KATANINK KARAKANIKANIN KARAK

the campaign orators met for a Sun- to one side. Then he heard a voice,

And somewhere off in Mars or Mercury, no doubt, If it could speak For us to hear, some clock to-night bawls Dull preacher of one dreary, weary creed By Death inspired, The limits of our patience you exceed And make us sired.

While one on t'other side of space (may-No need for you to tell the lapse of life

With tick and chime.

Who made you Umpire, bidding us to Is marking time at "half-past twentystrife, y calling "Time?"

You stand there, like a Pharisee of yore, Proclaiming grace, With two admonitory hands before Your smug, flat face. So don't get gay with humble sons of men,
As some clocks do;
One day your wheels will slacken up, and

Although you know the time of day at

with Funston in the Philip-

dinit, and I'm prepared to say there's no living soul but has some good in them. And then there's the duty of deciding what's to be done if Bond recovers. Ought we to give him away I say no.

According to Maxwell the bugles inst then blew for a forward movement, and soon all were lying on the firing line shooting at the Filipinos. Max well made another awkward pause, and one of his auditors said:

"Well, I suppose Bond really died and you fellows did the right thing by him even in death."

"Die?" said Maxwell. "Great Scott. no! At least, not then. Less than two hours after Peters had told that story Bond came stealing up to the firing line, and there he lay next to me all day working like a demon. 'I thought you were dying, I sald to him. 'Thunder, no,' he replied. 'It was only

a little wound. Scarcely bled at all When Peters wasn't around the doctor told me it amounted to nothing, but urged me to stay in the rear for the night. This morning he put a lit tle plaster on the broken skin, and here I am again. Did Peters tell you a long story about my mysterious past? Did, ch? I thought so. I told him that yarn purposely. I thought it about time to call him off and make him a laughing stock. Pretty good story, wasn't it? Any truth in it. Thunder, no. I knew I was not hurt. Even if Bond shouldn't happen to be my real name, there's no occasion for getting up such a yarn as that. What's that?

"I saw that he had been wounded seriously this time. I supported his head on my knee, gave him a drink of water, his eyes became fixed and between his gasps he said to me:

Am I hurt? Yes, old man, I guess !

"'Maxwell, I guess you had better tell Peters to write that story home, after all, just as I told it to him. I thought I was dying or near to it last night when I talked to him. I'mgoing-now, Be-sure-to-tell-him-

"Was he really a murderer and bank robber?" asked one of Maxwell's listeners.

"The army records do not show that he was," was the response.-New York

Sticking to the Rules. When a whole street-car load of passengers pat a conductor on the back and tell him in various styles of speech that he is a brick, it is very conclusive proof of universal approval. As the car was passing a cross street up Woodward it was hailed by a loud and commanding voice a third of a block

The owner of the voice was evident ly dressed for some social function and in a hurry. "Stop that car," he repeated in sterner tones, while the conductor simply looked and grinned, as did the other occupants of the rear

platform. The would-be passenger pulled his silk hat down tight and again ordered a halt as he sprinted. The tails of his dress coat fluttered from beneath the short box garment on the outside, and several sporting experts commented upon his wonderful knee action as he made a wide curve on to the asphalt and gamely continued to chase, yelling at every jump for the car to stop. son owned up to the father, and then Even after it was evident he was going out of his class he knuckled down and did his level best, at the same time saying things that are barred from a family newspaper. At last he was so winded that he sat down on the window sill of a grocery store to gasp and shake his fist at the vanishing car,

officers of the road?" asked a passen-

"Of course, I do. I wouldn't care if it was old man Wilson himself. There are no exceptions to the rules. I've run by my own mother under like circumstances and I'd have given that duffer a race to the end of the road if his wind had held."-Detroit Free Press.

Englishmen and the Queen Curiously enough the great mass of Englishmen knew little or nothing of the sovereign as their ruler. They had only the vaguest idea of the part she took in the government of her tically nothing of the controlling and dominant force she exercised in inter national and domestic politics. But about this they cared nothing. It was sufficient for them to know that she was a good woman, a woman whose details of the shooting, disarranged heart always went out to her people, who shared with them their joys as well as their sorrows, who was keenly interested in everything that could make them better and happier. And perhaps more than anything else was the knowledge that she was a woman who had suffered much, whose heart after the shooting was over hurried had been sorely wrenched, and whose spirit often tried, and yet through it all she had remained serene, hopeful, always an example for right living, always an inspiration to the weary and the afflicted. Perhaps that was the real secret of the devotion which she inspired in Englishmen the world over.

> Seeking Indian Brides. Letters from points beyond the indian Territory from parties seeking

-A. Maurice Low, in Harper's Week

Indian brides continue to be received by the officials at Muskegee, Ind. Ter. Ine latest was received by Postmaster H. T. Estes, from Oaks, N. D., and was accompanied by a photograph. It "The inclosed photograph is one of

a locomotive engine man, bachelor, thirty-four years, weight 190 pounds. Physical condition perfect. Will go before any board of medical examiners. At present employed on one of the largest systems in the Northwest. Have been through the country some years ago. Can you put me in com munication with some good Indian girl? One with some education pre ferred."-Dallas (Tex.) News.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" a Reporter, A Washington special to the New York Times says the original "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is now a Congressional newspaper reporter. He is Lionel, the oldest son of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. As a member of the staff of a Washington paper be made his appearance in the press gallery of the Senate, seeking items. He looks plain and businessike, and not

DEVELOPMENT OF THE POULTRY BUSINESS IN THIS COUNTRY

Prosperous. The Pigeon Fauciers.

Official census figures will show that as a wealth-producer the American hen is a marvel, says the Chicago Record. As an illustration of the earning power of this autocrat of the barnyard it will be well to quote from Missouri, the foremost State in the industry. The report of the Bureau of Statistics for the last fiscal year shows that the total number of pounds of poultry, live and dressed, shipped from the 114 countles of that State were 106,988,710 pounds, an increase of 36,-907,443 pounds over the preceding year. The total number of dozens of eggs shipped from there last year were 34,875,040, making an aggregate value to the producers of poultry and eggs of \$12,001,048.54. The relative importance of the poultry industry of that State, as compared with the other in dustries, will be better understood when it is shown that the total value of all corn, wheat, oats, flax, timothy seed, clover seed, millet seed, cane seed, castor beans, cotton seed, tobacco, broom corn, hay and straw, which was shipped by all the counties in that State last year did not equal the values of the poultry and eggs shipped during the same time by over

\$17,000. The American Standard of Porfee tion, as drafted and copyrighted by American Poultry Association, contains the names of 115 various fowls, 114 of which are due to the development of man. Nature made one -a comely, wild thing which made its home in the jungle along with the rest of primeval creation. It is a long call from this ancient fowl of unguinly proportions to the lordly Langshan or the massive Cochin of the present day. but the ancestry is certain. The relation can be traced back further than the time of Christian era.

Europe, Asia and America have all contributed to the development of the poultry and the many and varied strains that now exist are the result of centuries of improvement, England and America have been foremost in the work, however, and the results accomplished by the fanciers of these two countries in recent years have been nothing short of remarkable. By intelligent breeding these fanciers have produced fowls of all sizes from the diminutive bantam to the mammoth bronze turkey; one a tiny bit of teathered vanity weighing only a few ounces-so small, in fact, that it can be entirely covered by a pint cup and the other a bulky fowl weighing from forty to sixty pounds-as much as a half-grown boy. Results equally as wonderful have been accomplished in color effects. We have fowls feathered in every natural color. There are varietles in red, black, brown and white, with nearly all possible combinations. besides buff and Andulusian blue. Not content with this the funciers have shown that they can lace, stripe, spangie or bar the feathers of their birds in any way to satisfy their individual fancy. In fact, it seems that about all there is left for them to do along this line is to put their initials on the feathers of their birds.

The successful fancier breeds for beauty and utility combined. If he desires to create a new strain he must be an imaginative soul. He must erect in his mind's eye an ideal fowl and then persevere in his endeavor to produce one like it. He jots down a de scription of this visionary bird from beak to toe nail. If he prefers to go by the standard he will find that very exacting; every detail is looked to scrupulously; length and color of comb, arch of neck, length and breadth of back, length and color of legs, design and color of plumage, etc. Having decided upon an ideal he mates his birds and starts his strain, picking from each brood the most per fect specimens and gradually working toward this ideal through generation after generation. It is a sort of partnership arrangement with nature, as

t were. It requires much time and patience to breed a line up to anything approaching perfection, but once attained the reward is well worthy of the effort Single birds have sold in this country for as much as \$500, while in England \$1000 has been paid for single specimens. The breeder does not depend altogether upon fancy prices for individual birds, however, for his returns. He profits by the increased productiveness of his flocks. For instance, in the matter of egg laying, it may be cited that the average American hen lays about 100 eggs per year. The practical poultryman goes in for better results and gets them. Numerous instances show whole flocks with an average of 200 to the hen per year-an increase of 100 per cent.

The "green-duck" industry forms another important branch of the poultry business. "Green ducks" mean impe rial Pekins, which were originally imported from China, and they are raised by the thousands and tens of thousands by artificial means, fed scientifically and marketed when they are from eight to ten weeks old. This is just before they molt their first coat of feathers, at which time they weigh from eight to ten pounds per pair, Some of them are fee upon celery seed to give their meat the flavor of the famous Southern canvasbacks, and so successfully that the difference canbe detected. Separate duck ranches on Long Island, Harrisburg, Penu.; Trenton, N. J.; Dallas, Penu., and elsewhere produce annually from March 1 to August 1 from 20,000 to 30,000 "green ducks," marketing them principalty in New York and Boston This industry is also well developed in New England, particularly in Eastern Massachusetts, where there are several ranches that produce from 20,-000 to 25,000 ducks annually; two of the largest being located at South Easton and Wrentham. But Long Island leads, Speenk being the centre of the greatest annual production. Fully 100,000 "green ducks" are grown each season within a few miles of this little

The three most prominent member of the large poultry family in this country are the Legherns, the Wyan-

long in body, light in weight and very active. Their average frequently runs as high as 200 eggs per year to the hen. The Wyandottes are strictly an American production. They are short in body, plump, round and heavier than Leghorns. They have full breast

development, have yellow legs and skin and consequently show up well when dressed. Their meat is tender, has fine grain and good flavor, and they are the ideal table fowl, either as brotlers, weighing from one-half pound to a pound and a half, or as roasters, weighing from three to five pounds. The Plymouth Rocks are very similar to the Wyandottes except their bodies are longer and they will weigh a pound more at maturity. The Barred Plymouth Rock is the great American all-purpose bird; the kind the farmer, the fancier and all swear The Wyandotte is a later breed, and is fast growing in popularity, especially with breeders, but the old stand-byes, the Barred Rocks, will doubtless hold their supremacy for many years.

The pigeon funciers have kept pace with the poultrymen, and the results they have met with are wonderful. They have given us the gorgeous fantail, a little bird with a tail big enough to almost tilt its little body out of kil ter. In the case of the fantall th fanciers have simply bred to a deform ity. The improved strain is simply line-bred monstrosity. Some fellow found a pigeon in his flock with a tall feather turned the wrong way. He got the idea that a bird with all its tall feathers turned the wrong way would be a good thing, so he sought a mate for his freak, paired them, and the fantail was soon with us. Along comes another fellow who thought be would like to see a pair with two rows of feathers turned the wrong way. We now have them with three rows and the end seems afar off. Thes fantails have all the vanity of Solo mon. In their coops they droop about with very little show of life, but when taken out they immediately spread their ample fans and strut about as pompous as you please. When placed in front of a mirror the big show takes place. They try to outdo the image in the glass, and the competition is something laughable.

As a close second to the fantail in the way of a wonder comes the tumbler. There are two kinds, indoor and outdoor tumblers. The parlor performers will turn somersaults for you in the most artistic manner possible. The outdoor species will sail up in the air several hundred feet and then fall suddenly downward, turning over and over as they come down.

They right themselves before they reach the ground, soar skyward again and perform the same astonishing gyrations until you tire of the perform ance. The explanation of the tumbler is simple. The breeder found a crazy bird, a little fowl with an insane desire to turn over continuously. He bred the freak and brought forth the clever tumbler.

CURIOUS FACTS.

A sign of politeness in Thibet on meeting a person is to hold up the clasped hand and stick out the tongue.

Rosewood and mahogany are so plentiful in Mexico that some of the copper mines there are timbered with rosewood, while mahogany is used as fuel for the engines.

Professor Young estimates that a train running from the earth to the sun at forty miles an hour would take about 265 years for the trip, and the fare would be over \$1,000,000.

A large and brilliant meteorite fell in an English field the other day, and shortly afterward a man who had been passing by the field at the time was found unconscious on the roadside.

The Indiana State prison has three electric buttons, by pressing one of which the gallows-trap is sprung. At the signal three sheriffs will simulta neously press the three buttons, but not one of them will know who actually contributed to the hanging.

Live bees are sometimes shipped on lee so as to keep dormant during the journey. This is particularly the case with bumble-bees, which have been taken to New Zealand, where they are useful in fertilizing the red clover that has been introduced into that colony.

Harvey Lynn, a former United States cavalryman, of Pittston, Penn., has undergone an operation for the removal of a piece of ox bone from his skull and the insertion of a sliver plate. While serving in Cuba over a year ago Lynn was shot in the head. At the hospital a piece of ox hone was grafted into his skull, but the operation was not entirely successful, and Lynn was given a disability discharge. He has since been afflicted with paralysis, resulting from the bone pressing the brain, and went to a hospital to have the ox bone removed.

Teeth Came Out First. "I-I think I must have made a mistake," said the man who stood in the door of the dental parlors and looked about him.

"Perhaps so," replied the dentist, who was snarpening up a gum-cutting lancer.

"My wife, you know, has been teasing me for the last five years to get my shotograph taken, and this morning I finally set out to have it done. "And got in the wrong shop," said

the dentist. "I see this is no photograph gallery."

"But a dental parlor?" "Yes."

"Well, I've made a mistake, hat I'm glad of it. Here, let me sit down and have three teeth yanked out, and I'll put the old photo off for another five years."-Chicago News.

A Canadian Iron Field. A new fron ore field has just been opened at Michipicoten, Ontario, which it is thought may flood the lake market next year. The ore is described as n brown hematite, more like the Southern ores than the Lake Superior hematite.

of the large poultry family in this country are the Legiorns, the Wyan-dettes and the Plymouth Rocks. The in all 2000 men and 600 women.

THE PRINTED WORD.

Dr. Talmage Says Sacred Singlidity and Laziness is Rebuked by Christ.

Call for a Warm Friendship Between Those Who Preach the Gospel and Those Who Make Newspapers.

Washington, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage calls for a warm friendship between those who preach the gospel and those who make newspapers, the spoken word and the printed word to go side by side; text, Luke xvi. 8, "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

Sacred stupidity and soleinn incompetency and sanctified laziness are here rebuked by Christ, He says worldings are wider awake for opportunities than are Christians. Men of the world grab occasions, while Christian people let the most valuable occasions drift by unimproved. That is the meaning of our Lord when He says, "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

A marked illustration of the truth of

their generation wiser than the children of light."

A marked illustration of the truth of that maxim is in the slowness of the Christian religion to take possession of the secular press. The opportunity is open, and has been for some time open, but the luinisters of religion are for the most part allowing the golden opportunity to pass unimproved. That the opportunity is open I declare from the fact that all the secular newspapers are glad of any religious facts or statistics that you present them. Any animated and stirring article relating to religious themes they would gladly print. They thank you for any information in regard to churches. If a wreng has been done to any Christian church or Christian institution, you could go into any newspaper office of the land and have the real truth stated. Dedication services, ministerial ordinations and installations. and have the real truth stated. Dedication services, ministerial ordinations and pastoral installations, cornerstone laying of a church, anniversary of a charitable society will have reasonable space in any secular journal if it have previous notice given.

If I had some great injustice done me, there is not an editorial as reporterial.

there is not an editorial or reportorial room in the United States into which I could not go and get myself set right, and that is true of any well-known Christian man. Why, then, does not our glorious Chris-

that is true of any well-known Christian man.

Why, then, does not our glorious Christianity embrace these magnificent opportannities? I have before me a subject of first and last importance: How shall we secure the secular press as a mightier reenforcement to religion and the pulpit?

The first thing toward this result is cessation of indiscriminate hostility against newspaperdom. You might as well denounce the legal profession because of the shysters or the medical profession because of the swindling bargain makers as to slambang newspapers because there are recreant editors and unfair reporters and unclean columns. Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, was about to destroy his types and extinguish the art because it was suggested to him that printing might be suborned into the service of the devil, but afterward he bethought himself that the right use of the art might more than overcome the evil use of it, and so he spared the type and the intelligence of all following ages. But there are many to-day in the depressed mood of Gutenberg, with uplifted hammer, wanting to pound to pieces the type, who have not reached his better mood in which he saw the art of printing to be the rising sun of the world's illumination.

If, instead of fighting newspapers, we spend the same length of time and the same length of time and the same than he who runs his wheelbarrow up the track to meet and drive back the Chicago limited express.

The silliest thing that a man ever does it to fight a newspaper, for you may have the floor for utterance perhaps for one day in the week, while the newspaper has the floor every day in the week.

Appleon, though a mighty man, had many weaknesses, and one of the weakest things he ever did was to threaten that if the English newspapers did not stop their adverse criticism of himself he would, with 400,000 bayonets, cross the channel for their chastiement.

Don't light newspapers. Attack provokes attack. Better wait until the excitement blows over, and then go in and

Don't light newspapers. Attack provokes attack. Better wait until the excitement blows over, and then go in and get justice, for get it you will if you have patience and common sense and equipoise of disposition.

It ought to be a mighty sedative that there is an enormous amount of common sense in the world, and you will eventually be taken for what you are really worth, and you cannot be puffed up, and you cannot be written down, and if you are the enemy of good society that fact will come out, and if you are the friend of good society that fact will be established.

I know what I am talking about, for I can draw on my own experience. All the respectable newspapers, as far as I know, are my friends now. But many of you remember the time when I was the most continuously and meanly attacked man in this country. God gave me grace not to answer back, and I kept silence for ten years, and much grace was required. What I said was perverted and twisted into just the opposite of what I did say. There were millions of people who believed that there was a large sofa in my pulpit, although we never had anything but a chair, and that during the singing by the congregation I was accustomed to lie down on that sofa and dangle my feet over the end. Lying New York correspondents for ten years misrepresented our church services. But we waited, and people from every neighborhood of Christendom came there, to find the magnitude of the falsehoods concerning the church and concerning myself. A reaction set in, and soon we had justice, full justice, more than justice, and as much overprise as once we had underappreciation, and no man that over lived was so much indebted to the newspaper press for opportunity to preach the gospel as I am.

Young men in the ministry, young men in all professions and occupations, wait. You can afford to wait. Take rough misrepresentation as a Turkish towel to start up your languid circulation or a system of massage or Swedish movement, whose pokes and pulls and twistes and thrusts are salutary treatme Our cities are not so much preached to by ministers of religion as by reporters. Put all journalists into our prayers and aermons. Of all the hundred thomand sermons preached to-day there will not be three preached to journalists and probably not one. Of all the prayers offered for classes of men innumerable the prayers offered for the most potential class will be thought a preacher's idiosyners. There are many journalists in our church membershins, but this world will never be brought to God until some revival of relicious weeps over the land and takes into the kinedom of God all editors, reporters compositors, pressmen and newspars

side, for you are the unbelievers who make the wheels of the Lord's chariot drag heavily. The great final battle between truth and error, the Armageddon, I think, will not be fought with swords and shells and guns, but with pens—quill pens, steel pens, gold pens, fountain pens and before that the pens must be converted. The most divinely honored weapon of the past has been the pen, and the most divinely honored weapon of the future will be the pen—prophet's pen, and evangelist's pen and apostle's pen, followed by editor's pen and author's pen and reporter's pen. God save the pen! The wrng of the Apocalyptic angel will be the printed page. The printing press will roll ahead of Christ's chariot to clear the way. "But," some one might ask, "would you make Sunday newspapers also a re-enforcement?" I have learned to take things as they are. I would like to see the much scoffed at old Puritan Sabbaths come back again. I do not think the modern Sunday will turn out any better men and women than were your grandfathers and grandmothers under the old-fashioned Sunday. To say nothing of other results, Sunday newspapers are killing editors, reporters, compositors and pressmen. Every man, woman and child is entitled to twenty-four hours of nothing to do. If the newspapers put on another set of hands, that does not relieve the editorial and reportorial room of its cares and responsibilities. Our literary men die fast enough without killing them with Sunday work.

All things are possible with God, and my faith is up until nothing in the way of religious victory would surprise me. All the newspaper printing presses of the earth are going to be the Lord's, and telegraph and telephone and type will yet announce nations born in a day. The first book ever printed was the Bible, by Faust and his son-in-law, Schoeffer, in 1460, and that consecration of type to the Holy Scriptures was a prophecy of the great mission of printing for the evangelization of all the nations. The father of the American printing press was a clergyman, Rev.

the types.

phecy of the religious use that the gosper ministry in this country were to make of the types.

The tendency of criticism in the theological seminaries is to file off from our young men all the sharp noints and make them too smooth for any kind of execution. What we want, all of us, is more point, less hundrum. If we say the right thing in the right way, the press will be glad and echo and re-echo it. Sunday-school teachers, reformers, young men and old men in the ministry, what we all want if we are to make the printing press an ally in Christian work is that which the reporter spoken of suggested—points, sharp points, memorable points. But if the thing be dead when uttered by living voice it will be a hundredfold more dead when it is laid out in cold type.

That Providence intends the profession of reporters to have a mighty share in the world's redemption is suggested by the fact that Paul and Christ took a reporter along with them, and he reported their addresses and their acts.

Luke was a reporter, and he wrote not only the book of Luke, but the Acts of the Apostles, and without that reporter's work we would have known nothing of the Pentecost, and nothing of Tabitha's resurrection, and nothing of Tabitha's resurrection, and nothing of the jailing and unjailing of Paul and Silas, and nothing of the shipwreck at Melita.

Strike out the reporter's work from the Bible, and you kill a large part of the

unjailing of Paul and Silas, and nothing of the shipwreck at Melita.

Strike out the reporter's work from the Bible, and you kill a large part of the New Testament. It makes me think that in the future of the kingdom of God the reporters are to bear a mighty part.

About twenty-five years ago a representative of an important New York newspaper took his seat in my Brooklyn church one Sunday night about five pews from the front of the pulpit. He took out pencil and reporter's pad, resolved to caricature the whole scene. When the music began, he began, and with his pencil he derided that, and then derided the prayer, and then derided the reading of the Scriptures, and then began to deride the sermon. But, he says, for some reason his hand began to tremble, and he, rallying himself, sharpened his pencil and started again, but broke down again and then put pencil and paper in his pocket, and his head down on the front per and began to pray. At the close of the service he came up and asked for the prayers of others, and gave his heart to God. And, though still engaged in newspaper work, he is an evangelist and hires a hall at his own expense and every Sunday afternoon preaches Jesus Christ to the people.

And the men of that profession are going to come in a body throughout the

preaches Jesus Christ to the people.

And the men of that profession are going to come in a body throughout the country. I know hundreds of them, and a more genial or highly educated class of men it would be hard to lind, and, though the tendency of their profession may be toward skepticism, an organized common sense gospel invitation would fetch them to the front of all Christian endeavor.

Men of the pencil and non in all densests.

sense gospel invitation would fetch them to the front of all Christian endeavor.

Men of the pencil and pon in all departments, you need the help of the Christian religion. In the day when people want to get their newspapers at two cents, and are hoping for the time when they can get any of them at one cent, and as a consequence the attaches of the printing press are by the thousand ground under the cylinders, you want God to take care of you and your families.

Some of your best work is as much unspeciated as was Milton's "Paradise Lost," for which the author received \$25, and the immortal poem "Hohenlinden" of Thomas Campbell when he first offered it for publication, and in the column called "Notices to Correspondents" appeared the words: "To T. C.—The lines commencing 'On Linden when the sun was low are not up to our standard. Poetry is not T. C.'s forte."

O men of the pencil and pen, amid your

On Linden when the sun was low are not up to our standard. Poetry is not T. C's forte."

O men of the peneil and pen, amid your unappreciated work you need encouragement, and you have it. Printers of all Christendom, editors, reporters, compositors, pressmen, publishers and readers of that which is printed, resolve that you will not write, set up, edit, issue or read anything that debases body, mind or soul. In the name of God, by the laying on of the hands of faith and prayer, ordain the printing press for righteousness and liberty and salvation. All of us with some influence that will help in the right direction, let us put our hands to the work, imploring God to hasten the consummation. In a ship with hundreds of passengers approaching the South American coast the man on the lookout neglected his work, and in a few minutes the ship would have been dashed to ruin on the rocks. But a cricket on board the vessel that had made no sound all the voyage set up a shrill call at the smell of land, and the captain, knowing that habit of the insect, stopped the vessel in time to avoid an awful wreck. And so insignificant means may now do wonders, and the scratch of a pen may save the shipwreck of a soul.

Are you all ready for the signing of the contract, the league, the solemn treaty proposed between journalism and evangelism? Let it he a Christian marriage of the pulpit and the printing press. The ordination of the former on my head, the pen of the latter in my hand, it is appropriate that I publish the banns of such a marriage. Let them from this day he one in the maguificent work of the world's redemntion.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

King Charles of Portugal weighs 300

Waldeck-Rousseau. Premier France, has recovered his health. Earl Roberts's is the first name in King Edward's new visitors' book.

Andrew Carnegie is a Presbyterian and he is opposed to the playhouse. Senator "Billy" Mason was a schoolnate of Scuntor W. A. Clark at Ben-

lonport, Iowa. The young Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha has passed his examination as

military ensign. Senators Tallaferro, of Florida; Lindsny, of Kentucky, and Harriz, of Kansas, were born in Virginia.

"Josquin Miller, fruit farmer," is the way the San Francisco directory now lists the famous poet of the Sierras.

Governor Diedrich, of Nebraska, a bachelor, has raised a storm by proposing the sale of the Executive Man

man Catchings has fren a silver cup in recognition of his Norts to secure Mississippi River in

offensive to Bond. The name of Peters will do for this inquisitive man. He was a good fellow, and meant nothing more than friendly interest when he was poking around to find out all about his companions, and we learned at last to overlook his weakness-all the more zealous to find out all about

concerned, said:

for him, stayed by him as long as he could, did everything that could be of thing. He was apparently sizing the next morning he had a story to tell to three of us in whom he con-

comparison with those who had enlist-

a glitter in his eye if we were in dan-

a desire for adventure thrown in.

Maxwell paused and, just as his tearers were becoming uneasy, he said this was the story Peters had related: Boys, we've got a murderer among

us, not only a murderer, but the worst kind of a one, a man who killed his father, and who, if it were proved against him, would, up to this time, have pretended that it was an acci-He's Bond. It explains why he the son away and told him how to act has been so reckless lately; he wanted to be killed. Matter of conscience, you He whispered it all to me, asked me to write home, saying that he was dead and h. I passed away forgiving every one and revealing the secret His name isn't Rond, but I'm under pledge not to tell what it is. He asked me to write without waiting for him to die actually, and he wanted me to get him reported dead so that it would be cabled home; said his friends would name. It's a mighty sad story.

"Bond told me that he came from dent and was found murdered in the bank vanit two years ago. Robbers there to rob the bank, and had been had killed him and made their escape. killed by a real bank robber, and there He had evidently surprised them. were those who thought they could Young Bond was the real murderer. remember the exact looks of certain He was just under twenty-one. He had been stealing from his father's seen about town. private b siness for more than a year so as to keep on gambling with a fast set of young fellows whom a sharper got together regularly and was plun dering right along. On Bond's twenty-first birthday there had to be a setment of the books, for his father intenged to take him into business part-Bond had to have no than \$5000 to make good his stealings. ere was no other way left to him than to steal it. He knew all about bank, the combinations to the ks, the ways of the watchman and all that, and he had studied up knockout drops. He left som: liquor that had been doctored with drugs for the watchman to drink knowing the man's weakness, and the rest was not despine me too much. I have done at all at it would seem Little Lord easy. He entered the bank from the my duty by them and by the flag. Paunileroy might look as a young man rear stealthily, having made sure that says he. I broke down and wept, I'll of (wenty or thereabouts.

A FIRING LINE MYSTERY Life Secret of Young Bond, Whose Lips a Bullet Sealed. ANGEL BERNESE WERE DE FERENCE EN REPORT DE LES REPORTS DE LES REPO THE Kansas man had served the watchman was unconscious, had just got into the inner vault, when he pines, had returned safely, heard a noise and saw a dim light in had been a town hero for a the outer room. He knew it could not month or so, and then went on the be the watchman, and at once raised stump in the campaign. Several of his revolver for action and crouched

Good-Night to you! -Saturday Evening Post,

out, "Tis Tuesday week!"

three Six weeks ago!"

day in a Western hotel where their saying: 'My God, I must have killed roads crossed in their journeys to as- him. I didn't know it was so powersignments, and were comparing notes. ful. Wake up, Mike!" "There was no response, and Bond The man who had served with Funston gradually assumed command of says he recognized the voice as that of the conversation, and the talk drifted his father just in time, for be intended

from a discussion of the question why to shoot and escape in a rush if possimen rushed to serve in the Philippine | ble. Then Bond became conscious of campaign to one of the problems why his own danger. His father might men, in many cases, unexpectedly, shoot him. The father soon saw the show not only rare bravery but downopen doors of the vault. 'What does right recklessness in battle. The Kan- this mean? he said. 'Mike, you didn't sas man, for whom the name Max- do this; you couldn't! Who is there? well will do so far as this article is Speak, or I'll shoot. Quick!" Then it was that Bond saw he had no show "As I was saying, we found men out and he shouted to his father not to there who had been wild, and whose | shoot, and revealed his own identity, "Then there followed a strange scene parents were glad to see them enter

the army; we found men who had in that bank vault. There were the been crossed in love; we found men father, the son and the unconscious who had been a failure in life, even if watchman together in the early hours they were mere youths; we found of the morning. What does this mean. many daredevils, and, curiously son? said the father, sternly. 'Has enough, most of them were cautious it come to this-my son a bank rotber?' Young Bond said he was game, on the firing line; we found some who had pasts that they wanted forgotten; and he replied: 'What are you doing we found some under assumed names, here? Are you a bank robber your Who put Mike in this condifor one reason or another; we found tion? the usual number of bullies, braggarts You see he had overheard his father make that exclamation about and bluffers, and being once under Mike, and he took chances. 'Explain fire was the cure for them. But all these made up a very small number in your position on the inside of that vault,' said the father. 'Explain what ed for love of country, with perhaps you said about not knowing that something was so powerful when you saw "But of all the curious characters I Mike,' said the son. And then the came across the strangest was a man father broke down completely and the son went to pieces, and each, thinking named Bond. He was silent as to his past; he made few friends; there was that Mike was about to die, confessed to the other. The father had been ger which was positively magnetic, speculating in the Eastern markets, and we came gradually to respect his had used up a lot of trust funds in his charge, and the only way for him to reserve and to be proud of him. There was one man in our company, howget out was to rob his own bank. He ver, whose propensity for nosing into had also left some knock-out drops for others' affairs was especially marked, the watchman, and it was the comand who, it was plain to be seen, was bined dose that made father and son think that the man would die. The

followed a discussion as to what was best to be done. "They agreed that the bank must be robbed; that was their only salvation. They agreed also that it would be best but Bond. It was evident that Bond for one of them to appear to be dewas desirous of curing Peters or of fending the bank's treasure. It was punishing him for his offensive beha- finally decided that it would be best "Don't you know that he's one of the vior. Bond gradually became reckless for the son to wound the father slighton the firing line. Any one could see by in the side, take enough money to it was not assumed, but was genuine, suit their purposes and leave his fathand this conduct deepened the mys- er there to be discovered in the morntery as to his past and made Peters lng. The old man said he was so des perate that he would take chances. and he would tell a story about feeling "One day Bond fell with a wound, uneasy in his dreams as to the condi-Peters carried him to the rear, cared tion of affairs at the bank and of getting up in the night and going down there to see if all was right, of en-

done under the circumstances, like of- countering a robber or set of robbers, fering to write home, and all that sort of having a mighty struggle with them, ending, so far as he could recolup his chances of living. He was also lect, with a revolver shot which made thinking whether it was worth while him unconscious. He had no fear as to forgive Peters for the past or to to Mike. If Mike recovered he would realm and her people; they knew pracgive him a thrust he would never for- be so ashamed of being drunk that he get. It was about midnight that Pe- would invent some story of being ters returned to his place with us, and gagged, especially as father and son

had arranged to bind him with a gag and tie his hands. "Then father and son planned the the furniture, bound and gagged the watchman, took the money and broke the locks, and the father lay down after tearing his clothing and had the son give him what he supposed was only a slight flesh wound in the side. The old man was full of nerve, and

when the discovery was made in the morning. They had wounded the watchman, also. "Bond says he went home and to bed and acted his part thoroughly when they roused him to tell him of the dreadful accident to his father. It turned out really to be a dreadful affair, for both the father and the watchman were found dead and the bank robbed. Young Bond says he made good his gambling debts and enrecognize him under the assumed listed in the army so as to get away from the storm that arose when it was found that his father was insolvent Olifo. His father was a bank presi- It soon became the general theory in the town that the elder Bond had gone

> mysterious strangers that had been "Bond's conscience could stand it no longer, he says and he went to Kartsas and enlisted and came out here, hoping secretly that he would be killed, for he had not the courage to commit suicide. He wanted me to write to his relatives clearing up the entire mystery, and telling them that he had explated his crime. The one thing I can't understand," said Peters in telling the story, "is why he wants me to write all this before he dies. He must have a dreadful conscience. He said to me: 'I am wounded exactly in the place in which my fether was nounded when I shot him. I know I ean't live. Just tell the truth about me, and make sure that the boys will

PROGRESS OF THE HEN Leghorns are the eggtype. They are

is a Wealth Producer the American Hen is a Marvel - The Standard of Perfection - The Green Duck Business is