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ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1901.

been rough, as tender as he had been hard and cruel and murderous. He

"Well, maybe I don't, but I think I do. Some day, maybe, I'll tell you the story INDIVIDUAL

NO. 67.

NOT LIKE OTHER MEN.

By Frederick Van Rensselaer Dey,

Author of "The Brotherhood of Silence," "The Quality of a Sin," Etc.

furiously.

same instant the horsehair lariat flew

from the rider's hand, the horse stop-

was to come, and the next instant the

steer, firmly held by the rope, which

had caught one of his hind feet, plung-

ed headlong upon the ground, tearing

up the earth and sod and bellowing

In an instant he had struggled to his

feet, but instead of seeking to escape

he turned and faced the enemy with

lowered head, muttering distant thun-

der as he picked up clouds of dust and

gravel with his forward hoofs and

threw them viciously into the air.

Then he charged, but the horse, obey-

ing a slight pressure of the knee, easily

avoided him, dashing past the infuri-

ated beast so closely that Lisle could

have touched him, and in another mo-

ment the steer was again dragged to

the earth by the suddenly tightened

It was at that instant when the orig-

inal pursuer appeared upon the scene.

Another writhing, twisting coil of rope

darted through the air just as the steer

was struggling to his feet. It settled

over the animal's borns and head and

seized his throat, and the beast was

The steer was again dragged to the earth.

captured. .It was not the first time

to the power of mind over matter, and

as soon as he found that he was indeed

"Well done, sonny!" shouted the

stranger. "Mighty well done for a

younker like you. What outfit are you

three miles behind me, to the east."

"Well, you don't look it; not by two

earth.

with?"

your name be?"

"Lisle Maxwell."

old are you, anyway?"

you back with the bunch?"

here afore, was you?"

"Never."

beard of me."

events, it doesn't concern you."

The stranger chuckled audibly.

"I've heard tell that you was sassy."

he said, "but you ought to wait till you

your sass on strangers. Some of 'em

"Well, you've got a mighty uncom-

mon lot to learn; don't forget that. But

I'll stand sponsor for you with the

boys, and that won't do you any harm.

I'm Craig Thompson. Maybe you have

Lisle looked upon his companion with

added interest then, for indeed he had

heard of Craig Thompson, and not

much good of him had been told either.

A man who is thoroughly feared is

never cordially liked, and Craig

Thompson was one of those. He was

a strange admixture of gentleman and

rough, a college bred man who for

part of them. He was one of those

men whose age it is impossible to esti-

mate, for he appeared at once older

and younger than he really was. His

alertness and energy subtracted from

his years, while his gray hair and

beard and weather beaten skin added

to the estimate that one placed upon

them. With the exception of Lisle's

father, he owned more cattle than any

other man on the range, and he had

been in Nevada longer than any of his

neighbors. But all of this had nothing

to do with his reputation. That was

derived from a habit of his that was

speak to him and certainly to cross

him. When he came out of them, he

"I am 18."

outfit?"

"Yes."

Copyright, 1901, by Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey. graceful curve to the left. At the

CHAPTER II.

CRAIG THOMPSON, FRONTIERSMAN. was the week of the annual ped, planted his feet firmly in the sod "round up" in the Smoky val- and braced himself for the shock that ley, which nestles in the embrace of towering mountains

along the western boundary of the state of Nevada. Upon the crest of a rise of ground which overlooks the entire valley a horseman, who had just risen over the height, reined in his mount and with bated breath and eager enthusiasm surveyed the spectacle before him.

"It is grand-beautiful!" he exclaimed aloud. "It is strange that my father has never permitted me to see it before; strange that he hesitated now. But I am here in spite of him, and he will not send me back. He must not. I will not go."

The youth turned his head and looked back in the direction from which he had come, and there was a pleased, if somewhat anxious, smile upon his face when he noted toward the southeast a heavy cloud of dust which extended backward along the trail as far as the eyes could reach, but which was steadily though slowly coming nearer. To his practiced eyes that cloud explained that beneath it was moving an army of cattle numbering several thousands that their track lay over the ridge where he was standing and that their destination was the valley beyond, where the different brands were to be singled out and separated, sorted and assigned to their respective owners.

For an entire week-perhaps for two, for the number of cattle was known to be greater this year than ever beforethe Smoky valley was destined to be come a scene of life and activity. There would be collected there cattle and horses by the tens of thousands, rancheros and vaqueros by the dozens and scores; there would be trials of skill of every kind which finds proficient performers and ardent admirers in the wild, free life of ranchmen and their cowboy assistants; there would be fighting and frolic, danger and pleasure-all things desirable and everything supposedly attainable for Lisle Maxwell, the margin of whose life hitherto had been the limits of his father's ranch.

As he looked again toward the valley to be led away over the road he had he could see that thousands of cattle along the mountain slopes as far as his vision could extend, and his keen glance could detect here and there the figures of horsemen on guard near the entrance of passes where they were stationed to prevent the animals, gathered with such difficulty, from straying again. Hoarse bellowings and muttering murmurs drifted along the mountain sides, telling of disputes between rival steers which had met now for the first time, and away up the valley glistened a lake beside which he could distinguish the outlines of a corral, near which he knew was situated the camp.

Lisle was undetermined what to do. His impulse was to ride on into the valley and make himself known to the men, who one and all were acquainted with his father and who would therefore make him welcome. Some of them were acquaintances of his own, for he had met and learned to know several ranchmen and cowboys who during years past had made occasional visits to his father's ranch. On the other hand, he feared the anger of his father, whom thus far in life he had never dared to disobey in other than very

little things. "If I awalt him here, he will send me back again." mused Lisle; "if I go on, he cannot, or, at least, if he does so, I will have seen something of what I came to see."

While he still besitated the entire scene changed. The moving panorama in the distance faded from view as his interest centered upon an incident that was taking place almost in the immediate foreground.

Up the side of the mountain toward him, and not a quarter of a mile away, plunged a madly galloping steer, and behind it, too distant to cast his rope. but nevertheless with the ready loop of his riata swinging in his hand, rode a horseman He was sombreroed, fringed, gilt spurred and bedecked in his best, for cowboys attire themselves for the annual "round up" with as much care as a debutante lavishes up-

on her "coming out" ball. The cowboy spurred his horse unmercifully, but the steer was lithe limbnearly 30 years had been adapting himself to the circumstances of his sured, swift and wild. It ran as free as roundings and gradually had become a an antelope and as easily led the pace,

tossing his horns and bellowing. Young Maxwell quietly took the colled lasso from the pommel of his saddle, disengaged the loop, balanced it in his right hand, seized the reins in his left, settled himself more firmly in the saddle and waited. Then, when the steer came nearer, he started his horse forward by touching his heels gently against the animal's sides, guiding him toward the left by an almost imperceptible pressure with his right knee. The horse had also perceived the approach of the steer and its pursuer and knew thoroughly well what was expected of him. In advancing the speed known and feared by every one who was gradually increased, so that when knew him. There were frequently the steer dashed over the brow of the weeks at a time when he was possesshill Lisle Maxwell, with the loop of his ed by what was known as his sullen riata coiling like a huge serpent above fits, and during those periods it was as his head, was within easy casting dis- much as a man's the was worth to tance of the object of his attack.

The steer, startled by the unexpected apparition directly in front of him, was as loquacious as he had previousswerved to the right, while the horse ly been taciturn, as kindly as he had that young Maxwell rode described a formerly been ugly, as gentle as he had

was a strange mixture of saint and devil, of kindness and brutality, of generosity and merciless cruelty-a paradox and that which begets more outside interest than any other human

attitude, a mystery. "Why ain't you ever been here before, sonny?" he asked presently. "Or maybe that ain't any of my business

"My father would not permit me to

"Oh, that's it, eh? And he gave in this time, did he?" "No."

Craig Thompson cnuckled again. "Don't you see, Lisle, that you have answered t'other question? That's why you're ahead of the bunch. Just jumped the stockade, flew the corral, lit out, stampeded all by yourself, same's that steer you roped in such good style, and Dick thinks you're rounded up safe and sound at home, eh? Is that the ticket?"

"That is exactly the situation, Mr. Thompson," replied Lisle slowly. "When I first saw you swinging after the steer, I was wondering whether I had better keep down the valley or turn back and meet my father. But you have answered the question for me, for now I've got to help you in with this steer." "Humph! Look here, Lisle. Just

consider that we've shook hands, will you? That makes us friends. Now. I'm going to give you some advice, and it strikes me that for a kid who has passed all his life, if it ain't only 18 years, punching cattle, roping steers, shooting stars out of the sky and occasionally pinking an Indian or a mayerick man-for that's what I've heard about you-you need it as much as any feller I know. In the first place, don't 'mister' any of the boys up here on this mesa, or they'll make a curiosity out of you before you're 24 hours your present senior. In the second place, when you have once started out to do a thing don't turn back on any account. Do it or drop in your tracks facing it. It's a whole lot better to be shot between the eyes than it is to be kicked behind. That ain't elegant, but it's God's truth. In the third place, tie up to Craig Thompson for anything that you can foresee at this writing, and if he happens to have one of his fits on don't you mind 'em. They ain't for everybody, and they won't be for you. Here comes two of my boys. They'll take this critter, and we can ride in more sociably."

They were soon relieved of the care of the steer, and then they rode on silently side by side for some distance. "Why wouldn't Dick ever let you

come here before?" asked Thompson that he had been compelled to succumb | presently.

"I don't know. He would never tell me," replied Lisle. "Well, I can tell you."

a prisoner his wild rage gave place to sullen docility, and he allowed himself "You can! Why is it?" "I'll tell you by asking a question or come, knowing that those relentless two. Didn't you wing one of my cowd already arrived. They browsed loops were still fast upon him and that boys, a fellow named Cummings, about at the first sign of resistance he would a year ago when he was over at your again be dragged remorselessly to the place after a bunch of steers that had

> "Yes." "What did you do it for?" "Because he was impertinent."

strayed away?"

"Exactly. What did he say?" "He said that I was cut out for a wo-"Maxwell's. The bunch is two or man and spoiled in the making. I convinced him that I was quicker with "Dick Maxwell's, eh? Crescent and cross." naming the brand worn by my gun than he was, anyway."

"Correct. He ain't forgot it, and he Richard Maxwell's cattle. "What may won't very soon. He's gone back east, but he left a piece of one of his ribs out here to remember you by. How-"Good, good! So you're Dick Maxwell's kid. You're a younker, sure ever, that is why Dick don't want you enough, but you ain't as young as you to come here. See?" look unless I'm mightily mistaken. I "No." saw you when you first came to this re-

"He's afraid somebody else will say the same thing; that's all."

gion, and that's nigh on to 17 years ago. You must have been most 2 then. How Lisle brought his horse to a sudden stand. His face darkened and his black eyes flashed ominously.

"Do you say the same thing?" or three years. Is the old man with the asked quietly, but in a tone which conveyed much more than did the words that were uttered.

"What are you doing here? Why ain't "Lord, what a fire eater you are! No! I don't say the same thin", but it would "That's my business, sir. At all be a compliment if I did, for women are a hanged sight better than men. But that ain't here nor there. Some very much like it, and if you are going grow more'n you have before you try to shoot every one that does you had better lose no time in selecting a good ain't as good natured as I am. Never place to start your graveyard. You won't be long in filling it."

"Why should they say such a thing as that?"

"Well, there are a good many rea sons. Are you going to take what I say friendly or are you going to get mad?"

"I'll not be angry. "Good. Well, I s'pose it's because you ain't developed much. You're 18, and you look in some ways like a boy of 14. Your voice ain't changed enough to suit the taste of such people as like to arrange other people's affairs for 'em. That's one thing. It's a good voice, but it's soft and tender and kinder cooling, like a girl's. 'Twon't hurt it any if you add a pound or two to its

weight." "What else?"

"Nothing else that I can just put my finger on unless it's your whole outfit. You have spent so much of your time in the house reading and studying, playing your piano and such like that your face has got something in it that men don't wear much out here. It's called refinement, and these cusses round here think that all the refinement in the world belongs to women. want you to understand that every friend." reason that any of the crowd such as you will find here can have for telling you that you are like a woman is a compliment, and you ought to take it as one. Don't get mad. Smile and look pleased, for, Lisle, there ain't no better thing on the top of God's earth than a good woman."

"I don't believe that you know," said Lisle quietly, but with such deep conviction that Thompson gazed at him earnestly for a moment in silence. "Don't 1?" he said presently in a

that makes me think so. Now, tell me why you said that." "My father has taught me ever since

can remember that women are the curse of the world, and I believe him. He is wise concerning everything else, and he would not instruct me falsely." An audible grunt was the only reply that Craig Thompson made, and the two rode on in silence several rods.

"I would like to see a woman," remarked Lisle, permitting his train of thought to end in a spoken sentence

"I have never seen one in my life." "Whoa!" cried Thompson, pulling his horse up with a jerk. Then he jammed his spurs deep into the animal's sides, so that it snorted and made two or three buck jumps before it settled down again into ordinary decorum. The ranchman's face was working in the strangest fashion, but whether with an effort to suppress a laugh or an oath it is impossible to say. At last, more to himself than to the young man at his side, the Nevadian remarked:

sort of fodder to chaw on is a blamed scoundrel."

Lisle Maxwell heard the words. He halted his horse as suddenly as Thompson had previously checked his and by a sudden pressure of one of his knees compelled it to turn so that it stood directly across the path of the other animal. His right arm straightened out, and Thompson found himself looking into the barrel of a ".44."

"Take that back, Craig Thompson." said Lisle in a low tone, but there was an intense meaning behind the words. The ranchman had never been nearer death than at that instant, and he knew it. But he only smiled, and there was something in the altered expression of his face which Nevadians were not accustomed to see there. All the hard lines had disappeared. All the harshness was gone, and his eyes, which ordinarily gave back a steely glitter for every gaze which they encountered, softened into a translucent sparkle while he said slowly:

"I'll take it back, Lisle, every word of it, for the Lord knows that I never meant it to sound as you took it. You needn't put your gun down till I've got through talking, 'cause I've got something to say, and after that, if you want to use it on me, you can go ahead, and I won't make any kick. I like you, Lisle, and I would honor you for killing ne if you did it to resent an imputation against your father. I spoke on general principles. And now you listen. You've heard lots of bad things about me, and, supposing me to be as bad as them reports, do you think it would be logical to believe every other man in the world bad because I am or every



Thompson found himself looking into the barrel of a ".44."

man good because your father is? 'Tain't sense, is it? If you know strength and geographical size. enough to know that we're all born of women, and I suppose you do, you know that a woman was your mother, and there's one little fact you want to tie to all your life, because if you don't the to all your life, because if you don't there won't be anything else that is worth trying to. It's this: Your mother ing farmers and also from the laborwas a good woman if every other woman ever born into the world was bad, and so was my mother and the mother of every one of that wild set of fellows that'll soon be raising hades around here. A woman may be bad before she's a mother, and she may be bad of the boys will say it, or something after she's a mother, but there ain't no exceptions to the rule that every one of 'em is good when she's a mother, so, you see, Lisle, I didn't cast any reflections on your father when I said that. I only took your mother's part without thinking of him at all, and I wouldn't be of much account as a friend to you or to any man if I didn't do that. That's right, put up your gun. Now, shall we shake hands? That's the tickyou'll-know me better."

Then, side by side, in the beginning of a friendship which was destined to continue through bitter trials for Lisle Maxwell, they rode into camp just as the van of Dick Maxwell's outfit rose over the ridge where their acquaintance began.

TO BE CONTINUED. ONE ON HIM.

"Well, bless my soul!" exclaimed one of the first citizens of Chicago, that breezy metropolis on the banks of Lake "When did you hit the

"I have not hit it at all!" corrected the man from Boston. "The largeness of the area and the absence of a definite personality preclude such action." "That's so," assented the Chicagoan, his cordial hilarity a little less marked. "By the way, where are you stopping?" "I'm not stopping at all, my dear

"Not stopping at all? Why, what "No, but I'm staying at the Palmer

House. Deuced expensive place, I'll вау." "That's so! Well, it's too bad."

"Too bad! How's that?" "Well, I was going to invite you to come on out and put up at my house while you were in town, but since

you're staying at the Palmer House, suppose it's no use." And off he walked .- Kansas City Invoice that was perceptibly altered. dependent.

CHARACTER.

REV. W. G. NEVILLE TO THE SOLDIERS

Sermon That Was Preached In the Yorkville Presbyterian Church on Last Sunday.

Rev. W. G. Neville preached the annual sermon to the Jasper Light Infantual sermon to the Jasper Light Infantual sermon to the Presbyterian church last control. By the watch ul exercise of these virtues, purity of heart and mind Sunday morning. The company was out under Captain Moore, in full uniform, about 40 strong, and there were ance. present some ten or twelve honorary members. Quite a large and appreciative congregation was present for the occasion and the services were very interesting. Many people who heard it were of the opinion that the sermon be what it ought to be without a careful "Any man who will give a boy that tive congregation was present for the ought to be printed, and at the request of The Enquirer Mr. Neville has kind-mind and will. ly furnished it in manuscript as fol-

> "But the children of Israel committed a trespass in the accursed thing." Joshua vii, 1.

The reference here is to the sin of Achan. God had instructed Israel to destroy every living thing in Jericho and to put into His treasury all the silver and gold and vessels of brass and iron. These instructions were carried out with one exception: Achan took from among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, two hundred shekels of silver and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight, and appropriated these things to his own use.

This sin affected the whole community. It caused their defeat at Ai, and God said they could make no progress in the right direction until the matter.

in the right direction until the matter was properly adjudicated. The whole community was held responsible for the sin, till they used all the means in their reach to rectify the wrong. Under the leadership of Joshua the sin was punished and righteousness was vindicated.

Thus we see how intimately an indi-vidual person's character and conduct are connected with the community at large, and how the welfare of the com-munity is affected by the acts of individual persons.

The subject of my discourse today is:

"Individual Character, the Safeguard of a People."

The most valued possession of any man is character. This is all that belongs to is character. This is all that belongs to him in an absolute sense. The most valued possession which any community has is to be found in her men of character. Other things may be desirable and useful, but they can never be compared with the priceless treasure that is to be found in men of virtue, truth, honor and integrity. The real prosperity of a people consists not in their material wealth, but in their men of character. Here is a country's true power and real glory.

power and real glory.

It is said that Louis XIV asked Colbert why it was that he could not, with such a strong and populous coun-try as France behind him, conquer country as Holland. so small a country as Holland. It o good character than an unfaltering adherence and devotion to the truth. Greatness of a country does not depend upon the extent of its tergreatness of a country does not depend upon the extent of its territory, but on the character of its people. It is because of the industry, the frugality and the energy of the Dutch that your majesty has found them so difficult to overcome." Why is it that Scotland has attained

such prominence in the world and has exerted such an influence for good wherever that power has been felt? Her territory is small—a little smaller than the state of South Carolina. Her population is small—only about three times as many as we have in South Carolina. But her people are people of character, and this has enabled her to exert an influence in the world out of all proportion, to her numerical world is pleased to call her common people—a tower of strength which all the outside world has never been able was

ng peasantry. Scott said to Irving: I wish to show you some of our real-y excellent plain Scotch people. The character of a nation is not to be learned from its fine folks, its fine gentlemen and ladies: such you meet every where and they are everywhere the same. A country's standing, her influence

her welfare, her very destiny are al lodged in the character of her people This truth is applicable to a family, a church, a community. Our community in and around Yorkville cannot rise above the character of the people who live here. Each person living here live here. Each person living here forms an integral part of the communifore, each person living here makes a contribution to the community's weal or woe. It is impossible for the com-That's right, put up your gun. Now, shall we shake hands? That's the ticket. Maybe when you know me better stitute a community? Lands, and stitute a community? Lands, and houses, and stores, and factories? No. These are only incidental. It takes people to make a community; and the character of the community is deter-mined by the character of the people: taken as individual persons. Get the average character of the people, and you you will have the character of the community, or nation. Let us bear in mind, just here, the difference between character and repu-

tation. Character is what a man is: reputation is what the people say he is. A man may have a good reputation and at the same time a bad character, and vice versa. There is sometimes as much difference between a man's real character and reputation, as there is between night and day. Thank God, neither public opinion, nor private opinion of men makes me what I am. The man who has a good character may rejoice that he has something which can not be disturbed or influenced by the opinion of men. The man who has a

practical way. This character is an integral part of the community's character; and yet it is independent of everything else, as far as existence is concerned. It is our duty to bring into prominence individual character and to magnify its importance and value. Let us not forget that each one of us now.

these deals with self; the last has to

There can be no solid character without and principles upon which society is it. "Let a man give the reins to his built. The person who fails to put a

"Praise is given in the Bible, not to becomes habitual, and the character is built up in chastity, virtue and temper-

There must be self-control before there can be any stability of character. A man that is not able to control him-

There must be a self-denial and a taking up the cross—a restraining and a constraining—a holding back of self when there is a tempetation to self-indulgence and a pressing forward of self when there is an inclination not to go in the right direction.

A man must know himself; he must educate himself; he must control him-A man must know himself; he must educate himself; he must control himbefore a throne of grace. All such are self, before he can possess a character that has any moral force and power for good. Self-knowledge, self-culture and self-control are the essential elements of solid and genuine character. This is the right kind of temperance, well-rounded, symmetrical, comprehensive.

Anything that tends to encourage the abuse or contraction of any of our physical, intellecutal or moral powers is anything worth abuse or contraction of any of our physical, intellecutal or moral powers is anything worth.

sical, intellecutal or moral powers is disastrous to individual character, and consequently disastrous to the community. No man can develop into the stability and nobility of a good, symmetrical character until he has in subjection all the powers of his being. His passions, his appetite and his affections must be governed by an intelligent and authoritative will, which must be regulated and directed by right principles. It is right for a man to labor to im-prove his condition; but he must labor first and always to better himself. If he is so tied down to his surroundings that he has lost control of them, then indeed is his nose bound fast to the grindstone of earth and ignominious failure awaits him. A man to be any-thing in the world and to attain any-

thing in the world and to attain anything in the world must be master of
the situation, and he can never be this
until he has first mastered himself.

CHARACTER IS DETERMINED BY ITS

CHARA by which we can test character more effectually than by truth. Tell me a man's beliefs and practices as they are related to truth, and I will tell you the character of that man. Not only is truth a test of character, but it is also regulative in the formation of character. regulative in the formation of charac-ter. A man's relations to the truth

permeate his character—every part of it. Devotion to truth adorns the whole character and elevates the entire man; a disregard for truth corrupts the en-tire character and degrades the whole man. There is nothing more essential tower of strength; its crown of glory. Truth is the very foundation upon which true character and real worth are built. He who atempts to build good character without the materials of truth, is like an architect who tries to build a monument without a founda-

tion. There is nothing that is more disas trous to individual character than the want of a proper regard for the truth. Falsehood is a sin, which is either the mother of all sins or the protector of them all. It demolishes and destroys verything in man that is valuable raiseworthy and desirable. Therefore erything that is opposed to the truth.

He detests a falsehood; he abominates

Truth is a necessary and all-pervading element in the make-up of a good and successful character. And just to the extent that truth enters into the characters and lives of the people that characters and lives of the people, just nara of various sizes.

to that extent will the community be is Biskra, which has not less than 160,elevated. There is nothing that tends 000 palms, and from which we get they ought to be more than truth after hours of weary traveling through Truth is the spinal column in society; the desert the lovely rich green of so and, if there is no truth there, there can be no backbone there.

Imagine a community where every

many palms in such a setting 4s a sight as impressive as it is beautiful.

The French Sahara covers 123,500

where every man suspects every other man of being false. Could you think of a more unfortunate and appaling state of affairs? This would be bell or could of affairs? This would be hell on earth. It is truth that makes good society what it is and holds it together. In every department of life and society, truth is an essential and controlling factor in the successful carrying on of all laudable enterprises.
Truth is the cement which binds the members of good society together. It members of good society together. It members of good society together. It yesen abroad. They take their walks upon the flat roofs, which are common to all Eastern lands. But few Arabs live in the individual members of society is built upon the foundation of truth, this society possesses a strong defence and safeguard against the invasion of any destructive agent that would come in. Under such circumstances alone can society properrying on of all laudable enterprises.
Truth is the cement which binds the ly support and encourage her social, commercial educational and religious institutions. Falsehood in a community is blasting. ly support and encourage her social, and goats.

commercial educational and religious institutions. Falsehood in a community is blasting and destructive to everything that elevates a people and gives them true, moral greatness. It takes away every safeguard against interaway every safeguard against interaway every safeguard against interaway every safeguard against interaway every promise that is broken, every falsehood that is told, every confidence that is betrayed and every confidence that is betrayed and every obligation is noor without being abased. He is

magnify its importance and value. Let us not forget that each one of us possesses an individual character of his own and that this character forms a part of the communities character.

WHAT CONSTITUTES CHARACTER?—
The answer to this question is determined by the communities of the communities character.

WHAT CONSTITUTES CHARACTER?—
The answer to this question is determined by the communities of the communiti

a community. Every person ought to be interested in the prosperity and welone overshadows with its wings both fare of every other person's character. self and others. Temperance on the one This will strengthen his own character. hand, benevolence on the other, truth as well as the character of others. This

hand, benevolence on the other, truth in the middle supporting the other two.

1. Notice our relation to temperance. I do not use this word in its ordinary, restricted sense; but in its broadest, most comprehensive sense. I refer to self-control, self-mastery in every department of a man's being. "Self-condition of character, is a most effectual way of destroying the very laws."

There can be no solid character without the character of others. This as well as the character of others. This will bring society into closer bonds of union and will furnish a safeguard for a community's defence.

But a failure to recognize and respect the rights of others and their just claims upon us, as well as the character of others. This will bring society into closer bonds of union and will furnish a safeguard for a community's defence.

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But a failure to recognize and respect the rights of others and their just a community is defence. in "Let a man give the reins to his built. The person who fails to put a impulses and passions, and from that priceless value upon the honor and good moment he yields up his moral freedom." He becomes a slave to his weakwhich go to make up a true man. He who would destroy good character-it the strong man who taketh a city, but matters not where it may be found—is to the stronger man who ruleth his own spirit. Nine-tenths of the vicious desires that degrade society, and which, good character is worse than the dewhen indulged, swell into crimes that struction of life and property. If there disgrace it, would shrink into insignification of life and property. If there is anything that is dear to an upright. man, it is his sacred honor, his stain-less character. This is worth more to him than all the world beside.

'Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slaves to thousands; But he, that filches from me my good

name. Robs me of that which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.' The man who lives solely for self is a menace to the community in which he lives—yea, he is a curse to that community. A man must get out of self before he can attain any true greatness and before he can be a real blessing to his fellowmen.

You have heard of the old gentleman who is said to have offered this prayer: "O Lord, bless me and my wife, my con John and his wife, us four and no more." There are many who live this prayer, if they do not offer it formally

Think of the priceless value of a good character. If there is anything worth character. If there is anything worth possessing in this life, it is this; and, thank God, this is in reach of each one of us. A good character is the individual person's safeguard, the nation's defense. There is nothing comparable to it in intrinsic worth. All the wealth of the world is trash compared to it. It is something that abides. Our friends may desert and forsake us; our foes may do all they can against us; our worldly possessions may be taken away worldly possessions may be taken away from us; our reputation may be blast-ed; but our good character no clime nor season can destroy; no enemy can de-prive us of it. It is ours, part of our nature, incorporated into our very being. Character is the man himself. Good character bids defiance to the ravages

servator of its blessed integrity.

Priceless treasure! The country's safeguard, the community's defence, the individual person's inheritance!

Would you have a model in the formation of your personal character? There is but one perfect model, and that model is to be found in Jesus Christ, our Saviour. His character stands alone through all history in its matchless, glorious, peerless beauty and matchless, glorious, peerless beauty and perfection. All the excellencies and perfections of character centre and inhere in him. The very perfection of right being is to be found in his heart

and the very perfection is to be found in his life. No character is complete that is not in sympathy with the peerless character of Christ, and no community is sacure that is not leavened with His re-ligion. May each of you take Him as your model both in character and con-duct, both in heart and life.

THE ARAB IN THE DESERT. Alongside of Him the European

Looks Ridiculous. The Arab of today is one of the most fascinating figures to be met with, especially if you meet him at home. This is the opinion of Mr. Percy L. Parker, praiseworthy and desirable. Therefore, as a man prizes his character, yea, as he prizes his very soul, so ought ne to prize the truth. There is a decided, uncompromising, constitutional antipathy in an upright man's heart against everything that is opposed to the truth. ter, for the Arab says that the palm

Imagine a community where every person has lost confidence in the veracity of every other person, where a man's word and promise are worthless, where a beneath the palms, which afford much trees provide any timber houses are two stories high. the low doorway one would think they were high walls only. All the internal light is obtained by openings on the courtyard, round which the house is built. The Arab home is somewhat of

faisehood that is told, every connuence is dedouin whom he despises. The Arab that is betrayed, and every obligation is poor without being abased. He is that is ignored are powerful factors in the defeat of noble plans and efforts in the community. No society of people can rise high in the scale of moral extended.

The chief item in the Arab costume

consuming love for the truth.

3. Character Is Determined by Its own. While this fact is theoretically a self-evident truth, yet it is difficult for some people to realize this truth is a practical way. This character is an integral part of the community's character: and yet it is independent of everything else, as far as existence is concerned. It is our duty to bell to approximate the sum of the sum of the sum. Beneath this there are all sorts of gorgeous vests and jackets. The legs are bare, but the feet are covered with rich red leather shoes, dyed with the juice of the pomegranater: and yet it is independent of everything else, as far as existence is concerned. It is our duty to bell to approximate the sum of the truth benevolent may does not seem to the truth benevolent may be able to approximate the sum of tle, dates and other wares.

General-Stop that reporter. Aid-What! Don't you want to have him send home an account of your peroism?

The answer to this question is determined by our relation to temperance, truth and benevolence. The first of possible results can be attained in the rest of my life,—Life.