SHADOWS OF NIGHT,

Weird, Uncanny Fancies That Chase Each Other in Dreamland.

A GOLD CHEST TRAGEDY.

Faces That Crowd the Walls in the Playhouse of Childhood.

PANTOMIME TO CHILL THE BLOOD.

Ambitions Stately Structure Built on the I gins of Living Hearts.

SOME OF JEROME K. JEROME'S SKETCHES

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. I dreamt a very curious dream about riches once that made a great impression upon me. I thought that I and a friend-a | and sullen, very dear friend-were living together in a strange, old house. We wery fond of one another, and we lived very happily. don't think anybody else dwelt in the house but we two. One day, wandering about this strange, old rambling place, I discovered the hidden door of a secret room,

and in this room were many iron-bound

chests, and when I raised the heavy bids I saw that each chest was full of gold. And, when I saw this, I stole out softly and closed the hidden door, and drew the worn tapestries in front of it again, and crept back along the dim corridor, looking behind me, fearfully. And the friend that I had loved came toward me, and we walked together with our hands clasped. But I hated him. And all day long I kept ever beside him or followed him unseen, lest by chance he should learn the secret of that hidden door; and at night I lav ever awake watching him. But one night I slept, and when I opened my eyes, he is no onger near me. I run swiftly up the little narrow stairs and along the silent corridor. The tapestry is drawn aside, and the hidden door stands open, and in the secret room beyond the friend that I loved is kneeling before an open chest, and the glint of the gold is in my eyes.

His back is toward me, and I crawl forward inch by inch; and when I am near enough I kill him as he kneels there. His body talls against the door and it shuts to with a clang, and I try to open it, and can not. I beat my hands against its iron nails, and scream, and the dead man grins at me. The light streams in through the chink beneath the massive door, and tades; and comes again, and fades again, and I gnaw at the oaken lids of the iron-bound chests, for the madness of hunger is climbing into my

Then I awake, and find that I really am very hungry, and remember that in consequence of a headache I did not eat any dinner. So I slip on a few clothes and go down to the knichen on a foraging expe-

dition.
It is said that dreams are momentary conclomerations of thought, centering round he incident that awakens us, and, like most scientific lacts, this is occasionally true. There is one dream that, with slight variaons, is continually recurring to me. Over and over again I dream that I am suddenly called upon to set an important part in some piece at the Lyceum. That poor Mr. Irring should invariably be the victim seems untair, but really it is entirely his own tault. It is he who persuades and urges and the control of the c me. I myself would much prefer to remain quietly in bed, and I tell him so. But he does not study my convenience. He thinks on any living thing; never a kindly word on any living thing; never a kindly thought. I explain to him that I can't act a bit. He to consider this unimportant, and says, "Oh, that will be all We argue for a while, but he makes the matter quite a personal one, and to oblige him and get him out of the bedroom I con-

sent, though much against my own judgment. I generally dress the character in my nightshirt, though on one occasion, for igno, I wore pajamas-but then that was a swell part-and I never remember a single word of what I ought to say. How I get through I do not know. Irving comes up afterward and congratulates me, but whether upon the brilliancy of my performance, or on my lock in getting off the stage before a brickbat is thrown at me, I cannot say. Whenever I dream this incident I invariably wake up to find that the bedclothes are on the floor, and that I am shiv-

ering with cold; and it is this shivering, I suppose, that causes me to dream I am wandering about the Lyceum stage in nothing but my nightshirt. But still I do not understand why it should always be the Another dream which I fancy I have

dreamt more than once-or, if not, I have streamt that I dreamt it before, a thing one sometimes does-is one in which I am walkting down a very wide and very long road in the East End of London. It is a curious road to find there. Buses and trams pass up and down the center of it, and it is crowded with stalls and harrows, beside which men in greasy caps stand shouting; yet on each side it is berdered by a strip of tropical forest. The road, in fact, combines the advantages of Kew and Whitecharel. Someone is with me, but I cannot see him, and we walk through the forest, pushing our way among the taugled vines that cling about our teet, and every now and then, between the giant tree trunks, we eatch glimpses of the noisy street.

At the end of this road there is a narroy turning, and when I come to it I am afraid, though I do not know why I am atraid. It leads to a house that I once lived in when a child, and now there is someone waiting there who has something to tell me.

I turn to run away. A Biackwall bus is assing, and I try to overtake it. But the porses turn into skeletons and gallop away from me, and my feet are like lead, and the thing that is with me, and that I cannot see, seizes me by the arm and drags me back. It forces me along and into the house, and the door signs to behind us, and the sound echnes through the lifeless rooms. I recognize the rooms; I lived and laughed and cried in them long ago. Nothing is changed. The chairs stand in their places, empty. My mother's knitting lies upon the hearthrug, where the kitten, I remember, dragged it

somewhere back in the sixties. I go up into my own little attic. My cot tands in the corner, and my bricks lie stands in the corner, and my bricks lie tumbled out upon the floor (I was always an untidy child). An old man entersold, bent, withered man-holding a lamp above his head, and I look at his face, and my own face. And another enters, and he also is myself. Then more and more, till the room is thronged with faces and the sinirway beyond and all the silent Some of the faces are old and others young, and some are fair and smile at me, and many are toul and leer at me. And every lace is my own face, but no two of them are alike.

I do not know why the sight of myself should alarm me so, but I rush from the house in terror and the faces follow me; and I run faster and faster, but I know that shall never leave them behind me.

As a rule one is the hero of one's own dreams, but at times I have dreamt a dream entirely in the third person-a fream with the tacidents of which I have had no connection whatever, except as an unseen and impotent speciator. One of these I have often thought about since, wondering if it could not be worked up into But, perhaps, it would be too

painful a theme. I dreamt I saw a woman's face among a

throng. It is an evil face, but there is a

moving in and out among the shadows. The flickering gleams thrown by street lamps flash down upon it, showing the wonder of its evil fairness. Then the lights go out. I see it next in a place that

lights go out. I see it next in a place that is very far away, and it is even more beautiful than before, for the evil has gone out of it. Another face is looking down into it, a young, pure face. The faces meet and kiss, and, as his lips touch hers, the blood mounts to ker cheeks and brow.

I see the two faces again. But I cannot tell where they are or how long a time has passed. The lad's face has grown a little passed. The lad's face has grown a little older, but it is still young and fair, and when the woman's eyes rest upon it there comes a glory into her face so that it is like the face of an angel. But at times the woman is alone, and then I see the old evil

look struggling to come back again.

Then I see things clearer. I see the room in which they live, It is very poor. An old-fashioned piano stands in one corner, and beside it is a table on which lie scattered a fumbled mass of papers round an inkstand. An empty chair waits before the ships and. An empty chair waits before the table. The woman sits by the open window. She seems to be sitting there, for a long while. From far below there rises the sound of a great city. Its lights throw up tain: beams into the dark room. The smell of its streets is in the woman's nostrils.

Every now and then she looks toward the door and listens. Then turns again to the open window. And I notice that each time she looks toward the door the evil in her face shrinks back; but each time she turns to the open window it grows more fierce

Suddenly she starts up, and there is a terror in her eyes that frightens me as I dream, and I see great beads of sweat upon her brow. Then, very slowly, her face changes, and I see again the evil creature of the night. She wraps around her an old cloak and creeps out. I hear her footsteps going down the stairs. They grow fainter and fainter. Then it seems as if a door were opened, so that the roar of the streets rushes up into the house and the woman's

footsteps are swallowed up.

Time drifts onward through my dream. Scenes change, take shape and fade; but all is vague and undefined, until, out of the dimness, there fashions itself a long, de-serted street. The lights make glistening serted street. The lights make glistening circles on the wet pavement. A figure, dressed in gaudy rags, slinks by, keeping close against the wall. Its back is toward me, and I do not see its face. Another figure, and I do not see its face. are glides from out the shadows. I look upon its face, and I see it is the face that the woman's eyes gazed up into and wor-shiped long ago, when my dream was just begun. But the fairness and the in-nocence are gone from out of it, and it is old and evil, like the woman's when I looked upon her last. The figure in the gaudy rags moved slowly on. The second figure follows it, and overon. The second figure follows it, and over-takes it. The two pause and speak to one another as they draw near. The street is very dark where they have met, and the figure in gaudy rags keeps its face still turned aside. They walk on together, side by side, in silence, till they come to where

In another dream that I remember, an angel (or a devil, I am not quite sure which) has come to a man and told him that so long as he loves no living human thing-so long as he never suffers himself to feel one touch of tenderness toward wife or child, toward kith or kin, toward stranger or toward friend, so long will he succeed and prosper in his dealings-so long will all this world's affairs go well with him; and he will grow each day richer and greater and more powerful. But it ever he let one kindly thought for living thing to come into his heart, in that moment all his plans and schemes will topple I know of no young lady whose meestress down about his ears; and from that hour is so widely and favorably known. We his name will be despised by men, and then

a flaring gas lamp hangs before a tavern

and there the woman turns, and I see that it is the woman of my dream. And she and

the man look into each other's eyes once

And the man treasures up these words for he is an ambitious man, and wealth and

enly or arm elf, and insists on my getting comes from his lips; never a kindly thought prings from his heart. And in all his doings fortune favors him.

The years pass by, and at last there is left o him only one thing that he need fear-a child's small, wistful face. The child love him, as the woman, long ago, had loved him, and her eyes tollow him with a hungry, beseeching look. But he sets his teeth and turns away from her.

The little face grows thin and white, and one day they come to him where he sits before the key board of his many enterprises, and tell him she is dying. He comes and stands beside the bed, and the child's eyes open and turn toward him; and as he draws nearer her little arms stretch toward him, pleading dumbly. But the man's face never changes, and the little arms fall feebly back upon the tumbled that the course of true steals up to the room where the child still

"Dead-lead," he mutters. Then he takes the tiny corpse up in his arms, and holds it tight against his breast, and kisses the cold lips, and the cold cheeks and the little cold, stiff hands,

And at that point my story becomes impossible, for I dream that the little dead child lies always beneath the sheet in that quiet room, and that the little face never nanges, nor the little white-robed limbs

I puzzle about this for an instant, but soon forget to wonder; for when the Dream Fairy tells us tales we are only as little children, sitting around with open eyes, believing all, though marveling that such things should be.

Each night, when all else in the great house sleeps, the door of that room opens noiselessly, and the man enters and cloit behind him gently. Each night he draws away the white sheet, and takes the small. dead body in his arms; and through the dark hours he paces softly to and fro, ing it close against his breast, kissing it and crooning to it, like a mother to her sleeping

When the first rays of dawn peep into the room, he lays the dead child back again, and smoothes the sheet above her, and steals away. And he succeeds and prospers in all things, and each day he grows richer and

greater and more powerful. JEROME K. JEROME. THE SHANGHAI CHARACTER.

A Farmer's Opinion of the Chicken Based

on Elaborate Experience. Shanghai chickens are born with an inordinate pair of legs, which continue to grow into regular drumsticks of the longest dimensions. It is said that although good layers, they are very fond of devouring their own eggs. A farmer who has tried them and found them wanting, gives the following account of their peculiarities. Their true name, he says, is 'Shank-high,' and he pronounces them rightly named They have no body at all, and when the

head is cut off the legs come right apart. I don't see how they can set on their eggsmy jack-knife can set as well as they can. They don't sit on the roost the same as other chickens do; not a bit of it. When they attempt to sit as other chickens do, they fall off backward. They sit when they eat, I know, for I've seen 'em do it. I've seen 'em try to eat standing, but they couldn't fetch it; for when they peck at i grain of corn on the ground, they don't more'n half reach it, but their head bobs right between their legs and makes 'em

turn a complete somerset. I'd as soon see a pair of tongs or compasses walking about my yard as these shank-highs. They crow, too, a long time before day, when it isn't day. Probably because their legs are so long that they can see daylight long before a common chicken can

ANNIE LAURIE'S HOME. A Visit Shocks the Romance Out of

the Ballad Heroine's Life.

SHE DEVELOPED INTO A GOSSIP. And Even Degenerated So Far as to Take

the Titillating Snuff.

LETTERS FROM HER DESCENDANTS

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. Maxwelltown's brases are bonnie
Whore early in's the dew;
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true;
Gied me her promise true
That ne'er forgot wad be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee!"

— William Douglas.

Imagine Annie Laurie, of the immortal song, old and wrinkled, taking snuff from a Sevres "sneezin' mull" with a miniature of Prince Charlie painted on its porcelain lid! Or fancy Douglas, of Fingland, grizzled and gouty, laughing over the youthful folly that impelied a hard-drinking Jacobite laird to write love-lyries on the girl of his fancy! Yet, prosaic as these pictures may appear,

onigh newspaper, and detected dute a sensation. Douglas was an adherent of the exiled Stuarts, while Sir Robert Laurie, father
of Annie, was a canny gentleman who believed in standing by the stronger side.
Douglas first met Annie at a bull in Edinburgh and was greatly struck by her beanty.
A love affair sprang up, to check which Sir
Robert Laurie carried his daughter back
to Nithsdale. Thither, however, Douglas followed, and for months the
lovers met clandestinely in the
woods and braes around Maxwelltown.
Finally the rumor of an impending Stuart invasion lured Douglas
back to the capital, but tradition has it that
on the night before his departure he wrote
the bailad of "Annie Laurie." As well as I
can recollect, the old version of the song
differed little either in words or air from
that now in use. Douglas' trip to Edinburgh proved fatal to his love affair. His
Jacobite intrigues were suspected and he
was forced to fly to the low countries.
Whether he corresponded with Annie Laurie
from the Continent, or left her without news
of his whereabouts, I know not. At any
rate, Annie was not inconsolable for his loss.
She amused hereaf with severallove affairs,
and finally married Alexander Fergusson,
laird of Craignarroch. Fergusson was not a
poet, but his estates were large and his famlived long and happily. Douglas obtained
pardon from the Government and returned
to Scotland, but there is no tradition of his
ever again meeting Annie Laurie. She survived her husband and hecame the lady
bountiful of Nithsdale. Under her directions the present mansion of Craignarroch
was built, and a relic of her taste is still preserved in the formal Georgian gardens in
the rear of the house.

A Chilly Mention of Her Lover. history proves them true. The Annie Lau-A (hidy Mention of Her Lover.



CRAIGDARBOCH, THE HOME OF ANNIE LAURIE.



Annie Laurie's Great-Great-Granddaughter Annie Laurie of our dreams. It only shows love coverlet, and the wistful eyes grow still, and a woman steps softly forward and draws the lids down over them; then the man goes back to his plans and schemes. But in the night, when the great house is silent, he steals up to the room where the child still better poet, the worse husband, and the lies, and pushes back the white, uneven writer of Annie Laurie had the poetic tem-

perament pretty well developed."

These remarks of Mr. Carnegie arouse a legion of paragraphers in England and America. Each writer had his theory, and the accounts published of Annie Laurie were as various as they were incor-

In order to settle definitely the question of the Nithsdale heroine's identity, the writer requested two of her immediate descendants-Captain Robert Cutlar Fergus son and Miss Stuart-Menteith to relate th particulars of her life.

In response, Captain Cutlar Fergusson, he present laird of Craigdarroch, Dumtriesthire, Scotland, and a grandson of the Fergs sson made famous by Robert Burns' poem, u'The Whistle," writes as follows: Facts About the Heroine.

CRAIGDARROCH, MONIAVE, DUMPREISSHIRE, N. B., April 28, 1892. DEAR SIR: My ancestress, Annie Laurie, was unquestionably the beroine of the famous ballad. She was born on December 16, 16-2 at 6 a. M., in the manor house of Maxwelltown, and bantized a few days later in Glencain Kirk. Her tather was Sir Robert Laurie, Bark, of Maxwelltown, and he mother, Annie Delzeli, granddaughter of the first Earl of Carnwath. She married in April. 1709. Alexander Fergusson, laird of Craig-darroon, and was the mother of one son, Alexander. She lived to be nearly 80 years of age, dying not long before the marriage of her granddaughter to Thomas Loughran,

Esq. With regard to the song of "Annie Laurie," With regard to the song of "Annie Laurie," it was orizinally written to an old air by William Douglas, of Fingland. Both words and tune were altered by Lady John Scott, sister of the late Duke of Buccleugh, and were published by her, in their present condition, for the benefit of the widows and orphans left by the Crimean War. Douglas, of Fingland, was a cadet of the Queensberry family, and a Jacobite refugee. I am afraid that he was jilted by my fair prozenitor, but he subsequently consoled himself by marrying a Miss Clark, obtaining his pardon from King George, and settling down to a quiet country life. He wrote many verses, but none equal to "Appie Laurie."

Inclose you a picture of Annie Laurie's picture at Maxwelltown, and another of the heroine's descendant, Miss Annie Stuart-Menteith, who is said to strikingly resemble the older Ann'e. The painting of Mrs. Fergusson (Annie Laurie) at Maxwelltown was evidently executed when the original had passed the meriding of life and is possible.

evidently executed when the original had passed the meridian of life, and is possibly even a posthumous portrait, as the head dress, which belongs to a later period, would I also send a view of Craigdarroch House

I also send a view of Craigdarroch House, wherein Annie passed hall a century of her existence. The winding path on the right of the picture still bears her name. Old Maxwelltown manor house has been destroyed, and the Laurie family is now represented in the female line by the Rev. Sir Emilius Bayley-Laurie.

I possess several letters of Annie Laurie. She wrote uninterestingly and invariably signed her name "Anna." I beg to remain, yours, etc.

R. Cutlan Fergusson, Captain.

Another Account of the Love Affair. Miss Stuart-Menteith, aunt of the young lady whose portrait accompanies this ar-ticle, wrote as follows: That Annie Laurie, of Maxwelltown, was

the rhyming wooer to wed a wiser and wealthier man.

Beyond the confines of her own quiet corner of Scotland, the true story of Annie Laurie has seldom traveled. That "Starspangled Scotchman," even, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in his "Four-in-Hand in Britain," expresses considerable surprise at discovering a descendant of Annie's in Dumfriesshire.

Carnegie in Touch With the Poem.

"While we were at the mansion of Friars' Corse," he says, "a great-great-grand-daughter of Annie Laurie actually came in. I know of no young lady whose meestress is so widely and favorably known. We were all startled to be brought so near the

Charles of her acquaintance. She was very fond of letter writing; but in all her correspondence which I have seen, there is only of one reference to William Douglas. Her cousin, Mrs. Riddel, of Glenriddel, had mentioned seeing Douglas at a ball in Edinburch. Mrs. Fergusson wrote in reply: "I trust he has forsaken his treasonable opinions, and that he is content." Very unromantically she dismisses her old lover with that sentence, and proceeds to dwell upon unantically she dismisses her old lover with that sentence, and proceeds to dwell upon any buriet in the old graveyard at Craig-darroch. Portraits of her are preserved at Maxwelltown and at Mansfield, the seat of Sir C. Stuart Enteith.

In appearance, she was slender and graceful, with large blue eyes and brown hair, which she never powdered in spite of the fashion of the times. Her face seems to have been rather long, and her features followed the Grecian type. Tradition has it that her feet ane hands were very small, so that houghst beautiful simile of "dew on the gowan lying" had some foundation in fact.

Most Charming at a Distance.

Most Charming at a Distance.

Some years ago the writer journeyed up the banks of Nith from the 'guid toun o' Dumfries," by "Maxwelltoun braes," to Craigdarroch. The ever-changing scenery had all the wild beauty of the North, and glen, scaur and woodland teemed with poetic recollections. Altogether I felt wondrously romantic, and could not help which has given deathless fame to the name of Annie Laurie. But when I entered Craigdarroch House, and found myself confronted with 1,000 relies of the real Annie, this veil of romance was rudely rent aside. It was hard to find that she who should have waited long years for her Jacobite troubadour, had actually thrown him over to wed a Dumfriesshire laird, with a paucity of ideas, and a plenitude of "siller." It was still harder to find her transformed into "Mrs. Fergusson," the gossiping, match-making mistress of Craigdarroch. But romance was completely routed when a snuff-box was shown from which Annie's white fingers had taken



explained that Mrs. Fergusson did not be e partial to snuff until late in life, but the bare idea of her practicing the habit at all seemed too terrible to contemplate. The writer sadly left the ancient mansion in which he had expected to find so many tender memories of Annie Laurie's gracious life. He did not linger in "Annie's walk" by the winding Nith, or under the walls of Maxwelltown, where Douglas had wooed and lost. On the contrary, he hastened to Dumfries convinced that Annie Laurie. like most cherished heroines of romance, is most charming when admired from a dis-tance. JOHN GERALD BRENAN.

COMPETITION AMONG VEGETABLES.

Plants Are Much Like Humans and the Strongest Win in Life's Struggles. The principal of competition is so active and so vigorous in the vegetable world that it keeps up a sort of domestic warfare among plants. The struggle to get on in the world, says Pearson's Weekly, is less noticeable in our latitude than it is in the tropics. Where the possibilities of reaching the most gigantic size are the greatest, there the individual plant struggles most eagerly to get into the foremost place. Plants are

nuch like ourselves. As an instance of how one tree will take sdvantage of another, may be mentioned the conduct of what is called the parasitic fig. The seed of this plant is distributed by birds. Suppose one of these seeds happen to lodge in the fork of a fruit tree. It germinates as well there as it would on the ground. The young plant sends a long root down until it reaches the soil. Then it grows vigorously, and its first development s toward spreading itself all over the fruit The foster child steps completely into the shoes of its loster-parent.

the heroine of the song bearing her name can be proven beyond doubt by any one who takes the trouble to look through the old papers now at Craigdarroch and Maxwell-town. The song, written by William Dong-las, of Fingland, first appeared in an Edin-burgh newspaper, and created quite a sensa-tion. Douglas was an adherent of the ex-iled Stuarts, while Sir Robert Laurie, father of Annie was a canny gentlemen who be-DUTIES OF THE PARISH Rev. George Hodges Points Out a Few of the Right Things to Do.

> Polk Who Go to Worship Without Speaking to Their Neighbors.

FACTS ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTIONS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Every Christian ought to be in a parish.

MAKING THE CHURCH ATTRACTIVE.

Every good man and every good woman ought to have a church of their own, at which they attend service two times every Sunday and with which they are thoroughly identified. Any other condition of living is altogether abnormal and unnatural. It is true that there are a good many Christians who are not in any parish. It is also true that there are a good many persons who are not in any family. Some people live in hotels; some people live in lodging houses; some people live in the street. Neverthe-

Every Christian ought to be in a parish. Wherever you find a Christian who is not in a parish, you may be sure that something s the matter either with the parish or with he Christian.

less the ideal social life is lived in the fam-

ily, and the ideal religious life is lived in

their larger family which we call the parish.

Very often the fault is with the parish. There are some parishes in which the front door of the parish church is so constructed that it will admit only a certain peculiar kind of people. The front door is built down so low that only the very short people can get in; or else it is made so exceedingly narrow that only the thin people can get in; or else it is away up so high in the air that only the very tall people can climb in over the threshold. All Things to All Men.

That is to say, there are some churches that seem to be managed on the principle of keeping out as many people as possible. Whereas, the ideal church ought to be big enough to take in all the people. And the ideal house of worship ought to be set four square with three doors on every side, as in the vision of the Revelation. The ideal of every minister of a parish ought to be to accomplish that feat which St. Paul was always desiring to accomplish in his own ministry. St. Paul said that there was nothing to be desired more than to be able to carry water on both shoulders. That is what every parish priest ought to try to do, to be "all things to all men," so that in some way he may gain some. There ought to be a place in the parish church for every honest man and woman in the world.

Sometimes, however, the fault is in the man; the Christian has something the matter with him. Dr. Parkhurst, who is taking that place in New York City to-day which was filled in old Jerusalem by these grand preachers, the prophets, by Isaiah and Jeremiah, said the other day that there are just two possible explanations of the failure of the municipal authorities of New York to cope with the wickedness of that city they are either corrupt or they are incom-petent. Now, when the fault is in the Christian and is not in the parish, there is either one or the other of two explanations -the Christian is either unworthy or he is

The Christian Who Is Selfish.

Sometimes the Christian is unworthy That is to say, he is a selfish Christian, thinks of nobody but himself, and has no desire except to get whatever spiritual good he can for his own soul. If he can get that in solitude, so much the better. He has no interest in any Christian plans set on foo that require the co-operation of a great many people. Or perhaps the Christian is ashamed or afraid. He may be living that kind of a life which he recognizes as inconsistent with the Christian profession and does not dare to go into the parish. In

Or else the Christian is ignorant. That is to say, he is ignorant of Christianity. There are a great many people who have exceedingly false ideas about Christianity. Some people imagine they have departed from Christianity when they have departed from some kind of ritual that is in vogue among a certain class of Christian people, or believe themselves unable to accept a certain metaphysical statement which is alleged to be Christian doctrine. The truth is, however, that no good man, and no good woman, has rejected Christianity from the beginning to this day. There are those who have turned away from some caricature of Christ, there are those who have turned away from some representation of Christ wholly inadequate, no more like the Christ that lived and breathed in Galilee than a glass Christ in a chancel window. But no good man or woman has turned away from Christianity. Because that means turning away from Christ, and means calling darkness light, and light darkness. It means turning away from God. Every man who desires to live a good life, every honest man who wants to know the truth about God, should have

place in a Christian parish. Duty of Those in the Church.

However, my concern at present is not so much with the Christian who is not in a parish as the Christian who is in a parish already. What shall the Christian in the parish do?

The Christian in the parish will take his share in the parish worship and in the parish work. It is not my purpose to speak at any length on the duty of church attendance. The duty of church attendance is one of the most dangerous of doctrines because it tends to obscure the real meaning of Christianity. It would be a most unfor tunate and mistaken idea if anybody should think that going to church is even a large part of the Christian religion. Why, in the New Testament, with one possible exception, there is actually no command laid upon the Christian to attend church at all. The New Testament fills up the space which might have been taken up with that kind of injunction with exhortations to better liv-Church attendance is the least part of Christian religion. Christianity is life. Moreover, the way to get church attendance is not by telling people that they ought to go to church. That is beginning at the wrong end. That is a good deal like setting somebody down in a chair and saying, "Now, I want you to talk to me in the most interesting way you can." That would dry up all the springs of inspiration. Nobody would be able to converse under these conditions. The way to get conversation out of people is to get them nterested in something that interests you and them. The way to get people to church is to make the church attractive. What

does that mean? Everybody Wants to Be Better. Does it mean operatic singing in the choir and sensational preaching in the pulpit? I have too much confidence in the good sense and the good conscience of the people ever to believe that. Every man and every woman in this world wants to be better, and wherever there is a Christian parish which exerts itself to teach people to be better, even in a small way, there you will find the people. The parish whose services are found to help will have no need to send out tithing men with long, sharp sticks to drive the reluctant people within the doors of the

sanctuary.

The Christian, however, will sometimes go to church, although he is not interested and the services do not attract him. Because the Christian will realize that, although he may not get much help, he can give help by his presence. We do not think enough, perhaps, of the helpfulness of being present. It helps the preacher and it helps the people. Every empty seat in every church is toward spreading itself all over the fruit is so far a discouragement, both to the tree, until it has smothered and killed it. preacher and to the people; and every seat that is full counts just so much on the other side. I am sure the congregations are very ence if they happen to be exceedingly poor

far from realizing how much part they have in the sermons. At least half of the success of a sermon, half of its efficiency, depends upon the hearers. The very best sermon that could be preached by the very best preacher would be sure to fail of its purpose if preached to an inattentive congregation.

The Hearer's Part in Preaching,

Somebody said to a preacher, recounting the good old times: "We used to have great preachers in this part of the country 40 or 50 years ago," to which the exasper-ated preacher replied: "Yes, and great hearers." That was the reason for the great preaching. The presence of the con-gregation also helps the people. It is a singular trait of human nature, which we all recognize, that people desire to get into the place where they are in danger of find-ing no seat all. So that everybody who comes helps.

The Christian, however, is not content

with taking his part in the parish worship. He does not consider himself a good Christ-tian because he goes to church twice on Sunday. He takes his share in the parish work. He does that in one wav by giving his money in the offerings of the church. Because money is condensed work. Money is the medium of exchange. It represents the values of the things which we barter, and those values ought to be acquired by reason of the work that has been expended. Money, accordingly, ought to represent condensed work. Sometimes i does not. Sometimes money represents condensed falsehood. Sometimes it means concentrated stealing. I heard the other day of a parish in Turkey, an Armenian Church, which is supported altogether by robbers. These men go off in their expeditions, and when they make a fortunate haul they contribute a percentage of it to the church, so that it is entirely supported by robbers. Let us, however, believe that the great majority of the money that goes into church on the alms basin is honest money that it does represent work.

Studying a Church Contribution It does not always represent very much work. One of the most interesting studies to one who has time to pursue it is the study of the Sunday contributions. Somebody said that often in looking over a congregation he asked: "Where are the poor?" and then when he came to look over the offering he wondered "Where are the rich?" No one can tall of course what all the money. one can tell, of course, what all the money in an offering means. The other day I studied an offering taken for the poor of the parish, for charitable work in the neighborhood and community, and in the offering there were 158 5-cent pieces. Now, that number really does not tell us anything. Some of these 5-cent pieces may have repre-sented \$5 in the books of God. Some of them may have represented \$500 in the coin-age of heaven. I have no doubt that a good many of them meant more than 5 cents. And vet I am equally sure that a good many of them did not mean anything at all, got no credit whatever in the celestial ledgers, because all that they represented was carelessness.

Some of the men who gave 5 cents that morning did not say to themselves: Now. here is an offering for the poor of the par-ish, here is an opportunity for me to do some work for the poor; how much work can I do now? how much concentrated work can I put into the alms basin for that worthy purpose? He did not say that and then gave 5 cents. Some of the people saw the plate coming and put that money in be-cause they did not like to be seen passing One Use of the Three-Cent Piece.

I was rejoiced to find only one 3-cent piece in the offering that morning. For the 3-cent piece, as we all know, is coined by the United States Government for the

man to do. People are not to think that the parochial industries are set down in the church calendar for the purpose of filling up space, or to get people interested. All of them are designed to accomplish service for the cause of righteousness, and in every case they depend for the amount of service which they can accomplish entirely upon the efforts of people who take part in them. So that everybody who stays away from the parish industries weakens just so much the work that might be done for the cause

of uplifting in this world. Being Good Away From Church. It is plain, however, that everybody can-not work in the parochial industries. There is, accordingly, another way of work better than giving money, better than taking part in the parish organizations, which Christian ought to do at home, and in the street and in the shop and everywhere. Everybody who is a Christian all the week doing parish work. The man who is a Christian in his business, the woman who is a Christian in society, the people who lead such lives that other people say, "If that is what it is to be a Christian, I want to be a Christian too"-those people are doing the very highest and most efficient kind of

The Christian, however, will bear distinctly in mind in all his relations to the worship and the work that he is not the only Christian in the parish, that there are a great many other people in the same par-ish who have their needs and their desires and their ideas. Some people seem to imagine that the parish exists entirely for themselves; that the best symbol of the parish is a big wagon filled with lazy or indifferent Christians who are being tugged along the Jordan road into the kingdom of heaven by the clergy. Whereas the proper symbol of the church is a company of men at a life-saving station who are there beside the dangerous reef that they may do their work in saving those who are sinking into the waves. They are not thinking about their own safety but about the help that they can give to others. The good Christian will re-member that he is not the only Christian in the parish. That will stir up in him the spirit of neighborliness and the spirit of

tolerance. Sacredness of Brotherly Love. The Christian will be a good Christian neighbor to all people in the church. The idea used to be that the Christian ought to go in the front door of the church, looking either to right nor left, and march straight to his pew and there attend to his devotions and go through the service, and then when the benediction was given, go straight out of the church as if he were all alone and there were no other Christians in the church at all. That is the fault of forgetting that far more sacred than any sanctity which God can attach to the material building of the church is the sacredness of brotherly love. That is the most sacred thing in our religion. Brotherly love ought to have its place in the whole life of the If it had, a story which Mr. Moody tells

would be without point-of the man who said that the sermon that morning was about recognition in heaven and he wished that the preacher would preach next Sunday about recognition on earth, because he had been a member of that church for seven years and nobody had ever looked at him. The good Christian is a Christian in his place in the church; he extends all possible courtesies to the strangers who sit in his pew. He makes it a point to know those who have seats around him in the church, and to be as neighborly as possible; so that those who go into the church may feel that they are welcome there, that it is really a Christian church and not a kind of Sunday club.

Calling on New Neighbors And that same neighborliness will extend outside the church into the com-munity. The Christian will call upon people in the parish who move into that neigh-borhood. And it will not make any differ-

people. If they are exceedingly poor people, the call that is made will not be a call of charity. It will be the call of perfect equality. It will be the call of perfect equality. It will be a social visit. I recognize the limits of congeniality of which I spoke last Sunday, and I recognize also the large social duties that are laid upon people in society, but I say that far more important than social duties are religious dates and this sone of them. If ligious duties, and this is one of them. we are going to have a brotherhood in this world, where we shall all be on an equality, where we shall all look up to the Heavenly Father, and realize that we are brothers and

sisters, where shall it begin if it does not begin right here in the parish? The Christian who realizes that he is not all alone in the parish will have also the spirit of tolerance. He will recognize the fact that it is possible for other people to be altogether different from himself and yet be right. That is one of the hardest lessons which we have to learn-I suppose that none of us have altogether learned that lesson—the lesson of the fact of difference God has made us different, and different in our religious temperament as well as in all our other temperaments. God has made some of us so that the direction in which it seems natural to look is up, and others so that we look in, and still other: so that we look out.

. Different Kinds of Churchman, To some the emphatic word in religion is worship-they look up to God. In the case of others, the emphatic word is salvationthey look in at their own souls. While with still others the emphatic word is work-they look out for their brothers And, accordingly, there are high churchmen, and low churchmen, and broad churchmen, and always have been, and always will be, and always should be. There ought to be room in a parish for all kinds of religious temperaments. The Christian who sees some things in the parish which are not particularly helpful to him, will at once reflect that for that reason he may be sure that they are helpful to somebody else. He will desire to have in the parish everything

that will help anybody.

Finally, the Christian in the parish will be loyal to the parish. By that I mean that he will find all possible fault in everything that is blameworthy in the parish. But he will always find that fault in the right way and to the right people. Suppose that Mr. A says to Mr. B: "Don't you think that the congregations are falling off a good deal, that the church is not getting along very well?"—what good will that do to Mr. B? What business is it of his whether the co gregations are large or small, unless Mr. B happens to be one of those who have been staying away from church—then there is some sense in it. The loyal Christian in the parish if he finds that the congregations are getting small, will try to make then larger.

Complaining at Headquarters. Then suppose that Mrs. C says to Mrs. D: "Don't you think the sermons have been very long lately and rather dull, and that the minister is not quite doing the work that he used to do?"—what has Mrs. D to do with that? What responsibility has she for the length or brevity of the sermon? mons? The person to go to is the preacher himself, and the loyal Christian in the parish does that. If he has a complaint to make, he always makes it in the presence of

the right people.

And the loyal Christian in the parish praises everything that it is possible to praise, and praises it at all possible times and to all possible people, because the loval Christian understands that even a parish grows better in the sunshine. I suppose that there are conditions when a parish needs something different from sunshine, when the only thing that is left for a parish

names given in a census of the families of the scouts at Fort Supply includes Mrs. Short Nose, who was, before her marriage, Miss Piping Woman; Mrs. Big Head, for-merly Miss Short Face; Mrs. Nibbs, for-merly Miss Young Bear: Mrs. White Crow, formerly Miss Crook Pipe; Mrs. Howling Water, formerly Miss Crow Woman; also Mrs. White Skunk, Mrs. Sweet Water, Miss Walk High, daughter of Mr. White Calf, and Miss Osage, daughter of Mr.



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This is one way in which the Christian, however, will also work in the parish industries. His question will be that which St. Paul asked on his way to Damascus, in the moment of his conversion—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Every good man wants to do something, and every good parish ought to provide something for every man to do. People are not to think that the parochial industries are set down in the parochial industries are all the characteristics of society and sight, self distrust, self distrust, self distrust, self

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