

A FALLEN IDOL.

By FREDERIC ANSTEEY.

CHAPTER XIII. Continued.

"Look here, Nebelsen, of course I know it's all bosh; but I won't have any tricks played on me."
"If it is bosh it cannot affect you. See now, I direct my will against yours. I wish you to give me your admission ticket."

"Nonsense!" said Babcock, in a thick, sleepy tone. "Are you mad? Give you that? Well, don't make a fuss; I don't mind letting you have it to look at; not to keep, mind. I'm acting of my own free will—of my own free—there, take the ticket!"
"And now," said Nebelsen, as he took the card, and stood looking steadfastly at the uneasy Babcock, "go and sit down in that chair."
"See you—first!" spluttered Babcock. "Well, why shouldn't I sit down?" he added, as he obeyed, "it happens to be a favorite chair of mine. I was going there before you spoke. Confound you, Nebelsen, what are you doing to me? Take those eyes of yours off; take them off, I say!"
"You will not stir till it is twelve o'clock."
And he sat motionless, his prominent eyes fixed in a cataleptic stare; however Nebelsen's power may have been assisted by the fact that his subject had been recently dining, the weaker will of the two just then was certainly Babcock's.

"A thousand thanks for your so kind gift of a ticket," said the Chela, benignly. "I tell Mees Elsvort you are sleepy, and not able to come yourself. Good night!"
Babcock probably heard and understood, but he made no answer, and Nebelsen shut the door with a guttural laugh at the success of his experiment.

That evening the rows of guests who line each side of the vestibule at Academy soirees and lend such suggestions of landing at Folkestone to the ceremony of reception were much entertained by the demeanor of a spectacled foreigner, with a short and spiky beard, whose appearance, as he bowed to the president, provoked discreet but hearty merriment behind the shrubs.

It is never very easy to find the right person in a crush, nor are the Academy rooms adapted to the pursuit. Nebelsen made his way painfully from room to room, with a tormenting conviction that his object was always a room ahead of him, and then, just when he had given up in despair, he saw her behind a marble group in the Sculpture Gallery.

Sybil, too, had been scanning faces with slowly waning hopes. Why did not Ronald come? Surely nothing would have kept him away that night, if all were well.

So her face lighted up at the sight of that queer-looking friend of his, and he welcomed the greeting as a favorable sign. "You have something to say to me, haven't you?" she said, taking advantage of the fact that her aunt was too far away to hear. "I think I should like an ice or something, if you can take me out of this crush. Mr. Perceval, will you tell my aunt that I shall be back almost directly?" And before Mrs. Staniland, who, on her side, was impatiently expecting the twice defaulting Babcock, could notice what was happening, Nebelsen, with no very clear idea where he was going, was mounting a staircase by Sybil's side.

Sybil seemed to him more enchanting than ever that evening, and he was beginning to expand with triumph at the idea of having outwitted Babcock, when her first words somewhat dashed his confidence.

"You do come from him, don't you?" she said. "Ah! I knew it. No—no ice, thank you" (they were passing a buffet at the head of the stairs). "See, this library looks quiet. Now tell me—why isn't he here?"

"He was a leedle sleepier after his dinner," he said; "he ask me to make his apology."
"Herr Nebelsen!" cried Sybil, "I can't believe that—you are deceiving me! something—some misfortune has happened to him—please tell me all!"
"No, no, he is quite well—there has nothing happened, and ach! Mees Elsvort, beleaf me, he is not worthy for you so much to care!"

"You are against him, too! I thought you were his friend."
"Not any longer—he has done it himself. And I am afraid I shall make you angry, and yet—if you only could tell me it is not for you felt for Mr. Babcock?"

Had any one else asked such a question she would have been angry, but Nebelsen had a child's naive unconsciousness of offending. "You've no right to any answer when you put such questions as that," she said, "still, just this once I will satisfy your curiosity. Mr. Babcock is nothing to me—do you understand—nothing!"

"Ach! how you make me glad," he exclaimed, with a deep sigh of relief, which Sybil imagined was on Campion's account.

"Then Ro—Mr. Campion has not told you?" she said. "I thought you came from him. You know we were once engaged, and then it was broken off, and I shall always be very, very grateful to you because you first made me suspect that there might be an excuse for him I could never have dreamed of. And now I am sure of it, and—and we met this afternoon, and everything is as it used to be."
The poor man's castle came rattling down about his ears. Perhaps it was the dust it made that choked and blinded him for a few moments.

"No," he said, "I did not know—I did not know that."
"Yes, And, Herr Nebelsen," she added anxiously, "he was to have been here to-night, but it is so late, and I can't help feeling uneasy, even when he has got rid of the idol at last."
"How got rid?" inquired Nebelsen;

and Sybil told him what she had been told herself.
"I tell you, nefer will he get rid of it in such way; it will come back every time more and more angry," he said, when he had heard her story. "He will not understand what it wants, and I myself, I can only guess."
A great foreshadowing of evil had come over her, and Ronald's failure to keep his word seemed more and more significant; she was restless, feverish with the dread of what might even now be taking place, and Nebelsen was the only person who understood her terrors in the least.

"Will you go to Mr. Campion at once and warn him of all you suspect? If you wait till to-morrow you may not be in time. Dear Herr Nebelsen, tell me you will go to-night!"
"It is late now," he said, "past twelve—but if it is your wish, I go."

CHAPTER XIV. Antaeus the Second.

For some time after recognizing the unpalatable fact that the idol possessed a "homing instinct" far surpassing that of the most domestic cat, Campion sat and stared at it with blank and intense disgust.

He wrapped the image in the piece of drapery which had already been spoiled in its service, and, providing himself with a palette-knife as the best implement at his disposal, he went out into the weedy little plot of ground in front of his house and began his task.

It was a close, airless night, with a murky sky through which the very moon looked hot and flushed. Campion found it warmer and more difficult work than he had imagined to dig with such a substitute as he had for a trowel. However, he scratched up the mold in little showers as well as he could, and while thus engaged he heard the heavy booted tramp of a night constable ringing down the flags of that quiet road.

Campion did not disturb himself. There is no police regulation forbidding a man to bury any of his household gods in his garden; it may be eccentric, but it is not unlawful. So he hummed, like Juvenal's penniless traveler.

The steps came nearer. Now and then the constable stopped to try a gate, or flash his bull's-eye through a keyhole, or listen at areas, but at last, just as Campion had constructed a really handsome hole for the idol's reception, the steps paused at his own gate, and a patch of light from the lantern danced over the garden and up the house front.

"What are you doing in there, eh?" said a voice across the railings.
"Well," said Campion, "I don't suppose you would ever guess."
"I guess you can't be up to any good at this time of night, if that's what you mean."
"Why," cried Campion, with sudden recognition, "I ought to know that voice. Isn't your name Yarker?"

"Quite correct, sir, Mrs. Staniland's man that was. And I recognize you now, Mr. Campion, sir. But without wishing to make trouble, I don't recognize what business you can have inside of another party's front garden."
"But it's my own garden—this is my house! Have you forgotten that in your new duties?"
"I can't say," said Yarker, loftily, "that I ever give the subject much attention, beyond knowing you were an artist. You see, when I was at Sussex Place I always used to bear a sort of prejudice like against you, not for what you was, for I'm one of them that draws no distinction in that way. If a man feels he can't get a living in any other way except as an artist, let him be an artist, I say. I don't blame him for it."
"Those are broad views, Yarker," observed Campion.

He had elaborated his hole and was preparing to deposit the idol at the bottom of it, when a horrible thing happened; the thing moved—moved under the wrappings in his hand.

He dropped it as if it had bitten him. "As a matter of fact," he continued, "without knowing what he was saying, 'I'm only doing what I have a perfect right to do in my own interests; every householder can—abate a nuisance, I think you call it. But I am keeping you."
"No, you are not keeping me, thank you, sir," said Yarker, cheerfully. "As I said, a little conversation is a treat to me. Did you say you was a—biting something, sir, for a nuisance—a trap, I take it?"

"Yes," said Campion, stealthily putting out his hand to assure himself by touch that his imagination had deceived him, and that nothing stirred inside the drapery.
"I suppose now," he continued, not knowing how he was to get rid of the official, and seeking desperately for a safer topic—"I suppose you have a good many opportunities of studying—ah—astronomy on your beat?"

"Oh, I've read in my time, mind you, and it's wonderful how much more a man finds he knows than he thinks he did when he numbers off like. But there, I get a-talking, and all the time I never asked you what it was you was trapping."
"Drains!" said Campion, wildly; "my garden's overrun with them!"
"You needn't answer me back like that," said Yarker; "if I'm willing to talk free and familiar, it isn't for you to take advantage of it. I asked a civil question, and if you're going to talk flippant, it's time I left you to yourself and went on with my rounds."
To Campion's intense delight he moved slowly away, obviously insulted.

"Good evening," said Campion, and his heart leaped. It leaped as far as his mouth the next moment, however, for suddenly, just as the constable was moving off for the last time there

arose a wild, muffled wail, as startling as the night scream of a peacock.

"Hello!" said Yarker, stopping, "where did that come from?"
As if to set the point beyond dispute the horrible thing inside the wrappings began to howl and roar with renewed vigor, and Yarker stepped back to the railings and turned his lantern full upon the bundle.
"What's those stains?" he said.
"Faint," said Ronald, for the stuff still retained the color that had been wiped from the idol's face.

"Ha!" cried Yarker, and he undid the gate and stalked round to where Campion sat helpless on the worn turf, wondering if he was going mad.
"Now I'm not going to have any more nonsense about this," he said, with a complete change of manner—the butler was merged into the constable with a yearning for distinction—an honorable indorsement on the charge sheet and promotion—"that's blood, that is, and you know it. Open that bundle, Mr. Campion."
With a grim anticipation of Yarker's astonishment when he saw the idol, Campion unfolded the drapery, and, as he did so, rose to his feet with a hoarse cry.

The rays of Yarker's lantern fell directly upon the bundle, revealing a sight at which Campion felt his brain swim. The idol was alive—or rather, in its place was a changeling which in some grotesque fashion resembled it. As Campion stared, fascinated, into its smooth, yellowed face, the eyelids slowly went up and two cold, glassy eyes returned his gaze with a steady malevolence, and then the whole face worked, and the thing broke out anew into a sounding bell.

"So that's what you were after, eh?" said Yarker. "Oh, depravity, depravity!"
"You can't be more surprised than I am," said poor Campion; "I don't know what makes it go on like this."
"Enough to make it, I should think, when in another five minutes it would have been all over with it. Mr. Campion, I couldn't have believed it of you—what harm did that pore innocent ever do to you?"

Campion kept an obstinate silence; he was the innocent one of the two, but of what use would it be to tell a policeman so? He began to realize that, at last, the idol was roused—that he was on the brink of a terrible scrape.

"It's a mistake, I tell you—a mistake," he faltered.
"You're right," said Yarker. "You see what comes of leading a nasty idle life. There'd have been murder done if I hadn't happened, by a lucky Providence, to be passing—if you haven't been jabbing at it with that knife already, as it is. This is a bad business, but I must do my duty. I arrest you on a charge of attempting child-murder, and anything you may say now is liable to be taken down and used against you. Now, sir, come along with me quiet."

"Yarker, my good fellow," he protested, "you're all wrong—do you hear? It's not what you think—you can't mean to get me locked up!"

"Now, am I to sound my whistle and bring my mate from Marlborough Road, or will you come pleasantly like a gentleman, arm in arm along of me?"
"Let me go in and leave a message with my man," urged Campion.
"Not if I know it—you can send messages to-morrow—once more, do you want me to whistle?"
Campion had to submit. He was gladness, where he was known and would be tracked at once; besides escape would be an admission of his guilt.

"Yarker," he said, impressively, "I give you my word you will not be defeating the ends of justice in any way; you will not harm a living soul if you let yourself be persuaded by me now to take a sovereign—I mean a five-pound—or rather, a ten-pound note—and—go away and think no more of this little incident."
"You were not quite so proficient with your tips at Sussex Place," said Yarker. "No, sir, there's things as can't be squared not at no price. Excuse me, while I make a note of what you said; 'incident' was the term you employed, I think? Thank you, sir. Now I'm ready, and we'll be jogging along."
"I'll come quietly," said Campion, with a groan. "Spare me as much as you can."
To be Continued.

Spotting the Invisible.

German military authorities are experimenting with a device by which the location of troops using smokeless powder may be easily discovered. By this device it is proposed to survey the landscape through pale red glasses. The flash of smokeless powder appears strong in red light, while ordinary objects are dimmed. By furnishing field glasses with the device in question, which is provided with screens of the proper tint, the position of concealed marksmen can be detected.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Perverted Proverbs.

In onlon there is strength.
S-rents are the juices of adversity.
Cosmetics cover a multitude of skins.
A soft director turneth away graft.
Hell hath no fury like a woman's corn.
A wise hobet maketh a glad party.
A fat rebates is rather to be chosen than straight profits.
A woman is known by the cooks she cannot keep.
Fools invest where angels fall to swim.—Saturday Night.

Great Canal Opened.

A great canal which drains the two Italian provinces of Mantua and Reggio and discharges into the River Po, has just been opened. For five years 6000 men have been employed in digging the big ditch.

The Rev. W. Arthur Noble, of Korea, has one of the largest districts in Methodism. Recently he walked 300 miles, the churches in one section of his district being near enough for him to do this.

The thin paper on which the Oxford Bible is printed is made after a secret process by the Oxford University Press. The secret is valued at \$1,250,000.

POPULAR SCIENCE

A laboratory for the teaching of electric science has been established in Manila by the Jesuit Fathers.

According to Professor Berthold, of Vienna, a man's intelligence, honesty and good nature are in proportion to his portliness. His brain expands with his body, so that a stout man is, as a rule, more intelligent than a thin man.

A Kansas gas man who has spent years in the business makes the statement that natural gas is capricious and that men who have studied it all their lives give up in despair when it comes to explaining the whys and wherefores of some of its ways.

Shingles are now made under a patented process from asbestos fibre and portland cement. Owing to the enormous pressure under which the shingles are manufactured, it is said that they absorb, when fresh, only about five per cent. of their weight of water; and when exposed to the atmosphere for a year or two that hydration and subsequent crystallization make them absolutely impermeable.

A pint bottle, which seems to be empty, in reality contains eleven grains of air. The same bottle would hold something more than 9000 grains of water, if water were poured into it in place of air. Water is, therefore 840 times heavier than air.

Instead of having fusible plugs in the bottom of a boiler over the fire, it is proposed by an English engineer to place a small pipe inside the shell having one end closed by being sealed to the shell by a suitable fusible metal. The other end passes through the shell and is furnished with a cock, or it may be led to an alarm or to a feed pump. When the water falls below the safety point the rise of temperature in the boiler acts in the usual way on the fusible metal, but the pipe being protected from the heat of the fire escapes injury, and when the cock is closed the boiler can be used for steam raising without stoppage for insertion of a new plug.

The lower atmosphere and the upper atmosphere are believed by Professor J. Hann to be two very different gaseous mixtures. At the earth's surface the composition is: Nitrogen, 78.03; oxygen, 20.99; argon, 0.94; carbonic acid, 0.03; hydrogen, 0.01; neon, 0.0015; helium, 0.00015; krypton, 0.00010. At a height of twenty kilometres (12.43 miles) he finds the nitrogen increased to 84.34 per cent., with 15.19 of oxygen. At 100 kilometres, with a probable temperature of eighty degrees below zero Cent., the hydrogen seems increased to 99.45 per cent., with 0.453 of helium, and only 0.099 of nitrogen.

ORANGE TREE MOVES NORTH.

Botanists Attempting to Produce Hardy Variety of Citrus.

Botanists in the employ of the United States Department of Agriculture hope to bring into being an orange tree which will be as sturdy as the apple tree; an orange tree that will not perish in the chill of northern winter, which in December will bear its wreath of snow and in May its garlands of bloom, and when summer comes will yield fruit as good as that sweetened in the south sun.

This may seem to be an unnatural proposition, says the Technical World, but it only seems so. No violence upon the laws of nature has been or will be attempted. It is simply an effort to make the citrus tree which bears the sweet table orange as hardy and insensible to cold as the citrus tree which bears the bitter, unedible orange. By crossing a citrus tree which grows in the north and which bears an unedible fruit with the citrus tree of the south it is sought to beget a plant in which will be combined the good traits of each.

Government botanists are confident that the results of this citrus marriage will be a scion that will grow and fruit at a latitude midway between the northern limits of the sweet and the bitter orange. If this should be there might be orange groves in Central Virginia, Middle Kentucky, Southern Indiana, Southern Illinois, Central Missouri and Central Kansas. Think of orange groves around the homes of Richmond, Louisville, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Kansas City!

An Analogy.

In the late financial stringency a clerk in one of the New York banks was trying to explain to a stolid old Dutchman why the bank could not pay cash to depositors as formerly, and was insisting that he be satisfied with Clearing House checks. But the old man could not grasp the situation, and finally the president of the bank was called upon to enlighten the dissatisfied customer. After a detailed explanation of the financial situation the president concluded, "Now, my good man, you understand, don't you?"

"Yes," dubiously replied the Dutchman, "I think I understand. It's just like this: ven my baby wakes up in der night and cries for milk, I give her an lk ticket."—Harper's Weekly.

Not a Question of Locality.

The truth is that there is too much talk about the women in one city or State being better than the women in some other city or State. Not but they all deserve the highest praise that can be bestowed upon them, but because it sometimes is made to appear that any American wife falls short in some way of being good enough for the man who gets her.

The goodness and the loveliness of our women should not be made a local question at all. Nor should the choice of a wife be permitted to degenerate into a sectional question—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

OUR LOSSES BY FIRE.

Waste That Could Be Prevented by Proper Construction.

Too many buildings burn down in this country. In 1898, the cost of fire, including not only property destroyed, but insurance, the maintenance of fire departments, etc., was over \$500,000,000. In the same year the building operations of the leading cities amounted to about \$650,000,000. On the face of it, eighty per cent. of the new building construction was offset by fire cost. Herbert M. Wilson, of the National Geological Survey, says on this point:

"This fire tax exceeds the total annual value of gold, silver and coal production. The annual fire loss in the United States is, according to the National Board of Underwriters, \$2.47 per capita, while the average annual loss in six large European countries is only \$0.33 per capita, or one-eighth that of the United States. The greater part of this immense waste could be prevented by proper construction of houses, factories and business buildings. Such construction would not only cost little more than the prevalent combustible buildings in the first place, but also would result in real economy in the long run."

The same excuse will be given for this poor showing, as compared with our neighbors abroad, that is given for the fact that mining accidents, railroad accidents and homicides are several times more numerous per capita in this country than in the most enlightened countries of Europe, and that our architecture is less attractive—namely, that we are a "young nation." But railroad building began in this country at the same time that it did abroad; most of the mines that are worked since this country took the field; the buildings that give European cities their attractions are nearly all of modern erection—of later date than the brownstones of Murray Hill—and with more wealth collectively and individually we have the means to build well and safely.

Whether it is a young nation or not, there are several respects in which this country is old enough to know better.—New York Mail.

Effects of Perfumes.

A great deal has been said and written about the use of perfumes both in support of and against, but the point always raised is merely whether or not it is good taste. A question seldom touched upon is the fact that perfumes have a certain medicinal property or value.

The ancients recognized this medicinal quality, and one of the Latin writers has put more than a hundred different scents on record as remedies for various diseases. Among these the violet is given a place higher than any other flower. To possess this medicinal value it is, of course, essential that the essence should be pure and made from the flower. A large percentage of the violet water on the market is only a chemical imitation, and most chemical compound perfumes are irritating to the nerves, if not positively harmful.

The idea which our grandmothers had of scenting the sheets with lavender was merely carrying out the old idea that lavender soothes the nerves, and is a great sleep-promoter. Some refreshing perfumes are stimulating, but lavender combines refreshment and relaxation.

Another perfume which has a distinct medicinal value is jasmine. Old writers suggest it as a general tonic, but add the warning that, though most beneficial when taken alone, it is in most compounds injurious, producing nerve exhaustion and profound depression.

Chemists find many interesting experiments in the compounding of scents. Almost all perfumes have as a basis ambergris of civet, and while these ingredients are most essential great care must be observed in their use, as a grain too much will make the scent distressingly irritating to the wearer, to say nothing of harmless bystanders.

There are many persons who cannot stand the scent of some particular flower, which to people in general is most agreeable. The most striking illustration of the effect of a scent is seen in the case of a person suffering from hay-fever or rose-fever.

Another little-known characteristic of scents is the quickness with which they will awaken a soundly sleeping person, even when repeated calling or even shaking has failed to do so. As a rule, a person who is awakened by an agreeable scent, a delicate perfume, will rise in a cheerful mood.—Harper's Weekly.

County of Long Distances.

The election judges for the northeast precincts in Butte County will have a nice mileage claim to present to that county for the delivery of the ballot boxes. Judges from two of the precincts in that county went through this city with the boxes on their way to Belle Fourche. Making the trip by way of Aberdeen, Huron, Pierre to Belle Fourche, it is a distance of about 600 miles.

It was either a trip that way by rail or one of 150 miles across country by team, and they selected the rail trip as the shortest, as heavy rains have badly swollen the streams which they would have been compelled to cross by driving, with the chances of waiting several days for the streams to go down to allow them to continue their journey.—Pierre Correspondence St. Paul Dispatch.

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RELIGIOUS READING FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

SCATTER FLOWERS AMONG THE LIVING.

Scatter flowers among the living. Do not save all for the dead; they no longer need their fragrance. Resting in their narrow bed, they are with the blessed angels. Where the flowers never fade! Clothed in garments pure and spotless, in the mansions God hath made.

Some are bent with heavy burdens, As they journey on life's road; May we not strew sweetest blossoms If we carry half their load? Then the God who watches over us, He who knoweth every thought, He will send us many blessings, With the sweetest fragrance fraught.

May the sunshine on our faces Shine upon some face that's sad! It may help to banish sorrow, It may help to make them glad. Give to them the choicest blossoms, Some of kindness, some of love; Help them feel there's hope remaining, Point them to the home above.

—M. L. French, in the Christian Herald.

The Cost of Economy.

And King David said to Ornan, Nay, but I will buy it of thee for the full price.—I. Chronicles 21:24.

Thus did one man decline to take advantage of what the world would call a "bargain." Such refusal, however, might be little better than quixotic. One needs a good reason when he persists in making things costly to himself. David evidently thought he had such reason.

He had gone up to Ornan's threshing floor for the purpose of there erecting an altar at his own expense. The shame of his recent crime was so keen that he was willing to pay any reasonable price for expiation. Judge then his surprise to be offered the property without cost to himself. What a chance to economize!

But David knew a thing that we sometimes forget. The soul's processes can never be cheapened. To shave the cost of one's altar is to cheat oneself. Life has no real short cuts to triumph. God appoints no bargain days on which the shrewd trader may enrich himself at the expense of the Almighty. To attempt the payment of one's spiritual debts in the property of another, to offer the sacrifices of a contrite heart without personal drain, is a specious fraud.

What is the "spoiling" of a child? What but the payment by parents of the price which the child ought to pay? "My child does not know the meaning of self-denial," said a mother overfond. "Fity such child! Missing the meaning of self-denial he will miss all the real prizes of life. I knew a young man who made a "hit" at his first public venture. But that first hit was his last; he has never found the range since. Easy success ruined him. The short cut was a blind alley. The sorriest thing that ever happened to Coleridge was when his friends guaranteed him against a rainy day. His muse sickened with the absence of bracing adversity. Hardship had kept his soul awake, but ease drugged him. Oh, the cheats we practice against ourselves by our economies!"

The last place for a man to save money is on his gifts. Let him wear the old overcoat another season, if need be; let him reduce the length of his bill of fare; let him save the cost of those airy affairs which love builds. The dearest economies we ever practice are those which touch our benefactions. Our loss is greater than that of the cause we refuse to help. Charity can better stand my withholding of help than I can stand withholding it. To let another do my giving is to let him have my blessing. If Ornan is my altar for me he also takes my joy.

That man who asks how much he must give up in order to be a good man has gotten hold of the wrong end of the matter. The question is rather how good he wants to be. A disciple who finds that his path includes no crosses may well pause to ask, which master he is following. Life's real altar represents the shedding of blood. To repeat, then, David's great renunciation at Ornan's threshing floor, to hold bravely to the sacrificial quality of human life at its best, to refuse all ignoble lightening of loads, to bleed that we may bless—in spite of all complacent voices to the contrary—this is one of the rich truths of life.—George Clarke Peck, St. Andrew's M. E. Church, in the New York Sunday Herald.

Character is Everything.

Saints are made by saints not doing extraordinary or uncommon things in an uncommon way, on uncommonly high principles, in an uncommonly self-sacrificing spirit. Be sure that this is the only substantial thing.

The bits of knowledge that we call our learning, the bits of property that we call our wealth, the momentary vanities of delight that we call the conquests of social life—how swiftly they hurry to their graves, or are lost in forgetfulness! Nothing, nothing else but character survives, and character is Christ formed within. Character is a symmetrical growth, having its roots in unseen realities, and its conscious source in the living God, and its perpetually replenished supply by communion with Him. There cannot be a developed and healthy saint without a constant putting forth of vitality and vigor in a principled activity of use and exercise of righteousness.—Huntington.

Power.

Very few men have been able to keep their balance when invested with power. Power is dangerous—men thirst for it; they perjure themselves for it; they will compromise for it, and be destroyed by it at last.—The Rev. C. F. Wimberly, Methodist, Louisville.

Wealth.

Some of the best friends God ever had in this world were rich men.—The Rev. S. B. Dexter, Aurora, Ill.

Oleo Regulations Stand.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, of Washington, D. C., after hearing representations of oleomargarine and dairy interests regarding the placing of the Government mark of inspection on oleomargarine, announced that the recent regulations requiring the mark, as promulgated by the department, would stand, the statute being clear and admitting of but one construction.

Balloon Crosses Alps.

The Swiss Aero Club's balloon Coggach succeeded in crossing the Alps.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTARS FOR AUGUST 9.

Subject: David and Goliath, 1 Samuel 17:1, 18:5—Golden Text, Ps. 11:1—Commit Verses 48, 49—Commentary.

TIME.—1063 B. C. PLACE.—Valle of Elah.

EXPOSITION.—The Goliath's Boasting, 38-44. I. Goliath of Gath had filled the hearts of the whole army with dismay (vs. 11, 24, 32), but young David had no fear. The eyes of all the rest of Israel were upon themselves. The eyes of David were upon God (v. 37). This was the one secret of David's courage, assurance and victory. It is the secret of all true courage and victory. Saul also had been at one time a man of dauntless courage, but the Spirit of God had now departed from him and he was as big a coward as any in Israel (cf. ch. 16:14). David, relying upon Jehovah, proposed to go and fight the mighty giant single-handed. To cool common sense his proposition seemed the height of absurdity. There was much about Goliath to fill David with fear (vs. 4-8). David had taken all these things into account, but he was not afraid; for Jehovah was his salvation and his strength (cf. Ps. 27:1-3). If we truly trust in the LORD we will never be afraid, no matter though the odds against us seem to be overwhelming (Isa. 12:2; Ro. 8:31). Even Saul sought to dissuade him (v. 33). When God calls any one of us to fight some Goliath some kindly intentioned Saul is sure to say, "Thou art not able" (cf. Phil. 4:13). It was a good argument that David brought forward to answer the argument of unbelief (vs. 34-37). We may wisely trust the God who has delivered us in the past to also deliver us in the present and the man of faith (v. 38). David was confident, furthermore, that Goliath was doomed to defeat because he had defied the living God (vs. 26, 36). Saul sought to help David by clothing him with his own apparel and armor. But the intended help proved a real hindrance. It is impossible to fight the battles and win the victories of faith with Saul's armor (2 Cor. 10:4). When Saul's armor was forced to say, "I cannot go with these," when the church tries the world's weapons it is sure to find out that it "cannot go with these." When he found that he could not go with Saul's armor he very wisely "put them off him." He took the weapons with which he was familiar. When God calls a man He is very likely to use the weapons He finds in the man of faith (v. 39).

David's preparation seemed utterly insufficient to meet a giant with. In reality David had four more stones than he needed. God had chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty (1 Cor. 1:27). Saul's armor seemed a much better preparation for such a fight than David's sling, but David's sling proved to be a better preparation than Saul's armor. A few well chosen stones from God's word are a much better preparation to cope with the modern Goliaths of infidelity than Saul's armor and sword of learning and wit and eloquence. Saul's armor is spoiling many a David in these days. The Philistine regarded David with utter disdain. "That is the way in which the Philistine usually regarded his champion. But the Philistine's disdain turned out very badly for the Philistine himself. Goliath's disdain did not hurt David's feelings very much, because David knew who would win. The disdain of the world is a small thing to the intelligent believer.

II. David's Victory, 45-49. All Israel had been frightened by Goliath's boasts. Many a pious Christian in these days is terribly frightened by the blatant boasts of a materialist, but the man of faith is not at all disturbed by all this bluster. David was not frightened simply because his whole trust was "in the name of the LORD of hosts." David's answer is well worth studying. Our answer to the boasts of unbelieftoday ought to be the same. To the eye of sense "a sword" and "a spear" and "a javelin" seemed like a better equipment than "the name of the LORD of hosts," but when any man can truly say that he goes into battle "in the name of the LORD of hosts," his victory is sure. Jehovah is "the God of the armies of Israel." David made a great deal of the fact that Goliath had defied the Lord (v. 45; cf. vs. 26, 36). Calmly, bravely, David declared to Goliath the sure credit to himself. He said, "The Lord will deliver thee into my hand." David knew that by faith alone there was nothing for sense to build upon (cf. Heb. 11:1). David would smite Goliath not because of any strength of his own, but only because God had promised to smite him into the dust. David would do to Goliath "the host of the Philistines" just what Goliath had boasted that he would do to David (v. 46; cf. v. 44). God's purpose in giving this great victory to David was not merely to magnify David, but "that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel." David was not aiming at his own honor but at Jehovah's; but he got great honor for himself (ch. 18:6, 7).

Israel needed to learn a lesson as well as the world (v. 47, R. V.). The church needs to learn that lesson today. The battle is the Lord's, it is in His hands.