CHAPTER XVL

He was prepared to make even

risk any harm to Sybil's dear head. Babcock burst into a sneering laugh. "You may have pressing rea-

sons for getting beyond the jurisdiction," he said, "but I doubt if you and the idol will get much further than Monaco.

"Ach!" retorted Nebelsen, "even now you do not beleaf!"

"Well," said Babcock, "there may be a ghostly tirthankar ramping about in Campion's studio, but we've only your word for it!"

"It is only through two doors," said the Chela, "go and see for your self, if you dare!"

"Thanks very much," said Babcock, "but it's no business of mine. I see no necessity for moving. Perhaps the colonel-will step down and see bogie, eh, colonel?"

"I will not, sir," said the colonel testily: "I don't give any opinion one way or the other-but unless I proposed to face that thing, I see nothing very courageous in sneering at it behind its back. I wish it was over somehow.'

"Let us go, Nebelsen, said Campion, but Sybil stopped them.

"Oh, think first what you are going to do!" she cried. "Herr Nebelsen, how can it be right to lend yourselves to help that idol to deceive more peo-What good can ever come of

"No goot," said Nebelsen, "it is the only way, that is all."

"There are other ways," she re joined, "if you have not been mistaken in your powers. Didn't you tell us there were magnetic currents along which you could send things for immense distances wherever you wished? Why can't you send him by one of those?"

"He does not want to go that way," said the Chela, "and it is not surbrising, for you see I haf not had great bractice with the gurrents; sometimes they will not altogether vork, and the magnetical force stream will into gontact with some oder com, and so the body which was committed to it is not found to arrive, but instead flies off into trackless Gosmic space regions."

"But that wouldn't matter to us!" said Sybil, "it would be all the better -he couldn't do any harm in trackless space!"

"Nebelsen," said Campion, "you know how far your powers go, but it i seems to me this accomplishment gives you the upper hand of the idol altogether. Why, you can project him where you like-to Fusi-yama, Chimborazo, the North Pole, anywhere-and if he goes off the track, why, that's his affair!"

Nebelsen hung back. "I am sure my Mahatma would not approve," he objected.

"If he approved of your plan, he'll approve of this," said Campion, impatiently; "come back with me now,

Nebelsen and do it." The Chela pulled himself together. "What I can do I will do," he said.

"I cannot do any more—let us go." Without trusting himself to speak to Sybil, Campion left the room with Nebelsen. There was a little passage between the door they had left and that which opened upon the painting room, and in this passage Campion felt himself seized violently by the arm, and heard Nebelsen whisper through the gloom:

"I could not tell her," he said in the greatest agitation, "this thing that she wants me to do-but-

"But what?" said Campion, as he hesitated painfully.

"I can treaten at him, of gourse, and if you wish it, I will-but if he takes me at the vord-I haf quite forgotten how it is done!"

Campion gave a short laugh "Well, we're in for it now, Nebelsen," he said dryly, "and under the circumstances, I think I'll ask you to go in

CHAPTER XVII.

Brutum Fulmen.

Campion's state of mind as he followed Nebelsen down into the painting room was curiously contradictory He could not divest himself of a feeling of awe at what he might be confronted with in another moment; at the same time he had an angry susof. He could see nothing, for it was almost as dark as night, and besides, a large folding screen stood at the foot of the steps intercepting his view. Behind this screen Nebelsen made a fresh stand. "There is yet theory? Had the spirit of this long dextrine has taken its place."-Bosanoder thing," he whispered; "to dead Indian occultist used his old ton Cooking School Magazine. transbort that idol he must first be mastery over the powers of nature in the hands taken!"

"Well," said Campion, I'll fetch it

for you, if that's all." "But you don't understand," exclaimed Nebelsen, "that is shust a even more important point-had Pittsburg Dispatch. Early in the thing what the tirthankar will never there ever been a ghostly tirthankar

"Well, we can't skulk behind here much longer," said Campion, reck- to it by the dusky and esoteric Chowlessly, "let us come out in the open kydaree Loll? These are questions and have it out with whatever it is which everyone will decide for himthat's there! Never mind if you can do the thing or not, Nebelsen, tell and capacity for the marvelous, and, him you will, and see if bluster won't

make him climb down!" "So-I will bloster as goot as I can," said Chela, "but my plan is explanation of his mysterious woes-

And Campion, not without a sense to the fact that he has never troubled of shame, came out and stepped in- himself to try. stinctively inside the charcoal diagram of the floor, "il ne croyait pas," perhaps "mais il craignait," in spite

Through the open north window the sky showed a deep and murky red, and in the intense gloom below he could just make out the form of the idol squatting on a chair in the corner, its head and one shoulder touched by such light as there was, It seemed to sit there in deadly com- gather what it was you did do."

posure, like some cold, venomous creature pausing to strike more surely, and though he could see no sign of any other presence in the room such an ass of himself rather than he had a consciousness which he could not account for that something malign was watching there in the

> shadow Nebelsen seemed to have braced his nerves completely. "See!" he cried, with an accent almost of triumph, "did I not tell you? And now

you yourself can see!"
"What? where?" cried Campion, with an involuntary start.

"There in the corner-behind the idol, floating cross legged in the air as in you picture-there, with his evil gray face and the white eyes which so angrily roll!"

"I see nothing," said Campion; and the Chela, gripping his friend's wrist in his cold fingers, began to roll out long and unintelligible words, which seemed to Campion to have a defiant ring in them.

"He is moved!" he cried, "now you can see-you must see how he brandishes with his arms!'

But whether Campion's eyes saw any clearer than before will never be known for certain now - his lips have ever since been sealed upon the subject.

However this may be, there is at least no mystery as to what took place next. As the two men stood there, a shaft of intense light made a purplish glare on the darkness, and almost at the same instant the heavily charged clouds overhead rushed together with an explosion which shook the earth, and the echo crashed, boomed, rolled, with sundry capricious relapses and recoveries, making a mad circuit, as it seemed, of the entire solar system, and then ceased abruptly with a far off metallic clank-as though it had cannoned into Mars, whereupon the long stagnant air shivered and began to circulate once more.

Campion, on whose retina the jagged flash seemed indelibly branded, reeled back against the cabinet with a horrible fear that he had lost his eyesight-but from this he was presently relieved by seeing Sybil and the others around him.

"Oh!" cried Sybil, piteously, "the lightning has struck him-I was sure it had!" but he was promptly able to reassure them.

"And is poor Mr. Nebelsen safe, too?" inquired Mrs. Staniland. It had grown somewhat lighter and, on turning round, they all saw the Chela huddled up inside his mys-

tic diagram, motionless, his face hidden in his arms. "Oh, don't touch him!" cried Mrs. Staniland: "don't let me see his face.

He's dead. I know he is!"

And the same thought seized them all-until the Chela slowly rose with a dazed look. "Where am I?" he stammered; "ah, I remember. I haf in a trance state been. Mees Elsvort, you will is accomplished. cursed idol is now safely on the top of Cotopaxi landed. I myself haf sen him arrive. For once the current has successfully worked."

"My dear good Nebelsen," said Babcock, from the other end of the room. "I don't want to ask rude questions-but some of it at all events seems to have been left behind-look there!"

The chair on which the idol had lately been placed was now a blasted and collapsed wreck, and all around it were scattered half-fused fragments of some spar like substance.

"See," said Babcock, "this looks like its ugly head, and here's a bit of its pedestal, with a sort of tiger scratched on it, and there's a foot and hand-looks as if it had got on the wrong current and run into something, Nebelsen, eh?"

The Chelsa folded his arms calmly, without appearing to be at all put out by this slight inconsistency. remember now more clearly," he said, 'the other was a vision only. I treated him with Cotapaxi-and it was enoff. He threw up his cardsgame, and in degnair he invoked that lightning-and then, as you see, was shaddered into pieces.'

"And where is the-the gentleman himself now?" inquired the colonel, who had certainly lost some of his

color. "The fake tirthankar-geist?" said Nebelsen. "Oh, now that there is no Starch is very hard to digest. longer his idol to care for, he cannot any more hold together. He is dissolved, degombosed, and once again picion that he was being made a fool | into mighty Magrogesm reabsorbed." "And a deuced good thing, too,"

said the colonel. A conclusion with which few, perhaps, will be found to the starch to dextrine. That, in fact, disagree.

What can be said of Nebelsen's to effect his final annihilation? Or had he intended to call down lightning to avenge him, and instead been hoist with his own petard? Or-an at all in attendance upon that particular idol, or was the story adapted self according to his own inclination whatever flaws may exist in Nebelsen's theory, Campion has not as yet succeeded in finding a more plausible though, to be sure, this may be due

Sybil, at all events, was not inclined just then to underrate Nebelsen's services. She went to him and held out her hand. "We are very

grateful to you," she said, smiling.
"It is noding," said the Chela, with becoming modesty; "at least-it was annual tax of ten yen (\$5) is entitled

not moch." Babcock but on his glasses. "You'll excuse my impertinent curiosity," he said, "but even now I can't quite more than 6000 women. Several of

"I did those," he said, proudly indicating the shattered idc.

"Unless you mean that you ordered the thunderstorm-in which case no one of course can very well contradict you," said Babcocle, "that strikes me as rather a strong assertion. Come, isn't it just barely possible that that palette knife I see on the floor there attracted the lightning?"

"I will not reply to such absurd and fanciful subbosition," said Nebelsen, with much dignity.

"Well, I must say," said the colonel, who now that it was lighter and the storm was already growing in the distance, had veered round to his former incredulity, "that seems a plain straightforwoard way to account for it. Fact is, all this thunder in the air upset our nerves a bit, don't you think so, Mr. Campion?"

Campion laid his hand on Nebelsen's shoulder. "I don't know," he said; "I was frightened enough just now. I can't pooh-pooh the danger quite so soon. I want a little more time before I forget all the trouble

Mr. Nebelsen took on my behalf." "Gleichviel," said the Chela, "so you are safed, what madder whose is the gredit? But now," he added, "I must say good-by, and for efer. Yes, I am going to dravel far away, to find my beloved Mahatma."

'I understood you weren't on speak-

ing terms?" said Babcock. "Through your monkey drick, for time I lost gonfidence!" retorted Nebelsen, "and even so rash and strong-headed as to renounce him became. My guru, who was harsh and severe, perhaps, but nefer more than I deserve that was he! But," and here he addressed Sybil and Campion, "it is a strainch thing, and you hartly will gomprehend how it could beyet it is quite true. I wride a ledder, a bround, shtiff ledder, in which I formally renounced my goot old Mahatma-who nefer don noding, and this ledder I broject for myself by the occult telegraph. Well, will you beleaf that, only last night, I find that very same ledder in my pocket unopen! Mr. Chowkadaree, who is a great adept, as you know, tolt me he has very grand reason to think it quite borbable as my revered guru nefer receive it all! If so, he knows noding, and it is all well-but, ach! I have a need to gonfess and tell him all, and for that I must myself see Gommunications through a more advanced theosophist as Mr. Loll-well, they are not so brivate. And the Babu himself quite agreeshe is anxious for me to go and seek my Mahatma for myself far away in Thibet, and he wishes very moch that I find him, and I also-for Thibet you know is large and my Mahatma a leedle-what you call, shy-I

may haf to hunt a long while." "And when do you start?" asked Campion, who secretly shared the

Chela's last apprehension. "To-night-it is not good for me hier gontending with the maleficent forces of so much gombined incredulousness. I long to throw myself upon the galm bosom of Shang Gasba, my guru, and find strength for the spirituous tests I must some day undergo. And I want to be alone and do some thinking. So my dear Mees Elsvort, I wish you farewell. I beleaf you are going to haf now a happy earth life. And, for successive ingarnations, it must surely be that one so gracious and so schweet will ever bedder and bedder Karma generate. But think sometimes of me as I go up along my thorn sprinkled climbroad to gomblete initiation, and pardon me that I shall not dare, for a time at least, to think of you!"

He raised her hand in both of his and kissed it, and as he did so there was a moisture in his pale eyes which it may be feared was not the result of any esoteric exultation.

The next minute, without deigning to take leave of any but the two lovers, he vanished out of their lives, and no one-unless haply the brothers at Bombay-knows what has become of him since, or whether he is still stalking his somewhat farouche Mahatma in the mountain fastnesses

of far Thibet. "Now, Mr. Campion," said Mrs. Staniland, "a few words with you, please!" and he left Sybil and crossed to where the old lady stood, looking both grim and embarrassed. "I see from my pass book," she began, "that you do not seem to have presented the check I sent you for my niece's portrait. Has it miscarried?"

To be Continued.

Advantages of Toast. "Did you ever wonder why toast is always recommended for invalids?" said a chemist. "The reason is that toast is predigested bread.

"What makes fresh bread trying for invalids is the starch in it. needs a good stomach to take hold of the soggy starch in bread and change it to strengthening, stimulating dex-

"But when you cut bread thin and toast it brown, the fire itself changes is what the brown color in toast indicates-that the starch is gone and

A Wooden Leg.

A sheep with a wooden leg is a curiosity at the farm of Ira Quaintance, in Dallas township, says the year the sheep was struck by lightning, its foot and part of the leg beto try an artificial limb. He covered sheep use it that people would not deteet the difference except for a slight limp .- American Sheep Breeder.

Safety.

"Why," asked a Missouri paper, 'does Missouri stand at the head in raising mules?" "Because," said another paper,

that is the only safe place to stand." In Japan every male over twenty-

to vote. The Russian Secret Service employs them draw \$10,000 a year.

five years of age and paying a direct



Pure iron in the presence of pure oxygen does not rust.

The nectar of flowers from which bees make honey contains seventy to eighty per cent. of water, but honey contains only about twenty per cent.

The problem of producing ice in small quantities quickly and cheaply has, apparently, been solved by a French inventor, who has perfected a machine which is cheap, simple of operation, practically everlasting, and thoroughly practical. It may be operated by a belt connected with a steam engine, by a small electric motor, or by hand cranks.

To render wall paper adaptable for washing with soap and water without destroying the colors, make a solution of two parts of borax and two parts of stick lac, shellac or other lac in twenty-four parts of hot water. Strain the solution through a fine cloth filter, rubbing the latter with a soft brush after every application till a brilliant polish is obtained. It is immaterial whether the paper is already pasted on the walls or still in rolls.

Electricity excels all other methods of transmission for convenience, says the Scientific American. An electric cable may be strung where required, and machinery may be arranged in any position without reference to line shafting. There are instances, however, where rope drive will save both in first cost and in cost of operation, particularly when the process of manufacturing calls for a number of parallel shafts with machines in one plane.

The connection, long suspected, between atmospheric conditions on earth and conditions on the sun appears to be reasonably well established by the investigations of Professor Bigelow. The fact that sun-spot areas wax and wane in an elevenyear cycle was noted years ago, as was the coincidence that the most extensive was frequently marked by unusual magnetic and electrical phenomena on earth.

ROCKET TORPEDOES.

Germany Said to Fancy a Swedish Military Invention.

Several years ago a Swedish army officer devised a novel weapon. In consisted of a case in the head of which was a charge of dynamite or guncotton. The contents were so placed that an explosion would follow when the head of the missile hit anything hard. Provision for projecting it was made not by firing it from a gun or forcing it under water by automatic mechanism. It was equipped with a charge of powder in the lower end, which behaved like the charge in an ordinary skyrocket. It would force its way upward in the air by the violence of a stream of fire emitted behind, or, more accurately, below. To assist in steering it the torpedo was supplied with a stick. When it was to be dispatched it was mounted on a light metal frame, which could be so inclined as to give it the neces-

sarv angle. Nothing has been heard of the invention for a long time, but a recent report indicates that the German War Department has secured the right to use it. The British authorities also studied the device, but did not think enough of it to invest. From that fact it may be inferred that there is much exaggeration in the statement that the torpedo "is the deadliest

weapon known." Colonel Unge, its author, was for a time employed by the firm started by Nobel, the inventor of dynamite. The German cannon and armor plate constructors, the Krupps, are said to have secured the right to use it in countries outside of Sweden .- New York Tribune.

Licking the Editor. In some portions of the United States it has always been a favorite pastime when a man was not satisfied with what appeared in the local paper to go and lick the editor. Some unwise guy imported the scheme into the Southwest recently. It was tried in El Paso, and the editor is still doing business, while the man who wanted to lick him is buried in Oklahoma. Last week an Albuquerque policeman tried it. He was six inches taller and weighed fifty pounds more than the editor. The policeman was taken to the hospital in an ambulance, and when he recovered consciousness the nurse gave him a message from the Mayor announcing that he was fired from the police force. It is probable that the editor of the Liberal and Colonel Max Frost, of the New Mexican, are about the only editors in the Territory whom it would be safe for an ordinary man to try to lick .- Lordsburg Liberal.

Don't Chew Ice Cream

"I was in an up-town tearoom where the scenery is all out of proportion to the amount served you," said a New York clubman. "I was ing torn off. As the animal was a dallying with some ice cream, when valuable one, Quaintance concluded my spoon struck a common, everyday pin in the bottom of the frozen it with wool, and so well des the stuff. I gave a little wave and a waiter slipped to my side. 'See, a pin in this ice cream,' I said. 'Why, I might have swallowed that.' He took the glass and disappeared. When he returned he reminded me of an undertaker, he was that solemn. 'That pin has lost a man his job, sir,' he said. 'Well,' I replied, 'I am sorry for that but it might have cost me my life. when you come to think of it.' 'Yes. sir,' said the waiter, meekly. Then, You see, sir, most of the folks that eats here just sips their ice cream and don't chew it.' "-New York Times.

Perhaps a Gentle Hint at Hari-kari.

It was a ludicrous mistake to offer a sword to the head of the Standard Oil Company. Its favorite weapon is the rebate .- New York Evening Post.



CHILDHOOD.

To be Himself a star most bright
To bring the Wise Men to His sight,
To be Himself a Voice most sweet
To call the shepherds to His feet,
To be a child—it was His will,
That folk like us might find Him still.
—John Erskine, in the Atlantic.

The Judgment of God.

God will give you the thing for which you faithfully work-health, prosperity, learning, or any other of His gifts. What you sow that you shall reap. But it does not follow that you will be a happy man or a good man or a man worthy of all respect and love. For these gifts of the spirit you must have your special preparation. God grants us our request, even when we pray for the wrong things, for hard work is strenuous prayer. But it does not follow that a man shall be satisfied with the result of his own prayer. With the splendid physique of an athlete he may be an ignorant fellow, out of place among cultivated people, embarrassed, good for nothing outside of athletic contests. He may be many times a millionaire, and yet a man of so few resources that life means little more to him than a good dinner and the ticker of the stock market. He may be a famous scientist and have classified a superb collection, and yet the man of him so withered and sapless that, as Emerson said, he is only fit to be put in some bottle and added to his own collection of snakes and beetles.

The judgment of God is strikingly in evidence. Men have prayed, or worked, just as you wish to state it, merely for animal health or a million of money or the details of some science, merely for them and nothing more. And God has given them their request-and sent leanness into their

soul. The severest judgment of God is letting people become just what they want to be-ignorant or grasping or frivolous or even vicious. their hearts to all noble, all generous, all broadening influences; they have no interest in the religious or social life of the day; they have neither the scholar's love of truth nor the reformer's enthusiasm for humanity; they are living merely for money or pleasure or personal culture. They are narrow, self-centred, ignorant, prejudiced, unamiable men and women. And what they sow they reap -social pleasures, good investments, a cultivated taste in art and music. God grants their requests-and sends leanness into their soul .- George D. Latimer.

How One Man Lost His Chance.

A young man, in the very flower of his days, once told the writer the following story, in answer to a question as to why he was not spending

his life for God and others. "I was once," he said, are, a Christian worker, and service for God was a great delight. For many years I gave of my best, and was happy in giving, until one day God called me to 'launch out in the deep'-to forsake all and follow Him fully. But," he continued slowly, "I thought of my wife and two children, of my comfortable home, of my paying business, of all I valued in the homeland, and I looked up to God, and said 'No.' That's three years ago," he said, "and now-'Now," I echoed quickly, "what?"

"Oh, he replied with a mirthless laugh, "what's the good of speaking about these things? I don't know why you should have asked me that question: I must go. and reached out for his hat. "But," I answered breathlessly,

laying my hand upon his arm, "you care still, don't you?' For a moment he lifted his dark eye to mine, and never shall I forget his look of remorse. "Care!" he re-peated hoarsely; "what's the good of caring now? I'm so involved in business and with worldly men that

I hardly dare call my soul my own.

Both my wife and I have backslidden,

and never even go to church; and as for helping others-look, I've lost my chance. Beware, reader, lest you lose yours. -Christian and Missionary Alliance. The Holy Spirit Waiting.

The spirit's sensitiveness to the worldliness and inconsistencies of church members is the reason for tne spiritual impotency of so many churches to-day. If an inhabitant of Mars were to come to earth, and could understand our sermons and prayer-meeting utterances, he would inevitably gather the impression that the Holy Spirit, about whom he heard expressed longings and desires, lived on some planet farther away than Mars, and could only be persuaded to come to earth at rare intervals, and after almost endless petitioning. Why, we talk about the Holy Spirit and His coming into our churches very much as the children who have begun to lose faith in Him talk about Santa Claus. Some of us haven't as much faith that our pray-ers for a spiritual revival will be answered as the ragged boy has that he will get the skates or velocipede

for which he wrote a letter to Santa Claus. But what are the facts on which our hope should be based? That the Spirit is not on some remote planet, but has been sent into the world for the precise object of operating through the church. The Spirit is kept out of his own so long as there not a spiritual revival in the urch. We have only to lift a finchurch. ger, breathe a wish, and He is at our

command .- Dr. Cowan. Begin Shining at Home.

A candle that won't shine in one room is very unlikely to shine in an-If you do not shine at home. if your father and mother, your sister and brother, if the very cat and dog in the house are not the better and happier for your being a Christian, it is a question whether you really are one.-J. Hudsor Taylor.

Jesus at His Best. Jesus was at His best in heart-toheart ministration; multitudes always thronged Him

Monument to Young Hero. On the monument erected to Midshipman James Thomas Cruse, at Arlington, Va., are inscribed the words he said while suffering from mortal injuries: "Never mind me; I'm all right. Look after the other fellows." Young Cruse was a victim of the explosion in the turret of the battleship Georgia.

Wages and Freight Rates.

On the pay-rolls of the railroads of the United States there were last year 1,672,074 employes. They recoived for their services \$1,072,386,-

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Beer or Boys - At Least 50,000 Young Men Every Year Take the Dreadful Path Leading to All the Horrors of Drink.

The president of the Wheaton Cc!-lege asks: "Who are these children who dwell in squalid and infected homes, who live in rags, who have no place to play and no fitting food

They are the children of the sa-loon traffic. They are to be beggared by it as long as it continues. We are establishing homes for boys in all our great cities. They are very costly, the maintenance of them requires large sums of money annually. Every one knows that these homes are needed because parents drink up their earnings in liquor shops. Every one who has studled the situation knows that the supply of homes can never overtake the demand. The taps are flowing free, the distilleries, breweries, wholesale houses all are sending their deadly grist day by day to the mill.

At least 50,000 boys every year take the dreadful path leading to all the horrors of the drink curse. They may be seventeen years old or twenty-five years old.

Many of them are boys of fathers who are disgraced and ashamed, they are sons of mothers whose hearts break. Each industrious young man. capable and ambitious, earning \$600 per year, is working capital worth \$10,000. So the liquor traffic that destroys 50,000 boys, youths, young men who might earn now or by and bye \$600 per year, really destroys \$500,000,000 of the best capital of this land! This half billion lost by drink must be added to the billion and a half of money wasted yearly for liquor. Each industrious, sober, ambitious young man is worth more to the higher industrial interests of the land than all the distilleries and breweries and liquor shops! A man is more precious to God and to the world, actually or prospectively, than fine gold. Destroy factories, shops, banks, business houses and sober, industrious, intelligent, forceful men would build finer, stronger, more beautiful and useful structures than

those the fire burned. Said a general to Fighting Phil Sheridan as they were watching Sheridan's four children: "Phil, if you could choose for your little son from all the temptations which will beset him, the one most to be feared which would it be?"

General Sheridan replied soberly: It would be the curse of strong Boys are not saints. We are all self-willed, may be full of courage and thrift and push and kindness and charity, but woe be to the man or boy who becomes a slave of liquor. Oh, I had rather see my little son die to-da; than to see him carried in to his mother drunk."-G. H. V., in The People.

Crazed with liquor, a son-well reared, well educated-shot his aged father and slew himself in maudlin sentimentality over his parent's determination to marry again. However well taken the young man's objections may have been, the letter he left was insane. But his brothers did not suspect that he was insane on the subject, otherwise they would have kept him from his father.

Charity suggests that the terrible affair should be put out of sight behind the iron shutters of the morgue for the forgetting of insane acts. But a grewsome lesson will obtrude for a few days. It is that the man with a grievance only intensifies his grievance tenfold-a hundredfoldby the burning emphasis of alcohol. Alcohol is the terrible emphasizer.

It emphasizes bitterness as much as it exalts gayety. The small offense becomes a deadly insult. A real injury develops into an unreasoning ferocity of revenge. And Too Late Land is a bad place in which to sober up .- New York American.

A Thought For the Week.

If I were to vote for the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, I would never see another drunken man or widow or orphan of a drunkard, or read of a crime of which whisky is the cause without knowing I was responsible for it, or at the very least a partner in the responsibility. Think what you are doing Think what you are letting

them do, women, when you quietly permit them to vote "For the Manufacture and Sale of Intoxicating Liquors." I consider it an awful thing to do. And I believe that if you reflect upon the consequences of your vote you will think so too. It may make your son a drunkard. It may make your daughter the wife of a drunkard .- T. T. Hicks, Henderson,

Feeding on Charity.

N. C.

They would resent it, these rotund, full-fed fellows, who plead for the granting of license to hotels so that those houses may set a better table, if one were to point out that they are expecting to get more food than they pay for, but such is the fact. Nothing can be clearer than that if the price paid for the meal is sufficient to cover the cost to the hobe made up from the receipts of a bar. When the representative of the traveling public, therefore, presents his argument on the necessity of license for hotels, it is only saying in other words that he gets more than he is paying for, and to that extent is depending on charity.—The People.

Temperance Notes.

The Alabama Supreme Court has held both the State prohibition law and the 9 o'clock law constitutional and effective. Twelve hundred of Ohio's 1371

townships and 500 of its 800 towns

are "dry;" 100,000 of Cleveland's population live in "dry" territory. The temperance Chautauqua series which was given in nearly a hundred important Texas towns last year, will be repeated this year on a larger scale and with even a better list of

The Anti-Saloon League was organized about 1895, and it boasts that it has passed prohibition or local option in more than one-half of this country geographically.

attractions.

Have you ever noticed how and where drunkenness has decreased? It has been cut off as wages and prosperity have been augmented. It has died out where the utmost poverty and wretchedness have died out.

Millions of victims of excessive drink are not poor because they drink; they don't drink because they are poor. They are not sad in heart because they drink; they drink belause they are sad.

Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COM-MENTS FOR SEPTEMBER 6.

Subject: Saul and Jonathan Slain in Battle, 1 Sam. 31-Golden Text, Amos 4:12-Commit Verse 6-

Read 1 Sam. 27; 2 Sam. 1. TIME.-1056 B. C. PLACE.-EXPOSITION .- I. The Death of

Saul and His Sons, 1-6. With this

lesson we come to the end of Saul's

career, so promising in its beginning,

so gloomy in its ending. It is sadly

and solemnly instructive, as showing

how much a man may have and yet his life prove an utter failure after

all. He was a goodly young man— "there was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he" (1 Sam. 9:2). His father was a. 'mighty man of valor" 9:1). He was humble (1 Sam. 10:22), and considerate of others (ch. 9:5). But we find him later in life a monster of pride, arrogance and self-will (ch. 18:7-11; 19:10; 20:30-33; 22:9-19). Here we have a lesson of how little real worth thereis in merely natural virtue and how. easily it is transformed into devilish sin. But there was promise in the life of Saul for other reasons. God's. grace was manifested to him (ch. 10:7-9), the Spirit of God came upon him (ch. 10:10; 11:6), he undertook valiant battle against the enemies of the Lord, and won a great victory, (ch. 11). So we see that a man may know something of the power of the Spirit, can war to a certain extent in the energy of the Spirit, and win victories for God, and yet after all, become an apostate and his earthly lifeclose in hopeless gloom (Matt. 7:22, 23). Saul seems to have been a striking illustration of such an one. His decline was step by step (ch. 13:8-14; cf. 14:18-20). His loss of the kingdom was foretold at this first. step away from God. He takes a long step further downward by positive disobedience (ch. 15:19-23). With this false step his rejection from the kingdom is declared in no uncertain terms. Finally, failing to get any, answer from the Lord about the battle with the Philistines, he turns to the devil (ch. 28:6, 7), and this crowning act of apostasy leads to the awful judgment and ruin of our lesson (1 Ch. 10:13, 14). No matter how often or how completely Israel routs the Philistines, the Philistines. are always sure to gather strength and renew the attack (v. 1). The Philistines had been effectually subdued in the days of Samuel (ch. under Jonathan (ch. 14). David wins a great victory (ch. 17:52), but in our lesson the Philistines renew the war. "And the men of Israel fled." Here we see a change from the days of Samuel and Saul's early days. Then the enemies of the Lord fied (ch. 7:10; 11:11). There is a return tothe days of Hophni and Phinehas (ch. 4:10). The explanation is simple. Saul had disobeyed the Lord; and the Lord had forsaken Saul (ch. 18:12; 28:15-19). However mightily the Lord might have helped us in timespast, if we disobey Him and He forsake us, our power will be gone and defeat and shame certain. It seems. very sad to think of the noble hearted Jonathan as involved in the overthrow of his father. But parents always involve their children in the consequences of their transgressions. The question arises whether Jonathan for all his generous friendship for David and all his faith (ch. 14:6). was faultless in the matter. He knew that his father was rejected and David chosen of the Lord (ch. 23:17) ... Ought he not to have broken with Saul and gone to David "without the camp bearing his reproach?" Heb. 13:13). He came to David as Nicodemus to Jesus, under the cover of secrecy (ch. 23:16). So he lost his place of service, as the secret disciple, however loyal he may be at heart, always does (2 Cor. 6:15-18). What an inglorious ending to what mighthave been a glorious life (v. 4). II. The Triumph of the Philistines,

7-10. This is what came of asking a-visible king instead of God (ch. 12:12). It was all very joyful at first. (ch. 11:14, 15), but the arm of flesh soon failed them. It will always bethus. Those who look to man rather than God for help, will always end by being cursed (Jer. 17:5, 6). God letthem have their king that they might. learn their folly by bitter experience. 'They cut off his head, and stripped off his armor, and they fastened hisbody to the wall of Beth-shan." From 1 Chron. 10:10 we learn further that they "fastened his head in the house of Dagon." Indignity was added toindignity. The world rejoices in nothing so much as in the downfall of one who has been a servant of God

(cf. Ju. 16:21-25) III. The Gratitude and Valor of the Men of Jabesh-gilead, 11-13-Saul had rescued the men of Jabeshgilead from terrible suffering and shame (ch. 11:1-11), and they had not forgotten it. There is this one bright spot in the dark record of his-The one act to which the Spirit of the Lord had inspired him (ch. 11:6) brought its reward even tel, there would be no deficiency to in his downfall, but that reward was simply honor from man. That was all he sought. That was all he got (Matt. 6:2). But the most touching and lasting tribute to the memory of Saul was that of David, whom he at.d pursued with such relentless hate (2 Sam. 1:17-27). David has nothing

but good to say of his fallen foe. Gave Cup of Coffee; Gets \$3000. Three thousand dollars was the reward received by Mrs. Harvey Bartlett, of Plymouth, Mass., for a cup of coffee given two years ago to a sick woman sitting in the coach of a train that had stopped at the station there. Mrs. Bartlett is a widow and works in the station lunch-room. Her benefactor is Mrs. E. Lilley, of New York City. Mrs. Bartlett saw Mrs. Lilley ill in the coach and made her as comfortable as possible during the

twenty minutes' wait. Wall Twice Saves Town.

A double brick wall in Greenwich, Conn., has become famous. It is the party-wall between the postoffice building and the carriage repository of John Ray. It saved the entire business section from fire recently. About eight years ago this wall also saved the town, and the two fires were alike in many respects.

Record Prohibition Vote. The chairman of the Prohibition National Committee thinks the Prohibition party will poll a record vote this fall. He says that "the number of people in prohibition territory has grown since 1904 from 20,000,000 to 40,000,000."