For felt the evil—born the right! Dense the darkness—keen the sight! Grieved the weakness—gained the strength! Strained the distance—home at length!

Yet never a goal—but ends a way!
Never a dark—but bears a day!
Never a strong—but feels a pain!
Never a fall—but brings a gain!—
—James Mark

God is in us—this the strife!
Victory through us—this is life!
The will to do—is virtue done!
The grief to lose—is goodness won!
—James Mark

Baldwin, in New York Independent.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

BY MARCO MORROW.

himself liberties. I kept my head, and

replied calmly:
"I am not cynical, and I'm not 'railing' 'railing' at matrimony. Moreover, that little affair with the young woman you mention, which I have quite for-

Tom smiled in a peculiarly trying manner

"Which I have entirely forgotten-" I repeated. 'And will forget anew every day

you live," said Tom.
"Has had nothing whatever to do with my dermination to devote myself entirely to my profession. I have al-ready frittered away entirely too much of my life on what we are pleased to call 'society.' But of course I'll keep

eall 'society.' But of course I'll keep my promise to you."

"Now look here, old man," Tom began; but he saw, I suppose, something in my face which warned him that I was not to be moved. At any rate he laughed and shrugged his shoulders and then resid.

shoulders, and then said:
"Well, I'll count on you for best
man. June seventh is the day, and I

not know. I could do my duty by Tom, take a last farewell of butterfly society, and then settle down for good upon the career which I fondly hoped ould end upon the supreme bench. would work, and work hard. Dorothy Melton, with whom I quarreled fix months ago, should never think that she had broken my heart, or shattered my life, or anything of that sort, for she hadn't. She simply had revealed to me the fickleness of her sex and brought me to the realization that a career, after all, is the only thing that can really satisfy a man worth any-

As the time of Tom's wedding approached I wrote him that I should run down to Riverton 24 hours in ad-vance in order to attend to all the thousand and one duties which de-volve upon the best man; but at the last moment my one really good client, a man rich and cranky, succeeded in getting so hopelessly involved in an injunction suit that nothing but immediate and earnest personal attention could keep him from going to jail for contampt of court. I saved him from that ignaminy but only ofter seconding contempt of court. I saved him from that ignominy, but only after spending the entire morning of the wedding day in court, and barely caught the last train by which I could reach Riv-erton in time for the ceremony. Tom and his friends would have to look after the details of the wedding which
I was compelled to neglect.
I had forgotten that Uncle William

Clarkson lived at Riverton, or I might have been prepared for him; but behave been prepared for him; but before the train had fairly stopped at
the station Uncle William was at my
side, grasping my hand and reaching
for my bag. "Here you are at last,"
he was saying. "T've been at every
train that came in today. You've got
to go up to the house with me and get

ittle words are to say the not heat of the control of the c a little snack of something to eat be-fore the wedding."
"But Tom—" I interposed.

"Oh, that's all right," said Uncle William. "I've arranged it all with your friend Tom, and I'll have you at Christ church in plenty of time for the wedding. So come along; your sunt's waiting for you."

Christ church in plenty of time for the wedding. So come along; your nunt's waiting for you."

Really, what could I do? I looked about helplessly, hoping that Tom or some of his friends would appear and lay claim to me, but Uncle William had evidently impressed upon them that he was going to have his own

that he was going to have his own way with me, and they came not. Of course, I should have been very glad to dine with Uncle William and Aunt Margaret, but when a fellow is going to be best man at his best Aunt Margaret, but when a lellow is going to be best man at his best friend's wedding, and has only two hours and a half before the ceremony, he is not exactly in the mood for visiting even his nearest and dearest relatives. I tried to say something of the kind to Uncle William, but he retorted:

"Oh, pshaw, now! There ain't a thing to do, and what's the use of your going to the hotel or to one of Tom's friends' houses where they are already going to the hotel or to one of Tom's friends' houses where they are already running over with company? No use at all. Your Aunt Margaret will give you a nice little dinner right away, you can get on your wedding togs and get to the church in plenty of time without any of the fuming and fussing the others will go through. There's a 'phone' in the house; you can let Tom in the house; you can le

"But I may count on you?" Tom asked. "You know you promised."
"Yes," I replied, "I promised, and I'll keep my promise. I'll be your best man. Not that I wouldn't like to get out of it," I went on; "but you insist, and I suppose that—"
"Oh, come now," said Tom, "don't go in for cynicism; that's cheap. Of course, I'm willing to admit that from your point of view, perhaps, Dorothy Melton may have treated you badly enough, but I wouldn't curse the whole sex and rail at matrimony and all that. You'll get over it in and all that. You'll get over it in time, you know."

Tom is an old friend, and allows liam.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "we must have left it at the station!"

He hurried down town to fetch the bag, promising to return "before you know I'm gone;" but the minutes slipped away, and the carriage drove up to the gate before he got back. He findly carry here the got back.

up to the gate before ne government in ally came, however.

"Here you are," he said, as he handed me the bag. "Now you want to hurry, young man, or you'll be

I fairly jumped into my clothes, trusting to luck for appearance. As I tied my cravat Uncle William tapped on the door.

"It's five minutes of seven!" he ex-

claimed.

I couldn't say exactly what I wanted to say, so I contented myself by giving the cravat a vicious twist. Three minutes later I dashed down the hall, threw a good-by at Aunt Margaret and hurried into the yard.

The coachman was driving away. "Hi, there!" shouted Uncle William

from the front steps. "Hold on there, driver! Wilson, stop that hack!"

saan. June seventh is the day, and I driver! Wilson, stop that hack!" Wilson was evidently Uncle Wilbore as you seem to expect."

The marriage was to come off at Riverton, and I congratulated myself that the guests, with few exceptions, would be Riverton folk whom I did riage and then at Uncle William.

"What for?" he asked. "What's the matter with it?" "Hi, there, driver!" shouted Uncle

William again, as I tore down the

The coachman drew in his horses with an air of impatient expectancy.
"What in the world do you mean?"

cried Uncle William, puffing in anger, behind me.
"Yes, what do you mean," I echoed,

"Yes, what do you mean, I conced, "driving off without me?"
"Why, sir," said the evidently greatly puzzied coachman, with a nod of his head toward Mr. Wilson, "he said for—"
"Well, well, well!" cried Mr. Wilson, including us on the sidewalk. "What

son, joining us on the sidewalk. "What does all this mean, anyway? What are you holding this carriage here for?"

Uncle William began saying something under his breath, but was checked by a feminine voice from the

carriage. "Driver," it asked, "what's the

matter?"
"Oh!" exclaimed Uncle William, a

"Oh!" exclaimed Uncle William, a light breaking in upon him, "you've made a mistake here, Wilson. This is a carriage I ordered to take my nephew to the wedding."

"Oh, I guess not," said Mr. Wilson, bristling up more than ever. "This is a carriage I ordered to take my nices to the commencement."

The two men glared at each other

The two men glarel at each other like wild animals, and I turned from one to the other in hopeless perplexbe-ity. "Drive on!" cried Mr. Wilson, and

down the path, hastening to the untangling of Uncle William's mistakes, as she had been doing throughout

as she had been doing throughout their married life. "This is a muddle," she said to Mr. Wilson in her sweetest tones. "The stablemen have probably got the two orders confused."

"I don't know about that," said Mr. Wilson, "but I've got the carriage "But see here," put in Uncle Wil-

liam, "Dick's best man, and he mustn't be late at the wedding."
"I can't help that," retorted Mr.
Wilson. "My niece mustn't be late at

the commencement, either." with sudden inspiration, "why can't they go together? The seminary is only a little ways beyond Christ church. I know your niece won't church. I know your niece won't object if I explain."

object if I explain."

Aunt Margaret dashed out into the street toward the carriage, and I followed, wiping my moist brow, bewarling my wilting linen and consumed with investigate.

with impatience. In the next few seconds I heard without any of the luming and russing the others will go through. There's a 'phone' in the house; you can let Tom know you are'here, and that's all that's necessary."

I remembered that I did not espe
Tremembered that I did not espe"Why-Dick - Mr. -" she cried,

alf rising from her seat.

I started back with a confused I started back with a confused attempt at an apology, but Uncle William hastily slammed the door, and with a commanding "Drive lively now!" motioned the driver to start. The horses were off with a jump, and I sank into the seat opposite the young woman whom six months ago I had sworn never to see again.

It was the early dusk of what had been a perfect June day. The street

been a perfect June day. The street lamps were not yet lighted, but the bright moon shoue in at the carriage windows, and I knew Dorothy could see my hot, flushed face and my ner-vousness and embarrassment. "Miss Melton," I began, feeling that I must say something, "I'm ex-

that I must say something, "I'm ex-tremely sorry to intrude upon you in

"Ob, pray do not mention it," said Dorothy. "I am, of course, extreme-Dorothy. "I am, of course, extremely glad to be of any service whatever to Mrs. Clarkson, and it would be too bad for you to be late at the wed-

Dorothy was quite mistress of her-self. She held a large bunch of roses in her arms, having gathered them up to make room for me; the color, which I think left her face for an instant when she saw it was I who climbed into her carriage, returned; her eyes sparkled, and never had she looked so lovely. What a fool, I thought, bitterly, what a fool I had been to quartal with her fool.

'It's to be quite a large wedding, I believe?" she said, turning her face full upon me.

The driver was evidently intentupon reaching the church in time. He turned a corner so sharply that just as I was about to stammer out a commonplace about the wedding we both were nearly thrown from our seats. Dorothy threw up her hand, her roses fell in confusion, and as I bent forward her dainty fingers lightly brushed my

"Oh, Dorothy! Dorothy!" I cried;

and then—
I'm sure that I couldn't tell what I said. I only know that the words I had been holding back, the love that I had been trying to stifle for six months, burst from me, and before we reached the next corner Dorothy lifted her shining eyes, and through tears

'Oh, Dick! Dick!" and I knew everything was right, and wished that Christ church was 20 miles away.

The carriage pulled up at the church door in the nick of time, and dashed away again to leave Dorothy at the young ladies' seminary where she had been teaching for a few months.

I found Tom in the vestry, so supremely happy that he had not even noticed my tardiness—but, for that matter, I walked in the clouds all evening, and noticed nothing what-ever that happened at his wedding, so we are quits on that score.

Dorothy and I will be married in September, and Unc'e William, who insists that his "good management" brought it all about, has promised to set us up with a carriage of our own on the day of the wedding. - Woman's

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The whistling tree which is found in the West Indies, in Nubia and the Soudan, has a peculiarly shaped leaf and pods with a split edge. The wind, passing through these produces the sound which gives the tree its name.

Thirteen old horseshoes were hanging last spring on the back of a garden wall close to an old boiler which workmen were removing and replacing by a new one—a very noisy piece of work—when, in no wise deterred by this, a pair of wrens built their nest in the a pair of wrens built their nest in the midst of the cluster of horses hoes and then brought up their young. The mother bird, having been found one day drowned in a pail of water, standing near, her mate tended and cared for their young until they were fledged and flown. The horseshoes containing the nest still hang on the wall at Everthorpe Hall, Brough, East Yorkshire,

In the Bay of Plenty, New Zealand, is one of the most extraordinary islands in the world. It is called White Island, and consists mainly of sulphur mixed with gypsum and a few other minerals. Over the island, which is about three miles in circumference, and which rises between 800 feet and and which rises between cooleer and 900 feet above the sea, floats continually an immense cloud of vapor, attaining an elevation of 10,000 feet. In the centre is a boiling lake of acid-charged water, covering 50 acres, and surrounded with blowholes from which steam and subvivous feet and all players. steam and sulphurous fumes are emit-ted with great force and noise. With care, a boat can be navigated on the lake. The surphur from White Island is very pure, but little effort has yet been made to procure it systemati-

One of the most peculiar accidents ever heard of happened to a colored man near New Store, Va., a few days ago. Ed Jones took his gun and set out for a day of sport. He was not looking for large game, but he had not been in the woods long before he saw an immense deer coming at a tremendous rate of speed immediately toward him. He at once fell upon his knees, pre-paratory to a shot, and when the deer was within 20 feet of him fired and The deer had acmissed his aim. The deer had acquired such tremendous momentum that it could not check itself, and with the next leap landed upon the hunter. It knocked him down and hunter. It knocked him down and bruised him badly upon the breast with one hind foot, the other going into the negro's mouth, knocking out a number of his teeth, tearing a part of his gums away, and passing down of his gums away, and passing down his throat. The whole thing was over in an instant, but when he came to

DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: What Religion Does For the Prolongation of Human Life—Religion is Not a Hearse—Care of the Health a

To crawl over the pillow in the sigut of the delirious patient showed what was the matter with him. You, the aged Christian man, walked along by that unhappy one until you came to the golden pillar of the Christian life. You went to the left. That is all the difference between you. Oh, if this religion is a protest against all forms of dispation then it is an illustrious friend of longevity! "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again, religion is a friend of longevity in

Namework. D. G.-This serence of Dr. Strategy research a copie for this mission of the presence of the presence

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE. /

inforcements—A Distinguished Editor Makes a Pertinent Suggestion to Pro-fessor Atwater—The Scientist's Deduc-tions Reduced to an Absurdity.

(A Song of Yesterday, To-day and To-mor-

BY LILIAN M. HEATH. Twas a hush before the battle like the still-ness of the deep,
As the hosts of mighty warfare rested arms in seeming sleep,
While in chains of helpless bondage lay our proud Columbia, prone
In the thralldom of a tyrant worse than e'en the Boer has known.

Hark! through the distance Floats a martial song. Hati, reinforcements! Right faces Wrong.

Then awake, ye loyal-hearted!
To your captain still be true;
Ere the triumph that is coming,
There is glorious work to do.
Banish weariness and sighing, To our ranks recruits are hielog.

Rejoice, Columbia! the Right shall win the day.

O'er the hillsides they are coming, with their banners white and gold.
Through the city and the wildwood, swelling numbers yet untold;
From the valley, plain and mountain, strong recruits we still may see.
Eager for the captain's order, "Chargel and set Columbia free."

Harki o'er our campfires Sounds the martial song. Hail, reinforcements! Right faces Wrong.

Yes, the time of waking cometh, and the hour is close at hand
When King Alcohol, defeated, shall be driven from the land.
See! the mist is swiftly rising 'neath the glory of the sun.
Soon the conflict will be over—soon the victory will be won.

Hark! through flerce battle Rings the martial song. Hail, reinforcements! Right faces Wrong.

A Suggestion to Professor Atwater.

A Suggestion to Professor Atwater.

Professor W. O. Atwater, of Wesleyan University, whose experiments in the matter of the use of alcoholic liquors as food are familiar to the temperance people throughout the country and have been much commented upon during the past six months, is again being vigorously quoted by the pro-liquor press as having attacked the scientific accuracy of the temperance instruction text books now in use in the public schools. The New Voice entertains profound respect for Professor Atwater as a scholar and as a gentlemnn, and is thoroughly convinced of his honesty in the position he has taken and of the essential accuracy, so far as they have been carried out, of his experiments.

We say this without any disposition to concede the case at issue, but merely as a recognition of the fact that certain valuable and interesting data have been gathered by Professor Atwater's labors. Professor Atwater has discovered that a subject shut in an air-light chamber and fed partially with alcohol does not exhibit the well known symptoms of poisoning that the use of alcohol produces in overy day life. If now upon the strength of this, he feels that he must assail the teachings of the text books concerning alcoholic poisoning, we beg to suggest to him that there is another universally accepted belief that ought at the same time to be assailed. It is this: We have always been told that carbonic acid gas, as exhaled from the human body or coming from other sources, is prejudicial to the physical health, and that aman obliged to live in an atmosphere heavily charged with that gas would suffer serious inconvenience from it. Every practical work upon hygiene devotes much space to this idea and to cautions based upon it. Now the fact is, as the writer of this editorial is told by the gentleman under whose immediate supervision Professor Atwater's experiments were conducted, that the subject who was shut up in the this cattorial is told by the gentleman under whose immediate supervision Professor Atwater's experiments were conducted, that the subject who was shut up in the calorimetre and who there confined did not exhibit the usual symptoms of alcoholic polsoning, was all that time living without apparent evil results in an atmosphere heavily charged with carbonic acid gas.

phere heavily charged with carpoins actagns.

Now we submit that if Professor Athater feels that, in view of the discovery that
a man may, in the calorimetre, take alcohol in certain moderate quantities and not
find it a poison, but rather seem to develop energy from it, he must attack the
teachings of the text books which hold
that alcohol is a poison, ought he not also
to equality attack the common belief and
the universal teaching that carbonic acid
gas is poisonous?

gas is poisonous?

Girls Checking Intemperance.

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, writing of "What Girls Can Do to Check Intemperance," says:

"First, the example of her own life should be that of total abstinence. On the Queen's Jubilee Day, in June, 1887, at the banquet table of the Lord Mayor of London, a young woman was urged to have her glass filled with wine. Shefirmly declined, saying in a sweet, strong voice, 'I never taste that which I know may do another harm.' This course was safe for herself, but, more than that, she set a safe example for others about her, and she will never know the good which came because of her decision and her harvary in declaring it. Girls about her, and she will never know the good which came because of her decision and her bravery in declaring it. Girls should be self-respectful; to take wine or alcoholic liquors because invited to do so shows a lack of courage and self-reliance. Young women should require that the young men with whom they associate should be as good as they themselves are. Are they total abstainers from principle? By the same token, the young men should be total abstainers. "If the young women of our Nation, with so much of life before them, with all of their enthusiasm and ability, would be strict total abstainers from all that can intoxicate, including wine, beer and cider; if they would try in all reasonable ways to

strict total abstainers from all that can in-toxicate, including wine, beer and eider; if they would try in all reasonable ways to win others to do the same; if they would stand opposed to the traffic in alcoholic liquors, the day would be greatly hastened when the shadows caused by intemperance shall fiee away, and when nothing in the shape of strong drink 'shall burt or destroy in all God's holy mountain.'"

Aman is like a thermometer. His spirits are equable—noither joyous nor sad. He takes a drink. It fills him with joy. When he recovers from its effects the reaction earries him just as far in the other direction. You cannot take a drink of whisky without an injury, either mental or physical. Let it alone.—New York Journal. You Cannot Drink Without Injury

The Saloon in the Way

The Saloon in the Way.

Dr. J. G. Evans, a prominent Methodist minister, speaking of the twentieth century movement of his church to raise \$20,000,000 and secure the conversion of a million souls by the close of 1901, says: "With the saloon out of the way it would be far easier to raise \$30,000,000 and win two million souls than to raise \$20,000,000 and win a million souls to Christ, with 250,900 saloons in full blast in their work of papperizing men and damming souls, and especially when this awful crime is perpetuated through the suffrage of Christian voters whose prayers are solicited for the conversion of souls."