THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE.

100 m BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VII.

Continued. you think I'm a baby or a girl? I

"Quantities and quantities of genthat nothing more was to be said.

Tom could not refuse to acknowl- pause. edge such authority. "Well, then, it isn't a game for me, playing with said. girls and children. A gallop across country-that's what I like, and to see all father's old friends, and to hear what they thought of him. By Jove, Janet, father was a man!not one to loung about in a drawing room like old Beau." Here the boy's heart misgave him a little. "Beau's kind enough," he said; "he doesn't look at a fellow as if-as if you had murdered somebody. But if father had lived-

"I wonder-" Janet said, but she did not go any further. Her bright eyes, wondering under her black brows, were round with a question which something prevented her from putting. The possibility of her father having lived confused all her thoughts. She had an instinctive sense of all the difficulties conveyed que moi." in that suggestion. She changed the subject by saying unadvisedly, "How bad you lock, Tom! Were you ill last night?"

He pushed her away with a vigorous arm. "Shut up-you!" he cried. "You are always telling me to shut up; but I know you were to have taken Miss Ogilvie to dinner-that pretty Miss Ogilvie-and when you did not come, it put them all out, I beard Hampshire telling nurse. He said something about 'your boosing, Mr. Tom,' and nurse fired up. But

afterward she cried-and mother has been crying this morning; and then you look so bad. Do tell me if you were ill, Tom." He did not reply for some time, and

I'm to be a baby all my life?" "Do you know," said Janet, "you're very much like that portrait of father in the hall-that great big one with the horse? Mother looks frightened when she passes it. He does look a little fierce, as if he would have scolded dreadfully," the girl added, with the air of making an admission.

"I had rather have been scolded by him," cried the boy. "Nc, he wouldn't have scolded, he would have known better. A man like that understands fellows. Jan, we're rather badly off, you and me, with only a woman to look after us, and that Beau."

"Do you call mother a woman? You might be more civil," said Janet; but she did not contradict this asserthat the ideal father, the vague impersonation of kindness and understanding, who would never mock like Beau, nor look too grave like mother, was something to sigh for, in whose the portrait in the hall had daunted Janet. She had felt that those black brows could frown and those glowing eyes burn beyond everything that her softly nurtured childhood had known. She would not betray herself by a word or even a thought if she could help it, but it could not be denied that her heart sank. "I wish," she said quickly, "you'd leave off breakfasting, Tom, and come out with me for a walk. What is the good of pretending? One can see you don't want anything to eat."

"Walk!" said Tom. "You can get that little sap to walk with you. I've get to meet a fellow-Blackmore's his name-away on the other side of the town at twelve. Just ring the bell, Jan. In five minutes I must have Bess at the door.

"It's twelve o'clock now. Don't go to-day. Besides, mother-

"What has mother to do with it? cried Tom, starting up. "I'm going, if it was only to spite mother, and you can tell her so. Do you think I'm tied to mother's apronstring? Oh. is it you. Peau? I-am going out for

"So am I," said Beaufort, entering. "I thought it likely that would be your intention, so I ordered your horse when I ordered mine. Where did you say you were going? I caught somebody's name as I came in.

"He said he was-a friend of my father's," said Tom, sullenly.

"Ah! it is easy for a man to say he is the friend of another who cannot contradict him. Anyhow, we can ride together so far. What's the mat-Aren't you ready?" Beaufort said.

"He has not finished his breakfast, said Janet, springing to Tom's de-

"Oh, nonsense! at twelve o'clock! said Beaufort, with a laugh. And Easton-if I am living. notwithstanding youth's reluctance, he was carried off in trumph. Janet, much marveling, followed them to the door to see them moust. She stood upon the ber eyes, dimly comprehending, divin- tim; "for you will be all by yourself ing with her feminine instincts half awakened. Tom's sullen, reluctant look was more than ever like the portrait, which Janet paused once more to look at as she went back through the hall. She stood looking for a long time at the heavy, lowering face It was a fine portrait, which Torrance had boasted of in his time, the money it had cost filling him with ill-concealed pride. It was the first thing which had shaken Janet in her devo tion to the imaginary father who had been the god of her childhood. Tom their father's in every nerve-fiberwas not so big; he was not tall at all -not more than middle height

though broadly and heavily made. It

...... lafraid. As she stood gazing with more and more uncertainty upon the "Oh, that humbugging game. Do pictured face, Lady Car came quickly Torrance's money, the result of her into the hall-almost running-in hate your tennis. It isn't a game for evident anxiety and concern. She stopped suddenly as Janet turned round, casting a half-frightened, tlemen play. Beau plays. Why, the shuddering look from the picture to officers play," cried Janet, feeling the girl before it. There was something like an apology in her nervous

> "I-thought Tom was here," she "He has gone out riding-with

"With Beau?" Lady Car breathed something that sounded like, "Thank God!' "Is there anything wrong-with

Tom?" said Janet, gazing round upon her mother with defiance in her eyes. "Wrong? I hope not. They say not. Oh, God forbid!" Lady Car put John, from whom nothing had been her hands together. She was very pale, with a little redness under her

wrong, why do you look like that?"

"Like that?" Lady Car attempted a little laugh. "Like what, my dear?" She added, with a long-drawn breath, "It is my foolish anxiety; everybody says it is foolish. It is plus forte

"I wish you would not speak French. Tom," said Janet, "is well enough, though he doesn't look well. He ate no breakfast; and he looked as if he would like to take my head off. Isn't Tom-very like father?' she added in a low voice.

They were standing at the foot of the picture, a full-length, which overbore them as much in reality as imagination, and made the woman and the girl look like pigmies at his feet. Carry gave a slight shiver in spite of herself.

"Yes," she said faintly; "and, may dear-so are you, too."

Janet met her mother's look with a stolid steadiness. She saw Lady Car's eyes turn from the picture to her own form and back again, half sorry, half then he burst out: "Mother's such a pleased. She had very little underbore with her crying! Does she think standing of her mother, but a great deal of curiosity. She thought to herself that most mothers were pleased with such a resemblance—so at least Janet had read in books. She supposed her own mother did not care for it-perhaps disliked it because she had married again.

"You never told us anything about father," she said, "but nurse does a great deal. She told me how he-was killed. Was that the horse?"

"Yes." said Lady Car. with a trembling which she could not conceal.

"It is because you are sorry that you are so nervous?" said Janet, with which were Torrance's eves.

but she did not contradict this asser-tion, which was not made for the first ask me about it." She said in a low, tion, saving the money which was not work Sun. She, too, had always thought hurried voice, "Is it not enough that too plentiful at Dalmylian. "A Tug!" upon it."

"But afterward," said the girl. impelled by she knew not what-some fourteen, so far above the boy who guard all would have gone well. But influence of vague exasperation, was almost a man. John Erskine, in which was half opposition to her his solid good sense, so much more mother and half disappointment to important a man than Edward with find the dead father, the tutelary di- his genius manque. It went to Carvinity of this house to which she had | ry's heart. been so eager to come, so different from her expectations-"afterwardyou married Beau." "Janet!" Lady Car cried again, but

> this time the shock brought back her dignity and self-control. "I don't my dear, to-day. You forget yourself and me. You are not the judge of my actions, nor can I justify myself before you." She added, after a time. Both Tom and you are very like your father. After a while he will be master here, and you perhaps mistress till he marries. Your father-might have been living now" (poor Carry grew pale and shuddered even while she pointed her moral)-"if he had not been such a hard rider, so-so careless, thinking he could go anywhere. Do you wonder I am antious about Tom? You will have to learn to do what you can to restrain him, to keep him from those wild rides, to keep him-" Lady Car's voice faltered, the tears came to her eyes. "I believe it is common," she said, "that a young man, such as he is growing to be, should not mind his mother Sometimes, people tell me,

they mind their sisters more.' "Tom does not mind me a bit," said

Janet, "Oh, not a bit-and he will never marry. He does not like girls. "Perhaps he will change his mind." said Carry, with a faint smile. "Boys often do. Will you remember what I have said, dear, if you should ever be mistress here?"

"But how can I be mistress? Where will you be? Why should there be

any change?" "The house is Tom's, not mine, And I shall be at my own house at

"Oh," said Janet. Carry, though a little roused in her own defense, almost quailed before the look in the girl's eyes. "You will be happier then," she said, with the air of an

-with Beau.

"Go upstairs, Janet!" "I will not," she cried. "You said it was Tom's house, not yours. He would not let me be sent away out of his hall, from father's picture, for

-anyone-if he were here. Carry raised her eyes and saw him standing behind his child. There Majesty's forces.-London Pearson's, seemed a dull smile of triumph in his painted eyes. "You thought they were yours-but they are mine," Torrance seemed to,say. "Both of them! nothing to do with her.

CHAPTER VIII.

Apart from these painful struggles England represents \$15,000,000 anwas very like Tom, and yet there was something in it which made the girl with her children, which were quite nually.

new to Lady Car, there were many things that pained her in her residence at the Towers.

First of all, there was her nearest neighbor, her dearest friend, her only sister Edith; the dearest companion of her life, who had stood by her in all her troubles, and to whom she had given a trembling support in her struggle, more successful than poor Carry's, against the husband her father had chosen for her. Edith had succeeded at last in marrying her only love, which was a poor marriage for an Earl's daughter. They had, indeed, finally both of them, made poor marriages; but what a contrast between them! Carry living ignobly with the husband of her choice upon humiliation; while Edith was at the head of a happy, frugal family carefully ordered, with little margin for show or pleasure, but yet in all the plentitude of cheerful life, without a istence. Her father had not been able to force the will of Edith. She had not loved her John any better than poor Carry had loved in her early tender youth the lover of all her dreams, the Edward Beaufort who was now her husband; but Carry had not been able to resist the other husband, the horrible life. Even in that Edith had so much, so much the advantage over her sister! And then -oh, wonder to think of it-Johnexpected, except that he should show "Then, mother, if there's nothing the true friend he was, whether by development of his own respectable though she was never clever like Carry), or by the united force of both, John had long been one of the most important men in the district, member for his county, trusted and looked up to both by his constituency at home and the people at headquarters, who took his advice, it was said, on Scotch affairs more than any one's; whereas Edward-. Carry had long made that poignant comparison in her heart, but to see them together now bowed her to the ground with a secret humiliation which she could acknowledge-not to her sister, who

also in the old days had put so much throw into relief odd bits of blue faith in Beaufort's genius; not to Edward himself-oh, no, to humiliate him. He did not seem to feel the contrast at all himself, or, if he did perceive it, he thought it apparently to be to his own advantage, speaking had titled the backs on small yellow now and then of the narrowness of practical men, of the deadening influence of politics, and of how completely John Erskine's interest was limited to matters of local expediency and questions before Parliament. 'And he used to have his share of intelligence," said all unconscious the useless man, whose failure his wife felt so passionately. Then, as if this were not enough, there was Jock, little Jock, who was younger than Janet, only fourteen, but already at Eton like Tom, and holding a place above that of the seventeen-year-old big lower boy. The reader must understand that this history is not of to-day, and that in those times big lower boys were still possible, though it is so no longer. Tom was only a those dull, light eyes fixed upon her, lower boy, and little Jock might have fagged his cousin, had it not been that "Janet!" cried her mother, "do not Jock was in college, on the foundait was the most terrible thing that Tom had cried with contempt intensiever happened? I cannot go back fied by the sense of something in his mother's eyes, the comparison which

To be Continued.

made her heart sick. Little Jock at

Phrances and Phranklin.

The letter "f" on the typewriter of well known novelist recently went wrong, says the Chicago Journal. know what has got possession of you. The author was equal to the occasion, as will be seen from the following portion of his MS .:

"Phairest oph the phair," sighed her lover, "phancy my pheelings when I phoresee the phearphul consequences oph our phleeing phrom your phather's phamily. Phew phellows could have phaced the music with as much phortitude as I have. and as phickle phortune phaits to smile on our love I must phorego the pleasure oph becoming your husband. Phairest Phrancis, pharewell phorever!"

"Hold, Phranklin, hold!" screamed Phrances; "! will phollow you phorever! "

But Phranklin had phled, and Phrances phainted.

Something Like a Buck.

The heaviest stag which has been killed this season in Scotland was a reyal, which scaled 371 pounds. This immense beast was shot in Arran deer forest by one of Lord and Lady Graham's guests at Brodick Castle. The stags in Arran are remarkable both for size and quality, and the forest carries a heavy stock of red deer, and affords first rate sport. The shooting lodge on the west side of the island, where the best stalking is obtained during the first month of the season, is covered outside with over 200 pairs of deer horns .- London Truth.

Commendable Lese Majeste Law.

It is lese majeste to bring the King's uniform into contempt. Members of theatrical companies who have steps, following their movements with assailant hurling a stone at his vic- appeared on the stage as comic characters attired in discarded military or naval uniforms have occasionally been unpleasantly reminded of this Careful stage managers put themselves on the safe side by seeing that no uniform, whether to be worn by the hero, villain or low comedian of the piece, is an exact copy of the real uniform of any branch of His

> Methodist Episcopal Property. The Methodist Episcopal Church roperty in this country is now worth about \$187,000,000, on which there is an indebtedness of \$12,127,248.

The herring catch off the shores of



The HOUSE and HOME!

For Fancy Work. The bone or celluloid rings which are now used on fancy work are a great improvement over the brass ones. These latter rust with dampness, and when dull never look well. Then, too, the new ones do not require the time for covering that is necessary when the crocheted rings are used .- New Haven Register.

Odor of Fish.

To remove odor of fish "put a teaspoonful of mustard in the dish in which fish has been cooked, partly fill with warm water, and let stand for a few minutes," says Woman's Home Companion. "Scrape and rinse, and recollection to rankle, or any discord no odor will remain. If the hands or complication in all her candid ex- are first rinsed in a little mustard water, and then washed, the disagreeable odor that remains from washing dishes in which fish have been cooked will at once entirely disappear."

To Clean Cut Glass. Wash glass well in warm soapsuds: use brush; do not use too hot water, as it may crack glass. Rub dry in clean sawdust; after removing glass from sawdust use a dry, soft brush and brush glass clean from sawdust. A good brushing will leave glass himself, as he had always done, the brilliant. For cut glass wine, water good fellow, the honest gentleman, and vinegar bottles cut up raw potatoes in small dice, put in bottle together with soapsuds, and shake well mind or by the influence of Edith until bottle is clean; rinse in cold water.-New York World.

The Guest Room.

The very simplest guest room that any one could imagine! The floor had on it a gray rag carpet. The walls were covered with a plain gray paper, and a black molding joined them to the ceiling. The narrow, old fashioned woodwork of window and door sills made streaks of black, in keeping with the molding above. The hangings were gray Japanese crepe.

"Many tones of quiet grays," as said the poet, but they served to and yellow Moorish pottery and a row of blue books. The books were the point of the whole gray scheme of things, for the hostess had covered them all in blue Holland linen and pasters.-New York World.

Materials For Dresses. A woman with two little girls never wants for materials for new dresses and coats and hats for the dolls when birthdays roll around. This is the reason: She has a box labeled "dolls' materials," and into it go bits of lace and embroidery pieces of lawn, silk and wool and bits from feathers and furs. The children never see the box, because things would not be quite so new to them if they did. A month before every birthday the dolls of the children visit their grandmother, and when the birthday comes they appear in newly washed and ironed and patched and mended outfits. The work is done for birthdays rather than Christmas, because there is more time, and only one set of dolls to fix up at one time.-New

The Bath Room.

If possible the bath room should be fitted with tiled dadoes; where the expense is too great a sanitary paper should be employed.

The paint must be enameled, and the bath itself should be one of those with a rolled metal edge. It is, I think, a mistake to enclose a bath in a wooden case, neither is a ledge of polished wood advisable, for it is impossible to prevent the polish from becoming scratched and marked.

The floor of the bath room should be covered with cork carpet. square of cork should be provided as a bath mat, and one of the wooden boards, which is made to fit across a bath on which to put sponges and soap dishes should not be forgotten. It saves a considerable amount of work if there is a fitted wash hand stand in the bath room, which can be used by members of a family when washing their hands before luncheon. -The New Home.



Cranberry Jelly. - One quart of cranberries, three cups of boiling water, boil rapidly twenty minutes and sift thoroughly. Boil again five minutes with two large cups of sugar. Pour into mold and let stand until cold.

Fruit Cake .- Two cups molasses, two cups sugar, three eggs, one cup sour cream, one teaspoon soda, six cups flour, one pound raisins, one pound currants, one-half pound citron, one teaspoon all kinds of spice. This makes two loaves.

Excellent Pie Crust .- Four cups of flour, one-quarter teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one rounding cup of lard. Rub together until thoroughly mixed. This dry mixture will keep for weeks in a cool, dry

Cranberry Fritters.—Beat one egg till foamy, then stir into it one and a half cups milk, one tablespoon sugar, one tablespoon of baking powder, sifted with one cup flour. Mix well and stir in one cup cranberry sauce. Drop in spoonfuls on a hot buttered griddle and serve at once with butter and powdered sugar.

Puritan Johnny Cake. - Mix one cup of sifted bread flour, one-half cupful of yellow granulated cornmeal, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half level teaspoonful of salt and one round teaspoonful of sugar, stir in one cupful of milk, one well beaten egg and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter or lard; beat it thoroughly and turn into greased muffin pans and bake in a quick oven about twenty minutes.

RELIGIOUS READING

FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

"SEARCH ME, O GOD."

Be Thou my Friend, and look upon my heart. Lord Jesus, Son of Man! Each seed of good or ill that there has

Do Thou in mercy scan. The burning springs there lurking,
O Lord! Thou canst control,
And each wild passion working
Within my sinful soul.

Yes, be my Friend, and look upon my

Yes, be my heart,
On all that's hidden there;
The deeper guilt that stings me with its

dart,
The unknown sins I bear;
The passions that distress me
Let Thy pure presence slay;
The sorrows that oppress me
Before Thee flee away.

Oh, shine upon me with Thy holy light,
When glittering doom I see.
And leave me not in tribulation's night,
But send sweet peace to me!
The chains of sin dissever,
Blind fancy's wildest play;
Then, then, my Lord, forever
Take grief and sin away!

—Lange,

Drawing and Holding.

-Lange,

There is much unwise talk about drawing preachers. We do not disparage the ability to draw a large congregation. It is an art well worth studying and acquiring. But it is not right to lay the entire responsibility for drawing the community into the church upon the preacher. Has the church no duty in the case? Are there not churches that cannot hold the people when they are drawn by the minister? Are there not church members who do more scattering than drawing? We have known leading members to drive away some whom the minister had drawn to the house of the Lord.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke tells about a layman who came to his study, from one of the churches in the Murray Hill neighborhood, to inquire about a pastor to fill the vacant pulpit. He asked Dr. Van Dyke if he could recommend someone. The doctor told him he could recommend a dozen. The gentleman seemed surprised at that, for he could hardly believe there were a dozen ministers in the land fit to minister to so important a congregation. Dr. Van Dyke named one after another; to each one the preacher-hunter made some objection. One had a weak voice, another wore a black cravat in the pulpit, and another had a disagreeable delivery.
At last the gentleman said: "What we want in our church is a minister that will draw." "Oh, no, my Chris-tian friend," said the doctor. "what you want is a church that will hold. You haven't got it. Twenty congregations have passed through your church because you have not had a church that will hold. You want a church that will hold the people when they get into it. The minister cannot hold them. Success depends not half so much upon the minister as upon you, the church.

Every church member should be a drawing card. By the magnetism of his spiritual personality, by the efficacy of his prayers, by the power of his sanctified effort, he should draw the people from all classes to the house of the Lord. "Let your light so shine that others may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." Then shall the church of God prosper greatly and Mount Zion shall rejoice.—Christian Advocate.

Concerning the Bible.

It is impossible to govern the world without God.—George Washington.
The farther the ages advance in cultivation the more the Bible can be used .- Goethe.

Christ proved that He was the Son of the Eternal by His disregard of time.-Napoleon Bonaparte. A better knowledge of the Chris

tian religion is to be acquired by reading the Bible than in any other way .- Benjamin Rush.

All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated through this Book. But for this Book. We could not know right from wrong. All the things desirable to man are contained in it.—Abraham Lincoln.

By the study of what other book

could children be so humanized? If

Bible reading is not accompanied by restraint and solemnity I do not be lieve there is anything in which children take more pleasure.-I'rofessor Hurley. So great is my veneration for the Bible that the earlier my children be-

gin to read it, the more confident will be my hope that they will prove useful citizens to their country, and respectable members of society.--John Quincy Adams.

Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor to your liberties. Write its precepts on your hearts and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this Book we are indebted for the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in future .- Ulysses S. Graut.

Independent-or What?

There is no freedom in serving our own will. "I usually carry a cigar with me," said a man who smokes but little, "as a sort of declaration of independence." He means, "as evidence that I am not ready to be independent"-but he would not have liked to put it just that way. To be independent of self is the only independence that brings real freedom. But independence of self is possible only by genuine bondage to One who is better than self. "Free, as bondservants," said Peter. Happy is the man who is independent enough to be the slave of Christ .- Sunday-School Times.

A Good Rule.

When you hear an ill report about anyone, halve and quarter it and then say nothing about the rest .- Spug-

The trouble with the theatre as a preacher is that the evil it has drowns he good that it says. God is Love.

Trouble With the Theatre.

It's a solemn thing when the hought of our Judge has nothing but fear in it.

Dies at the Age of 115. Henderson Cremeans, known to be

the oldest man in West Virginia and probably the oldest in the United States, dled at the home of his grandson, Clark Cremeans, near Point Pleasant, W. Va., Mason County, aged He was strong and 115 years. hearty to the time of his death, falling on the roadside on his way home from the grocery store. His mother died at 120; his wife at 101. He had seventy grandchildren, 131 greatgrandchildren and nineteen greatgreat-grandchildren. He never tasted liquor or tobacco.

OUR TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

REPORTS OF PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE AGAINST RUM.

Drive It Out. There's an evil in the land,
Drive it out!

It's a curse to every man,
Drive it out! It is whisky, rum and beer, That enslaves us year by year, Will you not these fetters clear? Drive it out!

Chorus: Drive it out! Drive it out!
Men of love and faith and prayer,
Be the kind to do and dare,
Live for temperance everywhere!
Drive it out!

There's a tempter in the cup,
Drive it out!
When at first you take a sup, Drive it out!

It will lead to ruin and shame,
It will all your hopes defame,
Drive it out in Jesus' name!
Drive it out!

Do you see the drunkard's home?

Drive it out!

Do you hear the mother's groan?

Drive it out! Do you see our youthful men, Doomed to death by "Satan's den;" Do you see the drunkard's end? Drive it out! -Geo. W. Lassiter, in Biblical Recorder.

Who Owns the Saloons? The editor of the Wine and Spirit

Gazette, no mean authority on the liquor business, says: "About four-fifths of the saloons of the country are owned by the brewers under chattel mortgages. The brewers have protected their rights by properly drawn legal documents in such a way as to leave the poor fel-

low who runs the saloon thus mort-

gaged scarcely his own soul and body. 'How is the business of the charitable brewers conducted? Every Monday the brewer's collector appears at the saloon, demanding payment for last week's beer bill, and also \$18 or more a week on account of the liquor tax money advanced. In the background stand the representatives of the cigar man, of the soda water manufacturer and the distiller and wholesale liquor dealer. The brewer has to be paid first, and it often happens that the sum paid to the brewer's collector consists to a large extent of the dimes and nickels that the saloon-keeper had to take out of the cash drawer. After the brewer has thus been satisfied, up steps the cigar man; but only in rare instances something is left for him. The representatives of the soda water manufacturer, distiller and wholesale liquor dealer, in looking upon the transaction, may well exclaim, 'Where do we come in?' The answer of the overburdened saloonkeep-'I can't help myself. The er is: brewer has to be paid first, or else 1 shall be thrown out, and the liquor tax certificate taken away by the brewer and another fellow put in my place.' Should it ever happen that a saloonkeeper thus placed desires to pay part of his obligations to the wholesaler or distiller, whose goods he has sold on three or four months' credit, without satisfying the first claim of the brewer, he will get no beer for the current week except C. O. D. and that arrangement will rarely be kept up longer than one or two weeks, when the mortgagee of the brewer, who also generally is the owner of the lease of the place, will

A Legend.

be thrown out."

There is an old legend of a man who sold his soul to Satan. The conditions were: For a certain number of years this man was to have all his desires gratified, at the expiration of which his soul was to be forfeited. When the time agreed upon had

expired, this man was unwilling to could be released. The reply was: *

release you."
"No," said the man, "I cannot curse the Being whose nature is love. Give me something less fearfully wicked.'
"Then kill your father," said

Satan, "and you go free." "No," answered the man, "that is too horribie to think of. I will not commit so great a crime. Are there no other conditions?"

"One more," replied the tempter. "You must get drunk." "That is a very easy thing to do," the man answered, "and I accept your proposition. I cannot kill my father. will not curse my God, but I can get drunk, and when I become sober

all will be well. Accordingly he got drunk, and when in this condition he happened to meet his father, who upbraided him, which so excited the ire of the drunken and half-crazed man, he slew his father, cursed his God. then fell down dead, and Satan had him without fail.

Only a legend, this particular case but how true to the facts regarding the liquor curse.

Trying to Quit. While standing at a corner a day or two ago talking with an old friend, I was approached by a wretched remnaut of a man, who asked, bluntly, "A quar-"Who's got a quarter?" ter's too much," I said. "Here's a dime; hurry up and get your 'drink.' 'Thanks; I'll waste no time," and off he limped. "Looks strangely like a man I knew some fifteen years ago," I remarked to my companion. did know him," was the reply. "It is he. Poor devil. Whisky. Straight to hell. Nothing for him now but a merciful death. I never knew a man with better prospects." "Tried to quit, I suppose, and couldn't." he's one of the millions that are always 'trying,' but never quit."

Temperance Notes. Only brainless men can drink without suffering mental injury.

The saloon is at war with all the forces that tend to build men up into In the seven complete years the army has been without the canteen

has been a decrease of twothirds in its court-martial trials. Twenty-seven per cent. of the insane in the asylum at Rome have been made mad by alcohol, declares a Catholic journal published in that

In Kentucky, the home of Bourbon rves, ninety-seven per cent, of the territory has gone "dry." Not less than 1,500,000 of Kentucky's population of 2,230,000 live in "dry" counties. A correspondent ironically suggests

that the next wrinkle will be a propo-sition from somebody that there should be a canteen in each college to improve conditions among the stu-It has been figured out that the reduced production of liquor reported for July and August has saved the

000,000. The larger part of the rev-

nue decrease was in beer.

of this country nearly \$60,-

statesman evidently considered religion a matter of sufficient importance to bestow much time, troubie and expense upon it. He "had come to Jerusalem for to worship." No won-der God gave more light to a man who was so earnestly following the light he had. In v. 28 R. V. is a lesson on How to Study the Bible and how to improve the time when traveling. It was while engaged in the study of the Word that God revealed to the eunuch the fuller truth. This indicates the reason why some of us never get these revelations from God

The

Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COM-

MENTS FOR MARCH 7.

Subject: Philip and the Ethiopian.

Commentary on the Lesson.

TIME .- 35-37 A. D. PLACE .-

EXPOSITION .- I. A Great Preach-

er Sent Into a Desert, 26, 27a. Philip

was in the midst of a great work in Samaria, and now he was to leave all

this and go down to a desert road to

meet a single individual and lead him to Christ. This shows the importance

of personal work and the value of a

single soul. Philip had learned the

highest form of wisdom-the wisdom

of doing just what the Lord bids you. He was a man guided of God, because he was so earnestly looking for

guidance, and so prompt in obeying. Faith's best proof is obedience (Heb.

II. A Great Statesman Seeking the

Way of Life, 27b, 28. If we just go the way God bids, asking no ques-

tions, it will soon begin to develop

why God has sent us. This man was a great person, but that was not why:

Philip was sent to him, but because

he was a sincere seeker after truth

(v. 27, last clause, 30, 31, 34, 36; comp. Jno. 7:17; Ps. 25:9). This

III. Personal Work in a Charlot,

The Desert

Acts 8:26-40-Golden Text, John

5:39-Commit Verses 29-31-

29-35. It is evident from the record bere that God does not expect us to speak to every one we meet about His salvation; but that, if we watch for His leading as to whom to approach, He will give it. There are many of us who never heard the Spirit say to us, "Go, speak to that man." Is it because we are not list-ening keenly enough to catch "the still, small voice?" It is well to note carefully the first two words the Spirit spoke to Philip, "go near." If we are to win men to Christ that is the way to begin. One of the great mistakes of a large portion of the church to-day is that we are trying to save men from a distance. It is an unusual sight to see one man running after another to speak to him about Christ. This was the only way Philip could catch his man. It is the only way we can catch many whom the Lord wishes us to save. We wait for men to come and seek us. Oh, for a few Philips to run after men! derstandest thou what thou readest?" A very pertinent question, and yet would not some of us think it impertinent if put to us? But if we were to tell the truth about our Bible reading, what would we have to answer to that question? The eunuch answered, "How can I, except some one shall guide me?" There is One al-ways ready and always at hand to guide us (Jno. 14:26; 16:13; 1 Jno. 2:27). It is very important that we should understand what we read (Matt. 13:19, 23; 15:10; 24:15). The eunuch was thoroughly in earnest in his search for truth. He beinto his chariot and sit with him that fulfil his part of the contract, and he might point out to him the meanasked Satan upon what terms he ing of God's Word. It was indeed providential that he was reading a "If you will curse your God I will passage that so clearly expounds the atoning work of Jesus. The eunuch asked a question that went right at the heart of the matter, "of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself or of some other man?" It is always well to know exactly of whom any Scripture speaks. But there is no passage where this question is more vital than in Isaiah 53. refers to the Messiah, then beyond the possibility of honest question Jesus of Nazareth was the predicted Messiah. And it does refer to the Messiah and to Jesus. Infidels and rationalists have labored hard to invent some other interpretation. But every attempt has ended in utter fail-The most plausible theory that they have advanced is that it refers to "suffering Israel." But this theory goes all to pieces on the rock that the sufferer is represented as suffering for the sins of others than himself (Isa. 53:4, 5, 8, 9, 11, 12), and the others for whose sins he is suffering are "my people," i. e., Israel (Isa. So evidently the sufferer can-

not be Israel. III. Believing, Baptized and Rejoicing, 36-40. The treasurer promptly accepted the truth and Jesus. If the eunuch had been like many modern "seekers after truth," he would have thought of a score of things that would hinder his being baptized. But he was not merely in pretence, but in reality an honest inquirer; so, when he found the truth he threw difficulties to the wind and obeyed it. Philip does not hesitate, but immediately baptizes him. Philip's work is done and the Spirit takes him away (seemingly he is caught away as by a hurricane, cf. 2 K. 2:16). must now learn to look directly to Jesus Himself. This he does. He does not ask for Philip now that he has found Jesus. He went on his way "rejoicing" with a new-found joy, a joy those only know who receive

Navy Rice to Be Japan Style.

"Japan style" instead of "Honduras style," that hitherto purchased, is to be issued by the supplies bureau of the Navy Department, at Washington. D. C., in connection with the annual supply of rice. This decision follows consultation with rice experts of New York City and the Department of Agriculture. The change means a considerable saving of pub-lic funds, it is said, and at the same time in no degree reduces the nutritive quality of the rice.

British to Accept Our Meat.

The committee of the British Government, at London, which was appointed last summer to inquire in the alleged control of the B meat supply, has concluded tigation and reports against ence with American impor simple reason that G needs the American sup

European Shippin European shipping fered severely becau traffic in the Levant Eastern lines were al:

still.