Bellefonte Pa., Nevember 4, 1904.

MRS. BROOKS' TWO RINGS.

I had engaged rooms in a fine old family mansion, at Barharm, the owner of which, a gentle woman of reduced fortunes, had reluctantly consented that a hoarder should cross her threshold. I was made to feel more like a guest of the house than an objectionable summer boarder. My hostess treated me with that charming old-time courtesy which, with her, was second nature. At our first meeting her prejudices seemed to vanish. We understood each

other at once, and were soon warm friends. The morning after my arrival I wandered out on the broad veranda to drink in inspiration from the majestic river and the distant mountains. I was delighted with my surroundings. The only dwellinghouse in sight was a large, square, brick mansion, just across the broad, shaded street.

"That is the house of Judge Wiswall, one of our most influential citizens, my dear," the voice of my little hostess broke in. "They only reside here during the summer. The Judge owns a large orange plantation in Florida, and they always pass the whole winter there."

At this point in her narrative a tall, graceful girl emerged from the brick house and sauntered down to the gate.

"That is the Judge's only daughter," continued the parrator.
"She is strangely beautiful," I ventured

to remark. "Yes," replied the little lady with a faint shadow of criticism in her gentle voice. "She is quite the belle of Barham, but Henry never fancied her."

Henry, be it said, was the son of my Only the evening before I had learned of his career, from early infancy upward,—and Henry was now twenty-five. I had gazed upon a long line of daguerreotypes, tintypes and photographs, and felt quite well acquainted with the frank-faced young man. Henry was to retrieve the family's fallen fortunes; Henry was to be the prop and sunshine of his mother's declining days; and he had now

gone away to a near-by city to lay the foundations for that season of prosperity.

As I glanced across the way, I wondered a little that Henry had ignored this attractive neighbor. She seemed to me a very suitable Princess to rule with him in promised golden age. But it was very evident that the mother saw no Princess in the future to share with her in her son's

"No, Henry hardly knew her, nor cared to, though she lives so near," continued my hostess reflectively. "He never took particular notice of girls. Well, I guess her day is about over; last winter she became engaged to a young Englishman who owns a plantation next to theirs. Nice man, I believe, and good family, but I don't take to foreigners.'

I glanced again at the object of our conversation, but she turned away. Her face interested me; she was pale and dark, and with a wonderful dignity for one so young. A few days later I met her in the old street. I wanted to look her in the face, but her strange eyes seemed to forbid.

Her hands were ungloved, and I noticed their exceeding beauty. She wore no rings save an opal of singular brilliancy,—probably her engagement ring. Some ten days later, my little hostess

and I were eating our early dinner in si-lence, when the tidy maid-of-all work entered the dining room. gan in an excited whisper, "a dispatch; the station-boy

just brought it," and she produced the ominous yellow envelope. My hostess took it with trembling fingers,

adjusted her glasses, looked at it a moment, and then opened it timidly. The next instant the yellow paper fluttered to the floor and my friend sank back in her chair, white to the lips.
"What is it?" I cried, hurrying to her side and snatching up the dispatch.

"Henry!" she gasped. "He is very ill-dangerously—I must go at once."
In a moment she was herself, composed,

eager to act.
"But you must not go alone," I urged. "It will be dark before you reach town, and you have not been there before. Let me go with you."
"No, no." She waved aside my anxiety

with her soft little hand. "I am quite able to go alone. You will oblige me by staying here and looking after the place, my dear." There was nothing to be gained by furth-

er remonstrance, I knew well. I could only aid in her hurried preparations for departure, and, in another hour, she had gone, leaving me in charge of "the place." Her train had hardly left the station when a second dispatch arrived. Henry was

In painful suspense I lived through the two days that went by before the poor little mother returned.

The neighbors had come with their offers to help and their gifts of flowers, and I had made the sombre best room sweet with blossoms. There, at last, they laid Henry.

I was astonished when I saw the bereaved mother. There were years of endless sorrow in the depths of her eyes, but there was something beside sorrow in the won-

derfully composed face. 'My dear, come with me," she said, and I followed her to her own room. When I had entered she closed the door.

"You know it all," she said quietly: "you know I was too late. But he asked for me, the nurse said, -my poor, lonely

I could not look her in the face, that composure was so fearful. I should have sobbed had I spoken. "I had to pack his things myself, this

morning, for I cannot go back to that room again. In his trunk I found this. I was surprised, my dear." She took from the bosom of her dress a folded paper and gave it to me.

Imagine my astonishment upon finding in my hand a certificate of the marriage of Henry Brooks and Marion Wiswall. It had been signed by the officiating clergyman and two witnesses, exactly six months previous. A cry of wonder escaped me. 'And you knew nothing of this !" I ex-

"Nothing," she replied. Wounded love battled hard with loyalty and pride in the strained voice.

'But perhaps it is not true," I said im pulsively, foolishly. "Henry never deceived me," she said with an effort. "If it is true, there was some good reason, but-

"She will know," I said. "You must see her at once." For the first time in my presence brave mother faltered. "I cannot see her now; I cannot bear that, my dear." I put my arm about her and led her to

the bed. "Rest here," I said; "you are weary with grief and care. I will see her

Then I hurried through the darkened house, out into the cruel sunshine. The maid said Miss Wiswall was at home and would see me presently. I did not wait many moments in the shaded parlor before

"You do not know me," I said, rising to meet her. "I come to you from Mrs. Brooks, with whom I am spending the summer. You have, of course, heard of her son's death."

"I have beard," she replied quietly. fancied she was very pale, but her face be-

trayed nothing.
"Mrs. Brooks is in sore trouble," I continued. "Added to her bereavement, she has received a painful shock; perhaps you may be able to assist her in understanding this," and I placed in her hands the certif-

icate of marriage.

I know I was blunt,—cruel, perhaps, but her coldness prevented my taking any other course. For a full minute there was absolute silence. I fastened my eyes re-lentlessly upon my victim, but she bore the test well. She did not tremble, she did not change color; she simply sat there, gazing fixedly at the paper in her hands. The silence was to me unbearable. "Can

you tell me nothing?" I cried at length in exasperation. She did not lift her eyes from that fixed gaze, but she said calmly, steadily and unmistakably: "I am Henry Brooks' widow." At that instant I caught the flash of her wonderful opal. Suddenly a great rage was enkindled within me. I thought of

the trusting mother; the son with those firmly closed lips, upon which rested the seal of eternity; of the young English ranchman and his hopes; of all the perfidy of this young girl.

"How can you explain yourself?" I right to know all."

"Mr. Brooks' mother, yes," she replied coldly, and I understood the question was not for me to ask.

She rose, and I had no wish to prolong the visit. "When may I tell Mrs. Brooks you will come to her?" I questioned.

To-morrow morning." 'Can you not come to-day?" "Have you no regard for my feelings?" she exclaimed with cold anger in her

I bowed, and left her in silence. She came as she had promised, pale and stately in her black robe. For half an hour, perhaps, she was alone with Henry's mother. I saw them part at the door of that quiet best room, and there seemed to be a touch of sympathy between them.

"I feel a little better, my dear," said my poor friend, joining me in the dining-"Did she explain?" I asked.

There was a pause while she turned aside for a moment in surprised thought; then slowly she shook her head. "She really told me nothing, now I come to go over our talk; but somewhat my

heart is easier."

"But did you not question her?" I asked unguardedly.

"Question her?" and the mother looked up in gentle surprise. "Do you sup-pose I would seem to doubt my dear son by questioning his wife concerning some-thing which he did not deem hest to tell me?

"Forgive me," I said contritely, but she went on:
"What Marion chooses to confide to me

I shall know now. The rest I can wait for until Henry himself may tell me. I can trust him I thought of that frank, still face in the

was right in trusting her dead son. The funeral took place that afternoon. A large number attended. How many came from a sense of mystery and curiosity I would not like to conjecture. The strange story of the secret marriage had gone abroad through the quiet town. The room was fragrant with flowers, and on the marble mantel, in accordance with a time-honored custom of the place, the photographs of the young husband and wife were entwined with ivy leaves. The widow, clad in deepest mourning, sat beside Henry's mother. Her father and mother were among the mourners. A heavy veil covered her pale face, but when she lifted it a moment, as she hent over the casket for the last time, the strange, wild beauty of her shadow on my dear boy's memory." countenance impressed me more deeply than ever before.

Her left hand was bare, and where the wondrous opal had glowed but yesterday I saw a plain band, -her marriage ring.

It was all over. The last hope of an old age of peace and plenty lay buried in the grave of her sou. What the brave mother suffered in secret I was not permitted to know. Outwardly, she was still composed, patient, and as gentle as ever.

We were sitting by the window one evening, when I asked a question that had for several days clamored for utterance. 'Mrs. Brooks," I said, "do you really

think that woman across the way is your son's widow ?" She started and leaned forward in her hair, the better to see my face in the twi-

light 'Why do you ask that, my dear?" "Because it is all so inexplicable to me What object could your son have had in keeping this marriage a secret from you? Might he have feared objection on your part in any way whatever?

"Henry knew I never denied him any right thing in all his life." "Then why this mystery? And, if she were really his wife, why did she not live with him openly and avoid all this se-

'I do not know, my dear." "And if she were his wife, how could she dare, while he was still living, to

openly engage herself to that English-man?" "I cannot say, my dear." "Mrs. Brooks, I do not believe that girl is your son's widow."

"My dear,"-she paused a minute.-"if it were not so, why should she admit it now? If she had wished always to keep it secret, why should she not keep it now, when Henry is not here to contradict her 911

"Was there anything to be gained by her declaration ?" I asked. "Nothing; she knew that Henry died almost penniless. Besides, she has all the money she needs."

"I should suppose this would put an end to her affair with the Englishman," I added. "Perhaps she wanted the notoriety.

"Why, my dear? That could hardly be pleasing to any one of refined tastes. "And the marriage certificate, too; we have forgotten that. How should your son have had it if it were not genuine? No motive is discoverable, whichever way we turn.

She made no answer at first, but moved

uneasily in her chair. Then she laid her hand gently on mine, as though to soften any sting in her reproof.

"Why seek for one, my dear? Do you think it is quite—quite nice for us to be talking so of Harry's widow?"

She looked up in gentle surprise.
"Why, my dear," she said softly. "How could I do otherwise? It is for Henry's sake.

I saw the young widow once before leaving Barham. She was just coming from the house as I returned from my daily walk, and she stopped to say a few words to me, although, hitherto, we had instinctively avoided one another. As her hand rested upon the gate, I noticed again the slender wedding ring, and something un-controllable compelled me to ask an impertinent question.

"What has become of that wonderful

opal, Mrs. Brooks? I never saw a more eautiful stone."

She turned and looked me full in the face, surprise stamped upon every feature. "Opal?" she exclaimed. "I have no opal. I do not care for stones. I wear only my

marriage ring.

And she left me intensely wondering which of us could have been dreaming.

I returned to the hurry and fret of city life. Occasionally came a sweet, old fash-ioned letter from my kind hostess of the ioned letter from my kind hostess of the summertime. She kept me informed of the happenings of the village and of the monotony of her own life. Henry's wife had gone to Florida, to spend the winter,

The months sped swiftly for me, and one March day I hurried into a glove store on my way uptown to purchase much needed covering for my ink-stained fingers. As I took the first vacant place at the counter I observed a young woman a short distance from me whose face immediately attracted my notice. Impossible to forget that pale countenance. It was Henry's widow. She was not in mourning, however, but she wore a street costume of warm brown and furs. She was being fitted with white gloves, and her mother was beside her. In

appear to hear me at first, but when I spoke again she turned her head, and I repeated my cordial greeting.

"Pardon me, I think you are mistaken,

she said, with no recognition whatever in her face. "My name is not Brooks." I paused in amazement, not even mumbling an apology; then I asked impetuous-ly, "But you live in Barham, do you

"My home is there, surely," she responded, "but my name is Wiswall, Marion Wiswall," and she colored slightly.
"Shall I try on the other glove, Miss?" asked the saleswoman at this point.

"If you please," and she pulled the gauntlet from her left hand. On one white finger glowed the wonderful opal; the marriage ring had disappeared. Amazed, forgetting my own errand, I turned into the street once more

A few days later came a distressed little note in the well known, trembling hand : "My dear, can you come to me? I am

It is needless to say that I found my way the Englishman is with them. Marion completely ignores the fact that she is Henry's widow. She has left off her mourning, and calls herself by her old name; and she denies that she ever was married. I went to see her, of course, before I knew, and when I spoke of Henry she looked at me as though she did not understand. Her parents refuse to speak on the subject, as they did before, and all the town is in a wonder. Oh, my dear, it seems more than I can hear!"

I could make no reply
"Not that I cared for her to be his wife," she continued, "but now it puts us in a most uppleasant position. It is a

"But you have the certificate." "My dear," she replied, "Marion never returned me the certificate, and I felt she had a right to it."

"But why should she deny it now?" "That is what puzzles me, except that she is to be married to the young Englishman next week." "But she was perfectly free to marry him as the matter stood, There is no

cause for the denial." "If we could only know," groaned the poor mother; "it would ease my mind so as

know the truth." "Mrs. Brooks," I said after a pause, "I can remember the wording of that certificate as though I had read it only yesterday. The marriage took place in D—, and Mr. Rand was the officiating clergyman."

"Are you sure?" she asked eagerly.
"Sure," I replied, "and I will write at "Sure," I replied, "and I will write at once and ask him to send me a paper, signed by himself and the attending witnesses, which will prove the truth of the state-

ment. I'll mail the letter this afternoon.' Two days later came the reply in a woman's hand. It was a letter from the olergyman's wife,—nay, widow. She informed us briefly that her husband had died a year ago. She had, however, tried to gain the necessary information, but with disappointing results. One of the witnesses had moved away; no one knew where; the other, an old servant of the family, had become hopelessly imbecile, and was living in an insane asylum. She, herself, had been away from home at the time, and knew nothing of the circumstance; neither could she find record of it among her husband's papers. If any information should come to light she would

be sure to inform us immediately.

The wedding took place the following week. The village church was crowded with an eager, curious throng; the street was filled with curious people as the bride and groom drove away in the April sun-shine. The next day they sailed for Eng-

save that of the lonely woman whose life

now was all a backward look. A part of each summer I passed in her quiet home, and at length a day came when for her, at least, the mystery was solved. quietly that she was going to Henry.

never open for me again. It was enough tomless pit .- Selected.

to see the trouble fade out of that patient

Again the best room was sweet with blossoms, and Henry's mother lay where Henry had lain that other summer day.

I could not refrain from clasping those patient, wrinkled hands in mine and kissing them fervently.

"You dear saint," I cried; "forgive me! How you have made me love you for this forebearance!"

The hour of the funeral had arrived; the few old friends and neighbors had gathered together; the clergyman stood up to begin the service. Suddenly the doorway was darkened by a figure,—a tall slender woman in deep morning. She glided across the forebearance!" The hour of the funeral had arrived; the as though it were her right to be there. Many eyes were turned to her, but the service continued without further interruption. At last the momentarrived when the friends were asked to come forward and look for the last time on the face of the de-

Then the strange woman got up and threw back her veil. She was a stranger no longer. Every one started; the pale face was older, more white and thin, but the weird beauty was the same. She felt all eyes upon her and turned to meet them.
"I am Henry Brooks' widow," fell in a
whisper from the drawn lips; "my place is
here." On her hand shone the slender
marriage ring; the opal had disappeared.

One day a few weeks since, on returning from a trip out of town, I picked up a daily paper which a fellow traveler had left in the seat beside me.

The first thing that met my eyes was the following paragraph:
"Yesterday a lady accosted a passer-by on Broadway and asked to be directed to the Strand. As she continued in her ques-

"She there gave her name and London address, and, upon being asked if she had friends in America, spoke of her father, who proved to be a well-known Judge in a neighboring town. He was telegraphed for, and arrived last evening. Upon being questioned he explained that for many years his daughter had been the victim of a peculiar mental affliction. What she did at one time was completely forgotten during succeeding months or years, when she would suddenly return to a consciousness of the past, and, forgetting what had intervened, take up that phase of her life a moment I, too, was at her side.

"Mrs. Brooks, how do you do?" I exclaimed, extending my hand. She did not ever, as is very common in such cases. where she had dropped it. She never lost

"To day, remembrance of her English home had suddenly come to her, and she fancied herself in London. She appeared in great distress at the absence from her finger of a valuable ring,—an opal,—which was, she said, an heirloom in her husband's

family and her engagement ring.
"The father requested that all names should be suppressed, as the fact of his daughter's maiady was not as yet known even among their best friends."—By Kate Whiting Patch, in the Saturday Evening

Hicks' November Forecasts

The first storm period covers the first six days of the month, having its centre on the In most western extremes the weather will turn quite warm and balmy and the barometer will begin falling about the 1st and 2d. From about the 3d to the 6th these conditions will develop into cloudiness and rain and pass eastwardly across the country. The culmination of the period will fall on and touching the It is needless to say that I found my way to Barham that afternoon. My poor old friend greeted me with more anxiety and trouble in her face than I had ever seen ometer, high westerly winds and much colder. The second storm period is centerly winds and much colder. The second storm period is centerly winds and much colder. 5th, about which day rain, with possible began at once. "All the town is in excitetral on the 8th and 9th. If change to ment over it. The Wiswalls have return-colder and high barometer follow the first colder and high barometer follow the first some months earlier than usual, and storm period promptly, quick return to warmer and falling barometer will follow on the 7th: Look out for gusts of autumn wind and rain at this time, followed by change to colder, with snow squalls and

frosty nights. The third storm period will culminate on the 14th, 15th and 16th, although its effects will be felt from the 12th to the 17th. About the 12th and 13th marked changes to warmer and falling barometer will begin in the west and by the 14th cloudiness and rain will be spread eastward across the country. These general disturbances will reach most parts of the country from the 15th to the 17th, and decided changes to higher barometer, heavy snow squalls and cold, high winds will follow promptly down from the northwest. Frosts and freezing may be expected during the nights succeeding these disturbances. The fourth storm period is central on the 17th and 20th. The moon on the

sudden reaction to warmer, the barometer

will fall rapidly, wide cloud areas will farm and autumnai squalls of rain, turning to snow will visit many localities in their eastward journey across the country. The fifth storm period extends from the 24th to the 29th. We will forecast for this period the most severe and general storms of the month. Beginning about the time of the full moon on the 22nd, the barometer will fluctuate and finally fall to marked storm readings. Temperature and winds will sympathize with low barometer. Clouds will organize in western sections about the 25th, and during 26th to 29th storms of decided force will march eastward across the country. The first stages of these storms will be warm and rainy, but the last stages of decided boreal character. As the storm centers work east-ward, carrying with them the areas of warmth and rain, westerly to northwesterrise and snow will take the place of rain in all northern sections. Stiff gales from gions and through the interior generally

bringing a good sized November cold Only a Pin.

An overseer in a calico mill found a nin

wave.

which cost the company nearly £100. How could that be? Well, calicoes, after How could that be? they are printed and washed and dried are smoothed by being pressed over heated rollers. By some mischance a pin dropped so as to lie upon the roller, and, indeed, became wedged into it, the head standing out a little from the surface. Over and over went the roller, and round went the calico, winding upon another roller, until the piece was measured off. Then another began to be dried The years passed by, and the mystery, as mysteries will, slipped into the back-ground, quite failing to trouble any heart came to be examined, it was found there were holes in every piece, and only threequarters of a yard apart. Of course, goods could not be sold now as perfect, but only as rempants, at about balf the price they would have brought bad it not The tired little woman lay down in her for that single pin. So it is with the pow-stately old bed-chamber and told me very er of an evil babit. That pin damaged er of an evil babit. That pin damaged forty hundred yards of new print, and I could not be sorry when the gentle eyes closed and I knew that they would buman life and plunge a soul into the botPLEASANT 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.

Fourth Quarter. Lesson VII. 2 Kings xii, 4-15 November 13th, 1904.

JOASH REPAIRS THE TEMPLE The temple in Jerusalem was not merely a place of worship. It was in itself a monument to religion. It not merely con-tained the venerated and historic souvenirs of the faith and afforded a place of devotion to those from far and near who wished to avail themselves of it, but it was also the most magnificent, costly, and appropriate memorial to spiritual religion ever reared upon the earth. The material condition of the temple was therefore significant. It was a barometer indicating the rise or fall of religious feeling among the people. If the sacred structure was kept in repair, beautified, and adorned it tokened the fact that religion was ascend-

ing and vice versa.

At this time the sacred fane was in a pitiful plight. A great building needs constant and close attention for its preservation. A corps of workmen with competent overseers needs to be employed, and a large amount of money annually expended. Mere neglect is enough to insure rain. But in this instance there was not mere inactivity. The structure was rifled and desecrated. It became a quarry out of which the rival temple of Baal was

built and furnished. It is no wonder that King Joash turned to the restoration of the temple as the first act of his reign. It had sheltered him in his defenseless infancy when the monster Athaliah sought his life. In the secret of this tabernacle he had been successfully hidden for six years. Under its splendid porch and between its great pillars he had been anointed, crowned, and proclaimed king. Its high priest had been his fosterfather. The priest and Levites interior is divided into a main auditorium had been his bodyguard on the day of his and two class rooms, so arranged that all coronation. Its armory had furnished the weapons for his defense.

The importance of the proposed restora-

tion of the temple is significantly indicated. It is the one event in the long reign of forty years on which the chronicler puts special accent. Joash alone stood out to shore up the falling temple. That is the one important achievement of his reign. He considered the repair a pressing business. The honor of Jehovah required the complete obliteration of Athaliah's sacrilege and the renewal of the old glories of the temple.

The first plan for raising the necessary funds proved inadequate if not futile. plain fact is they did not get any. So that there was none to pervert. With the in-veterate selfishness of human nature, they ooked out for their own support first, and there was no balance to the credit of the building fund. The next device succeeded. The Jew was not solicited at home and remote from the temple, but on the ground, where he could himself witness the ravages of the vandal Athaliah. After princess, he would come across the receptacle, conspicuously and conveniently placed. Its open mouth pleaded for an offering for the restoration of the temple. There was no danger of perversion of his gift. What he placed there was exclusively for this purpose. Then, too, the sight of others giving provoked him to meeting followed and addresses were made

generosity.

The measure was instantly and largely llar. A yellow stream poured into the improvised treasury. The strong chest had often to be unlocked by the high priest and its contents audited by the king's scribe. Soon there was enough and to spare for the repair, renovation, and refurnishing of the temple. As the building itself was a sign of the covenant. its restoration by the free gifts of the people was a token of the revival of covenant between Jehovah and his peo-

It is a pity the king who wrought this notable deed for God and his country in later years apostatized. A black veil must be drawn over the portrait of Joash like that over the recreant doge of Venice. He became an idolater and encouraged idolatry, paradoxical as it may seem. He went one step further in sacrilege, and laid violent bands upon the High Priest Zechariah. If religion had no power to stay him, it would seem that human feeling would have been sufficient. His victim was the playmate of his boyhood. celestial equator on the 18th will bring a He was the son of Jehoiada, who had sheltered Joash from the murderous spirit of Athaliah and placed him on the throne.

Retribution was swift, as it was merit-ed. Joash was the first king of Judah to come to a violent death by the hands of his own subjects and to be denied a kingly sepulcher.

THE TEACHERS' LANTERN. There were several strains of blood in loash's veins-some good and some evil. He was not responsible for this, for he could not choose his ancestors. But some-thing was certainly within his power. He could say which tendency should have by the situation, expressed as best he could right of way, which strain of blood should his gratitude and thanks. This unanticibe ascendent.

In asserting the power of heredity, it has been said that it is the dead hand that rules us. But the live hand must grapple warmth and rain, westerly to northwester-ly winds will follow, the barometer will ghosts can be laid. Where there's a will, there's a way.

> Jehoiada was a better monitor to Joash than Seneca was to Nero. Perhaps, however, Nero was a worse subject. But Joash seems not to have been able to stand alone without his priestly counselor, for after the lattter's death he apostitized in a miserable way. The final test of character is its ability to stand without a prop. The religion which always needs bolstering is not of much account.

It is said that it costs \$50,000 per annum to keep St. Peter's Cathedral in repair. There is a little village on the roof of the cathedral where the workmen live. If this outlay of money was remitted for awhile and the workmen discharged, one can easily see how the vast building would get out of repair. But in this instance Solomon's Temple was not only neglect ed-it was looted.

Sticking stubbornly to the first-adopted plan is often a matter of dogged pride. It's the broad-minded person who cancels self, drops the plan which proves futile, and adopts another. Jehoiada did that when he substituted the chest scheme for the personal canvass.

What the Roman Forum is to Rome and Palestine. A history of the temple is a Vin-te-na at my risk.

history of the nation. Names illustrious and ignoble, deeds valorous and despica-ble, doctrines of faith and usages of ritual, —all are shrined and exemplified there. It is the epitome of a thousand years. * * * *

It is no wonder that the repair of such a building became a matter of State, and that the king took personal supervision of it. But the crown was not able as in Solomon's day, to carry out the enterprise unaided. The co-operation of the people must needs be urged, and there was the reflex advantage incident to such co-operation.

God is absolutely independent, but He has made Himself relatively dependent, not for His own advantage, but for that of His creatures. For example, in his infinite power He could have built his own temple and kept it in process. temple and kept it in repair. But it pleased the Owner of the universe to make Himself a mendicant and come and ask alms in order that His creatures might have the reflex advantage of voluntary co-operation with Him in His enterprises.

Martha Baptist Church Re-Dedicated.

Sunday Oct. 16th, was a notable day in the history of the Bald Eagle Baptist church and for the people of Martha. It was the occasion of the reopening and rededication of the remodeled church. The last service in the old building was held on June 5th. The tearing down and removing of the lower story preparatory to remodeling began on June 7th, and on July 17th the corner stone was laid. The remodeled building is practically a new church. It is beautifully finished inside and out and is heated by a furnace. The interior is divided into a main auditorium can be thrown together giving a plain view of the pulpit. The interior is frescoed in a pretty design suggesting devotion. There remain sufficient marks of the old building to suggest the past and

its sacred memories. The re-opening services were largely attended, the building being filled. The morning service began with a Sunday school meeting, which was conducted by superiotendent Earnest Ardrey. Brief addresses were made by Rev. A.D. Wirtz, S. S. Miles, Supt. Ardrey and Mr. Mc-The priests were to canvass for subscriptions. There is nothing to indicate that they misappropriated the money. The plain fact is they did not get any. So that A. C. Lathrop, the pastor, gave a brief review of the history of the church from the time of its organization November 28, 1835, to the present time. An able and appropriate sermon was then preached by former pastor, Rev. S. W. Downing, of Pitcairn. The report of the finance comhe had sufficiently inspected the ruin of the sanctuary, wrought by the idolatrous \$1,100, all of which had been provided for mittee showed an expenditure of nearly except about \$225. Of this amount \$115

were secured at the morning service. The afternoon service began at 2 o'clock with a prayer and praise meeting, conducted by Mr. W. R. Heaton. A platform by Rev. Tallhelm, of the United Brethren church; Rev. Bergen, of the Presbyterian and Rev. Wirtz. Rev. Frank Howes. of Tyrone, was then introduced and in a few minutes the balance needed to cover all obligations was pledged. The church was then dedicated to the service and workship of Almighty God. Mr. George Stevens, of the board of trustees, who constituted the building committee, in a brief address presented the keys to the church, pastor Lathrop accepting the same with words of appreciation on the completion of the work. The dedicatory

address was made by Rev. Downing.

The evening session opened with a praise and prayer meeting after which Rev. Frank Howes, of Tyrone, preached an able and instructive Sermon. The service that followed was participated in by quite a number of persons. Several active citizens, who were not members of the church. spoke fof their interest in the work, which they feel was an honor and credit to the community. They bad liberally helped in the rebuilding and yet they had not given all they; wanted to. So they proposed to show their appreciation of the pastor and regard for him by making up a purse for him which should be in addition to the salary which he receives. Thi was speedly done and over \$25 was handed the pastor, who, surprised and embarrassed his gratitude and thanks. This unanticipated climax was one of beautiful joy and thanksgiving. Rev. S. W. Downing conducted the closing service.

The singing of the large choir, under the leadership of Lola Williams, is especially worthy of mention. The service of song and praise was appropriate, and expressive of the heart melody of the people. It was inspiring and enthusiastic. The anthems were excellent, a duet by two small girls was greatly appreciated, and the messages of song given by the male quartette moved all the people.

Thus closed a day that will long be remembered by that community. Nearly the entire population have shared in the work of repairing. They have done so willingly, even joyfully. The trustees deserve especial congratulation for the lasting work they have wrought, and the people of the community are to be commended for their loyal support of the work.

-F. Potts Green says yesterday was a record breaker for Vin-te-na, and five of the bottles sold were to people who had been told of its merit by those who have heen greatly benefited or entirely cured by its use. Not one asked for a return of money although, I always allow them to be the If you are run down and out cf judge. sorts generally, if your appetite is failing What the Roman Forum is to Rome and the Acropolis is to Greece, the temple is to heavy strain, come in and get a bottle of