CHAPTER XII. 12. Continued.

"We shall not go on being driven with whips, Katharine, because we are going to die. Shall we be killed by the black fog and starvation? Or shall we die a quicker way? Think of another night in such a fog and without Dittmer beside us. Katharine," she repeated, "think of another night out in this cruel place."

Still there was no answer. "Katharine!" she stooped and lifted her head-"Katharine! are you dead

yet? Are you so happy as to be dead?" "No! I wish we were dead. Oh! Lily -Lily-how long-how long? Will Dittmer never come? The seat is cold; he is so good. He look off his coat and laid it over re. Dittmer is very good

She was light-headed; exhaustion and cold made her forget where she was. She thought she was still on the bench in the park waiting for Dittmer to come back.

"She is faint with hunger," said Lily. She instinctively felt her pocket. There was in it a rough crust, the last of the threepenny-worth of bread. She gave it to Katharine, who devoured it greedily.

"Are you better, dear? Do you think that you could stand? Do you think that you could walk a little?"

"Where?" "It is not far-I should think about half a mile. This time I know that I can find my way. I see it in my head, every inch, clear as if there were no

fog, though it is as black as night." "Where, Lily? Do you mean-" she trembled, she rose and stood beside her friend-"do you mean-"

"It is the Embankment, dear. That is the place where women go to end their sufferings. The poor woman who has lost her virtue; the poor shirtmaker who has lost her place; the poor lady who can get no work; that is the place for all of us. One plunge and it is all over-all the sorrow and all the disappointment."

"But after death?" "After death I shall ask why we were forced to the Embankment." "Lily, I am afraid. It will be so cold.

"We shall not feel the cold one bit. Think of another night! Think of the rest of the day! Think of day after day like this! Katharine, you shall hold my hand. Come."

She dragged Katharine away, walking with the strength of madness, as fast as her trembling friend could go. sometimes hurrying her sometimes encouraging her, sometimes reproving

I know not how she found her way or by what strange trick of brain she was enabled to go straight to the Embankment at the point where it begins at Westminster Bridge. She took the shortest way through the park, and along George street, never halting or hesitating for a moment, any more than if it had been a day of clear brilliant sunshine. Yet she had before lost her way simply in crossing from the corner of the railings to the

Buckingham Palace road. "Only a few minutes now, dear. Oh, Katharine dear, we shall die together; we will not let go of each other's hands. Remember that. The water will roll over us, and in a moment we shall be dead and all will be over. You will not die alone. We shall go into the next world together. No more trouble, dear. Perhaps you will join Tom and be happy. I think he must be waiting for you somewhere. It is the shortest way to reach him. And as for me-why-they say that eye hath not seen nor can tongue tell the happiness that we shall find there; and

it seems to me that all I want is rest and to be sure that I shall have food to-morrow. You must not think of the plunge, dear-the river is not a bit colder than the air; think of last night; think of to-day; think of the night before us-"
"Lily," said Katharine, stopping,

"they are having service in the church by the Abbey. Oh! it must be the evening service. They are praising God and singing hymns, and we are out in the fog and the cold and going to kill ourselves.

"Yes; I could not :ing any hymns just

"Lily, let us have one prayer before we go."

"No; leap first and pray afterward; there will be plenty of time to pray when we are sure that we shall not have to come back to this miserable world any more." She dragged the other girl along with her-past the Abbey-straight down to the Embankment. "Hush! Katharine. Don't speak now. This is the very place." She stopped at one of the landing

places, where the steps go down into the water.

"The tide is runninig up." said Lilv: bow did she know, because they could see nothing? "It will carry us up the river; it will roll us over and over. Don't let go my hand, Katharine; it will kill us in a moment, and then it will drive and beat us and bang us against the piers of Westminster Bridge, so that no one will be able to recognize us when they do find us. And so it will never be known what became of us. Dear Katharine, dear Katharine Regina-poor Queen without a penny-give me one kiss. Hold my hand. Now you shall be with your lover in a moment, and all your sorrow shall be over. Hold my hand and run down the steps with me. Quick! Quick! Hold my hand hard-

harder. Quick!" She drew Katharine to the steps, crying out to her to hasten and to hold fast, and dragging her down to the river; Katharine was too weak to rearound her lay the thick black fog she would have been buried in the like a wall of darkness.

Did you ever think what it would be to be shut up in such an inferno as Dante's, in a thick black fog, a darkuess wrapping you round as with a and the picture she conjured up con- century.

I horrible cloak from which there was no escape? All day long these girls had been sitting in such a fog, without food, and before them they heard-and now saw with eyes of madness-the rush of the river which would mercifully take them out of the fog, and land them-at the foot of the golden gates.

"Quick-Katharine-Quick! Don't let go. On!"

The fog lifted a little, suddenly, at his moment.

Before the girls stood a figure, black and gaunt, which stretched out two ong arms, and said, with harsh and strident voice: "No. my dears. Not this time you

don't." Then Lily loosed her hold of Katharine's hand and threw out her arms in gesture of hopelessness.

"Oh!" she cried, "God will not let us live, and He will not let us die." Then she turned and fled, leaving Katharine alone.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE MORNING.

Katharine stood for a moment stupefied: In front of her, shadowy, like a ghost, rose this man, gaunt and tall; by the lifting of the fog she saw that he was in tatters. What was he doing on the steps in the dark? And Lily was gone.

"No, you don't," he said to her. "L thought there'd be some of you coming along to-night. Is it hunger working up with the fog, or is it remorse and despair?"

Katharine made no reply. Where, oh, where was Lily? "If it's hunger and the fog. you'll

get over it when you've had something to eat. In course of time you'll get used to hunger. I'm always hungry.' "Who are you? Let me go-let me

"Not this way, then," he repliedfor she made as if she would rush at the river-"not this way, Pretty! Don't do it. Have patience. Lord! it you'd gone through as much as I have. you'd have patience. Don't do it."

As she spoke, the black wall of fog rolled between them again. Katharine stole away under its protection. but she heard him repeat as she retreated: "Don't do it, Pretty. Have natience."

It is now nothing but a memory of the past: but sometimes the gaunt and tattered figure of this man, holding out his long arms between her and the river, returns to Katharine's mind and stands up before her; she sees him blurred in the fog and the dim lamplight; she hears his voice saying: Don't do it. Pretty. Have patience." Who was this man, this failure and wreck of manhood? and why did he lurk in the blackness upon those steps? Then her misery comes back to her again, her dreadful hunger and cold and weariness and desolation, and Katharine has-change but one letter and the pathetic becomes bathetic, a whole hillside. And so she sat down pathos turns into bathos-to "lie down" -woman's grandest medicine-unti! the memory of that night leaves her

The fog was so black again that she had not the least knowledge of the direction she was taking. Under each lamp there was a little yellow gleam of yellow light. Beyond this a black wall all around it; when she stood under a lamp it was just exactly as if she were built up and buried alive in it with a hole for a little light through yellow glass in the top.

Sometimes steps came along and faces came out of the black wall and looked curiously at her as they passed and disappeared. It was the face of a young man making his way home and marching confidently through the fog, or it was the face of a policeman who looked at her searchingly, asked her if she was lost, told her how to get back to the Strand, and went on his beat; once it was a girl of her own age who stood beside her for a few minetes and looked as if she wanted to speak, and then suddenly ran away from her. Why did she run away: Why, indeed? And once it was a very ugly face indeed, which greatly terrified her, a man's face, unshaven for many days and therefore thick with bristles round the mouth, a face with horrid red eyes and swelled cheeks.

"Have you got the price of a haif pint upon you?" he asked roughly. "I have not got one penny in the

world," she replied, Lily in fact had all the money be-

longing to them both-ninepence. "You've got your jacket and your hat Gimme your jacket and your hat." He proceeded, in the language common to his class, to touch briefly on the injustice of suffering an honest man to go about without a penny in his pocket, while a girl had a jacket and a bat which might be pawned. Perhaps he forgot that it was Sunday. But other steps were heard, and the creature of the night slunk away.

Katharine knew that she was still at the Westminster end of the Embankment, because the great clock struck the quarters and the hours apparently quite close to her.

She remembered that she had been very near to Death-a shameful, wicked, violent death-the death of those whose wicked lives have driven them to despair. One more step and she would have plunged into the dark waters rushing and tearing up the stream with the tide. She tried to picture to herself what she had escaped; she recalled Lily's words; she would have been, by this time, a dead oody rolled over and over, knocked against the piles of the bridge, caught by the ropes or barges, banged against the boats. At last she would have been picked up somewhere; no sist, mentally and bodily. And all one would have recognized her, and paupers' corner, forgotten forever. But imagination, like reason, refuses to work to order unless it is fortified by

veyed to her soul in her exhausted state little more than a trifling addition to her misery. When one is on the rack a touch of toothache would be little heeded. She shuddered and turned and slowly crept away. The great clock struck three. Lily was lost now as well as Dittmer. She was quite alone in the world, and penniless. But the fog was gone, the black wall of darkness had rolled away.

I know not where she wandered. It was no more beside those black waters, but along the streets-silent now and deserted, save for the occasional step of the policeman. It is strange to think of the great city with all its four millions of people asleep and its streets empty. Even the worst and the wickedest are asleep at three in the morning. It is the hour of innocence; the Devil himself sleeps. No one met the girl as she walked aimlessly along. She could no longer think or feel or look forward or dread anything. She sunk on a doorstep and fell asleep again.

At five o'clock she was awakened by the hand of a policeman.

"Come," he said, not unkindly, "you mustn't sleep in the streets, you know, Haven't you got anywhere to go?" She got up and began to understand what had happened. Another day was going to begin; she had spent two nights in the street. Another day! And she had no money. Another day

-oh! how long? "I have nowhere to go," she said. And I have no money. "Won't you go home to your

friends?" "I have no friends."

She did not look in the least like most of the girls who have no friends. "Haven't you got any money at all?" "I have no money, and no friends, and no work."

Then this policeman looked up and down the street suspiciously, as men do who are about to commit a very bad action. There was nobody looking; there was nobody stirring yet; no one would believe in the bare word of the girl unsupported by any corroborative evidence; he would never be found out; he did it. He put his hand in his pocket and produced a shillinga coin which is of much greater importance to a policeman than to you, dear reader-at least. I hope so-and he placed this shilling in Katharine's hand.

"There!" he said. "You look as if you were to be pitied. Lord knows who you are or what you are-but there! get something to eat at any rate.'

Then he marched stolidly away, and Katharine sat down again upon the doorstep and burst into tears. She had not wept through all that long night in St. James' Park-to be sure, she had Dittmer then for protection; she shed no tears all the long dark and dreadful Sunday; she had been dragged by Lily to put an end to her life without tears-but now she sat down and sobbed and cried because the one unexpected touch of kindness more than the cruel scourge of misfortune, revealed her most wretched and despairing condition.

"In the darkest moment, my dear," -she heard the voice of Miss Beatrice plainly speaking-not whispering, but speaking out plainly-"in the darkest moment, when the clouds are blackest and the world is hardest and your suffering is more than you can bear, GOD will help you, and that in the most unexpected way.

is not much, but it touched her heart as a single ray of sunshine lights up and cried, and presently rose up and went on the way by which she was

My friends, we live in an unbelieving and skeptical generation, and the old phraseology is laughed at, and there is now, to many of us, no Father who loves and guides His children and orders their lives as is best for them, as we are once taught to believe; all is blind chance-even that policeman's humming birds and varicolored finches shilling-even what followed, this very of the South American tropics. morning.

Katharine's wandering feet led her to Covent Garden Market, where the coffee houses are astir and doing good business long before the rest of the world is thinking of the new day's work. She went into one and had breakfast—a substantia! breakfast | to sleep again, and another good Samaritan befriended her. It was the woman who waited-only a common. rough-tongued, coarse creature-but she saw that the sleeping girl looked respectable, and that she looked tired out; and she let her sleep. (To be continued.)

The Scrapple Trust. "Scrapple used to be made by the Pennsylvania farmers, but it is now made practically altogether by a trust - the Philadelphia Scrapple Trust, which turns out thousands of bounds daily from the first frost till

the spring thaw." The speaker, a Philadelphia butcher, continued:

"Our scrapple plant is uptown. Trains of cars containing live pigs come in at one end of it. Out at the other end pass trains of cars containing scrapple in silver colored tins. This delectable stuff is made of pigs' heads, livers, pork, sage, thyme and a dozen other ingredients. The meat is first boiled on the bone in vats as large as swimming pools. Then it is cut up into chunks the size of your fist by rows of bare armed experts with scimitars. Then it is ground in steam power machines. The residue is taken to a private room. There, under the direction of the mixer, a high salaried official, it is seasoned and touched up in many unknown ways. Afterward it is boiled in enormous boilers. Still hot and soft from boiling, it is put in new, bright tins. It cools, and is a firm substance of a pearl gray hue-the world amed Philadelphia scrapple of song and story.

"Philadelphia scrapple is eaten all over America. If it were a summer as well as a cold weather food, it would perhaps supplant pie as the national dish."-New York Press. During a wedding at Grafenbaum,

Chrysanthemums, it is said, were strong food. The words she recalled cultivated in China before the eleventh

Austria, lightning struck the church

and tore away the bridegroom's right

foot.

Sopular Science

An efficient tool room is a requisite of a good shop. The machines in this department should be high-class, otherwise their imperfections will be reproduced in the tools. In the larger shops it is the duty of the tool room not only to see that certain tools are on hand for doing the work, but to see what jigs or other fixtures could be made to cheapen production, and to consider in general the best way to handle any special job.

Very important improvements of the North Sea Canal from Amsterdam to the North Sea are in progress and are expected to be completed in the course of 1907. When finished, the canal will be considerably wider and deeper, and altogether better navigable for the largest class of steamers.

Aluminum and lead will not alloy. They mix when melted, but separate when cooling.

Canadian mica has been increasing steadily in value from 1895 to the present time, and that of India has been almost as steadily decreasing in value; so that, where in 1895 the imported value of Indian mica was nearly three times that of Canadian mica, in 1904 Canadian mica stood higher than In-

More than sixty years ago Moser noticed that certain bright metals emit rays capable of affecting photographic plates and of passing through thin screens of paper, etc. Continuing the investigation, Professor H. Piltchikoff, of the University of Charkow, has now found that some metals give off rays that decompose the silver bromide of the photographic film, and others that restore the decomposed bromide. He names these radiations "positive" and "negative." Most metals, including cadmium and zinc, are positive; osmium and tantalum are negative; copper and brass have a neutral radiation, with no action, and gold and mercury give off no radiation at all. The radiation is deflected by air currents, but is not affected by electric or magnetic fields. One suggestion is that it may be a kind of heavy metallic ions penetrating thin metal and human skin.

Tantalite, the metal recently employed in Germany for making an improved filament for electric lamps, has found another use. Messrs. Siemens and Halske have produced pens of tantalite which are said to be at the same time harder than steel and more elastic than gold. Tantalite is very resistant to chemicals. It is the intention to employ this metal for the manufacture of various kinds of tools.

Some years ago the addition of moisture to furnace-heated air was found by Dr. H. J. Barnes, of Boston, to make a room comfortable at a temperature several degrees lower. In his recent investigation in Southeastern Nabraska, G. A. Loveland has shown that the air of a house of 14,000 cubic feet should receive from twenty to forty quarts of water daily, and that this evaporation does not increase the relative humidity by more than ten It was a very little thing; a shilling | cent. The humidity indoors should not exceed about forty per cent., otherwise there will be troublesome condensation on the windows.

> SPIDER THAT EATS BIRDS. Lives in the Forest of the South American

Tropics. There has just been deposited in the insect house at the zoo a specimen of the bird eating spider, which earns its name by occasionally including in its menu some of the brilliantly hued

It is doubtful whether the silken threads which he spins in profusion constitute his most effective tackle for securing his prey; indeed, it is more probable that the little birds get caught through alighting upon the banana and other leaves, in the twisted folds of which the spider makes his with an egg and a loaf and a great cup home. The similarity of his coloring of hot brown coffee. Then-she went to the bark of trees, to which he attaches himself, is also a powerful factor in enabling him to approach his

> The silken threads which help to ensnare so many beautiful birds are a serious annoyance to the traveler when riding or driving through the less frequented forests. As they continually strike the face, one is reminded of some fiendish motor trap on the Sur-

> The bird eating spider is much smaller, although not less ferocious in appearance, than the famous tarantula. The body of a full grown tarantula is as big as a hen's egg, and on an average it gives from twenty to forty yards of silk, the weaving of which was expected at one time to prove a very considerable industry in some, of the Australian colonies. The silken output of the bird eating spider is greater in proportion .- London Daily Graphic.

> > An Indian's Stolelsm.

A pathetic story, afterward proved a true one, was the incident told by a party of miners, in which it was related that these miners had come across a space among the trees that was cleared of snow, on one side of which a small wood fire was burning. In the middle of the clearing lay an old Indian, who had been cast aside by his tribe to die. Investigation shows that it is the invariable custom of the Indian tribes that haunt the flats of southern Nevada, when they perceive signs of a final weakness in any individual of their number, to leave him behind to die. They place a small amount of food at his side and proceed upon their journey, while he who is left on the doorstep of the happy hunting grounds obeys his fate with the stoicism of the old-time flagellants. This particular Indian lived for the physical stamina of the French nearly two weeks before death overcame him, steadfastly refusing succor from any and all who sought to relieve him.

Lots of 'Em Do.

Some people lost sight of the fact that of two evils it isn't always necessary to choose either.-Puck

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Alcohol and Health-Its Long Continued Action on the Stomach Leads to Catarrh-Not Suitable For Those Who Have to Undergo Muscular Fatigue

Robert S. Forrest, M. B. C. M., Auchterarder, writes as follows: Alcohol is obtained by the action of the yeast fungus on vegetable substances rich in sugar or starch. It is the ingredient of fermented beverages which gives them their intoxicating qualities. It is a clear, colorless liquid, with a hot pungent taste, and a faint but characteristic odor. It has a great affinity for water, and for this reason it is very difficult to obtain pure alcohol by distillation-the most concentrated alcohol obtained by distillation containing ten per cent. of water. It burns with a pale blue flame, gives little or no light, but produces intense heat and does not leave any ash.

When taken internally, alcohol first causes an increase of saliva. In the stomach it causes dilatation of the blood vessels with consequent reddening of the walls of that organ. In large quantities or in concentrated form it diminishes the amount of the gastric secretions. Some authorities state that the gastric secretion is retarded when alcohol is present to the extent of only two per cent., and that the activity of the gastric juice is entirely arrested when fifteen per cent. of alcohol is present. This retarding influence is specially marked when wines are taken, as the volatile substances contained in wine exercise a powerfully retarding action on the process of

digestion. The long continued action of alcohol on the stomach leads to catarrh, the stomach becoming coated with thick tough mucous which hampers digestion and causes the food to undergo fermentation and decomposition. In addition, alcohol increases the muscular contraction of the stomach, and so aids the expulsion of its contents

into the intestines. Except in large, quantities alcohol does not pass into the bowels but is absorbed from the stomach into the blood. It is not acted upon by the gastric secretions but enters the blood unchanged. While circulating in the blood it alters the condition of the blood in such a way that less oxygen is given off to the tissues and as a consequence the tear and wear of the tissues are diminished. Its presence in the blood gives rise to effects on the nervous system, and through it on the different organs of the body. It first stimulates and then depresses the nervous system. The action of the heart is accelerated and there is marked dilatation of the blood vessels, so that a state of temporary congestion of the various organs is produced. This dilatation is most noticeable in the vessels of the skin, and gives rise to a feeling of warmth.

On the brain the action of alcohol is very marked. In moderate quantity it stimulates the higher centres of the brain-the reasoning powers are increased in activity, ideas flow more freely, the imagination is excited and the power of speech is increased. In larger quantity these higher functions of the brain are depressed, as is shown by the judgment becoming lost or impaired, the speech becoming thick and utterance difficult. The imagination and the emotions are depressed and sensibility is diminished. Muscular movements become irregular so that the gait is unsteady, or may be paralvzed so that the person cannot maintain the erect posture. If the quantity taken is great, death may be caused by paralysis of the vital centres in the The deleterious effects on the brain. nervous system are further shown by the large increase in the number of cases of alcoholic insanity. Forty years ago female cases of general paralysis of the insane (a disease caused by alcohol and vice) were so rare as to call for special comment, but at the present date the number of such cases has increased so much that comment is now made on their frequency. Alcohol is very unsuitable for and ought to be

avoided by nervous people. The stimulating effects of alcohol do not last long, and are followed by depression. For this reason alcoholic beverages are not suitable for those who have to undergo any muscular fatigue or severe exertion. It does not give additional strength but merely enables a man to draw upon his reserve energy. It may give assistance in a single effort, but not in prolonged exertion. Also those who resort to alcohol for the purpose of stimulating their intellectual faculties require to increase the frequency and quantity of the dose to keep up the stimulating

The Greatest Extortion. The commercial bodies of the State are awakening to the fact that the \$10 excess charge for railroad mileage tickets is an extortion! Well, yes, but why so calmly submit to a far greater extortion collected from every legitimate industry and trade by the liquor traffic? The manufacturer's mechanics partially incapacitated, the merchant's customers rendered unable to meet their bills, the honest clerk or cashier made an embezzler, all because of the debauchery of the drink traffic .- Williamsport (Pa.)) Index.

Licensed by a King. Reports come from the jungles of Africa that the Belgium soldiers recently deprived 5000 men of their right hand. Think of it if you can and then compare it with the destruction, soul and body, of 100,000 citizens of the United States annually by the licensed liquor traffic. Which is the most atrocious? Would you cast your vote with a political party that would for its policy undertake to license or regulate either? Where is your manhood?

Temperance Notes.

All intelligent good men are opposed to longer licensing the liquor traffic. What temperance advocates want is the party that will put down the licensed liquor traffic.

have perished in all the wars of the nineteenth century. Of the 137 counties of the State Georgia, 102, nearly three-fourths, are now under prohibition of the beverage

More people have lost their lives

through alcohol in thirty years than

A bill was introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature providing for the establishment of a State Dipsomaniac Hospital, where drunkards will be free to come and go at will. Drinking has made such inroads upon

sale of intoxicating liquors.

that it has become a question of improving the national morals or disbanding the army. The National (British) Society for the

Prevention of Cruelty to Children estimates that of the 140,000 to 160,000 cases that come under their notice yearly, one-half are caused directly by drunkenness and of consequent neglect by parents.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JUNE 3.

Subject: The Gentile Woman's Faith Mark vil., 24-30-Golden Tent: Matt. xv., 28 - Memory Verse, 30 - Topic: Bringing the Unsaved to Christ.

I. In heathen borders (v. 24). 24. "From thence He arose." That is, after delivering the discourses at Caper-"Borders of Tyre and Sidon." naum. Tyre and Sidon were heathen cities on the east coast of the Mediterranean Sea. Their religion was a base and corrupting nature worship. Beelze-bub, the name adopted by the Jews as a name for Satan, was one of their deities who was supposed to be the author of "all the pollutions of idol worship." "Into an house." In all probability the house of a Jew. Edersheim thinks He must have tarried here several days; the fact that He desired to be kept hid, but could not, would suggest this. "No man knew it." He judged it proper to conceal Himself awhile from the Pharisees, who were plotting against Him. "Could not be hid." It seems that He was personally known to many in this country, who had seen and heard Him in Galilee.

II. A mother's request (vs. 25, 26). 'Whose young daughter." 'The actual sufferings of the daughter were great, but the sufferings which the mother endured by sympathy were still greater. "An unclean spirit." Mat-thew says her daughter was "griev-ously vexed with a devil." This was certainly a sad case. Nothing can destroy the peace of a home more than to have a daughter possessed with Satanic influences. The spirit that possessed this girl was an unclean-a vile "At His feet." This at once shows the humility of the woman.

"Woman was a Greek." 26. language. The Jews called those who were idolaters Greeks, or Gentiles. "A Syrophenician by nation." A Syro-Phoenician. Phoenicia belonged to the Roman province Syria. She was a Syrian of Phoenicia. Matthew says she "was a woman of Canaan." "Besought Him." Earnestly entreated Him. The case was an urgent one, and on her knees at His feet she poured out her request. "Would cast forth." She believed He had power to do this. Matthew says she "cried unto Him saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou son of David." She plead for mercy; she knew she could make no claim upon Him in any other way. "The devil," etc. Here is a plain, straightforward confession. There is no effort to cover up the family troubles, and gloss over matters, and make it appear that, after all, her daughter "quite respectable."

III. Faith tested (v. 27). 27. "Jesus This woman's discouragements said." were great: 1. Her advantages had been small. She was a heathen woman, with but little means of even obtaining the light of the Hebrew Scriptures. 2. At first Jesus did not reply to her request (Matt. 15:24). 3. When Jesus did speak He seemed to repel The soul seeking salvation freher. quently meets these same tests, and many become discouraged by them. The disciples were annoyed. said, "Send her away, for she crieth after us." This has been greatly misunderstood. To "send her away" according to Oriental idioms -ould be to rant her request, cure her child and it her go. "The children." The Jews. let her go. "First be filled." They are the favored people. The gospel was first to be offered to the Jews, and to them our Lord's personal ministry on earth was chiefly restricted. "Not meet." It is not suitable—not the proper thing to do. "Children's bread." To take those do. belong to the Jews "Unto the dogs." For "dogs" read "little dogs," household pets, such as For "dogs" read ran around the table at meal time. This was the severest test of all. The Gentiles were considered by the Jewish people as no better than dogs, and Jesus only used a form of speech which was common; but it must have been very offensive to the heathen. Would this woman resent it? Would her pride at last be stirred? No. She "shrunk and shriveled" into nothingness at His feet, and her faith still held on for the desired blessing.

IV. Faith rewarded (vs. 28-30). 28. "Yes, Lord." "Truth, Lord" (Matt.). It is all so. The Jews-the favored ones ought to be blessed first. I know: I am a heathen-only a Gentile dog. "Yet." Now follows (1) an answer to His argument against entertaining her petition, and (2) a most touching appeal to His clemency. "The dogs-eat of the children's crumbs." I only ask such kindness as the dogs of any family enjoy. If I am a dog give me at

least a dog's fare. "For this saying." Her faith had triumphed. Jesus said, "O woman, great is thy faith" (Matt.). Her faith was "great in its earnestness, its humility, its overcoming great obstacles." The hindrances thrown in the woman's way only tended to increase her faith. "The devil is gone out." Now, at this very moment, thy request is granted. Though our Lord's mission was to the lost sheep of Israel, yet He always honored personal faith in Himself, wherever found. Persevering faith and prayer are next to omnipotent. No person can thus pray and believe without receiving all his soul requires. This woman had asked a crumb, and had received a whole loaf of the children's bread. Although a heathen she now took her place by the side of Jacob and Moses, for she had prevailed. "Of thy daughter." Her faith is peculiar in that it obtains a blessing for auother. Her intercession was success-Children who have praying parents should be thankful. Here is also an encouragement for praying parents.
30. "Laid upon the bed." A sign of her perfectly tranquil condition; the demon had previously driven her hither and thither.

Washington's Diary Sold.

The total um realized by the sale of Governor Pennypacker's library at Philadelphia was \$8739.95. The greatest interest in the auction attached to Washington's diary of twenty-two pages of manuscript in his own hand, written in 1767, was purchased by the Library of Congress for \$700. A volume of pamphlets gathered and bound General Washington, containing his autograph and armorial book plate, went to Dodd. Mead & Co., of New York City, for \$525.

Large Ring For Bride. In the show window of a jeweler at Allentown, Pa., is displayed the largest solid gold wedding ring ever brought to that city. It weighs twenty-three and a haif pennyweights. The average weight of wedding rings is only five pennyweights. The ring was ordered by a prominent citizen for a young lady, who is soon to become his bride.

White Slave Traffic. Police Commissioner Bingham, New York City, said he had unearthed a vast amount of evidence against disreputable resorts, and that he was determined to stamp out the traffic in white slaves."



THE SUSTAINING HAND.

The little child who wakes at night,
Affrighted at the somber gloom,
And clamors for a ray of light
To drive the darkness from the room, To quiet dreamland sweetly goes, Contented, if a hand is near, Caressingly, because it knows There is no terror it need fear.

So we, who stumble through the gloom, In aimless manner seeking light, Will blindly wander to our doom If traveling by our own might. But when in darkened paths we stray And cry aloud, the Father hears And reaches out His hand to stay Our apprehensions and our fears.

. A. Brininstool, in the Los Angeles

Strange Experience of an Infidel.

BY THE REV. JOHN T. FARIS.

Express.

For the encouragement of those who have long prayed for the conversion of some friend or loved one, I tell the following:

About two years ago I made the acquaintance of a colporteur of the Amercan Tract Society who was doing some difficult work for Christ in a very creditable manner. We were thrown together for many days. During this time I learned the story of his life-al wonderful story. On the day when these lines are written the mail brings another chapter of his history—a chap-ter as wonderful as those told before. He was born in Bohemia, a Catholic,

and was, when a lad, in training for the priesthood. For seven years he was an officer in the Austrian army: then he became editor of a Bohemian paper in New York City. While there he was known as a leader among the infidels of his people—and so became fitted for the editorship of an infide! magazine, and later of a political paper

with infidel bias. Week after week he wrote articles in which he said everything he could think of against Christianity. But when he sat down to write his leader for the issue of Christmas week, 1901,

he had a strange experience. "Against my will I resolved to say something about the birth of Christ," he told me. "I did not know what I was writing. There was a power which drove me on. I wrote of the birth in poverty and the life of suffer ing. I spoke the horrible death. The central point of the article was the argument that those who are blaspheming Christ now are of the same character as those who crucified Him-the most miserable creatures of earth. As wrote my tears flowed like a flood.

"Later, my assistant told me I must not print the article. I told him, What I write goes in. When I read the proof I realized for the first time what I had said. I was ashamed to co back on my words to the assistant; so the article was printed. I knew what would be the result."

An explosion followed. Subscribers were enraged. Enemies were made. Yet the editor felt himself still fit to be editor of an infidel paper. He was dissatisfied, it is true. He began an investigation which led him to believe, successively, in Buddhism, Christian Science and Spiritualism. Then he became a preacher of morality. Convinced of evils among the Bohemians, he started a crusade which enraged heir leaders.

Next day a Christian friend gave him

copy of the New Testament. "I sat

down at once and started to read

Romans," he said. "That day I read all of Paul's epistles. As I read there came to me an understanding of the events of eight years. I knew I was saved through Jesus. On Sabbath went to church. From that day my paper stood for Christ." Three years later he left the editorial office for Christian work among his people. When he told this story he said he. was happy but for one thing. His wife refused to be reconciled to his new life. She threatened to leave him. The children were taught to despise him. 'It is a burden," he said. "But I am praying for her. And I believe the day, will come when God will soften her.

His service." Our paths have lain apart for two years, and I heard nothing from him until this glad message came:

hard heart and we shall be together in

"Thanks to the Lord, He increased so greatly my happiness that I feel bound to tell you. You know how it pleased the Lord to chasten me and teach me patience and other Christian virtues. God the Father has had mercy, apon my wife. She persecuted me more vigorously after my return from St. Louis, I was compelled to leave home and family for the sake of peace. I secured a position and sent \$45 a month regularly to her. • • She prohibited the children to write me letters. For seven months I did not exchange letters with her save the monthly envelope with the check. But last Saturday I received a letter from her saying: 'I have taken refuge at the feet of the Lord Jesus and in prayers I ask Him. Not my will, but Thine, be done.' And so, finally, I found peace. perceived what a wife would do that follows the Lord Jesus. Now I have rested my case with Him, and know wherever He will lead me I shall

walk in the right way.' Joyfully my correspondent concludes: 'My prayers are answered. After six years of wrestling with my Lord I am rewarded most gloriously. My wife is to-day a child of God, made holy by His grace alone. Only last April she burned my Christian books and tore my Testaments. * * To-day, following Lord Jesus, she comes back a loving wife, full of tender feelings and true devotion. How great is the love of Jesus Christ, and what a power is His! How great is the mercy of our 3od!"-Herald.

True Source of Happiness.

The true disciple of Jesus needs not to forget himself in order to be cheerful in his very innermost soul; for the source of his happiness is not in the outward world, but within himself .-Zschokke.

More Power.

There is only one way by which more power can be obtained, and that! is by waiting on the Lord in confidence, in obedience and in patience .- Rev. Y, Fullerton.

to all of the infantry and cavalry troops in the United States before the end of Ine new bayonets have been manufactured, and the Ordnance Department now has on hand a large quantity of the new small arm which will be immediately issued.

A new magazine rifle will br issued

To Oust McClellan. Attorneys for W. R. Hearst have petitioned the Attorney-General of New York to begin quo warranto proceeds ings in the name of the people to ous!

Mayor McClellan from office.