CHAPTER .

The Cronies.

What "the High" is to Oxford men, picturesque, unique, unapproachable, "the Backs"—the river gardens at the backs of their colleges-are to Cambridge men.

At the open window above the college archway a middle-aged man, his hair just tinged with gray, but with intellectual features that still retain traces of physical beauty, is regarding this fair landscape with feelings that are unshared by those he looks upon, and whose presence enlivens it. His thoughts are grave, though they are gladdened by its beauty. The grass is as green as when he trod it thirty years ago, and the fragrance of the lime-walk has lost none of its sweetness, yet how much is gone that was there before! All is crowded with life, yet how great is that gap which death and changes have made.

A light hand, though it belongs to a man six feet high, is laid upon the dreamer's shoulder, and he looks up in the face of an old college friend. It is Mayors, the tutor, with whom he had been at college, and who had is.' remained at work there while he himself had taken a college living. giving it up through ill health, been made a canon of a neighboring cathedral, and finally had come back to Cambridge to "reside."

"Why, Aldred, you are musing! exclaimed the new-comer, in bantering, but not unmusical tones. "Are you regretting that you have not once more an undergraduate's gown upon your shoulders? Such thoughts never come into my head, because, I suppose, I have other things to do. The hand of least employment has the daintier sense. A thousand pardons-I forgot the concordance."

"I was thinking of my boy," said the canon, gently.

"To be sure," returned the other, his voice changing at once to one of sympathy. "He would be just the age for coming up, and you would like to have him here, of course. Well, a soldier is better than many other of the professions. You wouldn't make him a sailor, I suppose, serving in a gunboat in the tropics, without half the necessary amount of cubic feet of air to breathe in; nor yet a young gentleman at large, which means, in the end, the Insolvent Court. And as to India, just think how your Indian enjoys getting home!"

"Ah! if he ever does," returned the canon, mournfully.

"Why shouldn't he? What's to prevent him? He is not the boy to take a brandy pawnee. A few years

"Ten. at least, Mavors," put in the other mournfully; "and the lad's ambitious; if there's an opening he will make for it."

"My work," Canon Aldred was wont to observe in his pleasant way, 'like topmost Gargarus, takes the morning;" but, as Mr. Mavors had hinted, it was not a severe description of labor, and could be done at any time. He was just now engaged upon a new edition of his favorite poet, Milton, including a concordance; and, like all men who have little to do, thought it a matter not only of vast importance, but of pressing necessity. It did not strike him that what people had done without for a few centuries, such as a concordance of Milton, they could very well wait for a little longer, and in order to expedite matters he employed an assistant.

There is a modest knock at the inner door (for the outer, of course, was open), and his own gentle voice replied, "Come in." The new comer was a young man of twenty-two or so. He was tall and thin-of a leanness, indeed, that almost approached emaciation. He had dark hair, the length and straightness of which made him appear even more lanternjawed than he really was. His face. so far from having the hue of youth, though it was not unhealthy looking, was destitute of color. His teeth, however, were good, and his black eyes, though somewhat downcast very clear and bright.

"I fear I am rather late, canon, he said, in a voice as soft as a woman's, and with a deep respect that had yet no touch of sycophancy, "but I had not kept my chapels, and-

"Don't mention it, my dear lad," put in the other, with a friendly smile. "Have you done the B's yet?" "Yes, sir." The young man drew from under his gown some MSS. and

put them into the other's hand. "That's well, my lad; how neatly you do everything! How I envy you young scholar. that gift of deftness! You will be Senior Wrangler, my good fellow, as

sure as your name's Adair." "It is a pleasure to hear you say flush; "but if my success depends on | bowing.

my name being Adair I shall not be a wrangler at all. My name is-or was -Burke." "Then why did you change it?" inquired the canon, with a mild sur-

prise. He knew it was not the usual ing straight in his face contrived to reason-an inheritance-for Adair was a Sizar, and far from rich. "To please a patron, Sir Charles

Adair.'

The bitterness of the young man's seen his eyes, which, however, were bent down, you would have read in them more than bitterness-hate. The canon's handsome face softened it all lily, it was evidently an unexlike a girl's. "A patron," he said; "a patron may, however, be also a friend.'

"This one is not, or rather was not," replied the young man curtly. "I have done with him; or, as I should perhaps put it, he has done with me.

"And you have no friend?" inquired the canon, gently.

"No friend but you, sir. My par-

tered a sharp sigh, as it seemed involuntarily-"has been taken away

from me.' "Your present name, however, will one day be known irrespectively of him who gave it you," said the canon, encouragingly. "I hear from your tutor that great things are expected of you. You will achieve reputation

-fame.' "And independence," added the

young man, vehemently. "No doubt of it. To a young man of character (the canon was thinking of his own son) dependence is thralldom. Nature herself points out to him his way in the world. But I gathered from what you said that you and your patron had parted company.'

"So we have. What I have now to gain is a competence." "Oh, I see. That sort of indepen-

dence," returned the other, dryly. The young man looked amazed, then as one who, having lost his way, hits suddenly on waat he believes to be the right track, he answered eagerly, "Do not think me mercenary, You do not know what poverty sir!

"Quite true, quite true," said the canon, touched by the other's tone. "I am no judge of such a case as

yours. "Moreover, it is my carnest desire to free myself from the sense of an others had their doubts of this. obligation that has become intoler-

able. "Ah, you want to pay this too-generous gentleman that money back

that he has expended on you?" The scholar bowed his head asmade a favorable impression on his companion he had certainly sucspeak.

"May I ask without impertinence -indeed, I have a reason for itthe cause of quarrel between you and Sir Charles?'

"It is only natural that you should do so, sir," answered the young man gravely. "If I do not answer your question you must not imagine that I am ashamed to do so. I am not afraid of any inquiry, but," here he turned scarlet, "it was a private mat-

"That means there was a lady in the case, I suppose," said the canon smiling. "Yes, sir; I was very ill-treated.

"And not by her, I dare say," smiled the canon. "Well, my lad, we cannot all get what we want in this world, and as often as not it is better for us that we should not. I cannot say," he continued in a changed tone, "how pleased I am with your assistance in my present You seem to me to be the work. very helpmate I have been looking for. I was verifying what you had done last night, and did not detect a single error. I do not think that the remuneration we agreed upon is a sufficient recompense for such care and accuracy. I propose to double

"Oh, sir, you are too generous."

"Tchut, tchut! the benefit is mutual; you may be sure I keep the whole matter secret, as before. Nor need I add that what you have just confided to me about your own affairs will go no further."

He spoke so rapidly that it was impossible for the other to interpose a word of thanks, but his face glowed with pleasure.

"By the bye, you are not in the boats, are you?" "Oh, no, sir." The words were

spoken with a cold smile, which had regarded him with scorn as a demight have almost been translated, "How should I be, since I have neither time nor money for such things?"

"Then you must join us here tomorrow night. We shall have a little party to see the procession-my ward-I think I hear them this moment on the staircase; they often come to fetch me home."

While he was yet speaking the door opened and two ladies entered the room, the elder a tall woman of about five-and-forty, very thin and angular, but with an air of singular they do not care one halfpenny about, refinement and delicacy; the younger a slight, fairy like creature, exquisitely pretty, and with a face that sparkled with expression; her hair was golden, and her eyes of hazel. But it was not at once that you noticed any such detail; her other charms were lost in her brightness.

"My dear guardian," she exclaimed, "we are late, I know, but do not scold Aunt Maria, it was all my fault; for after chapel"---- Here she stopped, catching sight of the charmed, and thought him a very

"A friend of mine, Mr. Adair, my dear Maria." There was something in the tone of her brother's introduction which caused Miss Aldred to graso, sir," he replied, with a quick clously hold out her hand instead of

"Mr. Adair, my ward, Miss Gilbert."

The girl inclined herself stiffly toward him with what was very literally a scant courtesy-and while lookcarry the impression that she was unconscious of his presence. Notwithstanding all which signs and tokens, "I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Gilbert before," said Mr. John tone was excessive; if you could have Adair, and at the same time stepped forward and held out his hand.

The delicate pink faded from N as Sophy's cheek in a moment, leav. g pected rejoinder; but she took the proffered hand frankly enough, and in her bright musical voice replied: "I beg you a thousand pardons. I remember you now quite well. We

met at the bachelors' hall. I think." "Well, I am surprised, Adair," said the canon. "I should have thought a ballroom was the very last place you would have been found in. However, I am glad to find you are ents are dead; they left me nothing not such a stranger as I thought you and am unused to earthquakes. Take but a name, and that"-here he ut- were. It is hardly necessary to say me out first."

you will not forget to-morrow night; a man who can do cube root in his head should never forget anything.'

"You over-estimate my memory. sir," said the scholar, smiling; "but" (here he glanced at the smiling young lady) "I rarely forget what I wish to remember."

"I hope you don't repeat all you remember," said Miss Sophy, lightly, 'or an evening with you and my dear gaardian would be a little trying."

It was a flippant speech for a young girl, but it was generally admitted that Miss Sophy was flippant. The canon, whose habits of quotation had been thus sarcastically alluded to, only smiled and shook his head.

"You need not be afraid of my repeating anything, Miss Gilbert," said the young scholar, gravely; and backing to the door, he bowed and left the room.

"You've frightened that young

man very much, Sophy," remarked her guardian, reprovingly; "he is a mathematician, and takes everything seriously, even your pert little jokes." "I'm so sorry," replied the girl, with a pretense of penitence; and running up to her guardian, she gave him an affectionate kiss.

You could never have guessed from her manner what was the actual fact -that, so far from frightening Mr. John Adair, that gentleman had frightened her to the verge of a fainting fit.

> CHAPTER II. .. General Homage.

Canon Aldred was a man of mark in Cambridge, and the more so since his ways were not Cambridge ways. As a university man, he had not much distinguished himself; his friends said he could easily have done so had he not wasted his mental energies in so many directions; but

It is the instinct of most persons when they stand in fear of a fellow creature to avoid his society as much as is consistent with the concealment of their dislike, but though Sophy Gilbert was stricken with a great sentingly; if his intention was to have fear of John Adair, she adopted the contrary course. Without any sudden withdrawal of her attentions to ceeded; there was no need for him to Mr. Mavors she dexterously transferred it to her other neighbor, and laid herself out to please him. In a man's case this would have been

impossible; to most women it would have been difficult; but to Sophy it was comparatively easy. Youth and beauty were on her side; but, powerful auxiliaries though they were. they would hardly have served her turn with him she had to deal had she possessed them only. Fortunately for her-or, as it seemed to her for the present, for who can tell whether that which looks like luck to-day may not turn out to be disaster to-morrow?—she had, as we have said (not the art, for it was nature with her), the gift of pleasing.

To please John Adair, however was not the light task she had found it to be with other young men. There were certain initial difficulties to surmount.

As a rule, the young man was reticent; not from any cautiousness of disposition-far from it, he was audacious even to recklessness, though, indeed, he had not much to losebut from the circumstances of his position. He had come up to the University a sizar, a proof of his not having a superabundance of this world's goods, and what he had had been given to him (as he himself bitterly expressed it) out of charity. He had been adopted by a wealthy baronet, Sir Charles Adair, and, but for certain proceedings of his own, would have been better provided for; nor had he quarreled with his patron, or found much fault with his own position, till he had forfeited his favor. Having lost it, however, he was in no mood to caress the hand that had fed him, or in truth, any hand. Instead of blaming himself for what had happened, he blamed the world at large, which to his eyes pendent, and still so regarded him as a poor man. What above all things moved him was the contempt of women, to which, as worshipers of rank and position, he deemed himself subject. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that in society he was retiring, and at heart

morose. Sophy, though far from a hypocrite, possessed in a high degree that gift of her sex which enables them to affect an interest in matters that and which no man could listen to under the same circumstances without exhibiting some sign of boredom. He spoke of his prospects in the coming tripos, and her pretty face seemed to glow with excitement; he discoursed of his college experiences. and, from the rapt attention with which she listened to him, one would have thought he was speaking of her last partner or her first ball. She was, in truth, far from being egotistic young man; but his talk was not altogether disagreeable to her, since she saw through it the admiration she had excited in him, a thing always agreeable to her, and to which, in the present case, there was added a sense of triumph; she had manufactured a friend out of an enemy.

He was in Paradise, and Sophy, who guessed the fact, did not choose to let him know that it was a fool's Paradise.

"You need never fear, dear Miss Gilbert," he whispered, significantly, 'that I will ever reveal what I accidentally witnessed yonder."

To be Continued.

Not Used to It. That disaster breeds endurance no one doubts. An Easterner, who was visiting California at the time of the recent calamity, fully recognized this fact, and gave the Californians full

credit for it. A building had collapsed as a result of the earthquake. Besides several Californians, confined beneath the debris was a New Yorker. As the rescuers began removing the brick and timber a feeble voice called from

a corner of the building far below: "Help here! I am from the East

# **Household** Matters

Honey As a Gargle.

Honey makes an excellent gargle for sore throat. Boil one teaspoonful of honey in a cup of soft water and gargle freely. This same preparation also makes an excellent eye wash. Dip a clean piece of linen in the honey water and lay over the eres.

#### Card Index Receipts.

One of the national schools of domestic arts and sciences is engaged in showing housekeepers how a card index system can be used in the home. One of the uses of the system is substituting for the old scrap receipt book and the big cook book itself a box of index cards. One of the advantages of the card receipts is claimed to be the ease with which the housewife may replace a torn receipt. It is bringing to the kitchen and receipts the same system the husband uses in his office to discover his letters and filings.

#### To Clean Jewelry.

A sharp-pointed implement should never be employed to clean rings, as it loosens the stones. Soak them in liquid ammonia and the dirt will be loosened. Afterward they should be polished with a soft cloth. It is a good plan to keep rings in sawdust, as it enables the gems to retain their brilliancy. Warm water and a little prepared chalk are all that are required to clean plain or chased rings.

Toilet articles, vinaigrettes and other small trinkets may be easily brightened without the use of powder by placing them in an aluminum receptacle and pouring boiling water over them. Polishing should be done by means of a piece of clean chamois leather, but in adopting this treatment it must be remembered that the silver should never be allowed to become tarnished.

Song of Praise For Asparagus. The don'ts of diet have been so loudly proclaimed of late, that it is positively cheering to turn to an edible that is handsomely commended. The London Lancet sings a song of praise in behalf of asparagus, in which some interesting facts are disclosed. This vegetable is an example of a food which, though containing more water in its composition than does milk, is nevertheless a solid substance. Thus, while the head of the asparagus contains as much as ninety-three per cent. of water, the solid constituents are particularly rich in nitrogenous substances, which amount to thirty per cent. of dried vegetables. When asparagus is eaten in reasonable quantities it not only does not cause any undesirable disturbance of the bodily functions, but it is so easily digested that it is good diet even for invalids.

## Things to Remember.

That handsome towels may be made by adding insets of linen torchon above the two-inch hems in plain huckaback.

That if alum is added to the paste used in covering boxes with paper or muslin moth and mice will avoid

That if hooks for bathroom, kitchen and pantry are dipped in enamel paint there will be no trouble from won rust.

That if tomatoes and milk to be blended are brought to the same temperature and beaten together vigorously there is less liability of curd-That one garment should never be

hung over another on the same hook. To do this would take all the freshness out of the undermost garment, and it would not improve the one which lay uppermost. That to keep moth and buffalo bugs

from rugs and carpets sprinkle them well with salt, then wipe with a cloth dampened with warm water having spirits of turpentine added in the proportion of a spoonful to every quart of water.

That water should never be put on gilt frames. They should be wiped with dry cloth or chamois. This applies to all metal and lacquered



Molasses Cookies-one cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, onehalf cup of melted lard, one-half cup of hot water, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of ginger and just flour anough to handle nicely on the board. Do not crowd in the pan.

Sour Milk Muffins-Whip three eggs light and beat them into a quart of very sour milk, add a teaspoonful of salt and enough sifted flour to make a good batter. Last of all, stir in quickly a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water. Beat hard and turn into greased muffin tins.

Biscuit-One quart of flour, lard the size of an egg, one scant teaspoonful of soda, two scant teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of salt. Add water or milk to make a soft dough and work together until smooth. Roll or put it out until about an inch thick and cut into shape.

Boiled Eggs With Cream Sauce-Boil the eggs hard, remove the shell and cut in halves; put in a warm covered dish and pour over them a sauce made by heating a cupful and a half of milk (part cream is better), stirring into it two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of flour rubbed together; season with salt and paprika, and cook for ten minutes, until thick and smooth. A teaspoonful of curry powder added to the sauce is an improvement, or a piece of onion cooked in the butter may be used as a flavoring.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COM-MENTS FOR MARCH 31 BY THE REV. I. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: Easter Lesson, 1 Cor. 15: 12-21, 55-58-Golden Text, 1 Cor. 15-20-Memory Verse, 57 -Commentary.

The resurrection is an historic fact; it is the inspiration of the Christian company of believers; it is ground of the Christian's hope for eternal life; it is the reason for our steadfastness, our immutability in Christian service. If it is not a fact. if it be a fraud, then are we truly of all men most miserable.

The crucifixion of Jesus was the supreme test of His disciples. His death left them downcast, overborne with grief, in a measure scattered. His resurrection was the signal for their re-congregation, the inspiration of their drooping spirits, their ground for undying hope. The crucifixion was necessary, in the scheme of God, to their individual salvation. The resurrection was necessary that their faith should be strengthened, that the church should be launched, that to-day we might have courage to fight the good fight and to finish the course that God hath prepared before us. The resurrection is a fact. Few oc-

currences in history are better substantiated. There may, of course, be differences of opinion as to what was the exact content of the appearance of Jesus to His disciples after the resurrection. But however we may differ as to the form of His resurrection, on this we are all agreed, to this history attests, to this the presence of the church is evidence, that Jesus actually rose from the dead, that He appeared to His disciples, that His reappearance among them was so real as to be sensed by them. The resurrection of Jesus is them. fact. Whatever may be our disputations, let us hold to that, for it is all important, it is at the centre of our religious life.

The resurrection is the inspiration of the Christian company of believers. In it we find strength. It is the source of our power as it was of the happiness of that earliest company of the followers of our Lord who, when they met Him face to face after the resurrection, could not believe that it was indeed He "for joy."

The resurrection is the ground of the Christian's hope of eternal life. Christ promised to His disciples that though He should be slain and remain in the tomb until the third day, yet would He come forth again unto them, triumphant over the grave and death. He further gave them to understand that in His victory over sin and death the certainty of their own victory over these selfsame forces was assured. His fulfillment of His promises and prophecies to them increased their confidence in Him and gave them hope for everlasting life in bliss within God through Him. "If Christ be not risen, then," as Paul says, "is our preaching vain," then is the faith and the hope of the multitudes who followed Him and in whose footsteps we tread, vanity, then are we bereft of hope. But by the grace of God the transcendant truth is that Christ is risen from the dead. And our fath is well founded.

The resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ is the reason for our steadfastness, our ammutability in Christian service. Because His resurrection is a fact, attested in history and evidenced in the life of His church; because it is our inspiration and the ground of our hope of eternal life; erefore we stand fast in His service and lend our energies gladly to the accomplishment of His most glorious purposes and designs for the regeneration and sanctification of the world. The hope of a larger and nobler, a freer and fuller life hereafter is the inspiration of the best in human endeavor in this earthly pilgrimage. We strive to bring Heaven to pass here in the lives of individuals and of nations because we recognize that if we are to live within the presence of God in the future life we can do nothing better than to become accustomed to His presence here and practice the principles which control in

His kingdom, in this life. We cannot lay too much emphasis upon the importance of the resurrection. It is at the very centre of all Christian life and thought. A Christian church without a risen Christ is almost beyond our imagination. The disciples were a disheartened band of men when Jesus was crucified. They would have been utterly confounded had not Jesus risen from the dead. His resurrection was essential to the certification of His power for this life and for the life

The resurrection is the consummation of the love of God in Christ. It is the finest flower of the Divine selfrevelation. It takes hold, as does nothing else, in all our Christian knowledge and experience, upon the very heart-strings of humanity. It affords us reason for unquenchable, everlasting hopefulness. And to be made hopeful is to be inspired, it is to be supremely blessed.

Vs. 14. "Vain." Empty. Vs. 17. "Vain." Another word in Gk. meaning "fruitless."
Vs. 55. "Sting." "The image is that of a beast with a sting; not

death with a goad, driving men."
Vs. 57. "Give thy." Present participle. Marks both the daily victory here and the certainty of the conquering hereafter. Read Rev. Samuel Coxe's book

The Resurrection." Proper Proportion.

The more precious the word, the greater the value of your works. How to Pronounce Missouri.

A joint and concurrent resolution was introduced in the Missouri Legislature to describe the proper pronun-ciation of the name Missouri. The following section explains just how it should be pronounced: "That the only pronunciation of the name of the State, in the opinion of this body, is that received from the native Indians. and that it should be pronounced in three syllables, accented on the second syllables. The vowel in the first syllable is short 'i,' in the second syllable long double 'o' (o or oo); in the third syllable short 'i,' 's' in the two syllables in which it occurs has the sound of 's' and not 'z.! "

# Ban on Rice Exportation.

Owing to the high price of rice now ruling at Canton, the vicercy has issued instructions to the different customs, likin and other local officials at Canton, Kowloon and Lappa strictly to prohibit the export of this commodity from any of those ports.

Original Metropolitan Capitals. Of the original thirteen States only four now have metropolitan capitals -Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Virginia and Georgia.

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Man and the Bottle-How the Former Was Aided and Abetted by the Latter in a Double Murder-Not Insane, But Drunk.

"I could kill him," said The Man. "Yes! Had I the means, the nerve. the requisite steadiness of hand and brain, he should not live. I have the wish.'

"I'm here," said The Bottle. "Bit for him she would have been mine." said The Man. "Ah! I was winning her when he came between us, so smooth, so insinuating, so contemptuous of me, with his wealth

and good looks. I hate him!"
"Have another!" said The Bottle. "I can imagine her at this moment, her eyes, her hair, her lips, her cheeks, her lovely form, and he, curse him! bending above her, perhaps caressing all that should have been my own. All that I longed for and dreamed of. I cannot endure

"A trifle more," said The Bottle.

"I will not submit so easily to the

caprice of a changeable heart, nor to the scorn of any man. Never! Ho! Am I a weakling! Am I not strong. bold, resolute, ready to do, to dare. to have my way? Does not the blood leap through my veins, hot with the impelling cry of an outraged soul? To slay the creature as one might kill a dog would be but right." "That's the talk," said The Bottle.

"I'll no longer hesitate," said The Man. Man. "Bah! I shall strike. My muscles are like steel, my thoughts clear and resolved. Not long ago trembled in my thinking, dreading the consequences. Pooh! Who cares for what may come. I can easily escape.

"Your glass is empty," said The Bottle.

"My revolver - no - the reports will be heard. Ah! but I'm cautious and cunning. This knife? Yes, it has the point of a needle, the edge of a razor, and the blade is long-long It will plunge deep."
"Just the thing," said The Bottle.

"If I find them together. Ha! She discarded me. My love has turned to loathing. To make it complete would be grand-grand! Why "Splendid!" said The Bottle.

'Another little swallow.' "I'll do that," said The Man. "They will be together. It is his night for calling. Always, the wretch is there on a Sunday evening. In the arbor enjoying the moonlight—there shall I steal upon them, silently, slyly, re-lentlessly. It is well away from the house. No one will see me, nor hear me. I am ready." "Just a drop more," said The Bot-

"Oh! to think of it. I am laughing-as never before. Ha, ha, ha! The fools. But I must not be merry, lest I grow careless. Let me see. now 9 o'clock. By 10 I'll be back. To arrange my windows, noisily, to shuffle about, to make my usual sounds of retiring, yawning and moving the furniture, then to creep out

-to creep in, who would not swear to my being in bed during the hour?' "Clever," said The Bottle. "Drink to yourself. Very clever."
"What a glorious thing is revenge." said The Man. "It dominates every sense as a king rules his petty subjects. The king is right. I am charged with a righteous mission. How firm, steady, strong, grimly determined I feel. I do not laugh now. My wish is to act as though I were an actor in a magnificent tragedy—a part to be performed well and thor-

oughly. Yet, I smile to myself, for the part is my invention and my soul's desire." "Smile, then," said The Bottle. 'Tis my soul's desire, too."
"I'm going now," said The Man. "All seems in shape. Is there any-thing more?"

"A stiff bracer," said The Bottle. . . . . . "I did it!" said The Man. "I did Both-God help me! I can hardly stand. I-I ran so. My

nerves are like water. Quick! a drink. "I'm empty," said The Bottle.
"N—nothing left," said The Man. 'I-I didn't, I couldn't have taken

"You did." said The Bottle. "What shall I do?" said The Man. "Oh! what, what? I am trembling, sick, helpless to think or act. I was seen-a man shouted from the barn as I fled. I cannot run any further. I dare not stay here. I am a murderer. I must have been insane.

"Only drunk," said The Bottle. "I hear steps. Steps!" said The Man. "Heavy steps outside. have stopped. Someone is ringing. It is my death knell." "Quite likely," said The Bottle.
"Coming—up—the—stairs," s

"Along-the-hall. My The Man. -door?' "Certainly," said The Bottle. My knife-my bloody knife. am lost—choking, dizzy. It is of no use. One is an officer. Gentlemen—

I—know. I give myself up. Take me? I committed the murder." "I helped you commit it," said The Bottle .- Elliot Walker, in Home Alcohol the Murderer.

The Registrar-General reports for England and Wales, especially during the years from 1881 to 1900, show that 110,215 died from three diseases directly due to alcohol, namely,

chronic alcoholism, delirium tremens

and cirrhosis of the liver, which is at

the rate of 188.45 persons per mil-

lion. A String of Similes. Bishop Fowler, in speaking of the liquor traffic says: "It is cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, strong as an ox, bold as a lion, merciless as a tiger, remorseless as a hyena, fierce as a pestilence and deadly as a

plague. Tennessee Growing Temperate. Tennessee allows the sale of liquor in only twelve counties out of ninety-six, and in only fourteen places in the State.

Temperance Notes. New York has 309 dry towns in

the State. North Carolina has twenty-siz dry towns. Sow whisky and you'll reap drunk-

ards .- Sam Jones. Minnesota has local option in many villages and towns. Every barroom is a recruiting office for hell .- Sam Jones.

Mississippi has eighty-two counties; sixty-six of them are "dry. Nebraska has 400 towns without harrooms and about 600 with them.



THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

Why cannot I ascend that mountain
That before me ever stands
Up against the calm blue twilight,
Bound with snowy bands?

Let, oh! let me thither hasten! Let me clamber to the brink Of that mountain; there enraptured I can rest and think.

Think! There is no more to wish for: I have gained the gaol I would: And where not another footprint Marks where man has stood, Where no mortal yet has trodden,

Where perchance none else may tread.
I can cry, Yes, I am equal
To the mighty dead!

"Fool!" doth cry the answering Spirit;
"Have no other snow heights been,
Other mountain crests unconquered,
Mightier, though unseen? "Peace, nor seek the cliffs too rashly. Be thy duty, to fulfil. Say with Christ. 'Yes, I am ready, Lord, to do Thy will.'

Should thy weakness reach that summit, Nothing brighter would there be; but more mountains, dim and distant, Stretching to the sea!

"One short life is insufficient.

Earth's rough path to safely climb;
Look to Christ that He may lead thee, Faltering child of time.

"Strive in humbler ways unweared Other souls to aid and bless, And, in righteousness possessing, All shalt thou possess."

-Miss J. B. The Bolt on the Attic Door. A mother with a large family in a small house was in the habit of declaring that she would "give up" if it were not for the bolt on the inside of

the attic storeroom door. She had bought that bolt and put it on herself -she must have been a smart woman-unknown to anyone. In among the scrapbags hanging from the rafters, and the heaps of trunks and bores, that one soul, pressing its way heavenward, found its Bethel. Most of the praying of that devoted mother had to be done afoot, or in ejaculatory manner, but now and then she could retire to that attic room, bolt the world out, and kneel at the Mas-ter's feet. Out from that attle room the mother would come, wisting not that her face shone, with a new hope in her heart and a fresh courage for living and loving, sacrificing and

serving. The bolt on the attic door, figura-tively, if not literally, may be the means of grace to many tired and toiling spirits. There are times when cares and worries must be bolted out; when the believer must say to the world with a firm resistance: "Let world with a firm resistance; "my religious hours alone!"

Christians should cultivate a cer-tain sternness in dealing with the circumstances of the state, which will stem the rising tide of worldliness with a peremptory "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther!" The duty of the Christian is to study the art of arresting worldliness—resist-ing, by the culture of the inner powers of the soul, its cumulative appeal to yield to the things of sense an homage and a service which is due only to the supersensible interests of

the immortal spirit. Be sure that you have somewhere about your home the potential Bethel of a spiritual retreat. "I will be to Israel as a little sanctuary," was the divine promise of old. Every house must have its shrine, whether it be in the study, library or attic, where the inmates oft meet with God for the renewal of their strength in the days of their pilgrimage.

It may not be necessary in a literal sense to put the bolt on the attic door, but it is always needful to put it on the heart, lest a spirit of overworldliness creep in and destroy the better instincts of the soul. He who bolts the world out will be great to conquer the world when he sweeps out on a charge with crusading hosts; he who has a little sanctuary in his home will be notably useful as a servitor of his fellow men wherever on the face of the planet his lot may be cast .- Zion's Herald.

When There is Sorrow For Sin. Salvation alone can rouse in us a sense of our sinfulness. One must have got a good way before he can be sorry for his sins. There is no condition of sorrow.

laid down as necessary to forgiveness. Repentance does not mean sorrow; it means turning away from the sins. Every man can do that, more or less; and that every man must do. The sorrow will come afterwards, all in good time. Jesus offers to take as out of our own hands into His, if we will only obey Him .- George Mac-

Neglect of Prayer. Chrysotom has said, "The just min does not desist from praying until he ceases to be just." Praying is illuin-inative and "he that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reproved."

The most ostensible mark of the sin-

ful direction of a man's life is his neglect of fellowship. Christ's Small Congregation. God's business is not to be done wholesale. Christ's greatest utterances were delivered to congrega-tions of one or two. — Dwight L

The Rest Here. What! Rest, case here! In th

Moody.

ministry or in Christian work! Ther is no rest here. Now is the time for battle, for work. Heaven will be our rest. Now is the time for study, prudent, arduous, unflinching effort .--D. L. Mcody.

Faith and Repentance. If you cannot come to Christ with faith and repentance, come to Christ for faith and repentance, for He can give them to you .- Spurgeon.

Wants All Betrothals Advertised. Senator Smith will introduce a bill in the Kansas Legislature providing that marriage engagements must be published in local papers and churches at least thirty days before the wedding. Mr. Smith declares such a law is highly satisfactory in several Euronean countries.

Berlin's 30,000 Deserted Wives. The reports show that the poor law officials have cared for 30,00 deserted wives in Berlin last year an expense of \$125,000 to the available funds.