look without fear.
"But I will," she replied, sneeringly.

was as unapproachable as before.
"Clarice," he said, in a softer voice than

reast heaving and her eyes filling.

broken heart can cry.

her from him.

Deming sprang to her side, and grasped "You will never do that," he said, look-ing menacingly at her. She shrugged her shoulders, and returned his threatening "You have no proof of such a charge."
"I have 50 of your letters. I can select enough to prove what I want."
"You are a friend," he said, throwing

broken heart can cry.

CHAPTER V.

In his heart Jerome Deming forgave Clarice at once for her insane outburst of passion, and he felt that if she anould carry out the revenge which she threatened it would be no more than he deserved. He considered generously enough the pitifulness of her position as a dramatic failure, and of her humiliation in being attacked so harshly by himself, when he had pretended to love her so that her faults were beauties in his eyes. He was filled with sadness and sympathy as he thought of her sorrow, but that fierce scene with her had brought him to his senses so far as love was concerned, and he at last understood what an insult it was to the girl he was about to marry to yield so weakly to an infatuation that could end only in demoralization and shame. Clarice continued her season at the Murray Hill Theatre on the strength of the french star actress. Deming was compelled to attend several of her performances.

Even the critics who had no such reason as he to detect a change in her observed that her appearance and her methods underwent a decided transformation after the condemnation by the newspapers. In her action there was no longer anything irritating. She was subdued, modest, seemingly broken in spirit. The radiance of her lance gave place to a deep sadness, a pensiveness which was immensely pathetic, and which did not detract in the least from the intrinsic leveliness of her features. As they watched her in "Frou-Frou," one night Madge said to Deming that it did not seem possible that he could care for her when such splendid creatures as Clarice were living in the firm of the limit of the same and mode her and shame. Clarice where the doors are. "There; there," she said. "Right through the fares is any work to do on the way we regoing to carry you through it. Now, show us direct the door are." "There; there, the door through it. Same leader to do the same. He knew there was only the choice of remaining where they were and being burned t. death, or leading the choice of remainin

the devil's commentary upon the third book of Moses called Leviticus. The devil had quoted Scripture alter his fashion and the Pharisee hat listened. It was Scripture, there was no doubt about that, but Scripture.

Copyrighted, 1889. All rights reserved. CHINESE FLOATING GARDENS.

The rice thus planted ripened in from sixty to seventy, in place of a hundred, days. The rafts are cabled to the shore, floating on lakes, pools or sluggish streams. These floating fields served to avert famines, whether by drought or flood. When other fields were submerged and their crops sodden or rotten, these floated and flourished, and when a drought prevailed they subsided with the falling water, and while the soil around was arid advanced to maturity. Agricultural treatises contain plates representing rows of extensive rice fields moored to sturdy trees on the banks of rivers or lakes which existed formerly in the lacustrine regions of the Lower Yangtse the lacustrine regions of the Lower Yangtse and Yellow river.

swer.
Within five minutes a cab was got through the fire lines, Clarice had regarded conscious-

softly, and glancing up every now and again from her handkerchief to see if her mistress watted anything.

Deming talked with Clarice, gentily and soothingly; and when he spoke of Madge's death sile stroked his cheek and said: "Poor Jerome, poor Jerome," It was Deming who wept. Her beautiful eves were dry. The calmness was unmistakable. She was dying, "I have never doubted that you loved me," she said. "If I have deceived myself, do not now correct me. I have lived away from you, but devoted in my heart to you. I have believed that you would have married me if I had not been an actress—if you had had confidence in my integrity. O, do no not set me right if I am wrong. Let me die mistaken, for in that mistake I have lived worthy of you since we parted on your wedding day."

Deming told her in a broken voice that she was a good and noble woman, and she had done everything that such a woman could. How could he help believing her when Clarice was dying there? How could he help trusting in her honesty when he knew of her working as she had, and living as she did, with a beauty that men would go mad over. And Jack West—skoptical, calm, Deming's friend, now hers—grasped Jerome's hand, with tears in his eyes.

"My boy," he had said, "you owe her all that she now can desire."

So all that could be done before she died to atone for the mistakes of three years ago was done by the request of Deming. As she lay there Clarice was his wife, for the clergyman performed over them the marriage rites of the church.

A half hour passed, and Deming still knelt

church.

A half hour passed, and Deming still knelt by the bed holding Clarice in his arms. Suddenly she started up. Her whole figure trembled. Her arms tightened convulsively about him and then loosened. She gave one look of boundless love as Deming kissed her, and then fell back, as softly and as white as snow.

[THE END.]

Rafts on Which Rice and Vegetables Are Successfully Cultivated.

fiture. 1ou know I shall always be your triend."

"She cringed at the word "ffiend," and began moving rapidly toward the door. He followed het, in order to show her out.

"Good-bye, Clarice."

She turned, and taking his hand, she covered it with kisses. He could feel her hot tears faling upon it. Then she was gone. A moment later, as Deming stood just where she had left him, his heart still choking him, and the sound of her last sobs ringing in his ears, Madge stole up behind him and wound her arms about his neck. And while Clarice Rinauld wept in her bedroom at the hotel these two young lovers were made man and wife.

One year of thorough happiness, of perfect understanding and hope and trust between them, and then Madge and the tiny life which had been so eagerly anticipated, Taded like two flowers, and Deming was alone. For months he was going to pieces. But the best of them, and particularly Jack West, tried most delicately to draw him away from his miserable thoughts, and after another year had gone he could occasionally smile, and managed to throw some of the old energy and brilliancy into his literary work. The next summer he and Jack West started on a trip abroad. During June they were in London. One night they went to the Somerset, a music hall which had its entrance in a narrow street off the Strand. By chance they secured seats at a table close to the stage, and, over brandy and soda, proceeded to enloy the peculiarities of the Strand. By chance they secured seats at a table close to the stage, and, over brandy and soda, proceeded to enloy the peculiarities of the audience—the Colduream guardsmen with their funny little "chappiea." and, outside the rall, under the aves of the galleries, the rough element of picturesque people from the East End, with their funny caps and plaid neck scarfa—all this their funny caps and plaid neck scarfa—all this their funny caps and plaid neck scarfa—all this

BIBLICAL DECEPTIONS
the devil parted us the from another by different ways of embhasizing the Bible. In those matters which should alone be emphasized—the essential taith, the elements of practical goodness—on these we all agree. Christian unity will begin to dawn when we crase the devil's emphasis out of our denomof the Book of Books.

HOW TO READ THE SCRIPTURES.

Religious Controversy Caused by Emphs

sizing Single Texts.

DISTORTING BIBLE QUOTATIONS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1

written, but for the most part unwritten,

own is collected, like all the com-

mentaries, from all sorts of sources.

commentator that he studied upon a very

long and wide table whereon were spread,

open at the text on which he was writing

the books of all the writers on that part of

the Bible which he had been able to col-

lect together, and there he with a pen in

one hand and a spy glass in the other looked

merely pretend to read it, from year to year,

especial chapters take on different and richer meanings. At the Divinity School

the professor of preaching used to advise the students to reserve some subjects and

not write sermons upon them till they had

been in active work for a number of years.

I remember that prayer was one of the sub-

jects; and "Come unto me, alt ye that are weary and heavy laden," was one of the

texts. No very young man, he said, could possibly know what it was to be "weary and

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

and growth in grace, and experience of spiritual needs, could fit one to speak in the right way about prayer. The older we grow

he more entries we are making in our own

individual commentary upon the Bible.
But it seems there is a devil's commen

tary. And, accordingly, as we construct our own, we must be careful not to put in

our own, we must be careful not to put in any of the devil's interpretations. This takes more care than we may at first sight think. The devil's interpretations of Scripture are not in his autograph, haven't his evil name signed to them by any means. He takes pains to disprove their authorship. He quietly and gently insinuates them into our minds. They are in books. They are in the lives of saints: at various times in the his-

lives of saints; at various times in the his tory of religion they have been the doctrines of the wise and good. The devil's com-mentary has been pronounced orthodox, and all who dissented from it have been branded

as heretics. Not, as I said, under his name, by any means. No man will accept the

makes all the difference in the world. Thus they had come to believe that tithes of mint, anise and cummin were on an equality

of obligation with mercy, judgment and truth, that ritual stood in some measure in the stead of rightcousness, and that robbing widows' homes was not so bad if the robber

only made long prayers. We make a mis-take if we think that the Pharisees were

either unusually dull or unusually imagin-ative persons, easily deluded. Not so. They were the wisest and shrewdest men of their time. They had just as large a fund

of native common sense, and of native goodness and sincerity as men have now.

DEVIL'S QUOTATION OF SERIPTURE.

This illustration of the delusion of the

This illustration of the delusion of the Pharisee suggests the first point of danger to which I will direct your attention. The devil tries to deceive us by quoting the Bible with a wrong emphasis. That is, with the emphasis put in the wrong place. Take again that matter of the Pharisees. Ortho-

doxy ran astray in their time because em-phasis was laid on things outward, rather than

on things spiritual. The chief endeavor of

collution. If they had set foot upon these

Gentile pavements they would have so made themselves unclean that God would not ac-

cept the Passover sacrifice at their hands

And yet they were led astray by the

laden," and nothing but years of

It is recorded of one industrious

erase the devil's emphasis out of our denominational commentaries.

Akin to this matter of emphasis is the second danger of which I will speak. The devil tries to deceive us by quoting the Bible in single texts, without the context. It is plain that you can make any book teach almost anything, and any author contradict himself, by quoting mere scraps, by taking sentences out of their connection. Unfortunately we have a habit of reading the Bible after this fashion. The Bible is a library of religious books of all kinds, written at quite different times, by quite different men, and for the most diverse purwritten at quite different times, by quite different men, and for the most diverse purposes; and we treat it as no library in the world is treated. It is as if you should go daily to your bookshelves and take down some book whereon your hand chanced to fall, open that wherever it happened to open itself, read two paragraphs, and put it back again. And the next day choose after the same fashion another book—to-day, history, to-morrow postry and the next day someone's life and letters. What kind of intelligent idea would you possibly get of any one book, or of the library. That is Even the devil can quote Scripture. There are great volumes, and a great number of them, which are filled with comments upon the Bible. And there is also, partly devil's commentary upon the Bible. It is the Holy Scripture, in King Satan's version, with the devil's explanations. Beside there is also our own commentary upon the Bible-that is, our own silent thoughts as we read. And this commentary of our

erase the devil's emphasis out of our denom

## HOW WE READ THE BIBLE.

taking away nearly all its charm, much of taking away nearly all its charm, much of its interest and not a little of its helpfulness. We do it simply because it is the easiest way—much easier than to read each book steadily through by itself, as we read any other book. Now the devil almost invariably tempts us to do easy things, because then he knows that he will have one part of our nature on his side—as an enemy besieging a city tries to ally himself with one part of the besieged, and gets them to open the at each in turn over the immense table and noted down whatever pleased him in his own book. Our own private commentary is made up after somewhat that same fashion. It is the patchwork of what we have read; what we have have seen; what we have thought; what we have experienced, in our own lives, From year to merely their names. And not one of year, if you read the Bible, and do not merely pretend to read it from year to year these sects but was able to quote Scripture —some kind of Scripture—to prove their position. Every one had some verse out of the Bible. In old pictures of the nativity, of the creation or of the resurrection, the ancient prophets were represented in the margin of the painting, each one holding a scroll on which was written the words in which he had foretold the second event. which he had foretold the second event. How interesting would be a great picture of the heretics and schismatics of all time, gathered in a great council, each with a scroll in his hand inscribed with his own particular "proof" text. There would not be one left unscrolled. And what texts would come to light! and in what remarkable uses! Even Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, would be there with his text. The Mormons say that they are the only true followers of the Bible! And when these texts came to be looked over it would true followers of the Bible! And when these texts came to be looked over it would certainly be found that an astonishing majority of them had been torn from their contexts. As it stood in the Bible it meant something quite different. Why, it would be possible—and who shall say, among the prodigies of sectarianism, that such a sect shall never arise?—it would be possible to start a sect upon

## start a sect upon THE CARDINAL DOCTRINE

of lying in bed in the morning, having this text: "Woe unto them that rise up early." The rest of the sentence is "To follow after strong drink," but that could easily be forgotten. This is a very homely ilily be forgotten. This is a very homely illustration of a most important way of reading the Bible, about which perhaps the
most important feature is its connection.
In various degrees we are all doing that,
the devil helping us—to our great loss. No
doctrine is the doctrine of Holy Scripture,
simply because you can find it in one text.
Look at the chapter in which that text is
written, inquire into the author's purpose
and argument. Above all compare it with
other texts in other chapters and other books
of Scripture. Remember that truth has of Scripture. Remember that truth has many sides, and that what is true in one case may not be true in another. It was at one time thought necessary by the English Evangelical Tract Society to state the whole doctrine of the atonement in every half-penny leaflet. Such is not the way of Scripture. You must compare things spir-Scripture. You must compare things spiritual with spiritual, text with text, book

I will point out only one more danger of which we must beware in reading the Bible.
The devil tries to deceive us by persuading us that the Bible does not mean quite so much as it says. If these various Scriptural pitfalls had been arranged in the order of time, this must have come first. For after this fashion it was that Satan made his first recorded assault upon our race. "Yea, hath God said thus and thus?" he asked. Well, now, let me explain to you just what that means. What are the words? "In the day that ye eat thereof ye shall surely die." Now the word "die," there, doesn't mean Now the word "die," there, doesn't mean die. It means live in this way. God knows that when you taste that fruit you will become as gods, knowing good and evil, that is when you have eaten you will enter upon a new life, so much richer and happier than this dull commonplace life you are living now, that this life compared with what awaits you can only be called death. That is the sense in which you will die—so eat and die and live. And eat they did, as we know, and with what result, we know. And from that time on the devil has never stopped persuading men that God does not mean persuading men that God does not m

## EXAMINE THE CONTEXT.

on things spiritual. The chief endeavor of religious people was to perform an intricate conglomeration of never-ending ceremonies correctly. The accuser of Our Master could not go in where Pilate sat in his house. The very atmosphere of a Gentile hall or porch could not be breathed without ecclesiastic I think it is Coleridge who declares that I think it is Coleridge who declares that there is not a page in the whole of English literature, not even a paragraph in all the text books upon mathematics, nor s leaf in all the ledgers, but what there can be found in it some logical flaw, some way can be devised of rendering the meaning uncertain, and of allowing a choice of signification. This interpretation of language the devil makes abundant use of. He quotes Scripture so as to give it the easiest of all possible meanings. It is a principle in the deciphering of ings. It is a principle in the deciphering of ancient manuscripts, and in determining the true text among various readings, that the most difficult reading is most likely to be the original and correct one. A copyist will readily change the hard into the easy-unconsciously in making out some bad writing see an obvious thought rather than an ab-truse one—and so the hardest to understand is most likely to be the right reading.

God's will. It is better anyway to err by thinking that God requires more than He really does than less. You are surer to be right. The solemn and unqualified injunction, for instance, that we are absolutely to love our enemies, which goes so directly against our strongest human instinct—the very difficulty of it may show that it is God's own word. The devil will say, Oh, no; it doesn't mean quite that; it means be civil to your enemies, if you can; don't avenge yourself by physical injury—but forgive them, love them. No man can do that. But God says just that—not one whit less. Love your enemies, When we try to content ourselves with any easy keeping of that or any other commandment of God,

to us which is meant to be our great help; he tries to translate the doctrine of heaven into the doctrine of earth and of the pit; he tries to turns our very prayer into sin. He puts the emphasis in the wrong place. He tears the text from the context. He robs the truth of half its meaning. He who is warned is armed. GEORGE HODGES.

smiled a sickly sort of smile, and her lord looked and selt like a man who had been

always formed the greater part of her language to him.
"I'll be true to you," he said, looking ardently into the girl's eyes. "I swear I'll be true to you forever."

And at that moment he meant to be.

CHAPTER II.

Summer had gone and New York was starting upon its hibernal excitements with its accustomed zeal. The French actress, Clarice Binauld, arrived in New York. One day the managing editor of the journal One day the managing editor of the journal for which Deming wrote, entered his office.

"You could make a great story out of a talk with her," he said, looking out of the corner of his eye at Deming.

The latter did not reply. Interviewing was not a part of his work, and he had that

permissible professional egotism of believ-ing that his time was too valuable to use in ting picturesque accounts of French esses. But after a good deal of delicate netresses. insinuation the managing editor obtained Deming's promise of an interview for the

next Sunday's paper. He went up to West's apartment that afternoon. "If you dare laugh at me I'll slay you," he said to his friend. "I've come to ask you to take me up to the hotel where Rinauld is stopping and present me to her.' West lighted a cigar with his usual tan-

talizing deliberateness.
"So soon?" he said between the puffs. "Oh, bosh !" said Deming, "be sensible, Jack, do for heaven's sake. Castor has prevailed upon me to make a story about the creature for next Sunday, and I want to have a decent introduction to her, so I've come to you. Will you take me to her?"
"I'll do it, Jerome," replied West, "but, mark my words, it's the end of you."

He went to his wardrobe and got his bat and stick. Deming looked out of the high window down on to the avenue. He was nervous and irritable, he could not say why. He had been at the office all day, and felt grimy and pulled down. He was not in a humor to talk to a woman. He helped himself to some whisky from a decanter that sat on West's table, and shuddered after swal-lowing it. When he glanced at himself in the mirror he noticed that he was very pale. He swept his hand up through his damp hair, and told West he was feeling tired.

"But, come along," he shouted with a reckless toss of the head. "I've got myself in a fine mood for seeing your wonderful French devil. I'll promise you to dominate the scene every moment we are with her. West saw clearly enough that his friend

was exhausted by close confinement and overwork. Deming had been up all the night before worrying over a manuscript that he was getting ready for a magazine. His eyes were dilated, his mouth set unnaturally tight, his face as white as marble.
"But handsomer than ever," said West
to himself as they went out into the avenue

and walked uptown together.

On reaching the hotel West took one of his visiting cards from his pocket and wrote something under his name. In a few mo-ments the bell boy who took this card upstairs, returned with directions to come to Miss Rinauld's parlors.

There were several people in the rooms when the two were ushered in by a quiet looking woman, who was evidently the actress' maid. Deming was conscious of a number of voices as he penetrated the narrow private hall behind West, and then he found himself in a lower found himself in a large, conventional hotel parlor. There were figures of men sitting side of the room and advanced toward the newcomers. Her hand was outstretched, her quick moving limbs stirred her heavy dress noisily, her voice broke the sudde stillness with a firm, musical, beautiful

vibration. "You, Monsieur West? Ah! but I am glad to see you once again. No one in America could be more welcome." There was an accent, far too faint to repreduce in print. It was a beauty added to the

English language. Deming heard the sound of West's reply to the actress's greeting, but did not make out what he said. His eyes were fixed on Rinauld. With one comprehensive glauce he measured her. She was glorious. Her hair drooped in a color of burnished copper over her brews and down over one ear. Her face was pale, but pure in its paller, and her was paic, but pure in its paids, wonderful eyes glowed like coals against it. Her mouth—Deming actually trembled when he sawthe curl of those bleed red lips. There was an expression on them which was either the sneer of a devil or the smile of an angel, he could not have said which. Beside these details of the woman's overwheiming loveling

that she was tall, square-shouldered, and held her perfect head thrust forward somewhat like a defiant Suddenly he became West's voice repeating his name. and then he felt those burning eyes turn themselves upon him. They gazed, and

gazed, and gazed. The head was raised to to its full height and the actress drew in her eath. Then she extended her hand. "Monsieur!" That is all she said. Deming took her warm fingers, and the touch of them brought him to his senses. He said something about the honor of meeting so tamous a woman, and then offered his bostess a chair, taking one for himself by her side. He stated the professional import of his visit, throwing in the information that he only consented to interview the actress because he knew the duty would provide so much pleasure for himself. The actress had not noticed anyone beside the young critic since she had first looked at him. Even West found himself instantly ignored. She had fast-ened her dreamy and fairly glaucous eyes upon Deming's face as though she would devour him. Deming had recovered his composure, and was soon, as he had prom-ised West he should be, master of the situntion. It was an excitement for him to sit face to face with this magnificent creature and feel that he was proof against her wiles. He had been overcome for a moment by her exceeding besuty, but now he was easy and indifferent, and he knew that she realized it.

she turned her attention to a tall man with a sandy beard who had been sitting very stiffly and gloomily on a sola over against "Oh, Count," she said gayly; "I am afraid we shall miss our drive should we not start at once."
"The Russian lover," whispered West

But suddenly her manner changed, and

into Deming's ear.

There was no reason why a spasm of jealousy should have shot through Deming's breast at that instant, but there did. He for detaining her. Again those wonderful eyes turned themselves upon him, and now he felt himself once promitive he felt himself once more ill at ease. West crossed the floor to speak to the Count. The conversing. The actress gazed without speaking at Deming, and he grew hot and cold as he stood there waiting for her to bid him good afternoon. Before he was aware of what he was saying he asked if he might

call again. "Why would you care to?" asked the netress. "Well, to know you better," replied Deming, mechanically.

She seemed to become provoked after this, and said quickly, "No, Monsieur, it is unnecessary to call again."

Deming was made angry by these words, and flushed up to his hair, stepping quickly as though he had received a blow that he was unable to return. He was about to leave the room without further farewell, when he felt his hand taken by this strange woman, lelt her warm, sleepy gaze in his eyes once more, and heard her say in a voice as soft as the tone of a bell:

"You must come again, Monsieur. To-morrow at this bour. Shall I expect you?" He looked down at her, and the light in her eyes flooded him till he seemed in a fire. He clutched her hand in both of his, bent down till he was within an inch of that rad-iant mouth, and then he heard her whisper:

"Careful, Monsieur Deming."
Her eyes looked languishingly into his. He could feel her breath squarely on his "You will come to-morrow?" she whis pered. "Yes," he replied.

And then lifting her hand he made though to kiss the tips of the fingers, but turned it quickly and pressed his lips on the center of its moist palm. As West bade the actress good afternoo

"Monsieur Deming is audacious and handsome. I like him."

As the two friends walked down the avenue together Deming was silent and moody. West did not ask him what he thought of the Frenchwoman. They said goodby to each other at the corner of Deming's street. "Caught, by George!" exclaimed West

when he was alone.

Deming sent a note to Madge Maynard that night, saying he should be so busy writing that he would be unable to call; and the poor girl cried herself to sleep with that note clasped against her neck. CHAPTER III.

Deming did not go to see Rinauld the next day, as he had promised. He longed to do so-despising himself as he realized how much he longed to do so-but the spirit eyes of Madge conquered the devilish ones of the French woman, and he stayed away.

The next Monday night he and Madge attended the first appearance of a young American actress, who came in at the Murray Hill theater for two weeks previous to the debut of Rinauld. Deming noticed the manager of the house, Sulzenheim, sitting with his wife in the lower proscenium box on the right. They were both directing their conversation to some one who sat be hind the draperies of the box, entirely obscured from the audience. After the first



Their First Ouarrel. act Sulzenheim caught Deming's eye and Bowed graciously toward him. In another minute an usher came down the aisle and, touching the critic on the arm, said that the manager would like to see him in the

lobby. Deming excused himself from Madge and joined Sulzenheim. "My dear young friend," said the latter, in a caressing voice, taking Deming's arm; "I have a strong desire that you shall meet

"I have a strong desire that you shall meet my wife. She is a great admirer of your writing, and I want her to see what a good fellow you really are."

And he pushed Deming around the curve of the lobby toward the box. The journalist. was thoroughly annoyed, but he saw no way out of the situation without deliberately snubbing the manager, and this he could not bring himself to do. So he permitted himself to be led, a most unwilling captive, into the presence of Mrs. Sulzenheim. As the door of the box swung open he heard a voice from within that thrilled him, and he started back as though he had seen a ghost. Sulzenheim still held his seen a ghost. Sulzenheim still held his arm, and when he felt this sudden spasm agitate Deming, he elutched him tighter, not understanding the cause of it. "Why, what alls you, my boy?" said he, drawing him quickly into the box. There

was no escape then, for both the women were looking at him.
"Oh nothing," said Deming in answer to Sulzenheim's question. "I only stumbled, that was all." And then he turned toward Mrs. Sulzenheim, awaiting a presentation.
This over, he recognized the introductory
words that the manager passed between him
and the other occupants of the box, with:

Rinauld on a former occasion."
"Yes," responded Clarice, raising her warm, dreamy eyes to his face, "Monsieur Deming and I have met on one former occa-She took no further notice of him then pretending to read her programme, as though it was to be supposed that the young man was there only to talk to Sulzenheim's wife. The latter was a sweet-taced, motherly-look-

ing Jewess, and she told Deming in quiet, sincere words how glad she was to meet one whom she had long regarded as the most en-tertaining writer on the daily press. Deming thanked her somewhat impatiently, while Sulzenheim sat to one side seconding his Sulzenheim sat to one side seconding his wife's opinions and scofling at the modest deprecation that the young man made to her compliments. Deming did not doubt the motive of the lady's praises, but he had strong suspicions of the manager. When the latter attracted his wife's attention a moment later, and engaged her in a low-toned conversation, Deming believed that he saw the entire drift of the old man's plans. He could not now escape the necessity of falkcould not now escape the necessity of talk-ing to Rinauld. He hesitated a moment whether or not to get up and make his adieus, but decided to the contrary, and then took a chair by the side of Clarice. She did not raise her eyes from her programme, and there was not a suggestion of consciousness of him or herself in her attitude or the expression of her face. He again recognized the infinite beauty of this woman. It made his pulse beat faster, and his heart fairly fluttered against his throat. Her hair in the dim light of the box looked nearly black. The cheek, brow and neck were like marble beneath it. The corners of her eyes had the very slightest upward slant, like a woman in an Egyptian portrait,

and the long velvety lashes as they lay heavily against her cheeks produced the illusion of sleep, almost of death. "Miss Rinauld."

No movement whatever. "Miss Rinauld." "I heard you, monsieur. Why do you not say what you wish?" Deming remembered at that moment, strangely enough, that such an answer as this from Madge would have angered him. He wondered why from this woman the words should not have a similar effect.

"I only wanted to tell you," he said, "that I am very glad to meet you again." The long lashes swept upward, and Dem-ing could think of nothing but night giving place to day. Her lips were wreathed into a maddening sneer, and there was a heavy, stormy light in her eyes. She looked long and hard at Deming-an effulgent, haughty,

offended queen.
"Those words of yours are commonplace, Monsieur Deming. They never meant any-thing from anyone, and from you they are a

"They are the trnth," he said, "and you have no right to say they are not." And he leaned forward toward her, determined to meet her in her own angry mood. The fire of both their eyes met and mingled. And the sparks fell into their hearts. "You humiliated me," said Rinauld, gaz

ing steadily at him, "How?" he asked. "You did not come as you said, and you spoiled my drive."
"Your drive? Oh! With the Russian?"
"Monsieur!" Deming thought she hissed
like a cat. Her eyes dirated and then conracted again, and her teeth were tight set.

"Monsieur le Comte does not enjoy being put aside in that way?" went on Deming in a hard, sarcastic tone. "He was angry with

"Monsieur Deming, I do not know that I "Monsieur Deming, I do not know that I ever gave you cause to insult me."

"You were blaming me for what you considered a brutality. And you ought to know my reason for not coming to see you. I am never second, Miss Rinauld."

Deming was fully aware of the fearful implication of these words as he uttered them. They were not the result of youthful indiscretion, but of very mature deliberation. He felt by this time the danger of this woman's influence over him, and a strange, awful desire to say what she could not forgive, so that he should be ordered never to speak to her again, came over him.

He would not admit to her how he

He would not admit to her how he had struggled against the temptation of seeing her again. He was angry, aggressive and nervous—and yet he wanted to sit there and look on her face forever.

She did not reply to his last words, as he expected she would. She cast her lashes down and her lips quivered pathetically. Deming could not bear this. He leaned close to her and whispered:

"Forgive me! I was a brute, a cad. Why should I expect to be first! Why should I expect to be first! Why should I expect to be anything to you, the most beautiful woman alive? Only let me be near you, so that I may look into your face and be blessed. That is all I ask."

Again she looked at him with her splendid eyes, and in his face read the confession of er triumph.

eyes, and in his face read the confe er triumph.
"You are very changeable, Monsieur."
he said. "A moment ago you were scoldshe said. she said. "A moment ago you were scolding me, insult.—"
"Ah, don't," broke in Deming, impetuously. "A jealous man is a beast, and his words should not be weighed and charged against him by the woman he—"
"Stop, Monsieur!"

"You refuse to let me say it?" "Yes. Why should you want to when

"Don't forget, Monsieur le Comte." "He drives with me each day." "Dines with me each night."

"The curtain is going up, Monsieur." "May I come to see you to-morrow?" asked Deming, still looking intently at her everted face.
"Oh! I have a little supper at my hotel after the play. That will be earlier to-morrow. Will you come?"

"Who is to be the "Three friends beside yourself. Shall you

Deming went back to Madge feeling like a cur. She welcomed him with her sweet smile, and asked if he had a pleasant talk with the manager. He was very silent, and as he and Madge drove home in a cab after the play she took his hand in hers and asked if anything had gone wrong. He put his face down against her shoulder and said nothing was the matter, but, as he spoke, it almost seemed as though he had difficulty to

almost seemed as though he had dimenity to suppress a sob.

Atter leaving Madge at her house he was driven to a neighboring hotel, where he wrote his review of the play he had seen and sent it by messenger to the newspaper office.

Ten minutes later he was ushered into Clarice's parlors. The brilliantly lighted

Clarice's parlors. The brilliantly lighted drawingroom was empty. In the center a table was set, and four chairs were drawn up to it. Deming regretted that he should be the first arrival.

Presently, in such bewildering splendor of costume that the journalist was fairly stunned as he gazed upon her, Clarice entered from an adjoining room, and swung forward to meet her guest, with her hand held out to him and her head drooping, in the way he had before noticed. Her arms and neck were bare and supremely beautiful. Her flesh was the whitest and brightest this young man had ever seen, and the est this young man had ever seen, and the remarkable tinting of her hair, eyes and mouth was brought out vividly by contrast. In her small ears, which were half concealed by her hair, were diamonds, around her throat were diamonds, around her arms, her ingers and on her breast gleamed starry gems without number. Deming would have thought any other woman over dressed. But diamonds could not exist for him where this supper passed spiritedly, and at the end of its two hours' duration, all the guests departed—save one, who lingered as though

"I must go," said Deming, springing to his feet. "Yes," she replied, "it is getting very "Yes," she replied, "it is getting very late." And as she spoke she rose from the table and crossed the floor to the mantle. She placed one elbow on the shelf and leaned her head against her hand. The diamonds seemed to fall in a shower of sharp lights over her shoulders. A rose flush was on her cheeks, and a mellow light gleamed from under her lowered lashes, as she looked toward Deming, waiting for him to bid her good night. He would not look directly at her, for he was afraid to but he was nevertheless aware of the grand picture that she made as she stood there. He was awkward in his movements and speech, as he edged toward the door with his hat and stick. He tried to call up a vision of Madge—tried to think of her asleep at that moment and dreaming him. He believed he had said the him. He believed he had said the last necessary good night, and was about to pass out of the door, when his eye caught sight of a photograph of the Russian Count which stood in a frame on the mantel, almost touched by Clarice's arm as she leaned there. Impulsively, and without knowing why or how he did it, he crossed the room like a shot, clutched the picture from its place and dashed it on the hearthstone at the actress' feet. Then he stood with lowered head, glaring at Clarice, but trembling like a frightened animal.

bling like a frightened animal.
"Do you love him?" he asked her delib-"Do you love him?" he asked her deliberately and with a terrible intensity.

"No," she replied, and she fell back, away from Deming, as though she feared his excitement, and yet she still bathed him in the fire of her gaze. He came nearer and nearer to her, and she leaned back against the mantel to keep her face from being met by his. He took both her hands, followed her arms up to her shoulders, and pressed steadily nearer to her until his mind reeled in an odor like rose leaves; and as be gathered her to him, he felt that he had clutched a great armful of flowers, and was burying a great armful of flowers, and was burying

his face in their sweetness. He was aware beyond this of nothing but her eyes gazing on him without anger.

"Clarice," he gasped, trying to extricate himself. "I must go. I must; I must."

She clung to him, weeping, and between her sobs repeated over and over her words: "I love you."

"I love you."
And Madge, off in her quiet room, had swakened, and uttered a prayer for the hap-piness of the man whose wife she was to

CHAPTER IV. The night of the debut of Clarence Rinauld at Murray Hill Theater was at hand, and such an audience as only widely advertised foreign stars can call together had gathered to see the woman whose beauty and art had been a theme for the newspapers during months. The boxes hold clusters of richly attired women, and men who were leaders in various professions and in society. The house fluttered with gay colors and expectant faces. In the seats along the center aisle were all the best critics, assembled like a jury to condemn or vindicate the women on trial. The ushers were rushing bout trying to getgall the people into their laces, and the air was filled with the rustle of gowns and programmes and the hum of conversation Madge had not accompanied her lover to the performance, because it was necessary for him to go directly from the heater to the newspaper office after the play, as he wished to write an unusually elaborate review. Besides, he wanted to be alone. In those two weeks since that fatal supper he had been tortured night and day by the conflict between his insane, irresistible passion for Clarice and his honest love for Madge.

The curtain rose, and the play of "Camille" began. Presently the audience became aware of the approach of Marguerite Gauthier, the heroine, and a quiver of ex-Gauthier, the heroine, and a quiver of excitement went over the house like a breeze over a lake. There was the sound of musical laughter from behind the scenes, and then Clarice appeared in the entrance at the back of the stage. With perfect composure, her lashes dreamily lowered, her head drooping, just as Deming had seen her so often in her own rooms, she swung down the stage as though she meant to triumph from the start. For an instant there was a rumor of astonishment at the picture that the actress made, some man in the back part of the house actually breaking out with a prolonged "O-b-h!" And then the applause burst from hands to throats, and the air was filled with a rosr of admiration. In his suppressed excitement Deming bit bis with a prolonged "O-b-h!" And then the applause burst from hands to throats, and the air was filled with a roar of admiration. In his suppressed excitement Deming bit bis lip till the blood came into his mouth, and

clutched his chair with both hands. He feit that all this acciamation was for what belonged to him. He knew that as she stood there she was thinking only of how she appeared in his eyes. Had she not told him how she should feel—how she only wanted him to be proud of her? And there she was eclipsing even his fairest memories of her, looking divine, and the world affame

at her splendor.

The appliause died gradually away, and the play went on. Within five minutes the andience began to doubt the actress. She andience began to doubt the actress. She did not seem to be well enough acquainted with her lines, and her acting consisted of very little beyond the merely graceful walk with which she had entered and the pleasant music of her voice. At the end of the first act the house remained silent. Deming stayed in his seat and studied the manner of the audience. He heard a man behind him say that the actress had cervainly not done anything very remarkable.

behind him say that the actress had cer-tainly not done anything very remarkable yet. An unpleasant dread took possession of him, and he remembered the words that Jack West had said to him four months ago. Suppose she would indeed fail? What could he say of her? At the end of the second act a hum of disapproval was distinctly audible in the house. Clarice had displayed a most noticeable weakness. As she worked tow-ard the climax she became awkward and at last lost control of herself entirely. Her voice grew hard, her gestures stiff and crude, and she ruined the scene by such unnatural and amateurish action that the audience groaned when the curtain fell. audience groaned when the curtain fell. She had already made an irretrievable

She had already made at irretrievable failure. She was a bad actress.

Deming went into the lobby. Everyone who spoke to him emphasized the disappointment that they felt in the French star. Sulzenheim came up to him, has face covered with perspiration, and grasped his "Is there any hope for her, Deming?" he

asked in an almost tearful voice. Deming could not reply.

"Ah, save her, save her for my sake," said Sulzenheim. "She's in for a month, and I'll lose a fortune on her. Let her down easy, my boy, if you love me."

And the manager went bustling off to interview the other critics.

The verdict was general. On every side Deming heard words of disappointment.

Deming heard words of disappointment, often of disgust. The only mitigation was the constant ejaculation: "But isn't she peantiful!"

He went back to his seat wondering it she He went back to his seat wondering if she could be made a success of on the score of this beauty alone. But as the play went on he was forced to believe that nothing could save her. He marvelled at the possibility of a woman of her intense feeling and physical charm being so utterly incompetent. She ruined every familiar scene by her weakness or her absurd over-acting, and during the death scene her struggles with the part were pitiful to behold. Had the audience been less refined and considerate there would have been hisses when the last

audience been less refined and considerate there would have been hisses when the last curtain fell; but, as it was, the people filed silently out of the theater, half sympathizing with the poor woman for having made such an exhibition of her shortcomings.

Deming was dazed with anger and despair. He rushed up to a little fellow named Van Erckstein, a hack writer whom he knew, told him he was taken suddenly ill, and asked him to review the actress and send told him he was taken suddenly III, and asked him to review the actress and send down his copy to the office. He could not bring himself to blast the woman he loved, as his duty demanded. But Van Erckstein had an engagement within 15 minutes which couldn't be broken. Deming gazed wildly about for some way to escape the task that confronted him, but to no purpose. The audience faded away, and he soon found himself standing alone on the steps of the himself standing alone on the steps of the theater. He rushed into a barroom near by theater. He rushed into a barroom near by and drank a glass nearly filled with whisky. Then he hailed a cab, and ordered the driver to take him to the newspaper office. Over the rough pavement he was jolted for some 20 minutes, the lights dancing in his half-closed eyes, the liquor he had drank creeping botly into his blood. He ran up the stairs of the newspaper building and closed the door behind him when he reached his private office. He could hear the steady rumble of the presses in the basement of the build-

the sheets of paper from his desk, opened his office door, and called, "Willie!" A small boy in his shirt sleeves came

"Copy, Mr. Deming?" he inquired, with a bright smile. "Yes, Willie, in a hurry," replied Dem-ing. And then, as he went back to the "I'm even anxious now that it shouldn't miss getting in."

He went down to the cab and ordered the He went down to the cab and ordered the driver to go to Clarice's hotel. As he en-tered her parlor she flew across the floor and flung her arms about his neck, crying, and telling him that she had made a failure, and now he would not love her any more.

He sat down with her beside him, and at-tempted to quiet her by saying that she had not failed, because the whole town had gone not failed, because the whole town had gone mad over her loveliness. On the table was an empty champagne bottle.

"I had it with my maid," she said, as Deming's eyes lingered on it. "I was so nervous I could not keep up. Ah, Jerome, I wanted you to be proud of me. I wanted to succeed only to make you love me more."

"I couldn't do that," he replied, fondly. "I dropped in only to say goodnight," and with a kiss he left her.

At 10 c'clock the next morning the con-

At 10 o'clock the next morning the curtains were unavailing in their efforts to keep the broad light of the sun out of Clarice's the broad light of the sun out of Clarice's rooms. As the clock on the mantle tinkled softly Deming appeared in one of the doorways, and glanced anxiously about him. At the table in the middle of the room sat Clarice with her head bowed on her arms. He advanced noiselessly toward her and looked over her shoulder. His eye caught the heading of the review he had written the night before. She had surely read it, and knew now what a traitor he bad been. He stood motionless for a long time, and then put his hand on Clarice's shoulder.

He stood motionless for a long time, and then put his hand on Clarice's shoulder.

"Dearest!" he said softly.

A scream rang through the rooms, and Clarice stood before him with blazing eyes, her teeth set like a vice. Her face was livid and her long, wildly-tossed hair gave her the appearance of a fury. She glared at her lover like a tigress, her breast heaving violently, and fearful little cries, like a dog in the leash will utter, escaped from her as she stood panting there. Then she threw herself headlong at Deming, and, with frightful curses, tried to tear his face with her hands. He threw his arms about her, pinning hers against her body. She her, pinning hers against her body. She writhed and cursed, and then, finding her-self unable to rend him with her nails, she sought to bite him. He spoke to her, called her tender names, but she fought on and on, until finally she fell back exhausted, and he laid her on the lounge, overcome by hysterics. He sat in a chair beside her, and, as she wept, he thought of what his vile infatuation had brought him to, and how defaination had brought him to, and how de-based he would seem in the eyes of all de-cent people if they could know what sacri-fices he had committed for a woman who had a heart like a wild beast's. He went to the table and read what he had written, and then what the other critics said. His review was the harshest of all. It did not even mention her beauty. It only said, in such terms as no writer but Deming was capable of, that Clarice Rinauld did not command

of, that Clarice Rinauld did not command
the slightest dramatic sbility, and that the
promises made concerning her were lies o
the most groundless character.

Clarice stopped her wild lamentations
after a time, and fixed her insane eyes on
her lover as he sat reading. He looked up,
and returned her gaze for a long while without speaking.

"Would you have liked to kill me?" he
saked finally. asked finally.
"Yes," replied Clarice. "Kill you, kill you, as you have killed me."
"Was I not bound to tell the truth for my

Deming could not answer, and Clarice kept her eyes fastened on him. She staggered to her feet after awhile, and, leaning against the table, she began speaking deliberately and haughtily.

"Monsieur Deming, you have treated me as basely as man ever treated a woman, and

mixture enjoying to the utmost a very queer stage performance, and roaring the choruses of the songs with a zest that almost split the walls and rafters. A young man in a blonde wig had just sung for the fifth time a song which had for its refrain:

as basely as man ever treated a woman, and now you shall feel what revenge I can have on you. You are to be married to a young lady who thinks you are an honest gentle-man. Not only she, but the whole world, shall know that Monsieur Jerome Deming has been unjust to Clarice Rinauld because Clarice refused Monsieur Deming's proffers of love. The Chairman rapped for the applause to cease, then rising to his feet he proclaimed in a husky voice the next act on the programme.
"Mam'selle Clarice, with song."
Deming glanced up quickly. The name Clarice sounded strange to him. He had not heard it since he used to speak it himself three years before.

her from him.

"And you are a coward, Monsieur," she replied, folding her arms.

He took up his hat and started for the door. While his back was turned Clarice's face grew tender, and she took a step toward him with her arms outstretched. But when he faced her she had recovered herself and

"Clarice," he said, in a softer voice than he had previously used, "when you are quieter and have thought this over I think you will act like a woman about, it. We have had a dream, a beautiful dream together, but you and I both knew it had to end, and it looks as though it had ended now. I shall rely upon you not to take the course you threatened. If you will permit it we will still be friends, and I shall do all I can to help you and make you happy

It we will still be friends, and I shall do all I can to help you and make you happy while you are here. But you know my position, and knew it when we began our friendship. I have been unjust and untrue to the girl who trusts in all I do, and you—I believe Clarice, you will not find it possible to break her heart. Can I come here again—as a friend?
"No, Monsieur!" gasped Alice, her

"We must save her, Jack," said Deming resolutely.

"With the aid of heaven, Jerome, we'll do it," replied West. And they both leaped over the footlights, Deming in the lead, with his teeth set and his handsome face white with determination and dread for this beautiful, helpless woman. West had caught up his glass of brandy when he left the table, and now he pressed it to the lips of Clarice as Deming lifted her in his arms, and her fluttering eyelds showed a return to consciousness. As she came to she glanced in terror about her. Her eyes caught the sight of the flames, of the raging crowd on the floor beneath, the smoke began choking her, and with her arms clinging about Deming, she realized the position they were in. "Will you say goodby?"
"No. You will hear from me again—you and your trusting sweetheart."

He bowed and went away, leaving her standing there, with wrath blazing from her moist eyes and her face as white and fearful as death. When his footsteps died away down the hall she fell prone on the floor, and cried as only a strong woman with a and cried as only a strong woman with a

loveliness of her features. As they watched her in "Fron-Fron," one night Madge said to Deming that it did not seem possible that he could care for her when such splendid creatures as Clarice were living in struck so squarely against his conscience. But he did not doubt, in fact he never had doubted, his love for Madge. Through all his wild experience of the past month he

doubted, his love for Madge. Through all his wild experience of the past month he was sure that she was the one girl for him to marry. She was his ideal of gentle, refined and faithful womanhood. And as the day for their marriage drew near Deming was saished and happy.

The sunny December morning came when these two were to start on their life's journey together. The few friends who were to be present had not yet arrived, when the servant brought in a card to Deming, as he sat smoking with Mr. Maynard out in the conservatory. As he read the name on the card he crushed it in his hand, and muttered an imprecation on the one who sent it.

"I'll be there in one moment," he said to the servant, after a moment of deliberation. Throwing away his cigar, and excusing himself from Mr. Maynard, he passed through the house to the drawing room. Near the window was the figure of a heavily-veiled woman in an attitude of dejection.

"Clarice," said Deming, roughly, "what have you come here for? You don't mean to say you intend to do what you threatened me with?

She did not answer. She had risen from her chair, and was standing before him with her hands clasped in front of her. Finally she spoke, in a very low and trembling voice.

"You—you love your intended wife?"

"You—you love your intended wife?"

"Most certainly."

"As well as you once loved me?"

Deming only shifted nervously about, at last breaking out with:

"Clarice, why have you come here? Answer me."

"To ask you," she replied in a voice whose

breaking out with:

"Clarice, why have you come here? Answer me."

"To ask you," she replied in a voice whose tones were full of immeasurable despair, "to ask you to marry me instead of this girl."

He looked at her as though he thought she had lost her mind.

"Clarice," he said, "are you crazy? In another hour I shall be the husband of Madge Maynard. Now, I beg of you, by all that we have been to each other, by the deep, sincere friendship that I have for you at this moment, to go away, and so let my wife be kept in ignorance of our mistakes and our regrets."

The fire of a terrible rage sprang into her eyes for one instant, but it died as suddenly, Drawing from her pecket a small package she held it out to Deming.

"Your letters," she said, and her voice broke pathetically. He took them from her. Then she stood there, hesitating in an embarrassed way, as though she wanted to ask something of him, but hadn't the courage. He took her hand tenderly in his.

"What is it, Clarice?" he asked.

She was twisting a hoop of rubies and diamonds about her finger. It was one that Deming had given her the day after their supper together. She raised her tearful eyes to his.

"May I keep that?" she asked.

"Of course, Clarice, keep it. And I hope, I do hope, my girl, that you'll be happy in the future. You know I shall always be your riend."

"She cringed at the word "ffiend," and began moving rapidly toward the door. He followed her, in order to show her out.

"'E's a jolly good chap ven you know'im, But you got to know'im fust."

Deming glanced up quickly. The name Clarics sounded strange to him. He had not heard it since he used to speak it himself three years before.

The band played its prelude, and while the audience applanded the approaching artist Deming and West both uttered exclamations of surprise. In the center of the stage, whiter, more slender, more beautiful even than before because a light of divine resignation beamed like a star on her face, stood Clarice Rinauld. She was attired in a simple black dress with a broad white linen collar turned away from the neck. Her hands were clasped before her, a half-sad smile played fitfully over her mouth, her thick hair drooped, as of old, down over het brows. She sang a lovely English ballad in a soft, sweet voice. She did not move in the least, keeping her eyes lifted, and seeming to feel as sad as the fair melody indicated. A flood of tenderness and anguish overwhelmed Deming as lie watched her.

As Clarice finished her song she lowered her eyes, and they stooped with those of Deming gazing back into them. The audience had burst out with its applause, and she should have left the stage, but there abe stood, trembling like a reed, her breast fluttering, her hands tearing at her throat, her eyes fixed. The audience began to change its cheers to murmurs of astonishment. Clarice was wavering, and it was easy to see that she was about to faint. The Chairman had risen and was rapping for order. At that very moment a broad tongue of fame leaped out from the wings of the stage and crept round the prosenium arch along the soft draperies of the boxes. There was a scream from the women, and then a great roar from the men.

"Fire!"

Clarice had not seen or heard anything since her eyes found Deming. She fell face forward on the stage ints as the fearful cry of the audience went up, and lay there as motionless as though she were dead.

Like demons the crowd was fighting its way toward the deors; a few cool-headed men were besecching the mad ones to move out quietly and so save their lives more

by any means. No man will accept the devil's open commentary, known to be infernal, false and of the pit—but in his spirit, all the same. Orthodoxy has many times been of the devil. Take, as an illustration, the religious world or Christ's day. There were the Pharisees, the professionally good, the rigidly orthodox—they accounted none righteous save themselves. In their eyes the Son of God Himself was a dangerous heretic who must be persecuted. They had simply been studying in the devil's commentary upon the third book

ness, and supported by Deming and West, was being driven to Holworthy road.

Two hours later Deming was kneeling by the side of the bed in Clarice's room, his arms about her, his lips close to her ear, whispering words of tenderness and regret. In the next room were Jack West, a physician and a priest. Near the window stood Clarice's maid, drying softly and glanger the room were and drying softly and glanger the second control of the se softly, and glancing up every now and from her handkerchief to see if her m

China Review.1 In the month of April a bamboo raft, 10 to 12 feet long and about half as broad, is prepared. The poles are lashed together with interstices of an inch between each. Over this a layer of straw an inch thick is spread, and then a coating, two inches thick, of adhesive mud, taken from the bottom of a canal or pond, which receives the seed. The raft is moored to the bank in citil water and receives the seed. bottom of a canal or pond, which receives the seed. The raft is moored to the bank in still water, and requires no further attention. The straw soon gives way and the soil also, the roots drawing support from the water alone. In about 20 days the raft becomes covered with the creeper (Ipomæa reptans) and its stem and roots are gathered for cooking. In autumn its small white petals and yellow stamens, nestling among the round leaves, present a very pretty appearance. In some places marshy land is profitably cultivated in this manner.

Besides these fleating vegetable gardens there are also floating rice fields. Upon rafts constructed as above, weeds and adherent mud were placed as a flooring, and when the rice shoots were ready for transplanting they were placed in the floating soil, which, being adhesive, and held in place by weed roots, the plants were maintained in position throughout the season. The rice thus planted ripened in from sixty to seventy, in place of a hundred, days.

new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth. They are a trouble to me; I am weary to bear them. Wash you; make you clean: cease to do evil; learn to do well." The mission of the prophets was to put the emphasis IN THE RIGHT PLACE. And the work they did requires constantly

And the work they did requires constantly to be done over again. It is much easier to put the emphasis in the devil's place, to lay the stress upon things outward. It is much easier to make the sign of the cross than to pray yourself; much easier to write words of petition than to meet God with our whole soul; much easier to be baptized, confirmed, to receive holy communion and to attend services regularly than to be pure, brave, righteous and Christian in life and in spirit. in spirit.

If you will think over the history of religious controversy, past and present, you will see how much of it has been begun and

will see how much of it has been begun and maintained by simply putting the emphasis in the wrong place. The devil has quoted Scripture, and Scripture itself so quoted, so employed has acted as a charm to arouse all that is worst in men. Take the various sects into which Christendom is most unhappily divided to-day. What brought them lute this? In large part, merely a difference about emphasis. One party puts emphasis upon this; another upon that. Each insists that everybody else shall put the emphasis just where he does. So has

So they thought, yet they could offer that sacrifice with hearts full of envy, malice, hatred and all uncharitableness, and with the stain of innocent blood upon their souls. That was nothing. So, too, in the old time before them. The prophets had to keep probing and warring and threatening all the time to counteract the devil's emphasis, to turn the minds of people from the visible to the spiritual.

from the visible to the spiritual.

Listen to Amos: "I hate, I despise your feast days. Though ye offer me burntofferings, and your meat offerings, I will not accept them, neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. But let judgment run down as water, and righteousness as a mighty stream." Said Micah.: "Shall I come before the Lord with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord That holds true of the interpretation of God's will. It is better anyway to err by with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? He hath ten thousands of fivers of our le flath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." Said Isaiah: "Your new means and your appointed feasts my

that or any other commandment of God, the devil is quoting Scripture to us; we are reading in his commentary.

Now in these three ways, among many others, the devil tries to make that hurtful

Saluting the Bride.

Punxsutawney Spirit.1

One of the rural justices married a couple the other day, and as soon as he had concluded the ceremony the happy groom turned to the bride and said: "There, now Didn't I tell y' I'd marry you? Dang yer pictures, you thought I's only foolin" Didn't you, old gal. Eh?" The bride