

YOUNG MISTLEY

A Tale...
of the...
Anglo-Indian
Secret Service

By...
Henry...
Seton...
Merriman.

CHAPTER XXII. 14

Then he mounted. The last person with whom he shook hands was his brother Charlie, who had been standing at the horse's head. It was strange how the young sailor invariably found something to do, and was never to be discovered idle.

"Come, Adonis!" Winyard called out, and then he vanished in the darkness.

Then Mrs. Mistley, Mrs. Wright, and the colonel turned and entered the house. Lena and Charlie were left alone. They stood side by side, and listened for a sound that was dead. So still were they that Charlie could hear the hurried tick of his own watch. Lena stood motionless, and showed no sign of moving. Her companion waited for some minutes with the peaceful patience of a sailor, and then he said in little more than a whisper:

"Come, Lena!"

She turned and looked at him vaguely, as if she had not been aware of his presence. He was standing in front of the open door; a beam of light flooding out into the darkness rested on his upright form, and gleamed on the dead white of his linen. He was motionless and quiet as usual—the personification of equality and strength. From his unusual height he looked down at her gravely.

"Come," he repeated. "We have had a hard day—let us go in. Beware of that little step."

And, under pretext of guiding her, he took her hand within his arm, and entered the house.

They found the old people in the drawing room.

"Well?" she said, smiling, as she crossed the room.

"Well!" replied Charlie at once, without turning round.

"I think," said Lena, without addressing any one in particular, "that it was a great success, don't you? Everybody said they enjoyed themselves immensely, and I really believe they meant it."

"I am sure they did," affirmed her mother, readily, with a little contraction of the eyes. "The floor was lovely, I know, because I tried it. Charlie led me astray as usual, and made me dance against my principles and despite my grumpy hairs."

"I heard," said Lena, mischievously, "several people talking about an elderly lady; from London being the best dancer in the room. But—there is papa pulling his mustache to keep himself awake. You old people keep such shocking late hours. Puff—there goes a candle—puff—there is another. Good-night, Mrs. Mistley; good-night, mother; good-night, poor, sleepy old gentleman; good-night—Charlie."

CHAPTER XXIII

Disguised.

The rays of the setting sun, piercing the frosty air, gleamed luridly on every dome and minaret of grand old "Mother" Moscow. The bell suspended in the white tower of Ivan Veliki was thrilling the entire city, far beyond the Kremlin gates, with its deep, continuous voice. There was no sound of metallic concussion, but one great unbroken hum vibrated over all, like the buzz of some huge winged insect. It was a feast day, and the Metropolitan was about to bless the people from the jeweled altar steps of the cathedral.

The shopkeepers in the Slavovskii Bazaar were busy closing their little narrow booths, knowing that their commerce was finished for the day.

From one of the arched passages there emerged an old man, bent and limping. He was clad in a long garment confined at the waist by an old leather strap. His high boots, reaching almost to the knees, were innocent alike of grease or blacking. On his head was a black astrakhan cap, all glossy with newness, and in his hand he carried five or six more. This type is common enough in Moscow—the man was an itinerant vendor of astrakhan caps, and, like the rest of his kind, was quite ready to take that from his head to offer to any would-be purchaser.

As he came out of the Slavovskii Bazaar, he turned his head as if a dog should have been at his heels; but beneath his shaggy curls of grizzled brown he smiled a little grimly.

Painfully he made his way across the broad market place, not in the direction of the Holy Gate, but toward the marvelous Basil.

Opposite this, the most lovely building ever erected to the glory of God by a man who knew not His love, the old hat-seller stood and gazed. For greater convenience he laid his one of fur hats upon one arm and raised his two hands to the crook of his staff.

The eyes that rested on the glorious curve of varying cupola and minaret were strangely youthful and penetrating. Admiration for this triumph of Eastern architecture was expressed therein, but wonder there was not. It was as if the old man knew every line and turn, and was now gazing on them as who bids farewell.

The sharp, concise tread of an officious police agent sounded on the stones behind the old fellow, but he never turned or heeded it.

He seemed lost in a reverie when perhaps figured the grim personality of Ivan the Terrible, who had caused this same Basil to be built; and then, when it was finished, seeing, despite his coarse and barbarous nature, that it was almost super-

human, had blinded forever its nameless architect. But what should an old hat-seller know of these things?

"Thou wilt sell no caps here," said the obtuse police spy at his elbow.

"No?" answered the old man quietly, without looking round.

"No; go on, one way or the other."

"Then in Moscow one may not even look at a church?" said the old man, turning to go.

"No. I turned away an Englishman from here yesterday; and if an Englishman—for they see everything—may not look, surely thou mayest not."

"Same fellow, my man. Same fellow, you thick head!" muttered the old man in perfect English, as he hobbled toward the Holy Gate. In passing through he reverently bowed his head, looking sideways up with simple awe toward the sacred picture.

He quickened his shuffling pace, but stopped suddenly in one of the narrow streets of New Moscow. A blue letter-box was fixed to the wall, and upon this he laid his stock of fur caps, separating them and shaking out the little black curls of hair with a practiced hand. He arranged and sorted his diminutive stock in trade for some time, till the street was clear of passers-by. Then he slipped one hand into the breast of his long coat and produced a letter. After glancing at the address, he dropped it into the box, and murmured in English:

"There goes the last link. I am off at last, and a week ago to-day I was putting up scenery at Broomhaugh!"

When the Post Office collector came shortly afterward with his bag to clear the box, the old hat-seller was still examining his wares, one of which he pressed upon the letter carrier with a little clumsy pleasantry about the cap coming in useful when he received his pension.

The old fellow spoke the guttural, coarse Russian of the south.

Beneath his shaggy brows he watched his letter fall from the box into the canvas bag, and then turned away toward the high road leading to Nijnii Novgorod.

Nijnii Winyard Mistley turned his back on civilization, and started on his lone and wearisome journey of three thousand miles. The hurried leave-taking at the porch had been indeed a farewell, despite his cheery assurance to the contrary. Twenty-four hours after leaving Broomhaugh he was on board a little merchant steamer gliding slowly down the Humber. An interview at Whitehall, a second at the War Office, and he had received his instructions. No outfit, no letters of introduction, no baggage. "Was there anything to delay his starting immediately?" he had been asked. "No, nothing!"

The answer was not very prompt; there was the shadow of hesitation in it; and for a moment the white-haired, anxious soldier who had asked the question relaxed the coldness of his official demeanor.

"It is sometimes better," the old, worn-out traveler said, "to find that there is no time to say good-bye—do you not find it so?"

"Yes, perhaps it is better so," Winyard had replied, with a sudden smile, and all was said and done.

And now that was all over—a mere memory of the past. The hurried preparations, the difficult letter to Mrs. Mistley, written at a club amid the laughter and merry-making of men who would have been silent enough had they known. The uncomfortable farewell at King's Cross Station, and the last grave pressure of the hand from the two old travelers, who, partial strangers as they were, had made a point of seeing him off.

Now he was fairly at work, and his old confident delight in the attendant difficulties was returning to him.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Black Line.

Only a fortnight had elapsed since Winyard Mistley's departure from Broomhaugh, and Colonel Wright was already beginning to experience some anxiety at the absence of news from him. The old soldier, too impulsive for a diplomat, grumbled aloud at the prolonged silence of his pupil. He knew that there must be good reason for it, but felt at the same time that he, of all people, might reasonably expect to be kept fully posted as to Winyard's movements.

On the fifteenth morning the tardy letter arrived at last, having been forwarded by Mrs. Mistley from Paris. The colonel read it slowly, for it was written in pencil on the torn-out page of a sketchbook. Then he turned the paper over again and read it aloud:

"Dear Colonel—I leave Moscow this afternoon, walking to the first station on the Nijnii Line. I am fairly off now—right in the heart of the country, and no one the wiser. Give me twelve months before you think of getting anxious, eighteen before you show your anxiety, and twenty before you send Wilson and Bates. Let them come unknown to the newspapers. If either of them be unable to come—I do not anticipate unwillingness—some one else must. Do not on any account send one man alone. If I should not get back, and Wilson fails to hear of me, shed a friendly tear, but shed it in private; our white-coated friends must not hear of it. By the bye, on second thoughts, please tell your ladies and the mater all about Marie Bakovitch. It will be safer. Do not lose sight of

the mater, and take care of the respectable Adonis. Yours,

"W. M."

The colonel's voice quivered a little as he finished reading.

Lena, slowly sipping her coffee, looked over her cup toward her father, with an interested but somewhat critical expression on her face.

"It is to be hoped," she said, "that the respectable Adonis will appreciate the interest shown in his welfare."

"Ye-es," said the colonel, vaguely, as he slowly folded the letter.

"There!" he continued more energetically, as he placed it in his pocket, "you know as much as I do."

Mrs. Wright slowly raised her eyes from her plate, and looked across the table toward her husband.

"Except," she said, suggestively, "in the matter of Marie—something or other."

"Marie Bakovitch—yes, I must tell you about her. It would interest you, I think."

Lena was still sipping her coffee indifferently.

"Marie Bakovitch," continued the colonel, "is a young lady, beautiful and accomplished. Two years ago she undertook to remove me from the face of the earth. She is what is called in some countries a patriot, and that is the form taken by her patriotism. Of course she belongs to several crack-brained societies, and one of these was kind enough to inform me by letter that I was condemned, at the same time warning Mistley. He had the effrontery to reply to their formal communication, but I did not see the letter. Since then I have heard nothing about it. Some time later Mistley received a threatening letter, and since then this girl has followed him like a shadow."

Lena slowly set her cup down upon the table. With one white finger she began polishing the top of the silver coffee pot with peculiar attention, like a child who is being gently scolded.

"By some means," continued the colonel, "he turned the wrath of these mistaken patriots from my head, and called it down upon his own. Marie Bakovitch followed him to Walsco, and actually attempted to shoot him, down at the Broomhaugh one day when he was fainting. She missed him, and then fainted into his arms—in the most comical manner, Winyard said. The fellow managed to make even that into a funny story. He generously kept the whole affair quiet, and succeeded in getting the girl away from Walsco. She even promised to leave England, but whether she will keep her promise or not, I cannot say. He was afraid that they might have been seen together, and that gossip would get about, so he asked me to tell you the truth about it."

The two ladies were silent. Lena bent her head over the coffee pot as if she were short-sighted and wished to see the result of her prolonged polishing. It was only when he looked across the table and met his wife's eyes that Colonel Wright fully realized what Winyard Mistley had done in taking this danger upon himself.

"And you knew this all along?" said Mrs. Wright, presently, with gentle severity. She was recalling, with the unerring memory of a woman for such details, the thousand passing incidents in which Winyard Mistley and his chief might have betrayed their anxiety concerning Marie Bakovitch and her presence in Walsco.

Women usually consider that they have the monopoly of the minute diplomacy of every-day life. They love to comment on the clumsiness and want of tact with which they are pleased to endow their husbands, brothers and sons; and when a revelation comes to them, as it had now come to Mrs. Wright, the result is a trifle humiliating. Most women learn sooner or later in their lives that the men whom they pride themselves upon blindly leading, allow themselves to be led just as far as suits them, and not an inch beyond.

Lena must have been thinking of this also, for presently, without looking up, she said:

(To be continued.)

POPULAR SCIENCE

It is now possible to see and hear plants grow. In the apparatus of two Germans the growing plant is connected with a disk having in its centre an indicator which moves visibly and regularly, and this movement, magnified fifty times over a scale, shows the progress in growth.

Magnet windings of uninsulated wire are said to have proved feasible by the use of aluminum wire, the natural oxide upon which forms an effective insulation for moderate voltages. For over 200 volts, paper wound wet between the layers is effective, and for higher potentials, extra oxidation has been secured by dipping in a chemical bath.

It is reported from Paris that Professor Behring has discovered a new method of sterilizing milk without the boiling or destroying any of its essential principles. The method is based on the powerful qualities of German perphydrol, simply oxygenated. One gram per litre of this substance is sufficient to destroy all noxious germs. Milk thus sterilized can be kept a long time.

According to recent investigations, the peculiar flavor that pleases smokers is largely due to the activity of certain bacteria while the tobacco is undergoing the fermentation stage of curing. Dr. Suschland, a German scientist, has cultivated germs taken from fine Cuban tobacco while fermenting and introduced them into inferior varieties of German tobacco. When the latter was cured connoisseurs could not distinguish it from the best Cuban brands.

Borings 1000 feet deep in New Orleans have encountered nothing more solid than mud, sand and a little thin clay; hence the problem of making safe foundations for the piers of a gigantic railroad bridge which is soon to be built across the Mississippi near the city is a hard one for engineering science. The piers will rest on timber caissons, each measuring over sixty feet by 126 and 140 feet high. The bottoms of these caissons will be 170 feet below the surface of the river.

"MOMENTUM IN VARIATION."

Explanation of Growth of Useless Animal Organs.

In many animals there are certain organs which, useful in their earlier stages, have apparently been so greatly developed as to become rather hindrances. The horns of certain deer, for example, useful as weapons of defense when smaller, have become so large as rather to handicap the animals in the struggle for life. The huge overgrown teeth, or tusks, of certain of the boar family may be cited as further examples. These are sometimes explained as organs which have been more useful in their present state under former conditions, and which have persisted through heredity. In the American Naturalist, however, Mr. F. B. Loomis brings forward another explanation. He thinks the growth of such organs is due to what he calls "momentum in variation." As a variation proceeds in a certain direction it acquires, like a body moving under the action of gravity, a momentum which may carry it past the stage of greatest utility. This factor in evolution, Mr. Loomis thinks, has not been assigned the importance it deserves.

Other evolutionists, however, have suggested that when an animal or plant has once started to vary in a given direction, it acquires a tendency to go on varying in that direction. And this, although the word momentum is not used, agrees with the above theory.

An Unexpected Bite.

One of the queerest experiences in catching trout that any man ever had was that at Moosehead Lake by an Attleboro sportsman named Williams. He was standing on the apron of the dam at Wilson's, fishing in the quick water below, and had met with fair success. Near the shore, on his right hand, in a little eddy, he noticed a barrel lying on its side in several feet of water. He wondered what it was there for, and was so curious that he left his fishing and went down to examine. He found that it was an old molasses barrel, and was lying so that he could see the bung hole.

Of course, the barrel was full of water, and the man had no idea there was a fish inside of it, but just for curiosity he dropped his hook through the hole, and no sooner had it landed there than the water was boiling, and the fisherman knew he had a trout on the other end. He played him until the fish was tired, and when he came to land him he could not get him through the hole. He secured a saw and sawed a piece out of the top of the barrel near the hole. The fish came out. It weighed three pounds, and was one of the handsomest squawtail fish caught in that section this year.

Smoke Nuisance in New York.

Electric light is a great convenience, and even a necessity, but we need not barter our glorious sunlight to obtain it. There are some nuisances entailed by modern progress which must be endured, but for the smoke nuisance there is no excuse. Bituminous coal can be burned without this willful waste of carbon, and it is strange that those in charge of power houses and other large consumers of soft coal should not see that the prevention of smoke by suitable devices, or even by more careful stoking, would effect a very appreciable economy in fuel. They should be made to see it. One by one the great cities of the East are being denuded by the black smoke beast—even tidy Philadelphia is becoming grimy and soot-soiled—and if New York is to be saved speedily and energetically action must be taken by the health commissioner. We have gone back to dirty streets, but let us at least keep the air clean.—From the Medical Record.

A Non-Partisan Drum.

A story which certainly ought to be true is told by the Irish Independent about the Orange celebrations just concluded. All well informed persons know that drum-beating forms a most important part of the ceremonies. Now it happened that an Orange lodge in Armagh (where Colonel Sanderson comes from) found itself drumless on the great day; and no drum, no celebrations. It also happened, however, that there was a Nationalist band in the same town. Sub rosa, the Nationalist drum was borrowed for the occasion. It pounded as loudly as the most loyal instrument of percussion in all Armagh.—London Daily News.

For Justice's Sake.

A Chicago lawyer tells of a justice of the peace in a town in Southern Indiana whose ideas touching the administration of justice were somewhat bizarre. On one occasion, after all the evidence was in and the plaintiff's attorney had made an elaborate argument, the defendant's attorney rose to begin his plea.

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed the Court. "I don't see no use in your proceeding, Mr. Brown. I have got a very clear idea now of the guilt of the prisoner at the bar, and anything more from you would have a tendency to confuse the Court. I know he's guilty and I don't want to take no chances."—Harper's Weekly.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR FEBRUARY 10, BY THE REV. I. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: Abram Called to Be a Blessing, Gen. 12:1-8—Golden Text: Gen. 12:2—Memory Verses: 1-3.

The call of God to Abram to leave his home in Haran and go into a new, unfamiliar and untried land is the beginning of the separate history of a nation. The Scripture immediately preceding the lesson introduces us to the beginnings of Hebrew racial existence.

The call of God was also a test of Abraham's submission to and trust in God. However deeply religious much he may have enjoyed, the beginning of the lesson introduces us to the beginnings of Hebrew racial existence.

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THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTemperance.

Drink, the Great Destroyer—It Kills Ambition, Friendship, Self-Respect, Honesty and Even Love—In the Graveyard of Rum.

Once more we take up the subject that is the most important of all to millions of human beings.

And we urge you to use this picture. The picture referred to represents a drink-sodden, ragged and repulsive looking bum meditating in Rum's Graveyard, where are buried Ambition, Self-Respect, Hope, Family Ties, Love, Friendship and Health. Whisky bottle in hand, the victim of intemperance is seated on the grave of his Ambition.—Ed.) and this editorial, and your own stronger personal arguments with young men that may be in danger, with older men and women that need to be helped to fight the greatest curse.

This is a picture that will appeal to the imagination of children and to the experience of the old. A few things make life worth while; among them: Friendship, ambition, self-respect, honesty.

All of these and many others are put away in the graves that are dug by drink.

First goes ambition. The grave of ambition is big, and it is filled with the men that began to drink with the idea that "a little would not hurt them," only to find out that the little of the beginning meant destruction in the end.

Drink has killed more ambition than all other forces in life put together.

Drink kills friendship. One by one friends are driven from the man that put his own selfish appetite ahead of duty and of all other considerations.

Friendship is based upon appreciation of manliness, upon the sense of equality between men.

Drink destroys equality; it drags a man down, and it drags him away from his friends.

Drink kills love and happy family life.

How many wives have clung to drunken husbands! How desperately they have tried to save them, only to find that the drunkards know. But what drink starts out to do, it does. It destroys affection, and it destroys the family. The family is based upon the respect of the children for the father and mother. Drink destroys self-respect, for it kills that by which respect is created. A drunkard struggles and strives, over and over, to save himself—to save the self-respect that is slipping away from him.

But eventually self-respect is buried also in the graveyard of drink, and principle—honesty—can be found in a grave nearby.

A man's conscience attacks and worries him, even in the last stages of drinking. Others forgive him again and again; but in his good moments he does not forgive himself.

Hope, of course, lies in the graveyard of drink. Its death is slow, for alcohol deceives the man that it is destroying, and it deceives him with hope. Hope and health end together at last—and are buried and added to the list of graves.

It is hard to cure the man upon whom drink has fastened its hold. Of such men a great majority want to do better.

But drink has cunningly destroyed the will first of all. And while the drunkard wants to do what you tell him, he wants a thousand times more the drink that he craves.

It is hard to reform a man far down the hill.

It is not hard to fill a man with hatred and fear of drink the young that are still free from it, or those that are only beginning.

Make clear to the young men, and especially to children, the road that leads to this graveyard. Let them know that the road is a steep hill, that it gets steeper and steeper as it goes down.

At the top you can stop in safety and look into the dark graveyard at the foot. A few steps down, and you can still turn around—but it soon becomes too late. There is hardly a home in the United States that has not a member in need of this picture. Use it.—From an Editorial in the New York American.

Always a Loser.

The drinker always loses. When a man lays a dime on the bar he loses it. That is the exact financial import of that transaction. It is not fanaticism that says this. Science says it. Observation says it. Does he get any return for it? Not at all. Does his mother? Nobody will claim it is any advantage to a mother for her son to patronize the saloon. Does his child? Never. Does his wife? Oh, well, she gets the smell, but that is not very nourishing. Who makes in that deal? The drinker. He gets the dime, nine cents of it is profit, but in the long run the business breaks him too.

A Good Sort of Town.

"Stockton is a good example of a good town with no saloons," said a traveling man. "It is one of the best business towns in northwestern Kansas. It has miles of cement walks, good buildings, both business houses and residences, fine large stock lots and a happy and prosperous people. Twice as many people come to town each day to buy goods as come to any other town in the State twice its size. Instead of the people squandering their money for booze they spend it for groceries and clothing. Saloons make a town prosperous—for the saloonkeepers."

Temperance Notes.

As a rule, when a beer-drinker takes the pneumonia, he dies."

Connecticut is progressing. Local option obtains in ninety-two out of the 168 towns in the State.

The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon has accepted an invitation to take part in a local option crusade in England.

At the Western Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane the authorities say that in the majority of cases under their care, alcohol has figured largely in producing dementia.

Columbia District has cut the licenses down from 1100 to 645 within the last ten years by the use of local option.

The city of Cleveland is having a campaign for the ending of the bar-mat custom. In many saloons in that city girls are employed to serve drinks. There is an ordinance forbidding this gross custom.

All the voices of civilization are calling on the drinker to leave the bar and take the safe side of the way. But the per capita consumption increases. Something more must be done. Something better must be found.

Deposit of Diamonds.

At Christiania, a little town in the Transvaal, about seventy miles above Kimberley, an alluvial deposit has been discovered bearing diamonds, and the entire area has been staked out in claims, which are granted by the Government, each fifty yards square. "Digging" for diamonds, which are found in the surface deposits, is somewhat similar to placer gold mining. There some 3000 diamond miners, representing every nationality, are living in huts and tents with their families.

Government Buys Balloon.

A new balloon has just been ordered by the United States Government, for use by the War Department for experimental purposes in military work. The balloon will be of the regulation type, but an unusually large one, capable of holding 80,000 cubic feet of gas, the largest of its kind ever made in America.

A Barrel of Apples.

On the average every American eats a barrel of apples in a year.

THOUGHTS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

THE LITTLE COMMON SOULS.

"But, Lord," cried out the Little Common Soul, "We have found Thy throne of splendor! Let us once more unto the earth return, And there some tiny service render."

"We loved the little vales; the hills that rose To kiss the golden mouth of heaven; We loved the thousand winds that blew and blew; The dew that fell at morn and even."

"We loved the dancing shadow of the trees; The sunbeams at their merry shining; We loved the filmy webs the spiders spun, The fields and meads with beauty brighting."

"We loved the timid robin shy and wild, Their breaths of song with glory burning; Ye, Lord, we would slip forth from paradise To earth's dear humble thrush returning."

Then soft the Master smiled, and sent them forth, "A lovely life in fragrant meadows; And lo, the Little Common Souls to earth Come back to serve Him as the grasses do!"—Edward Whittier Mason.

The Model of Manhood.

Quit yourselves like men.—1st Samuel, iv, 9.

We need not turn to the New Testament to hear that voice. That is the voice that is always speaking to us from within. We know what we ought to do and be, and whenever we fall short of our ideal we are overcome with humiliation and shame. "Quit you like men." That is what we say to one another.

Do we not go to the drunkard and say, "New be a man?" Or to the woman who is a man already. Even in his drunkenness he is a human being, but he is not a man in the complete meaning of the word. He has put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains. He has abdicated the privileges and dignity of manhood. God has seated him upon a throne, but he has surrendered it. He has laid his scepter and we endeavor to lift him out of his degradation by saying, "Be a man." How many times we have said, "Be more of a man!"

A man can be a man up to a certain point, and there stop. He may be a fragment of a man, simply the rudiment of a man. He may be the vestige of virtue and grace of manhood, but in many others he is deficient. "Oh, how I wish he were more of a man!" we say of this imperfect specimen of manhood. And where do we get our ideal of manhood? We get it from Jesus Christ, the Son of God. "Behold the man," said Pontius Pilate 1800 years ago. And that is what the world is saying still.

Many of us have at times felt like Diogenes when we have looked through certain quarters of society. "Oh, that my eyes might fall upon a man!" we have said as we have looked into political life, with its corruption, and into social life, with its frivolity and its shame. He has seen the man, the most good specimen of manhood, and where do we get our ideal of manhood? We get it from Jesus Christ, the Son of God. "Behold the man," said Pontius Pilate 1800 years ago. And that is what the world is saying still.

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A Prayer.

Infinite ruler of creation, whose spirit dwells in every world! Who look not to the solemn heavens for Thee, though Thou art there; we search not in the ocean for Thy presence, though it murmurs with Thy voice; we wait not for the wings of the wind to bring Thee nigh, though they are Thy messengers, for Thou art in our hearts. O God, and Thou Thy abode in deep places of our thought and love. O God! Thou knowest the soul within us, that it is not built up as an immortal sanctuary for Thy praise, but is a wreck of broken purposes and fallen aspirations and desecrated affections. Fountain of purity and peace, shed on us the influence of a new hope and holier sympathy.—James Martineau.

We Possess God Now.

We seek God afar off, in projects perhaps altogether unattainable, and we do not consider that we possess Him now in the midst of confusion, by the exercise of simple faith, provided we bear humbly and bravely the annoyances which come from others, and our own imperfections.—Francis de la Mothe Fénélon.

Prayers For a Pretence.

The attitude of a prayer does not depend on its high-sounding phrases.

Railroad Cars in Africa.

Persons who think the railroad companies do not do all that they might for the comfort of passengers will be interested to hear a report made recently to the Royal Meteorological Society, in London, about the cars on the Uganda Railway, in Africa. To exist amidst armies of wood-eating insects, the cars are built of metal. The large ventilators are protected by gauze against mosquitoes. The windows are of green-tinted glass, which allows the passenger to see the landscape and at the same time shields him from the glare of