By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," Etc.

CHAPTER VIII. Continued.

"Then, of course, he guessed that I kad had something to do with your seizing the koppie and holding it while the Impi rushed the place from the mountain, so be determined to torture me to death before help could come.

"Oh, heavens, what a mercy it is to hear English again!"

"How long have you been a prisoner

here, Every?" I asked. "Six years and a bit. Quatermai ...; I have lost count of the odd months

lately. "I came up here with Major Aldey

and three other gentlemen and forty bearers. "That devil Wambe ambushed us and murdered the lot to get their guns.

"They weren't much use to him when he got them, being breech-loaders, for the fools fired away all the ammunition in a month or two. "However, they are all in good or-

der, and hanging up in the hut there. "They didn't kill me, because one of them saw me mending a gun just before they attacked us, so they kept me as a kind of armorer.

"Twice I tried to make a bolt of it but was caught each time. "Last time Wambe had me flogged

very nearly to death; you can see the scars on my back. "Indeed, I should have died if it

hadn't been for the girl Maiwa, who nursed me by stealth. "He got that accursed iron trap among our things also, and I suppose

he has tortured between one and two hundred people to death with it. "It was his favorite amusement, and he would go every day and sit and

watch his victim till he died. "Sometimes he would give him food

and water to keep him alive longer, telling him or her that he would let them go if he lived to a certain day. "But he never did let them go.

"They all died there, and I could show you their bones behind that

"The devil!" I said, grinding my teeth. "I wish I hadn't interfered. I wish I had left him to the same fate." 'Well, he got a taste of it, anyway,'

said Every. "I'm glad he got a taste. "There's justice in it, and now he's gone to a place where I hope there's another one ready for him!

By Jove! I should like to have the setting of it!" And so he talked on, and I sat and

listened to him, wondering how he had kept his reason for so many years. But he didn't talk as I have told it,

in good English. He spoke very slowly, and as though he had got something in his mouth, continually using native words, be-

cause the English ones had slipped his At last Nala came up and told us that food was made ready, and thankful enough were we to get it, I can tel

After we had eaten we had a consul-

tation. Quite a thousand of Wambe's soldiers were put hors de combat, but at least two thousand remained hidden in the bush and rocks, and these men. together with those in the outlying

kraals, were a source of possible dan-The question arose, therefore, what was to be done; were they to be followed or left alone?

I waited until everybody had spoken, some giving one opinion and some another, and then, being appealed to, I gave mine.

It was to the effect that Nala should take a leaf out of the great Zulu T'Chako's book and incorporate the tribe not destroy it.

We had a good many women among the prisoners. .Let them, I suggested, be sent to the

hiding places of the soldiers and make If the men would come and lay down

their arms and declare their allegiance to Nala, they and their town and cattle should be spared.

Wambe's cattle alone would be seized as the prize of war.

Moreover, Wambe having left no children, his wife, Maiwa should be declared chieftainess of the tribe, tel-

der Nala. If they did not accept this offer by the morning of the second day, it should be taken as a declaration that

they wished to continue the war. Their town should be burned, their cattle, which our men were already collecting and driving in in great num-

bers, would be taken, and they would be hunted down. This advice was at once declared

to be wise, and acted on.

The women were dispatched, and I saw from their faces that they never expected to get such terms, and did not think that their mission would be in vain.

Nevertheless, we spent that afternoon in preparation against possible surprise, and also in collecting all the wounded of both parties into a hospital which we extemporized out of some huts, and there attended to them as best we could.

That evening roor Every had the first pipe of tobacco that he had tasted for six years.

Poor fellow, he nearly cried with joy

The night passed without any sign of attack, and on the following morning we' began to see the effect of our message, for women, children, and a few men cam: in in little knots, and

took possession of their hunts. It was, of course, rather difficult to prevent our men from locting, and generally going on as natives, and,

for the matter of that, white men, too, are in the habit of doing after a victory. But one man who, after warning, was caught maltreating a woman, was brought out and killed by Nala's order, and though there was a little

grumbling that put a stop to further

trouble.

On the second morning the headmen and numbers of their followeds came in in groups, and about midday a deputation of the former presented themselves before us without their weap-

They were conquered, they said, and Wambe was dead, so they came to hear the words of the great lion who had eaten them up, and of the crafty white man, the jackal who had dug a hole for them to fall in, and of Maiwa Lady of War, who had led the charge

and turned the fate of the battle. So we let them hear the words; and when we had done an old man rose and said that in the name of the people he accepted the yoke that was laid upon their shoulders, and that the more gladly because even the rule of a woman could not be worse than the

rule of Wambe. Moreover, they knew Maiwa the Lady of War, and feared her not, though she was a witch, and terrible to see in battle.

Then Nala asked his daughter if she was willing to become chieftainess of the tribe under him.

Maiwa, who had been very silent since her revenge was accomplished, answered yes, that she was, and that her rule should be good and gentle to those who were good and gentle to her, but the forward and rebellious she would smite with a rod of iron, which, from my knowledge of her character, I thought exceedingly probable.

The headmen replied that that was a good saying, and they did not complain at it, and so the meeting ended. Next day we spent in preparation for

departure. Mine consisted chiefly in superintending the digging up of the stockade of ivory tusks, which I did with the

greatest satisfaction. There were some five hundred of

them altogether. I made inquiries about it from Ev ery, who told me that the stockade had been there so long that nobody seemed to exactly know who had originally

collected the tusks. There was, however, a kind of superstitious feeling about them, which had always prevented the chiefs from trying to sell this great mass of ivory.

Every and I examined it carefully. and found that although it was so old, its quality was really as good as ever, and there was very little soft ivery in the lot. At first I was rather afraid lest, now

that my services had been rendered. Nala should hesitate to part with so much valuable property; but this was not the case. When I spoke to him on the subject

he merely said: "Take it, Macumazahn, take it-you have earned it well."

And to speak the truth, though I say it who shouldn't, I think I had.

So we pressed several hundred Matuku bearers into our service, and next day marched off with the lot.

Before we went I took a formal farewell of Maiwa, whom we left with a bodyguard of 300 men to assist her in rettling the country.

She gave me her hand to kiss in a spreenly sort of way, and then said: "Macumazahn, you are a brave man,

and have been a good friend to me in

"If ever you want help or shelter, remember that Maiwa has a good memory for friend and foe.

"All I have is yours." And so I thanked her and went. She certainly was a very remarkable

woman.

A year or two ago I heard that her father Nala was dead, and that she had succeeded to the chieftainship of both tribes, which she ruled with great justice and firmness.

I can assure you that we ascended the pass leading to Wambe's town with feelings very different from those with which we had descended it a few days

But if I was grateful for the issue of events, you can easily imagine what poor Every's feelings were.

When we got to the top of the pass he actually, before the whole Impi, flopped down upon his knees and thanked heaven for his escape, with tears running down his face.

But then, as I have said, his nerves were shaken; though now that his beard was trimmed, and he had got some sort of clothes on his back and hope in his heart, he looked a very different man from the poor wretch whom we had rescued from death by

Well, we separated from Nala at the little stairway or pass over the mountain, Every and I and the ivory going down the river wickle we had come up a few weeks before, and the chief returning to his own kraal on the farther side of the mountain.

He gave us an escort of 150 men, however, with instructions to accompany us for siz days' feurney, and keep the Matuku bearers in order, and then

I knew that in six days we should be able to reach a district where porters were plentiful, and whence we could easily get the ivory conveyed to Dela-

"And did you land it up safe?" I

"Well, ne," said Quartermain, "wo

lost about a third of it crossing a river. "A flood came down suddenly, just as the men were crossing, and many of them had to throw down their tusks to save their lives. "We had no means of fishing it up,

and so we had to leave it, which was very sad. "However, we sold what remained

for nearly seven thousand pounds; so we did not do so badly. "I don't mean that I got seven thou-

sand pounds out of it, because, you see, I insisted upon Every taking a half share. "Poor fellow, he had earned it, if

ever a man did. "He set up a store in the old colony on the proceeds, and did uncomment

"And what did you do with the lion

trap?" asked Sir Henry. "Oh, I brought that away with me, also, and when I got to Durban I put it in my house.

"But really I could not bear to sit opposite to it at nights as I smoked. 'Visions of that poor woman and the hand of her dead child would rise up in my "ind, and also of the other hor-

rors of which it had Leen the instru-"I began to dream at last that i, had

me by the les "That was too much for my nerves, so I packed it up and shipped it to its maker in Sheffield, whose name was stamped upon the steel, sending him a letter at the same time to tell him to what purpose the infernal machine had been put.

"I believe that he gave it to some museum or other."

"And what became of the tusks of the three bulls which you shot? "You must have left them at Nala's

kraal, I suppose." The old gentleman's face fell at this question.

"Ah," he said, "that is a very sad story. "Nala promised to send them with my goods to my agent at Delagoa, and

so he did. "But the men who brought them were unarmed, and, as it happened, they fell in with a slave caravan under the command of a half-breed Portuguese, who seized the tusks, and what is worse, swore that he had shot

"I paid him out afterward, however," he added, with a smile of satisfaction, but it did not give me back my tusks which no doubt have long ago been turned into hair brushes." And he sighed.

"Well," said Good, "that is a capital yarn of yours, Quatermain, but-" "But what?" he asked, sharply, forseeing a draw.

"But I don't think it was so good as mine about the ibex-it hasn't the same finish."

Mr. Quatermain made no reply. Good was benesth it. "Do you know, gentlemen," he said

it is 2.30 in the morning, and if we are going to shoot the big wood to-morrow, we ought to leave here at 9.30 "Oh, if you shoot for a hundred

years, you will never beat the record of those three woodcock," I said. "Or of those three elepaants." addec

Sir Henry. And then we all went to bed, and 1 and was much afraid of that deter mined lady.

[The End.]

Logical. When a small boy recently asked

what was meant by the Darwinian theory, he was greatly shocked by the statement that many people believed that monkeys were the ancestors of man. "But that cannot be," he repeated, many times in dismay, evidently searching for a more satisfactory answer to this startling theory. Finally his face lighted up at the discovery of a conclusive argument against it. "Don't you see," he said, "some day we shall be ancestors, and we're not monkeys!"-Harper's Magá-

Bounparte Promotest the Wamen,

Navy Department traditions, which | the in season, provided they are well not long ago to promote a clerk to of milk, boiled eggs and a boiled or \$1300, and the records showed that a baked potato, with all the hard bread Miss Thomas stood highest in the matter of efficiency. Owing to precedent, however, a man was given the place, but as soon as the Secretary learned of this he promptly ousted the man dressed. For if left long without and gave Miss Thomas promotion

A Dinner. The bosom of a mallard duck stewed down until there are no Juices going to waste, a baked potato about the size of a goose egg, two slices of Boston brown bread right out of the oven and spread with butter that has no athletic reputation, a spoonful of raspbarry jelly, a cupful of Young Hyson of moderate strength, a piece of pumpkin pie, man's size, and you have a dinner that ought to keep you in good humor until curfew nings.-Nebraska State Journal. .

Spoke Disrespectfully, of Kalser.

A Berlin butcher named Kisker has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for having spoken disrespectfully of the Kaiser. The fact that the offense was committed three years ago had no weight with the judge. Information was given to the police against the butcher by a former friend, with whom he had quarreled. The Kaiser takes a more lenient view of lese majeste than his judges, and has frequently annulled sentences which they have passed on his subjects for this offense.

Unfair. "Grandpa, what's that board got on it? That isn't the Park, there's no grass to keep off of," said little Gilbert, out for his Sunday walk in the

"All dogs found on these premises, without their owners, will be shot." "Why, that ain't fair, grandpa! The poor dogs can't read!"-Harper's Magazine.

Great Prosperity in South. It is computed that farm properties in the eleven States that once seceded from the Union have risen in value more than \$1,000,000,000 in two years. The average yield of these lands since this century began is \$200,000,000 a year greater than it was in the preceding six years.

Not Patented.

An old French woman, exasperated by the continual boasting of a daughter-in-law who considered that her own children were the finest and best the Bon Dieu ever made, exclaimed one day to a friend: "Really one would think that Angele had invented maternity."-Lippincott's Magazine.

Major Charles Gantz, a resident of this country, claims the unique distinction of being the smallest man in the world. He is thirty-nine years old, weighs only thirty pounds and is eightean inches in height.

There are more than 2,000,000 negro Baptists in this country.



Painting the Kitchen Floor.

"The first thing a New York woman does when she moves into a flat, from all accounts," said the Southern woman, "is to go at painting the kitchen floor. She ends generally by painting herself. One woman came to a party last week with her hair light blue from painting her shelves and her hands dark brown from the

"They do it much more easily in the South. I remember, when I lived down there, they used to have burnt sienna mixed in with a lot of boiled linseed oil and make the negroes get on all fours and stain the floors in those old Colonial mansions."-New York Press.

Pretty Washrag Case.

A piece of brown linen fwelve inches long by six wide was lined with oiled silk and the edges bound with red cotton braid. One end was then turned over, silk side inward, to the depth of four inches and stitched firmly in place to simulate a pocket.

The remaining four inches formed the flap, which was fastened by a button and loop. A small square of Turkish toweling was overcast with red floss, folded neatly and put into the pocket ready for use.

Such a case is of untold comfort to the traveler and possesses the further virtues of being easy to make and inexpensive. If preferred, art cretonne of a pretty design may be used instead of linen. In such case the binding should harmonize with the colors in the design.

Canning and Pickling.

Properly canned fruit is delicious; anything short of that is a delusion. Once understood, canning fruit is not difficult, but always is exacting work, because success depends upon doing just the right thing at the right time. The fruit selected must not only

be of choice variety, but large, well grown and ripened. Strawberries are the one exception to this rule, for the medium sized less watery berries that ripen toward the last of the season have a finer

flavor and color than the larger fruit. Use granulated or loaf sugar, and let every vessel and utensil employed dreamed that I had married Maiwa | in the various operations be of granite, earthen or wooden ware. To retain the delicate, natural flavor and attractive appearance of fruit it must

be cooked in the jars. Place the fruit in the jars as fast as prepared, shaking gently to fill the interstices, make a syrup with boiling water and the quantity of sugar specified; fill jars to within the rubbers; place jars in a flat bottomed vessel, fill same two-thirds the depth of jars with tenid water, cover and boil steadily until the fruit seems tender when pierced with a fork. Remove one jar at a time, set on a hot plate, fill to overflowing with the boiling water or syrup, wipe off top, adjust rubber and seal.

Fruit For Breakfast.

For a breakfast, an ordinarily Secretary Bonaparte has shattered healthy child should have fruits that always have held it inadvisable to pro- developed and ripe. A well cooked mote women clerks above the grade of cereal, such as the prepared wheats, had been as faithful and successful \$1200 a year. It became necessary oatmeal, cornmeal, etc., with plenty as the one who received five talents. or toast and milk they want. This first meal of the day should be given a little one as soon as possible after it has awakened, been bathed and something to eat, a small boy or girl usually becomes cross from the pangs of hunger and occasionally the need of food gets so strong that it produces a headache or nausea. 1 believe in giving children plenty to eat and for this reason I should offer a small child a bowl of milk and bread or sweetened crackers at about half-past ten or eleven o'clock each morning. For the wait between breakfast and the ordinary lunch hour is too long to go without nourishment when the youngsters romp and play hard all the time. For parents should remember that they eat less and get hungry quicker, because the capacity of their stomachs is so much smaller. If at all convenient, I should make every effort to have the midday meal the principal one for a small child, for then it has plenty of time to digest heavy foods before going to sleep. And if meats, etc., are taken at night they are less apt to be well digested by bedtime. -New York Telegram.



Sweet Potatoes, Baked-Wash the potatoes and bake the same as white potatoes. Small ones will bake in half an hour, while very large ones will require an hour or more. If the potatoes are liked very moist and sweet, bake from an hour to two hours, depending on the size.

Apple Pudding-Take equal quan tities of breadcrumbs, chopped apple and suet, sweeten to taste and the grated rind of a lemon. Beat up an egg in a very little milk, and add to the other ingredients. Bake in a well-buttered pie-dish in a moderate oven for nearly one hour and a half Turn out into a hot dish to serve. Fig and Orange Jelly-Cook one

and one-quarter cupfuls of figs in water until tender. Heat together one and one-quarter cupfuls of fig juice and three-quarters cupful of sugar. Dissolve one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine in cold water. Pour over the gelatine the fig juice and add the juice of one lemon and one and a half cupfuls of orange juice, then strain. When beginning to set, stir in the figs cut in tiny pieces, mold and serve with thick cream.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COM-MENTS FOR OCTOBER 21.

Subject: The Parable of the Talents, Matt. xxv., 14-30-Golden Text, Prov. xxviii., 20-Memory Verse, 21-Topic: Fidelity to Duty.

I. The servants receive the talents (vs. 14-18). 14. "A man." Christ represents Himself as a man going into another country, or heav-"Called his own servants." The outward framework of the parable lies in the Eastern way of dealing with property in the absence of the owner; the more primitive way being for the absentee to make his slaves his agents. The apostles, ministers, all true Christians, are the servants of Christ. "His goods." The "goods" are the Lord's; all we have belongs to God.

15. "Five talents." The International Bible gives the value of a talent of silver in the Old Testament period at \$1920, and in the New Testament period at \$1146. The talents represent all of those peculiar gifts which God has given us in this "His several ability." world. slaves of the Greeks and Romans were often men of great attainments

"Then." "Straightway." R. "Then." "Straightway." R.
 We are here taught a lesson in promptness. "Went and traded." We now see the use that the servants made of their master's goods. Two out of the three improved upon the trust committed to them. He who receives much from must make an improvement upon the whole, while of the one who receives little but little is required.

18. "Digged in the earth." This is the peculiar temptation of the man who has little ability, and he sullenly retires from a service in which he cannot shine and play a conspicuous part. "Hid his lord's money." He did not embezzle or squander it, but he hid it. How sad to bury one's talent!

II. Faithful service rewarded (vs. 19-23). But while this no doubt refers to His second coming, yet there are many comings - in the great crises of life. in times of trouble, and especially in the hour of death. 19. "A long time." Time enough was given for improvement. "Cometh." Christ is certain to come. The time may seem long, but let us not be deceived-He is coming again.

20. "Brought other five." 1. The good servant was ready. 2. There was nothing hid; he rendered a full account. 3. He came joyfully. 4. Quickly. 5. Without fear; there was no confusion. He knew he was right and he came with confidence. 'Thou deliveredst unto me." ognizing that all he had belonged to his master. "I have gained." He had put forth an effort. Those peowho fold their arms and talk about trusting God will find, sooner or later, that God does not help the

idler. "Well done." The master gives his full and hearty approval. "Thou good." It is possible to be 'good" even in this sinful world, to be pure and upright within. "Faith-Faithfulness rather than sucful.' cess was rewarded. "Over a few things." At best we can do but little for the Lord here. "Ruler over many things." The faithful one is made ruler over a larger sphere. "Joy of thy lord." We are not only to have the joy of the Lord in us, but we are to enter into His joy.

23. "Well done." The rewards were according to his ability. He could not have handled or enjoyed more. III. Unfaithfulness punished (vs. 24-30). 24. "I knew thee." person really knows Christ who thinks Him a hard master. "An hard man." This servant entertains hard thoughts of his lord. "Gathering where thou didst not scatter" (R. V.) This was not a true charge, for each one received much more

than he had gained; God always lib-

erally rewards all who serve Him. 25. "I was afraid." All sinners are afraid. "Thou hast thine own" (R. V.) He seems to boast of his honesty and uprightness. 26. 'Wicked and slothful." His master was not to be trifled with. "Thou knewest." Out of thine own mouth shalt thou be judged. 27. "Thou oughtest." The fact that he knew what his master required was a reason why he should have used the talent. God appeals

us as "reasonable" beings and tells us what we "ought" to do. "Exchangers." "Bankers." R. V. Literally, "To those who stand at tables," because the bankers had ta-bles before them. "With interest" (R. V.) His master had a right to expect a reasonable profit from the laters of his servant. 28. "The talent from him." The unfaithful servant is not only reproached by his master, but he is actually punished. He loses what he had failed to use. 29. "Shall be given." The one who really has powers and abilities, and makes good use of them, to him shall be given greater possessions. "Shall be taken away." From

him that hath not, even that which he seemeth to have (Luke 8:18) shall be taken away. 30. "Unprofitable." He was cast into outer dar ness, merely because he was unprofitable and idle and buried his talent. "Outer darkness." Those who fail to obey Christ will be cast from His presence. The punishment of the wicked will be terrible and eternal. Public Service Companies in Ohio.

The gross earnings of the public service companies of Ohio taxed under the Cole law will reach this year \$200,000,000. Included in the list of quasi-public corporations taxed under this law are steam and electric railroads, express, telegraph and telephone, signal and messenger, pipe line, gas and electric light and power companies, and freight line companies. They are taxed one per cent. of their gross earnings. 'Last year their earnings reached only \$180,-000,000.

Pushing Persian Reforms. The Shah of Persia's advisers are

busily engaged elaborating the reforms complementary to the creation of an elective council, which in the final draft of the ukase is called "The Popular Assembly."

Cable to Iceland. Iceland and the Faroe Islands will

be connected by cable with Great Britain within a fortnight. Iceland is also constructing a system of land telegraph lines.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

What is the Best Thing to Leave Alone? Drink - It Does Not Keep Out Cold-It is Not Food -It is a False Stimulant. We talk to our readers again to-

day, as we have often done ever since this newspaper was established, about the advisability of leaving alone drink, the false stimulant that does not stimulate, the false pleasure that means pain and failure in the end.

We write in the hone that the millions of men into whose hands this editorial will come will read it, above all, that they will improve upon its arguments, and impress them upon those that need or may need them, upon the young men of

the country especially. We all see what drink does. It works secretly at first, but its story is plainly and loudly told in the end. The story is written in numbers on the boards above the graves in Potter's Field. The story is muttered in a low voice in the courts, when men

and women confess the crimes to which a deadened brain has led them. The story of drink is cried aloud in the cells of the insane asylums, and at the receiving rooms of the big hospitals.

We see what drink does. How

does it do it, and why do men persist

in poisoning themselves, ruining themselves, as others, to their positive knowledge, have done over and over before? Alcohol supplies arguments in plenty to those whom it is conquering. It supplies arguments, also, to those of clearer minds who oppose it. It is well in talking against plausible alcohol to use the argument that

them and use them when you can for the good of your fellow men. A man drinks, giving as his excuse, sometimes sincerely, that he wants "to keep out the cold."

cannot be answered - the argument

of science. Here are some of them.

Please cut these out to remember

It is an absolute scientific fact that alcohol lowers the temperature. The entire temperature of the body, the amount of vital heat that the body contains as a whole, is reduced as soon as you put alcohol into the This is a good reply to the foolish people who declared that the agency that fills the hospitals and asylums is a friend of health.

Alcohol is talked of as a food. Alcohol is not food. It is a scientific, unquestioned fact anent alcohol that "this product of the fungi ultimately leads to morbid changes in practically every cell of the body, but most especially in the nervous system, where it can often be detected after death, though there is no trace of its presence elsewhere. This 'so-called "food" attacks vi-

which the brain comes into contact with the outside world. Rust and hailstones destroy the wires of iron no more surely than al-

ciously and surely the nervous sys-

tem, the wonderful and delicate sys-

tem of telegraphy with which our

mind controls the body, and with

cohol destroys the nerve fibre. Metchnikoff proves in his famous book, "The Nature of Man," that damage once done to the nerves can never be repaired. Other parts of the body have the faculty of renewing themselves, but the nerves have not. Once hurt, the injury is permanent.

"Can you deny that alcohol stimu-lates the heart?" The reply of science is: "Alcohol is a false stimulant. The sudden action of the heart which follows the drinking of alcohol is the

The alcohol advocate may ask you,

heart's protest against poison. The muscles of the heart beat wildly when you put alcohol into your blood. It is the heart's protest against the poison that will destroy it and silence it ultimately.
This is not guesswork, but science.
Whatever apparent stimulation
may come from alcohol is invariably

followed by a greater loss in the subsequent depression. In the physiological laboratories of Germany and in France and America careful, actual tests have been made It has been absolutely proved "that alcohol delays the rapidity and im-

pairs the accuracy of mental pro-

cesses.

And alcohol, always a plausible cheat and swindler, "while producing the most convincing illusion of ease and rapidity," actually decreases all efficiency. You know how proudly and rapidly the drunken man will talk. And you know that he is convinced that he is

talking very wisely. But is he talking wisely? You know that he is

not. If alcohol, talking through him,

does not deceive you, don't let it deceive you in talking through your own brain. This newspaper believes that the gradual diminishing of intoxication among men will continue. It believes firmly that poverty creates drunkenness, and that better government and greater kindness among men, by diminishing poverty, will diminish drunkenness and destroy it ulti-

The intelligence of men will ultimately make it impossible for them to poison themselves deliberately.

Meanwhile we say to each one of our readers, as an individual: Protect yourself in the future by a thorough understanding of alcohol

and what it means. Keep your vitality for your work. And do your duty by your fellow-men by talking to them. A man saved from drunkenness is saved indeed. And while you save him you save all those that dependupon him.-Arthur Brisbane, in the New York Evening Journal.

Temperance Notes.

Atlanta's city council is passing some strong temperance ordinances, one requiring absolute abstinence for all the policemen of the city.

The city council of Atlanta, Ga.,

as passed an ordinance requiring absolute total abstinence on the part of all policemen. Vermont is strongly temperate. Out of 246 towns in the State, only thirty-four may issue licenses, and

in only thirty of these are there any bar-rooms. Editorially the New York Tribune declares: "If Upton Sinclair would only write a new novel on the breweries he could make the people for-

get the packing houses.

The facelious American saloon motto, "If drinking whisky interferes with your business, give up your business," has struck England and is to be found on current post cards.

The Arctic traveler, Nansen, was asked by a neighbor, "Did you take any alcohol with you when you left the Fram to make your heroic expe-"Ne." said Nandition by sledges? sen, "fer if I had done so I should never have returned."



A PRAYER.

Dear Lord, kind Lord, Gracious Lord, I pray Thou wilt look on all I love Tenderly to-day. Weed their hearts of weariness; Scatter every care
Down a wake of angel wings
Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing All release from pain, Let the lips of laughter Overflow again;
And with all the needy
Oh, divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine to-day.

—James Whitcomb Riley,

The Lost Chord.

How great is Thy goodness which Thou hast stored for those that reverence Thee .- Psalms. xxxi.. 19.

This morning I chanced to hear & ew bars of "The Lost Chord." . The theme is one that touches every, heart, for every heart has lost some sweet harmony.

Autumn's more sober colors are replacing the radiance of spring and the strength of summer. The leaves are changing hue. The evenings, iraw in; the breezes murmur the arst faint whispers which tell us that nature's life is waning. But too soon the end will come. That end we sall death-nature's death. Year after year the same story is

etold. Springtide's tender leaves of

hope, summer blossoms, autumn har-

vests-these spell beauty, joy, prosperity. Winter blasts and shrouds and fetters spell-what? The reverse of beauty and joy and prosperity? No-emphatically no! All is beautiful in God's creation. The echo of the winter blast is the rustling of the golden grain in the coming season. From under the growths which mean man's joy, and

the fetters of ice are but prophetic of harvests which build prosperity. What holds good in nature around us holds good in our own human lives. The springtide of life, with its "tender leaves of hope," its buds of promise, its dreams of brightness and beauty, its visions of success and prosperity, passes away.

Then, in the summertide of our existence, we begin to realize that things are not what they seem, but the disappointments, the defeats, the tangles, the strains and the stresses shall be found to mean the strengthening of our own character, the development of our own possibilities for better things, leading to the harvesting in life's autumn of all that is worth harvesting—the wisdom, the experiences, the growths and fragrancies of tried love and the blossoms and fruits of tested friendship. Let that autmn come, even though

beauty of earlier days. When at last we will behold the great goodness which God has stored for us we will have learned to have faith in God's workings, we will have discovered gratitude for God's blessings, we will have made amendment for our shortcomings and we will be calmed by, our hope for God's salvation. These are the notes of the perfect cherd-to most of us on earth a lost, chord. We hear its far off sounds more plainly, its melody is restored to our memories, when our ripened years remind us that death, God's ingathering, is at hand ingathering will mean that He will,

its beauty is so different from the vigorous and glowing and promising

with His hand and with His power, with His wisdom and with His alchemy, gather in, weave, merge and transmute all the sorrows and tangles, all the lost hopes, faded visions, foiled efforts, all the bereavements and pains and trials of life into something new and beautiful and wonderful, even as He transmutes the desolation of winter, its blasts, its snow shrouds and its icy fetters, into the beauty of spring, the radiance of summer, the harvests of the autumn. -H. Pereira Mendes, in the New York Sunday Herald.

A Reporter Who Prays.

My supplications ordinarily take

the form of putting the case plainly to Him who is the source of all right and all justice and leaving it so. If I were to find that I could not do that, I should decline to go into the fight, or if I had to, should feel that I was to be justly beaten. In all the years of my reporting I have never omitted this when anything big was on foot, whether a fire, a murder, a robbery, or whatever might come in the way of duty, I have never heard that my reports were any worse for it. I know they were better. Perhaps the notion of a police reported praying that he may write a good murder story may sound ludicrous even irreverent to some people. But that is only because they fail to make out in the human element which dige nifies anything and rescues it from reproach. Unless I could go to my

no irreverence in it-just the reverse.-Jacob A. Riis.

story that way I would not go to it

at all. I am very sure that there is

Let God Gnide. We needn't be bothering our heads and troubling our minds about what our future is going to be. If we are wholly given up to God He will lead us. Paul never marked out the path he was going to tread. Hold your reins loosely and God wiil guide you. -D. L. Moody.

The Only Practical Religion.

Men talk much about "practical religion," but differ greatly as to what it comprises. Many limit it to benevolent gifts and kindly ministries, or to public religious services. But it is more. It includes a personal faith in Christ, holy communion with God and a pure life. There can be no real and abiding practice of Christianity without a renovated nature and a sanctified heart .- Presbyterian.

New Mexican Farm Colonies. Concessions have been granted by, the Mexican Government for the es-

ablishment of farm colonies in Lower California. The Compania Mexihe Compania de Desarollo de Baia California each undertakes to settle it least 150 families in farm colonies in that province within three rears and at least eighty-five families within the following six years. All provisions, furniture, building material agricultural machinery and implements and stock cattle destined for those colonies will be granted exemplion from import duties.