B. F. SCHWEIER.



you, I wouldn't try it again."

CHAPTER XVIII.

pavements, and the closed shop windows; a soft sound of church bells fills all the

tranquil air. And then, when our wom-

en folk, accompanied by Col. Cameron,

whereabouts of the "Nameless Barge."

portant letter to write "

"And you gave it to them?"

"Ready for what? for his coming on

"Chist that, sir. If he had tried to come

"I shall be glad when we get away

from these towns into the quiet, pastoral districts again," he said. "Living on

to enjoy this last part of the trip a great

"And it threatened to become a rathe

"Yes, there generally is, but this one

"Oh, they declared that the young lady

hould remain perfectly free and unbiased

until she came of age. Well, neither of

munication should cease between her and me. It seemed hard-and it was hard

"They pretended to think so," observes

Chancery has no sense of humor what-ever. If they think you're playing tricks,

deal more than any that came

"We guessed as much."

see, there is a young lady-"

scrape.

CHAPTER XVII.

at the Sharpness people had been The Shoots," as they are call-Severn estuary between North races and whirlpools not unlike head, and a warm sunlight filling the rivneighborhood of Corrieverer by the Corra Islands and th When we found these curour hotel on the College Green Col. Cam-eron hung back a little, allowing Jack Duncombe to go on with the women folk. "Look here, my friend," said Inverfask, magined that our poor old Nonh's but a "daisy time" of it. More all over, I suppose you ought to be con-gratulated on having come down the Sev-ern in a houseboat, and in the face of half a gale of wind. Well, you've done what with the swirling currents and the breeze blowing the tide, the "Nameless Barge

told of catastrophes within. It was blowing hard, and looking very hery in the south; and one of us, at least e transferred to the other boat. The note themselves no longer seemed to reept an eye on our unwieldly craft, as she it was almost ludicrous to watch and springing forward again ng the foam from her bows just n was, how long she was likely keep up the pretense by remaining si

wann to forsake her heavy gamboling

kinds of mystical and unexpected

one, and again and again omino

Presently a new and startling discovery was made. As there was no calculating what time we should get to Bristol, with this head wind driving against us, the inside and bring forth a handful of bis cuits; and the young man cheerfully obey The next instant he came out again without any biscuits.

expression of face, "this blessed boat is, In a moment, from the look of the wom en, he perceived the mistake he had

a little water has come in and it's slop-ping all about the floor of the saloon. for yourself." Of course, we all of us instantly made

for the door of the saloon; and there most unpleasant spectacle met our eyes for if there was not as yet much water visible, it was washing from side to sid as the vessel lurched; and, of course, no one could tell at what rate the leakage was coming in.

"Is she going to sink?" said Miss Peggy, rather breathlessly; it was Sir Ewen Cameron she addressed.
"I won't stay another moment in this

Mrs. Threepenny-bit exclaimed You must call to the pilots-tell then to stop and take us on board."

"Oh, be quiet!" one had to say to her. "This is nothing of a leakage-it only means that there's nowhere for the wate 'And how fast is it coming in?" sh

"How can anybody tell? We'll have t wait and watch. Or, rather, Columbus water should rise in any quantity, then

we may have to get on board the pilot boat; that's all. It isn't doing any harm -it's only washing the floor.' Here a violent pitch of the boat flung us all together; and then we could se through the forward window her bows shaking off a great mass of foam.

"Do you see that now? She isn't used to dipping her nose like that."
Well, it has to be conceded to Col Cameron that he was the only one who cared to wet his apkles in order to make an examination. He boldly splashed through the lurching water and got to the further end of the saloon, and, stooping down, strove to reach with his long arm the circular pieces of glass set in the bows of the boat. But neither there

nor anywhere else could we find out the source of the leakage; and when Capt Columbus was summoned from his pos-and shown the state of affairs it was gen erally agreed that the water must b coming in through defective seams. Our gallant convoy continued to cut her way through those swift-running seas

like a racer; and we laboriously plunged and rolled and struggled after. It must be said for the women that they were very brave over it; after that first fright about the water in the saloon they had hardly a word to say; they merely looked on in silence-sitting close to each other And now that long, dark spur of land-Portishead Point, was it called?-wa drawing sensibly nearer. The shipping that was gradually becoming visible no doubt marked the whereabouts of the King, or King's, road; and that, we knew, was just off the mouth of t Then the sea grew a little calm er. Capt. Columbus was provided with a huge sponge to help him in his bailing. We could hear Murdoch at the bow call ing to his brother mariners ahead of hin -asking for instructions, most probably.
And at length and at last the connecting hawser was shipped, and we parted com a comparatively smooth sheet of yellow water, and near to a Dutch looking line of coast, the topmasts of vessels, or here and there a little glimmer of distant land-scape, appearing above steep banks of

think of how to mitigate these cruel cir-"Now, Miss Peggy, you and I expec to be waited upon by the whole of this ship's crew and passengers. We have been on duty since hair-past two, and now it is ten. If that isn't working for the young man, very slowly. "You see, it is very difficult to define what com-

one's breakfast, what is?" "I'm sure I'm hungry enough," said it is very diment to define what com-immications are very difficult; and you can't expect lawyers to have large and liberal views. In fact, the Court of Miss Peggy, sadly; and Queen Tita was so touched with compassion that she her self began to get the table ready, while Murdoch was in the pantry, busy with

Now, we had just finished breakfast, and had gone out again to have a look at our surroundings, when we were approached by a wherry containing three men, who offered, for a consideration, to men, who offered, for a consideration, to tow us to Bristol. Truth compels the admission that these three sailors of Bristol admission to purge my contempt. And in the purpose of the lowest prison to purge my contempt. And in the purpose of the lowest prison to purge my contempt. And in the lowest prison to purge my contempt. ham and eggs and tea. Now, we had just finished breakfast,

the trouble I had to explain and apologize and give assurances by the yard—I assure you it required a great d-al of tact to appear very penitential, and yet maintain that there was nothing for you to be whether I go or stay."

"No letters this morning."

"So you are engaged to be married, an ou?" one says to him. "We've been engaged these two years," he makes answer, "but it has been kept very quiet, owing to that absurd opposition. However, that will soon be over. Miss Wrexham-I may as well tell you tol city were about the most villainous looking set of secondrels one had ever clapped eyes on; and experience proved that they were capable of acting up to their looks. But still, getting to Bristol was the main thing; we agreed to their

their looks. But still, getting to Bristol was the main thing; we agreed to their exorbitant terms, gave them a line, and your wife were so awfully good-natured plenty of pluck, you understand; and if "Those people have come down," sh Soon we had entered the river Avon. which is probably a rather full river at and her sister drive all about the country full tide, but was now, at low water, in a little pony chaise of their own; and showing long mud banks that were far then Murdoch could hold the pony, and from attractive. As we got further in the two girls pop into the sale land, however, we passed through beauit would be very jolly; they're rattling counting up the days it would take us nice girls; plenty of fun in them." foliage; and, whatever had become of tne storm we had seen gathering in the south, there were clear blue skies over-

> can I help it? I'll sit dumb all the time if you like."
> "What kind of treatment do they give

you in Holloway?"
"Not at all bad, if you're a first-class

"Do they crop your hair?" "Books?" "Oh, yes."

Next porning is a Sunday-calm and clear and still; a placid sunlight falls on when we got along into Wiltshire. Just as we arrived at the entrance the trees in the College Green, on the the hotel we could see the other men lege Green, through the dappled sun and have gone away to the cathedral a kind ing her partly veiled face, it was clear that Miss Peggy was laughing merrily of hush falls over this great hotel; the spacious rooms look preternaturally empand Col. Cameron, who was apparently responsible for this breach of Sabbath ty; one wonders when Jack Duncombe will have finished his letter writing, and

be ready to set forth on a hunt for the ground; Queen Tita was looking else "What a handsome girl that is!" sai "Sorry to have kept you waiting," he Jack Duncombe, involuntarily, as he, too, says, as he lights a class at the top of caught sight of the tall young lady.
the steps. "Fact is, I had rather an im- "Has that never struck you before "Has that never struck you before?"

decorum, had his eyes fixed on th

"Oh, yes, of course; but somehow, is But after a long hunting we at length kind of cul-de-sac, lying outside some empty coal boats; and, having clambered friend, for a person engaged to be over these and got on board, we found sied, you seemed to pay a good deal of Murdoch in sole possession. "Well, Murdoch," one naturally inquir- and that not so long ago. One might ed, "I suppose you saw nothing more of have been excused for thinking that you had serious views."

"Indeed, yes, sir," Murdoch answered, with a grin. "They came back to the boat." No, surely not! I have cheek for most things, but not for that!"

them they were to come and get a bottle the boat," he said, "there were plenty of "Nor me, sir! I chist telled them they dare say, being shut off from the rest of near to Bath. "And then?"

"Well, then, sir, they threepit and better threepit; and I said I would not give them a bottle of champagne, or a bottle of anything else; and I was thinking one of anything else; and I was thinking one of them was for coming into the boat. o' them was for coming into the boat, so I took up an oar." Here Murdoch grinned again. "Oh, ay, sir, they sah I was ready." "Oh, you do, do you?"

"Why, naturally." "But without prejudice to the young

lady under the guardianship of the chancellor?" "I am quite sure of this, that Mis Rosslyn has perfectly understood our re on board I would have splut his skull," lations all the way through," he answersaid Murdoch, coolly. "And they sah I ed. "I am quite certain of that. Why, was ready for them; and then there was if I had been quite free from any enlations all the way through," he answe a good dale of sweering, and they went gagement, I could not have presumed aweh." We left full instructions about our dewith any ambitious hopes of that kind."Really!" In truth the young man parture on the morrow, and made our way ashore again. Now, as those other people would not be back from the cathedral till near lunch time, we set forth on humility was quite touching.
"Besides," he said, in a lower voice

a long ramble to fill in the interval—wan-dering along the old-fashioned streets and admiring here and there an ancient gable

CHAPTER XIX.

or latticed window, visiting a church or two and generally finding ourselves be-ing brought up sharply by the twisting and impassable harbor. It was during this gimless perambulation that Jack Duncombe made a confession. "The top of the morning to you!" says Miss Peggy, coming marching into the coffee room, and twirling her bonnet by her face, and health and youth and high spirits are in her shining eyes. "The same to you and many of them, one answers, humbly.

districts again," he said. "Living on board is ever so much better fun than putting up at a hotel. It used to be so delightful to have merely to choose out a meadow and a few willow stumps and a meadow and a few willow stumps and bootmakers are the immediate descendlooking forward to the Kennet and Avon, and I don't mind telling you that I hope makers use leather! But your English makers use leather! But your English bootmakers fix your feet with iron

The truth is, when I had to leave you at "So your racing and chasing on Durd-Warwick, I was in a little bit of a ham and Clifton Downs has found you out-is that it? Well, you'll have to come better provided to the Highlands-boots with broad toes, double-soled, and with plenty of nails in them to get a grip of serious scrape. I suppose I may tell you the story, now that it's all over. the heather."

"I am not so sure about my ever going to the Highlands," she says, with some-thing of a change of manner; and she walks glong to the window and looks out. Then she returns. "Won't you go for a Then she returns. "Won't you go for a little stroll until they come down? It is quite pretty out there."

This is a command rather than an invitation; one fetches hat and stick; Miss Peggy whips on her bonnet and ties the "A ward in chancery; that is where the

trouble comes in. Her mother is a wasp-ish old vinegar cruet; tremendously proud of her ancestry; the family have been settled in Wilts since the time of Edward III.—at least so they say—and, of strings; and presently we are lounging about the College Green, which looks course, she hates me like poison. I can fancy the old cat crying: Imagine Maud very well in the early sunlight. And the sunlight suits Miss Peggy, brightening the clear rose of her complexion, and lending a mystery to her shadowed eyes, marrying the son of a man who hasn't even a coat-of-arms on his carriage." And dians against me."
"And the guardians?" one says to him.

"Has Mr. Duncombe's parcel of books come?" she asks presently.
"I don't know."

"Do you think he will succeed as a writer?" again she asks, in her careless

until she came of age. Well, neither of us seemed to see the fun of that arrangement; and then the guardians proceeded to extremities; yes, they did their little best, or shabblest, as one might say; they applied to the vice-chancellor, and he issued an order directing that all com-"How can one tell? He basn't got very far yet." "He is very modest about it," she says. "His simplicity is almost amusing. He doesn't aim at much, does he? Rather a small ambition, wouldn't you call it, to be writing these little things, and making up plots for farces? Why, if I were for awhile. Then one naturolly began to a man, I'd win the Victoria Cross or die!" "That means, I suppose, that you com-nunicated with her all the same?"

she adds, with superfluous energy. "Good gracious! if everybody was the V. C., how would the world's busipess go on?"
"I'm talking about myself personally."

the says, resolutely. "To begin with, you would have to be a soldier."
"I would be a soldier."

"You would want an opportunity."
"I would make an opportunity."
"Well, I hope you will hear a pibroch or two in the Highlands this year; what

makes you think you won't be able to

"Oh, it isn't this morning-or many s morning back. I don't believe I've heard from home since I left London, and I've

have withdrawn altogether into the wilds a bundle when you get back to town? We shall soon be making a bee-line for London now."

says, discreetly glancing over to the win-dows of the hotel; "we must go in." It was now for the first time that a party began to weigh upon the spirits of one or two of these good folk-particuon, and larly upon Col. Cameron, who became re markably glum and silent when we were

In the afternoon it began to get clear. The clouds gradually lifted; and there mands of him.

"Oh, I should have nothing to do with it. If your wife asks two young ladies the winding Avon mirrored every feature of the bank; and further off the skies were reflected, too-a shimmer of silver

> here and there, a breadth of liquid lilac darkening almost to black under the rees; while over the glassy surface darted innumerable swifts and martens, busy time, of course, waterproofs had been venient landing place the boat was stop ped as we got ashore—all but Jack Duncombe, who was eager to get at his books. Now it was Sir Ewen Cameron who assisted Miss Peggy to step along the gang board; and when she had reached bank these two naturally went to gether-at first walking pretty smartly Tita was in no such burry.

> ica?" he sks, presently, looking away long the towpath toward those two. "Who can tell? She doesn't seem to "But perhaps she is right," this small

> person continues, rather wistfully. even if it is only some vague kind of feel ing. And if she was once over there, and were to come back, then we couldn't be held responsible for anything that might Of course, I hope she will come back. It is very curious what a hold that girl gets over one. England wouldn't be half England to me if I didn't know that, sooner or later, I could look forward to seeing my Peggy again."

> "Your Peggy!"
> "Yes, indeed," she continued, boldly "Oh, any one could see how all you men have been fighting for her good graces, for a word or a smile or a look; but she

Poor Peggy! She seemed most unusu apprehensive; subsiding into a deep reverle from time to time, and yet anxiously responding to any remark addressed to be noticed. She had no further quips and

questions about Jack Duncombo's bundle of books. She took some ten in silence And then these two women-folk had to getting to the end of the day's voyage. The approach of the beautiful Queen of the West, by the valley of the Avon, is disappointing in the extreme; indeed, the slums here are about as bad as those of the Totterdown suburb of Bristol. It was abundantly manifest that here was abiding place for us; again, and for the sleep ashore; and so, when a few things had been put into the various hand-bags we set off, a small procession, through the streets of Bath, putting up at a hotel where, notwithstanding our suspiciou want of luggage, we were made fairly

welcome and furnished with rooms. That night, before we separated, the small folded note covertly handed to him nd, on subsequently opening it, he found

to contain these words:
"Shall you be down early to-morrow morning? I want to say something very particular to you—in private. PEGGY." Poor Peggy! Was it the thought of going away across the wide Atlantic again that was pressing heavily on her neart?

CHAPTER XX.

This day begun with glooms and disap-pointments; then blossomed forth into a ummer-like luxuriance of all beautifu hings; and finally ended in joy and calm ontent. Perhaps it was our general im patience of towns, and our anxiety to be was wet and lowering; the windows seemed dingy; and the spectacle of a crowd of people hurrying along muddy pavements, most of them with umbrellas was modern and commonplace and de

pected of the famous Queen of the West All her former glories seemed to have vanished away behind the mournful pai And then, again, the appointment that had been planned the evening before did not take place. Everybody seemed to come into the little sitting room about the same moment; and Miss Peggy had no opportunity of saying a word. During was quite silent; and there-

after, when there was a general hunt for waterproofs and umbrellas, she set about getting ready in a mechanical way. At the door of the hotel she merely said, in

"Some other time I will speak to you," and then went out.

Hunting for curiosities proved to be an

engrossing occupation with our party; so that Miss Peggy was enabled to lag s ittle behind without being observed, while a slight finger touch on the arm secured her the listener she wanted. The young lady seemed at once shy and anx-ious; there was more color in her face than usual; and when she spoke it was in hurried and low undertone.

"I want your advice," said she; "per-haps you may think I should speak to your wife-but-but I would rather have a man's advice. Your wife has very excompromising; and I would rather you would tell me what ordinary people would There was a moment of hesitation; then

she began to speak, rather slowly, and with downcast eyes,
"Tell me what you think I should be justified in doing. I am involved at home in a half-and-half kind of engagement. Both families were anxious for it—and— and I liked him a little; oh yes, he is vers

emusing, and makes the time pass; and I dare say he liked me well enough when everything was going prosperously. Then you know how my father's affairs went he wants to run the biggest yacht afloa

Europe until he has money enough to ge himself talked about. And then, where my father's affairs went wrong, I supto think twice; and although he has never said he wanted the engagement broken off-no, for he is afraid of quarreling with his own people—he has left me pret-ty free to imagine that I can go if I choose. Oh, I am not vexed," she cougeneral in April 1887, and a major neral three years ago, at which time tint.ed. "Of course, a girl does not like be was stationed at Governor's Island to be thrown over.

"You thrown over?" "It is not quite so bad as that, for h writes me from time to time-in a kind of way—and I am left to understand that he considers the engagement binding if wish it. Well, a girl doesn't quite like pat," she added, with just the least ess it was pride rather than any sense of injury that was driving her to speak. "So I want you to tell me what I should be justified in doing," she resum-

"Oh, Miss Rosslyn, come along here for a minute!" a third person broke in; it was Jack Duncombe. "I have discovered the tablet put up to commemorate the illustrious virtues of Beau Nash. It's beautiful. Come along, and I will translate

So Miss Rosslyn was haled away, some what to the relief of the person she had been consulting. For it was not so easy as it looked to say off-hand what Miss Peggy should do in these cir-

The beautiful valley increased in love liness and loneliness as we followed the tory at Manila Gen. Merritt was aphigh up on this hillside. We had all this olne Islands, and assigned to the comworld of sunlight and green leaves and mand of the Eighth Army Corps, with weet-blowing winds entirely to ourselves. headquarters at San Francisco. Gen. up at the bow, her throat bare to the warm breeze, her hair, unshielded by any bonnet, showing threads of burnished gold in the sunlight. Jack Duncombe nance map spread out on the roof of the futies of military governor.

duct, which spans the wide vale, and here | zeneral left Manila on Aug. 30 on the the spacious view was more extensive to tender distances of rose gray and light-est green until, at the far horizon line and melting into the silvery sky, there on Oct. 24, 1898. The general and his were touches of pale, translucent blue But this aqueduct carried us across the 17, 1898, and from that time until his valley and very soon we had left the leparture for Europe he was stationed wide, open country behind us, and were at Governor's Island. d into umbrageous woods. It was much hotter here; there was hardly a breath of air to stir the shelving branches that felt their way out into the sunlight and it was but rarely that the interven except Miss Peggy, who, at the last moent, abruptly changed her mind and Ished with an illustration, and my cup ecided to remain with the steersman, to of joy was brimming. When I got a

heer him with her company. "This might be a river in a Brazilian orest," said she, "for the beauty of it ditted by H. C. Bunner. They were It was not of any river in Brazil she those people on the bank were out of

Then she said presently: "Have you thought that over?"

"Yes." Her next question was not put into that appeared in her eyes. Then she look down again, as if awaiting judgment. She had a bit of red hawthorn in her had, and her fingers were pulling into poem I had sold in my life, you can small shreds one or two of the darkgreen leaves.

Well, you see, Miss Peggy, if your de scription of the situation is literally cor-rect—literally and absolutely correct— then you would be amply justified in telling that young gentleman in New York to go and be hanged. That is what any man would say-off-hand and at once. There may be some explanation. Letter may have been delayed. You may get during your lifetime, as I do not know them when you go back to London."
"And if there were a hundred letters,
do you think I don't know what would be in them?" she demanded, rather proud-ly. "And as for drifting and drifting. I

have grown a little tired or that. It i no great compliment to a girl to put her in such a position. I dare say, now, it America for even a fortnight, I could get the whole matter settled.' "You really and honestly mean that yo vant to have it broken off?"

"Broken off!" she exclaimed, with just touch of indignation in her voice. "It s he who wants to have it broken off and hasn't the courage to say so. He won't own it to me; he won't own it to New York Sun. his family; but do you think I don't un-derstand? I am not blind. And however stupid a woman may be at other times, in an affair of this kind she can ee clearly enough."
"That is true. But on the other hand.

agement should come to an end, why not let it gradually die a natural death? "He hasn't written to me for nearly two months!"

"Very well. Stop altogether. If that doesn't force him to ask for an explanation-if he asks for no explanation, then the matter is at an end. You go your way, and he his."
"I-I suppose that is good advice; and I thank you," she said, in rather a low for one of my own mistakes, instead

-An American lady who had tab riously acquired a very scant knowledge of French, tried to show her proficiency in the language by using it in the dining room of a Parisian hotel. Although she was fully aware that most of the waiters spoke English, she insisted upon giving her orders in French. One day she paralyzed the waiter by directing him to bring her "a bottle of embonpoint." She wanted a bettle of stout.

—It is stated that there are made in England for home ues and exportation more than 20,000,000 pins daily.

—A petrified forest in a sandstone for mation has been discovered in Routt iciency in the language by using formation has been discovered in Rout

county, California.

—Colored globes in drug store windows were first displayed by the Moor ish druggists of Arabia and Spain. A vagrant lad was arrested in Philadelphia the other day for some misdemeanor, and in response to the questions of the police justice, he declared that he was fourteen years of age and an orphan. "How long have your parents been dead?" asked the sympathetic justice. "Over twenty years."

MAJ. GEN. WESLEY MERRITT

Maj. Gen. Wesley Merritt has been etired from active service owing to his having reached the age limit. He was graduated from West Point in 1860. He entered the regular service and had attained to the rank of colonel at the outbreak of the civil war. His career in the war was marked by several acts of gallantry, in consequence of which afterward appointed to succeed Gen. Buford in command of the First Division of Cavalry. Later he was adranced to lieutenant colonel in the regular army. He was made a brigadle

pointed military governor of the Philipthe third expedition and arrived in the slands late in July, 1898. Later Gen. Merritt relinquished the military command to Gen. Otis and assumed the

As he had been appointed a member of the Peace Commission at Paris, the n Paris he went to London and martied Miss Laura Williams, of Chicago, wife returned to New York on Dec

Kate Masterson's First Poem. Kate Masterson, the poet and humor st, thus describes the beginning of her iterary career:

Kittle K. It was accepted and pubtheck for \$2 I effervesced. I then sent some verses to Puck, which was then ilso signed Kittie K., but were written from a masculine point of view, and as i wrote a very gentlemanly hand Bunaer evidently came to the conclusion that I was a boy. He sent me some very funny letters, and I replied, keepng up the idea that I was a very fresh, slangy boy. He accepted the verses, She Stood on the Stair,' and they were published in a Christmas number with magine how wildly anxious I was to have it appear. I bothered Bunner with inquiries, for, of course, that was the only poem on earth to me just then. I recollect finally writing him, 'Do you

think my poem will be published during my lifetime? "He wrote me: 'My dear boy, I can not say if your poem will be published when you are going to die."-Philadel-

phia Post. Family Lived in Hollow Tree. A family named Hopgood, consisting of father, mother and two daughters, has been discovered near Richmond liv ing in a hollow oak tree. The tree was not large enough to accommodate the whole family, and they seemed to have been taking turns, some sleeping under the tree and others inside its decayed trunk. They made their living by foraging and begging about the country. The county authorities have taken them in hand.-Richmond (Va.) Cor

Mohammedans.

The number of Mohammedans has been estimated at 196,500,000. Of these 18,000,000 are under the rule of the f you think that this half-and-half en- Turkish Government, 23,000,000 are ruled by other Musselman sovereigns, 36,500,000 are subject to African It seems pretty moribund at present, doesn't it? Cease writing to him."

Princes. 20,000,000 live in China, and doesn't it? Cease writing to him." 99,000,000 are under other rulers. Of these last about 58,000,000 belong to India and Beloochistan.

> Temptation Resisted. St. Peter-Editor, eh? What good things have you ever done? New Arrival-I once took the blame of throwing it on to the intelligent com-

St. Peter-Go up head.-New York

Extinct Glants of Guam.

tives, who have left no trace of skill tives, who have left no trace of skill woman was a representative of all those beyond a stone axe or two and an iron who make garments for the destitute, who spearhead, rear those mighty walls?— kait socks for the barefooted, who prepare spearhead, rear those mighty walls?-St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Every one must do just so much weeping; those who are spanked often-

ic justice. "Over twenty years," was est when young, have least cause for the prompt reply of the little Bar.

SERMON

lence of Dorens Extelled - Her Work Contrasted With Present Day Methods

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dr. Talmage, who is still traveling in Northern Europe, has forwarded the following report of a sermon in which he utters helpful words to all who are engaged in alleviating human distresses and shows how such work will be crowned at the last; text, Acts ix, 30, "And all the widows stood by him weeping and showing him the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them."

garments which Dorcas made while she was with them."

Joppa is a most absorbing city of the Orient. Into her harbor once floated the rafts of Lebanon cedar from which the temples of Jerusalem were builded, Solomon's oxen drawing the logs through the town. Here Napoleon had 500 prisoners massacred. One of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was started in this seaport by Dorcas, a woman with her needle embroidering her name ineffaceably into the beneficence of the world. I see her sitting in yonder home. In the doorway and around about the building and in the room where she sits are the pale faces of the poor. She listens to their pliant, she pities their woe, she makes garments of the poor. She listens to their pliant, she pities their woe, she makes garments for them, she adjusts the manufactured articles to suit the bent form of this invalid woman and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one; she gives sandals to that one. With the gifts she mingles prayers and tears and Christian encouragement. Then she goes out to be greeted on prayers and tears and Christian encouragement. Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street the cry is heard, "Dorcas is coming!" The sick look up gratefully in her face as she puts her hand on the burning brow, and the lost and the abandoned start up with hope as they hear her gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them, and as she goes out the lane eyes half put out with sin think they see a halo of light about her brow and a trail of glory in her pathsin think they see a halo of light about her brow and a trail of glory in her pathway. That night a half paid shipwright climbs the hil' and reaches home and sees his little boy well clad and says, "Where did these clothes come from." And they tell him, "Dorcas has been here." In another place a woman is trimming a lamp; Dorcas bought the oil. In another place a family that had not been at table for many a week are gathered now, for Dorcas has been a table for many a week are gathered now.

a family that had not been at table for many a week are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought bread.

But there is a sudden pause in that woman's ministry. They say: "Where is Dorcas? Why, we haven't seen her for many a day. Where is Dorcas?" And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door and finds the mystery solved. All the said the launts of wretchedness the through the haunts of wretchedness the news comes, "Dorcas is sick!" No bulletin flashing from the palace gate telling the many cheerful words is hushed; that hand which has made so many garments for the poor is cold and still; the star which had poured light into the midnight of wretchedness is dimmed by the blinding mists that go up from the river of death. In every forsaken place in that town, wherever there is a sick child and no balm, wherever there is hunger and no bread

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the curtains in the ancient tabernacle, it cushioned the chariots of King Solomon. cushioned the chariots of King Solomon, it provided the robes of Queen Eizzheth, and in high places and in low places, by the fire of the pioneer's back log and under the flash of the chandelier-everywhere—it has clothed nakedness, it has preached the gospel, it has overcome hosts of penury and want with the war cry of "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" The operatives have found a livelihood by it, and through it the managing of the employer are

Extinct Giants of Guam.

Were there giants in the old days in our latest possessions, Guam? The present races are Melonesian and Malay, with occasional Negritos. But these men could never have built the massive forts that dot the isles—forts as massive as those of Yucatan. The walls range in height from 8 feet to 40 feet. In one wall a cornerstone 10 feet by 2½ by 6 was found twenty feet above the ground. How did the natives, who have left no trace of skill woman was a representative of all those

and brings the dead to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses.

What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman and a great deal of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend her time idly planning how the poor of the city of Jopps were to be relieved. She took her needle and relieved them. She was not like those persons who sympathize with imaginary sorrows and go out in the street and laugh at the boy who has upset his basket of cold victuals, or like that charity which makes a rousing speech on the benevolent danism who never sent a farthing for

who never had the courage, like Dorcas, to take the needle and assault it. I am glad that there is not a page of the in the prisons, went out amid the rabble and took a stick and struck the door as a signal that they might all strike it, and down went the prison door, and out came the prisoners. Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I., went down amid the poor and washed their sores and administered to them cordials. Mrs. Retson, at Matagorda, appeared on the battlefield while the missiles of death were flying around and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the civil war in America who has not heard of the women of the south on the battlefield, for-getting all their animosities, while they bound up the wounded and closed the eyes of the slain? Doreas the benefactress. women perhaps with handsomer laces, but there was not grief at their departure like this at the death of Dorcas. There were not more turmoil and upturning in the Mediterranean Sez dashing against the wharves at that scaport than there were surgings to and fro of grief because Dorcas was dead. There are a great many who was dead. There are a great many who go out of life and are unmissed. There may be a great many carriages and a plumed hearse, there may be high sounding eulogiums, the bell may toll at the cemetery gate, there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting place, but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sham.

the world has lost nothing. It is only a nuisance abated. It is only a grumbler ceasing to find fault. It is only an idler stopped yawning. It is only a dissipated fashionable parted from his wine cellar, while on the other hand no useful Christian bearing the control of the con

tian leaves this world without being missed.

The church of God cries out, like the

And then they shouted "Huzza!" Oh, it was a proud day for those returned warriors! But a brighter, better and gladder day will come when Christ shall gather those who have toiled in His service—good soldiers of Jesus Christ. He shall rise before them, and in the presence of all the glorified of heaven He will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" And then He will distribute the medals of eternal victory not inscribed with works of righteousness which we have done, but with those four great battlefields, dear to earth and dear to heaven—Bethlehem, Nazareth, Gethsemane and Calvary!

the shadows of life, the brightes

For every foolish thing in law there is a wise reason. But very few persons add dignity to the office they fill.

No man can expect to be happy whose thoughts all centre in himse With averted eye we let the golden coments pass us by pendthrifts, searching wide and far, what lies close at hand.

As a streak of lean and a streak of fat make the most paintable meats, so do good and bad luck, mixed in proper proportions, give the best zest to life.