MR. DODSON'S HAND-MIRROR.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

store was crowded.

Charmingly-attired ladies swarmed about the counters; harassed sales women pulled down innumerable boxes and answered unlimited questions; and the little baskets chas another along the wires to the cashier's desk.

At a further counter, where preity toilet articles held sway, Annie Rogers stood gazing at her own fair image in a plate-glass hand-mirror with Russig-leather back.

"He'll be sure to like it," she said, looking up at the young man who stood waiting at her side. "Til take it," she added, turning to the girl behind the counter and producing her purse. "It's his birthday, you know," she went on, as the hand-glass went flying down a wire. "We always make birthday presents to each other. Dear old Uncle Dodson!" "Uncle Dodson" he has always been

to her, though she was only an orrelative of his dead wife, phaned

adopted in her infancy. "He's a lucky person, with you to care for him," said Howard Canby, taking charge of the hand-mirror as it reappeared in its neat wrappings. "You'll let me walk home with you?" he went on, as they stepped out into the crowded street. More than one hurrying shopper

noted them admiringly as they walked slowly down the avenue together-the graceful girl, in her soft, light dress, her cheeks grown pink and her eybright in the fresh air, and the tall young man, not far behind her in personal advantages, bending to talk to her.

But they were not aware of these approving glances; they were not conscious of anything beyond their own absorbing conversation, a hint which may be gathered from their parting words. For, as they mounted the broad steps of the big Dodson house, Annie was murmuring: "What will Uncle Dodson say?"

"He'll give us his consent and bless-ing, of course, my dear girl," said

Howard, cheerfully. And he gave Mr. Dodson's birthday present into her possession, pressed her hand with a whispered word, and went down the steps reluctantly. A large value stood in the hall, and

an unfamiliar hat hung on the rack. Annie looked at them sharply. Probably it was some friend of Uncle Dodson come to see him-he was some thing of an invalid.

But the hat—a smart, speckled straw, with a blue hand—had an unmistakably youthful air. She ran up

the stairs wonderingly. Mr. Dodson was sitting in a large arm-chair before the window, where most of his time was spent. A young man of two and twenty, or thereabouts noticeable for nothing unless for the cheerfulness of his rather boyish face, sat near him.

Mr. Dodson looked up with a welcoming smile, as Annie entered. "My nephew, Dudley Howard, my

dear," he said. The young man rose and bowedrather constrainedly, Annie thought. Mr. Dodson regarded her anxiously. "Sit down," he said.

Annie sat down at his side feeling that something unpleasant was coming; and the young man quietly with-

"He is my nephew-my only rela tive," Mr. Dodson began. "He will inherit my property, my dear." "Well?" said Annie, cheerfully.

"Well," Mr. Dodson repeated, strok-ing her hand, "he will inherit my property, but you must be provided There seems to me but one for, too. way. I have thought of it much; but the best way seems to me-that you should marry. So I have sent for him." said Mr. Dodson, going on hur-

Slade & Co's immense dry-goods closed them again, with a weakness and cowardice of which she was

painfully conscious. and rose, with helpless tears dropping. Her recent purchase was still in her hands

"I have brought a little present for your birthday, Uncle Dodson," she said, chokingly, and she laid it on his knees.

It was not until a rather late hour that afternoon that Annie found cour age to visit Mr. Dodson's room again, She had carefully avoided Mr. Ho bart.

Hobart! It was certainly the ugliest name she had ever heard.

She had taken lunch in her room, and she had not been out of it since At 4 o'clock a messenger-boy had brought a very small parcel, ad-

dressed to herself in Hobart's wellknown writing, which, when she had opened it eagerly, had found to con-tain a little band of gold, set with a

glittering stone. It is a most unnatural proceeding for a young lady to burst into tears at the first sight of her engagement-ring; but that is what Annie did.

For the pretty, shining thing seemed only the symbol of her trouble and perplexity. She knew perfectly that her right

course was to put the ring on the proper finger, go boldly to Mr. Dodson and explain its position there.

She did, indeed, get as far as putting it on, and gazing at it fondly and admiringly, and tearfully, from every conceivable point of view; but there her courage failed her. Dear old Uncle Dodson! how could

she dash his well-meaning hopes to the ground with a cruel word or two? He was so far from strong, besides. Sudden disappointments always did him harm.

She dried her eyes, as these de spairing thoughts came over her, and started for Mr. Dodson's room. Mr. Dodson sat facing the window.

as usual. His head was thrown back and his eyes were closed.

Annie drew a sigh of relief; he was asleep. Dudley Hobart was sitting in a back

corner of the room, with a news-paper in his hand, and his feet disposed comfortably, if not gracefully, on a second chair. He rose hastily as Annie entered.

"He is asleep," he remarked, after

a timid pause. "I had observed it," said Annie, shortly, not deigning to look at the speaker.

The young man looked confused. He laid down his newspaper, and passed his hand over his closely-cropped head in a troubled way, and finally offered her a chair.

There seemed to be nothing else to do, and Annie sat down stiffly.

. Hobart took the other chair. if Annie had glanced at him, she might have seen that a pleading look filled his boyish face; but she looked coldly over his head at the wall-paper. There was silence for several mo-

ments. Then the young man, with a nervous clutch of his chair-back, and with a visible effort, began desperately: "He said he had told you this—his

plan.' Annie was cruelly unresponsive.

"May I inquire what you think of it?" said Mr. Hobart, with a face grown pale with agonized embarrassment. Annie rose sharply.

"Words would not express what I think of it!" she said, flashing an in dignant glance toward the young man.

'It can't possibly be!" The occupant of the arm-chair moved restlessly; he was waking up. Apple lowered her voice as she weat

on, severely: "I am already engaged. I-"

She paused in bewilderment. The face of her listener had been suddenly

"I have Howard's picture !u the album down stairs," said Aanie. "Ill run down and get it." Si- tripped away softly, and cause

hurrying tack breathless, wit plush covered book in her hand. with the

"He looks as though he had some get-up to him," was Dud's masculine comment.

"Well, he has," said Annie with a proud smile. "Of course," she went on, hesitatingly, "we must tell Uncle

"Of course!" said Dud, rather faint-Their eyes met; they smiled guiltily.

"To tell the truth,' said the young man, candidly, "I'd rather be shot!"

"My case exactly," Annie responded. "You see," said Dud, looking anxious, "he means it all as a favor, a benefit to us; and to go and knock his plans endways in that style-I'd just as lief be let out of it for my part!

"Precisely as I feel,' murmured Annie. "What shall we do?" Annie.

"Don't ask me," said Dud, entreatingly. An uneasy pause ensued, filled by

helpless contemplation of each other with wrinkled brows.

"Of course we must tell him," Annie repeated, irresolutely.

"Of course," said Dud again. But that was as far as he went.

A rustling sound from Mr. Dodson's arm-chair roused them to a sudden sense of his presence. "Are you awake, Uncle Dodson?"

said Annie, getting up slowly to go to im, Dud following. "Wide awake, my dear," said Mr. him,

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED

DIVINE.

Subject: The Welfare of Others – We Should Banish Selfshness-Job Deliv-ered From Evil When He Prayed For Friends-Happy From Doing Good. [Copyright 1900.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.-In this discours

Dr. Talmage wars on narrowness of view and urges a life helpful to others; text, Job xii, 10, "And the Lord turned the capitivity of Job when he prayed for his friends." Comparatively few people read this last Chapter of the book of Job. The earlier chapters are so full of thrilling incident, of events so dramatically portrayed, of awful ailments and terrific disaster, of

awful ailments and 'terrific disaster, of domestic infelicity, of staccato passage, of resounding address, of omnipotency proclaimed, of utterances showing Job to have been the greatest scientist of his day, an expert in mining and precious stones, astronomer, and geographer, and zoologist, and electrician, and poet, that most readers stop before they get to my text, which, strangely and mysteriously, announces that "the Lord turned the cap-tivity of Job when he prayed for his friends."

tivity of Job when he prayed for his friends." Now, will you please explain to me how Job's prayer for his friends halted his catastrophes? Give me some good reason why Job on his knees in behalf of the welfare of others arrested the long pro-cession of calamities. Mind you, it was not prayer for himself, for then the cessa-tion of his troubles would have been only another instance of prayer answered, but the portfolio of his disaster was rolled up while he supplicated God in behalf of Eli-phaz the Temanite, Bildid the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite. I must con-fess to you that I had to read the text over and over again before I got its full meaning—"And the Lord turned the cap-tivity of Job when he prayed for his friends." Well, if you will not explain it to me, I

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gins denouncing Job by calling bin a flat and keeps on the discourse until Job re-sponds to all three of them in the sar-castic words, "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." Ob, what friends Job had! Heaven deliver us free bob had! THE GREAT DESTROYER SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT

THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Causes the Fail of Many Young Men. All we that are faint-hearted, And think our numbers small, Know ye that we're the strongest, The strongest of them all! So when they laugh at you and ask To what our work amounted, Tell them: We polled the largest vote: The vote that isn't counted!

The vote that comes from aching hearts Where thorns and nettles grow, That have felt love and honor die And good intent brought low; That have seen in the demon's fangs All they once loved and cherisbed, And watched it, as by slow degrees, It changed, and fought, and—perished!

Aud surely as the sun shall rise On Resurrection Day, That vote must once outcount them all Whatever they may say; And then in turn they'll ask themselves To what their work amounted, When they shall see the vote we poll; The vote that God has counted!

So, ye that are faint-hearted And think our numbers small. Know ye that we're the strongest, The strongest of them all! And when they laugh at you and ask To w at our work amounted. Tell them: We polled the largest vote: The vote that isn't counted! —Jan Henrick Van Bolhyns.

The Social Glass.

The Social Glass. The peace, prosperity and successful gov-ment of the home and family are large-dy due to the good example and wise coun-sel of the upright wife and mother. The power of her influence and the importance of her right home relations and principles against the fearful ravages of the drink cates the blessings of sobriety and total abstinence, and depresents the evil influ-cates the blessings of sobriety and total abstinence, and depresents the evil influ-cates the blessings of sobriety and total abstinence, and depresents the evil influ-cates the blessings of sobriety and total abstinence, and depresents the evil influ-cates the blessings of sobriety and total abstinence brings peace and happiness abstinence brings peace and happiness and wome an rescue and heapliness and the practice it. Mary a refined and cultivated family is ability of the father. Many a refined and cultivated family is ability of the father. The salvation of others need patiends is ability of the father. The salvation of others need patiends is the salvati

for the salvation of orient and trust. Faith and prayer must accompany all temperance efforts. Not the smallest ef-fort to do gcod is lost sight of by the all-knowing Father. Terrible is the influence exerted by those who stand as the servants of God, and who sanction the social custom of wine-ternking.

who sanction the spent taston of mine-drinking. The ruinous custom of social wine-drinking has been the cause of the fall of many young men of great promise, but casily overcome through the influence of the social glass.—The Weekly Bouquet.

A Grussome Tragedy.

A Grussome Tragedy. At the muzzle of a revolver Charles A. Smith, formerly a Wabash Railroad con-ductor, compelled patrons of Jacob Kol-ler's saloon, in Cnicago, to listen to a lec-ture on the evils of intemperance. Then, pressing the weapon to bis head, he blew his brains out in the midst of those stand-ing around him. — Holding a giass of luquor in his left hand Smith drew a revolver from his poket with the other and ordered every one in the saloon to remain quiet and make no attempt to leave. —"This to be my last drink," he said. "You may call it a farewell if yon wish. —"Ally of fellows had better qui drink ing. Look at me. Twe lost my positior, with the railroad company, and every been spent for liquor alone." — Memember this little lecture, men. Berge up and leave liquor alone. — Tames Irwin and Peter Nies, who were standing near Smith, thought the latter intended to hold up the saloon and they are. — "Hold on, there:" commanded the man

Wherever mothers in the land Mourn for their wayward so

Mourn for their wayward sons, Wherever wives shed hitter tears For men that loved them once, Wherever even children curse The life that God hath given, We poll that great uncounted vot That rises up to heaven!

Incounted Vote-A Terrible Influence Exerted by Those Who Sanction the Social Custom of Wine Drinking -Causes the Fall of Many Young Men.

Oh, what friends Job had! Heaven deliver us from having one such friend, to say nothing of having three of them. It was for such friends that Job prayed, and was it not a religious triumph for him so to do? Would you, the very best of you, be in a very devout mood and canable of making intercession for people who had come to you in a day of trouble and said: "Good for you. You ought to be chastised. You, are being taken in hand by eternal justice. If you had be-haved yourself aright, you would not have been sick or persecuted or impover-ished or made childless." Oh, no, my friend, you would not have felt like Job when he prayed for his friends, but more like Job when he cursed the day of his nativity. You people who weigh over 200 pounds

friend, you would not have felt like Job when he prayed for his friends, but more like Job when he cursed the day of his nativity. You people who weigh over 200 pounds avoidupois had better never lose your temper, for at such times apoplexy is not far off. Get the equipose of Job in the text, and it will help you in business di-rections. Praying for all offenders, you will have more nerve for large undertak-ings; you will waste no valuable time in trying to get even with your enemies. Try this height of prayer for your an-tagonist to-day, and if you fail try it to-morrow. Keep on until you accomplish it, and I should not wonder if, in addition to the moral and religious strength if gives you, it should add a hundred per cent. to your worldly prosperity. Job xlii, 10, "The Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before." What we all need is to get out of our-selves and go to helping others, whether friends or foes. As beautiful an instance of how this can be done I found last summer in London in the person of Flor-ence Nightingale, the heroine of power, and, though she has passed into the eighties, she trains nurses for sickbeds, and her in-fuence is now felt among the wounded of the story of Balkiava, Sevastopol and Inkerman, where England and France and Russis grappled. She told me that she had not been happy until she under-took to alleviate suffering and that since she began that work she had never seen an unhappy day. To that work she con-secrated her life her classic attainments, her social position, her bruitant person-ality. Her whole life for others, and her face shows it. I think so much of heaven is to be found in no other human coun-tenance. Tennyson's "Charge of the Light brigade" is not more thrilling to me than the saddles of the "Immortal six hun-dred." My text enthrones prayer and gives it a scepter to wave over our temporal and eternal life. Under God it cured Job and

of it, my dear."

Poor Annie had listened silently, Was this kind-hearted Uncle Dodson who was saying these dreadful things?

"A little too business-like to suit you eh?" said Mr. Dodson, noting her distressed face. "Yes, of course. I ex-pected that. Young folks nowadays have an idea that their elders shouldn' have a word to say about these things-not a word! But don't you see, my dear," he went on, kindly, "that it's all the same thing? Suppose I had got Dudley here without men tioning my little plan? Well, you'd been pretty sure to fall in love with each other. He's as nice a fel-low as you'll find, Annie, and he knows a pretty girl when he sees one, I imagine. Well, then, why should you hold back, either of you, merely be-cause I give a little push to a sure-enough affair?" Well, then, why should you

The girl at his side turned her troubled face away hastily.

It was a very simple thing, surely, to put an end to all this. The mere mention of Howard Canby would do it, she was sure, for Uncle Dodson was not an ogre.

And yet, how could she meet his ossible displeasure and his certain possible disappointment?

words died away on her lips. "A bashful pair of youngsters you are, I vow!" said Mr. Dodson, with a laugh. "If Dudley didn't behave the same way! Oh, well, you'll get over it!" it!

Annie opened her lips, hesitated, looking gratitied.

transformed with unmistakable relief and joy. He seized her hands warmly

"Engaged? Well, if we aren't in the same boat! So am I!

Annie's severity vanished. Her cold gaze gave way to a quick smile of sympathy.

"Are you, Mr. Hobart?" she cried. "I'm so glad!" Don't call me Mr. Hobart, said the

young man, impetuously. "Call Dud. Everybody calls me Dud." "Call me Annie laughed; and they sat down again, in a friendly way, 'I have only been engaged since this

merning," said Annie, confidentially "See? as just sent the ring around He's the nicest fellow in the world! You'll think so when you see him." They had lowered their voices carefully, further than that Mr. Dodson's , resence was ignored.

"The ring I gave Genevleve was something like it." Dud continued, briskly. "Pretty name-Genevlevebriskly. isn't it?"

"Very pretty!" said Annie. "Yl e's a pretty girl, too!" said D'd, warmiy. "I just wish you could know bee. She's only 17; but you woulde't think it. Here, I'll show you her pic-

He took it out carefully from an iner pocket, and held it out triumphant-

"She is pretty," said Annie, looking down approvingly at the fair young face in the picture, "I knew you'd think to," said Dud.

Is there Alcohol in Sature : So long ago as April last the Bible Tem-perance Association of Belfast, Ireland, offered "one hundred guineas to any chem ist who will, before a competent commit tee, extract a single onnee of alcohol from any quantity of grain, grapes or other veg-table substance. In its organic state as tee, extract a single ounce of alcohol from any quantity of grain, grapes or other veg-etable substance, in its organic state as produced by nature through life and growth, before deterioration by chemical decomposition, fermentation or decay has taken place." So far no response has been received to the offer contained in the res-olution.

intended to hold up the saloon and they attempted to escape. "Hold on, there!" commanded the man with the uplitted revolver. Smith then ordered the six men. in-eluding Timothy Foley, the bartender, to line up in front of the bar. They did so. Then the desperate man pressed the pistol against his head and sent a bullet through his skull. He died instantly.

Is There Alcohol in Nature

An Infamous Traffic.

An Infamous Traffic. A Hamburg correspondent wrote recent-ly that a British steamer sailed thence the other day with 1000 tons weight of spirits on board for Lagos and Southern Nigeria. He also says that another steamer is due to leave in a few days for the same des-tination, with nearly double that amount on board. The spirits, he says, consist of bad gin and worse rum, and the trade is principally in the hands of a few English and German firms. This, we suppose, is how Africa is civilized by European coun-tries.

If It Weren't For the Drink.

If it Weren't For the Drink. Two ladies, the one "a lady of exalted hirth" who had married a millionaire brewer, the other the wife of a wealthy distiller, were present at a recent func-tion and conversed together. The "dis-tilleress," "an excellent lady who never spoke about her early days or her par-ents," at last losing all shyness, broke out "Ah, but then, my lady, when all'-that might be said, where should ' it weren't for the drink."

The Crusade in "

The only saloon in N has been d League. The law day is