P. SOHWEIER



whatever you have done."

She put her hand into his with a sud-

Jacob Lynn's grave to bring his murder-

by link in her hand, she would not move

in the matter. The onus of such a step

must be with some one stronger, some

that would be felt and justly earned. It

the enthusiasm of keen self-blame that

had urged her on at first seemed to fade

was in its bare unloveliness. She knew

had she succeeded in her endeavor. How for a moment could she have believed

herself capable of such cold-blooded cruelty, even though she had justified it

to herself in the name of duty? Her

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Circumstances favored him. Two or

"My father went to call on you, Ma

you in any way I can"-with a polite-

to you, when I asked about it for Mrs.

Dene. She has been ill again—you know she is never strong—and is coming here for change of air. That house would just suit her, if you would not mind letting it

for so short a time."
"Of course it is at her service. I will send word to the babu directly, to see it is made comfortable for her. It is partly furnished already, and whatever is want-

ed shall be sent over from my bungalow during the day. When does she ar-

"You will be glad to see your friend."
"Oh, very glad. I am to stay with he

"Then we shall be very near neighbors Diana will be pleased when I tell her." In spite of his wish to be ingratiating

"It is on the subject of the murder

"And would you mind telling me when

this engagement came to an end?"
"I considered myself free about the first of April," she answered, in a low

"There was some mistake. I canno

explain. It was it was ""
"Don't distress yourself, Miss Knov.
Believe me, I do not wish to pain you more than I can help; but it is my duty

the unwilling murmured assent. "To whom? To your father?"

fiently. "Colonel Prinsep."

"Then who was it?"-somewhat impa

"The day after to-morrow."

arst, until she gets a little stronger.

Meanwhile the deputy commissioner had not been idle. That there had been

a motive for the crime he felt convinced

question her alone.

as generally it did.

for so short a time."

"Thank you so much," she murmured shyly.

The silent vow she had registered by CHAPTER XXXII.

If Colonel Prinsep had been perturbed by their interview Jane was no less so him for her suspicions, she thought, and only find out their mistake when his life her own were both ruined. An oc casional feeling of anger against him also helped her to the decision to which skr at last arrived. She would herself prov

his innocence—or guilt.

An opportunity occurred a few days later. The regiment was to go out into would necessarily be absent from their suspicion she would never again speak to quarters. Jane could visit the Colonel's Stephen Prinsep, nor take his hand even without danger. For this wa when courtesy would seem to make it finally resolved to do. efelt her courage flag, as have lift a finger to either shake the faith of what she finally resolved to do.

Yet she felt her courage flag, as hav successfully eluded her mother's observation, she started away on her mission it. If every proof of the murder lay link tion, she started away on her mission The two bungalows were not far apart and by good luck she encountered no one way; yet at the gate she pauset irresolute, feeling naturally unwilling one more fitted to bear the opprobrium to cross the threshold of her lover's home that would be felt and justly earned.

While she hesitated the sound of was better to break so terrible a vow than wheels decided her, and she went it quickly. It would not have done to be stuff as this, she was no heroine. All en standing thus outside his gate. Once inside she put away all scruples and walk ed on toward the veranda. As she had surmised, none of the servants were about, and the bungalow door being oper she might enter if she chose. A deer blush suffused her face as she stepped in It was the Colonel's dressing-room, the room in which the proof, if proof there

Directly—for there was no time to be lost, at any moment she might be dis her. She felt very humble and contrite turbed-she crossed to where his boots as she made her way to her house. stood side by side on a pair of shelves Each in its turn was reversed, and after a hasty scrutiny again set down in its place. On none was found the triangular mark she had seen for an instant in the foot-print which the soldiers had on their and if this motive were at once discovered arrival so thoughtlessly but effectually ered it would materially aid the efforts of

she could find the gaiter from which it had been torn, her doubts would become certainties; and she would know the worst. She knelt down beside a portmanteau, and slowly-caressingly, an on-looker might have thought-turned over Its contents without finding what so un-willingly she sought. Another box and s wardrobe were equally ineffectually searched; and as she rose to go, a sigh of

relief escaped her parted lips. But so much had not been required of her, and she felt very grateful, very glad at her non-success.

Throwing back her veil, she passed

through an open door into the next room It was plainly yet comfortably furnished, its owner having evidently hit the not too many, things about him. Jane took in every detail at a glance, and moving slowly forward, mechanically picked up a closed velvet photograph frame that stood on his writing table It fell open as she raised it, and her brow, which had puckered into an anxious frown, cleared as she saw her own pictured face. It was a photograph that had been taken during their engagement and underneath was inscribed, in a bold handwriting that she recognized as his own, "Jenny, January 20th to April 14th," the dates of their first meeting

and the parting on their wedding day.

The girl's eyes grew moist as she But the next moment her expression changed as she saw an envelope lying on the same table addressed to Miss Knollys.

She put down the photograph fram and turned away. After all she could not expect that he would remain true to a mere memory, yet it pained her that he could turn so soon to one she had always looked upon as a possible rival. That he loved her and her only, with a love incapable of change, was the only excuse she had been able to urge for the crime of which she suspected him, and should it become no longer possible to plead that extenuation her one solace amid so much misers would be removed.

In spite of his wish to be ingratiating, there was a touch of condescension in his kindness that Jane Instantly detected. She colored and did not reply.

"And now, Miss Knox, there are some questions I wish to ask yourself," went on the deputy commissioner, briskly.

"I will answer what I can." he could turn so soon to one she had al-

amid so much misery would be removed. He would marry Diana Knollys, she He would marry Diana Knollys, she felt sure; everything seemed shaping toward that end, and the match was a more desirable one, of course, than that he had contemplated before. Yet a wild, passionate desire came surging into her heart that she had not sent him away made to being the matter that she had not sent him away made to being the matter that she had not sent him away made to being the matter that she had not sent him away made to being the matter that she had not sent him away made to being the matter that she had not sent him away made to being the matter that she had not sent him away made to being the matter that she had not sent him away made to be a supplied to the murder of Jacob Lynn," he observed, slowly, watching the expression on her face, and not ticing how gradually it grew white and hard with self-repression. "I was away when the court of inquiry was held, and the matter that the matter of Jacob Lynn," he observed, slowly, watching the expression on her face, and not ticing how gradually it grew white and hard with self-repression. "I was away when the court of inquiry was held." he had contemplated before. Yet a wild, passionate desire came surging into her heart that she had not sent him away from her—that she had condoned the crime instead of suffering it to part them, as her duty to the dead man had seemed as her duty to the dead man had seemed It would have been so easy, affairs, but—is it true?" so perilously easy, to forgive, even though

she might never be able to forget.

She sighed so deeply as she left the stood for the last few seconds half concealed by a heavy curtain, which he held back with one hand intending to come in, made a hasty movement to follow her, then on second thoughts, refrained.

first of April," she answered, in a low voice.

"Considered!"—sharply. "Was there any difference of opinion? Had Lynn any reason to think that you were bound Jane had slipped out of the bungalow a challenged, but as she passed through the compound gates she came face to

the compound gates she came
face with Valentine Graeme.
"Are you going home, Miss Knox?
May I walk with you?" he asked, jumping from his horse and handing it over to

ing from his horse and handing it over to his syce's care. She looked up furtively into the Adjutant's face. He was frowning, and she guessed that the meeting was as un-pleasant to him as to herself. That he would not betray her she felt sure, yet was equally certain that she had fallen which these questions had provoked. annoyance?" he asked, after a short

was equally certain that she had lates tretrievably in his estimation.

"You did not go with the rest to-day?"

"I? Oh, yes! We were all out; but it was over sooner than we expected."

"Then you are all back?"—blankly.

** smin so. I did not hear of any one

'And-and Colonel Prinsep?" she fal

You have not seen him?"-awkwardly. He looked into her face. She was gaz-ing at him wistfully, her eyes full of a mute entreaty, as though imploring for an assurance, which yet she was ashamed

"Colonel Prinsept"
Nothing but that sfaculation, yet Jane inew that the suspicion which had been growing on the deputy commissioner had been a containty in his own mind. to beg.
"I shall not mention that I met you to day," he said, hastily, looking away.

have saved him.
"Is that all you wish to know? May
I go?" she asked, wearily. I go?" she asked, wearily.

It dawned upon him slowly, for the commissioner, though shrewd, was not naturally quick of apprehension, that he had caused her more suffering than he had known of at the time. Whatever reason she had had for jilting Stephen Prinsep, upon what should have been their wedding day, on her side at least it had not been lack of love.

Foreseeing many difficulties ahead, his brow was puckered into a decided frown as he continued his way to the Cutchery.

as he continued his way to the Cutchery. He was only too well aware—as what magistrate is not—of the number of crimes that remain unproven, and con-sequently go unpunished, and knew it were certainly better that this should add one more to the list than risk making a false or untenable accusation against one who held so high a position, socially as well as in a military sense, as Stephen

sen, grateful impulse, then as suddenly there, and gone nearly an hour ago. An accumulation of letters and business papers lay on his desk, and during the rning a case came on at the Cutchery, but he went through all mechanically and without his usual beenness. It was

er to justice seemed to her as she reflected on her way back the height of
Quixotic folly. Had he been so good to
her that she should, for his sake, unsex
herself, and do such violence to her feelings by taking on herself such a hateful negatives. Trooper Lynn had no enemies among his comrades—was not of a quar-relsome disposition even when in drink; ings by taking on herself such a hateful task? Surely it was self-immolation suf-ficient that she should lose all chance of no one in the barracks seemed to have An opportunity occurred a few day later. The regiment was to go out into the country to practice maneuvers, and as on an occasion like this all the officers as on an occasion like this all the officers. For until he had cleared himself of that passion for the Quartermaster's daughter vailed that had it not been for his fatal way with gory marks, and the followpassion for the Quartermaster's daughter e would be alive still.

When Mr. Knollys returned to his oungalow in the afternoon, he met his daughter on the veranda.
"I am just going to send off those invi-tations for the dinner party—Monday's

dinner party," she said, standing on tip-toe to kiss him. "Did you ask Col. Prinsep?" Then, as she held up the addressed en-elope in reply, he took it rather roughly

from her hand and tore it in half. "I won't have him enter my h again. You understand, Diana. If you meet him in society, you must be merely it not to be admitted. "But, papa-

"Not another word. You may be quite sure I should not give such an order ut good reason "Then whom shall I ask in his stead?"

"He was here the night before last." "Never mind. He is one of the nicest fellows in the regiment. I sometime "Nonsense, papa!"-with a brillian

(To be continued.) IRON IN FOOD.

Spinach Contains More of It than Eggs

his subordinates. Now, if there were effaced.

That clew having failed, another ye remained. In her pocket was the bit of cloth she had picked up near the spot cloth she had picked up He re- has been ventilating some ideas which solved to question her at once, before she had time to hear from other sources that (and therefore extremely important) as they claim sovereignty, and in some ininquiries were on foot, and he would they are details connected with the phy- stances the natives are conducting a sician's domain. He is strong on the point that Iron should reach our blood bree mornings later, as he was walking through the medium of our food, rather to the Cutchery, he met Jane driving herself, and she pulled up when she saw than through the druggist's specialties. Iron, as everybody knows, is a food element absolutely essential for the proper constitution of the body. It is as rigid-Knollys. Did you see him?" she asked, ly demanded by the plant as by the ani-"If he went to my office, I must have mal; and it is from plants that Prof. missed him, I am afraid, for I am very late this morning, and my clerks did not our iron supply. Spinach, he tells us, know when to expect me. But is it anyis richer in iron than yolk of eggs, while thing you and I can arrange? I need not say that I shall be delighted to help the yolk contains more than beef. Then succeed apples, lentils, strawberries, white beans, peas, potatoes and wheat, ness that did not seem so terrible to Jane these substances being given in the "Thank you very much. It is about the small house next to yours, in your compound almost. They said it belonged uents. order in which they stand as regards the plentifulness of their iron constit-

Cow's milk is poor in iron, but, as balancing this delicacy in the food of the young mammal, it is found that the blood of the youthful quadruped the y contains much more iron than the adult. Thus, in a young rabbit or guinea pig one hour old, four times as much iron was found as occurs in these put whether France or England will animals two and a half months old .-London Public Opinion.

Had No Use for Another Fortune A laborer employed in one of the iron mills in Allegheny, earning the munificent salary of \$1.10 a day for wheeling ore in a wheelbarrow, received a telegram announcing that a relative in Ireland had died and left him \$60,000. He left his job, went to Ireland, secured the cash and started upon a career of luxury and high living. Two years later he reappeared in Pittsburg, asked for his old position and went back to wheeling ore. One day another telegram came announcing that a relative in England had died, leaving him \$20,000. He threw up his hands in despair. "Hiv-ins!" cried he. "Must Ol trow up me job and go over ther and waste another year or two in spending that? It's a shame to handleap a decint workin' man like thot. Oi'll sind word to thim Oi can't do it."

The highest point ever attained by man was that reached by Cox and Glaisher, in 1862, thirty-seven thou sand feet above the sea.

-Miss Helen Culver, of Chicago, has presented the University of Chicago with \$1,000,000.

-Helden, Holland, has 4000 inhab tantsand 107 saloons. Red apples fifteen inches in circum

ference have been produced in several districts of Washington, and Pippins and Greenings measuring from a foot plentiful. -The raritled atmosphere of the city

p find out certain facts. Do you mind selling me when—the exact date, if pos-sible—Lynn admitted you to be free?" of Leadville, Col., is fatal to cats Jane Knox stood for a few moments in silence, her face flushing with the feel-To-morrow is always the best of the year.

-Over 150 ambulances are provided robable purchaser of Portuguese Af-"Did you complain to any one of-of his in London for the transport of per-sons injured or suddenly taken ill in traitened treasury may drive that napause, and had to lean forward to catch the streets. Four persons are killed on to part with its colonies.

weekly in the streets of the me- While the South African republics tropolis, and a score or two are in-

alled independent in the full mean -If a man ate in the spider's proportion he would consume the equivalent of four barrels, of fish, a dozen bogs, three sheep and two oxen in a single trate being affairs, and the Orange Free trate trate and the orange of the ora

growing on the deputy commissioner had become a certainty in his own mind. See that had been forced from her, not rendered by her own volition, and with the worst results. By her own ago, and in which they have lived ever lips she had been added by British ter itory, and holding much the same reaction to the British colonies that San farino does to the kingdom of Italy here is no reason, therefore, for dis linguishing these states from other lips she had been added by British ter itory, and holding much the same reaction to the British colonies that San farino does to the kingdom of Italy here is no reason, therefore, for dis linguishing these states from other if it is not in the being surrounded by British ter itory, and holding much the same reaction to the British colonies that San farino does to the kingdom of Italy here is no reason, therefore, for dis linguishing these states from other if it is not in the being surrounded by British ter itory, and holding much the same reaction to the British colonies that San farino does to the kingdom of Italy here.

GREEDY CONQUERORS HAVE SLAIN HER SONS.

To Save South America from a Like Fate the United States Steps In Danger in Relaxation of the Monro trine Explained.

No Room for Butchers Over Here. All Africa pays tribute to European powers, says the New York Journal. can if they could that this state of Look at the map of it. Scarcely a part affairs exists. It is because the United of it is free from the dominion of the States has declared that there shall be greedy foreigners. Dependence and no parcelling, that Europe must keep tyranny reign in Africa. All South her hands off the American continent, America is free. Look at its map. Its and because Europe knows that the thaded portions, which mark the places United States is strong enough to back where European governments have up the declaration. Africa has no nalependence and liberty reign in South

America. These two maps graphically illusrate the existing necessity for the enent of the Monroe doctrine. The United States does not propose to let louth America become another Africa -another scene of bloody conquest and torrid outrage.

E. J. Glane, who studied African outages carefully, thus estimated: "The subjugation of Africa has left a mark if blood across the history of these fimes. More than 1,500,000 persons have been slain directly or indirectly by the explorers who have blazed the ng conquerors might almost have walked to victory over a corduroy road if corpses."

Therefore, it is not surprising that resident Monroe declared his now celetrated doctrine. Certainly it is enough hat one continent should suffer so. We can only pity Africa, but we can protect South America. Of all that rast continent only two spots one tiny Liberia, the other barbarous Morecco p-day remain independent of European control, and it is mostly within the jast ten years that the great European owers have thus parcelled out Africa. The nation and sovereign who subjurated these lands did not consult the satives, they merely killed them whenover they resisted. They are still kill-ng them. Great Britain, France, Gernany, and Italy have all had a share in the spolation, and the troops of those sations are still engaged in hunting the Africans like wild beasts in order to compel them to acknowledge their new nasters. Of course, the chief among he spotlers is England, which has ansexed Egypt and its dependencies unler the cover of temporary occupation, and is now preparing to send an expelition against Ashantee on the presence that the king of that independent African state has violated a treaty, but

successful resistance to the invaders. England has given up for the present ier attempts to subdue the Egyptian Soudan, Italy has met repulse in Abysdania, and in the French Soudan s callant warfare is being carried on by tative princes, resolute in the determination not to accept the yoke of the stranger. So far, however, as diplonatic agreement between the powers of Western Europe can accomplish the esult intended, Africa independence has been extinguished, save for the eeble flicker of liberty's torch at Monevia, and the fact that the spoilers tave not yet been able to agree upon

division of Morocco. The so-called Congo Free State is narked as "Belgian," because it is imply a Belgian military station and rading post, under the individual overeignity of Leopold, King of the n the State. The question at issue retarding the Congo Free State is not that Belgium will do to develop it, ucceed in annexing it. The chances ppear to favor the addition of the ongo Free State, with its 900,000 quare miles of territory, to England's ions in Africa

loved yet only by direct lies could she WAR AFRICA'S WOE, they are not independent in the sense

The South American portion of our ontinent presents a marked contrast to ifrica. From Panama to Cape Horn f about 7,500,000 square miles, only bout 200,000 square miles are subject o foreign occupation, and even this omparatively small area would be reatly diminished should England fall support her claim to disputed terri ory in Venezuela. It is not because European powers would not like to

ness. The dogwood stocks are ex tremely tough and elastic, being com parable in elasticity with whalebone The wood is used also for butchers skewers, and some philologists conjecture that the first syllable of the name is a corruption of "dag," meaning ! spine or dagger. Dogwood, as being pe culiarly free from silex, is used by watchmakers and opticians in clean ing watches and lenses. The bitter bark of the dogwood is used also as a Subject—"Bringing in the Sheaves." substitute for the Peruvian quining tree. Dogwood is notably of slow growth, and in all thickly populated regions the tree is recklessly de for the sake of its blossoms, so tha the supply of the wood for commercia

es is not large.—New York Sun. A religion that does not stick to a ma during husiness, is no good after bus



FREE SOUTH AMERICA. all countries are oppressed by foreign rule.

tive state powerful enough to make a similar stand, and the result is seen in Cairo, in Antananarivo, in Zanzibar and Timbuctoo, where the ancient rulers have had to bow before alien masters, who have no rightful claim whatever upon their allegiance.

The American people will continue to keep standing their notice to the powers of the old world that there is no room for elaughter and conquest here: that this side of the globe is reserved that the camel's head of European aggression will not be permitted to enter

the tent of American liberty. That some of the European dynasties, not contented with their share in the partition of Africa, would turn longing eyes toward South America was to be expected, and it is very likely that, if British encroachment in Venezuela had passed unchallenged, Germany might have found an excuse for landgrabbing at the expense of the South American republics. The Kaiser sees that his efforts at colonization in German Africa and German Papua are failures, and as his subjects are bound to emigrate to America, he would like to have them his subjects still. It is understood that Germany has for some time had fesigns on the Argentine republic, the most desirable part of South America for colonists from the temperate region of Europe, and, if the Monroe doctrine were out of the way, it is more than probable that the Argentines would have to fight for their independence. As it is, Argentina is safe. No Eurowar of conquest in America with the United States as the opposing champion, and while the American people have the strength to prevent it, no European nation will gain, or at least retain, a fresh foothold on the continent which gave birth to a Washington

and a Bollvar. Meantime any readers

Monroe doctrine would do well to study

the evidence herewith presented of just

what Europe has done, under our eyes

and within the past few years, with a

Dogwood wands make excellen

whipstocks and are used in some or

the best whips. They are cut sometime

by coachmen in the suburbs and seu

to town to be dressed and made up into

whips. The stocks made of this wood

are notable for their ornamental knobs

re imitated in some other whinstocks but the imitation is a cause of weak

continent and a people who have n

Monroe doctrine to protect them.

OPPRESSED AFRICA.

ingland is also looked upon as the of the Journal who are shaky on the

massess autonomy, they cannot be

Itate being surrounded by British ter

nine months.

The fortitude which enabled him to sdopt this course, and the ingenuity harvest is richer than the temporal harvest by which he preserved his health and I must tighten the girdle, I must sharpen the faculties in this, the most mentally and

he presence of one who had normal olor-vision, restored the first.

Proud of His Age.

The oldest white man in Sonome county, California, William Blackman, lied in Healdsburg last week, at the and vast multitudes came into the kingdon ge of 100 years and three months. He was especially anxious that it should e known that he did not die of old ge. Pneumonia cut his life short, and here is little doubt he would have lived me years longer in the natural course f events. He was very active and sealthy up to the time he took cold. He smoked and drank intoxicants in

as half a century before his death. Reserved for War Purposes. The largest permanent store of coin d money in the world is in the imperial war treasury of Germany, a porion saved for emergencies from the \$100,000,000 paid by France after the ranco-Prussian war, and locked up in the Julius tower of the fortress of Spandau. It amounts to the value of \$30,000,000.

his early life, but abandoned both hab-

A Marvelous Quilt.

Mrs. Joshua Biles, of Southington, Conn., has been working on a bedquilt at odd times since 1892, which is a wonder in its way and deserves special notice. The material is twilled cotton. and is made in forty-one squares, seven squares each way, but the inner square takes up space of nine of the ordinary ones. On this is inscribed, in blue stitching, which is readily deciphered, the names of all the soldiers that went to the civil war from Southington, together with a picture of the soldiers nonument. On the other squares are the pictures of places and persons of local note, such as the pastors of the churches, the postmasters of the three villages, the assessors, the contractors and builders, merchants, etc., the pames of the various manufacturing firms, with the list of officers, pictures of various historic buildings and names of secret societies represented in the town in 1892. Mrs. Biles has been untiring in her efforts to finish this re-markable work, and it is now stretched apon a frame.

Hoax-Pagley claims to have written play that will make everybody talk loax-Heavens! What's he done that for? The box parties alone are bad enough now.-Philadelphia Record. He-Your father advises me to invest my fortune in Wall street. It would at regular intervals, being the trun be politic. I suppose? She-No. don't you do it! After he had won all your cated and rounded branches. These noney he'd never let us marry.-Life

Republican.

The Eminent Divine's Sunday

TEXT, "Put we in the sickle, for the has west is ripe".- Joel iii. 13. The sword has been poetizel, and the world has celebrated the sword of Bolivar, the sword of Cortes and the sword of Lafavette. The pen has been properly enlogized, and the world has celebrated the pen of Addison, the pen of Southey and the pen of Irving. The painter's pencil has been honored, and the world has celebrated the pen of Murillo, the pencil of Rucens and the pencil of Bierstadt. The sculptor's chisel has come in for high encomium, and the world has celebrated Chantrey's chisel and Crawford's chisel and Greenough's chisel. But there is one instrument about which I sing the first canto that was ever sung—the sickle, the sickle of the Bible, the sickle that has reaped the harvest of many centuries. Sharp and bent into a semicircle and glittering, this reaping hook, no longer than your arm, has furnished the breat for thousands of years. Its success has produced the wealth of Nations. It has had more to do with the world's progress than sword and pen and pencil and chisal all nut together.

it has had more todo with the world's progress than sword and pen and pencil and chisel all put together. Christ puts the sickle into exquisite sermone simile, and you see that instrument flash all up and down the Apocalypse as St. John swings it, while through Joel in my text God commands the people, as through His servants now He commands them, "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe."

Last November there was great rejoicing all over the land. With trumpet and cornet and organ and thousand voiced psaim we praise i the Lord for the temporal harvests. We praised God for the wheat, the rye, the oats, the cotton, the rice, all the fruits of the orchard and all the grains of the field, and the Nation never does a better thing than when in the autumn it gathers to festivity and thanks God for the greatness of the harvest. But I come to-day to speak to you of richer harvests, even the spiritual.

you of richer harvests, even the spiritual. How shall we estimate the value of a man? We say he is worth so many dollars, or he has achieved such and such a position, but we know very well there are some men at the top of the ladder who ought to be at the bottom and some at the bottom who ought to be at the top, and the only way to estimate a man is by his soul. We all know that we shall live forwar. Death except bill we shall live forever. Death cannot kill us.
Other crafts may be drawn into the whiripool or shivered on the rocks, but the life pool or shivered on the rocks, but the life within us will weather all storms and drop no anchor, and 10,000,000 years after death will shake out signals on the high sens of eternity. You put the mendicant off your doorstep and say he is only a beggar, but he is worth all the gold of the mountains, worth all the pears of the sen, worth the solid earth, worth sun and moon and stars, worth the entire material universe. Take all the Losing Sense of Color.

The human eye, though trained to distinguish colors, may by want of use forget how to distinguish them. The unique experience of Dr. R. Harley, F. R. S., related in the London Spectator, establishes the fact that color can be forgotten, as well as learned, by human sight.

Dr. Harley, in order to save the sight of one, parhaps of both eyes, when one was injured, voluntarily immured himself in a room made totally dark for here surrounded by a multitude of souls each one worth more than the material uni-

by which he preserved his health and faculties in this, the most mentally and physically depressing of all forms of imprisonment, are sufficiently remark able; but Dr. Harley also kept an accurate record of his impressions when he at last looked again upon the light, after the supreme moment at which he satisfied himself that he was not blind, but could see.

He found that in the mine months darkness his eyes had lost all sense of color. The world was black, white and gray. They had also lost the sense of distance. His brain interpreted the picture wrongly. His hand did not touch the object meant to be grasped. Practice soon remedied the last induced defect of sight. Experiment with skeins of various-colored wool, in the presence of one who had normal as we go forth in this work for God we canmot stand upright in our rhetoric and our
metaphysics and our crudition. We have to
stoop to our work. Aye, we have to put our
knee to it or we will never gather sheaves for
the Lord's garner. Peter swung that sickle
on the day of Pentecost, and 3000 sheaves
came in. Richard Barter swung that sickle
at Kidderminster, and McCheyne at Dundee,

at Kidderminster, and McCheyne at Dundee, and vast multitudes came into the kingdom of our God.

Oh, this is a mighty gospel! It captured not only John the lamb, but Paul the lion. Men may gnash their teeth at it, and clinch their fists, but it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. But, alas, if it is only preached in pulpits and on Sabbath days! We must go forth into our stores, our shops, our banking houses, our factories and the streets, and everywhere preach Christ. We stand in our pulpits for two hours on the Sabbath and commend Christ to the people, but there are 168 hours in the week, and what are the two hours on the Babbath against the 166? Oh, there comes down the ordination of God this day upon all the people, men who toll with head and hand and foot -the ordination comes upon all merchants, upon all mechanics, upon all tollers, and God says to you as He says to me: "Go, teach all Nations. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Mighty gospel, let the whole earth hear it! The story of Christ is to regenerate the Nations, it is to aradicate all wrong, it is to turn the earth into paradise. An old artist painted the "Lord's Supper," and he wanted the chief attention directed to the face of Christ. When he invited his friends in to criticise the picture, they admired the chalices more than they did the face, and the old artist said, "This picture is a failure," and he dashed out the picture of the cups, and said: "I shall have nothing to detrast from the face of the Lord. Christ is the all within picture."

Another powerful sickle for the reaping or

from the face of the Lord. Christ is the all if this picture."

Another powerful sickle for the reaping or this harvest is Christian song. I know in many churches the whole work is delegated to a few people standing in the organ loft. But, my friends, as others cannot repent for us and others cannot die for us, we cannot delegate to others the work of singing for as. While a few drilled artists shall take the chants and execute the more skillful music, when the hymnis given out let there be hundreds and thousands of voices uniting in the acciamation. On the way to grandeurs that acver cease and glories that never die let us sing. At the battle of Lutzen a general came to the king and said: "Those soldiers are singing as they are going into battle. Shall I stop them?" "No," said the king, "men that can sing like that can fight." Oh, the power of Christian song! When I argue here, power of Christian song! When I argue here,
you may argue back. The argument you
make against religion may be more skillful
than the argument I make in behalf of religion. But who can stand before the pathos of

some uplifted song like that which we son times sing: Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive! Let a repenting rebel live! Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in Thee?

Another mighty sickle for the reaping the gospel harvest is prayer. What does God do with our prayers? Does He go on the bat-tiements of heaven and throw them off? No. What do you do with gifts given you by those who love you very much? You keep

them with great sacredness. And do you suppose God will take our prayers offered in the sincerity and love of our hearts, and scatter them to the winds? Oh, no! He will answer them all in some way. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! It is not a long rignardle of "ohs" and "ahs" and "forever and swee, amens." It is a breathing of the heart \$20,000.

thing prayer is! Elijah with it reached up to the clouds and shook down the showers, with it John Knox shook Scotland. With it Martin Luther shook the earth, And when Philipp Melanchthon lay sick unto death, as many supposed, Martin Luther came in and said, "Philipp, we can't spare you!" "Oh," said he, "Martin, you must let me go. I am fired of persecution and tired of life. I want to go to be with my God." "No." said Martin Luther, "you shall not go; you must take this food, and then I will pray for you." "No, Martin," said Melanchthon, "you must let me go." Martin Luther said, "You take this food or I will excommunicate you." He took the food, and Martin Luther knelt down and prayed as only he could pray, and convalescence came, and Martin Luther went back and said to his friends, "God has saved the life of Philipp Melanchthon in direct answer to my prayer." Ob, the power of prayer! Have you tested it?

Dr. Prime, of New York, in his beautiful book entitled "Around the World," described a mausoleum in India which it took 20,000 men twenty-two years to build—that and the buildings surrounding—and he says: "Standing in that mausoleum and uttering a word, it is echoed back from a height of 150 feet; not an ordinary echo, but a prolonged music, as though there were angels hovering in the air." And every word of earnest prayer we utter has an echo, not from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but from the heart of God and from the wings of angels as they hover, crying, "Behold, he praye!" Oh, test it? Mighty sickle for reaping this gospel harvest, the sickle of prayer!

It does not make so much difference about he posture, as was shown in a hospital, wh'n the chald agonies ife on your back. It does not make any difference about the physical posture, as was shown in a hospital, wh'n the chand! Some lifted two hands, others lifted one hand; some with hands amputated could only lift the stump of the arm. One man, both his arms amputated, could give

iffed one hand; some lifted two hands, others lifted one hand; some with hands amputated sould only lift the stump of the arm. One man, both his arms amputated, could give no signal except to say, "Me! Ne!" Oh, it does not make any difference about the thetoric of your prayers; it does not make any difference about the posture; it does not make any difference whether you can lift a band or have no hand to lift. God is ready o hear you. Prayer is answered. Got is

so hear you. Prayer is answered, Go 1 is waiting to respond.

"I take this trumpet of the gospel and blow the first blast, "Whosoever will," I blow the second blast, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." I blow the third blast," "Now is the accepted time." But the trumpet does not break; it was handed down by our forefathers to us, and we will hand it lows to our children, that after we are dead they may hlow the trumper talling the means. they may blow the trumpet, telling the world that we have a pardoning God, a loving God, a sympathetic God, and that more to Him than the throne on which He sits is the joy of seeing a prodigal put his finger on the latel

seeing a prodigal put his finger on the later of His Father's house.

I invite any one the most infidel, any one the most atheistic, I invite him into the kingdom of God with just as much heartiness as those who have for fifty years been ander the teaching of the gospeiand believed it all. When I was living in Philadelphia, a gentleman told me of a scene in which he was a participant. In Callowhill street, in Philadelphia, there had been a powerful meeting going on for some time, and many were converted, and among others one of the prominent members of the worst club the prominent members of the worst club house in that city. The next night the leader of that club house, the presi-dent of it, resolved that he would endeavor dent of it, resolved that he would endeavor to get his comrade away. He came to the door, before he entered he heard a Christian song, and under its power his soul was agitated. He went in and asked for prayer, Before he came out he was a subject of con-verting mercy. The next night another somrade went to reclaim the two who had been lost to their sinful circle. He went, and under the power of the Holy Ghost leand under the power of the Holy Ghost be-came a changed man, and the work went on they were all saved and the infamous club-house disbanded. Oh, it is a mighty gospe!! Though you came here a child of sin, you an go away a child of grace, you can go

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound. That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now um found—
Was blind, but now I see.

Oh, give up your sins! Most of your life is already gone. Your children are going on the same wrong road. Why do you not stop? "This day is salvation come to thy house." Why not this moment look up into the face of Christ and say:

Just as I am, without one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me. And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

God is going to save you. You are going to be among the shining ones. After the tolls of life are over, you are going up to the swerlasting rest, you are going up to join your loved ones, departed parents and departed children. "Oh, my God," says some man, "how can I come to Thee? I am so far off. Who will help me, I am so weak? It seems such a great undertaking." Oh, my brother, it is a great undertaking! It is so great you cannot accomplish it, but Christ san do the work. He will correct your heart and He will correct your He. "Oh," you say, "I will stop profamity." That will not save you. "Oh," you say, "I will stop profamity." That will not save you. There is only one door into the kingdom of God, and that is faith; only one ship that sails for beaven, and that is faith. Faith the first step, the second step, the hundredth step, the thousandth step, the last step. By faith we enter the kingdom. By faith we keep in. In faith we die. Heaven a reward of faith. The earthquake shook down the Philippian sungeon. The jaller said, "What shall I do?" Some of you would say, "Better get out of the place before the walls crush you." What did the apostie say? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shait be saved." "Ah." you say, 'there's the rub." What is faith? Suppose you were thirsty, and I offered you this glass of water, and you believed I meant to give it to you, and you same up and took it. You exercise faith. Four believe I mean to keep my promise. Christ offers you the water of everlasting life. You take it. That is faith.

Enter into the kingdom of God, Enter aow. The door of life is set wide open. I plead with you by the bloody sweat of Gethsemane and the death groan of Golgotha, by dross and crown, by Pilate's courtroom and Joseph's sepulcher, by harps and chains, by kingdoms of light and realms, by kingdoms of the drother than the second with and the Lamb, that you attend an God is going to save you. You are going

almighty and the Lamb, that you attend now to the things of eternity. Oh, what a sad thing it will be if, having come so near heaven, we miss it! Oh, to have come with-in sight of the shining pinnacles of the city and not have entered! Oh, to have been so and not have entered! Oh, to have been so near we have seen the mighty throng enter, and we not joining them! Angels of God, fly this way! Good news for you; tell the story among the redeemed on high! If there be one there especially longing for our saivation, let that one know it now. We put down our sorrows. Glory be to God for such a hope, for such a pardon, for such a loy, for such a heaven, for such a Christ!

fame by having his photograph taken in connection with a tembstone he had ordered for himself.

-Victoria Morosini-Schilling, who started the fashion of eloping with coachmen, is now in St. Joseph's Convent, in Rutland, Vt.

- The feminine element is in excess in Germany, the women exceeding the men by more than a million, according to the latest statistics.

-The distance to the nearest of the "fixed" stars, as computed by Astron-omer Ball is 20,000,000,000,000

-One of the celebrated wine vanits of the London Docks is nearly seven een scres in extent.

-A splendid black eagle, measuring six feet from tip to tip of its wings, was