

A SONG OF TOKENS.

There's a sadness of sound in the flowing
Of the billows that break on the bars;
And a cloud in the sky that is throwing
A veil on the face of the stars.

A DOUBLE STORM.

THE Ridge way
House, Peaks of
Otter, had one
guest this summer
in advance of the
season. Left by
the death of her
father an orphan

phan with no near relative, Meda
Cabell had yet—as fortune's favorites
generally have—plenty of friends.
These advised the usual panacea for
grief—extensive travel and change of
scene to bring forgetfulness.

When she entered the cheerless
hotel parlor, however—with its hooded
furniture and general air of lonesome-
ness—a familiar voice accosted her,
and a man's dark eyes lighted in
pleased recognition as he sprang to
meet her.

Meda, also, had liked him. No one
else had been so often singled out in
the mild gayeties of the mountain
place—no other escort so frequently
invited when she drove about with her
invalid father.

These first sad days of her return
to Ridgeway, Meda (who had brought
her own riding horse) passed in long
rambles among the wooded hills;
every familiar nook that connected
her thoughts with her father filling
her heart with bitter-sweet memories.

Recalling places known to each other,
and incidents happily shared together,
it came about that Mr. Dillson was
once again Meda's companion. His
easy, friendly attitude cheered her
without startling. As the weeks passed
the hopeless weariness gave way to a look of interest
chastened but real, and the fresh winds
brought the light to her eyes and the
roses to her cheek.

When her horse lagged to a walk
Meda rode dreamily on, watching the
shadows on the mountain sides change
with the moving clouds; and she let
Retus go his own free way. She
chatted with an old man in a cabin
by the wayside—turned into a lane
whitened by dogwood blossoms—
spurred through a forest where last
year's pine tags carpeted the way and
the new leaved trees overarched, and
she came out she knew not where. No
feature of the landscape was familiar.
Instead, were only the nearer moun-
tain slopes jagged and broken, and the
rich strips of field and meadow-
land at their base. Suddenly it
grew dark. A rumble of thun-

der and a flash of lightning came.
Then another reverberating peal
startlingly close. The first big drops
of water splashed on her lifted face,
and blinding, driving gusts of wind
and rain—the quick gathering of a
mountain storm. Meda looked around
for shelter. Across the fields of wheat
and corn was a large mansion, half
hidden by orchard trees. Toward this
she urged her horse, heading for a
barn nearer than the house. There
was a dazzling flash and a terrific
thunder clap just as she gained the
refuge of a low shed at its back. Too
thoroughly frightened to think of
venturing farther, Meda patted Retus's
trembling neck, took off her dripping
wet cap and retreated as near the in-
ner barn wall as possible. The storm
was at its height as to rain, but the
flashes came presently at longer inter-
vals and the thunder rolled sullenly
away among the rocks.

In the lull, through the wooden
partition, she heard voices. And, to
her wonder, the name of Hugh Dill-
son, followed directly by Dillson's own
voice. Thinking gladly of his protec-
tion, she was about to assert her pres-
ence, when something in his tones re-
strained her.

"—waiting too long," he was
saying.
"Sorry you waited," answered a cool
voice. "Couldn't lose my best lot."

"Blast your loads!" grumbled Dill-
son. "Pretty fix—in the storm. I've
come out here to know what this
means," with the rattling of paper.
"Means!" was the firm reply.
"Means what it says, of course. That
I refuse to engage in any such busi-
ness."

"You refuse?" echoed Dillson, an-
grily. "And, pray, what becomes of
your bargain? You'll transact my
business my way, young man, or—"

"Stop!" commanded the other. "I've
managed your property here, Mr.
Dillson, to lift the mortgage from mine.
Your profits have more than doubled,
as you know. But when it comes to
distilling liquors in my name—and in
underground distilleries—you can
count me out. I have ordered back
your pipes and stills."

"Ordered them back!" shouted Dill-
son. "And what right had you, you
meddlesome—?"
"The right every man has to protect
his neighbors," cut in the clearer tones.
And—"significantly"—"to check dis-
honesty."

"Dishonest!" faltered Dillson, ap-
parently choking.
"Yea, dishonest. And you thought
I could be bought—a tool for your il-
licit gains! You see, I know you,
Dillson. No distillery of yours will be
put on my land while I can prevent it."

There was a momentary pause. Dill-
son was seemingly gathering strength,
for he burst out with: "Your land!
When the very roof that covers you is
yours on sufferance! That last note of
yours, young straight-lace, is over-
due. I'll teach you to balk me! It's
my money, or my farm, Thursday, you
beggars—without mercy."

And then she remembered Ned Tave-
nor; tall and handsome, sun-burned
and square-shouldered—her especial
cavalier, who had won the tilter's prize
and crowned her queen that jolly pic-
nic day. Even now, a little blush
crept to her curly bangs as she thought
of Ned Tavorner's open admiration, and
parried the twin's jests on his remem-
bered gallantry.

Meda resisted all entreaties to pass
the night. "No, no," she reiterated,
"I cannot stay; but if your papa will
guide me to the road-forks I promise
to come again when I am not lost."

"I have seen no country so far as
this," she declared. For the skies had
cleared, and between the shifting
clouds the setting sun dyed the close
mountain ranges with lurid crimson,
and twined the ramdrops on the trees
and flowers to scintillating rubies.

When Mr. Watson parted with Meda
at the cross-roads, she ended a serious
conversation with some few last in-
junctions.
"It saves trouble that you know the
amount. Go over in the morning and
offer the whole sum in your name.
Come to me Wednesday evening at the
Ridge way and I will have the money
ready."

Mr. Watson promised. "Ned Tave-
nor's a fine fellow," he said. "The
Tavorners were powerful folk in the
old times, an' that boy's worked an'
paid off every cent but this. I know
Hugh Dillson! He's been a hankerin'
after that place ever since old Dave
died. He's a wild coon, in Dillson, but we'd
scotch him this time!"

And the old farmer chuckled.
No trace of Hugh Dillson's storm
of passion remained when he met Meda
and tenderly chided her for being out
so late; with more than usual earnest-
ness confessing his own loneliness.

It was a little ominous that Miss
Cabell took tea in her rooms that night,
and that she ignored the private table
Mr. Dillson had appropriated for them-
selves, and joined the few other board-
ers at breakfast next morning. And
after—when she sent a short note in
response to Mr. Dillson's card, beg-
ging to be excused from receiving him
in the hotel parlor.

Dillson's chagrin was deep. As well
as the egotism of his nature allowed,
he loved the orphan girl whose beauty
and fortune propitious fate had seemed
to hold in abeyance for him. He had
lost—how, he never exactly knew.

Ned Tavorner's note was paid in full
Thursday morning, and Mr. Watson
kept Meda's secret.
The pretty twins drove in to Ridge-
way and carried her home with them.
There were tennis parties, "pro-
tracted meetings" and sight-seeing;
and Ned Tavorner was Meda's constant
attendant.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

ECONOMY IN GOOD BRUSHES.
One of the most useful articles in
the house is a brush made of good hair.
If properly cared for it will last for
years, but buy only the best kind with
the hair wired into the back. The
cheap brushes have the hair glued in
and will not stand water. Even the
stove brush should be of the best,
whether for use outside or inside.
Choose one with a short handle and it
will clean out every bit of dust from
every nook and cranny. Stove ovens
should have the soot and dust brushed
out every day.—American Agricultur-
ist.

CARE OF MATTRESSES.
A bright, clean mattress is the house-
keeper's delight, writes Mrs. E. H.
Cooper in the American Agriculturist.
The question is how to keep it so.
Some use slip covers of calico or mus-
lin to protect it, but this is unsightly
and unsatisfactory. Of course a tack
of some sort may be used to guard the
top from possible harm, but it is the
rubbing against the slats or woven
wire that so soils and darkens the tick-
ing. I have found the following
method free from all objections: Take
a piece of sheeting or strong muslin,
some six inches larger each way than
the mattress. At each corner attach
a twelve-inch piece of tape, sewing it
by the middle so as to form strings six
inches long. Lay this sheeting
smoothly over the slats or springs.
Straps, formed of pieces of mattress
binding a little longer than the depth
of the mattress, are sewed—by their
ends only—to each corner of the mat-
tress. Through these straps pass one
of the strings at each corner, tying in
a bow knot. When desired, the knots
may be untied and the mattress turned
over. Before turning remove, with a
small stiff brush, all dust from around
the tappings, and the mattress will re-
tain its fresh appearance for years.

THE STAFF OF LIFE.
From time immemorial housewives
and cooks have been told that the fu-
ture of the human race and other more
immediate things depended upon bread-
making. The influence of dyspepsia
upon the community and of bread upon
dyspepsia has been set forth times
without number. Sometimes there
have arisen teachers who, with chemi-
cal language, tried to bring about an
era of good bread-making. But bread
continues variable in its quality.

In the first place, the flour used
should be the best. Good flour is soft
to the touch, slightly yellow in color,
and sticks to the hand when plunged
into it. Flour of darker tints and with-
out adhesiveness is inferior. The water
should be pure and tasteless, from a
running stream if possible. Salt should
not be mixed with the flour, but with
the water used in kneading. The
kneading should be a continuous pro-
cess, neither very fast nor very slow.
There are dough-making machines
which have advantages over the old
methods of mixing by hand.

The oven should be ready for the
bread at exactly the same time that the
bread is ready for the oven. Large
loaves should be placed in the back of
the oven, small ones in front. Large
loaves should be baked an hour and a
half, small ones three-quarters of an
hour. When taken from the oven
bread should be exposed to fresh air
until quite cold.—New York World.

RECIPES.

Baked Corn Bread—Take one teaspoon
of cream, one-quarter teaspoonful of
soda, one cup of flour, butter the size
of a walnut, one cup of sugar, one cup
Indian meal, one egg. Granulated
meal is the best.

Baked Bananas—Strip from side a
piece of the skin. Then with your
finger loosen the skin from the sides
of the fruit; dust well with granulated
sugar, and bake in a moderate oven
half an hour. Serve hot in the skins.

Ivory Blanc Mince—Cover quarter
box of gelatine with quarter cup of
cold water; soak fifteen minutes; put
one pint milk over fire in double
boiler; add two bay leaves and grated
rind of half a lemon; when hot add
gelatine and half cup sugar; take from
fire, strain and turn into a round mold;
when cold serve with a sauce made
from sweetened raspberry juice.

Fricassee Eggs—Boil a dozen eggs
hard, remove the shells and slice; take
a cup of white stock, season with salt
and pepper; brown a teaspoon of salt
bread crumbs in butter; put the gravy
in the saucepan and set on fire; dip
the slices of egg in melted butter, then
in flour, and lay in the gravy until hot;
take up, arrange on a dish with the
fried bread and pour the gravy over.
Pineapple Shredded—Select a ripe,
juicy pineapple, remove every bit of
the skin and all the "eyes." Then lay
the fruit on a platter, hold it firmly
with the left hand, and with a silver
fork tear off the pineapple in small
pieces, leaving the core whole. Put
the shredded fruit in a serving dish,
sprinkle generously with fine granu-
lated sugar, cover and let stand in the
ice chest an hour, if possible, before
serving.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR OCTOBER 1.

Lesson Text: "The Power of the Gos-
pel," Romans 1, 8-17—Golden
Text: Romans 1, 16—
Commentary.

"First I thank my God through Jesus
Christ for you all, that your faith is spoken
of throughout the whole world." Our last
lesson in the Acts found Paul at Rome
proclaiming the glad tidings of God concern-
ing Jesus to all who came to him, but
from verses 11 to 13 of this lesson it is
evident that he had not as yet been in Rome
when he wrote this epistle. He writes as a
bond slave of Jesus Christ, set apart to pro-
claim the glad tidings of God concerning
the Son, and addresses his letters to all the
beloved of God in Rome, called saints. By
receiving Jesus we become saints, He becom-
ing our righteousness, and this being the case
we are therefore to live as saints. We are
not told here the gospel was first preached
at Rome, but there were at this time true be-
lievers there to whom Paul wrote this great
epistle, emphasizing in the very beginning of
it the great truth of the resurrection (verse 4).
See how faith in God glorifies Him, and be-
comes known abroad to His honor.

"For God is my witness, whom I serve
with my spirit in the gospel of His Son, that
without ceasing I make mention of you
always in my prayers." One of Paul's
mottos was, "God, whose I am and whom I
serve" (Acts xvii, 23), and it was no out-
ward service as a man pleaser (Gal. 1, 10; I
Thess. ii, 4; Col. iii, 22), but real heart
work as in the sight of God, whom he loved
to call his father everything (Phil. iv, 5, 10).
It was his custom to pray much for the saints
in every place (Eph. 1, 16; I Thess. i, 2;
Ph. 4), and he loved to be prayed for (Col.
iv, 3; I Thess. v, 25; II Thess. iii, 1). God
was his intimate friend, and like a little child
he called his father everything (Phil. iv, 6, 7).
What he preached he practiced.

"Making request, if by any means now
at length I might have a prosperous journey
by the will of God to come unto you." Out-
raged we have seen that as he sees things
his journey was anything but prosperous, but
when we consider his safe arrival and the
lives given him (Acts xvii, 24, 37) it is truly
prosperous in God's sight. Joseph in prison
under a false accusation was a prosperous
man for God was with him (Gen. xxxix, 2,
3, 21, 23).

"For I long to see you that I may im-
part unto you some spiritual gift, to the
end ye may be established." He repeats his long-
ing and desire in the end of the epistle (chap-
ter iv, 23; xxiii, 29). He at one time put
the Ephesians in mind of the world, and the
Lord Jesus, how He said, "It is more blessed
to give than to receive" (Acts x, 35), and
His whole life is an illustration of the joy of
imparting spiritual things. The way to be
established is found in II Chron. xx, 20,
"Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye
be established." See the contrast in Isa. vii,
9, and be mindful of I Cor. xv, 58, "Be ye
steadfast, immovable, always abounding in
the work of the Lord."

"That is, that I may be comforted to-
gether with you by the mutual faith both of
you and me." In writing to Philemon (Ph.
6) Paul said that the communication of faith
becomes effectual by the acknowledging of
every good thing that is in us in Christ Jesus.
Peter speaks of those who have obtained like
precious faith with us through the righteous-
ness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ
(II Pet. i, 1). Every believer knows how in-
sisting is the faith of a fellow believer and
how much it is to meet one who can truly
say, "I believe God," or "I know what I
have believed" (Acts xvii, 25; II Tim. i,
12). Confidence begets confidence both in
temporal and spiritual things, so that if in
quietness and confidence we are strong in
the Lord, xxx, 15) somebody will get a re-
freshing.

"Now, I would not have you ignorant,
brethren, that oftentimes I proposed to come
unto you (but was let hitherto), that I
might have some fruit among you also, even
among other gentiles." Our purposes may
come to naught, but the purposes of God will
stand and all be in due time fulfilled. The
way of rest, therefore, is to place ourselves
wholly in His hands that He may work both
for and with us. The word "rest" has sev-
eral significances to hinder. See R. V. and com-
pare II Thess. ii, 7. See also Isa. xliii, 13,
where God says, "I will work, and who shall
let it?"

"I am a debtor both to the Greeks and
to the barbarians, both to the wise and the
unwise." He did not take any credit to him-
self for preaching the gospel, but said,
"Necessity is laid upon me—yea, woe is me
if I preach not the gospel" (I Cor. ix, 16).
All who have heard the gospel and have re-
ceived Christ for themselves are com-
missioned to make Him known to others, for it
is written, "Let him that heareth say come"
(Mark xiii, 17). Whether ordained of man
or not, they are ordained of God (John
xv, 16) and are put in trust with the
gospel, which is to be declared, not as pleas-
ing men, but God who trieth our hearts (I
Thess. ii, 4).

"So, as much as in me is, I am ready to
preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome
whether I be bound or loosed." "Ready" was
one of Paul's words. Ready to every good
word, ready to be bound or loosed, ready to
be bound or to die, ready to be offered up
(Citus iii, 1; Acts xxi, 25; II Tim. iv, 6).
The same word is prominent in the Saviour's
words with special reference to His com-
ing again (Matt. xxiv, 44; xxv, 10; I
King David's peop... could say to him,
"Thy servants are ready to do whatsoever
my lord, the king, shall appoint" (II Sam.
xv, 18), how much more should we say it
to our King?

The Austro-Hungarian Crown.

The Hungarian crown worn at their
accession by the Emperors of Austria
as Kings of Hungary is the identical
one made for Stephen and used at his
coronation over 800 years ago. The
whole is of pure gold (except the set-
tings), and weighs nine marks six
ounces (almost exactly fourteen
pounds). The settings above alluded
to consist of 53 sapphires, 50 rubies,
1 emerald and 338 pearls. It will be
noticed that there are no diamonds
among these precious adornments.
This is accounted for by the oft-
quoted story of Stephen's aversion to
such gems because he considered them
"anlic ky."—St. Louis Republic.

Though western Australia is nearly
nine times the size of the United
Kingdom, its population was estimated
in March last at but 52,718, with 10,
300 more males than females.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the
country than all other diseases put together,
and until the last few years was supposed to be
incurable. For a great many years doctors
pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local
remedies, and by constantly failing to cure
with local treatment, pronounced it incurable.
Science has proven catarrh to be a constitu-
tional disease and therefore requires constitu-
tional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, man-
ufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio,
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ters. Beecham's—no other. 25 cents a box.

THE TESTIMONIALS

We publish no testimonial
purchased, nor written up in
our office, nor from our
employees. They are facts
proving that "Hood's
Cures" for over twenty
years I have suffered
with neuralgia, rheuma-
tism and dyspepsia.
Many times I could not
sleep in bed. Hood's
Sarsaparilla has done
for me what no other
remedy could.

Mrs. Burt. I am 27 years old and enjoy good health,
which I attribute to Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Mrs. E. M. Burt, W. Kendall, N. Y.

Be sure to get HOOD'S
Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25 cents.

"August Flower"

I have been troubled with dyspepsia,
but after a fair trial of August
Flower, am freed from the vexatious
trouble.—J. B. Young, Daughters
College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I had
headache one year steady. One bottle
of August Flower cured me. It was
positively worth one hundred dollars
to me.—J. W. Smith, P. M. and Gen.
Merchant, Townsend, Ont. I have
used it myself for constipation and
dyspepsia and it cured me. It is the
best seller I ever handled.—C. Rugh,
Druggist, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

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GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR SKIN.
CURES CONSTIPATION
INDIGESTION DIZZINESS
ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN.
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GENTLENESS—Having been restored to good
health by the use of your Sarsaparilla I feel
my duty to let others know the great benefit it
has produced.
For 15 years I have been troubled with
severe pain in the stomach, and I had
lost my appetite and was unable to
eat and sleep. I had been told that
I had a liver and kidney disease, and
I had used three bottles of
DANA'S SARSAPARILLA
and I feel like a new man. I recom-
mend your Sarsaparilla to all who
suffer from any of the above
diseases.
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