ing there with the yellow bull pup cuddled up under one forearm and the thin blue eek of her eigarette ascending from her

CHAPTER II.

How deeply are our destinies influenced by the most trifling causes! Had the unknown builder who erected and owned these new villas contented himself by simply building each within its own grounds, it is probable that these three small groups of people would have remained hardly conions of each other's existence, and that there would have been no opportunity for that action and reaction which is here set forth. But there was a common link to bind them together. To single himself out from all other Norwood builders the landlord had devised and laid but a common lawn-tennis ground, which stretched behind the houses with taut-stretched net, green close-cropped sward and widespread whitewashed lines. Hither in search of that hard exercise which is as necessary as air or food to the English temperament, came young Hay Denver when released from the toil of the city; hither, too, came Dr. Walker and his two fair daughters, Clara and Ida; and hither, also, champions of the lawn, came the short-skirred muscular widow and her athletic nephew. Ere the summer was gone they knew each other in this quiet nock as they might not have done after years of a

stiffer and more formal acquaintance. Clara was tall and thin and supple, with a graceful, womanly figure. Hers was a strong, quiet soul. Ida Walker was a eadth smaller than Ciara, but was a little fuller in the face and plumper is the figure. She was modern to the soles of her dainty little-heeled shoes, trankly fond of dress and of pleasure, devoted to tennis and to comic opera, delighted with a dance, which came in her way only too seldom onging ever for some new excitement, and vet behind all this lighter side of her character a thoroughly good, healthy-minded Englishgirl, the life and soul of the house, and the idol of her sister and her father-

As to the Denvers it was their Mr. Harold who kept them in the neighborhood of London, for the Admiral was as fond of ships and of salt water as ever, and was as happy in the sheets of a 2-ton vacht as on the bridge of his 16-knot. Harold was four-and-twenty now. Three years before he had hand by an acquaintance of his father's, the head of a considerable firm of stock-brokers, and fairly launched upon

To act as middleman between the pursue of wealth and the wealth he pursued, or to stand as a human barometer, registering the rise and fall of the great mammon pressure in the markets was not the work for which Providence had placed those broad shoul- | through the long folding window. The doc-

again at his earnest, questioning face, with its Saxon eves and drooping flaxen mustache, in some doubt as to whether he might be joking. On the contrary, all his attention emed to be concentrated on her answer.
"It depends so much upon what you can

do, you know. I do not know you suffi-"I have none. That is to say, none worth mentioning. I have no memory, and I am very slow."

her companion was in such obvious earnest that she stifled down her inclination to

4:50 and across country in 5:20, but how is that to help me? I might be a cricket professional, but it is not a very dignified po-sition. Not that I care a straw about dignity, you know, but I should not like to hurt the old lady's feelings."

"Yes, my aunt's. My parents were killed in the muciny, you know, when I was a baby, and she looked after me ever since. She has been very good to me. I'm

things. However, I could talk to my father, who knows a very great deal of the

"I wish you would. I should be so glad if you would."
"Then I certainly will. And now I must Wastmoott, for papa

off his flannel cap, and stalked away through the gathering darkness.

Clara had imagined that they had been the last on the lawn, but, looking back from the steps which led up to the French windows, she saw two dark figures moving across toward the house. As they came nearer she could distinguish that they were Harold Denver and her sister Ida. The murmur of their voices rose up to her ears, and then the musical little child-like laugh

Your words were such a surprise and a joy to me. Oh, I am so glad!"

Denver. Good night! There were a few whispered words, a her sister's hand and they passed together



PRESENTLY A FRESH SET WAS FORMED.

Denver one evening as she stood behind her

Franch window of the dining room a clear view was to be had of the tennis court and the players. A set had just been finished, and young Charles Westmacott was bitting up the balls as high as he could send them n the middle of the ground. Dr. Walker and Mrs. Westmacott were pacing up and down the lawn, the lady waving her rac-quet as she emphasized her remarks, and he doctor listening with slanting head and little nods of agreement. Against the rails at the near end Harold was leaning in his

are right, Willy," answered the mother se-

"But with which of them." the tennis balls about, and was chatting with Clara Walker, while Ida and Harold Denver were still talking by the railing with little outbursts of laughter. Presently a fresh set was formed, and Dr. Walker, the odd man out, came through the wicket gate and strolled up the garden walk.

"Good evening, Mrs. Hay Denver," said
he raising his broad straw hat. "May I

"Try one of these," said the Admiral, helding out his eigar case. "They are not was thinking of signaling to you, but you seemed so very happy out there."
"Mrs. Westmacott is a very

"A very cranky one. "A very sensible one in some things," remarked Mrs. Hay Denver.
"Look at that now!" cried the Admiral with a lunge of his forefinger at the doctor. "You mark my words, Walker, if we don't look out that woman will raise a mutiny with her preaching. Here's my wife dis-

affected already, and your girls will be no better. We must combine, man, or there's an end of all discipline."
"No doubt she is a little excessive in her views," said the doctor. "but, in the main, I think as she does. You should come to

her next meeting. I am to take the chair. I have just promised that I will do so. But it has turned chilly, and it is time that the girls were indeors. Good night! I shall look out for you after breakfast for our con-

The old sailer looked after his friend with a twinkle in his eyes. How old is he, mother""

"About 50, I think."

"And Mrs. Westmacolt"

"I heard that she was 43."
The Admiral rubbed his hands and shook with amusement. "We'll find one of these days that three and two make one," said he. Till bet you a new bonnet on it, mother." It was on this same summer evening in the tennis ground, though the shadows had tallen now and the game been abandoned, hat Charles Westmacott said: "Tell m Miss Walker! You know how things should be. What would you say was a good pro-tession for a young man of 26, who has had

is not very quick by nature?"

The girl glanced up at him, smused and "Do you mean yourself?"

no education worth speaking about and who

Precisely. I have no one to advise me.
I believe that you could do it better than "Admiral took two steps to his companion's take the r "It is very flattering." She glanced up three, but the younger man was the quicker, lonesome.

"But you are very strong."
"Oh, if that goes for anything, I can put up a hundred-pound bar till farther orders; but what sort of a calling is that?"

Some little joke about being called to the bar flickered up in Miss Walker's mind, but

"I can do a mile on the cinder track in

"Your aunt's?"

"I wish I could belp you," said Clara.
"But I really know very little about such world '

say good night, Mr. Westmacott, for papa will be wondering where I am."
"Good night, Miss Walker." He pulled

which she knew so well. "I am so de-lighted," she heard her sister say. "So leased and proud. I had no idea of it.

"Is that you, Ida?"
"Oh, there is Clara. I must go in, Mr laugh from Ida, and a "good night Miss Walker," out of the darkness. Clara took

ders and strong limbs upon his well-knit tor had gone into his study, and the diningame. His dark, open face, too, with his room was empty. A single small red lamp eyes, and round, black-curled head, were all the plate about it and the mahogany bethose of a man who was fashioned for active neath it, though its single wick cast but a feeble light into the large, dimly shadowed physical work. coom. Ida danced off to the big central

To you know, Willie," said Mrs. Hav husband's chair, with her hand upon his shoulder, "I think sometimes that Harold

"I rather like this quiet light," said she "Why should we not have a chat!" She is not quite happy."

"He looks happy, the young raseal," answered the Admiral, pointing with his eigar. It was after dinner, and through the open sat in the doctor's large plush chair, and her sister cuddled down upon the foot-stool at her feet, glancing up at her elder with a smile upon her lips and a mischievous gleam in her eyes. There was a shade of anxiety in Clara's face, which cleared away as she gazed into her sister's frank blue eves "Have you anything to tell me, dear?" she asked. Ida gave a little pout and shrug to her "You were quite late upon the lawn," said the inexorable Clara. "Yes, I was rather. So were you. Have you anything to tell me?" She broke away

into her merry musical laugh. flannels talking to the two sisters. "Yes, he tooks happy, mother," he re-pented with a chuckle. "In love, perhaps, By the way, Clara, now tell me truly what the young dog. He seems to have found do you think of Mr. Denver? Do you like him? Honestly now!" I think that it is very likely that you

he is one of the most gentlemanly, modest, manly young men that I have ever known. So now, dear, have you nothing to tell me?" hink that we can see which it is remarked the observant mother. Clara smoothed down her sister's golden hair with a motherly gesture, and stooped Charles Westmacott had ceased to knock the tennis balls about, and was chatting She could wish nothing better than that Ida should be made the wife of Harold Denver, and from the words she had overheard as they left the lawn that evening she could not doubt that there was some understanding between them. But there came no confession from Ida.

Only the same mischievous smile and amused gleam in her deep blue eyes. "That gray foulard dress—" she began. "Good evening, Doctor! Pray do!" "Oh, you little tease! Come now, I will ask you what you have just asked me. Do

"Mrs. Westmacott is a very clever woman," said the doctor, lighting the cigar.

final squeeze, and was gone. A chorus from "Olivette," sung in her clear contralto, grew fainter and fainter until it ended in the slam of a distant door. But Clara Walker still sat in the dim-lit room with her chin upon her hands and her dreamy eyes looking out into the gathering gloom. It was the duty of her, a maiden,

"I was chatting with Mr. Westmacott."

"And I was chatting with Mr. Denver.

"I like him very much, indeed. I think

to play the part of a mother-to guide another in paths which her own steps had not yet trodden. Since her mother had died not a thought had been given to herself, all was for her father and her sister. n her own eyes she was herself very plain, and she knew that her manner was often angracious when she would most wish to be gracious. She saw her face as the glass reflerted it, but she did not see the changing play of expression which gave it its charm -the infinite pity, the sympathy, the sweet womanliness which drew toward her all who were in doubt and trouble, even as poor, slow-moving Charles Westmacott had been drawn to her that night. She was herself, she thought, outside the pale of love. But it was very different with Ida, merry,

little, quick-witted, bright-faced Ida. She was born for love. It was her inheritance. CHAPTER III. .

It was the habit of the doctor and the Adairal to accompany each other upon a morning ramble between breakfast and lunch. The dwellers in those quiet treelined roads were accustomed to see the two figures, the long, thin, austere seaman, and the short, bustling, tweed-clad physician, pass and repass with such regularity that a stopped clock has been reset by them. The

and both were equal to a good four and a half miles an hour. It was a lovely summer day which fol

lowed the events which have been de-scribed. As the friends walked, the Ad-miral was in high spirits, for the morning miral was in high spirits, for the morning post had brought good news to his son.

"It is wonderful, Walker," he was saying, "positively wonderful the way that boy of mine has gone ahead during the last three years. We heard from Pearson today. Pearson is the senior partner, you know, and my boy the junior—Pearson and Denver the firm. Cunning old dog is Pearson and Denver the firm. son, as cute and as greedy as a Rio shark. Yet he goes off for a fortnight's leave, and puts my boy in full charge, with all that immense business in his hands, and a free hand to do what he likes with it. How's that for confidence, and he only thre upon 'change? I have much to be thank-ful for."

"And so have I. The best two girls that ever stepped. But hullo, what is this com-

"All drawing and the wind astern!" cried the Admiral. "Fourteen knots if it's one. Why, by George, it is that woman!" A rolling cloud of vellow dust had streamed round the curve of the road, and from the heart of it had emerged a high tandem trievele flying along at a break-neck pace. In front sat Mrs. Westmacott clad in a heather tweed pea-jacket, a skirt which just passed her knee, and a pair of thick gainers of the cases material. She thick gaiters of the same material. had a great bundle of red papers under her arm, while Charles, who sat behind her clad in Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, bore similar roll protruding from either pocket. Even as they watched, the pair eased up, the lady sprang off, impaled one of her bills upon the garden railing of an empty house, and then jumping on to her seat again was about to hurry onward when her nephew drew her attention to the two gentlemen on the footpath. "Oh, now, really I didn't notice you," said she, taking a few turns of the treadle

and steering the machine across to them.
"Is it not a beautiful morning?" "Lovely," answered the doctor. "You seem to be very busy." She pointed to the colored paper which still fluttered from the railing. "We have been pushing our propaganda, you see. Charles and I have been at it since? o'clock. It is about our meet-

ing. I wish it to be a great success. See!" She smoothed out one of the bills, and the doctor read his own name in great black letters across the bottom.
"We don't forget our chairman, you see.

Everybody is coming. Those two dear lit-tle maids opposite the Williamses held out for some time; but I have their promise now. Admiral, I am sure that you wish us

"Hum! I wish you no harm, ma'am." "You will come on the platform?"
"I'll be- No, I don't think I can do

"To our meeting, then?" "No, ma'am; I don't go out after dinner."
"Oh yes, you will come. I will call in if I may, and chat it over with you when you come home. We have not breakfasted yet. Good-bye!" There was a whirl of wheels, and the yellow clouds rolled away down the road again. By some legerdemain the Admiral found that he was clutching in his right hand one of the obnoxious bills. He crumpled it up and threw it into the road-

The Admiral had hardly got home, and had just seated himself in his drawing room. when the attack upon him was renewed. He heard a scrunching of gravel, and, looking over the top of his paper, saw Mrs. West-macott coming up the garden walk. She was still dressed in the singular costume which offended the sailor's old-fashioned notions of propriety, but he could not deny, as he looked at her, that she was a very fine "May I come in?" said she, framing her-

self in the open window, with a background of greensward and blue sky.
"I wish that you would give us your
powerful support at our coming meeting
for the improvement of the condition of

"No, ma'am; I can't do that." He pursed up his lips and shook his grizzled

"And why not?" Then for half an hour she urged the cause of "woman's rights." The Admiral jumped out of his chair at

hurry you up in your decision. But we still hope to see you on our platform." She rose and moved about in her lounging masculine fashion from one picture to another, for the walls were thickly covered with reminiscences of the Admiral's vov-

ages.
"Hullo!" said she. "Surely this ship
would have furled all her lower canvas and reefed her topsails if she found her-self on a lee shore with the wind on her

quarter."
"Of course she would. The artist was
"Of course she would. I swear. It's the never past Gravesend, I swear. It's the 'Penelope,' as she was on the 14th of June, 1857, in the throat of the Straits of Banca, with the island of Banca on the starboard bow and Sumatra on the port. He painted it from description, but of course, as you very sensibly say, all was snug below and she carried storm sails and double reefed topsails, for it was blowing a cyclone from the sou'east. I compliment you, ma'am-I do, indeed!"

"Oh, I have done a little sailoring myself—as much as a woman can aspire to, you know. This is the Bay of Funchal. What a lovely frigate!"

"Lovely, you say! Ah, she was lovely!
That is the 'Andromeda.' I was a mate aboard of her—sub-Lieutenant they call it now, though I like the old name best." "What a lovely rake her masts have, and what a curve to her bows! She must have The old sailor rubbed his hands and his

eves glistened. His old ships bordered close upon his wife and son in his affection.
"I know Funchal," said the lady, carelessly. "A couple of years ago I had a seven-ton cutter-rigged yacht, the 'Ranshee,' and we ran over to Madeira from Falmouth"

ask you what you have just asked me. Do you like Harold Denver?"

"Oh, he's a darling!"

"Oh, he's a darling!"

"Well, you asked me. That's what I think of him. And now you dear old inquisitive, you will get nothing more out of me, so you must just wait and not be too curious. I'm going off to see what papa is doing." She sprang to her feet, threw her arms round her sister's neck, gave her a final squeeze, and was gone. A chorus from side of a wave, and then the quiver and side of a wave, and then the quiver and spring as she is tossed upward again? Oh, if our souls could transmigrate I'd be a seamew above all birds that fiv. But I keep

yon, Admiral. Adieu!"
The old sailor was too transported with sympathy to say a word. He could only shake his broad muscular hand. She was half way down the garden path before she heard him calling her, and saw his grizzled head and weather stained face looking out from behind the curtains.

"You may put me down for the platform." he cried. (To be Continued Next Sunday.)

Copyright, 1891, by the Authors' Alliance. AFRAID HE'D BE LONESOME.

The Boarding House Didn't Meet His Ideal as to Liveliness. Detroit Free Press. He was an old bachelor looking for board.

"Is it pretty lively here?" he asked, as the landlady was showing him about. "I should just say it was. Now if you take this room there's a man and his wife on the right. They're always quarreling,

and you can hear every word that is said."
"That must be interesting."
"And on the left there's a young man that is learning to play the cornet. He practices half the time. And the family across the hali have a melodeon. I have a piano myself, and a girl upstairs is learning the violin. I think you will find it lively here.

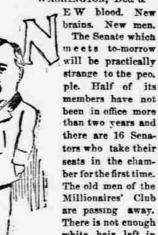
But he said if there wasn't a zylophone and a callione in the house he wouldn't take the room. He was afraid he would be OUR NEW LAWMAKERS

Youngest, Oldest and Handsomest of the Fresh Batch of Senators.

TWO MEN WHO ARE FIGHTERS. Few Millionaires to Replace the Rich Old Fellows We Know So Well.

TWO EX-MEMBERS OF THE CABINET

DENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.



There is not enough white hair left in the body to stuff a Feiton. pincushion and most of the new Senators are under 50. Many of them are poor, many of them have strange histories and altogether they form a most interesting set of Congressional curiosities. Some of the brightest of the young men come from the West and two of these are so young that they are hardly out of their short clothes. Dubois, of Idaho, and Hans-

The Bables of the Senate It is all Dubois can do to raise a mustache and Hansbrough does not look to be over 30. Still both of them have been in the House, and Hansbrough was editing a paper

brough, of Dakota, are



Palmer and Gordon-Roth Ex-Governors.

at Devil's Lake when the State of North Dakota was admitted, and he became its first Congressman. Both Dubois and Hans brough were born in Illinois. Hansbrough's parents were poor and he got his education in the printing office. He published a daily at San Jose and worked for a time on the San Franciscs Chronice. He is a straight, clean cut, rosy cheeked young man with a red mustache, which looks for all the world like that of Dan Lamont. He still owns his paper at Devil's Lake, and varies his Congressional work by writing editorials

brough. His parents were well to do, and he went to school at Yale and was there noted as an athlete as well as a student. length, with an evil word in his characteristic with the cried of the characteristic word in the cried of the characteristic word in the characteristic word in Idaho, traveling over its settlement in Idaho, traveling over its 85,000 square miles of mountainous territory on mules and in stage coaches, and



The Infants-Hansborough and Dubols.

being at times nearly a month away from the railroad. He is a bachelor. Two More Ex-Representatives, Senators Blair, of New Hampshire, and Hearst, of California, are succeeded by two men who served together in the House of Representatives. These are Dr. Jacob Gallinger and Mr. Charles Felton. Gallinger is a bright-eyed, black mustached, semi-bald little man, whose frame is packed full of nervous activity. A cordial hatred exists between himself and his colleague, Senator Chandler. He began life poor and has been a printer, an editor and a doctor,

but is now well-to-do.

Mr. Charles Felton also started life with nothing, and he is now a rich man in that State of rich men, California. He owns the water works of one of the best suburban towns of San Francisco. The newspapers not long ago put him down as worth \$15,-000,000. I happened to be with him when he saw this report, and he was by no means pleased with it. "The newspaper reports,"



Vilas and Proctor-Ex-Cabinet Officers said he, "always over-estimate the wealth

of a public man. I never made money so fast in my life as since I came to Congress My actual wealth has not increased, but the newspapers have made me out many millions richer than I am." Senator Felton is now nearly 50, noted for his good fellow-

ship, and can make a speech.

Next to Felton the richest man of the
new members is probably Cal Brice, who
represents Ohio, but lives in New York. Brice's fortune, however, is a speculating one and he is engaged in so many things that he does not know himslf just how rich he is. I knew him when he was worth \$100,000 less than nothing and this was only about ten years ago. Brice does not look a day older now than he did ten years ago. He is in his forties and is full of energy.

Hill Is a Baseball Crank, Senator David B. Hill will be one of the great characters of the Senate. During his leisure he can vary his talks on statesmanship with chats on baseball with Senator

Gorman, who was once a noted player. Hill is not the only ex-Governor among the new Senators. General Gordon has been twice Governor of Georgia and General John M. Palmer was once the Chief Executive of



Gulf Senators-Davidson and White of histories. Both served with credit in the late war, and Palmer came out of it a Major General and Gordon a Lieutenant General. His handsome face bears scars he received He was wounded five times at the battle of Sharpsburg and the fifth ball entered his cheek and laid him low on the field. General John M. Palmer is the oldest the new members, and with the exception of Morrill he will probably be the oldest man in the Senate. He is especially strong among the farmers, and he is a Presidental possibility in that he could carry as large a farming vote as any man in his party. is a big man physically and every other way.

The Two Alliance Senators. The two Simon-pure Alliance Senators are, however, Senator Peffer, of Kansas, and Senator Kyle, of South Dakota. Both of these men have gotten to the Senate by of these men have gotten to the Senate by being constitutional kickers. They have run their campaigns on the begging basis and have made votes by pleading poverty and mortgages. Kyle came into Dakota some years ago as a Congregational preacher. He started a church at Aberdeen, and his enemies say that in the articles of incorporation, or in the constitution of the church, he left out three very important matters. One of these was as to the Existence of a God, a second was as to the Existence of the Trinity, and the third as to the belief in a Future State. These, the story goes, were left out merely through carelessness on Senator Kyle's part, but one of the old elders rectified the matter and they got in.

Kyle did nothing politically until this Farmers' Alliance movement came up and

Kyle did nothing politically until this Farmers' Alliance movement came up and then he jumped into the fray on the side of the farmers and advocated their theories. He had no idea of being Senator and had decided to leave the Dakotas and move to Boston. His household goods were packed and at the depot when he found that he had been chosen to the biggest office in the gift of his State, that he had the right to be called Senator Kyle and that his wages for six years to come would be nearly \$100 a week. He thereupon decided to stay. Mr. Kyle is tall, thin and angular in appearance. He is 20 years younger than Peffer, and he has no whiskers at all. Senator Peffer prides himself on his whiskers. Like Samson, his muscle he so gone into his hair and the rest of his body is tall and thin in consequence. He has the students' stoop, and as lunalls says, he talks with a perpetual cough. Neither he he talks with a perpetual cough. Neither h nor Kyle are dangerous, and they are men of peace rather than of war

Ead Men From the South,

The two fighters among the new Senators ome from the far South and they are more or less allied to the Alliance party. Jerry Simpson says that Irby, of South Carolina, is a renegade and that he has gone back on he Alliance and become a Democrat. The Democratic party are counting on his vote and, whether a Democrat or not, he prom



Peffer and Kyle, the Alliance Solons. ises to cut something of a figure here. He has the reputation of being a fighter in South Carolina and it is said that he was at South Carolina and it is said that he was at several times ready to engage in duels there and that he went around with his pistol in his pocket and fire in his eyes. He had one or two shooting scrapes and after one left the State for a time. It is certain that he is no coward.

Senator Chilton, of Texas, comes from the Senator Chilton, of Texas, comes from the State of bold, bad men. He is a straight, fine looking fellow and wears when at home a great sombrero and during a part of his career has carried a revolver on his hip. He is a much stronger man than the average and starting life with nothing he has made a reputation as a lawyer and a speaker. He is appointed to the Senate by his old friend, Governor Hogg. A curious appointment was that of Senator Gibson, of Maryland, the details of which have already appeared in The Disparce.

in THE DISPATCH. Senators From the Gulf States.

The Gulf of Mexico furnishes two new men to the Senate. These are White, of Louisiana, who takes the seat of the rich and phlegmatic Eustis, and Davidson, of Florida, who hopes to hold from now on the position which the choleric Call has kept for the past 12 years. Senator White prom ses to make more of a noise than did Eustis He is a Louisiana lawyer and is noted for his vitality and nervous energy. He is 6 feet tall, has a robust frame and his hair and emplexion are blonde. He is well edu-



Dangerous Men-Irby and Chillon.

cated, speaks French like a creole and is very fluent as a debater. He is quick at repartee, though not bitter in his remarks. He is a sugar planter as well as a lawyer,

repartee, though not bitter in his remarks. He is a sugar planter as well as a lawyer, and has a large sugar estate near New Orieans. He is a bachelor, but prefers his own home to a hotel, and he will probably keep house at Washington, with his sister as the female head of the house.

Senator Davidson, of Florida, has been in the lower House of Congress for years. He is a man of his average ability, but with none of the elements of great statesmanship or oratory about him.

The two ex-Cabinet officers who come trotting into the Senate will probably attract considerable attention. Proctor, of Vermont, is as mild a man as ever cut an official threat, but he is fresh from the great Department of War, and there is fire in his eye. Vilas has been digesting his postal schemes in the long walks which he has taken about his Wisconsin home, and he will trot out new bills for the improvement of the two great departments with which he has been connected. The race between the two as to Senatorial notoriety will be unequal. Proctor is rather a business man than a speaker, while Vilas has a great reputation as both.

Frank G. Carpenter.

Stuttering in Print. Harper's Young People.]

"Why do you suppose Royal Worcester ware is marked with four W's?" asked one china connoisseur of another.
"I s'pose," remarked a 10-year-old
nephew who had overheard, "the man that
marked it stuttered."

KNOWING THE

Jerusalem Fell Because It Thought the Hour Had Not Yet Come.

OPPORTUNITY COMES TO ALL.

Even a Temptation Offers the Chance of

Coming Out for Right.

THE PRESENT THE ACCEPTED TIME

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.) It is a good thing to know enough to be able to tell time. To know when it is time to act and when it is time to wait, when it is time to speak and when it is time to refrain from speaking, is to be possessed of some of the most valuable knowledge in the world. Timeliness is a part of the secret of all good success.

We have learned a great deal about a man when we have discovered how much he can do in an hour. It is only in arithmetic and on the faces of clocks that an hour is made up of 60 minutes. The length of an hour, he number of minutes in it, depends not on any pendulum, but on the heart beats of the man into whose life it comes. He gets the most out of life who is able to get the most number of effective minutes into an hour. One of the lessons of experience is the lesson of the value of time. It is only people of experience, only those who have already lived a considerable portion of their life who "know the time"—know how valnable it is. The longer we live, the more we realize that the weeks never come back "The mill will never grind again with the water that is past." The book of the Sibyl is the book of human life; every page that is torn out makes the pages that remain more valuable.

The Value of Time.

It is a wise man who knows what to do with his time. Time, like money, is valuable only for what we can do with it. The vanta eous occupation, to do at a certain time exactly what ought to be done at just that time—that is where we all make more or less of a failure of it.

Sunday, for example, comes and goes week after week without bringing any great profit to a great many people, not because they have no time-they have 24 hours of it -but because they do not "know the time;" do not know, that is, what to do with the time. They who have a clear definition the meaning of the first day of the week, who have learned by experience how to get the most good out of it, these are the only peo-ple who understand why the keeping of a day was set among the Ten Commandments. To everybody else, that is one of the puzzles of religion. It is no wonder that, in many people's estimation, Sunday is the dullest day of the seven. It is dull because people do not know what to do with them-

Making the Best of Sunday. Everybody who wants to make the best Sunday, who wants to get a good start on that day to carry him straight through till

Saturday night, who wants to turn a day of duliness into a day of daylight, makes out for himself an unwritten code of Sunday laws. They need not be "blue laws."
Thus and thus will I occupy myself upon the Christian holiday. I will go to certain best places; I will read certain best books; I will devote myself to certain worthy deeds. I will be as definitely employed on Sunday as I am on Monday. There is no refreshment in laziness. No permanent 'profit ever grows out of leaving things to chance. It is of little avail for a man to guess at the time. We ought to

know" the time. Time is only another name for oppor-tunity. To know the time is to recognize the opportunity. And that recognition de-pends on preparation. Unprepared people, hap-hazard people who leave things to chance, ignorant people who cannot tell time, miss all the opportunities. Forethought and preparation are the two eyes with which to see opportunities. The un-prepared are blind.

Jerusalem Missed Her Opportunity. There was once a great city which, for lack of knowledge of the time, fell into utter destruction. Christ Himself visited that city, did His works of marvel there, spoke His words of revelation and of bene-diction there. The city was given every sort of spiritual chance. It seemed for a moment that the city would recognize its opportunity and know the time. As Jesus went along the street crowds went along with Him, before and after, heads were thrust out of all windows, everybody was asking "Who is this?" "This is Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth, in Galilee," was the answer. But somehow, after that, the city seemed to have no further interest. Presently, when Jesus was again conducted through the streets, not now in triumphal procession, but as a prisoner, with hands tied and hostile faces turned against Him, the city that had asked that question and got that answer, paid no heed; except that many of the citizens cried "Crucify Him!" many of the citizens cried Grueny from:
It was for this that Jesus wept over that
city. The supreme opportunity had come
and been rejected. Jerusalem knew not the
time of her visitation. By and by she paid

the penalty, which in some degree city and every individual must pay for lack of knowledge of the time. The Judgment of the World. This is the season of the year at which, for these many centuries, the thoughts of Christian people have been especially di-rected to the coming of our Lord. The gathering in of the harvest suggests that harvest in which the angels will be the reapers at the end of the world. The death of the plants puts sober thoughts into our hearts. The anniversary of Christ's coming in the old time, taking our flesh upon
Him for our salvation, suggests the anticipation of His coming in the unknown new
time, in power and great glory, for the
judgment of the world.

But all the signmentances of that second

But all the circumstances of that second coming are overhung with mystery. Nothing is seen clearly. When it will be, where it will be, how it will be, we may ask as long as we will; there is no answer. Even in what is recorded, the line between prophecy and symbol is so faintly drawn that no man knows the real meaning. We know that some time the Lord Christ will be the ruler of all the nations of the earth. We know that some time there will be, a division between the evil and the good. We know that whatsoever a man soeth that he shall also-some time-reap. We know that "God does not pay at the end of the week, but He pays!"

The Time Is Not Set. The time of this inevitable payment, however, is not that time of which St. Psul says that all good people ought to know it. "Knowing the time" has no application here. "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power." The best time for us to think about, the

best time for us to get acquainted with, to know, is now. The coming of Christ that we ought most to dwell upon is His coming A good while ago some people in Thessalonica were so much occupied in studying the future, in imagining the end of the world, and the advent of Christ, and the Day of Judgment, and calculating the time when the drama of the world would come to that supreme and final climax, that they were neglecting their daily business. They

stopped work. St. Paul wrote to forbid that. The Lord had not come in His great advent yet; nobody knew just when He would come; in the meantime the best ocwould come; in the meantime the best oc-cupation for every man who was waiting for His coming was to attend to his daily labor, and to do that well. The best prep-aration for the coming of the Lord was not a counting of the days, but a continuance of faithful service.

Misinterpreted the Prophecies. The people in Jerusalem in those days of

our Master's visitation there knew not the time, because they were so busy looking ahead to some future time. They were anticipating the coming of the Lord, but they had somehow made it up out of the old prophecies that he would come in some terrible and splendid way, to strike all be-holders with awe and veneration. And when He came in a quiet, human way, as a man among other men, dressed in the gar-ments of His day and not in any shining vesture, speaking in simple words whose grandeur was not in any pomp of utterance, but in the unfathomable truth they taught,

these expectant Jerusalemites did not know Their eyes were so wide open for some spectacular visitation down out of the glow ing sky, that when they looked that day out of all their windows and saw a peasant of Galilee, riding in the company pensants along the city streets, and were told that this was Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth, they looked no longer. Not in such humble fashion would Messiah come.

Now Is the Accepted Time. The truth is, Christ is always coming. The "time" is now. They failed to recognize him in Thessalonica because they were looking over the head of the present into the future. They did not see that he stood beside them in their daily tasks. They failed to recognize him in Jerusalem be cause they were looking for some sort of startling and uncommon advent. The time came, and they did not "know" it. The lesson is that Christ comes every day in

everybody's daily trouble, daily temptation. Jesus spoke of the fall of the Jerusalem as one of his comings. There were some, He said, among His disciples, who should not taste of death till they should see him come with power. If He came in the fall of Jerusalem He has come also in every other crisis that has changed the course of nations. Yes; and in every crisis that comes into the common lives of common men. A great many biographies that will never be written have a fall of Jerusalem in them somewhere that nobody will ever hear of, except the man or the woman, and their friends.

We make a great mistake when we set Christ a great way off, and look for him in the long future, and think that the "time" of which this religious season reminds us i at the end of the world, and that Christ's coming will be only in that marvelous blaze of glory told of in the poetry of the

Judgment Is Forever Going On. It is a great deal more to us that the time is the living present, that Christ comes every day to each of us, that the judgment is forever going on, and that the life eternal begins down here and now.

"Knowing the time," writes the apostle, "that now it is high time to awake out of sleep. Let us therefore east off the works of darkness and let us put on the armor of light." That is the exhortation of Christ Himself at his constant coming. That is what He says to us in every crisis of our lives. Now put the old away and begin over new. Set that unworthy life behind you, and look up and ahead. Here begins another chapter; recognize the time; seize opportunity; make it a better chapter than any that has yet been written in your life. Christ came in that long, bitter sickness that you had, out of which you were hardly expected to recover. Christ came in that fearful peril in which you stood once, and out of which you were so wonderfully res-cued and restored. Christ came in that great loss that you suffered in your business, or in that loss that you feared, but that never actually happened. Christ came in that grievous sin which left that black chapter in your life which it frightens you to think of. Christ came in that awful bereavement which made that tragic difference in your

whole life after it. Opportunity of a Temptation Christ comes in every moment of tempta tion. Temptation is an opportunity to show our love for God. We have to make a quick decision for or against God. Every en-counter with temptation is a little Day of Judgment. We set ourselves on the right hand or on the left. Then we ought to "know the time," to realize what it all means, to appreciate the eternal importance of that moment of decision. Now is the time! Now is the time to take the hand time! Now is the time to take the nand of Christ and turn the back upon the devil. Now is the time to sav "No." and "No." and again "No." God gives help straight out of heaven to every tempted man every time he says "No"—a good deal of help the first time, and twice as much the second time, and so on; the harder it is to say it the greater the strength that is given with the saying. Christ comes in every time of spiritual invitation. Every man who feels a stirring in his heart who is conscious of a desire to

live better than he has been living, is called by Christ. We make a mistake if we think that Christ will call us in any strange, unusual way. We need not listen for any voice out of the sky. We need not wait for any singular experience, for any extra-ordinary tumult of feeling. The call of Christ comes just as quietly to-day as it came in Jerusalem. And it means now just what it meant then. Nothing Extraordinary in the Coming. Christ comes along the way of our com-mon lives. The voice divine speaks to us

in a book that we are reading, in the conversation of a friend, in the appeal of a ser-

mon. And the call is simply to a better conforming of our will to the will of Jesus

Christ. That is what it means to be a Christian: to take the life of Jesus Christ

as the ideal life, and day by day to try harder and harder to live that life right here and now. Whoever honestly deter-mines to do that, is a Christian. And his place is in the church of Christ. The great thing in all these visitations, in every crisis, every temptation, every call of Christ, is to "know the time," and then to use the time. Time passes, and opportunity passes with it. Christ weeps over the city late. Now is the accepted time, the only time there is. Now Christ stands amongst us, calling us into discipleship, into allegi-ance, into obedience to Him. "To-day, if

we will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." To-morrow-who knows that he will have any to-morrow. GEORGE HODGES.

BERING SEA ARBITRATION. It Turns Upon Points Not Covered by In ternational Law.

t. Paul Pioneer Press.] The announcement made by the Attorney General that the differences between the United States and Great Britain as to rights in the seal fisheries of Bering Sea would be submitted to arbitration is welcome news. It was to some extent foreshadowed by the agreement in force during the past season for a joint policeing of those waters; since it was obvious that the two Governments at was obvious that the two two-truments at odds would scarcely approach as near as this to a common line of action unless a more deliberate and permanent understand-ing were in sight. That this is to be reached by the method now approved by all civil-ized nations, and especially favored and supported by the United States, an agreement to arbitrate, is a cause for general con-

gratulation.

The dispute is one which, upon the face of it, might be conducted interminably by skillful diplomats and argued without conclusion before the highest courts. For it turns upon points that are not covered by the accepted principles of international law, and rests upon a basis of alleged facts about which we could not expect that our opinion should prevail. It may be admitted that Russia could transfer to the United States, at the time when we purchased Alaska, only such rights as she herself possessed in adjoining waters. But what were those rights? Did they make of Bering Sea a mare clausum? Analogies are little help-ful, for each nation, in cases anything like parallel, has held, of course, to the view which, in that particular instance, promised it the greatest advantage. And we our-selves had a very different idea of international rights and privileges in the waters of Bering Ses when they washed only Russian territory from the view that seemed

both natural and necessary when the development of great values in the Alaskan seal fisheries had given us a personal stake.

SHOWING A GUEST OUT.

A Little Bit of Tact Will Leave a Most Agreeable Impression. (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH,

Can there be a perfect way in such an ordinary performance as showing a guest out? Certainly there is. It is the way the American servant knoweth not. She goes to the door with an indecent haste that smacks of glee. She doesn't even onen it she only sets it ajar with a nice calculation of space that gives just the crack you can slip out through, no more. And she even grudges you that. You have a shamed sense of being thrust out into the world; and before you have gathered up your self-respect and your skirts, while your heel is still upon the door-sill, the snap of the knob is heard behind you. Lucky you are if you don't hear the sound of the bolt in the socket, as if you were a tramp or a

book sgent.
The English maid knows how to make this act beautiful. There is an exquisite air of deference and respect, as she opens the door, even a touch of regret in her manner that she should be opening the door for your departure, instead of for your entrance. And then comes the gentlest tact of all. You never hear an English house-maid close the door behind you. She holds it open until you have descended the steps, at least; perhaps until you are quite upon the street, and she closes it so softly that the click of the latch never comes to your ear. You are inexpressibly soothed and flattered, and you step off feeling that the gracious tact of the mistress is most charm-ing where it has revealed itself in the instruction that has taught the maid to be gracious.

PRACTICAL WOMEN OF THE WEST.

How the Farmers' Alliance Methods Extend Even to Matrimonial Affairs. troft Free Press, 1

He had proposed to the fair Westerner and she had dropped him so hard his heart broke. "And you will never marry me?" he

wailed despairingly.

"Not this time," she answered breezily.

"I'm mortgaged. Come around and see me when I'm a widow and I'll see how I feel about it then." "Oh, you heartless, heartless woman," he on, you heartless, heartless woman, he grouned bitterly. "You have robbed me of all hope; you have made me lose faith in woman; you have made me distrust mankind; you have made me believe that the

the simple and honest and good and industrious and poor and weak are to be crushed to the earth: vou-" "Oh, get out," she interrupted; "you're a regular calamity howler, you are; don't you suppose there isn't any other woman in the world? Go and reform yourself. You make me tired clean through," and she

whole world is a fraud and a sham and that

bounced him. Rudyard Is Confident, "Rudyard Kipling told me in London last summer," says a correspondent, "that he would not put his pen down to write a short story of 5,000 words unless he was guaranteed \$500 in advance. The question is, however, will be always be able to command this price? I put this question to him and he modestly replied, "Yes, and more; just wait."

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