

She saw standing on the committee and you shall aid me with a bait for that stubborn rump Henry!" appointed to carry out Henry's resolu-Foy drew forward pen and paper.

"Will you write?" he asked.

a volcanic purple.

a lion lapping blood.

your excellency."

was over all.

The core was a volcano.

ures he saw Anne.

uchin.

of torture.

to the a

thrown upon her.

don.

wide

de la Trouerie."

Oh, the pity of it!

"No," said Armand composedly. His lordship's face, from livid, turned

"Your excellency," went on the young

man, "will recall my social position.

Spy? Betray? Surely not, messieurs!"

The earl bit off an oath with head

Armand had risen. "I shall see you

tonight amid the ladies, monsieur?" he

asked of Foy. "A very good night to

plans your excellency may be pleased

Democrats and went into the Revolu-

tionary armies; when gentlemen took

the field and their ladies toiled at

Now, though the bolt was speeding,

until it fell Tory and Whig met and

and bow changed not a whit. Sparkle

But it was only a shell of gayety.

In the outer hall of the Raleigh, be-

hair, drawn high, sat a weblike cap-

Jarrat's face sprang scarlet-a hope-

less, helpless rage of bitter longing.

With him it was moth and flame, and

the wing singeing had become a joy

The Marquis de la Trouerie passed in-

proaching the end of the room, where

Anne, beside Colonel Tillotson's sol-

dierly black, held her constant court,

gilded by the effulgence which the open

worship of the favorite of fashion had

Very lovely she looked to Breckin-

ridge Cary, just arrived on a visit from

Lancaster. He watched her from where

he chatted with Byrd, whom he had

last seen in Covent Garden shortly be-

known her from a child at Gladden

Hall. The old world, he thought, could

daring, its pride and prodigality, born

of its dewy valleys and its untouched,

cavernous forests, a thing that must

have withered in the heavy air of Lon-

"Yonder comes our glass of fashion,

Mr. Cary," boasted Brooke, joining

them. "Ah, you can always tell your

real nobleman! What a waistcoat!"

he simpered, ogling it rapturously.

"Demme if Master Coolbaugh shall not

Cary looked with a flash of recogni-

tion that broadened into a stare of

amazement. He saw a figure incased

splendidly in satin, with rare point

dropping from the sleeves, jewels

gleaming from the ruffles, a sword hilt

on which blood rubies burned, a breast

"That," said Byrd, "is the Marquis

Cary bent closer. There could be no

mistake. No mistake! And all Wil-

liamsburg deceived! The circle of

beaus parted, rolled back at the new-

comer's approach, and Anne's face lift-

ed itself, startled and joyful, a one

look which told it all to Cary, flashlike.

Jarrat in his red coat saw, too, from

the hall-saw her smiling, but not to

his words, glowing, but not for him,

He paused, his mocking black eyes

cut me one like it!"

bly Gallants crow

to favor," said Foy as the door closed.

"I shall be eager to carry out any

thrust forward. His jaw dropped like

He moved his hand as though dismiss-ing an indiscreet pleasantry.

tion to arm the colony-greatest marvel of all-the very men who had cried out against it, Mr. Pendleton, Colonel Harrison, Colonel Bland.

At that moment a vast army began forming. From those walls in which later Benedict Arnold was to quarter his British marauders the message flew that day. One by one the battalions gathered, strong, but invisible. They were not called by drum or trumpet. They had no camp nor field nor garrison. But at plow, in shop or in chamber the recruits silently answered the summons and stood ready.

It had been the hour and the man. The hour had started the initial impulse of the Revolution, and the man was Patrick Henry.

CHAPTER XII.

HUT the door!" the earl commanded. Foy did so and returned to his seat across from the governor in the arras walled council chamber at the palace. He sent a snaky look at Armand, who sat at ease in eggblue satin and lace, attired for the evening's rout. And the look was malevolent.

Lord Dunmore's face this night fohome with lint or homespun. cused slow hate, and he sat hunched in his chair. "Has Conolly come from the ship yet. Foy?" he asked. danced in tavern and in hall. Smile

The other shook his head.

"Hell's tooth!" raved the earl, leaping from his seat and striding up and down. "I'll show them! Tomorrow they shall whistle for their powder! There are the Indians still, and then the slaves. If I have to raise the plantations, I'll bring these sniveling rebels to their knees! Freedom, forsooth! 'Tis the king's hand rules, and my hand for the king's in the Virginias!"

He paused in front of Armand and beat the table with his fist.

'And the slipperiest of them all you shall snare us, my fine marquis. 'Tis Patrick Henry! Haunch of a basted swine! A nice picture his tongue licks up for the clods! He is in Williamsburg tonight, and he shall not leave it till he sails for London and a gallows tree!" He strode off again in a rage, his face working like a Satan's.

At last he left off. "Give him his orders, Foy," he said quickly. Foy leaned forward, chin in palm.

and spoke. "You will write a message now to

on the other's smoldering face. "Behold the discomfited!" he went on. "Think you Mistress Tillotson has aught for the spruce coxcombs with diamond shoe buckles and a macaroon elbow for snuff taking? Nay, nay! Nor for a king's spy with a rusted sword!" Jarrat for once had no retort. The outer door opened, and Foy and three soldiers in his majesty's uniform entered. Foy carried a folded paper. The four entered the inner door and

stepped on to the crowded floor together. Freneau and Jarrat both pressed after them, the former in eager curiosity and the latter to slip into the background.

Anne stood with the marquis, her fingers on his arm, awaiting a minuet. The fiddles were weaving the first meshes of the tune. She felt his arm suddenly tighten, his clasp take closer hold.

"What is it?" she asked. There was a bustle at the lower end of the room. He looked down at her. Something in his voice smote her. "Remember what you said to me at Greenway Courtwhat you said when we stood under the pines by Gladden Hall. If I should come to be mean and low and dishonorable before the world"-

"Look!" she cried. "They come this way. What can they want?"

"Listen-low before the world, but still loving-still toving you"-

An indefinable tremor came to her. The dancers were beginning to stop. Colonel Tillotson had turned his head. Foy, followed by the soldiers, had

paused in front of them and was point-The Apollo room that evening was a ing to Armand. "Take him!" said he. blaze of splendor. It was the last dance of the old regime. All knew the nearness of the cloud. All heard the The fiddles broke off with a screech. The whole floor was stricken suddenly hushed, suddenly motionless. Anne rumble of the storm. But courtesy in could hear in Foy's throat his hoarse, Virginia was as the grain in wood. savage breathing as the soldiers step-There it was not until the last that ped forward. The assembly gasped, Tories had perforce to leave the colony; thunderstruck. when all who were not Tories turned

Then instantly there was an uproar. "Stop!" they insisted. A dozen dress swords, among them Freneau's, came out clicking. The ladies shrank, the gentlemen came up furious, muttering curses against the royal governor.

"What is the meaning of this outrage, sir?" Colonel Tillotson stood tall and threatening. "By what right lay you hands upon the person of the marquis?"

"'The marquis!" said Foy. "I want no marquis. This is no more marquis hind the shifting throng of gallants at the door of the Apollo room, Jarrat than I am. I have here a warrant signed by the royal governor of Virlooked across a minuet and in glimpses ginia for the seizure of the person of caught between the stately moving figone Louis Armand, calling himself the Never had she seemed so beautiful, Marquis de la Trouerie, swindler, impostor and conspirer against the peace her head golden misted in the light, her long, fringing lashes shading the dusky of his majesty's colony. A fine sport blue of her eyes. She stood, full veinhe has made of you, ladies and gentleed, exultant, under the white candles, men! Will you come hence peaceably," to Armand, "or shall I have you her dress dove colored, flowered in large trees, with cherry tinted stays dragged?" trimmed in blue and silver. On her

The hearers wavered. Mrs. Byrd had fixed her eyes on Anne's face, and in them was a tiny, feline glitter. Anne's hands were clasped about Armand's arm, and a spot of indignant red burned either cheek. "Oh, infamous!" she said clearly.

"'Tis a lie!" "Sir," asked Colonel Tillotson of Armand, his tone halting, "will you anHAND IN HAND.

When spring was young and life was new, Love was our only friend and guide; Sweet were the bowers he led us through, And sweet our going side by side.

Then summer came, a golden flood, And still we followed hand in hand: Love was the music in our blood. And love the glory of the land.

Rich autumn fell and winter drove The fruity ripeness from the air; But wrapped in warm, soft robes of love

What recked we if the world was bare ? So round again we come to spring. Strong for another year's emprise;

The birds are whist to hear us sing, The sun is dazzled by our eyes.

For, hand in hand, where'er we go, Earth under foot and heaven above, Love is the only life we know, And every breath we breathe is love.

-Maurice Thompson Hamilton Shot 100 Years Ago

Tribute to His Memory on the Weehawken Dueiling

Weehawken residents have just taken steps for an observance of the hundredth an-niversary of the duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, and, according to the New York Sun, the ceremony, which the Weehawken promoters planned as a purely local affair, may grow into a tribute of considerable magnitude to the memory of one of the most picturesque figures of the American Revolution.

There is no more picturesque or romantic spot in the vicinity of New York city than that in Kings Woods, on which the two great men met in mortal combat. Only a little clearing in the midst of a network of underbrush, and surrounded by the very trees through which the dueling parties passed, indicates the scene of the encounter. The clearing was made by a body of pub-

lic-spirited citizens, who in 1894 arranged a ninetieth anniversary celebration of the duel. Till then no one has given the historical site any attention.

These celebrants wrested from its setting of earth the stone on which Hamilton is said to have rested his head after receiving his mortal wound, placed a very modest bust of Hamilton on it, cleared the ground around, and surrounded it all with an iron fence. An inscription on the face of the stone thus tells in brief the story of Ham-

1804 1894.

> Rested the Head of the PATRIOT, SOLDIER, STATESMAN AND JURIST.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, After the Duel With AARON BURR. July 11, 1804.

Few make their way through the woods to the modest shrine. The iron railing for its beauty or size.

dents of the surrounding country set on foot a movement looking to the erection of flayed. The parts devoted to God were actment at the recent session of the Legis-lature. It is proposed, however, at the approaching centennial exercises to set under way a movement that will arouse the sentiment of the State and result in a becom-

ing decoration of the neglected spot.

hold oven.

PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT

Save for my daily range Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ. I might despair -Tennyson THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

Second Quarter. Lesson IX. Mark X, 35-45 Sunday, May 29th, 1904.

THE PASSOVER.

All the singing pilgrim caravans had come to a halt with the high grace-note of the last "song of degrees." "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!" Green booths and snowy tents dotted all the valleys and slopes around the city, and three million worshippers made ready for the morrow. Over two hundred thomsand lambs had been purchased and marked for sacrifice, and all the details of the joyous

festival were being attended to. Jesus tarried yet in the sweet and restful seclusion of Bethany, but His disciples knew very well that He who had said, "Thus it becometh Me to fulfill all righteonsness," would not ignore the great Pascha. The question was not if He would eat it, but where would He doso. Two of the disciples are at once commissioned to make the necessary preparations. They are sent with sealed orders, no doubt, to keep the traitor off their track. No one of the remaining ten could possibly divine the place until they arrived there in the evening. A man doing a woman's work (carrying water) would be novely enough to serve them as a sign. Jesus hade the mes-engers ask for a lowly place, some hall-way. He would fain make the circuit. As

Mark's father, perhaps, would give Him

the best his stately manor affords. The disciples are off at once with their errand. They find it as Jesus had said. The proprietor of the house gladly places at their disposal a spacious room, capable of holding a hundred or more. But they will not be asked to share it with other paschal parties. They shall have it in completest privacy. It is in the second story, which will add to their seclusion. Its walls have been freshly whitened, and tile-floor secured for this very occasion. The low, gayly-painted table is already in position, with the couches, forming three sides of a hollow square about it. The hanging lamps, dishes, basins, and water-jars, all are in position. The disciples view the place with grateful satisfaction, and then hurry out to make the necessary purchases-the wine and cakes of unleavened bread; the vine-gar, salt and bitter herbs; the nuts, raisins, apples and almonds to make the compos of, reminder of the clay in the brickyards of Egypt; and, most important of all, the year-old lamb. One of them carries the lamb on his shoulders, the sacrificial knife sticking in its fleece or tied to its horns. At two o'clock in the afternoon, at sound of trumpet-blast, with all others who had been similarly commissioned, they went inwhich surrounds it is growing red with rust. Rank growths cover the ground, and the statuette is more remarkable for its de-facement by chipming cruisity acabase the death-blow to their victim while the facement by chipping curiosity-seekers than priest caught the blood in a golden vessel, or its beauty or size. A few months ago some patriotic resi-disciples held the lamb upon a stick that a becoming shaft there. The State was solicited to aid, but the bill appropriating \$5,000 toward a \$10,000 fund failed of enthey were to celebrate the feast. The carcass, trussed upon skewers of pomegranate in shape of a cross, was baked in the house-

At sundown, Jesus, with the Ten, ap proached the city, knowing well where He would find the waiting disciples and the supper-room. They enter, and the Master iews the pr faction. The first three stars are shining now, and the silver trumpets signal the feast to begin. Shame, shame! The unseemly dispute as to precedence breaks out once more as the disciples scramble for the most eligible places. Jesus rebukes them ed by the frost and beaten by waves of the in an acted parable, performing for them the menial task of a scullery drudge. Now Stark, in the Boston Transcript. A grand the paschal banquet begins. The ritual is headland, yellow, brown and black in its used, the rubrics observed. The cup is nakedness, is ever in sight, one to the north passed with thanksgiving. Bitter herbs, of you and one to the south. Here and dipped in vinegar, are eaten in remem-there upon them are strips and patches of brance of Egypt. The unleavened bread, pale green mosses, lean grasses and dwarf with a bit of the roasted lamb upon it, i shrubbery. There are no forests except in Hamilton inlet. Occasionally miles of There is the customary hand-washing. There is the customary hand-washing. Jesus, as the symposiarch, discourses upon the significance of the feast. They break art. More frequent than headlands and out in the joyous singing of the first part of the Hallel. (Psa. oxiii-oxiv.) The third and last cup goes from hand to hand, and then sing the second part of the Hallel. (Psa. cxv-cxviii.) At times through the feast, Jesus gives intimations, increasingly distinct, of His betrayal and betrayer. He suffers not His sive in our history. manner toward Judas to charge. He probably let him take the chief place at the table. He certainly washed his feet and gave him his portion with His own hand. But the devil was in his heart, and the thirty pieces in his scrip. An incubus was lifted when the apostate left the table. All that remained of the paschal ritual was the blessing of praise with which it was always closed. They were all expecting it. The innovation could not but be noticed by those who had followed one program annually from the time when they were ten years old. Instead of lifting His hand in benediction, Jesus reached over to the diel of unleavened bread upon the table, and, taking up a piece, He rose from the mat, and blessed it, and, as He rose from one to another, He broke it, giving each a morsel. saying. "Take, eat; this is My body." Then He filled a cup, and again giving thanks, and passing it from one to another, He said, "This is My blood of the new covenant, which is shed for many for the re-mission of sins." Then followed His words and. The time is now coming when with of institution, "This do in remembrance of

openly criminating him before the com pany, plainly announced that one of the Twelve would betray Him. He did this for their sakes, that they might know He was perfectly aware of His impending fate, and, not being at all surprised, voluntarily submitted to it. He did it for Judas' sake. submitted to it. He did it for Judas' sake. It was His last appeal to the traitor. He gave Judas the chief place at the table, washed his feet, gave him his portion with his own hand, lovingly let him know he read his wicked heart, and only when it was clearly of no avail He hade him do quickly his wicked deed.

No question but that this upper room, forever endeared to the hearts of his apos-tles (and probably the property of a disci-ple), witnessed the appearance of a risen Christ in their midst, and of the Pentacostal effusions of the Holy Ghost. If so, it was the very cradle of the infant church

* * * * The various names by which the Lord's Supper is known are in themselves very significant. It is the Eucharist, meaning our "good thanks" for the Lamb that was slain; it is the sacrament (sacrementum), our holy pledge of fealty to our Divine Leader, it is the communion (communis), sign of the intercourse and agreement we have with God and each other.

* * * * The believer should be always ready to commune, as he is supposed to he always ready to pray. But this does not render special attentionun desirable; for the communicant finds in the sacrament what he brings He spent His first night on earth in "a lodging" so He would fain spend his last one. He knows beforehand, however, that His nameless but well-to-do disciple, John, His nameless but well-to-do disciple, John, by faith.

> To ask and to take the solemn tokens of redemption is to confess before the world and before the Church faith in the great fact.

At the table of the Lord's Supper man and God meet-man with his highest aspirations, God with His richest gifts.

(*ternet) (* sea * inc Incidentally the communion is a pledge of the reunion of Jesus and all His disciples. He said He would eat no more of the bread nor drink of the cup until the kingdom should come. Then He will vis-ibly hanquet with all us in the kingdom of His Father, according to His promise.

Pennsylvania to Test New Rail. f Successful it Will Replace the Heavy Steel Rail

Now Used.

A new rail is to he tested by the Pennsylvania railroad, which, if a success, will replace the heavy steel rails now used. The new rail is said to have more than fifty times the durability of the one now used. It is composed of a composition of steel and manganese, and is known as a "manganese" rail.

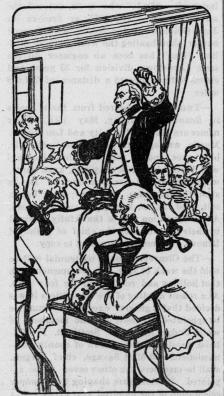
Under the supervision of the maintenance of way department the test will be made. A portion of the main line tracks between Philadelphia and Harrisburg will be equipped with the new rail and, along-side new steel rails will be placed. Specific observations will be made and a report delivered to President Cassatt. If a success, the entire system will be equipped with it. The manganese rail has been tested in the Boston subway, where it was subject to every possible condition. It was adopted for use there, and the attention of the Pennsylvania management directed to it, with the result that a test has been ordered. The manufacturers of the rail are well-known steel men of Altoona, and the outcome is awaited with great interest. The process of manufacture is said to be a secret. The Pennsylvania railroad operates about 5,500 miles of road, and is equipped with 100-pound rails. This class of steel runs 157 tons to the mile. The manganese rail weighs about the same. If the road is to be fitted with the manganese rails, it will mean the purchase and manufacture of 863,500 tons of rails. At the present price of steel the cost of changing to the new would aggregate \$25,000,000. This is not beyond the undertaking of the Penu-sylvania, for if the test proves its superiority, it would effect a great saving to the company. Such a change would require several years, but once done, according to the claims, purchases of steel rails in the future would be limited to repairs.

ilton's career and death. Upon this Stone

Henry which I shall dictate. It will state that you are in receipt of news from France affecting the colonies and desire his immediate presence at a place which I shall name. You shall go thither to await Henry and detain him there till my own arrival with an armed file. Do I make myself clear?"

The young foreigner waved his embroidered arm lightly. "I beg to remind his excellency of our bargain." The governor faced around with something like a snarl and sat down heavily.

"I was to write certain letters to De Vergennes, King Louis' minister, and to Beaumarchais-letters in the hand of the Marquis de la Trouerie, signed with his signature and seal. These have been written. They have said of the situation in this colony only what you would have them say, have they not? And you have sent them. Is it not so?"



"As for me, give me liberty or give me death !'

The earl narrowed his eves. "I have done your excellency's bidding. You are not satisfied. Very good, monsieur. We turn the page then."

"Ho!" said Foy. "'Tis not as difficult for a nobleman to get money, eh, Master Clerk? What fine colonial bird have you plucked now? I' faith, a nice swagrat, breathing heavily. "Not now! Toger of a sudden! Marry! Art going to night I am occupied." wed with a plantation then?"

Lord Dunmore snorted and threw himself forward in his chair.

"Nay!" he shouted. "The bargain ends not here, my lily livered poacher! Letters, haith, when there is open reprince's ransom? Oh, adorable!" bellion? Small need I have for pen work now! 'Tis neck twisting I am for,

greet him. Brooke fawned upon his swer this?" hand. He became a sun with a train

ed to

The young Frenchman's eyes were on Anne with a look ineffably tender, of lesser satellites. He moved leisurely struggling with a sudden anguished through the throng, answering the shadow. White lines had fallen around shafts of the wits, bowing to plump his lips. Mrs. Byrd among the dowagers, ap-

"Colonel Tillotson-gentlemen," said Foy, "there is not a particle of doubt, though the rascal has been clever enough to deceive even his excellency. Lack of proof has prevented his earlier exposure. This man crossed on the same ship as the nobleman he represents himself to be. The passengers of the vessel knew him in his true character."

"'Twas the Two Sisters," Anne defore he left England for home. He had clared. Her eyes sought out Cary. "Why-why-you were on that ship! You left her in Hampton Roads. You must know. Tell him he lies!" Her never have bred her; she was fruit of the new, of its fire and full blood, its tone was certain and defiant.

Cary's lips twitched. He looked at Armand, where he stood straight and quiet, his eyes on Anne's, and he seemed again to see that lithe form hurling itself against the brutal mate of the ship for the hurt of an outcast woman's heart. He struggled against a wish to cry out that the matter was not his business and fly. He dared not look at Anne, knowing what he must see there when he spoke.

"Mr. Cary was on the ship?" asked Foy distinctly.

Anne drew a long breath, and a pallor suddenly struck her face. But she bent forward and laid her hand on Cary's arm.

"Answer!" she bade him. "Who is he?"

sparkling with a bediamoned order. Cary raised his hand. "He is a gentleman, and he is a brave man. Be-"The marquis is late," Brooke added. vond I ask not!" "The marquis?" Cary's eyes opened

"Is he the Marquis de la Trouerie?" Anne's voice was clear and firm. "He was my friend!" cried Cary.

"Is he the Marquis de la Trouerie?" Cary's look turned to her. He saw the grayness in her cheek and the brave light in her eyes burned his heart cold. He looked from side to side-at the sneering laugh of Foy, at the calm, stern evenness of Colonel Tillotson, at Anne's face, now grown deadly white. "Is he the Marquis de la Trouerie?" "Answer, my friend," said Armand. Cary's voice was husky as he spoke. "He is the marquis' secretary," said he. The men standing nearest drew away from Armand at this. Anne had given a flinching start as if smitten by the flying terror of a bullet. It seemed to her that present, future, dreams, reality, heaven, earth, eternity, were all slipping away from her. Armand touched her hand gently, his face torn with conflict.

"You told me-if the man you "Alas! Poor Scarlet! Is it not a loved"- The words failed. raree show? Mayhap 'twill inspire me She raised her great eyes to his. "Are to an ode. Shall I sing a Trouerie cayou the Marquis de la Trouerie?" parisoned for the lists of love? See! A whitening pain had conquered his To be gazed at so-is it not worth a

face.

(Continued next week.)

Labrador.

Sparsely Populated—A Terrible Wilderness and Lonesome to Man and Beast.

The coast of Labrador is the edge of a vast solitude of rocky hills, split and blast-Atlantic for nuknown ages, writes John H. precipices front the sea in which fancy may roughly shape all the structures of human perpendicular sea fronts are the sea fronts, often bald and tame, and then the perfection of all that is picturesque and rough. In the interior the blue hills and stony

vales that wind up from among them from the sea have a summerlike and pleasant air. One finds bimself still peopling these regions and dotting their hills, valleys and wild shores with human habitations, but a second thought, and a mournful one it is, tells that no men toil in the fields away there, no women keep the home off. there, no children play by the brooks or shout around the country school house, no bees come home to the hive, no smoke curls from the farm house chimney, no orchard blooms, no bleating sheep flock the mountain side with whiteness and no heifer lows in the twilight. There is nobody there, there never was but a miserable and scattered few, and there never will be. It is a great and terrible wilderness, thousand of miles in extent, and lonesome to the very wild animals and birds. Left to the still visitation of the light from the sun, moon and stars and the auroral fires, it is only fit to look upon and then be given over to its primeval solitariness. But for the living things of its waters, the cod, salmon and seal, which brings thousands of fishermen to its waters and traders to its bleak shores. Labrador would be as desolate as Greengood steamship accommodations the inva-

lid and tourist from the States will be found spending the brief, but lovely summer here, notwithstanding its ruggedness and desolation.

Right and Left Handed.

It is curious to notice the vagaries of humanity in cases where no hard and fast line has already been drawn. Although most right handed persons put on their coats left arm first, a considerable percentage thrust in the right first. Soldiers fire from the right shoulder, but sportsmen are found who prefer the left. In working with a spade a proportion of right handed men grasp the spade with the left hand and push with the left foot and right hand, though when using an ax the same indi-

horse to sell?

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN

The anachronism of Leonard J da Vinci's lovely and justly famous fresco of the Last Supper is obvious. He represents Jesus the Twelve sitting, in Occidental and style, at a modern extension-table. They did not sit at all, but reclined. It was this reclining which made it easy and natural for John to lay his head on Jesus' bosom, and for Peter and John to hold their sotto voce conversation without the traitor's ob-

Perhaps we emphasize disproportionately the sadness of the Last Supper. Jesus, as host, would not allow the occasion to wholly lose its festive character. It was a goodly scene that the well trimmed lamps shone down upon. The fresh tur-bans of blue, crimson, and yellow, the animated faces, the table covered with damask and well supplied, make a study to delight a painter. The feast extended over several hours, and only the sombre incidents are recorded. There must have been much joyous converse as well. *** **** * * * *

The presence of Judas was the one ugly spot in the feast of love. Jesus, without makes the place large enough to fit.

Must We Have Him ?

The Roosevelt administration has acquired the distinction of being the most expen-

The second administration of Madison, including the war of 1812, cost \$130,542, 794.

The administration of Polk, including the Mexican war, cost \$173,299,266.

The administration of Lincoln, including the Civil war, cost \$3,347,802,909 in paper money, equivalent to from \$1,500,000,000 to \$2,000,000,000 in gold.

The first administration of McKinley, including the Spanish and Philippine wars, cost \$1,906,136,611.

The administration of Roosevelt, in nnbroken peace, has cost \$2,449,227,545 in gold. This is nearly four times as much as was spent under the scandalous first administration of Grant and three times the cost of the first administration of Cleveland

President Roosevelt certainly comes high. Must we have him?

A Soft Answer.

Mr. Pecksniff—I must say, Mr. Naybor, I'm quite surprised at you. Why are you watering your garden to-day? Mr. Naybor-Simply because the plants

need it. Mr. Pecksniff --- But don't you know this

is the Sabbath?

Mr. Naybor .-- Of course, I know it, but the plants don't.

"Miss Bright," said Mr. Sloman. "I don't think May Jenkins is a very good

friend of yours." "No?" replied Miss Bright, yawning ostentatiously. "No. She told me if I called on you I'd

only be wasting my time." "I see. She doesn't consider my time

worth anything"-Catholic Standard and

QUICK ARREST.-J. A. Gulledge, of Verbena, Ala., was twice in the hospital from a severe case of piles causing 24 tumors. After doctors and remedies failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly arrested further inflammation and cured him. It conquers aches and kills pain. 25c. at Green's druggist.

-A little man can never fill a big place but a big man in a small place soon.

Times.

serving them.

viduals would grasp farthest down with

the right.

She Knew Her Dad. Smithers-Do you know anyone who has

She-Yes ; I suspect old Brown has. Smithers-Why ?

She-Well, papa sold him one yester-day.-London Punch.

and evil crept into his face till every feature seemed a sin. "Sweet Sir Lobster!" said a lackadaisical voice behind him. "Peaceful as ever I see, and with uniform all unsullied. I' faith, I warrant no redskin might outstrip you on the far Scioto." "Not now, Master Freneau," said Jar-