How beautiful to be dead!
The anguish to forget,
The turmoil and the fret,
The sharpness of regret—
All calm instead.
How gracious to be dead!

How beautiful to be dead! To be alone again, Safe from the struggle vain, The tired, insistent pain, The noises overhead. How peaceful to be dead!

dead!
Life, I have borne thee long, ret, But all thy strife and wrong, st—
Some day shall melt to song.
And then be fied.
Some day I shall be dead.
—Samantha Whipple Shoup, in New York Indepen

'TWIXT LOVE AND HONOR.

working at high pressure. At 6 o'clock the great horn in the works would sound, and the army of operatives, 3000 strong, would pour from the gates like a turbulent flood. Six o'clock was also, nominally, the hour for stopping work in the office, but if there was any stress of work punctuality was not enforced so rigidly then as at hour of arrival in the morning. Suddenly, through the click and cattle of the dozen typewriters, smote,

three times in quick succession, the strident clang of the manager's bell. "There you are again, Hinde," said a young fellow of about 26 to his

desk companion.

Hinde, the firm's foreign correspondent, who was tall, fair and cleanshaven, with well-opened, wide-set, lark blue eyes that looked the world in the face dauntlessly, rose from his

stool, smiling.

"Right you are, Fraser," he reslied.

"The old man is getting very iond of my society I think."

He went quickly up the office to the

door of the manager's room, knocked and went in.

When he entered, Bunting, the manager, was standing on the hearth-rug, his back to the fire, with a tele-

gram in his hand.
"Here's a wire from these people Alvargonzalez in Buenos Ayres," he said abruptly, holding out the flimsy pink paper. "What does it say?"

pink paper. "What does it say?"
Hinde took the cablegram, glanced it it and translated:
"Cancel orders; we are writing."

"Phew!" ejaculated Bunting.
"That's a nice mess, with all these special goods ready for shipment. We ipecial goods ready for shipment. We aven't another customer on the blessed globe that buys their sizes, and we may as well throw the stuff into the Clyde as put it into stock. What's the value of it, Hinde?"

"About £4000, sir, I believe," was

the reply.
"Well," said Bunting, "I'll have

to consult Mr. Coleman about this.

That will do just now."

Hinde had barely got back to his place when the bell rang for him

When he re-entered the manager' room Bunting was seated at his desk writing. In a short time he looked up. "I have consulted Mr. Coleman," he said, "and this is the message you are to cable. Get it translated and sent off tonight."

Without meeting the young man's eye Bunting handed him a sheet of

paper on which was written:
"Impossible cancel; goods gone."
Hinde read the words, stood a moment irresolute, and then said in a ow but firm tone of voice

"Pardon me, sir, but I cannot send this cable.

As soon as Bunting had handed over the message he had resumed his writing, but now the scratching of his oen over the paper stopped suddenly, and he looked up. His eye glittered soldly and his face hardened.

"You are forgetting yourself, Hinde," he said harshly. "I presume you are aware that it is your duty to

obey orders, or take the consequences."

The young man's eye met the manager's steely glance without wavering.

"No, sir," he replied firmly, though ais heart was thumping in his breast, I am forgetting neither myself nor ny duty, but I cannot bring myself to believe that Mr. Coleman would wish me to send this message if he knew all the facts of the case."

"These are Mr. Coleman's instruc-

tions," said the manager. As a mar-ter of fact, the words of the message are his own. Look at it again, and you will see it is in his handwrtting."

Hinde looked again at the paper he held in his hand, and recognized the

senior partner's writing.

The manager continued:

"Mr. Coleman has gone home, but he will be certain to ask as soon as he comes in tomorrow morning if the cable was sent as he instructed. You cable was sent as he instructed. You are the only person in the office that knows Spanish; it is too late to send the message out of the office for translation; so it is upon you that the re sponsibility rests."

sponsibility rests."

"Very well, sir," replied Hinde,
"so be it. I accept the responsibility.
I will not send this cable."

"That being so," said Bunting, "I
wash my hands of the whole affair. I

wash my hands of the whole aftair. I have done my duty to the firm, and, as I said before, you will have to take the consequences if you fail in yours."

"My duty to the firm must be the secondary consideration in this

My duty to the firm must be the secondary consideration in this case, Mr. Bunting," replied Hinde. "I cannot send the cable, and whatever the consequences, I must accept

them. Without another word he went out of the room and walked to his desk. It was after 6 o'clock by this time. and most of the clerks were gone, but he stayed at his post till the hands of the clock pointed to 7, putting his papers in perfect order against his expected dismissal next day.

It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon of | house in Crosshill, one of the suburbs a dark November day. The clerks in the office of the great manufacturing ing in the grate, and a shaded lamp in tirm of Coleman & Parker were all a corner of the room diffused a soft working at high pressure. At 6 glow throughout the apartment. The from throughout the apartment. The furniture in the room was inexpensive, but a few delicate water color draw-ings on the walls and the fresh chrysan-themums in vases on the mantel shelf and on the occasional table and piano

were evidences of a refined taste of their owner.

In the centre of the mantel shelf stood a full-length photograph of Hinde himself. He was taken standor his coat, his head thrown back, and a look in his fine eyes which seemed to defy the universe.

He sat now in his chair facing the

He sat now in his chair facing the photograph and soliloquized:

"Yes," he said in a low tone of voice, "you seem to think you're a fine, independent sort of a chap, quite ready to say 'Come on' to anyone, and certain that it won't be you that will get the worst of the fight. And now you've said it, and I hope you're satisfied. What right has a poor beggar like you to indulge in the luxury of a conscience? Heigho! Well, you've gane your ain gait, and you know what the result will be. 'We hereby give you notice to leave our employment.' In plain words, Dick Hinde, your pernickety conscience has got you the 'sack,' and Isobel!—ah! my darling Isobel!"—his voice softened, and his bright eyes grew dim as he murbright eyes grew dim as he mur-

"I could not love thee, dear, so much, Loved I not honor more."

A pair of soft hands covered his A pair of soft hands covered his eyes; there was a musical laugh behind him, and a merry voice demanded:

"And who is this Miss Honor that you love so much, sir? I shall keep you blinded till you tell me. Do you want to make me iselous?"

want to make me jealous?"

Hinde gently raised the hands from Hinde gently raised the hands from his eyes, and smilled up to the sweet young face that was looking down on him over the back of the chair.

"Ah! you witch," he said, tenderly, "when I am with you I am always blind to everything save your dear face."

He rose and took her in his arms and their lips met in a lover's kiss Some minutes went past without a spoken word from either, so delightful is the conversation that can be carried on in certain circumstances by the language of the eyes. Then Isobel on in certain circumstances by the language of the eyes. Then Isobel sighed happily, blushed, and said:
"Oh, Dick, you're dreadful! I don't know what my hair must be like."
"It's perfectly beautiful," said Dick,

truthfully. "You look, if possible, even more charming than usual when it is ruffled. These little curls about your neck are like waves of gold, only they are a thousand times more beautiful the gold." tiful than gold. You must remember, darling, how long it is since I saw you last. It is twenty-why, it's twenty-

one hours."
Isobel Masters glanced at the clock

on the mantelpiece.
"You are wrong, sir," she cried, laughing. "It is exactly twenty-two hours now. And, by the way," she added, "you are late tonight. Were added, "you are late tonight. Were you very busy at the office?" Hinde's face fell. "Sit down, darling," he said grave-

. "I have something to tell you." Isobel's airy manuer disappeared in moment.

"Is there anything wrong, dear?" she asked, as Dick led her to a chair

and sat down beside her.
"Yes, there is something wrong,"
he replied, and then he related the
events of the afternoon. The girl listened intently to his

story, her bright young face growing serious as he proceeded.
"And now," he concluded, "I may

as well look out for another situation at once. I expect my dismissal soon as I go in tomorrow morning. is hard, indeed, is it not, especially when we were looking forward to being married so soon?"

Oh! my own love!" cried Isobel, kissing him tenderly on the forehead, "you have made me so happy." Her eyes filled with tears, but they were tears of joy. "It is hard, and yet it is not hard. You could not have done otherwise, and you know, Dick, we can wait. Better so than that you should do what is not right." She smiled bravely, and as Dick took her to his heart without a word, she said,

gayly:
"I am not jealous of Miss Honor. I hope you will always love her more than me."

Next morning Hinde was at his desk punctually at 9 o'clock, and as he got out his papers his face was calm and his greeting to Fraser cheerful. His pulse was beating fast, however, and he sat down to the translation of a catalogue into Portuguese, expecting every moment to hear the bell summon to an interview with the senior partner of the firm.

The bell did not ring, but about 10

o'clock Bunting came out of his room and walked down the office to Hinde's

An hour later Hinde was sitting in brusquely, passing on to the next desk, When Hinde entered the senior

partner's room that gentleman was seated at a desk absolutely bare of all papers save the cablegram that had arrived the previous day. Mr. Coleman was the son of the founder of the firm and a man of about 45. He came little into contact with the general office staff, as most of his orders were fice staff, as most of his orders were conveyed through Bunting, and he made it a rule not to interfere with his manager's arrangements. His manner was sharp and decisive, but the clerks who had been in the employment of the firm for some time had a great respect for him as an upright and fair-dealing man of business.

dealing man of business.

What's this Mr. Bunting tells me about the cable from Alvargonzalez?" he asked. "You refused last night to translate and send off my reply, I understand?

erstand?"
"Yes, sir, I did."
"And why, pray?"
"Because it was not true."
"You speak boldly, Mr. Hinde. Do

you not consider it your duty to obey the orders given you by the firm's manager?"
"Not in all circumstances, sir.

"Then, do I understand you still persist in your refusal?"

persist in your refusal?"
"I must, sir. I cannot do otherwise," said Hinde, firmly.
"Then I presume you are prepared to accept the consequences?" demanded Mr. Coleman.
"I am, sir."
Mr. Coleman up to this point had regarded Hinde sternly, and the young man had met his gaze fearlessly. Now there was silence between them for nearly a minute, while the senior for nearly a minute, while the senior partner bent over his desk and seemed to be studying the cablegram closely.

Suddenly he looked up.
"How long have you been with us?"

"Five years last month, sir."
"Ah! What is your salary now?"
"Two hundred and twenty pounds

per annum,"

"That's pretty good for a young
"That's pretty good for a young
of your age, Mr. Hinde. I supman of your age, Mr. Hinde. I suppose you're only about 28?"
"Not so much, sir. I was 25 last

birthday.

"Indeed! so young? You look older. Then you still adhere to this line of

Then you still adhere to this line of conduct, eh?"

"I do," was Hinde's reply, as he wondered to himself how long this badgering was going to last.

"Well," said Mr. Coleman, "by your action you will lose this good salary." He paused; then rising from his chair, he went forward to the young man.

young man. "You will lose it," he continued, "but you will gain a larger one. I shall give instructions to the cashier that from the first of last month you are to be paid at the rate of £260 per

"Shake hands, Mr. Hinde,"he said. cordially. "I am glad to think our firm has the privilege of being served by a man of your principle, and I hope we shall long retain your services. I was just leaving last night when Mr. Bunting brought in that wire, and in goods had left, although he now says that what he told me was that the order was completed. You will pardon me for putting you to a further test

this morning."
Hinde took the outstretched hand of the senior partner, and confusedly began to try to express his feelings. The unexpectedness of the turn that events had taken was too much for him, however, and he could only stammer forth his thanks. "There! there!" said Mr. Coleman,

laying a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"By the way, I heard casually the other day that you were thinking of getting married soon. Remember that I shall expect to be invited to the wedding."

Marvellous Gift of a Blind Boy

Mason City, Iowa, has produced a wonderful musical prodigy in the per-son of little Cecil Emsley Gale, a 4-year-old child who was born totally blind. Cecil has never taken a lesson in music, but when he was but 16 months old he began to pick out harmonious chords upon the piano. Be-fore he was 2 years old he startled his parents by playing through with-out a mistake "A Hot Time in the Old Town." Almost simultaneously with his first achievement he began to play many popular airs and hymns. If he hears a selection once, whether vocal or instrumental, he reproduces i the piano. He now plays 60 different hymns and songs, and has never had a hint or suggestion from an instructor or his parents. What he does he doe by instinct; the rhythm of his child ish soul directs the tiny fingers and they glide gracefully over the key-board, producing perfect harmony, while the handsome little fellow prattles on about his dog and toys, appar ently unconscious of the music.

Many musicians have visited the Many musicians have visited the home of the child genius to see and hear him play, and many have begged for the privilege of training him. Others have sought the consent of his parents to make a tour with him. But his parents are carefully harboring his strength for the future, when they will give him every opportunity to de velop his remarkable genius. If his present power is at all prophetic he will become one of the musical marvels of the age.—Chicago Times-Hervels of the age. - Chicago Times-Her

Driftwood as Fuel.
Ocean driftwood is quite the fad for ocean driftwood is quite the fad for use as fuel in open fireplaces. It is impregnated with copper and ocean salts, and when burned gives out the most brilliant colored finmes. It is asserted that a New Be Iford dealer has orders for the wood from all parts of the country, and even from Europe, and ships hundreds of barrels of it yearly. Various attempts have been made to imitate this wood ly artificial processes, but without the state of th been made to imitate this wood ly artificial processes, but without success.

Long submersion to the sea water is necessary to produce the brilliant flames.—Philadelphia Record.

DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED

Subject: Religious Creeds-A Plea For the Doing Away With the Dogunatics and For the Substituting of a Creed Founded on Faith in Christ.

[Copyright 1900.]

was and somewhat histerly previous of the and street many the control of the cont

aew one.

It is impossible that people who lived nundreds of years ago should fashion an appropriate creed for our times. John Calvin was a great and good man, but he died 336 years ago. I could call the names of twenty living Presbyterian ministers of religion who could make a better creed than John Calvin. The nineteenth century ought not to be called to sit at the feet of the sixteenth.

ought not to be called to sit at the feet of the sixteenth.

"But," you say, "it is the same old Bible, and John Caivin had that as well as the present student of the Scriptures." Yes; so it is the same old sun in the heavens, but in our time it has gone to making daguorreotypes and photographs. It is the same old water, but in our century it has gone to running steam engines. It is the same old electricity, but in our time it has become a lightning footed errand boy. So it is the old Bible, but new applications, new uses, new interpretations. You must remember that during the last 300 years words have changed their meaning, and some of them now mean more and some less.

I do not think that John Calvin believed, as some say Le did, in the damnation of infants, aithough some of the recent hot dis-

putes would seem to imply that there is such a thing as the damnation of infants. A man who believes in the damnation of infants himself deserves to lose heaven. I do not think any good man could admit such a possibility. What Christ will do with all the babies in the next world I conclude from what He did with the babies in Palestine when He hugged them and kissed them.

clude from what He did with the babies in Palestine when He hugged them and kissed them.

When some of you grown people go out of this world, your doubtful destiny will be an embarrassment to ministers officiating at your obsequies, who will have to be cautious so as not to hurt surviving friends. But when the darling children go there are no "ifs" or "buts" or guesses.

We must remember that good John Calvin was a logician and a metaphysician and by the proclivities of his nature put some things in an unfortunate way. Logic has its use, and metaphysics has its use, but they are not good at making creeds.

What a time we have had with the dogmatics, the apologetics and the hermeneutics! The defect in some of the creeds is that they try to tell us all about the decrees of God. Now, the only human being that was ever competent to handle that subject was Paul, and he would not have been competent had he not been inspired. I believe in man's free agency, but no one can harmonize the two. It is not necessary that we harmonize them.

Every sermon that I have ever heard that attempted such harmonize them.

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Every sermon that I have ever heard that attempted such harmonize them.

Every sermon that I have ever heard that attempted such harmonization was to me as clear as a London fog, as cleur as mud. My brother of the nineteenth century, give us Paul's statement and leave out your own.

Better one chapter of Paul on that subject than all of Calvin's institutes, able and honest and mighty as they are. Do not try to measure either thethrone of God or the thunderbolts of God with your little steel pen.

What do you know about the decrees? You cannot nev open the door of God's

landed as easily as I extered this pulpit. Well, your fears have pletured for you an appailing arrival at the end of your voyage of life, and they say that the seas will run high and that the breakers will swallow you up, or that if you reach Canaan at all it will be a very rough landing.

The very opposite will be true if you have the eternal God for your portion. Your disembarkation for the promised land will be as smooth as was ours at Palestine. Christ will meet you far out at sea and pilot you into complete safety, and you will land with a hosanna on one side of you and a hallelulah on the other.

"Land abond!" Its fruits are waying

"Land ahead!" Its fruits are waving O'er the hill of fadeless green And the living waters laving Shores where heavenly forms are seen

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more When on that eternal shore. Drop the anchor, furl the saill I am safe within the veil!

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Hard Cider-in Episode Which Reveals the Utter Heartlessness of the Average Rum Seller—Opened His Bar to a Drunken Man Despite a Wife's Pica.

What alls that man? He walks with a swagger
So very pronounced it is almost a stagger; Now, that he is tipsy don't ever be thinking. For how can that be when he's only been drinking

What makes him sullen, so savage, and

And for words of profanity ne'er at a loss?
And for words of profanity ne'er at a loss?
What makes his breath so offensive and strong?
He doesn't drink anything all day long
But hard elder.

What makes his face such a cardinal red?
Suggesting the thought that he ought to be bled;
His eyes look exactly like ripe meion seeds, And to cure all these aliments it must be he needs

More hard cider.

A Typical Saloon Keeper. A Typical Saloon Keeper.

No one will accuse the Post-Standard, of Syracuse, N. Y., with being an organ of any temperance society, hence we give the following story as related by one of its staff a piace in our columns:

"Don't drink anything more to-night. Please don't."

"Stop your infernal whining and come along. I guess I know when I've had anough."

It was 1 o'clock in the morning, cold and stormy. A young woman, bare-hoaded.

anough."

It was 1 o'clock in the morning, cold and stormy. A young woman, bars-hoaded, thinly clad and shivering inside a ragged blanket shawl that was thrown over her salice dress clung to the arm of a big, hulking fellow, evidently her husband, who made his way unsteadily toward a bunch of saloons not far from the heart of the city.

The words recorded above and a rough shake of the slight girl whom he held firmly by the shoulder were the man's answer to her tearful pleuding. He staggering, she beseeching him to return, they passed the flation corner of the block at the intersection of — and Genesee streets, neither observing a silent figure muffled to the chin in a warm ulster, that stood in the shadow of the building watching them. This man was the proprietor of one of the saloons. He stood still until he saw the pair halt before the door of his place, which had just been closed for the night.

A late pedestrian who had observed all three approached. The saloon keeper, whom he knew by sight, remarked casually:

"There's trade headed for my place. I'll have to go over and open up."

Still the distracted woman's pleadings

"There's trade headed for my place. I'll have to go over and open up."
Still the distracted woman's pleadings and the man's churlish replies could be heard, but it made no difference to the sation keeper. Soon a light was burning over his bur.

The late pedestrian heard the sound of a scuffle, the saloon door swung open and the girl, crying as if her heart would break, burst out of the place, disheveied, and ran up the street. After a little the light in the saloon went out, the intoxicated man emerged, staggering more than letore. Then the saloon keeper also came out, locked the door, buttoned his warm uister up to his chin and with a satisfied and contented air started toward home.

Driven to Blindness by Drink.

Driven to Blindness by Drink.

Thomas Ward, the Yale graduate, who was told by several Camden (N. J.) physicians that, unless he stopped drinking, he would become blind, has been unable to withstand temptation. Regardless of the result to his eyes, he became drunk again and lay all night in the city jail.

Ward, while drunk, became involved in a flight, and received a blow under the eye which cut a big gash in his cheek. He felt to the floor and the wound was filled with lirt. Inflammation set in and the sight was almost destroyed. He was told that if he frank before the wound healed there would be no help for him.

Ward is a well educated man, having been graduated from the Yale law school. While in college he drank heavily, and after he left school he went from bad to worse. He was full of remorse as he lay in his ceil. But he has lost all hope and all belief in himself. "It is no use," he said, "The appetite for drink is too strong for me. I could not give it up. I began odrink while I was in college, and, unconscious of the evil which would result, recated an appetite which has become my master. When I first began to practice I and brilliant prospects, but my liking for Irink destroyed them all.

"It may be that I shall become blind, as the doctors said I would, but I do not care any more. I am worthless, and the Heart.

Alcohol, the Skin, and the Heart.

Alcohol, the Skin, and the Heart.
A party of Americans in crossing Sierra
Nevada encamped at a spot above the snow
line. Some of them took a good deal of
spirits before going to sleep, and they lay
lown warm and happy; some took a modarate quantity, and they lay down somewhat but not very cold; others took none
at all, and they lay down very cold and
miserable. Next morning, however, those
who had taken no spirits got up feeling
juits well; those who had taken a little
got up feeling cold and wretched, those
who had taken a great deal did not get up
at all; they had perished from cold during
the night. Those who took no alcohol
kept their hearts warm at the expense of
their skin, and they remained well; those
who took much warmed their skin at the
expense of their hearts, and they died.—
Dr. Carter.

Sale of Brandy Drops Stopped.

Sale of Brandy Drops Stopped.

The sale of candy, with the innocent outside appearance of an ordinary chocolate drop, but containing, it is said, brandy, in stores in the neighborhood of Public School 57. Lee avenue and Van Brunt street, Brooklyn, has aroused the activities of the W. C. T. U. A crusade against the sale of these brandy drops has just been successfully finished, and no longer is this particular brand of confectionery allowed to be sold in the vicinity of that school. It is said that the sale of the brandy drops was stopped by two of the seventy-two special deputy shoriffs appointed by Sheriff Walton at the request of the W. C. T. U. and other allied organizations. The shopkeepers have sent the candy back to the wholesale dealers.

Drink Stays More Than Battle.

Drink Stays More Than Battle.
Under the present law the consumption of spirituous liquors in the Philippines is a new and growing business. One of our contemporaries says: 'It is probably not untruthful to say of the deaths of the brave boys who have gone there from homes in every State of the Union, one-haif, excepting those killed in battle, have been from the use of intoxicating drinks taken in United States under the protection of the American flag."—The Evangelist, New York.

The liquor devil is the same old devil. Wine has drowned more men than water.

The Society of Total Abstainers, just formed in Vienna, is the first ever established in Austria.

Under the "Indiana plan," thirteen paid "evangelists" are devoting their entire time to prohibition party work in the Hoosier State.

The Board of Aldermen of Kenosha, Wis., recently passed an ordinance compelling saloonkeepers to post in their saloons a list of the known habitual drunkards of the town, to whom no intoxicating liquors must be sold under any circumstances.