention of going upstairs, it fell out that long before Mohun had reached his own house the little society, so very much awake when he left, had retired, quite worn out with fatigue, and with each other, to the silence of their own rooms, Jane to perform the accustomed pious offices with which every day of her life, whether happy or disappoined, was closed; Miss Fergusson to unpack her dresses, think over the success of this her first evening's campaign, and finally write a letter to a sister of hers, Miss Fanny Fergusson, of Cheltenham.

Of this letter, reader, you may, if you will, have the benefit. It would have been well for Gifford Mohun could such a privilege have been extended to him as well.

"Here I am, Fan, in the heart of the enemy's co from Mr. Mohun of Yatton's place, and Mr. Mohun of Yatton has been spending the evening here and has looked vastly flattered by my pretty speeches to him, and he is a, very heavy-looking man of thirty, dressed like a gamekeeper, and with no manseemed almost incredible to you, I ners at all, and I should say fond of eminently; and I do think I've got an excellent chance before me, and I hope you will be most careful in all your letters, when you write, as 1 am staying with an old maid, and there is no saying she might not be opening some of them by mistake. Tell dear mamma her plan was an excellent one, and I carried out everything just as she said. Miss Bristowe was very cool and very much surprised to see me at first, and pretended quite to have forgotten that she had ever been to school with mamma; but when I brought in Lady Churchill's name, and told her also that er," and opposed them to the picture papa knew Mr. Mohun of Yatton, she of starved innocence begging broken got decently civil, and said I might meats, while unworthy parents wast-d stop on a few days, though she couldn't do anything in the way of recommending me herself. I lost no time in sending the note mamma wrote to Yatton, and next day-will you believe it?-I got a letter, signed 'Jane Grand,' asking me to come for a week, and promising to do something to help me. (I hope the something will be substantial, for, tell mamma, I bought a hat-the new shape-as I passed through Bath, and I've only eleven and eightpence left out of the three pounds I started with). Of course, I accepted, and I came here last night. Miss Grand is an old maid, rather snappish and suspicious, but I should think, from the look of the house, with a tidy little income. I suppose she is a relation of the Mohun, for she calls him 'Gifford'-such a name!-and he puts his heels upon the sofa. Oh, Fan, what bears, what cubs, what Goths these English country gentlemen are compared to such men as to think, after caring for him, I could

being as the Yatton bumpkin! "What a thing poverty is, and what it brings one to! Be sure you keep in all you can with Lady Churchill, and if any one asks for me say I'm staying with a relation of Mr. Mohun's, of Yatton. She looked very suspicious at my cigar previous to departure, Jane stole dress-I saw that before she opened her lips; but, which character was ! to do, the dowdy nursery governess for own despicable weakness, attempted her, or Matty Fergusson at her best for Mohun? I decided I liked Matty Fergusson the most, and that he was the most important to win, au premier ward, but nothing could explain away Mr. Mohun was standing under the the want of good looks to a man. So porchway now, his face upraised me voila in that lovely silk Lady heavenward, and his mind evidently Churchill gave me, and mamma's and the Bath hat-tiny, and one atom "Very handsome face, has she not, of searlet in front-aforesaid. You Gifford? Just the style of beauty that should have seen them when I came in!

bring myself to look sweetly on such a

Mr. Mohun actually jumped, he "Hang the thing, it's out again!" re- thought me so handsome, and la vieille another, and in explanation said: "I applied himself to getting another ve- though they would shrivel up and be bishops." She got her excond suto-

and China ornaments and everything, under the splendor of my regal double skirt. Fan, I write nonsense, but I don't feel in spirits. Something tells me that this monster with his money (its all nonsense about his being ruined; Miss Bristowe says the timber alone will pay all the debts in two years) something tells me, Fan, it is going to be serious, and I think of Alexis! Why are bandsome, refined creatures without a sou? And why are men with money like Mr. Gifford Mohun? I must go to sleep on the question. My love to mamma, and if I possibly can I'll get some cash out of Miss G.; but if not, and if I see that it's necessary, I hope she will manage to send me a pound or two directly I write for it. Mr. M. said something about riding last night, and I baven't a single pair of riding gloves with me; besides, in a village there may be charity sermons and all sorts of expenses that I know. nothing about.

"Hoping you are getting on better than when I left, I am, my poor Fan, M. F." your attached. "P. S .- I shall hang on here as long as I possibly can, even suppose noth-

ing serious comes of my visit. Le vieille fille will do anything Mohun bids her, and I shall take good care he won't want me to go away. M. F."

CHAPTER XVII.

And Miss Matty kept her word. The week for which she had been originally invited passed on without any allusion having been made to her wishes of obtaining employment as a nursery governess; and Mr. Mohun came daily, and for hours at a time, to the cottage, and (as far as it was possible to judge of him by any outward indications of manner) had not the remotest intention that Miss Fergusson should go away.

With a pain above all common jealousy, a pain keener than any of the natural pangs that a woman must feel in seeing her lover turn to one younger and fairer than herself, Jane looked on at the progress of the intimacy that was being carried on beneath her roof and in her very presence. It was not Gifford Mobun alone that Matty was robbing her of. Her life, for years, had been sustained by the thought that she had been sacrificed for his good. To have married her father's daughter would have been to sink him in his. own eyes and in the sight of the world, and her barren, single life had, at least, that one happy thought to set off its desperate isolation-she was giving up all the fairer portion of human existence for his sake! For her to be lonely and unloved was better than for Gifford, and for Gifford's children, through her, to have inherited dishonor, But what if he married Matty Fer-

gusson? For what empty dream had all her happiness been set aside if he married this girl, bred up to the knowledge of every evil of continental life, and with such a parentage, both on her father's and mother's side? Warren Fergusson had certainly not died with the taint of a felon's name upon him! but what was the moral guilt of a man who for his own miserable passion could rob his own children of bread to the full as great as her own unhappy father's had been. Would not Mademoiselle Ursule Grandet, the nameless French singer, have been as worthy an ancestress for future Mohuns and Yatton, as the crafty, unprincipled, living adventuress which she intuitively knew. Matty Fergusson's mother to be? For herself Jane felt a perfect thrill of shame when she thought what she was and what, all her life had been, and with what love she had loved Mohun; and now saw the kind of woman who in very truth suited him best-the talk that amused him, the ideas so consonant to his own, the level where, so entirely and beyond all question, he found the most normal and genial atmosphere for his soul to breathe. I say, Matty was not robbing her of Gifford alone, but of her last lingering belief in Gifford's worth, her reverence for her own fond articles of faith which until now she had held as much above the sacrilege of doubt as the prayers she put up to heaven every night and morning of her simple life.

She felt it to be so; and she said to herself:

"It is well. If Gifford can love this Matty Fergusson, and if my life and my love for him have been one mistaken sentimental dream, it is well for me to be awakened."

(To be Continued.)

Forgot What Electricity Was. A Denver newspaper devotes a large

space in an unavailing effort to answer a correspondent's question, "Does anybody know what electricity is?" As somebody has observed, that reminds us of a story.

"There is now in Prineville, Ore., a lawyer who, some years ago, was a college student back East. One day in the classroom the subject of discussion was electricity. This student had read all he could find in his textbook about electricity, and considered himself primed for the occasion. The professor opened the ball with this direct question, flashed peremptorily at this particular student:

"Mr. Blank, can you tell us what electricity is?"

Mr. Blank squirmed in his seat. hemmed and hawed for a time, and finally admitted: "I. did know, professor, but I've for-

The professor gazed at the student with an expression of unspeakable sorrow. Then he said sadly:

"Mr. Blank, you do not know what you have done. Alas! what a sad loss to science! You are the only man that ever lived who has known what electricity is-and you have forgotten."-Portland Oregonian.

The Duke of Abruzzi.

The Duke of Abruzzi is fearless. He has been shot over a hedge while motoring; he has listened while the ice pack cracked his ship's ribs in at Prince Rudolph Island, and escaped with frost bitten fingers; he has surveyed the world from his balloon and attained points on the Alps before un-

A Wise Girl.

Dr. W. D. Grace, England's most famous cricketer, recently gave a little girl his autograph. She returned for gave the other in exchange for two



N his annual report, sub-Governor mitted to Stokes, E. C. Hutchinson, State Commissioner of public roads of New Jersey, suggests a novel plan for

dealing with automobiles, which in the last year or two it is claimed have played havor with the improved roads that have been long the pride of Jerseymen. The commissioner urges the taxing of automobiles on the basis of their destructive power to the public highways, the measure of which he thinks should be the maximum speed of which each, machine is capable. The justification for such a method of taxation is that owners of automobiles should be charged, as nearly as possible, for the actual damage they do to the roads. Unless some limitation is enforced the commissioner believes that much of the money which has been spent by the State in the improvement of the roads will be wasted.

The report further recommends the licensing of chauffeurs and the passage of a law prohibiting the use of armored tires, chain tires and blowers, all of which add to the destructive forces of the automobile. In discussing the subject, Commissioner Hutchinson says:

The automobile is now a recognized means of conveyance, and as such is entitled to the use of the highways, but there are certain appliances used upon them which are detrimental to our roads. These are the armored tire, the chain tire and the blower. The damage done to the surface of our macadams and gravel roads, by these appliances is so' great that the question of a remedy is creating considerable agitation all over the different counties of the State.

The temptation to get all the speed possible out of any means of locomotion is almost irresistible, therefore no one should be allowed to run a machine upon our public highways without first obtaining a license, granted after a proper examination, as a majority of the accidents are caused by incompetent chauffeurs. If the high speed machines are to be allowed upon our highways they should be taxed in proportion to the maximum speed of which they are capable. In other words, they should pay for the damage they do, and all money paid into the State treasury for such licenses should be applied to the maintenance and repair of our roads.

The dust raised by an automobile when running at a rate of less than twenty miles an hour is not any worse than that raised by many wagons, but when the limit is exceeded the automobile becomes the dust nuisance. Many cures for the dust annoyance have been suggested, as the sprinkling of our roads with crude oil and different colutions of absorbent salts. These will prevent the dust, but are too expensive to be generally used. Our remedy, therefore, would be a strict enforcement of the :peed limit, the abolition of armored tires, chain tires and blowers, and a sprinkling of al our improved roads early in the morning and late in the evening. This would preserve the roads and would reduce the cost of repairs materially, at the same time giving us a better smoother and more dustless surface than before.

Sound in Principle and Policy. The proposition that Congress shall appropriate money to aid the States in highway construction is sound in principle and patriotic as policy. It is not new, except that the favors of the general government have for many years been turned into other channels. The aid extended to the Pacific railroads, covering hundreds of millions of money and public lands, and the hundreds of millions spent on rivers and harbors was all based upon the theory that the government but served its own good when appropriating money to increase and improve the transpor tation facilities of the country. That is a sound proposition, and if adhered to by the Congress must lead to the early extension of government aid to the States in road improvement. The government rests upon the loyalty of the people. The people sustain it in times of peace and defend it in times of war. The people are the government. Whatever policy will benefit the people becomes a national obligation to be observed by those entrusted with power. Road building is a recognized function of government in every civilized country but ours. No country has ever witnessed systematic road construction except by government aid. Our national experience is ample to justify the declaration that the States of the Union will never have systematized road building until the general government leads the way in co-operation with the States.

How Williams Got a Gift.

A quarter of a century ago there lived in a Western village a gentle old man subsisting on a meagre salary. One day he learned that his brother had died in San Francisco and left him a fortune of \$50,000,000. The transition was staggering, especially so since it was followed by a shower of appeals for money from every quarter of globe and from persons known and unknown to him

His son, who acted as his secretary noticed with regret that the father seemed unable to grasp the meaning of his new power, and was glad to have him at last evince a little interest in one of his begging letters. It proved to be from Williams College, asking an endowment on the plea that the old man's birthplace was near the institution.

"I'd like to do something for that school," said he, meditatively. "Well, I would, father, if I were

you," his son encouraged him. "I believe I will." The old man's ardor kindled. "I believe I will give them something handsome." "So you should," the son pursued.

'Why not?" "I will. I'll give them' -he thought for a moment-"I'l! give them \$100!" -Boston Herald.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Masses in New York Are Poor Because of Their Heavy Drink Bill-Dr. Peters Says That New Yorkers Spend a Million a Day For Liquor.

Commercialism is the characteristic disease of the American people, writes the Rev. Madison C. Peters, Church of the Epiphany, New York, in the Sunday World. Our Presidential campaigns for nearly fifty years have been waged and won on simple questions of trade. The most successful thing for any party to do is to touch the pocket nerve of the American people. Therefore, to make a winning case for temperance we must array the commercialism of America against the liquor traffic.

Considered merely as a question of dollars and cents the liquor problem will some day become a burning issue in our politics. Thesentire amount received for tariff is approximately \$225,-000,000 per annum, while the total output of gold in this country is something like \$80,000,000 per annum, and the silver product is perhaps \$60,000,000, or, combined, as much as the annual liquor bill of New York City, which is estimated at \$1,000,000 a day. As an economic question neither the tariff nor the gold nor silver issues is in it with the drink problem.

The ordinary expense of the United States Government for all departments is about \$600,000,000 annually (in 1895 was less than \$375,000,000). That is to say, our city's drink bill is more than half the amount required to run the entire Government of the United States. It is nearly twice as large as our tariff revenue, more than four times the amount of our gold product, and

six times as great as the entire value of the silver product of the country. The city's 'annual' drink bill is more than one-third our National debt. It is two-thirds as much as the total receipts of our National Government, outside of customs, and it is nearly half the total capitalization of the National

banks of the country.
It is more than twice the salaries of the teachers in all the public schools of the country, and is twenty times the income of all the Protestant foreign missionary societies of the world, American, European or otherwise.

Our city's annual drink bill is equal to the value of our entire mineral product, including gold, silver, iron, copper, zinc, lead, quicksilver and aluminum. The amount spent in New York every year is equal to the value of all the bituminous and anthracite coal produced annually, and is nearly equal to the value of all our woolen manufactures. The number of building and loan associations in the United States is less than 7000, and their total assets about \$600,000,000; or, in other words, we spend about as much for drink every twenty months in this city as the whole country does through building and loan associations to emancipate itself from servitude to landlords.

The interest on the city's' annual drink bill at five per cent. would about equal the income of all the universities and colleges of the United States. The value of the corn crop in 1905 was \$1,-216,000,000, against \$492,000,000 in 1895; wheat, \$525,000,000, and cotton, \$575,000,000, so that we spend annually for drink in our city nearly one-fourth the value of our enormous corn crop, and one-third the combined value of the cotton and wheat crops.

The economic aspect of the liquor traffic should, challenge our attention. diversion of so vast a sum from the lines of productive industries must affect them seriously; \$365,000,000 turned from the saloons into the channels of legitimate trade would materially improve our industrial condition.

Instead of spending \$365,000,000 a year in this city for drink, suppose we turned it into channels of useful industry, see what it would do. Fifty million dollars extra expended for food and provisions, what an impetus to the grocery business all over the city! Fifty million dollars more for clothing; what employment would this furnish for woolen and cotton mills, for tailors and dressmakers! Suppose we could put woolen dresses and underwear on all the drunkards' wives and children and woolen blankets on all their beds, would not that create a greater woolen boom than any tariff that could be levied? Suppose we should spend \$25,-000,000 more in New York every year for shoes, what a boom to shoe and leather factories! One hundred million dollars more spent for new houses, what demand for lumber, building material, carpenters, masons and mechan. ics! One hundred million dollars more expended for furniture, what an increase in furniture and upholstery establishments! Then we would still have \$40,000,000 left to build and maintain places of amusement, where men,

women and children could spend their evenings with profit. Jacob Rils, in his "Battle With the Slums," has pointed out districts in New York where there is a saloon to every 191 of the poulation; that is, thirty families of poorly paid laborers find money to support a saloon, which requires an ordinary outlay of say \$15 a day, or thirty-seven cents for each family; thirty-seven cents a day, if saved at four per cent., would in twenty years build a good home in a nearby suburb. If the money thrown away by New Yorkers in the last ten years had been put into homes every renter in the city might be living in his own house.

Neither open mints nor open mills will do so much to abolish poverty, stamp out crime, insure general prosperity and guarantee our people their inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness as closed saloons.

Temperance Notes,

The Government of Honduras has prohibited the importation of whisky, rum and anisado in barrels, casks or demijohns.

No power of legislation and no power that can be obtained by labor combina-tions can help the laboring man who spends his money in drink.

Patrick P. Carroll offered the Council of Seattle, Wash., a city hall, a public hospital and \$5,000,000 for the exclusive right to sell liquor in that city for ten years with certain restrictions. The catechism of Socialism is brief

true and easily learned. How to enrich the people; make them sober. Pearls die in the dark. The drainshop lives in the dark. That is the difference between a pearl and a peril.

The good men and women who are devoting their time and spending their money for social reform without pointing to the saloon as the prime cause of poverty are striking with a straw, writing on the surface of the water. and seeking hgs where only brambles grow.

London has one licensed drinking place to every 436 inhabitants.



A Strange Sale. Some years ago a strange sale took place in one of the dark, hidden elefts of the Schwarzwald. It was mid-night and a number of torches cast their yellow . are against the giant trees. A group of ..., of rude aspect and armed to the teeth, were seated in a circle. One of it is stood in their midst offering certain acticles for sale.

They were a band of highway robbers, who had plendered, during the evening, a traveling wagon passing that way. According to their custom they were now selling the booty among themselves. After many a costly garment and several other things had been offered for sale, while a bottle of liquor vas being passed around, the talesman held aloft a New Testament, adding m. 7 jeering remarks which were loudly applauded. One of the company proposed that

the auctioneer road a chapter, in order that they might be enabled to judge the worth of the Book. This proposition met with general approval, and in a mocking way they began to read a chapter. There was no end to the laughing and jeering, and it thus escaped their notice that one of their number-the oldest among them-who was usually the foremost i their robberies and drinking Louts, was sitting down quietly, in a contemplative mood. His folded nands were resting upon his knees, and he seemed to be absorbed in deep thought.

And Lo wonder, for the chapter that was being read was the same chapter his tather had read, thirty years ago, at the family - tar- the very morning when ze, in order to escape the hands of the police, had left the paternal home. He had never seen it since; and hearing now these Scriptural words, the happy family circle seemed to stand afresh before him. He saw all of them seated around the breakfast table. His aged father sat with the open Bible before him, reading a chapter. He beheld his mother listening to God's Word with her characteristic earnestness, and his broth ers and sisters taking part in the hour of quiet devotion, which was to consecrate their labor and strengthen them against the power of evil. Yes. he saw himself, and his heart was breaking; for since that morning he had never prayed, and he had entirely banished the thought of death and

eternity from his heart. But now it seemed as if his soul was awakened out of a thirty years' sleep, as if the crust of ice that covered his heart was melting under the warm rays of the Gospel. Each word that his good father or mother had spoken to him while he was yet a child and a young man returned to him in memory. Absorbed in a thousand taoughts, he forgot what passed around him, so that he heard not the mockings of his companions.

Suddenly his neighbor woke him up out of his reveries by a hard blow on his shoulder, asking him, "Say, old dreamer, how much will you give for that Book? You have more need of it than any one of us, for you are, without doubt, the greatest sinner in existence."

"Yes, that I am," he answered, in an earnest tone. "Give me the Book. will pay you full value."

The morning cawned. The robbers went to the neighboring villages to lispose of the spoil. The purchaser of the Bible, however, betook himself to solitary, hidden retreat among the ocks. Here he spent the whole day and the following night in terrible anguish and gnawings of conscience. Every now and then he laid down the Bible, thinking that forgiveness of sin and salvation were no longer possible to him. But God caused the words of peace and pardon to sink into his He concluded to visit the minister of the nearest village, to have a talk with him. He was fully determined to bid farewell to the band, and not only give up his shameful profession, but also to atone, according to

law, for his former evil deeds. The next day he went to the village. There he learned that, during the night, the band had been captured by a detachment of soldiers and lodged in These tidings strengthened his purpose. He paid the arison. him in his purpose. He paid the preacher a visit and told him his whole life's history, confessing at the same time that he had betaken himself to the Saviour's Cross with all his sinful deeds. The minister assured him that Jesus was willing to accept graciously the greatest of sinners if he but turn to Him with a broken heart, as the only Saviour. He then requested the minister to accompany him to the judge, to whom he confessed all his This voluntary confession say a his life. All of his comparions were condemned to die, but he obtained mercy at the hands of the arch-Juke, unto whom the adventures of his life had been communicated. He was sentenced to a ten years' imprisonment, but by means of . is exemplary conduct are term was shortened, so that he regained his ir edom at the end of seven years. A Christ.an nobleman took him inte his service, where he proved a blessing to his master's house till he sied in peace. With his expiring breath he blessed his Saviour who came in the world to save sinners .-Translated from the Dutch, by Rev. J. Hoffman, in hristian Intelligencer.

Preaching Power.

When Summerfield was dying he said, Gh, now, if I could return to my pulpit for one hour, how I could preach! For I have seen God face to face. A personal acquaintanceship with God is the source of a minister's power. Then sentences burn into the minds of the hearers and inspirations come from simple things.-Rev. Clarence A. Vincent.

Consecration of an Old Time Saint.

O Lord, Thou knowest what is best for us, let this or that be done, as Thou shalt please. Give what Thou wilt, and how much Thou wilt, and when Thou wilt. Deal with me as Thou thinkest good, and as best pleaseth Thee. Set me where Thou wilt, and deal with me in all things just as Thou wilt. Behold, I am Thy servant, prepared for all things; for I desire not to live unto myself, but unto Thee; and oh, that I could do it worthily and perfectly! Amen.-Thomas a Kempis.

Anti-Suicide Bureau.

Mayor Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, Ohio, alarmed at the official report that there have been eighty-six suicides in Cleveland in the last nine months, has appointed a commission, whose duty it will be to attempt to dissuade wouldbe suicides from taking their own lives. The commission is made up of Director of Charities Cooley, W. A. Greelund, a member of the Charity Bureau, and State Senator-elect F. C. Howe. Every man or woman in Cleveland who is contemplating suicide is invited to write a letter to the anti-suicide commission, and tell their troubles.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR FEBRUARY 18.

Eubject: A Day of Miracles in Capernaum Mark 1., 21-34-Golden Text, Mark, 1., 34 - Memory Verses, 33, 34 - Topies Jesus the Great Physician.

I. Christ teaching with authority (vs. 21, 22). 21. "They." Jesus had the four disciples just called. Capernaum." A city on the northwest coast of the Sea of Galilee. "Straightway." In Mark's narrative scene follows scene in quick succession. An early tradition says that Mark wrote this gospel as Peter dictated it, and this is made probable by its vividness and the rapid sweep of the story. "The synagogue." After the return from the captivity synagogues sprang up everywhere among the Jews. The rooms were so arranged that the people, who squatted on the floor, faced the temple in Jerusalem. See 1 Kings 8:29, 30; Dan. 6:10. From a pulpit the Scriptures were read and the address delivered. (Luke 7:1-10)., "Taught." It was common to call upon any suitable person to speak in the synagogue. 22. "They were astonished."

the matter, manner, spirit and authority of His teaching. 1. At the range of His intellectual gifts. 2. The force of His illustrations. 3. His acquaintance with the human heart. 4. deep knowledge of the divine law. "Authority." He spoke as one commissioned by God, and He laid great stress upon Himself. He said, "I say, unto you," without quoting their teachers. He was, 1. Dignified. 2. Original. 3. Convincing. 4. Consistent. "Not as the scribes." The scribes were without spiritual life, their manner was cold, and, with an unholy ambition, the 'ought their own and not

God's glory. II. Power over evil spirits (vs. 23-28). 23. "A man with an unclean spirit." Luke says he had "a spirit of an unclean devil" and "cried out with a loud voice" (Luke 4:33). There has been much discussion regarding this "unclean spirit." Many hold that those who were said, to have devils were simply diseased people, and that their strong paroxysms wer "fits." We cannot agree with this, however, and must insist that, difficult as it may be to understand, yet real demons did inhabit this man and those

referred to in verse 32. 24. "Let us alone." The devil always desires to be let alone, and bad men do not want to be disturbed with anything good. We hear this cry the moment we undertake to deal with unclean things to-day, such as intemperance and the social evil. "What have we to do with thee?" Nothing at all. There is no concord between and Belial. "To destroy us." To drive us from our abode back to our native place. See Matt. 8:29. "I know Thee." Imagine some disease, like the apo-plexy, thus addressing Ohrist! No, Christ is dealing with devils now, and they know Him well. "The Holy One of God.", The Messiah, who has come to destroy the kingdom of the devil (1 John 3:8). 25. "Jesus rebuked him." He does not desire the testimony of devils to prove His Messiahship. Throughout His ministry Christ never for a moment countenances anything that might be construed into a truce with Satan. "Hold thy peace." Literally, "be thou muzzled." for a beast. "Come out of him:" He speaks with authority. He will show,

who He is by casting out the devil. 26. "Torn him." Or convulsed him. Luke says the devil threw the man, and came out of him, and hurt him not. "Came out." Even the devils obey His word of command. 27. "What thing is this?" "What is this? a new teaching!" R. V. Jesus taught by His actions as well as by His words. What He did was as important as what He said. "With authority." Christ's authority and power is recognized even by the unclean demons, and they obey Him. 28. "Fame spread abroad." This miracle was wrought in public and those who saw it published it, and the people throughout all that region

were soon discussing Him. III. Healing in a home (vs. 29-31). "They entered," etc. Peter and his brother Andrew, although natives of Bethsaida (John 1:44), were now living at Capernaum. Jesus, James and John had entered Peter's house. 30. "Simon's wife's mother." Thus we see that Peter was a married man. "Lay. sick of a fever." Luke calls it a great fever. See Luke 4:38. She was prostrated with a burning fever. "They tell Him." This was really a request for healing. They knew He could re-

store her. "Took her by the hand." Could anything on this side the unlimited power of God effect such a cure? "The fever left her." Christ has power over disease. He can, and frequently does heal to-day, and yet we cannot test the state of the soul by the health of the body. "She ministered." She was perfectly recovered and performed the

ordinary duties of the household. IV. Many miracles (vs. 32-34). 32. "When the sun did set." The Sabbath ended with the setting sun and then they brought their sick to Him. "Unto-Christ has a panacea for all our aches, ills and troubles. All a suffering world needs to do is to go to; He is still the same living, mighty One, and is able, willing and anxious to deliver us from the power of the devil. 33. "All the city." Not necessarily every person, but a very large company. 34. "Healed many." Matthew says, "all that were sick." Luke says He laid hands on them. Jesus healed all who came, and they "Diseases-devils." were many. distinction is made here that we must not fail to notice; diseases were "healed" and devils "cast out" fered not." See on verse 25. This had been a great day at Capernaum, a day filled with stirring events.

Apple Tree 135 Years.

An apple from a tree at least 135 years old was brought to the American office this week by Josiah H. Higgins, of Ellsworth, says the Ellsworth (Me.) American. When his grandfather, Levi Higgins, moved from Eastham, on Cape Cod, to Maine in 1770 he brought with him this apple tree and set it out on the place at Hull's Cove, in what is now the town of Eden. There Mr. Higgins, and his father before him, both born on the place, ate the fruit.

Off Gibraltar the British Channel

Flect has been practicing night firing at a novel target. It is shaped like destroyer, and is outlined with incandescent lamps that can be switched on or off at will from the towing boat. The idea is to make the practice as realistic as possible. Out of the darkness the "destroyer" suddenly springs, giving the gunners only a few seconds to take aim before she disappears

Newspaper Reading Cars. The Japanese railways have introduced newspaper reading cars.

again.