LITTLE WHILE.

It is so natural that we fall asleep
Like tired children when the day is done.

That I would question why the living weep en death has kissed the laughing

lips of one. We do not sigh when golden skies have

donned.

The purple shadows and the gray of night, Because we know the morning lies beyond, d we must wait a little while for

so when, grown weary with the care and strife,
Our loved ones find in sleep the peace they crave.
We should not weep, but learn to count this life
A prelude to the one beyond the grave;
And thus be happy for them, not distressed.
But lift our hearts with love to God, and smile,
And we, anon, like tired ones will rest,
If we will hope and wait—a little while.

-Ella Bentley.

Personananananananananan KENNEDY.

BY ANNABEL DWIGHT.

********* A pretty cove making in from the ocean, a strip of white sand, and some gray cliffs for a background; and such a bright, breezy morning! cool waves leaped joyously in the June sunshine, and caught a thousand glit-

tering rays in the golden light.

Kennedy was just pushing off for the yacht, as Beatrice Grant, accompanied by her friend, Miss Lizzie Fulton, came down to the pier.

Kennedy was the new skipper. The last one, Dawson, had been discharged for drunkenness, and this man put in his place. Kennedy was dark and handsome, of

magnificent build, and had a decidedly picturesque look, in his red shirt and white straw hat.

Beatrice, who was quite an artist, looked at him appprovingly with her great, calm, innocent eyes, as, seeing that she wished to speak with him, he brought his boat about, and stepped

out upon the pier.
"Is the Spray nearly ready, Kennedy?" she asked, graciously. "Our party arrived today, and papa says we are only waiting now for you and the wind," a little smile revealed the tips of her white teeth.

'If the wind is fair, we can start tomorrow, Miss Beatrice," said Kennedy, with an answering smile, which held an underlook of tenderness, as his gaze rested upon the girl's fair face.

"Very well," she returned, in calm unconsciousness that the skipper had presumed to admire her. She turned away, and as she did so, darned gray silk glove fell upon the

Lizzle Fulton who was rather nearsighted looking back, whispered hur-

riedly to Beatrice:
"I believe that man has picked up
four glove."

Beatrice turned back.

Kennedy was standing quietly, with folded arms, looking after her. "Kennedy," with a sort of cold state-

liness, "did you pick up my glove?"
"Your glove, Miss Beatrice?" "Your glove, Miss Beatrice said, imperturbably. "Oh no!"

And then, as the young ladies moved on, he threw himself once more into the boat, and pulled swiftly for the Spray, riding gracefully at anchor Spray, riding g just off the shore.

Once on the deck of the dainty yacht, he drew from an inner pocket or his loosened shirt 2 small, crumpled, gray glove. This he smoothed gently in his strong brown palm, tenderness and amusement both struggling in the

smile which crept into his hazel eyes. "A proud little lady," he said softly, as he put the glove back again. It was a jolly party which left Grant Ledge on the following morning.

for a cruise along the Atlantic coast. Grant was the reputed posse

of a handsome fortune; and his moth r less daughter, lovely, talented, and just 19 had invited most of her own particular set, with one or two elderly ladies, for propriety's sake, and now they were off for a month or two of delightful sailing.
Among the party there were one or

two would-be lovers of the girl, and occasionally, to escape their sentimen-tal speeches, she would find Kennedy, talk to him about the weather, the course of the yacht, etc., and Kennedy, thoroughly understanding her maneuvers, would aid her with her maneuvers, would aid her with only half-repressed amusement in his

But one time, as she approached the heel where he was standing a lurch of the vessel threw her forward, and brushed his lips lightly over the bright brown waves of her hair. A delicate bright color flooded her cheeks instant and the small head crested itself

with the stateliness of a queen.
"Kennedy." she cried, indignantly: 'you forget yourself! How dare you

Kennedy's dark face smiled down at her with a conscious strength and manliness.

Miss Bee, if I cared to," he said, caln

"You must not call me Miss Bee," the girl corrected, haughtily, fire flashing from her clear brown eyes; "that name is only for the friends in my own station. And do not smile at m in that way, Kennedy! Your very look

is presumptuous."
Kennedy bit his smiling lips under his heavy moustache, and turned his gaze seaward.

gaze seaward.
"Miss Beatrice," he said gently; "you are a very fortunate lady, as proud as

you are happy. Pray heaven that you may always rule as royally in your kingdom as you do now. You think me presumptuous. Your father's skipper daring to touch a tress of your lovely hair! I am quite innocent of pre-sumption. Except in a pecuniary way, I am the peer of any man on this vessel. Proud as you may be, my little queen, Kennedy dares to love you with a love

that will never die!" Turning his eyes once more upon her, he saw that she was trembling, and that she seemed powerless to move, with her wide eyes fixed upon him in a

sort of fascination.

The night breeze was blowing up cool. Kennedy let the wheel slip about, and taking a wrap from the seat,

folded it def'y about her.
"There!" he said soothingly. "It is cold here; go back to your friends. Kennedy will trouble you no moredo not fear."

And he returned to his post, again looking toward the slender fig-ure which moved slowly away from him.

The next day Beatrice, with a great assumption of carelessness, inquired of her father where he had found Ken-

nedy, and who the skipper was.
"Why, I thought you knew," was
the ready response. "Kennedy is the the ready response. "Kennedy is the son of old Lady Kennedy, down at Birch Landing, two miles below our place. She is a reduced gentlewoman, and her son is a fine fellow—very much above his present position. He was a wild boy, however; ran away to sea, and learned navigation in a hard school. He might have sailed master of a large steamer to China, but his mother, to whom he is quite devoted, is growing old and feeble, and he would not leave her, although he could find no employment suited to his capacity. He applied for Dawson's place, and I was glad enough to get him, for he is a thoroughly good sail-

Beatrice was very quiet all the rest of that day, and watched Kennedy shyly from the corner of her long-lashed eyes. But to all appearance, he had quite forgotten the little episode of the preceding night, meeting some chance remark of hers with a gravely respectful salute, and immediately ter requesting her in the most matter of fact manner to step aside, as the great boom swung about.

There were no more cozy chats with Kennedy. Beatrice was angry with herself to find that she missed them, for the man could be a most delightful and entertaining companion.

Somehow his passionate words, so different from any she had ever listened to, haunted Beatrice. The sense-less compliments of the young gentlemen on board the yacht wearied her, Kennedy had told her wonderful stories of the sea and strange countries. She longed to be again on the old, pleasant footing with him, but she was too proud.

At last, when they were nearing home, came a terrible gale, when the heavens were black above them and the sea black beneath, and all pandemonium seemed to be let loose, as the storm shricked about them.

Beatrice, half dead with terror, felt the Spray grash upon rocks, and was conscious presently of Kennedy's voice in her ear, and Kennedy's strong arms bearing her across the deck.

She clung close to him, not too proud now to hide her wild, white face

against the coarse blouse.
"The others first," she said, when she became conscious that he was making preparations to send her ashore in one of the boats with the

rest of the party.
So she remained with her father and Kennedy. Then a line was rigged to help them over.

"You go first Mr. Grant." said the skipper, "and I will bring Beatrice. Go." he insisted, gently, as the old man hesitated; "I will surely bring Beatrice," and he smiled a strangely grand, fearless smile into the father's

eyes as he drew the girl toward him.
"Yes, papa," said Bentrice, "Do not fear: I know Kennedy will save me." She clasped her hands about the man's neck, and stood so, looking back at her father as he swung himself over the side of the vessel.

And Kennedy did save her. They in his arms, but alive and unharmed They were all saved, and a week

later saw them in their own home. Beatrice was quite ill for a day or wo, but when she was able to come down stairs, she sent for Kenendy

He came in, dark and handsome in his splendid young manhood, and smiled at the slender figure in its white wrapper.

ask your forgiveness for my foolish treatment of you. Papa," laying a white hand on her father's coatsleeve. "you told me not long since, to choose husband. I have chosen!" and sh made a swift gesture toward Kennedy

'Rless my soul!" cried papa Grant laughing a little, and growing very red in the face, "perhaps Kennedy doesn't choose you!"

"Mr. Grant," said Kennedy, framing the girl's sweet face in his strong, warm hands, and kissing, tenderly and reverently the drooping white lids and the red lips. "I love her, and I do choose her above all other women. I would give my life to make her happy." Not a word about his poverty and

her riches to cringing semblance of self-destruction. Kennedy was quite as proud in his way as Beatrice herself,

Well, well," said Mr. Grant, wini deserve her, if anybody does, Kennedy, You saved her life. Be good to her, Kennedy, if you don't want me to make your life a burden to you?" Kennedy smiled, without an answer,

and took a crumpled glove from his

"I couldn't help it." he declared as Beatrice caught it from him with a little stamp of her dainty foot. "I couldn't, and wouldn't, have given up that precious little glove if my life depended upon it!"

And he kissed her again with an

audacity that was refreshing to be-hold.--Saturday Night.

KNAPSACKS OF MANY NATIONS.

English Soldiers' the Lightest Because They Kely More Upon Transports.

When the Germans heard of the re cent enormous casualty list on the fatal Aldershot field day, about which official inquiry has been held, there was much self-complacent head-wagging and many unkind things were

said regarding the stamina and marching capacity of Thomas Atkins. As a matter of fact, any body of under indentical conditions would have had an equal casualty list; but the Germans do not realize these conditions, because in their maneuvers they, and indeed all the crack continental armies, without doubt, "do these things better." But the Germans can march and so can the Frenchmen and Russians, and, moreover, the two former in "marching order" carry a bigger load on their backs than the Brit-ish soldier. Marching with them is ish soldier. Marching with them is an important accomplishment, and one

not to be taken for granted. The German recruit, after he has had his parade-drill ground thoroughly into him, is taken out to stretch his legs. First, he marches in uniform only, then he is given a rifle to carry, next his knapsack and so on until his march-

ing order is at full weight. During all this the distances are being gradually lengthened, and finally the pace is increased. When trained he is going his 20 miles regularly twice week, and he may be called upon to do a 30 mile march occasionally, and, fit as he is, he accomplishes it "on his

That Tommy Atkins can march, too, nobody will deny, but when compar-ing his comparatively spasmodic pedestrian efforts with those of the foreigner, general conditions must be taken into account and here he does not, as a rule, compare too favorably except after a fortnight or less in the field.

Then, again, though some of our authorities differ on the point, he must have a breakfast to march upon, and a small amount of food every five hours or so, and an occasional mouthful of water to wash the dust at of his throat.

They get all these things on the con-

tinental maneuvers, as a matter of course. In ours it is not always soin fact, an officer writing from the front has said that so far as hard-ships and lack of food are concerned, the Transvaal is a paradise compared to Salisbury Plain as it formerly was.

The continental soldier carries a heavier kit on his back than the British soldier because he relies less upon his transport, and no matter where the baggage train is he can always pitch his tent at night and roll him-

elf up in his blanket.

When in heavy marching order Tommy Atkins carries a coat and cape, mess tin (comprising plate, frying pan and kettle), a valise holding spare uniand kettle), a value holding spare uni-form, shirts, socks, boots, brushes, etc., a canvas haversack for small articles and a water bottle. Th's weighs complete, with rifle, pouches, bayonet and 100 rounds of amnunition 66 pounds.

The German is provided with a

great coat, one blanket and good sheet, a quarter of a tent and pole, a mess tin (which for the present is also his water bottle) and an axe. His valise contains a spare pair of boots, three pairs of socks or foot rags if he is a Bavarian), spare uniform and fatigue dress brushes etc. The whole equip-ment, with bayonet, rifle, and 150 rounds of ball cartridge, weighs 72

The Frenchman carries much the same, including tent section and blanket, but no waterproof sheet or haver-sack. The company cooking pots are divided up among the men. A drink-ing cup and spade completes his rig-out, which weighs, with rifle, bayonet and 110 rounds of ammunition, 72 pounds.

The Russian carries only 68 pounds of kit, but then he has no blanket or waterproof sheet. He is only bur-dened with 75 rounds of ammunition, which is fastened about him in somewhat clumsy fashion.

So far as food is concerned the redcoat, for all the millions that are spent on him, really fares worse than With them his conscript comrades. With the biscuit and coffee or chocolate at m. is the rule. Dinner is at 12, d consists and this is on maneuvers, too-of soup, meat, salad and beer for the Germans, and one pint of wine per man for the French. At 6.30 is a supper of cold meat, salad bread and cheese and more wine and beer. The Russian menu is varied with salt fish, but he fares well on the whole.—London Express.

There is a general impression that all lace curtains are imported, but it all lace curtains are imported, but it has been stated recently by a dealer that 4.500,000 pairs of curtains are made annually by the dozen large mills now operating in the United States. It is only within 15 years, however, that this has become the case, the first mill having been opened in 1885 in this state. It was thought 1885 in this state. It was thought at first that the lace produced here could not equal the English in quality. but in a few years the American manufacturers were making lace cur-tains of as fine quality as the import-ed.—New York Tribune.



Many people have wondered why it | Milch Cows . . is that, while the Republican party selects men of affairs from the great manufacturing and agricultural States of the Union to manage its Presidential campaign, the Democratic party selects a man like Senator Jones, from State like Arkansas, to be the head of its National Campaign Committee.

Senator Jones was once a slave ownr, and dealt in human flesh and blood. When abroad among his slaves with his old blacksnake whip he acquired some experience relative to "imperialism" and the 'consent of the His conscientious regard the "preservation of the liberties" of the people was so great that his deep concern over the liberties of the Filipines is only excelled by admiration of the way that his dear friend Aguinaldo and his Tagal associates treat the other tribes of the Philippines and hold them in subjection.

But Senator Jones's principal quali-fication to head the Democratic national campaign of calamity, and which undoubtedly led to his selection as Chairman, is that he comes from a Southern State, and also that while all the other Southern States are progressing in agricultural wealth, his State is steadily retrograding.

Arkansas not only has a greater number of illiterate people, according to population, and fewer savings banks than any other State, but it is steadily losing in wealth. The following figures given out by the United States Department of Agriculture, Division of Statistics, relative to the number and value of farm animals of the United States is interesting, in view of Senator Jones's deep interest in calamity. Bear in mind that Ar kansas is an agricultural State.

Comparison is made between the last year of the Cleveland Administration and the last year of President McKinley's present Administration, and it the values of the farmers' sessions in stock. Swine are omitted because there are no figures given:

	Jan. 1, 1896.	Jan. 1. 1900.
ses	\$7,719,845	\$7.817.264
es	6,313,361	6,348,660

derfully increasing, it is seen why calamity and disaster to American industries, to progress and to prosperity. He is the fitting representative of the

COVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S ADDRESS.

Men who love our Empire State! Men who'd make it grand and great! Rally all your power and might, And charge your vilest enemy.

"Now's the day and now's the hour; See the front of battle lower!" See advance Dick Croker's power-His sharps in all chicanery!

Who for honor, truth and law, Will help to clip the Tiger's claw? Help to smash his cruel jaw comrades, all, press on with me.

How did Croker gain his gold-Millions, that have ne'er been told' Truth gives answer, stern and cold-Not by honest industry.

His blackmail from the good and bad! His "ICE TRUST" that is worse than

Have made him strong in race-course With Bri ain's fast nobility.

And this, my friends, is Bryan's man, Chief "gold bug" of his motley clan! Dictator, too—with fiercest clan, He rules our State Democracy.

Lay this chief of rawdle low-This horsey, sporting, crafty foe. Vote for men who're all aglow With sturdy sense and honesty.

Men prompt to act at duty's call-Who'll do the right though the heav ens fail— Men hated by old Tam'ny Hall,

And all its crooked deviltry! ZENAS C. RGBBINS. LENDING MONEY TO EUROPE.

Result of the Gold Standard and Protec tion to American Industries "et of half the new Issue

British exchequer bonds (825,000,000) being taken in this country ought to eing taken in this country ought to e one of the last nails in the coffin of sixteen to one. Four years ago Bryan constantly as-

serted that the certain effect of the gold standard would be to render this country a permanent debtor nation to Europe While Republicans denied this none of their presumed to say that when anothe. Presidential election rolls around money would be as plentiful in this country as it now is, and so cheap that half of a war-loan of the British Government would Things move raplety. It is onl. five belongs to Miss Furniss, of New York.

244.662 Sheep Total \$22,473.24 · \$21,409.583

4,388,084

3,235,910

Other Cattle ...

Thus, in four years, while the United States has prospered and grown in agricultural wealth, Senator Jones's State has gone backward to the ex tent of \$1,063,662. It is to be regret ed that no figures on swine are given for 1900. But as the value of swine in Arkansas, according to the Department of Agriculture, for 1893 was \$4,689,967, and in 1897 had fallen to \$3,196,861, there is no doubt that the omission of the figures for 1900 is a charity to Senator Jones's State.

On January 1, 1896, there were 235, 613 horses in Arkansas; on January 1, 1900, there were but 234,127. On January 1, 1896, there were 145,519 mules in Arkansas; on January 1, 1900, only 142,594. On January 1, 1896, there were 295,827 milch cows in Arkansas; on January 1, 1900, they had de-creased to 230,486. On January 1, 1896, Arkansas had 188,972 sheep; on January 1, 1900, there were only 108,

It is well to remark here in passing that on January 1, 1896, the value of milch cows in Ohio was \$18,420,227, and January 1, 1900, the value was \$25,224,330, and the number had increased from 759,597 to 789,939. It sheep Ohio had, January 1, 1896, 2,754. In 613, valued at \$5,247,538, and on January 1, 1900, she had 2,839,690 sheep valued at \$10,535,250. The total value of horses, mules, mileh cows, other catle and sheep in Ohio, January 1, 1896, was \$68.382.151. On January 1, 1900, it was \$92,664,466, a gain of over

Looking at the above figures, seeing Arkansas, first in illiteracy, lowest in savings banks, steadily going backward in agricultural wealth, while every other Southern State is won-Senator Jones of that State was selected above all others to lead in the Democratic Presidential campaign of

tion at Washington had to raise a gold loan of \$62,000,000 to protect the gold reserve in the Treasury, drawing one-half from abroad. President Cleveland then sold at 104% bonds which to-day,

after five years have passed, are quoted at 132. To complete this remarkable contrast, our wo per cents command 100, while the British bonds sold in New

York at 98, although they will yield 3% per cent. Of course there are other points to be considered, such as the longer time

of our bonds, and their availability as a basis for the circulation of national banks which gives them a special value to these institutions. But when full allowance is made for all these features the wonderful growth American credit and resources stand out equally clear whether compared with those of England or with our own condition five years ago.

tion over the recent shipment of gold to Europe. We have plenty of idle money and to spare, and after this \$25,000,000 goes to England we will be a volume of circulatng medium that we had a year ago. Saying nothing of the increased coin-

are under the refunding act some \$80,000,000 of bank notes have been put out, and they are equal to gold so long as the standard is maintained. If Russia wants to come here for half her proposed loan our banks can sup pay her, and still have much ich

money on hand. This fortunate condition is not the of our adherence to the gold standard alone, but is owing also to the protective tariff and the big surplus of exports. Yet our position as a creditor could not have been brought about if the people had not declared strongly against free silver four year

Some Valuable Fans.

tion of fans painted with scenes from all of Wagner's operas, and one of which are the signatures of all the diplomats who attended some famou congress held at Berlin. Countess Oriola has the most valuable auto-graph fan in the world: It has the au-tograpas of all the royal family and Berlin court, including those o A fan was painted to commemorate the signing of the treaty of Utrecht,

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Man Was Brought to Realize It Was Time to Stop Drinking—What a Little Wholesome Advice Will Do.

Time to Stop Drinking—What a Little Wholesome Advice Will Do.

"I think," said a successful business man, "that most young men get into the drinking habit before they know it, or, rather, realize how far they have gone. In some instances they are born in it, but, thank heaven, that kind are in the minority. I know how it was in my case. Up to the time I was twenty-five I had trained with a fast lot of young fellows, and we all drank more than was good for us. I had a fine place in a firm, the same one, by the way, of which I am now at the head, and the head of the house was a man of just the kind of horse sense all men ought to be who have the business of training young men in their keeping. I did not neglect my business, and had been receiving promotions right along, and when my friends suggested that I was drinking too much, and that it would finally get me down, I laughed at them, and took my drinks just the same. I sincerely thought they didn't know what they were talking about, and I did not think the liquor was hurting me or that I couldn't let it alone when I wanted to. My older brother talked to me on several occasions, and I alughed at him, and called his attention to the fact that I had been promoted three times in the last two years, and if the liquor was doing for me what he said it would dray it quick enough if it were injuring me.

"One day the head of the house called me into his office and told me here."

what he said it would that could not have happened. I believed it thoroughly, too, and felt that I would drop it quick enough if it were injuring me.

"One day the head of the house called me into his office and told me he was afraid I was getting too fond of liquor. I laughed at him, too, in a very respectful manner, however, and told him they were all mistaken, and that I really felt no bad effects, and could stop at any time I thought I ought to, and a lot more of the same old argument used by every young man who is beginning.

"Thu's all right, my boy, said Mr. B., "but I tell you bow much barm it is doing you so much harm that if I hear of your getting under the influence again or of visiting the saloons as you have been doing I shall ask for your immediate resignation. I can see more than you can, and still I may be mistaken, and you may be all right. However, I shall give the house the benefit of the doubt, and get a man to take your place who does not drink."

"Then for the first time I realized that I was being injured, and the realization was direct and positive. It couldn't be laughed off, and though Mr. B. might be mistaken, as I thought the others were, it was not going to do me any good, so I resolved to do what I always said I could do if I wanted to—quit. I didn't have any serious trouble in quitting, either, for I was young and the habit wasn't formed. All I needed was a realizing sense, and I got it in a way that has lasted to this day. I talk to my young men in the same way, and I haven't a man in my employ who drinks enough for me to know it, though some of them may take a drink occasionally."—Washington Star.

Not For Sale.

Not For Sale.

Not For Sale.

A young minister, on going to a new church last spring, was informed by the official brethren that his salary would be \$1000, and that as every summer a whole-sale liquor dealer visited the town with his family and paid regularly \$50 for a pew in the church, it would be policy for the minister to touch the liquor question gently, to avoid giving offence. The reply of the young man was:

"Take \$50 off my sairy, for 1 want to get a shot at that pew."

Soon after he fired his first "shot," but the recoil of the gun was not so bad as had been anticipated, for the liquor dealer, pleased with the young man's courage, doubled his subscription, making it \$100 instead of \$50. Whether he did this to relieve his conscience or to quiet the minister we cannot say, but we are strongly of the opinion that the safest thing a preacher of the gospel can do is to tell the truth; and if there is any man who needs plain preaching at the present day it is the man who deals in intoxicating drink and then hires a seat and comes to church to hear what the minister has to say about it. A man who fails to tell the truth in the day of judgment that he has something more serious to face than the wrath of a runseller or the loss of his subscription.

An Old Temperance Fledge. years since a Democratic Administra-

An Old Temperance Pledge.

An Old Temperance Pledge.

Perhaps it may not be generally known that twelve former Presidents of the United States, at the earnest solicitation of Edward Cornelius Delavan, of New York, appended their names to the following "temperance declaration":

"Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirits and drink is not only needless, but hurtful, and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction that, should the people of the United States, and especially the young men, discountenance cutirely the use of it, they would not only promote their personal benefit, but the good of our country and the world."

The Presidents so signing were: Andrew Jackson, James Madison, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, John Myler, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, and Andrew Johnson.

Drunken Crews.

"Terrible" is not too strong a word to apply to the indictment which the Cape Times levels against some of the crews that leave Cape Town, for is it not a "terrible" reflection that the scores of steamships that leave Table Bay every week, some with many hundreds of passengers, are manned by crews of whom a large percentage are at the beginning of the voyage wholly incapacitated by drink from performing in a seamanlike way the duties which the perilous nature of their calling impose upon them? "Yet such is the experience of most of the commanders who trade to Table Bay. Indeed, in this respect," says the Times, "Cape Town bears the worst reputation of any port in South Africa."

The statement of a French journalist that unless the evil of dram drinking is stamped out in another twenty years France will be given over to delirium tremens, and will be nothing but one great lunatic asylum is exaggeration, no doubt, but it shows the fears of public opinion in France.

The Crusade in Brief.

There is a special section of the Paris exposition for dealing with the abuse of

The man who killed King Humbert be-longed to an anarchistic group in this country, "whose headquarters," to quote a daily paper, "are in a saloon."

Sir Wiffrid Lawson, not very long ago, made an excellent "hit" at a meeting when he declared that the English nation was worshiping two gods—the god of bat-tics and the god of battles.