## THE SONG OF LIFE.

One must sing of the sunshine;
One must sing of the rain;
One must sing us the songs of joy,
And one sing woe's refrain;
Yet in the end all the songs will blend
In one harmonious strain.

One must sing of the future,
With hopes and fearings rife;
One must sing of the misty past—
Its dreaming and its strife—
Yet they will meet in a chord full sweet—
The marvelous song of life.

One must sing of the mountains;
One must sing of the sea;
One must sing us the song of love,
And one in hate's shrill key;
Yet all will rise to the blending skies
In one grand harmony.

Love and hate and compassion,
Sorrow and right and wrong,
Past and future and war and peace—
Rise in an anthem strong,
And all will grow, as they ebb and flow,
To life's unceasing song.

—Baltimore American.

# THE MAROONING OF CAPTAIN SUTTLEBURY.

By R. E. Vernede.

MISS JOAN RYE was having the last hat pin run through the floppiest of hats by her maid, so that, quite plainly, she was going out to brave the sun.

She rose as graceful as a panther, and full of spirits, and went out swiftly and silently into the park, taking care to evade any other of the Wattle House guests who might be about.

The kennels were in quite the opposite direction, but then Miss Rye had a passion for the waterside, particularly this morning, when the sun was so riotously hot, and the mere sound of the swish in the reeds would be cooling. Also, nobody ever went down to the lake in the morning. She would be alone and unpestered for once.

Captain Suttlebury could bestow his insufferable attentions upon the hounds. She laughed aloud at the thought.

It was understood, as such matters generally are understood, that Miss Rye was the destined bride of the Captain. He was ugly, vulgar, and one of the wealthiest of landowners, so that he could marry anyone he chose. And his choice seemed to be Miss Joan Rye.

"Beauty and the Beast," as Lord Wattle remarked to his distant connection and temporary private secretary, Mr. Dick Maynard, anent this affair.

The young man nodded.

"I hope she'll refuse him," he said, frowning.

"My dear man," said Lord Wattle, "how can she? Lady Wattle gives me to understand that Miss Rye and Suttlebury have fixed it up, kindly making my house the base of operations. He's a vulgar little brute, and he'll flutter around till she's worn out. Then I shall have to congratulate him."

Maynard shut his mouth at this feeble-minded view and busied himself over his work. He spent a restless night trying to devise disinterested schemes whereby Beauty might be saved from the toils, and woke early and angry, with a conviction that a secretarial post precludes one from undertaking the duties of a knight-errant.

He went down to the lake (because in the morning nobody ever went there), got a rod from the waterman, and, having punted himself across to the shady side, fixed the pole in the reeds by way of anchor, set his float running, clinched his rod in the bows, and promptly fell asleep among the cushions, with a pipe in his mouth.

That is why the following things came to pass when about half an hour later Miss Joan Rye came down to the boathouse, followed at a discreet distance by the irrepressible Captain Suttlebury, who by an ill chance had marked Miss Rye's direction, and had not therefore taken the trouble to inquire of her maid as to where she might be found. The Captain was feeling uncommonly sulky and spiteful, knowing he had exerted himself for some days past in a manner that "no woman was worth," without marked success.

Meanwhile Joan came to the water's edge. A shimmering heat-haze lay lightly over the lake, making dim the further shore under the hill, whose imminent pines would, as she knew, throw the coolest shadows, and all among the rushes on either side of the boathouse the coots winged a flustered escape at her approaching. Some white swans, too, oared themselves off shore after the fashion of shocked dignity. The waterman was nowhere about, and Joan had to unmoor her own craft. She had fixed on a Canadian canoe, and, having seated herself, made away with broad, gentle scoops of the paddle, rejoicing in her liberty and her solitude.

She had disappeared into the haze beyond Captain Suttlebury's view before he was ready with the punt in which he meant to follow. And on the other side of the haze things were happening of which Joan's first intimation was this: Towards her, from the opposite bank, came an apparently unoccupied punt. It came erratically, with slow jerks and swerves to left and right. A stout pike-rod was fixed in the bows and bent almost to cracking.

"Some one must have been fishing from it," thought Joan. The float was invisible, but the taut line and twisted reel showed her what was the matter. The fisher must have gone ashore and a pike hooked himself in the meantime. How annoyed the man would be! And then—

"Why, it's Mr. Maynard!" she said, aloud, quite suddenly. "Asleep!"

She had wanted solitude, but somehow was in no way vexed to come on a man. Otherwise she would not have done what she did. That was to paddle up to the punt and step aboard. She took up the rod and freed the reel carefully.

"What a splendid fish it must be!" she said, feeling it delicately as she reeled in a little. It must have been the sporting instinct that was aroused, for she forgot her canoe and her desire for solitude, and began to play the fish.

Now, pike is not the gamest of things that swim, but even a pike will make some struggle, and this was a big one. Joan reeled in, and the pike resisted, and the punt rocked up and down. Presently from a dream in which he and Captain Suttlebury were exchanging pistol shots across a pocket handkerchief—all for the love of a lady—Dick Maynard awoke and rubbed his eyes. The girl was standing at the far end of the punt, with feet firmly planted, tense in every limb, and beautifully balancing the heavy rod. She had not called out for assistance, or begun shaking, as some women do in their excitement. He could imagine her lips quite firm and curved, and it piqued him that he could only see her back, and the back, curled clouds of her hair.

"Can I help?" he said half unwillingly.

She answered without turning her head.

"Have you got the landing net?"

"Yes."

He went forward, and she held up the pike nearer the side. She was a little breathless, but talked without allowing her attention to be distracted from the business on hand.

"You owe me a pair of gloves, Mr. Maynard. Fast asleep—aren't you ashamed—only an hour after breakfast?"

"Was I really asleep?"

"Were you?"

The pike was head up, trying to furrow the tops of the water with his narrow tail. Maynard made an effectual dive with the net, the fish shooting away to the right.

"Ahem! Good morning, Miss Joan."

They had both been so wrapped up in their fishing that they had entirely failed to notice the approach of Captain Suttlebury in the second punt, and at the very moment that he sent the nose of his punt into theirs Maynard had the tail of the fish in the net.

"Well?" said Joan coldly.

Maynard had relieved her of the rod and was reeling up the slack of the line.

"Well?" repeated Joan, tapping her foot.

"Er—I supposed I'd find you on the lake," said Captain Suttlebury.

"You were looking for me?"

"Of course; it was just as well I found you."

"Perhaps," said Joan. "It made me lose a rather large pike."

Captain Suttlebury was dimly conscious from her point that he was expected to apologize. But that was not his way—on the contrary, he felt that he had a right to demand an apology.

"I do not imagine," he said in his pompous manner, "that your mother would approve of this sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?"

"Fishing with one of the s——"

He had meant to say servants, but caught Maynard's eye.

"Perhaps," she said meekly, "you are right. You are so often right, Captain Suttlebury, aren't you? And in any case I ought to consider it luck in a way that you came, oughtn't I? because my canoe has drifted off, and Mr. Maynard has lost his pole, and we might have been left here in the middle of the lake for hours."

Maynard froze up. Nothing would have been more lucky, to his way of thinking, than the contingency mentioned, but he imagined Joan was making her submission. So did Captain Suttlebury, and he assumed a conquering pose.

"Lost his pole, has he?" he inquired, loftily.

"Yes," said Joan. "It is stuck in the reeds. You can almost see it from here."

"Then, Mr. What's-his-name," said the Captain, turning towards Maynard, "you can take my punt and fetch this pole back here. After that you can go. Miss Rye and I shan't need you, d'ye see?"

He held out the pole belonging to his own punt as he spoke, and for a moment his fate hung in the balance. Then Maynard puts his hands in his pockets and turned to Joan——

"Am I to understand that is what you wish?" he asked, stiffly.

"Please do," she said.

Because she wished it, he stepped across on the other punt, disregarding even the supercilious smile with which Captain Suttlebury handed him the pole. Then, without a word, he pushed off. As the gap between the two punts widened to a yard, before either of the two were aware of it, Joan had taken a running leap from one to the other. She was beside Maynard now, and the gap had grown a gulf of a dozen yards, and the Captain's smile turned to a stare of dismay.

"What the—what are you doing?" he stuttered angrily.

Joan settled herself composedly down among the cushions.

"Marooning you," she said.

"Maroo—maroo—what do you mean?"

"For bad manners on the high seas," Joan explained affably. "I am the pirate queen of the lake this morning and any one displeasing me has to suffer. Your punishment is to swim ashore or else wait until someone calls for you. The pole is in the reeds, remember, in case you want it, and don't forget lunch is at two. Good-by, Captain Suttlebury!"

She waved her hand at him mischievously and beckoned Maynard to pole on.

"You are sure you wish it?" he asked, anxiously. "I don't think he's the sort of man to forgive it."

"That is what I hope," she said. And at that he had no more scruples.

"As fast as you can, please," said Joan, "for I'm sure he's using bad language now, and I've been insulted enough for one morning. And I am so vexed to have made you lose that pike, Mr. Maynard."

Later in the day Captain Suttlebury was observed by the waterman and rescued, but that was not until after lunch, and everyone was curious to know what had become of him. Not having the spirit to confess his discomfiture, he decided to leave Wattle House by the next train, which he did, much to Mrs. Rye's grief. Later in the year—much to her mother's horror—Joan married Lord Wattle's private secretary.—The World's Events.

### Former Landscape Gardening.

I much fear that Washington's landscape gardening at Mount Vernon with his mock oranges and French willows and English yews that he no doubt intended to cut and trim into preposterous shapes, would to us seem very much like somebody trying to play a Gregorian chant on a spinet. He writes to Governor Clinton, of New York, thanking him for some balsam trees, and speaks pleasantly of the grapevines which the Chevalier de Lucerne has promised to send him from France. The entries in his diary in 1785 show him to be planting ivy, which, I dare say, some one brought him from Kenilworth, and which, with true English persistence, has alone survived to our day of all his planting. Elsewhere he has recorded his settings of a greenbrier hedge, interspersed with hemlock trees from Occoquan, and then he is sowing "holly bushes in drills."

In those days it was necessary and customary to go to England, where beauty was still worshiped according to its perspective, for that which was oldest and best, and for many years after the American Revolution we imitated England in our gardens much more servilely than we did in our literature, and the early plaisances of America no doubt reflected the demure beauty of Thompson and Cowper — Cowper, of whom Taine said that he looked at a tree and argued about the immoriality of the soul. It took us a long time to learn that it was an affectation to trim our log cabins with English ivy and try to make them look castellated.

Since Washington Irving died, and took the Hudson River school with him, floriculture in America, like a great many other things, has put on her seven league boots. If Irving should come back to Sunnyside, or the great chief after whom he was named should return to Mount Vernon, they would know their places only by the sacred decay. Veneration, like the hand of death, has staid a ruthless progression. — Country Life in America.

### The Fussiness About Health.

One wonders sometimes whether the new fussiness about the body really tends as much to human happiness as the old ignorance or stolid resignation. It certainly increases greatly the objects of fear, and every fear tends to impair the serenity which is the base of happiness. It also helps to keep alive the feeble, who are often in the way and who do not improve the race, and it very decidedly interferes with that "even flow of promotion" which is almost as necessary to society at large as to the army or the civil service. There is, too, some diminuation of courage, however slight, in facing risks, and a great increase in that habit of self-pity which is apt, especially with the frail, to enfeeble character. Upon the whole, however, we fancy the result is beneficial, especially to those at the two ends of life. Children are not only happier but positively better for the new healthfulness secured by science—an opinion which will be indorsed, we believe, by every manager of a good preparatory school—and to the old the benefit is indescribable. They will die as of yore, though later, but they are spared half the old aches and pains, so that "cherry old age" instead of being noticeable is the common and expected condition.—London Spectator.

### A Notable Bridge Feat.

In the transportation of logs from the heart of the California timber belt to the mills, an important engineering feat has been accomplished. A canon on the south fork of the American River had to be traversed, and as it was 1000 feet deep, it was determined to build a steel-wire suspension tramway. The distance across the canon is 2850 feet. Between the two terminal towers the space is 2650 feet. Two parallel cables span this immense gap, without support between the towers. On these cables runs a cage conveying a car capable of carrying 3000 feet of green, and, therefore, very heavy, timber on each trip. The tower terminals are anchored in the solid rock, supporting the cables, on which, over the canon of a depth of 1000 feet, where the river's course seems like a rivulet, passes to and fro the skeleton iron cage, running on deep-grooved trolley-wheels, and carrying its enormous load of green timber with great apparent ease.

### The Blessings of Flowers.

There is pleasure in seeing our pretty girl acquaintances wearing at their corsage the violets or tea roses of our own raising; there is pleasure in decking our elderly visitors in the modest splendor of lavender, purple, blush and white sweet peas; and there is a hopeful optimism that comes to the owner of a garden when she shares it with the boys and girls whose homes are bare of all beauty. Hopeful because they are so grateful for the little breast knot of flowers; hopeful, because even that little thing wakens a love of the good and the beautiful, and then to better things. The one so fortunate as to have a garden is blessed with the means of conferring much happiness and doing a vast amount of real good.—Los Angeles Times.

### River of Many Names.

Before the coming of the whites to America the Mississippi River was known by a different name every few miles of its course. Each tribe that dwelt along its banks gave it a name, and more than thirty of these local designations are preserved in the narratives of the early travelers.

## EFFECTS OF FALLS.

### It is Not Always the Height From Which One Drops That Kills.

"There is something rather curious to me about the distance that men may fall without getting hurt," observed a New Orleans contractor yesterday, "but it is not always the case that a drunken man can fall further than other men without getting bruised up or killed. In my own experience in construction work I have observed a few instances where perfectly sober men have fallen great distances without getting hurt. Of course, as a general rule, a man whose muscles are thoroughly relaxed on account of the influence of liquor is less liable to injury than the sober man, who will make all kinds of effort to catch himself, and who will in this way endanger his limbs by making them rigid and stiff.

"But I recall the case of a man who was working on a building with me several years ago, and at the time he was engaged on the fifth story. He was working in one of the windows in the side of the building. In some way he lost his balance and went head over heels down the side of the building toward the sidewalk. The sight made me sick, and I was actually afraid to look on the sidewalk below, because I felt certain that my friend had been smashed into a pulp by the long fall. We got down to the ground as soon as possible. I was surprised when I failed to see my friend. He had not stopped on the sidewalk, but went crashing into the cellar, and you can imagine the surprise I felt when I met my friend with a smile on his face and making his way to the short, dumpy steps that let us out of the cellar. I asked him if he was not hurt, and he replied that the fall jolted him a little and that his blood chilled somewhat while he was going through the air; but he was not hurt. He had struck an iron gate that worked rather easily on its hinges, and this apparatus allowed him to slide with ease into the basement, and it was this simple device that saved his life. He was perfectly sober at the time, too. But now mark what happened to another friend of mine while he was under the influence of whisky. He was not drunk, but he was in that condition called comfortably full. He was walking along a sidewalk that was as smooth and as even as any I ever saw. For some unaccountable reason he fell. His head hit first, and it struck in a way that threw him over on his back. The turn was sudden, spasmodic, and seemed to have been caused by a muscular relaxation. He never regained consciousness. His skull was fractured badly, and he died in a few hours. These things go to show that it is not so much a question of how far a man falls. How a fellow hits seems to be far more important than the matter of distance."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Looked Worse Than She Felt.

She was richly but inconspicuously dressed, and would have attracted no particular attention as she stood on the corner of Tremont and Winter streets, had not her face, under a white veil, been writhing in a series of remarkable contortions. Several persons paused to watch her "make faces," and then came a feminine acquaintance.

"Why!" exclaimed the newcomer, "what upon earth is the matter?"

The facial contortions ceased and were replaced by a smile.

"With me? Nothing."

"But you looked as if you were suffering terribly."

"Never felt better."

"But your face—you were twisting it into all sorts of shapes."

The lady standing at the corner laughed and held out her hands, in each of which was a parcel.

"I was only trying," she said, "to work the edge of my veil down under my chin."—Boston Herald.

### New Religion For Busy Folk.

A Japanese, whose trade name is A-um Para-pa, has founded a new Buddhist sect with headquarters at Tokio. A-um seems to be an eminently practical person. His new belief is based on the idea that as heaven requires to be importuned and as busy folks have not time themselves to do the importuning, their best plan is to entrust the task to some one else for due consideration.

The person who does the praying by proxy must have unusual qualifications. Mr. A-um holds, and he puts himself forward as such a one, although he was once involved in trouble over a transaction connected with the sale of railway sleepers. He is making money fast in the get-prayed-for-while-you-hustle business, and has gained many followers, among them some Japanese of high standing.

### Pittsburg's Aristocratic "H."

A Boston woman has made herself very unpopular with her Pittsburg friends because, when addressing envelopes she insists upon spelling Pittsburg without the "h." Since the development of the patriotic movement which has resulted in the formation of so many patriotic societies Pittsburgers have come to take great pride in the historic importance of their city and to urge the universal use of the final "h" in spelling the name of the city. In the old days of American history this final "h" meant a fortified town, and it formed a part of the name of Pittsburg because of the existence at that point of the famous Fort Pitt, which, by the way, is unique among ancient fortifications in the fact that it was built of Flemis' brick.—Boston Herald.

### Compulsory Tree Culture.

The forests of Sweden, like those of Norway and the United States, have been wasted in the most reckless manner, and the Government is trying to stop it. The timber on the public lands is now protected, and only so much of it as can properly be removed is allowed to be cut, but the lumber companies are buying up all the timber lands they can obtain from private owners and stripping it as fast as possible. There is a law pending in Parliament prohibiting such sales, and also requiring each farm to have a certain area of timber.—Chicago Record Herald.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

### International Lesson Comments For November 10.

**Subject: Israel Oppressed in Egypt, Ex. i., 1-14 —Golden Text, Ex. ii., 24— Memory Verses, 8, 9, 13, 14—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.**

1. "These are the names." Though this book is a continuation of the book of Genesis, with which probably it was in former times conjoined, Moses thought it necessary to introduce it with an account of the names and number of the family of Jacob when they came to Egypt, to show that though they were then very few, yet in a short time, under the special blessing of God they had multiplied exceedingly, and thus the promise to Abraham had been literally fulfilled. "His household." Which fact is of some importance in computing the time needful for their increase to such a large number as went out from Egypt in the exodus. A hint as to the numbers of the households may be gained from the fact that in Abraham's household there were at least 318 men who could bear arms. Gen. 14: 14. The servants were reckoned as part of the household, and were admitted to the covenant and recognized as Israelites. Gen. 17: 27.

5. "Seventy souls." This number included Joseph and his two sons, and it must have also included Jacob himself, but it did not include the wives and daughters.

6. "Joseph died." That is, Joseph had now been some time dead, as also all his brethren, and all the Egyptians who had known Jacob and his twelve sons, and this is a reason why the important services performed by Joseph were forgotten. Death removes the most useful men and the largest families. "All that generation." All the men of that age, Egyptians as well as Israelites.

7. "Were fruitful." There are five expressions in this verse joined together to give emphasis to the fact that there was a remarkable increase of the Israelites, beyond all ordinary calculations. One original word implies that they increased like fishes or insects. From the call of Abraham at Haran to their deliverance from Egypt was 430 years. During the first 215 years they had increased to only seventy souls, but during the latter half of the time, while they were in Egypt, they increased to over 600,000 fighting men, besides women and children. And this prosperity came notwithstanding the great persecutions to which they were subjected. It is thus clearly shown that the blessing of God is the great secret of true prosperity. "The land," Of Goshen. "Was filled." When the women and children are taken into account it will be seen that there must have been a great host. A conservative estimate has placed the number at 2,000,000 souls.

8. "A new king." One of another family, according to Josephus. The old rulers under whom Joseph served were overthrown, and an entirely new dynasty came into power that had no knowledge of or interest in Joseph. "Which knew not Joseph." This new king was not in sympathy with God's plans and purposes; he was envious in his disposition (v. 9), shrewd in his plans (v. 10), and cruel in his requirements. Vs. 11, 12.

9. "Said unto his people." He probably summoned a council of his nobles and elders to consider the subject. "More and mightier." They had risen to great prosperity, for during the lifetime of Joseph and his royal patron they had probably enjoyed a free grant of the land.

10. "Deal wisely." Their policy was shrewd, but it was not wise. Sin is always folly. Such a policy is at once short-sighted and wicked; short-sighted, since kind treatment would have made this rapidly growing people their fast friends and helpers; wicked, because it violates common morality. When men deal wickedly it is common for them to imagine they are dealing wisely, especially if their wickedness seems to be to their worldly advantage. "Lest they multiply." As well might the monarch of Egypt have sought to stem with his puny hand the ocean's tide as to prevent the increase of those who were the subjects of Jehovah's everlasting purpose. "Join—our enemies." The greatest enemies of Egypt were on the east, and the first great danger the king saw was that the Hebrews would join themselves to some invading army and fight against the Egyptians. "Out of the land." The king was also afraid the Hebrews might escape. The Egyptians would lose a large revenue if the Israelites should leave them, and steps were taken to prevent this.

11. "Taskmasters." Having first obliged them, it is thought, to pay a ruinous rent and involved them in difficulties, the new government, in pursuance of its oppressive policy, degraded them to the condition of serfs, employing them in rearing the public works, with taskmasters, who anciently had sticks—now whips—to punish the indolent, or spur on the too languid. "Treasure cities." "Store cities." R. V. Cities where arms and provisions were gathered, necessary for armies and caravans. "Pithom." Meaning "a narrow place." This was a city of Lower Egypt, situated on the eastern bank of the Nile. "Raamses." The same as Rameses. It was probably near by. These two fortified cities, built by the Israelites for Pharaoh, were both in Goshen. Rameses was the point from which the Hebrews started at the time of the exodus.

12. "The more they multiplied." The king not only oppressed the people, but he ordered the male children destroyed. Vs. 10, 22. But the more Pharaoh afflicted them the more God blessed them. Afflictions serve the purpose of developing the moral character. Divine chastisements tend more to growth than to destruction.

13. "To serve with rigor." Intending to depress their spirits and to rob them of everything valuable; to ruin their health and shorten their days and so diminish their numbers. The word translated "rigor" is a very rare one. It is derived from a word which means "to break in pieces," "to crush."

14. "Their lives bitter." This God permitted for wise and just reasons: 1. As a punishment for their idolatry, into which it appears many of them had fallen. 2. To wean them from Egypt, which was in many respects a desirable land. 3. To quicken their desires for Canaan. 4. That they might be aroused to earnest prayer for deliverance. 5. That God's power might be displayed in their freedom. "With hard bondage." So the bondage which Satan puts upon his servants is hard and makes the life bitter. The way of the transgressor is "hard" and "full of misery." But a deliverer was provided, and so in Christ we may all be set free. John 8: 36. "And in brick." Ruins of great brick buildings are found in all parts of Egypt.

### Their Opinion.

At considerable length the superintendent of the Sunday school had set forth the culpability of the sluggard, who, he said, needed only the spur of a worthy motive to become a useful member of society. "Now, then boys," he asked, in a more animated manner, "what is the matter with the sluggard?" "He's all right!" yelled the boys, in chorus.

### Separate Cars for Smoking Women.

The courts of Belgium are to be called up soon to decide an interesting question—whether the railroad companies must provide separate cars for women who want to smoke. A young woman recently lighted a cigarette in a carriage reserved for women. Her traveling companions immediately protested and threatened to complain to the guard as soon as the car stopped. When the young woman reached her destination she consulted a lawyer who has taken the question into the courts.

A hard case—the mummy.

## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.

**November 10—"Our National Bondage"—Hab. i., 13-17; Amos vi., 1-5.**

Scripture Verses—Prov., xx., 1; xxi., 17; xviii., 29-32; xxxi., 4-5; Isa., v., 11-12-22; xxviii., 7; Dan., v., 1-5-30; Rom., xiv., 21.

Lesson Thoughts.

The existence of our "License System" engenders either an error or a moral wrong; for it either indicates that the sale of intoxicating drinks is a public benefit, which is false, or, on the other hand, that it is lawful to uphold an evil.

Temperance is a moderate use of good things; total abstinence from bad things.

Not one honest word can be said in favor of the rum traffic; but the pages of history are black with the record of its evil.

Selections.

According to the census reports the United States spends in a year $1,000,000,000 for liquor, which is $85,000,000 more than we spend for meat, and $630,000,000 more than we spend for flour.

The report of the commissioner of internal revenue shows that our army of liquor dealers numbers 238,683, or nearly four times the number in the United States army under the new law.

If we are to believe judges now sitting on the bench and prosecuting attorneys now in office, at least 125,000 habitual criminals in this country are the product of the saloons.

Strong drink is the most deceitful of liars. It promises health, and gives disease; promises pleasure and gives woe; promises friendship and gives quarrels; promises useful business acquaintances and gives poverty; promises a mental spur and gives mental collapse; promises to drown our cares and instead burns out our peace. It promises cities that it will enrich them with license fees and make business brisk, but enriches itsef and ruins business.

Suggested Hymns.

Fountain of purity opened for sin,
Why do you linger?
While we pray and while we plead,
O happy day that fixed my choice.
Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
God bless the noble band.

## EPWORTH LEAGUE MEETING TOPICS.

**November 10—"Our National Bondage"—Hab. i., 13-17; Amos vi., 1-5.**

The prophecy of Habakkuk indicates the triumph of the liquor oligarchy, and the sufferings of the people from these plundering, destroying Chaldeans. The wiry, woful words of Amos set out the lethargy of the people and their representatives toward this bondage. The enslavement of the State to the whisky power needs no demonstration other than the license system. The nation itself receives revenue from this satanic traffic. The saloon through its invested capital and immense business interwoven with many commercial interests, and its financial influence at the center of legislation, holds and exerts imperial control of the government upon every movement affecting it.

The spectacle of great Commonwealths, sovereign States, bestowing upon the saloon the privilege to violate virtue, blight youth, wreck manhood, debauch old age, destroy homes, and multiply widows and orphans is a sight that causes wonder and anguish among the angels and grim delight among the fiends. And the hapless victims of strong drink do not all belong to the submerged tenth. Many of them are to be found in aristocratic and exclusive circles, in the professional ranks, among poets, artists, painters, orators, statesmen, judges, princes, queens, kings.

Our deliverance, when? The cry goes up from wrecked and wronged lives, from desolate homes and bare firesides, to God, "How long?" It is not for us to say. Yet God will some day have another controversy with the people and say, "Now." The reformation of the drunkard is a most laudable endeavor. The number of persons who have been able through suasion and grace to recover their place and name, and stand respected and honored for their integrity, must encourage to continued effort to reclaim unfortunates.

England was redeemed from the industrial, physical and social effects of drunkenness through the evangelistic labors of those eminent itinerants and field preachers, John Wesley and George Whitefield, and their co laborers. Any and every great uplift of the human race must be born of a movement that touches men's souls and changes their hearts. But to evangelism and the appeals of the Gospel must be added the restrictions of the civil law. The method of the redemption of the State and individual is a vexed question, but out of the success and failure of the past we ought to discover the course for united action that will bring in the day of deliverance. God save the State!

## RAMS' HORN BLASTS

TO widen your life without deepening it is only to weaken it.

When the door of prayer closes on earth it opens on heaven.

The awfulness of sin is realized when we contemplate what one sin would have been in Christ.

It is of less importance to push the trolley car along than to get the engine started in the power-house.

And every other light shall fail,
The Word of Truth through every doubt
Shall finally prevail.

The name of Jesus is the one lever that lifts the world.

Meditation is to prayer what study is to learning.

Liberty is the life of law and law the preserver of liberty.

There are some people who think God will reward them for giving the church a dollar to buy a cushion for them to sit on.

The heavier sins fetter the more some boast of their freedom.

If life is a day-dream death will be a terrible night of reality.

Life is to be measured by its outflow rather than by its income.

The man of bitter thoughts will not be likely to live a sweet life.

The material progress of the church depends on its spiritual prosperity.

The wings of the imagination soar with the soul up to heaven or down to hell.

## COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

### General Trade Conditions.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s "Weekly Review of Trade" says: "With mills, shops, factories and furnaces assured of full operation until the end of the year as a rule and many contracts already running far into 1902, there is no occasion for anxiety regarding the industrial situation.

"Retail distribution of heavy-weight wearing apparel and other seasonable goods is checked by the tardiness of low temperatures, which is extremely fortunate in many cases where makers have been unable to fill orders according to specifications.

"Each week the situation as to iron and steel becomes more encouraging, orders now running to the middle of 1902 in many finished products.

"More satisfactory prices are received by domestic wheat growers, last year's figures being surpassed, notwithstanding the large increase yield just harvested. Foreign buying is also heavy, exports for the week, including flour, amounting to 4,894,988 bushels, against 3,954,266 last year and 3,188,492 in 1896. There is also a tendency to hold back for still higher quotations, as indicated by Western receipts of only 6,182,393 bushels, against 7,411,057 a year ago. Corn was supported by estimates of a reduced yield in Roumania and a splendid increase in Atlantic exports to 1,194,009 bushels, against 501,155 in the preceding week, but the current outgo is trifling compared with 2,716,582 bushels last year and 3,554,313 two years ago.

"Failures for the week numbered in the United States 240, against 205 last year, and 29 in Canada against 28 last year."

## LATEST QUOTATIONS.

Flour—Best Patent, $4.45; High Grade Extra, $3.95; Minnesota bakers, $2.90a3.10.

Wheat—New York No. 2 red, 80⅝c; Philadelphia No. 2 red, 74½a75c; Baltimore, 70½c.

Corn—New York No. 2, 62¼c; Philadelphia No. 2, 61¾a62¼c; Baltimore No. 2, 58a60c.

Oats—New York No. 2, 41a41¼c; Philadelphia No. 2 white, 43c; Baltimore No. 2 white, 40c.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, $16.00a16.50; No. 2 timothy, $15.00a15.50; No. 3 timothy, $12.50a14.00.

Fruit and Vegetables—Apples—Maryland and Virginia, per bri, fancy, $2.00a2.25; do Western Maryland and Pennsylvania, packed, per brl, $2.25a2.75; do New York assorted, per brl, $2.50a4.00. Cabbage—New York State, per ton, $11a12.00. Carrots—Native, per box, 30a35c. Cauliflower—Long Island, per crate or barrel, $2.00a2.25. Celery—New York State, per dozen stalks, 15a35c. Cranberries—Cape Cod, per brl, $5.00a5.50; do Jerseys, per brl, $5.00a5.50. Eggplants—Florida, per crate, $3.00a4.00. Kale—Native, per bushel box 10a12½. Lettuce—Native per bushel box 20a30c. Lima beans—Native, per bushel box 65a75c. Onions—Maryland and Pennsylvania, yellow per bu. 85a90c. Oysterplants—Native, per bunch, 2½a3c. Pears—Eastern Shore, Kieffer, per basket 15a30c; do New York Bartletts, per brl, No. 1, —a$3.50. Quinces—New York, per brl, No. 1, $3.75a4.00. Spinach—Native, per bushel box 12½a15c. String beans—Native, per bu., green, 40a50c. Tomatoes—Eastern Shore, Maryland, per basket, sound, 30a35c; market stock, 45a55c; do native per measured bushel.

Potatoes — White — Maryland and Pennsylvania, per bu, No. 1, 65a70c; do, seconds, 40a50c; New York, per bu, best stock, 63a68; do, common, 40a50. Sweets—Eastern Shore, Virginia, per truck brl, $1.15a1.25. Yams—Virginia, per brl, No. 1, —a—.

Dairy Products.—Butter—Elgin, 23a24c; separator, extras, 22a23c; do, firsts, 20a21c; do, gathered cream, 20a21c; do, imitation, 17a18c; ladle, extra, 15a17c; ladles, first, 14a15c; choice Western rolls, 15a16c; fair to good, 13a14c; half-pound creamery, Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania, 21a23c; do, rolls, 2-lb do, 20c.

Eggs—Choice fresh nearby, per doz, loss off, —a20c; do do, Western, do do, 19½a20; do do, West Virginia, do do, 19a19½; do do, Southern, do do, 18½a19; guinea do do, 9a10; cold-storage do do, 17a17½. Jobbing prices 1 to 2 cents higher.

Live Poultry—Chickens—Hens, per lb, 9a9½c; do old roosters each 25a30; do spring, large, per lb, —a10½; do do, small fat, —a11; do do, poor and staggy, 9a9½. Ducks—Puddle, large, 10a10½; do do, small, 9a10; do, muscovy and mongrel, 9a10; do do, drakes each, 30a35c; do spring, 3 lbs and over, 10a10½; do do, small and poor, —a9. Geese—Western and Southern, each, 40a60c. Turkeys—Young, 8 lbs and over, per lb, —a10c.

Cheese.—New cheese, large 60 lbs, 10¼ to 10½c; do flats, 37 lbs, 10½ to 10¾c; picnics, 23 lbs, 11 to 11¼c.

Hides.—Heavy steers, association and salters, late kill, 60 lbs and up, close selection, 11a12½c; cows and light steers, 9½a10c.

### Live Stock.

Chicago—Cattle—Good to prime steers, $6.25 to $6.80; poor to medium, $3.75a5.90; cows, $1.25 to $4.65; bulls, $1.75 to $4.50; calves, $3.00 to 6.00. Hogs—Mixed and butchers' $5.95a6.55; good to choice, heavy, $6.10a6.55; bulk of sales, $5.95a6.20. Sheep—Good to choice wethers, $3.40a3.75; Western sheep, $3.00a3.40; native lambs, $2.50a4.75; Western lambs, $3.25a4.40.

East Liberty—Cattle steady; choice $5.75a6.00; prime $5.50a5.70; good $5.10a5.35. Hogs higher; prime heavy hogs $6.55a6.60; heavy mediums $6.40a6.45; light do $6.05a6.15; pigs $5.00a6.00; skips $4.00a5.00; roughs $5.00a6.00. Sheep slow; best wethers $3.30a3.40; culls and common $1.00a2.00; yearlings $2.50a3.75; veal calves $6.00a6.50.

## ODDS AND ENDS OF INFORMATION.

Steam dredges costing $250,000 are being introduced in Alaskan gold regions.

Food is so scarce in Korea that the exportation of rice has been prohibited.

The managers of four Northwestern railroads are leaguing together to stimulate sugar beet cultivation. It requires $500,000 to equip a good factory.

An army officer has just arrived at Port Clarence, Alaska, from the interior of Siberia with 254 reindeer for winter service in Alaska.

Japanese cotton mills have no advantage over American mills despite the fact that the average daily wages for men is 15 cents and women 9½ cents.

The paper and wood pulp industry of the United States represents a capitalization of $167,500,000, or nearly double that of 1890. Fifty thousand wage-workers are employed.

London expects to have soon installed the biggest, best and cheapest telephone system in the world. The charge for unlimited service for business houses will be $20; for residences, $14.

In the recent German military movements automobiles, motocycles and bicycles entirely replaced horses in the general staff service.