THE FELLOW THAT'S DOING HIS BEST.

There's a song for the man who is lucky and bold. For the man who has fate on his side; There are cheers for the folks that are lingling

the gold And are drifting along with the tide. But the man who is striving to get to the

And facing the angry wave's crest, We quite overlook, for we don't under

The fellow that's doing his best.

But he has his rewards when the story

Though we smile as he plods on his way. For his own self-esteem is the prize he has

As obscurely he's stood in the fray. And he knows the affection of home and o friends And the pleasures of honest-earned rest

There are peace and good will, as the twilight descends, For the fellow that's doing his best.

-Washington Star

"A. C. CARMICHAEL, CASHIER." "How was I to know that 'A' stood for 'Alice'?'

"Good Lord! man, you should have known." "But look at that fist !" and the presi dent held up a letter.

"Yet it's a masculine hand all right." "And the name?" 'Nothing to show there."

"And the recommendations?" "Couldn't be beat; but it's a nasty situation," and Perkins stretched his six feet and went over to the window. Medway was just coming from the First National

across the street. He looked up, nodded nervously at Perkins and went on. Per kins half turned to his companion. 'What will Medway say?" he asked. "Hang Medway—and yet that's just what I am thinking of. On top of Hiller's getting away with the cash and the bonds,

dent groaned. "We can't stand a run now. "But she's all business," said Perkins, apologetically.
"So much the worse. She is really worth

then the reorganization"-and the presi-

keeping." said the president. And it will advertise the bank."

'Worse yet. If there is anything that the Farmer's Bank of Pewaukee don't want just now is advertising. Hiller gave us enough of that." "She isn't pretty."

The president straightened out his backbone and revived from the attitude of complete surrender to fate. "If she was, I'd let her go in a minute."

"But the board --- "

"Yes, there's the board; and that's what heats me. To think that everyone of them hard-headed men, and you too-and I had to--voted to make her cashier of this bank What did you do it for? I was depending on you."
"Pure cussidness," said Perkins, yawn-

"I'm tired of the whole business. I ought to have been in Paris before this and here I am staying on just to keep a decrep it old bank from failing. Mother has writit old bank from failing. Mother has writ-ten me demanding imperatively that I could have known sooner-still the currency shall get over there. She wants me to help look after those Sawyer girls. I'm willing to gamble a little on this bank and I don't forget that father and you started it. It ought to be a good investment; still, it's sentiment that keeps it going and the girl cashier is right in line with the sentiment. Call it the 'Bank of Sentiment.' It can't be worse, anyhow, with her. What do we know about banking? We've both got too many irons in the fire—at least, you have, and I'm too lazy. Hiller got away just be cause we didn't watch him and now, Sheldon, I'm sure she won't get out that way. She isn't one of those strong-minded females. Didn't I ask her what her politics was?

"And she said 'banking" "Yes and that settled it for me."

"But Med way?" We'll fight him. Come, let's go home.

"And she stays?" asked Sheldon ner-

vously.
"She does," was Perkins' reply given

emphatically. That was how it came about that A. C. Carmichael, tall, under thirty, in a big picture hat, a becomingly tailored costume, came into the Farmers' Bank, the next morning, put her hat away, pushed up a mass of brown hair with a most feminine movement of both hands, and seated herself at the desk marked "Cashier."

At ten she held a conference with President Sheldon, received a copy of the bank's report, made some recommendations, discussed the general business, and at noon went away to lunch. In the afternoon she spent much time going over the bank's securities with Perking and talking over future plans.

Pewaukee read all about A. C. Carmichael, Cashier, in the evening paper, and knew that the Farmers' Bank, old, firmly es tablished, the Gibraltar of the lumber kings for years, had an imported girl cashier and their pride was hurt. They also read the sworn statement of the bank's condition, and with faith in old man Sheldon and young Charlie Perkins, said the institution ooked sound at least. Miss Carmichael had experience, the paper said: six years in Sandersport. Pa., in a lumber town, too and two years in Elmira, N. Y. Before that, she had been her father's private secretary for a year, and he had been a king of hemlock and pine, Pewaukee's chief pro-

Med way was coming down from a meeting of the hoard of taxation revision that night along the muddy walks towards his home, when Parker, the grocer, overtook

"I'm going to swap, banks I s'pose, you know," said Parker. "I put in a pretty big deposit with you today."

"Why, why, Parker, you're a stock-holder in the Farmers', and they need

"No, I ain't. I don't stand for darned foolishness in banking. This wimmen business beats me. I sold my stock to Perkins today. I think they're shaky. There are others that are going to sell out,

Med way replied in a low tone. He halted Parker, but in the darkness under the shade trees, did not see Hershelman stand-

ing by his open gate. "Now, look here," said Medway. am not saying but you're wise; still, I can't be mixed up in trouble of this kind. It's my opinion. unless old Sheldon goes to the bottom of his pocket, that bank won't live a week." - in the firm

Hershelman, the hard-headed truck driver, who had been saving money all his life hastened from the deep shadow into his house, to toss in unrest and dream of bank failures. He sat on the steps of the Farmers' Bank when the boy came to sweep out and was at the window, trembling, ner-vous, as he presented his book and asked for all his cash. When he got it he rushed over and put it in Medway's bank. He drove out into the country to a sawmill, stopping to ask friends a score of times if

they had money in the rarmers why, yes, a little," was the general reply.
"Better get it out. Medway and Parker was talkin, last night and they said the Farmers had a gal cashier and the bank

wouldn't last a week." At one o'clock the truckman returned to town and was astonished to see a crowd in front of the Farmers' while a line of people wound from inside the doorway around the corner. Medway and Parker were just en-tering the First National. The truckman pulled up his team and looked on in wonder. He saw a tall, lithe figure step from the never-used side door of the Farmers'. and got a glimpse of Perkins in the president's room. Unmindful of the muddy street, the woman who had paid him the money that morning with such deft white fingers was crossing over to where Med-way stood, she halted, spake a few words, and howing stiffly, the president of the First National Bank followed her into his office. But the truckman did not notice the package under Cashier Carmichael's He saw an acquaintance come from the Farmers' with his bank book in his

"Ain't you gittin' your money," asked

"Why, no, I saw they had a pile of money on the counter, more than this crowd can take, and I didn't want it 'long as I could get it. I won't bank with old skin-flint Medway if I take it out."

But there were plenty of other people who were hurrying out with silver and gold and bills. Others eagerly moved up to fill the vacant place in front of the teller's window, while others, workmen, women, farmers from miles away, came, pale anxious, too excited to talk, to step solemply along as the sinuous column moved ever forward, praying that the money would last until they reached the win-

Inside the Farmers', except the nervousness of some of the clerks, there was no visible excitement or change from the mechanical routine of the ordinary day. The new cashier had been at the paying teller's window much of the time, and had listened imperturbable to the strange tales told by most of the people, as their reasons why they were so auxious to get their money On both sides of her were piles of green backs and silver in plain sight of the pub-lic. She had emptied the vault, hoping so much money would have its effect and retard the run. It did in a few instances, but they are very few. Paying was slow money was counted with studied deliberateness, each account was verified; there was some impatience, but eventually each one waiting at the window went away with

a closed account. Much of this went around the corner and across the street to Medway's Perkins was sitting in the president's office nervously smoking cigarettes. Sheldon

was walking the floor. "There was really nothing else to do, was there?" said the president, balt-

"Why, no, certainly not. I couldn't go of course, and you wouldn't. It would b won't be up from Milwaukee before ten, Perkins thrust his hands into his pockets and went over to the window where he peered above the curtain.

"Med way probably put it into Parker" head to send for the bank examiner." "It does seem a bit cowardly, though," said the president plaintively to let her go to Medway. But she insisted so hard. "And if she doesn't get it?"

"Why, then, we'll close up and face the music. We ought to have done it any-how. It would have been wisdom." "John!"

The president looked up, his face flushed at the rebuke. He sat down wear

'No, we couldn't close of course. She' right, though. We've no business to let sentiment mix up with banking. I don't get it in the lumber business and your fath er didn't in his paper mills—" er didn't in his paper mills-

"She's coming! Look here!" and Sheldon heard Perkins say something like a gentle oath. Perkins threw open the heavy door.

Cashier Carmichael, followed by the teller and bookkeeper of the First National, carrying a basket filled with bank bills enter-

"I'll bring the silver right over, ma'am said the teller. "It takes some time to

"Mr. Perkins will go with you," she said. "It's four thousand dollars in halves quarters and dimes," she said, smiling upon the gasping vice-president. Perkins started to stammer a refusal, but

Sheldon looked at him appealingly, and he went out. He had not stepped foot in Med-way's bank since his father's death. When Perkins returned, Sheldon unbolted the door and both men clasped hands as they heard the jingling coin on the counter. Several people put their bank books in their pockets and went home.

When Daust, the bookkeeper at the First National, came in a few minutes later and ostentatiously made a deposit of five thousand dollars for William Medway, there was a tremor in the line and more desertious. Parker, the grocer, followed with a deposit of nearly twice as much more. Hershelman, the truckman, summoned from a late dinner, had viewed for ten minutes by Medway and sheepishly deposited a check representing his withdrawal of the morning.
"What did you do that for?" asked one

of the truckman's friends. "Cause the bank is sound as a nut." was the dogged reply.
"But you told me-

"I didn't tell nothin'. Medway says the bank hain't never been so good," and he went away leaving his questioner perplexed for a moment, then to get out of the line. In half an hour only a few women were still left to wait for their small deposits.

Some had gone over to see Medway and had returned with a deposit. Before closing time a few stragglers were asking for while the receiving teller's window

was very busy indeed. Sheldon and Perkins, who had been in and out of the banking room, keeping watch on the changed conditions at first, were now sitting in the rear office silent. The curtains were drawn down and the big front door was closed at three.

Cashier Carmichael figured a few min-

eat. They remembered she had touched no food all day, were shocked, said so, insisted on her going first, but she replied that she would wait, and so decisively, that there was no further questioning. She passed her hands wearily over her eyes, pressed back her bair and entered the president's room.

Both men sprang up, but at this there was a shade of annoyance in her face.

"We won't need the money from Milwaukee, Mr. Perkins, and I think we will have sufficient funds before noon tomorrow to safely return Mr. Medway's loan, and get those bonds again."

"You have saved the bank," gravely said Sheldon. "Please he seated," and he wav-ed her to a chair. "You ought to be the president."

She took the proffered chair and read the sum she had noted on the slip. 'Splendid!" said Sheldon.

way! it's - a -- a -- funny," said Per "I did not intend to tell you," she said, "but I felt sure he wouldn't do it, except he was scared. So when you told me the stories of Parker and that-that truckman

bad a plan." "And it worked, eventfully." She looked up gratefully at Perkins. "He refused to let me have \$30,000 on those bonds. Couldn't think of it; "No telling when there might be a run on the First National,' he said, rubbing those bands of his. Then I said, 'Very good, Mr. Medway. The affairs of the Farmers' Bank are in my hands.' I told him I would have him arrested inside of an hour for conspiracy with Parker-and-andthat other man to wreck our bank

run on the Farmers'.' Perkins was leaning forward in amaze. ment. Sheldon had ceased to drum on his chair arm and was staring at A. C. Carmichael.

and-and that-that would be worse than a

"Oh, it was easy then," she went on, hastily. "He was scared to death. I told him now I knew, and what the people were saying and-and that he really wouldn't stand much of a chance before a jury here. I said I could wait till he got the money. He never waited a minute to order the cashier to get it,"—she was laughing hysterically with eyes full of tears-"but called a clerk and—and—and—I got it—and the bank is—''her voice broke into a sob—

"I am not going to Paris," said Perkins to Sheldon the next morning. "I think I will stay in Pewaukee and learn banking." .- By S. W. Bolles, in The Pil-

Quick Sale of Printing Plant.

Baltimore News Buys Equipment of Old Times

In one of the quickest deals on record the plant formerly owned by the Philadelphia Times changed hands Friday as a result of the Baltimore fire. The building and plant of the Baltimore News having been completely wiped out, its publisher, Charles H. Gratsy, went to New York Sunday night, after having arranged for the temporary publication of his evening paper in the office of the Washington Post, and secured an option on a vacant store building in Balti-

In New York Friday morning Mr. Gratsy got into telephone communication with dolph S. Oches, owner of the Times plant in that city. After exchanging a few words regarding the fire Mr. Gratsy asked: "How about the Philadelphia Times plant?" "It is at your service," Oches

"What is the price?" came next "Go and take it," answered Mr. Oches, 'and if you and I can't agree upon a price later, why we'll leave the matter to a third

party. 'Thanks, I'll take it," said Mr. Gratsy,

and the deal was closed.

The plant, which is still in the old Time building on Sansom street, west of Eighth, is in good condition and includes a battery of linotype machines, Hoe presses, stereo typing machinery, engraving plant and of-fice fixtures, as well as a complete reference library. Its estimated value is \$150,000, and arrangements were made at once for dismantling the machinery, packing it and shipping it to Baleimore. This work will be begun at once and the plant will be ready for installation by the time the building is ready.

Connell is Seated by Partisan Vote. Scranton Millionaire is Given George Howell's Place in Congress. "Rank," Asserts Shiras.

Millionaire William Connell has been declared entitled to a seat in Congress as the representative of the Scranton district of Pennsylvania, in place of George Howell, Democrat, who was summarily ejected.

The vote was 159 to 148.

Representative Shiras, Republican, of Pittsburg, voted with the Democrats, as did also Representatives Parker and Lanney, of New Jersey.
All the Pennsylvania members were pres-

ent, and voted according to their party affiliations, except Shiras and General Bingham. The latter reached the House late, and did not vote.

Shiras declared that the House was about to commit a rank injustice by de-

ciding a contest on worthless testimony. Howell himself made a strong speech ridiculing the testimony.

Connell was present, and to the astonishment of the House began interrupting

Howell. The attention of the Speaker was called to the fact that Mr. Connell had not been declared a member of the body, and he was told to be still. The action of the House was entirely partisan.

The Boss Bull.

The Butler Times, of recent date tells the following of a bull that is owned by a

farmer of that county.

Two Beaver Falls gentlemen recently were in Cranberry township, Butler county, and while there visited the Frank Lucy farm where the celebrated short-horn bull s kept. The animal has been previously mentioned in our columns but the following will still be of interest. The Beaver Falls Review says:

"The animal is said to be the largest in the world, and is undoubtedly the largest ever seen in this section of the State. The weight of the animal is said to be 5,500, but this is probably incorrect. It is estimated that he will weigh between 4,000 and 5,000 pounds. He measures from the crown of his head to the root of his tail, just 12 feet 8 inches, being 18 feet around the girth, and is proportion-ately large. Last fall fully 3,000 people visited the stables and all declared him to be a wonder in the bovine family. A few days ago a stock raiser from Texas was utes on the pad, ran up the columns, and there making arrangements to have the then told all clerks but one to get out and animal exhibited at the world's fair." Awakening of Japan

One Man Changed Nation from Feudalism to Freedom. The Man of the Hour To-Day. An Emperor-Magician who has Made History and Lived to See the Result of His Work.

Life must seem like a dream to Mutsuhito, the Emperor-Magician of Japan, the man of the hour in the far East to-day, as he looks back to the time when he came to power, says the London Mail. As long as Japan has a place in the world his name must live on the roll of the world's great

It was not given to many of the great world-figures who made history and founded empires to sow the seed and watch the harvest gathered in. England toiled painfully through the centuries, through war and revolution, now suffering long oppression, now heating down its Kings, out of the long night of feudalism into the freedom which she has spread throughout the "But how did you do it?" Old Medearth. But to one man in the world it has been given to find a nation bound and to set it free, to ascend a feudal throne and to base it firm upon the people's will.

Mutsuhito has brought Jajan to Europe. It is almost as if he had, by a stroke of the magic wand, transformed the England of the Conqueror into the England of to-day. Half a thousand years seem to have slipped by forgotton in the generation which Mutsuhito has reigned.

Time and history seem both to be playing tricks when we think of the rise of Japan. The things which should be centuries old are only 30 years, and almost on the same page we find Prime Ministers and feudal lords. There are men, and men not very old, who remember when for an Englishman to set foot in Japan was a perilous thing, when Japan was to Europe as a closed book which none had dared to open. Then, across the vast distance, came rumblings of a storm, the dim message of a mighty change, and Europe knew that Mutsuhito, a young man in an old country, the youngest, perhaps, of all the rulers in the world, had broken down the power of centuries, swept aside all but a thousand vears of custom, and laid the foundations

for a new Japan. It was the work, as it were, of a night. In a short war, the Shogun, the dynasty which had ruled Japan for 700 years, was overthrown, and the dynasty which through all the centuries had ruled Japan in name now ruled in fact. That was in 1868, when Mutsuhito was 16, and it seems an incredible thing outside a novel that a youth in his teens should lead a kingdom out of Egypt into the Promised Land. Yet all that is modern and powerful in Japan has come into being since the Emperor was 16, and in his short life is bound up all the strange change which has made Japan the hope of the East to-day.

A MIGHTY SACRIFICE.

Even now there are times when Japan looks rather like a picture in a fairy book than a country on the map. But there were wonderful things for the world to see in Japan when we were young. Such things as men had rarely looked upon were there to gaze upon when Japan drew up its blinds and threw open its doors to all the continents. Great nobles gave up their lands and castles to the State. The feudal lords, heads of great families which had ruled Japan a thousand years; the swordbearers, who had fought her battles and preserved her fame in war, laid their wealth and dignities and traditions, their very nomes and incomes, on the altar of the New Japan. Two hundred landed lords gave up their estates to the Emperor who was building up a kingdom which could have no room for other lords than he. No such laying down of rank and power had been seen since the nobles sacrificed their France, 80 years before. It was an event, this surrender of its glories by a proud nobility, which somebody has said "throws into the shade the achievements of Peter the Great, the reforms of Joseph II, and Divinity. even the French Revolution itself." was, at least, a sight which neither gods nor men had seen more than once or twice since the gentlewomen of Florence flung their rings and bracelets on Savonarola's Bonfire of Vanities.

But Savonarola himself could hardly errand of mercy. have changed the whole life of a nation; we know how his kingdom fell. And there were crises and storms in Japan, with revolts against the new regime and risings of the old and once when the streets of Japan ran with Japan's best blood, the tragic close of 30,000 lives marked forever this parting of the ways between East and West. Nor was it easy for the Emperor to deprive of their lost privilege all the lords who had magnanimously laid down the rest. Yet so small a thing as the wearing of a sword came necessarily to be forbidden. and slowly the old tradition and picturesqueness of life in Japan passed away before the nation's eyes. Japan was loth to let it pass. We like to remember that story of the wife of a Japanese Ambassador, who was attended by a leading physician in Vienna. She had a bed such as any great lady in Vienna might sleep upon, but in it the physician found a board upon which she really lay, and hidden in the soft pillows lay the old-fashioned head-rest common in the old Japan. How hard it is to let the habits of a life-time go !

THE OLD AND THE NEW. "Among all the innovations of the era,"

great authority on Japan has told us 'the only one that a Japanese could not lay aside at will was the new fashion of dressing his hair. He abandoned the queue irrevocably; but for the rest he lived a organized life (Church and State) are here dual life. During hours of duty he wore a fine uniform, shaped and decorated in foreign style. But so soon as he stepped out of office and off parade he reverted to his own comfortable and picturesque cos-

tume. "Handsome houses were built and furnished according to Western models. But each had an annex where alcoves, verandahs matted floors and paper sliding doors continued to do traditional duty. Beefsteak beer, 'grapewine,' knives and forks came into use on occasion. But rice bowls and chopsticks held their place as of old. Japan bad grown old in the old paths, and now, 35 years after, there are those who

WINTER DREAMS.

tread them still.

Deep lies the snow on wood and field, Gray stretches overhead the sky, The streams, their lips of laughter sealed. In silence slowly wander by.

Earth slumbers, and her dreams-who knows But they may sometimes be like ours? Lyrics of spring in winter's prose That sing of buds and leaves and flowers.

Dreams of that day when from the South Comes April, as at first she came, To hold the bare twig to her mouth And blow it into fragrant flame. -Frank Dempster Sherman, in Atlantic Monthly.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT.

Save for my daily range mong the pleasant fields of Holy Writ, might despair —Tennyson. THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON First Quarter. Lesson X. Matt. Iv. 35-41

Sunday March 6, 1904.

JESUS CALMS THE STORM.

To dignify that tiny sheet of water in the north of Palestine with the title of sea, and call it Sea of Galilee, seems a mis-nomer. It is a little pear-shaped pond, six by thirteen miles. If it is a material matter of just so many cubic feet of water, of her to the store, bought a new pitcher, course, the small lake does not deserve its went back to the pump and filled it for large name. But when the things that happened there are considered, the title seems not to be out of proportion. It is, in fact, the most important sheet of water on the globe. It is the chief scene of Jesus ministry. On its shore He preached His sermons and worked His miracles. Out of it His disciples drew great draughts of fishes. He walked its surface as if it had been terra firma.

One day, after hours of tireless industry in teaching and healing, the Master gave bis disciples "sailing orders." It would have been a comparatively short tour on foot around the head of the lake; but Jesus needed the rest He could have on shipboard. So. perhaps, in the very boat (Simon Peter's) from which he had been preaching, he set sail. A little fleet accompanied Him. The curious or devoted

followed in His wake. There was nothing preternatural in the storm which broke upon the ship and its convoys. The lake lies six hundred feet below the sea-level. The streams tributary to it have cut deep gullies, sudden wind-storms are caused by the proximity of snow on Lebanon and the arid wastes of the desert. These hurricanes find natural vent through the "gigantic funnels," and instantly convert the placid lake into a boiling caldron.

When the storm broke, Jesus was asleen on a mat, perhaps in a little cabin at the stern. The disciples did not appeal to Him immediately. They first did every-thing their nautical education had taught them to do. But when the waves kept breaking and filling the boat, they wakened the Master. As men in fear are apt to do they forgot their manners, and cried. "We "Carest Thou not?" Jesus observes a Divine order in coming to the rescue. He first quiets the tempest in the With reassuring emphasis and inflection, he said, "Why art thou fearful?" 'Then' He arose and rebuked the external

storm. A new meaning for those men must have come into the familiar lines of the Hebrew hymnal-"Thou rulest the raging of the sea," and "The Lord is mightier than the noise of many waters." They saw Him "gather the winds in his fist." Though long acquainted with this little sheet of water, they had never seen such a storm give place to such an instantaneous and complete calm. There is a picturesqueness in the words "the winds ceased." They grew weary and sank to rest. Talmage once said, "Jesus lulled the lake to sleep

on the knee of His omnipotence."

Moses parted the Red Sea with his mystic rod. Joshua made a causeway for a nation through the Jordan with the glittering ark. Elisha smote the same river effectual ly with the sheepskin mantle of Elijah. But it remained for Jesus, without any material instrument, to quiet the sea in a raging storm with only a word from His lips. He spoke, and it was done. He rewaves as if they had been intelligent beings, and the winds as if they had been used to the sound of His voice.

A sudden awe fell upon the disciples and privileges in the National Assembly of the men in the accompanying boats. No wonder they said to each other admiringly, 'What manner of Man is this?" wind and sea obey Him!" "Who. then is this, It was the recognition of

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Jesus started on no mere pleasure-trip to the further shore, though He enjoyed the view and refreshment en route. In this instance, as in His whole life, He had an

The humble environment of Jesus' life here in evidence. He had no pleasureyacht at His disposal, only a common fisherman's boat.

The gennineness of Jesus' humanity shown in this only instance, in which He is described as asleep. Heavy draughts and physical reserve. He had spent Him-self in teaching. Now He was relaxed, and so wrapped in slumber as to be oblivious to the storm.

Jesus sleeps, but He never oversleeps. Those who have no faith for practical and present use in an emergency, have none. Theoretical faith is no faith.

Each of the evangelists reports the dis ciples as saying something in their fear, which the others omit. Putting them all together, and personifying the exclamations, one might read: Little Faith cries. "Save!" Much Fear, "We perish!" Distrust, "Carest thou not?" More Faith, "Lord!" Faint Hope, "Master!" (thou with authority) Discipleship, "Teacher!"

Like so many vivid incidents in Jesus life, the whole scene seems an acted parable. The emergencies of individual and organized life (Church and State) are here acter in conduct under such emergencies the supreme authority and power of Jesus.

Jesus sought centers of population. Galilee was such. Josephus may be un-safe when he says that there were 250 cities there of 15,000 each, but recent exploration shows that the territory was so thickly built over as to make it almost a continuous village.

This population was also remote from the ecclesiastical establishment, and so more independent and open to His message. CHILD-STUDY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL METH-

Sympathy with child-life is the touchstone of a noble character. Appreciation of children's ideals, their hopes and griefs, indicates a high spirit. Jean Paul Richter shows it in his pretty fancy: "I would create a world especially for myself, and suspend it under the mildest sun. A little world, where I would have nothing but little, lovely children, and those little things I would never suffer to grow up, but only to play eternally. If a seraph were weary of heaven, or his golden pinions drooped, I would send him to dwell a month upon my happy infant world-and no angel, so long as he saw their innocence, oould lose his own." . . Dean Stan-ley, during the sermon of an eminent divine in Westminster Abbey, noticed a little girl pushed to the chancel-rail by the crowd. Seeing she was weary, he put out

his hands and lifted her into the great chair beside him. However great the ser-mon from the pulpit may have been, the sermon from the chancel-chair was greater. The dean, in that act, reminds one of Him who opened His hands to children and said, "Suffer." . . Every Wednesday during his residence at Guernsey, Victor Hugo gave a dinner to fifteen boys and girls selected from the poorest families in the island. He waited on them in person.

. Agassiz, on his way to his laboratory, absorbed in thought, saw a little girl standing at the village pump, crying over the fragments of a broken pitcher. He took her. Yet this was the man who was too busy to lecture for money. . . In a life full of pathetic incidents, none surpassed the scene where Father Mathew, in his last illness, gave a party for his boy attendant and his friends. . . . The addresses which John Ruskin made at his Christmas dinner to the children of Consiton are among the most fascinating of his utterances. . . La Salle devoted his yery last days to the instruction of a class of little children. . . It is worth re-peating, the touchstone of a noble character is sympathy with child-life.

As Seen from a United States Man of

Alfred Terry Brisbin Writes Entertainingly of Places He Has Visited While on a Cruise of Three Years in Foreign Waters.

[The letters which will appear from time to time in this column are from the pen of Alfred Terry Brisbin, a Mid-shipman on the U.S. S. Decatur, which is now on a cruise of three years in foreign waters. The writer is a son of the late Gen. James Brisbin, U. S. A. and it is apparent that he has inherited much of his talent for descriptions from his gallant father, who was a frequent contributor to these columns when he was on Indian campaigns on the frontier. The letters are really not written for publication; being merely the personal correspondence which he has directed to his uncle, Col. J. L. Spangler. consequently they may be regarded as all the more sincere in their context .- Ed.1

GIBRALTAR

U. S. S. Decatur, Gibraltar, Spain, January 28, 1904. Dearest Uncle: - Your two letters reached me here yesterday. It has seemed an age since I last received mail, and it was indeed very considerate of you to give me so much of your time.

At last across the broad Atlantic and

tied up snugly alongside an English dock among English people. Here's where a few years ago it would have meant instant battle to appear. Across the bay the shores of Spain stretch away to the westward and the fortifications of Algerinas and Terifa loom up as relies of what the Spanish did in preparation for an attempt to invade. To the southward is the strait and hills of Morocco. To the eastward the Mediterranean and towering over all with a majestic grandeur is old Gibraltar the impregnable stronghold of the English. The mere atmosphere of the country seems to breathe of ages long past and in a constant cycle the mind calls up Hannibal's struggles to reach Rome, the old Moors and their palaces, the lurking pirates, Nelson's grand battle and other incidents which thrill one with excitement and desire to look at the same mountains, to walk over the same ground, to enjoy the same air and to live over those days with those same people. Looking ont across the straits you can picture Hannibal's army after its journey from their native shores embarking in the little boats, ferrying across, and landing along these shores. Glancing at the mountains as they reach to the northward you can see that same army, unused to the cold struggling over the steep passes, until they encounter the Romans. Imagine the grand fight those surroundings would afford. Those armies, the pick of Carthage and Rome. I can see Hannibal, who is to me the embodiment of strength and determination directing his movements through the hills, meeting the Romans, moving on regardless of loss by exposure or privation, only to meet defeat at the end. Then to the westward ruins of the old Moors and their splendors cause one to go back to days when this was the centre of the world, when Spain was in bloom and held sway over the oceans. You can picture the old pirate ships as they rolled in the swell awaiting some merchant-man on whom they could prey. This very bay was their rendzvous and just across was the bay of Tangiers which was equally as infested. Then England became queen of the seas in truth, for holding Gibraltar as she did, the pirates could not interfere with her comnerce. That is when Gibraltar was the key to this sea. Owing to the currents the old sailing ships had to come to this shore to get out, and to attempt to pass was futile when the swift pirate fleet would sweep out on a laden merchant-man and overtake him in an hour. Then, too, you can imag-ine Nelson in his fight off here and his

preparation here for his great victory at To add local color and bring us back to our own times, there is an old hulk, her mast gone, her gun ports simply holes, and her whole appearance suggesting a state of by-gone days anchored here. This is the old Vanderbilt, a relic of our civil war, a ship sent here to engage the confederate steamer, Alabama, which was sunk by the Kearsarge. Here she has remained until this day. Now the property of the English and though flying foreign colors I can't help but think she is alive and looking at those ships with a longing, pitiful expression. Why the whole place reeks with history and the most unobserving must be struck with the unexplainable desire to bow with uncovered head to the phantom heroes that seem to haunt the shores. There comes a feeling of sorrow. Glance at the surroundings now. Are these the descendants of those people who made history, who suffered and fought to make their country glorious, the ruler of the world? Indolence, vice and sordid pleasures seized them and to-day they are the meanest of the mean; despised, beaten, they are content to sink farther and farther into oblivion until their condition will be even worse than it was before their first

stage of civilization. Gradually the enterprises and natural resources of the country are falling into the hands of the English and Americans, and the natives, once the owners and proud masters of these estates, are willing—no, more, are contented to be servants and do the lowest work in the land. Their hatred for Americans is open and their sense of revenge is not to strive to regain their lost prestige, but to resort to the lowest means of annoyance, and personal injury.

But here, I have lost myself and am tir-

ing you with the impressions backed by exuberant youthful spirits. Be kind in your criticism.

We leave for Algiers on Sunday morning the 31st. Love to all. Do write soon, for I would like to hear before leaving Naples.

Affectionately,
ALFRED.