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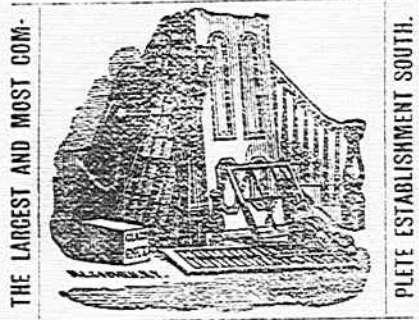
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The REFORMER. By CHARLES M. SHELDON. Author of "His Steps," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," etc. Copyright, 1901, by Charles M. Sheldon.

CHAPTER IX. "The power of manhood." Do you wonder, Gordon, that the ministry sometimes grows discouraged as it faces a labor that in the nature of the case can never be completed in any sense and has the vision of an ideal that no church or parish ever yet realized?

"What right have you to do this?" "ARTH to earth, ashes to earth, dust to dust," said Paul Falmouth as he stood by the grave of Rufus Gordon.

"Gordon isn't the first man to put off attending to a matter of that sort. I suppose the estate goes in absence of a will to his son?" one of the visiting friends of the broker questioned.

"He didn't have much of anything to will," was the answer. "How's that?" The exclamation expressed great surprise.

"I am not complaining either about the bewildering number of calls on my time and sympathy from strangers and people entirely outside of my parish. It is a compliment to the ministry that the un-Christian part of the community turns to the church and the preacher for comfort and help.

"You are tired at present, but that does not account for my present position. Don't let it vex you," he added quickly. "I ought not to have delivered my little word here. This house is the center of its own peculiar sorrows.

aid his hand affectionately on a rail Falmouth's arm. He did not know just what else to say. His thought of the church had coincided too closely with the one in Falmouth's mind to come to the defense of the church as it seemed to need defense in the face of Falmouth's doubts.

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"Always room for one more, I am sure," Gordon protested, but Falmouth shook his head and refused to continue the discussion. He had risen to go when Miss Andrews entered with a glow on her face that struck both men as a new look.

"You are your own master of course," Mrs. Penrose was saying to her nephew, who was looking curiously in one of the bow windows of the drawing room, "but at the rate you are going you will soon exhaust your resources.

"I could use a million without touching much more than the edge of all this misery," she said quickly, and then added with a self-accusing tone: "God forgive me! What am I saying? This great gift from this old lady will save hundreds—yes, thousands—of lives. We can work miracles with it. We can do wonders, Mr. Gordon."

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practically all the misery of the city. We have no place for service in our programme of life. We neither know nor care for the brotherhood. We exist for our own pleasure. And I suppose it will be no more than fair that in the other world we shall long for a drop of water to cool our tongues while the Lazarus we despised here shall recline in Abraham's bosom.

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OUT over the buried district. "Excuse me. I am, of course, specially interested in our plans at present. Mr. Gordon, with some of the residents, has been looking over our new ground with reference to our new park. You have heard of our recent good fortune? We are living in a high state of excitement down here. A friend has given us \$200,000, and we are trying to see how much fun we can have in spending it. If you will come here, I can point out our proposed plan, or would you like to go out there? We can look over the house when we come back."

"We shall be interested to go outside and look over the plan there," Mrs. Penrose assented, and they all passed out and walked slowly down toward the group of men who were at the end of the block, opposite the block that had been the last to burn. As they drew nearer one of the men left the group and came down toward them. It was John Gordon, and even at that distance it was very evident that he was unusually roused about something.

"He was so absorbed in the matter that was exciting him that when he met Miss Andrews with her visitors for the first moment he spoke to her as if he did not recognize her. "That scoundrel, Tommy Randall, Miss Andrews! Do you know what he has succeeded in doing?"

"He had said that much when he realized who the visitors were. But even then the passion of the information he had come to give Miss Andrews was so strong that he simply bowed to Mrs. Penrose and Luella as if he were in the habit of meeting them every day in Bowen street, and nodded to the group as if Penrose was a faded toady in the neighborhood of Hope House."

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He simply bowed.

least those who thought they knew her best would have been astonished if they had seen it.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Bud of a Tree. Among the curious things discovered by the students of plant life is the fact that a bud taken from one tree and grafted on another carries the age of the original tree with it. It has always been believed that the bud so transferred began a wholly new life, but this new theory—may, after all, be more theory than fact as yet—shows the matter in an entirely different light.

Concerning Mistletoe. In "The Wild Fruits of the Countryside" the author gives some interesting information about mistletoe. As a parasite it possesses many curious peculiarities, among others the fact that it is the only plant whose roots refuse to shoot in the ground. Another point about mistletoe is that it is supposed to grow on the oak tree. Mistletoe rarely grows on oaks. Most of it is gathered from apple trees.

The Best He Could Do. "Wags—Before they were married he said he would be willing to die for her. "Wags—Well, he has partially proved it. At any rate, he doesn't seem able to earn a living for her.—Philadelphia Record.

Greatly Reduced. "Well, well, old man! This is quite a change! Last time I saw you you were among the Four Hundred. And now?" "Now I am clean back in fractions."—Baltimore American.