SWEET IDOLATRY.

Deep in a dreamy, ancient wood,
Wheil once a mighty temple stood
In grandeur 'mid the fertile lands,
A ruin centuries old now stands.
Its crumbled walls 'neath mosses green
So thickly buried scarce 'tis seen.
Its crumbled walls 'neath mosses green
Its crums fairen to decay;
Its grandeur long since passed away.

Will

Jpon this temple, carved in stone,
An ascient idol standa alone;
Sits pensive on its granite throue,
With lichens thickly overgrown.

On either side the forest dank, With tangled brake and creepers rank. Bars any seeking to intrude Upon the idol's solitude. Above twines many a leafy limb Fo form a covering for him. Below, e'en at its granite base. A pool flings back the ido's face. And from green pads upon it spread The stately lotus rears its head.

There, in its dreamy solitude.
A thousand years the god hath stood.
A thousand years, each summer through
The ictus' heart hath proven true;
Hath breathed the frogrance of ite love
To please that stony face above.

While stands the image in the grove That loyal flower will prove its love, Though vain its efforts to begule. It aye will strive to win the smile, A fate true love bath often known— To waste its awestness on a stone. Arthur J. Burdick, in Los Angeles Herald.

## \*\*\*\*\*\* JONES'S LITTLE GAME

By Peirce B. Rarnard.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* OR the first time in life he found himself in the country. The express train from which he had just alighted dwindled into a mere speck on the horizon, leaving hira surrounded by a vast wilder

Jones was a city man; he worked on high stool in a counting house. He had gathered his ideas of the woods from the trees in Central Park; but no ne would have ever guessed by his the neighborhood. conversation that Jones was not truly urnl, for he always took care to mention rotation of crops and new farm nachinery and other topics pertaining to the gentle art. From the pages of in agricultural weekly he stocked his nind with rich stores of information, out of which his imagination construct ed alluring pictures of rural bliss.

Sometimes he strolled through the ommission markets, regaling his eyes with the sight of prize pumpkins and inhaling the fragrance from the newly pened barrels of apples. Sometimes attended the theatre, where domestic dramas of farm life were presented in which the old folks gather in the front yard, and the prodigal son returns from the Klondike and pays off the mortgage to slow music and immense applause.

Sometimes he slipped away to an agricultural fair to eatch a sight of blue-ribbon cattle and to chat with the rustics, if occasion offered, about the newest thing in labor saving machinery, of which they happened to know nothing. All this time Jones knew nothing of the country at first hand and it looked like a great waste of energy to his friends to see him continually dreaming of what might never be his; but they did not know what pleasant fancies of plowed fields and home-grown vegetables beguiled away the long hours at the ledger. They did not know the satisfaction he took in walking out into the middle of the paved street and looking up between the tall buildings at the blue sky-the

only natural object in sight. ones had a wife with vast social am-Jones, as she styled herself, longed to the fact is a haven't get the money." out-do people of ten times their means; their two daughters were figuring on a couple of noblemen already. Papa Jones had only one way of suppressing these unnatural and dangerous longings, and that was to threaten to pull up stakes and move the entire establishment to the woods.

At the mere mention of farming, catalogues of cheap European tours and invitations to swell social functions disappeared like magic. The ousehold resumed the even tenor of its way, and endeavored to look deently happy over one thousand a year. Not that Jones was a brute; for he was a very passive, obedient sort of twentieth century husband, acquiesc-

ing in everything reasonable, and per feetly willing to walk while his wife rode in an automobile if it could be arranged. But one Saturday afternoon Jones

came home and found the house turned topsy-turvy. His wife was waiting for him at the head of the stairs.

"Philander, dear!" She used this name exclusively for raising money; Phil was sufficient for all other occadone. "Philander, you'll have to rake together enough to buy something new for Evelina; she's fretted herself sick over her old ball dress, and the two young noblemen arrive to-morrow."

"If that's the case I guess I'll have to look at some farm property, mother," Jones observed very seriously.

"Never mind the farm just now Philander! we need your help; I've almost completed arrangements for the automobile, and as for the yachts-"I don't feel equal to it at all," said

Jones, examining his empty pockets. "You must really excuse me this time." "Philander!" cried his wife, bringing down her foot somewhat emphatically. But it was too late; Jones was hur-

iedly jamming a few things into a He notified his family of his future

whereabouts and then struck out for the station, expecting to reach in two dation from one of his own staff, who in the morning paper.

Heretofore Jones had always soothed their unquiet longings by merely subscribing to an additional farm paper or writing to the secretary of agricul-ture for information relative to early garden truck. He was sorry his little ruse was played out, having doubtless led to go on dreaming of the uned joys of country living to the end

Now that he found himself in the land of his dreams, he hardly knew whether to be disappointed or not. The bracing air was laden with the dried rults of autumn. It had been smoky

nuts. Jones was not an arilst and he had no eye for the picturesque. To nig mag fence and the tangled und brush jarred upon his nice sense of order and regularity. At the end of four miles he was conscious of nothing except that the roads were abominably muddy, that the tall weeds were wet, and that he was tired and hungry and wished he hadn't come.

It was still a mile to the farm which was advertised to be sold, and he longed to turn back; but he recollected the yacht his wife wanted to buy on time payments, and the automobile she had in view, and the thought drove him forward-there was no chance to retrent.

"How d'ye, pardner!" said the fariner, who found Jones vainly trying to locate the front gate by the dim twilight. "Is this the place that is adver-

tised?" asked Jones, resting against the fence almost exhausted. "I ca'cainte it is. Be you from the

"I be," said Jones, dropping into the dialect of the place.

"Then you'd better come to the souse." The whole family set about making him at home. They took it for granted that he had come to stay awhile. They opened some new preserves, and got out the softest and

most yielding of feather beds. After two days Jones was sucleited with fresh air, wholesome food and simple, unaffected country manners, He inwardly rebelled against brown sugar in his coffee, white butter, and feather beds, and the only institution he fully endorsed was the hard elder barrel. He was shocked at their ignorance of steam plows and costly fertilizers. About the only satisfac tion he got was in telling the feats of famous horse trainers he had seen,

The neighbors came in to listen with open-mouthed astonishment. They put Jones down as a remarkable man, but the next day the oldest and laziest horse on the farm ran away with him, and made him the laughing stock of

Jones was mad enough to go home, but that day his wife wrote a letter imploring him to come back, explaining that the horrid man wouldn't sell the yacht or the automobile on time.

Jones answered with an enthusiaic prose poem on the delights of farming. Jones was a small man, and he often found some dissimulation nexessary in dealing with his strongminded wife.

Every day brought its trinis. The farmer attempted to "learn" him to plow, but gave it up. Jones had frequently alluded to the rough-shod agriculturist as a clod-hopper, but after he had watched his instructor and then tried a furrow or two himself, he made up his mind never to consider anybody awkward again.

That evening a letter from his wife announced the engagement of the cldest daughter to their well-to-do grocer of German extraction and further stated that the other girl had a "steady" who was saving his money. Jones congratulated himself on his

diplomacy. "Things couldn't have turned out better; I still have my old position as bookkeeper, and I reekon I ne dn't be afraid that the girls' beaux will look

down on me. But what about buying the farm?" He approached the owner while surrounded by his numerous family.

"You've got the best form in the State," he said, "and you are very reasonable in everything. You don't claim it's the Garden of Eden, but you ought to. You've got the homestead shaded But least of all did they know that by a spreading elm and the duck pond near by-everything is as complete as bitions. Mrs. Frances Fleweller a chromo. I'd like to buy you out, but

> "Why, we ain't no notion of selling mister?" said the farmer in an injured

> "I'm glad of it, sir; but what about your advertisement?"

> "Pshaw! we only advertised for fall boarders. "I see," said Jones, with a sigh of re-

> lief. "I must have stumbled on the wrong farm, but I'm blamed well gatisfied. What's your bill?" "Well, bein' as the puppy et up your

patent leathers, we'll call it four dollars if you're willing." "Whatever you say," said Jones. counting out the money cuite eagerly. T've got a bundred dollars, at least,

out of the denl." Jones had a great deal to tell when he reached his flat that evening. The two young men, who came right regularly now, greatly admired the specimammoth fruit he had

brought home. "You seem to have entirely regained your good humor," said his wife, picking the last burr off his coat talls,

"The country is the only place for a change," he said with a sigh, "And what about buying the farm?"

his wife asked nervously. "Why, the fool farmer won't seil." "Oh!" she said simply, but the expression on her face showed she was greatly relieved.-Waverley Magazine.

After the battle of Colenso, says

Richard Harding Davis, in Everybody's Magazine, General Buller raised a very pretty point, and aroused an in teresting discussion by promulgating the theory, that the soldier who initiates deserves more credit than the one who simply obeys orders. In his official report of the battle he recommended for the Victoria Cross the three officers who had voluntarily ridden forward to endeavor to save the guns, but withheld a like recommenours the farm he had seen advertised at his command had made exactly the same attempt. General Buller explained that though all four had shown equal courage, he was forced to "dif-ferentiate" in bestowing honors between the three who had volunteered and the one who had done what he had been ordered to do.

The oldest son of the Duke of Cornwall and York and "Princess May." now Duchess of York, was borr on June 23, 1894, at White Ledge. This villa was built by George I, on rising ground in Richmond Park, not far In the city the afternoon he left. Here all was christened Edward Albert, Christian George, Andrew, Patrick, David, but in the family circle is known as occasional chirp or the sound of falling Prince David or "Davy."

WORKINGS OF THE ENGLISH CONST! TUTION MYSTERIOUS AND VACUE.

The Relations Between Ling and Parliament, King and Cabinet and Cabinet and Parliament-The British Govern-ment Has Three Fundamental Bules.

The English Constitution is so mysterious a thing, fearfully and wonder fully vague, that its operations are rather hard to follow. The present is a good opportunity for explaining and illustrating the relations between the King and Parliament, the King and the Cabinet and the Cabinet and Parliament. These relations were not established in a day, or by any one actrevolutionary or legal-but as the result of long centuries of friction, compromise and adjustment. We have to go back to the revolution of 1688 to find the shifting of the centre of gravity from the King to the House of Com mons. Until that time cabinets were secret committees of the King, or of the King's favorite advisers. The Ministers did not form a united body, and the sovereign could remove any one of them at will without consulting the others. The King might have a policy, and so might Parliament, but Cabinet could have none, and each Minister was responsible to the King for his discharge of certain special duties. In the words of Macaulay, "there was parliamentary government, but there was no ministry. The triumph of Parliament over the arbitrary monarchy in 1688 did not settle the Cabinet question on its present basis, but it laid the foundations or the solution of the mighty problem. The royal power having been re duced to a mere shadow, the Cabiner had to become the executive agent of the real governing body-Parlinment. And this is what it has been since the fast valu attempts to keep it in some sort of subordination to the Clown.

One of the best English expounders of constitutional law says that this ancient and ever-aftering Constitution is like an old man who still wears with attached fondness clothes in the fashion of his youth; what you see of him is still the same, what you do not see is wholly altered." How true this s will appear from a comparison between the letter of the law and the practice, which cannot be upset without destroying the whole British system. The English law, authorities agree, does not know of such a body as the Cabinet, and there is no provision requiring the King to appoint Ministers acceptable to the Commons or to dismiss such as have lost the support of that body. Resignation after an adverse vote is not demanded by law. In fact, no feature of the sod parliamentary system of gov-

ernment is expressly established by statute. Yet for a long time the British Government has rested upon these three

fundamental principles: 1. That the Cabinet shall be composed of Ministers bound together by ties of party or policy to give force and effect to a certain political pro-

2. That the Cabinet shall hold office no longer than they can control a majority of the House of Commons, but shall resign after a defeat on any

party question. That the leadership of the Cabiner shall be vested in the Prime Minister, and that be, not the King, shall have the right to select and remove

his associates. These principles were settled dur- the next issue of the paper: ing the reigns of the first two Georges and it is interesting to call attention to the last attempt at overthrowing

them in favor of royal discretion. This attempt was made in 1835 by William IV. Dissatisfied with the Melbourne ministry the King dismissed it in a letter to the Premier, declaring that he had no confidence in him. Peel was then asked to form a ministry, though the House of Commens had a liberal majority. He reluctantly consented, and tried to carry on the Government. After four adverse votes he resigned and expressed himself thus: "According to the practice, the principle and the letter of the Constitution, a Government should not persist in directing the national affairs after a loyal attempt contrary to the decided opinion of the House of Commons, even when it possesses the confidence of the King and a majority

in the House of Lords." The Conservative party itself in this way formulated the principle of par-Hamentary supremacy, and it has been

respected ever since. It had full play under Victoria. The so-called "bedchamber episode" is a curious illustration of the extent to which the ministry has encronched upon the personal rights of the sovereign. In 1839 Peel, invited to form a ministry, informed the Queen that she would have to dismiss the ladies of her court, including those of the bedchamber, because they belonged to the in the vicinity of King & Welford's rival party. Queen Victoria declined to accede to this request, characterizing it as "contrary to usage and re-puguant to her feelings." Peel refused to accept office on these terms, and tree. Several nights ago one of the the Melbourne ministry was continued

yield, and the mistress of the robes changes, while a few personal attendants were allowed to continue in their

The Cabinet has been called a buckle which fastens the legislature to the executive." In origin it belongs to the latter, in function to the former. The King must take such Ministers as can control a majority of the Com- of 600 pounds. - Grass Valley (Ca' mons, and this majority implies a Tidings. majority of the voters. It is the popular majority, therefore, which de cides which party shall carry on the Government and what polley shall pre-

The King may use personal inflaence with the Ministers, but he can enforce no policy contrary to the popular will. The Cabinet cannot serve two masters, and the ministry gov- more, and third class tickets which erus without interference from the crown. The ancient system of checks and balances has practically disap- of the whole number of thirdpeared. The executive and legislative tickets. No fourth class tickets pay powers are fused or united in the Cab- this tax. It is estimated that the Red parliamentary majority. In the words from this tax.

KING AND PARLIAMENT of an American writer on the British Constitution, Hannis Taylor, "the gradual and silent process of change has been fully worked out through which the mediaeval monarchy has been finally transformed into the hereditary republic, in which, under the ancient and still useful forms of the throne and the regalia, the English people is King."-Chicago Times-Her-

CURIOUS FACTS.

An cak tree of average size, with 700,000 leaves lifts from the earth into the air about 123 tens of water during the five mouths it is in leaf.

Vicksburg, Miss., reports a recent fall of 10.22 inches of rain in thirtysix hours. The fall in twenty-four hours was 7.03 inches, which was the heaviest since the beginning of the Weather Burau records there, in September, 1872.

A writer in the American Automobile calls attention to the fact that in the archives of the city of Anvers, France, under the date 1479, it is recorded that one Gilles de Bom was awarded the sum of "25 lbs. d'Artois" to recompense him for his donation to the city of a carriage moving about

In Japan the stranger wonders at the crowded appearance of the tombstones in cemeteries. It is the custom to bury the dead in a sitting posture. The coffins are nearly square, and it is possible to bury more of them in a given space than of the oblong caskets. Many of the attendants at funerals are clothed in white.

The use of hats dates from the reign of Charles II. of France, who, on entering Rouen in 1449 were a hat of red velvet, with a plume. The fashion was adopted not only by men, but by women, who previously had work hoods. For many years priests were forbidden to wear them, and were compelled to use the "chaperon," or good of cloth.

During the recent restoration of St. Martin's Church at Vevey, Switzer-land, a primitive edifice was discovered a few feet below the floor of the building. In shape it somewhat resembles a church, but the style of architecture is quite foreign to Europe and bears traces of Oriental source. The walls and foundations of the relic are in a remarkable state of preservation, and the structure is believed by experts to be one of the earliest buildings lu which stone was employed.

Not a Successful Type-Setter. It is often said that one difference between men and women is that with men second thoughts are best, while women are more likely to be right when they act or speak upon the first impulse; but there are some things which even clever women cannot do perfectly without some preliminary practice.

A lady whose husband is the editor of a very small country paper said to him one day: "Type-setting looks so easy, I know I could do it just as well is anything. Let me help."

Although the editor is his own foreman and compositor, he didn't accept this offer at once. But his wife was in the office alone when a wedding no lice was brought in.

"O!" she said, gleefully, "I'll just set his up and slip it in the form, and won't George be surprised when he sees it in print?"

It therefore appeared as follows in

maRRIED: at Heirst eHuerh, wenday Sep! 9 5981 Mr ! Juho jacknos to mi78 kt. ly naRt.u? the Ceram Gywas Seffrom by Revy.mR Decen Inn the resence of a large numer of FReidsn of the gnuoy couple & was a Beltyy joyful Occasino. Mr. anD mrss will Be at Home to their frie at 2x HaPt Traes Vyere in het wne reay. -Tit-Bits.

Malmaison Restored. Malmaison, the old chateau pear Paris once occupied by the first Napoleon and his discarded wife. Joseph ne de Beauharnais, has now been completely restored, thanks to the munificence of M. Osiris. The residence was adly damaged during the German invasion and also during the commune of 1871. For years it was in a dilapidated condition, but the restorers have done their work well. The grand salon. decorated long ago by Percier and Fontaine, has been successfully treated by M. Jambon, who obtained many valu able hints from an old water color

ts "ice nge." drawing of the rooms in the possession of one of Fontaine's descendants. M. Ostris has given over Malmaison to the State, which will have to provide the furniture and hangings, and to turn the palace into a museum of Napoleonic relics .- Paris Correspondence

Killed a Lively 600-Pound Bear. A number of bears have left tracks sawmill, in Nevada County, during the past month. A large trap was set recently, and so that the trap could not be taken away it was anchored to a animals got his foot caught, and in its powerful efforts to get away managed Two years later the Queen had to to loosen the trap from the tree and took it away with him. Bruin was was made dependent on ministerial tracked into a deep canyon, and there they found him, apparently in great pain. The men called to George Gelsappointments without regard to poli-endorfer, and the latter came with a gun and soon ended the bear's suffer ings and also its life. As the carcass was so heavy only the hindquarters were taken, together with the hide. The animal was black and is estimated to have weighed in the neighborhood

London Telegraph.

A Red Cross Tax on Tickets. Russian authorities have im posed a stamp tax on passenger tickets for the benefit of the Society of the Red Cross, which cares for the sick and Wounded. The tax amounts to about two and one-half cents, and is required on all first and second class tickets which cost two rubies (\$1.03) or cost gight rubles (\$4.12) or more, which latter are not more than two per cent. et, which takes its orders from the Cross will get about \$125,000 a year

SAILORS AND KNIVES.

Norwegians Said to He Most Addleted to the Use of Cold Steel.

wonder why it is," said a cotion sampler who prides himself on his close observation, "that the Italians have acquired such a sinister reputation as knife fighters. The facts don't bear it out. I have been knocking around the wharves for a good many years and have seen plenty of fighting among sailors, roustabouts and despeate men of all kinds, colors and nationallties, and never but once did I see an Italian use a knife. Even then the weapon was thrust into his hands by a companion, after he had started blithely into the melee with a stick. "As far as my observation goes, the people most addicted to cold steel in

the settlement of their little differences are Norwegian sailors. The most for midable knife wielder I ever met in my life belonged to that class. He was a big, yellow-haired, rather melancholy looking chap, who came here on a Liverpool tramp and invested some small savings in a lodging house not far from the old fruit wharves. got acquainted with him soon after be set up in business and took quite s fancy to the fellow. Like many seafaring men of his nationality, he was passionately fond of music, and strange to say, be had heard nearly all the great singers and was familiar with most of the famous operas, although he was otherwise uneducated and could barely read and write. sized him up as a gentle, simple-mind ed giant, and labored under that delusion until it was rudely dispelled by a tragic episode of which I chanced to be an eye witness. Three drunken seamen dropped into his place one even ing with the avowed intention of rais ing a row, and one of them set the ball rolling by kicking over the stove Instantly my Norwegian friend leaped over a little counter, at the same tim drawing an eight-inch dirk from somewhere in the back of his neck and went to work on the trio. The fracas occupied possibly half a minute, at the end of which time the saflors had disappeared and every thing in the room was more or less spattered with gore. I never learned how hadly they were hurt, but there certainly was some promiscuous cary ing while the row lasted. Later on the lodging-house keeper showed m how he carried his knife. He kept is in a sheath sewed to the inner side of his vest, just under the collar. I seemed an outlandish place for a weapon, but he could draw it like lightning and, as he remarked, it was ant to be overlooked in a search. He also gave an exhibition at dirk throwing, at which some sailors become as tonishingly preficient. He would hold the blade open on his right palm, the point to the left, and launch it through the air with a sudden, indescribable swoop. At a dozen feet away he could strike a circle six inches in diameter with unfailing accuracy, but with all its dexterity there was something so barbarously uncouth about the performance that it made my blood run cold to watch him. He got into several knille fights afterward, and his fond ness for that diversion eventually led to his departure between suns. If he were still here I think I would select some other Mustration for my remarks."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Glacial Epoch. The leading geological discovery of the nineteenth century has been the establishment of the recent occurrence in the north temperate zone of a glacial epoch. It is of infinite importance geologically to learn that not so long ago, as geologists reckon time, the greater part of Europe and North America was buried under ice. In short, we have learned something about our "ice age." There are few regions in our own country in which the evidence of former glaciers is not

now visible. Twenty thousand years ago, therefore, geologists believe, the zone in which we live was so swamped with ice that the existence of animal or vegetable life would plainly have been mpossible, and the implications of this are as important as the fact itself.

Thus it becomes plain that the relaive climates of different sections of the globe correspond to no fixed standard. The arctic circle was once mild and temperate, the present "north temperate zone" formerly a solid cake of inhospirable ice. Greenland, it should be noted, is at present passing through

The ice period in our own quarter of the globe, of which you may see evidences in the "glacial strine" visible on rocky surfaces in so many sections, is roughly computed to have lasted some 80,000 years. This makes our vegetable and animal life seem of surprsingly recent origin in comparison .-New York World.

According to the Indianapolls Sentinel, it is said the recommendation of the Legislative Investigating Committee for an appropriation of \$50 to buy small looking-glasses for the inmates of the State Industrial School for Girls was caused by the discovery that they have not been permitted to have any-

thing of the kind, Under the rule of the superintendent girls and children found with a bit of broken looking-glass in their possession received a large number of demerit marks, this evidence of worldly vanity being considered injurious to their moral welfare. The voluntary surrender of a bit of broken lookingglass by a girl who had accidentally found it was construed as evidence of moral progress and rewarded by numerous merit marks. As a result the girls cleansed their faces and crimped their hair by polished surfaces of tin or wood, though the crimping of the hair was also punished by demerit marks. Protests by some of the managers against these rules were of no avail.

As the Legislature Committee does not see any moral menace to the girls in the use of a little looking-glass it is probable the rule will be changed.

The steam railway which connects Athens with Piracus, the principal Greek port, will be converted into an electric line. The line is about seven miles in length and is used only for

passenger traffic. All the electric equipment required in the reconstruc-tion of this line will be imported.

CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

Dr. Inimage Says Those Who Bear Scars Shall Be Recompensed.

Men Are Not Ashamed of Scars Got Rattle for Their Country-God Will Honor Them.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Esimage praises Christian heroism and tells of great rewards. The text is Galatians vi, H, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jeaus."

We hear much about crowns, thrones, victories, but I now tell the more quiet story of scars, homorable and disbonorable. There are in all parts of the world people bearing dishonorable scars. They went into the battle of sin and were worsted, and to their dying day they will have a sacrification of body or mind or soul. It cannot be hidden, There are tens of thousands of men and women now consecrated to God and living holy lives who were once corrupt, but they have been regenerated, and they are no more what they once were than rubesence is emaciation, than haim is vitriol, than nooday is midnight. But in their depleted physical health or mental twist or style of temptation they are ever and anon reminded of the obnoxious past. They have a memory that is deplorable. In some twinge of pain or some tendency to surrender to the wrong which they must perpetually resist they have an unwholesome reminiscence. They carry acars, deep scars, ignoble scars. But Paul in my text shows us a scarification which is a badge of honorable and self-sacrificing service. He had in his weak eyes the result of too much study, and in his body, bent and worn, the signature of scourgings and shipwrecks and malitreatment hy mobs. In my text he-shows those scars as he declares, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jestis." Notice that it is not wounds, but scars, and a scar is a healed wound. Before the scar is well defined upon the flesh the inflammation must have been restored, and rew tissue must have been ristored, and reward the second of hardship for Christ, they were positive and indisputable proofs that with all his body, mind and soul he believed what he said; they were his diploma, showing that he had gredusted from the scan answer, "I hat was from a sabre cut at San Juan." When you ask some German, "Where did you lose your right arm?" he is not a

A young college student in England found all the artistic world in derisive pursuit of William Turner, the painter. The young graduate took up his pen—in some respects the most brilliant pen that was ever put to paper—and wrote those five great volumes on modern painting, the chief thought of which was his defense of the abused paints.

chief thought of which was his defense of the abused painter.

The heroic author by some was sup-posed in his old days to be cynical and fault finding, and when I saw him a little while before his death he was in decad-ence, but I know that over his face and all over his manner were the scars of heroic defense.

over his manner were the scars of heroic defense.

In the seventies of his lifetime he was suffering from the wounds and fatigues of the twenties. Long after he had quit the battle with author's pen and painter's pencil he bore the scars of literary martyrdom.

But why do we go so far for illustration when I could take right out of the memories of some whom I address instances just as appropriate? To rear aright for God and heaven a large family of children in that country home was a mighty undertaking. Far away from the village doctor, the garret must contain the herbs for the cure of all kinds of disorders. Through all infantile complaints the children of that family went. They missed nothing in the way of childish disorders. Busy all day was that mother in every form of housework, and twenty times a night called up by the children, all down at the same time with the same contagion. Her hair is white a long while before it is time for snow; her shoulders are bent long before the appropriate time for stooping.

Spectacles are adjusted, some for close by and some for far off, years before you would have supposed her eyes would need reenforcement. Here and there is a short grave in her pathway, this headstone bearing the name of this child and another child. Hardly one bereavement lifts its shadow than another bereavement drops one.

shadow than another bereavement drops

shadow than another bereavement drops one.

After thirty years of wifehood and motherhood the path turns toward the setting sun. She cannot walk as far as she used to. Colds caught hang on longer than formerly. Some of the children are in the heavenly world, for which they were well prepared through maternal fidelity, and others are out in this world doing henor to a Christian ancestry.

When her life closes and the neighbors gather for her obsequies, the officiating clergyman may find appropriate words in the last chapter of Proverbs: "Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life; she stretcheth out her hand to the poor; she is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet. Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders in the land; her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Then after the Scripture lesson is read let all come up, and before the casket is closed look for the last time at the scars of her earthly endurance.

She never heard the roll of a gun carriage or saw a bauner hoisted upon a parrepet, but she has in all the features of that

of her earthly endurance.

She never heard the roll of a gun carriage or saw a banner heisted upon a parrect, but she has in all the features of that dear old face the marks of many a conflict—scars of toil, scars of maternity, scars of self-sacrifice, scars of bereavement.

She is a heroine whose name has never been heard of ten miles from the old homestead, but her name is inscribed high up among the enthroned immortals.

People think they must look for martyrs on battlefields or go through a history to find burnings at the stake and tortures on racks when there are martyrs all about us. At this time in this capital city there are scores of men wearing themselves out in the public service.

In ten years they will not have a healthy nerve left in their body. In committee rooms, in consultations that involve the weight of great responsibilities, their vitality is being subtracted. In almost every village of the country von fine some hroken down State or National official.

There is a woman who has suffered domestic injustice of which there is no conicance. She save nothing about it. An involvisitor's machine of torture could not wring from her the stay of domestic weareness the day of arrange blossoms and long white weight he has done her full date and received for it herehoese and hiame and received for it herehoese and hiame and received for it herehoese and hiame and received to the set of womalies after think has turned out to be one link of a supposed to be a size of womalies after them.

chain of horribic servitude. A wreath of nettle and nightshade of hrightest form would have been a more accurate prochecy. There are those who find it hard to believe that there is such a place as hell, but you could go right out in any community and find more than one hell of domestic torment. There is no escane for that woman but the grave, and that, compared with the life she now lives, will be an arbor of issuming and of the burneting hied a song poured into the ear of the honey-suckle. Scars! If there be none on the brow showing where he struck her arriving home from midnight carousal, nevertheless there are scars all un and down her injured and immortal soul which will be remembered on the day when there shall leap forth for her avengement the live thunderboits of an incensed God.

When we see a veteran in any land who has lost a limb in battle, our sympathies are stirred; but, oh, how many have in the domestic realm lost their life and yet are densed a pillow of dust on which to simble? Better enlarge your roll of martyrs; better adont a new mode of counting human sacrifications. A broken bone is not half as bad as a broken heart.

There are many who can in the same sense that Paul uttered it say, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus"—that is, for the sake of Christ and Hiscause they carry scars which keen their indenture through all time and all eternity. Do you think that Paul was accurate when he said that? If you have studied his career rou have no doubt of it. In his youth he learned how to fashion the hair of the Cilician goat into canvas, a quiet trade, and then went to college, the President of which was Gamaliel, an institution which scholars say could not have hear very thorough because of what they call Paul's imperfect command of Greek syntax. But his history became exciting on the road to Damascus, where he was unborsed and blinded. His conversion was a convulsion. Whether that fall from the horse naily have left a mark upon him. I know not, but the more south to a story of hardshi

ship with the one from whom for awhile I was separated."

"Where did you get that long, deep sear?" says another immortal to listening immortal, and the answer comes. "That was the awful fatigue of a lifetime struggle in attempting amid adverse circumstances, to achieve a Lvelihood. For thirty years I was tired—oh, so tired! But you see it is a healed wound, for I have found rest at last for body and soul, the complete rest, the everlasting rest that I heard of before I came here as the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

Some one in heaven will say to Martyr

rest that remaineth for the people of God."

Some one in heaven will say to Martyr John Rogers, "Where did you get that "air on your foot?" and the answer will come, "Oh, that was a burn I suffered when the flames of martyrdom were kindled beneath me." "Ignatius, what is that mark on your cheek?" "Oh, that was made by the pave of the lion to which I was thrown by the order of Trajan."

Some one will say to Paul, "Great apostic, that must have been a deep cut once—the mark which I see on your neck." And Paul says, "That was made by the sword which struck me at my beheadment on the road to Ostia." But we sill have sears of some kind, and those are some of the things we will talk over in the heavenly world while we celebrate the grace that made us triumphant over all antagonism.

onism.

Now, what is the practical use of this subject? It is the cultivation of Christian heroics. The most of us want to say things and do things for God when there is no dazger of getting hurt. We are all ready for easy work, for popular work, for compensating work, but we all greatly need more courage to brave the world and hrave satanic assault when there is something aggressive and bold and dangerous to be undertaken for God and righteonsness. And it we happen to get hit what an ado we make about it! We all need more of the stuff that martyrs are made out of. We want more sanctified grit, more Christian pluck, more holy reckless out of. We want more sanctified grit, more Christian pluck, more holy reckless-ness as to what the world may say and do in any crisis of our life. Be right and do right, and all earth and hell combined can-

right, and all earth and hell combined cannot nut you down.

The same little missionary who wrote
my text also uttered that piled up magnificence to be found in those words which
ring like battleaxes on splitting helmets:
"In all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us, for I
am persuaded that neither death nor life
nor angels nor principalities nor powers
nor things present nor things to come nor
height nor depth nor any other creature
shall be able to separate us from the love
of God, which is in Christ Jesus our
Lord."

How do you like that we converted.

shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

How do you like that, you cowards, who shrink back from aggressive work, and if so much as a splinter pierce your flesh cry out louder than many a one torn in autodafe. Many a soldier has gone through a long war, been in twenty battles, led a regiment up a hill mounted by cannon and swept by musketry, and yet came home without having been once hit and without a mark upon him. But it will not be so among those who pass in the grand review of heaven. They have all in the holy wars been wounded, and all bear scars. And what would the newly arrived in heaven do with nothing to show that he had everbeen struck by human or diabolic weaponry? How embarrassed and eccentric such a one in such a place! Surely he would want to be excused awhile from the heavenly ranks and be permitted to descend to earth, crying, "Give me another chance to do something worthy of an immortal! Show me some post of danger to be manned, some fortress to be stormed, some difficult charge to make. Like Leonidas at Thermooylae, like Militades at Marathon, like Mariborough at Blenheim, like Godfrey at Jerusalem, like Winkelried at Sempach gathering the spears of the Austrian knights into his bosom, giving his life for others; show me some place where I can do a brave thing for God. I cannot go back to heaven until somewhere I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

My hearer, my reader, quit complaining about your misfortunes and disappointments and troubles and through all time and all eteraity thank God for scars.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Maurice Thompson, the novelist, died in Crawfordsville, Iud.

King Edward VII. pursued his law studies up to the last of his princebood.

Marconi thought of the wireless tele-graph at nineteen and had it working Henry Watterson began business after the Civil War on \$50 obtained by

pawning his watch. General Miles has been unanimously elected President of the National Capi

tal Automobile Club. At the end of his present term Mr. Cockreil, of Missouri, will have been a

Edwin A. Abbey, whom the London Athenacum Club has honored with membership, is a Philadelphian.

Senator Pintt has given up his hotel suite in New York City, which he had occupied for twenty-eight years.

Colonel Plamer, who commanded a Mafeking expedition, wears a moun-cle and mingles "Please" and "Think you" with his orders.

Jerry Simpson is to go into the live-stock and commission has been to Wichita, Ran, the rays that he has quit politics for all those.