WHY DO YOU HURRY SO?

Oh, man with eager eyes
Why do you hurry so?
In your haste to vain the prize
You miss much as you go:
You hear no song birds sing.
Nor stray in flowery places;
You never stay to bring
Glad smiles to weary faces—
Why do you hurry so?

Oh, stay a little, stay!
Why do you hurry so?
There are blossoms along the way
That never again shall blow;
The grave is at the end
Of the way you are taking—
6tay a little, friend,
And soothe some heart that's aching—
Why do you hurry so?

Oh, malden with deep eyes,
Why do you hurry so?
A world of sorrow lies
Out where you long to go;
You put your books away
And coil your braided tresses,
And, turning from wild play,
Are stately in long dresses—
Why do you hurry so?

Oh, stay a little while,
Why do you hurry so?
I see you sweetly smile,
And Heaven is here below;
But, oh, you long to flee
From youth and maiden glory,
To grieve too late and be
The pathos of the story—
Why do you hurry so?

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon, hor of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING"
QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD
BLAKE," Etc.

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CHAPTER VII .- CONTINUED. The front door opened quickly; strong, firm step came through the hall; and Mr. Morton opened the sit-ting-room door and stepped in.

"Excuse me, Ward, I left my gloves on the table," he began, as he walked in. Then he saw Barbara, who had turned as he entered.

"I'm glad to see you, Miss Clark," he said, as he picked up his gloves; and then added, as he remained some what awkwardly standing in the mid-dle of the room: "How is your training-school building getting on? I sup-pose it is hardly finished yet?"

Barbara made some sort of an-awer, and Mrs. Ward added a word about what Barbara had been doing while Mr. Morton had been gone. Morton expressed his interest in

some particular item of information given by Mrs. Ward, and told a little incident that had come under his own observation during his lecture tour.

Mr. Ward asked a question sug-gested by something the young min-ister had said, and that seemed to remind him of a story he had heard on the train. Before anyone realized exactly how it happened, Morton was seated, talking in the most interesting manner about his trip. He had a keen sense of humor, and some of the scenes he had witnessed while on his tour were very funny as he told them. Barbara found herself laughing with an enjoyment she had not felt for a long time. She was delighted with Morton's powers of aramatic description and the apparently unfailing fund of anecdote that he possessed. She wondered at his remarkable memory, and her wonder was evidently shared by Mr. and Mrs. Ward, who had long thought Morton a marvel in that respect.

In the midst of a most interesting account of the way he had been introduced to a western audience by a local character, a neighboring clock in one of the city buildings struck

Morton stopped talking and rose. "I had no idea it was so late. Paron me." He said good-night somewhat abruptly, and started for the

"You're sure you haven't left any thing this time?" asked Mr. Ward.
"I have, though," Mr. Morton answered with some confusion, as he came back to the table and took up his hat, which he had dropped there when he took up his gloves. As he did so, he glanced at Barbara, who lowered her eyes and turned towards the kitchen as if to go out.

"I get more absent-minded every day," he said, somewhat feebly. "You need a wife to look after

you," said Mrs. Ward with decision. She had picked up her work, which she had dropped in her lap Morton was telling stories, and was intent on finishing it.

Barbara opened the kitchen door. and went out just as Mr. Ward said with a laugh: "Probably every womwith a laugh: "Probably every wom-an in Marble Square church has some particular wife in view for you, and you will disappoint all of them when you finally make a choice without consulting them."
"I probably shall," replied Morton,

quietly, and, saying good night again, he went away.

Mr. Ward was silent a few minutes, and then said, as if he had been thoughtfully considering a new idea: "Morton didn't seem at all dull or tired after coming back for his gloves. Have you thought that there might be a reason for it?'

"No. What reason?" Mrs. Ward looked up suddenly from her work, startled by Mr. Ward's manner.

"I think he enjoys Barbara's company. "Richard Ward! You don't mean

to say that Ralph Morton would marry Barbara!" "I not only think he would; I think he will," replied Mr. Ward,

quietly.

Mrs. Ward was too much surprised at the unexpected suggestion to offer a word of comment at first. The

thought of such a thing was so new to her that she had been totally un-prepared for it. "How would you like to have Barbara for your minister's wife?"

Ward asked, in the bantering tone he

plying a little sharply. ing had done its mellowing work in her life. Before Carl's death she would have resented as an unparal leled impossibility such a thought as that of the pastor of the Marble Square church choosing for his wife even a girl like Barbara, his intellectual and Christian equal. But many things since Barbara's coming into the home had conspired to change Mrs. Ward's old habits. And, as Mr. Ward asked his question now, she saw a picture of Barbara and Carl as they had been one evening a few days before the chiid's death. His little arms were about Barbara's neck, and thin eneek was lying close the chiid thin eneek was lying close the more than the work satisfactorily. I found I did not know how to plan for the meals are the cook them properly. One of my

"If it should come to that," she finally answered Mr. Ward's question slowly, "I am sure there is one woman in the Marble Square church who

will not make any trouble."

Mr. Ward looked surprised. But, as he went out into the front hall to lock the door for the night, he muttered: "A man can never tell what a woman will say or do when she is struck by lightning."

During the week that followed Bar-bara spent all the time she was able to spare from ner own work in se-curing facts connected with her proposed plans. Mrs. Ward herself went with her to several well-known houses in Crawford, and introduced her to her friends. In every instance Barbara found there was the great-est possible interest in the subject, but no two women seemed to agree as to any policy or plan. There was unanimous agreement on one thing; namely, a need of capable, intelligent, honest servants in the house, who were to be depended on for continu-ous service, or for at least a period of several years that might be reckoned as continuous, the same as a business man could count on the continuous service in his employ of a competent bookkeeper or clerk who was necessary to the welfare of the business, but no more so than a competent servant in continuous is necessary to the welfare of the home.

"The trouble is," one woman after "The trouble is," one woman after another would say, "in the girls themselves. They do not have any ambitions as a class. They do not wish to be taught. They resent advice. They are ungrateful for nearly all favors. They do not thank anybody to try to improve their condi-tion. We are tired of constant efforts made to solve an unsolvable problem with the material that must be used."

Still, in spite of all discourage-ments, Barbara bravely determined to go on, and her next effort was directed toward the girls who had expressed a willingness to go into serv ce in the home instead of the store and factory.

She managed to call all these to-gether Saturday evening at her own home and with her mother helping her she made a pleasant evening, serving some light refreshments and entertaining the girls with music and pic-

There were eight of them in all Two of them had had a little experience at house service. None of them



"I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, MISS CLARK."

really competent to manage the af- the part of the mothers and housekeepfairs of a household. Two were American girls who had lived on farms, and had come into Crawford to accept small places at Bondman's. Their experiences there had not been pleasant, and they were ready to try comething that promised at least a temporary financial relief.

Barbara gave a little impromptu talk before the girls went home, and ended by asking the girls to ask questions or talk over in a general way the prospects of housekeeping service as she had described it to them.

"Do you think, Miss Clark, from your own experience, that the hired girl's loss of social standing is the one great obstacle to the settlement of the question of service?" one of the American girls asked. She was a bright-looking girl, evidently a lover of fine-looking dresses, and, as Barbara discovered, with habits of extravagance far be-

yond her little means to gratify. Barbara hesitated a moment before she answered.

"Yes, I think perhaps that is most serious factor in the problem. I don't consider it unanswerable. I believe that Christian housekeepers swer that will satisfy them both.'

"I think the irregular hours are the hardest part of the housework," said one of the girls, an honest-faced German, somewhat older than the others. "I worked two years for a family in the west, and some days I did not get through my work until nine and even tion to Barbara that the ambition of then o'clock at night. One reason I her life was beginning to mean a savhave liked the store is because the hours of labor have been regular. I know just exactly how long I have to ence over other girls.

The next day was Sunday, and she

and fifty dollars one year when I was out working at four dollars a week.

"It's the dirty work that I don't like," spoke up a careless-looking girl whom Barbara had found in the bundle de-partment at Bondman's. Barbara did not know just what it was that had drawn this girl to her; but something had done it, and there was something very atractive about Barbara to the girl, and she had expressed a certain readiness to learn the work of a servant so as to be competent.

"That never troubled me any," said the neatest girl of all. "My trouble was caused by not knowing how to do and cook them properly. One of my friends, who was in the next house, was a splendid cook and manager. It was a large family, but she seemed to throw the work off easily, because she knew how to plan it right."
"That's it!" Barbara spoke eagerly.
"Is it any wonder that so many women

complain at the troubles they have with servants when so many of them have no experience, and yet claim as high wages as if they had? A bookkeeper would not expect to get and retain a place in a business firm if he did not understand the business of keeping books; yet the housekeepers tell me that girls are continually coming into their houses, claiming to be competent for the work when in reality they do not know anything about it. It is necessary for the girls to put themselves in the places of the house-keepers and ask: What should I have a right to expect from a girl who came into my house as a servant?'

"There's another thing I hear other girls complain about," said one of the older of the company. "They say that in most families the scale of wages paid to servants never changes. They say they never get any more a week after years of working than they got when they begun. I know one girl who has been with one family five years. The first year she had two dollars and seventy-five cents. The third year they increased her wages to three and a half for fear of losing her, and they have remained at that figure ever since. Girls who work out do not have the ambition to get on that young men in a business firm have. cannot look forward to a better condition or higher pay."

"That isn't true in some families I know," replied Barbara. "I know some people in Crawford who offer increased wages for increased ability or length of time the girls stay with them. Of course, we have to remember that most people who hire labor for the house claim that they can afford to pay only about so much for such work. The woman who lives next to Mrs. Ward complains because Mrs. Ward gives four dollars and a half a week. The other woman says she is unable to pay so much; but all her girls, when they hear what I am getting, want as much, whether they are capable of earning it or not. Then, because she cannot pay it, they become dissatisfied and leave her. I am afraid Mrs. Ward has made an enemy out of a neighbor on my account, by paying e what she thinks I am worth

"Don't you think you are entitled to the four and a half?" asked the care-

less-looking girl. "Indeed, I do," replied Barbara, "Indeed, I do," replied Barbara, laughing. "I think I earn every cent of

"Then I don't see what right the ther woman has to find fault with

other woman has to find fault with Mrs. Ward for paying it."
"I don't, either," said Barbara, frankly. "But perhaps the whole question of wages belongs to the question of ability. I don't think, though, that we need to talk so much about that as about the need of a true thought of what service means. There practically no ideal of service in the minds of most girls to-day. To serve is to follow Christ, who was a servant. To serve a family, to minister in the name of God, to keep on faithfully every day in the line of duty, working cheerfully, heartily, washing dishes clean, sweeping rooms without shirking, learning the best ways to prepare food for the household—all this is part of a noble life, and it is this thought of the dignity and nobility of service that is lost out of the world to-day. It must ers and on the part of the girls who consecrate themselves to home ministry a real thought of the real meaning of a servant's place in the economy of life. The homes of America must learn to sanctify and beautify the labor of the hands. Not until our social Christianity has learned the lesson of ministry, and learned that it is as noble to minister in the kitchen as in the pulpit, not until then shall we begin to have any answer worth having to the question of service in the home."

Barbara stopped suddenly, and then said, with a smile at the little group: But this is a long sermon for Saturday night, and see how late it is! I can't ask you to stay any longer.

But I want you to come again."

The careless-looking girl was the last to say good night. As she shook Barbara's hand strongly, she said:
"I don't think the sermon was too long, Miss Clark. I don't go to church on Sunday, and I need preaching. I think maybe I owe you more than you imagine."

To Barbara's surprise, the girl suddenly threw her arms about her neck and kissed her. There was a tear on her cheek as she suddenly turned and went down the steps and joined the others.

"If I have such an influence over that soul, my Lord," prayed Bar-bara that night, "help me to use it for her salvation." It was already becoming a sweet source of satisfac It was already

Mrs. Ward was on the point of re- I now am. I saved over one hundred remembered her foolish remark to News.

Mr. Morton. During all his absence she had not been to the Marble Square services. She had attended elsewhere, but had not been out in the evening, going to her mother's and spending the evening reading to her. She had at present Rev. F. B. Meyer's book, "The Shepherd Psalm," and both mother and daughter were

enjoying it very much.

She was reading the last chapter, and even as she read she remembered that this was the night when the Christian Endeavor society at the Marble Square church had the entire service. There was no preaching after the Endeavor meeting, which closed about eight o'clock.

It was half-past eight as Barbara finished the beautiful narrative, and her mother had thanked her and made comments on the clearness of the style and its spiritual helpful-

ness, when the bell rang.

They had so few visitors, especially on Sunday, that they were startled by the sound. But Barbara

rose at once and went to the door.

When she opened it, she uttered an exclamation of astonishment. For Mr. Morton was standing there! His face was pale, and even stern, Barbara imagined, as he stood there.

"May I come in?" he said quietly, as Barbara stood still. "I want very much to see you and your mother." Barbara murmured a word of apology, and then invited him to enter. Mrs. Clark rose to greet him, and the minister took the seat she proffered him.

[To Be Continued.]

VARYING INFORMATION.

Delightful Diversity in Replies to Questions of an Intending

A traveler who took the trans-Siberian route across the Russias says in "A New Way Around an Old World" that the preliminary answers to his questions about ways and means were delightful in their diversity. In America, Japan, China and even Russia he was cheerfully misled, in various fashions, about his journey.

No two people agreed concerning it, or came within sight of agreement. These were the comments upon his scheme:

"It can't be done." "You can do it easily."

"It will take two months." "You can go through in 22 days."

"You will get stuck on the sand-bars for weeks."
"You will have no difficulty what-

soever." "The steamers run only occasionally, and do not begin until June.

"The steamers run daily, and the river is open early in May."

"You will need heavy clothes and all your winter furs."

You will find delightful summer

weather."

"You will have to ride in cattle cars when you have ended your jour-

ney by boat."
"You will have the most luxurious in the railway accommodations in world."

The result of experiment was, however, that the journey was full of discomforts and delays, and yet proved well worth the trouble.

Harold's Papa Was "Shy." The proud young father, after the manner of his kind, was telling stories about the doings of his first-born. Many trivial incidents had been related, and the little circle of listeners had exhausted all their ingenuity in pretending to be interested. "them the story about the penny," gested the young hopeful's mother. The proud father pretended not to hear, then grew red, and finally shook a violent negative with his head. "Then I will," exclaimed the baby's mother. "It's too cute for anything. You know Harold will be two years old next month, and we are now taking him to church with us. His father always gives him a penny to put in the collection plate. Well, last Sunday the plate was being passed, and some one dropped a coin on the floor. It be recovered before we can begin to
Barbara found on questioning, was solve the question. There must be on

made quite a loud noise, and Harold
to be recovered before we can begin to
made quite a loud noise, and Harold
to be recovered before we can begin to loud enough to be heard all over the church: 'Mamma, whose penny are that?' Wasn't it the cutest thing? Of course he thought that nobody ever gave more than a penny because that's all his papa ever gives him. Then the proud young father blushed more deeply than ever .- Philadelphia Record.

An Emergency Case.

The doctor in charge of the school had always laughed at the idea of our ever making practical use of our "First Aid to the Injured" lessons. He had muttered something about "shoe makers sticking to their lasts," and then had said: "You teach the children—that's your line, and wait for me to come if anything happens. Therefore when our delicate little Nannie fell downstairs we had not merely the desire to give her immediate relief, but also a deep-seated but unspoken wish to show that man that we could do something. Nannie had murmured: "My ankle-I twisted my ankle," before she fainted. To bind it then might help, and certainly could not harm her. The emergence bandages were produced, and, delighted to see that there was as yet no anpreciable swelling, we bound the leg in most approved style from tors knee. We had just finished when the doctor came. He snorted at sight of the materials around; then, after an examination of a few minutes, he said:
'Very good—very good, indeed! Buyou've bandaged the wrong foot."—

Flower and Flour,

The flower of the family often makes poor bresd.—Chicago Daily

Will Represent the St. Louis Exposition in Europe.

tesigns His Post as Third Assistant Secretary of State-Peculiarly Fitted for Any Position of Trust.

Thomas W. Cridler, third assistant secretary of state, has resigned. The announcement was made at the state department by Mr. Hay, secretary of state. At the same time Mr. Hay stated that Mr. Cridler had accepted a place with the Louisiana Purchase Exposition company as European representative for the exposition. believed the vacancy created will be filled by the appointment of Mr. Herbert H. D. Pierce, now secretary of the United States embassy at St.

Petersburg, Russia.
Mr. Cridler has been connected with the state department for 27 years past. He has served as assistant secretury since April, 1897. During his long term of service he has filled many different positions in the state department, and has met and known inti-mately some of the most famous of American diplomats. He has traveled on special missions for the department, and has met the leading diplomats and public men of Europe. acquaintance with methods in the state department is probably not exceeded by that of any other man.

Mr. Cridler was born at Harper's Ferry, Jefferson county, Va., now West Virginia, and entered the de-partment of state at Washington, D. C., July 1, 1875, in the twenty-third year of his age, receiving an annual salary of \$900. July 1, 1880, he was promoted to class 1; November 1, 1881, to class 3; February 1, 1884, to class 4, and was appointed chief of the diplomatic bureau July 15, 1889. He was commissioned third assistant secretary of state, his present position. April 8, 1897. Nearly the whole of the twenty-three continuous years of his official service have been spent in the



THOMAS W. CRIDLER. (European Representative of Louisland Purchase Exposition.)

diplomatic bureau. During that period many important international questions have been discussed and reached a satisfactory conclusion. In many of these, naturally, he has borne a conspicuous part. As assistant secretary of state he has immediate charge of the consular service, directing the more important part of its correspondence and signing all the official mail addressed to the consuls. The volume of labor required to perform this service intelligently and satisfactorily is great.

Mr. Cridler unites executive and literary ability in an unusual degree. He is not only personally able to perform an immense amount of work, but has the facility of keeping others steadily occupied. Mr. Cridley is a positive character, direct in his methods, quick in his judgment of men and measures, and has the reputation of being true to his friends. His friends are all firmto his friends.

ly attached to him. His designation by the president as ecial commissioner to tional exposition at Paris, of 1900, was made shortly after the death of Maj. Moses P. Handy, and Mr. Crid-ler's visit to Paris was for the purpose of completing Maj. Handy's unfinished work in connection with the participation of the government of the United States in the approaching exposition. This was Mr. Cridler's fourth trip to Europe on official duty, his last being with the monetary conference at Brussels in 1892.

Mr. Cridler, unlike most diplomats, is frank, blunt and plain-spoken. He seldom conceals his thoughts, and usually says exactly what he means. His brusque ways are those of the average American, and have made him feared as well as respected by the foreign representatives. Although there is more red tape in the state department than in any other bureau, Mr. Cridler detests frippery and delay. would rather cut the red tape than untie it.

Unique Religious Incident,

The colored Christians of Waterown, N. Y., numbering some 600 souls. with whom the Methodists have no been able to do much," have applied admission into the Episcopal church as a mission. The colored preacher will shortly be confirmed and become a postulant and lay reader among the people.

First American Locomotive.

The first American locomotive that was built for actual service was the Best Friend, of Charleston, which was built at the West Point foundry, in New York city, for the Charleston & Hamburg railroad, and was successfully put in use on that road in Decem-

CRIDLER'S NEW JOB. RUSSIAN INTRIGUE.

Is Said to Have Led Up to Earl Li's Death.

A STORMY INTERVIEW.

Treaty Ceding Manchuria to Russia was in Dispute.

EARL LI DID NOT SIGN IT.

China's Emperor Is Reported to be Imbued With the Military Spirit and Orders the Nobility to Follow His Example in This Respect.

Pekin, Nov. 9 .- An imperial edict has arrived nere appointing Yuan Shi Kai (governor of Shan Tung proviace) to be governor of the province of Chi Li, and appointing Wang Wen. Shao, who is vice president of the foreign office and a member of the cabinet, to succeed Li Hung Chang as plenipotentiary.

A violent dispute with Paul Lessar, Russian minister to China, ever the Manchurian treaty, appears to have been the immediate cause of the death of Li Hung Chang.

The diplomatic events preceding this tragic climax have enabled Japan for a moment to frustrate the designs of Russia. A fortnight ago the Japanese legation secured an outline of the terms of the treaty and thereupon demanded that the Chinese plenipotentiaries officially lay before them the text, basing this demand upon the allegation that Japanese intrests were involved in any change of the status of Manchuria.

The Chinese refused to comply with the demand. Thereupon the Japanese government communicated with the southern viceroys and induced them to use their influence with the empress dowager against the treaty. In the meantime the empress dowager instructed Li Hung Chang to communicate the treaty, after certain modifications, to the ministers of the powers, and, if they did not object, to sign it. to sign it.

Li Hung Chang visited M. Lessar and explained to him the instructions. The Russian minister objected to re-vealing the text of the treaty to the ministers of the other powers, and a stormy interview ensued. Li Hung Chang went home in a violent pas-sion and had a hemorrhage, which the doctors attribute to the over-exertion

of a weakened system.

While these things were happening in Pekin, the southern viceroys sent to the empress dowager a memorial against the treaty. On receiving it she telegraphed to Li Hung Chang countermanding the order to sign.

This instruction came after Li Hung Chang had become unconscious.

Hung Chang had become unconscious. When M. Lessar endeavored to have Li Hung Chang's seal affixed to the treaty, Chou Fu, provincial treasurer, had taken charge of the seals as the temporary successor of Earl Li.

Yuan Shi Kai's successor in the governorship of the province of Shan Tung, has been holding an unimportant though lucrative position as grain commissioner in one of the inland towns of the province. He will be watched with the deepest solicitude, as the peace of China will largely depend upon his course.

Emperor Ewang Su, report says, is asserting himself and leading the imperial procession to Pekin on horseback. Native papers declare that he proposes to juangurate a revival of Yuan Shi Kai's successor in the gov-

proposes to inaugurate a revival of proposes to uaugurate a revival of the military spirit, assuming the hon-orary position of commander-in-chief and wearing a uniform. They also assert that he will compel the nobles to follow his example, to take mili-tary positions and to study military

Complete Returns from Penusylvania

Philadelphia, Nov. 9.—Complete returns from every county in the state have been received. Many of the counties give the figures as officially computed by the courts. The total vote for the leading candidates for state treasurer and supreme court. state treasurer and supreme court justice follows: State Treasurer Harris, 433,488; Coray, fusion, 385,120; Harris' plurality 48,368. Justice of the supreme court, Potter, rep., 431,-443; Yerkes, fusion, 385,107; Potter's plurality 46,336.

A Submarine Detense School.

Washington, Nov. 9.—Orders have been prepared at the war department for the regulation of the school of submarine defense at Fort Totten, N.Y. The purpose of the school is to instruct officers and enlisted men in the various electrical and mechanical appliances in sea coast fortifications and in all subjects pertaining to torand in all subjects pertaining to torpedo warfare, submarine mining and defenses of a submarine character.

Callahan Is Acquitt-d.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 9.—The jury in the case of James Callahan, after be-ing out 36 hours, brought in a verdict last night finding the defendant not guilty and the prisoner was dis-charged. This is the last echo in the charged. This is the last echo in the Cudahy kidnaping case, and is practically the second time Callahan has been acquirted of the kidnaping charge.

Made a New Record for Jumpers.

Chicago, Nov. 9.—At the horse show last night the high jumper, Heatherploom a bay gelding six years old and owned by Howard Willetts, of White Plains, N. Y., broke the world's in-door record for jumping horses, Heatherbloom cleared the bar at 7 feet 41% inches.

Morgan Dickers for More Ships.

London, Nov. 9.—The Berlin correspondent of the Daily Mail says that Herr Albert Ballin, of the Hamburg-American line, is in Loudon negotiating for the sale of 18 steamers to J. Pierpont Morgan.