

In Angel's Uniform.

Home—and Lottie! Dan Joyce, that starting man with the haggard, boyish face, at whom the other passengers had glanced so often, gripped his teeth to keep back a shout—or a sob.

Home! For him, the gap in those white cliffs looked like the gate of a paradise. Dear England—after two and a half years in the Australian bushland! London, and then—his precious Lottie, waiting for him all these dull months!

He would catch the pale, slight figure by surprise in his strong brown arms, and tell her that love alone had drawn him back six months before his allotted time, and how it had secretly almost broken his heart to leave her to her lonely nurse's routine, with only his old chum Ferrars to watch from a distance that no harm befel her. Only his love—not because of that incredible letter that had reached him in the wilds two months ago!

He was clutching it now. He would tear it up and throw the pieces at her feet. Her tired eyes would fill and brim over; she would sob out on his shoulder that she had written it on a wild, inexplicable impulse, when the loneliness of life seemed too heavy to bear. Yes! He had not once doubted it. His quiet, trusting Lottie!

No, there was some strange mistake that would be puffed away in a moment. Ferrars would have whispered the word of comfort for him! Ferrars, the actor, was the one man living whom he had cared to trust with his heart's deepest longing. For that brief letter that her fingers had penned had been one to crush and brutalize any man not so sure of the woman he had asked to wait!

"My dear Mr. Joyce—I shall not be able to write again. You will think it hard, for a time, maybe, but you would think still less of me as a woman if I let you go on hoping and looking forward. Against my will my feelings have gradually changed. I shall only ask you, as a man, not to cause unnecessary pain by ever trying to see me again. I hold you to that. Good-bye—Lottie Haynes."

Oh, to see her lips quiver close to his own again! To kiss away all the haze of misunderstanding! "Lottie! Lottie!" he was whispering to himself all the way.

London—Amies street—the house itself—at last! One minute more! * * * It passed. He was turning away, quite steadily, but with a queer palor under his tan. Miss Haynes was gone away to some hospital, they told him, staring curiously; that was all they knew. Lottie had promised never to give up that room of hers until he came to take her from it as his dear wife. She had gone, leaving no clew.

Ten minutes more and he had rung the same old bell. "Oh, yes, Mr. Ferrars is still with us! We knew he expected some friends, but he is not at home yet." She hesitated.

"The key—thanks! Archie won't mind me waiting!" he said, clearing his husky throat. And he found himself going dazedly up the stairs.

An then presently he drew in his breath sharply. A sudden buzz of voices below; men laughing and chattering. Now they were coming up—Archie leaping on ahead. He could pick out the old careless, rich voice that he would know among thousands. Then suddenly the door was pushed back and Ferrars stood there. Ferrars, not changed an atom!—the old smile on his dark, keen, good-looking face.

It died out. Dan Joyce had sprung, his hand out, that husky "Archie, old fellow!" warm and broken on his lips. But that was all in the dying light all the blood had seemed to drain from Ferrars' face and left it gray; hestoid like a thing of stone. For a full minute, while that muted laughter came in from the next room, life seemed to have no meaning, and then Ferrars had closed the door and held it fast.

"You!" he strained out. "You here—back in England! What—what—"

"I'm sorry," Dan whispered. "I never meant to give you that shock, Archie, she—she's gone! Gone!" His voice broke, he reached out again, gropingly.

"Dan! I thought of you as thousands of miles away, and—see you standing in my room!" The hand fell away. He stood back as if scarcely breathing, his face turned thickly.

"Where is she?" Dan asked thickly. "I came—I came home because I couldn't live long without her. Tell me that, if you know, and I'll go. Where's my Lottie?"

"I do know." He had tiptoed to the door and clicked the key. When he turned there was sweat on his forehead, as after a great mental ordeal. "Dan, I do know—and can't help you. Now you know why I have not written lately—I could not. I heard—I heard there was another man. What could I do when she asked me, on my honor, never to tell you where she had gone? I promised; I had to. I can't break my word to a woman!"

"You must—and will," Dan whispered, never moving. His blue eyes, staring past, seemed to see nothing. "I left her in your keeping, as my one friend on earth. You could have told me, for my life's happiness—and hers. You'll tell me now, because, night or day, I shall never rest until I have it from her own dear lips that woman's love—Lottie's love—would do like that."

A long silence. Dan was not quite sure—there seemed to come a thick mist over everything—but he believed that Ferrars had slipped from the room in that nameless pause. Until Ferrars' hand closed upon his shoulder. Ferrars' voice itself seemed to come from a distance.

"Here, then, take this. I've written it; I've not told you—not broken my word literally. I can't stay to talk to-night; I have to be at the theatre by seven, and my friends are waiting. She's staying here, at that address, with friends, now far off.

night. How strange you look! Come this way—sit down—tell me—you must!"

Flat to the wall the listening man shuddered back as Ferrars leaped up the stairs, sprang in, set the gas blazing, and reached out for a chair. "No—no!" It was the same dear voice, but trembling and somehow different; it went through Dan's brain with a strange thrill. "I could not rest—I was going straight on to the theatre to find you." She paused. Framed there in the doorway so close she seemed to strain her hands together.

"He is back!" came her whisper. "He is back in England—in London! He was seen only this afternoon! He went to my old address, some one told me. He looked ill and troubled. No, no—let me think * * *

"Archie I can't—I can't be your wife yet. I think of him still—I must, whatever he has done, however faithless he may have been to me out there. You don't know; you couldn't understand a woman's heart. Oh, it would break if I thought he had come back to realize the love he had thrown away—come back to find me another man's promised wife! I wrote that letter. Yes, you made me; but something told me that a true woman would have waited to know from his own lips that he had met a woman he loved better. I have lived in agony, and I wouldn't tell you you had won my promise when all seemed so dark and bitter."

"Lottie!" It broke in a moan from Dan's lips. "Lottie! He is here! Yes; here for love of you!"

He stood there, his shaking arms put out. All was silence. The cry in her throat seemed to be frozen. Ferrars, his friend, had reeled back, and covered away as from a descending death-blow. Only his lips worked soundlessly as Dan Joyce took his second step, his finger pointing, his voice suddenly strong and calm.

"I know. I know now! What have you done? What have you written, to blacken my struggling life in her eyes? What part was it you played to-night—you, the actor—as the last vile resource of a man in extremity? The part that that paper says you play with such rare success?"

There was no answer. He waited for none. He turned his voice going soft. "Lottie! The light has come—heaven meant this to happen. An hour more and I should have lost you—lost you to this man who has sunk himself body and soul to win you away in my absence—this man who could veil himself in angel's uniform as a nurse—as your own self, to crush me with a lie! You never doubted me; you were blinded, as I was blinded to-night, by the genius of a villain."

"You wrote!" came the weak breath in that pause. Her filmed eyes looked past at a something too deep to be understood. "You wrote twice, saying that you wished to release me. I was crushed; I had no one to turn to. And yet—and yet—"

"Oh, Dan!"

"Come to me," he whispered. "It is all drawing now. I never wrote that. My real letters have not reached you. Look! He has played many parts, trusting that I should never come back in time; but to-night he has played his last. Come to me, Lottie! Only believe, and love will bring the light."

Next moment he stood in the grip of a happiness that paid for all. Two soft hands had framed his face; a slight breast heaved against his own; a trembling figure was locked within his arms, and he knew for certainty that a woman's love, once given, can never be taken away. In that sweet pause Ferrars had stolen from the room—perhaps from the house, but neither knew it. The dawn of truth, after that long darkness, blotted out all else. Dan Joyce had come into his kingdom.—Robert Hallifax, in Tit-Bits.

A Terrible Spectacle.

The present eruption as a spectacle has been terrible and awe-inspiring, but not, for the most part, as brilliant a sight as other minor manifestations of the volcano's power for the whole region was covered nearly all the time with a dense pall of smoke and powdered dust through which nothing could be seen except the terrible flashes of lightning which seemed to pervade the earth and sky. This lightning was incessant, and accompanied with horrible roarings, which, mingled with the unceasing howlings of the crater, made a scene of terror that might well be compared to the descriptions of Dante's Inferno. Yet such was the unquestioning faith of the peasants in the protective power of their saints that they confronted the monstrous serpents of lava sweeping down on their homes almost as if they were watching the progress of a railroad train, till the implacable nature of their deadly enemy dawned upon them.—From William P. Andrews' "Vesuvius in Fury," in the Century.

Trades For Clergymen.

One cannot question the practical good sense of the advice given to candidates for the ministry by a prominent Philadelphia clergyman in urging them to learn some trade either before or after their ordination. He has examined the statistics of the various Protestant denominations, and has been appalled by the number of ministers who are without a charge. He thinks that a trade would be a good thing to fall back on in such cases, besides standing the minister in good stead in many ways while still in the pulpit.

The advice is applicable to men entering almost any of the learned professions, but particularly so to clergymen, who run greater risks, apparently, than any class of professionals of being "laid off" from their regular line of work. Most of the large denominations have a fund to provide for their superannuated clergy, but the stipends awarded are usually too meagre to do more than pay for the bare necessities of life.—Lottie's Weekly.

REFORMED CONEY ISLAND WIDELY COPIED.

A Change That Has Forced the Popcorn Man to Refresh His Stock Every Day—Give a Man Five Times His Money's Worth and He Will Come Ten Times.

"Yes, sir, you're all right there," said a Coney Island popcorn magnate emphatically, "things is changed in my profession like all others. The people is getting so arate-rerate and perticular that they make us have things just so. No more than five years back we used to make up our popcorn balls with your fancy crimpettes—in May, enough for last as clean through to September. And now the people's tastes is so highly educated that they won't stand for any corn that's been popped over twenty-four hours."

Here, in a nutshell, is the whole story of the tremendous revolution that has taken place in the summer amusement resort business in America in the last half decade. Here in New York we notice the change most strikingly at Coney Island, for there, it may be said, the revolution really began, and there it certainly has been carried to an extreme seen nowhere else in the country. And as the Coney Island of to-day is the type of the new amusement resort, serving as a model for similar places all over the country, so the Coney Island that we all knew a few years ago was the type of the old resort. Fundamentally, the change comes down to this, that in the old days you almost never got what you paid for, while now you almost invariably get more than you pay for. The show promoters of every sort, from those who furnished the side shows for the country circus, the county fair, and the dime museum, up to the great P. T. Barnum himself exerted their wits to invent some sort of a show that would fool the public. "The public likes to be fooled," they declared. Time has proved that they were wrong, but as long as that sort of show was the only sort in existence, the public, with its accustomed good nature, continued to pay its money for it. An old circus man down at Coney Island cited the tattooed man as an example. "Most of the tattooed men on the market used to be straight-out fakes," he said. "Now, although although they are mostly made to order, still they're the real thing."

The Old Fake Shows.

The old style show, now rarely seen save in the very cheapest of amusement resorts, hardly needs description. The ingenious faker, who, for ten cents, admitted you to see a select set of cheap pictures, and then having informed you confidentially that for another ten cents he would "show you the Bowersy as it really is," turned you out into a passage that led you to that thoroughfare, was typical of his kind. The show with another show inside, into which the spectator was led, quite as much by the feeling that he had been duped once and might as well see the whole business, as by the hints of forbidden things behind the dirty curtains, was invariably the same. The revolution was under way. An opportunity first, by sweeping many of the old time resorts out of existence, helped things along. Capital was easy to interest, where there was permanence promised for the investment. To-day, the Coney Island amusement places of all sorts represent an investment variously estimated at from \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000. The two largest alone, Dreamland and Luna Park, represent an investment of \$2,000,000 and \$1,800,000 respectively. There could be no better criterion of the success of the new idea, or no better assurance for its permanency than that. As a simple business proposition, the showmen are not going to run the chance of a depreciation in value and earning capacity by providing inferior amusements. The active competition has raised the whole standard of entertainment. "The fake shows never had a ghost of a chance after we began giving the people the real thing," said one of the big showmen.

"But the old coarse shows were popular, were they not?" he was asked.

"People Eager For a 'Real Show.'"

"Only until the real show came," he declared. "People, take them first and last, are not inclined to go to see the shows that are coarse and vulgar and worse, if they can have shows that are clean and wholesome and bright and funny. To my mind it's just another proof of the fact that nine people out of ten would rather be good than bad."

A little looking about the place seemed to bear out this last statement.

"Why," declared a big policeman, "I've served prettily nearly everywhere in the city, and Coney's about the best place I've struck. It's a regular Sunday-school picnic here most of the time."

"But it used to have a bad reputation to their hands."—New York Post.

GOOD ROADS.

Congressional Interest in Roads.

The closing hours of Congress were enlivened by a number of good roads speeches, in the course of which the necessity for government aid in improving the public highways was brought out in no uncertain manner, writes the Washington correspondent of Automobile Representative Bankhead, of Alabama, in a very able address, declared that to his mind the condition of the wagon roads, over which ninety per cent. of all the commerce of the country is transported, presented a problem for legislation by Congress far more serious and important in its results than that of railroad regulation. There is no necessity, he said, for making an argument to prove the value of good roads. They save worry, waste and energy. They economize time, and labor and money, and enhance the value of property. He pointed out that it has been estimated that every time the sun sets the American farmers have lost \$1,500,000 because of the condition of the roads. Representative Bankhead produced a set of figures, showing the cost of hauling per ton, horse power, over dirt roads five miles, was \$1.25, and that sum will pay the freight for 250 miles on a railroad or 500 miles on a river and 1000 miles on the lakes. These figures prove conclusively the enormous tax levied by the bad roads on the farmers, and how much of their legitimate profit is consumed in hauling from their farms to railroad stations and river landings.

The speaker declared that the question of governmental road construction had been successfully tried for many years in other countries.

Representative Lloyd began his speech by saying that he endorsed the statement of a prominent citizen who said that he could tell the intelligence and progress of the people by the condition of their roads. The wag on the streets said in reply: "Then judge our people when the weather is dry." He then went on to call attention to what the Federal Government has done, in doing, and what it may do to encourage road improvement. In his judgment, the Bureau of Public Roads in the Department of Agriculture is one of the most important branches of public service, and from it incalculable benefit may come. This great service thus far has been somewhat overlooked, and its work has not been fully known or properly appreciated. One step in the onward movement to give the country better roads is to encourage the development of the road department of the Department of Agriculture by enlarging the scope of its labors, increasing its forces of expert engineers and specialists and bringing it more in touch with people, so that they can receive more of its benefits by practical demonstration of its real value.

Interesting Road Figures.

Believing that improved highways are necessary for the continued prosperity of automobilism, the American Motor Car Manufacturers' Association will provide for a department having road matters in charge. Information received at the headquarters this week from Logan Waller Page, director of the United States Department of Agriculture, gives some interesting figures of the amount of new roads which have been recently built, together with the total number of miles. The major portion of the States have less than ten per cent. of their roads improved, a wretched showing for a civilized country.

Tennessee has 48,989 miles of public roads, or one mile for every forty-one inhabitants, of which only about nine per cent. has been improved. Virginia has 51,812 miles, of which 1600 miles are improved, giving but one mile of improved roads to every 1158 inhabitants; North Carolina has 49,763 miles; Oregon, 24,258 miles; Iowa, 102,488 miles; Arkansas, 36,445 miles; Arizona, 5,987 miles; Alabama, 50,089 miles; Washington, 31,998 miles; New Hampshire, 15,116 miles. In most of these States there is one mile of ordinary road for every twenty-five to thirty-five inhabitants, but of improved roads, only one mile for anywhere from 471 to 1255 inhabitants, a discouragingly small proportion.

A Crying Need.

One of the greatest needs of this country is good roads. The countries of Europe have better roads than we have. Thousands of wealthy Americans go to Europe every year to run automobiles over the good roads there. This is not a pressing reason why we should have them, but it is a pointer to our condition. We need good roads most especially for the sake of the farming community. They would enable the farmer to get to market better. He could save money and time by drawing much larger loads. The saving in this respect, the country over, would amount to millions of dollars every year. Good roads would bring us practically closer to our neighbors. They would add to our convenience and comfort in many ways, besides increasing the value of our lands. Some sections now have fairly good roads. Others are wretchedly provided. All could make decided improvement. Nothing tells more for an agricultural community than good roads.

How is This For High.

Senator Clay, of Georgia, was once showing a constituent the sights of the National capital when the Washington Monument was reached.

"What do you think of it?" carelessly asked the Senator, as the constituent stood gazing in awe at the stately shaft.

"Senator," responded the Georgian, gravely, "that the darnedest, highest one story building I've ever seen!"—American Spectator.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR AUGUST 26.

Subject: The Rich Young Ruler.

Mark x., 17-31—Golden Text, Matt. xvi., 24—Topic: Great Facts Connected With Salvation.

1. Jesus and the ruler (vs. 17-22). 17. "Was gone forth." From the house where He had blessed the children (vs. 13-16). He now starts again on His journey to Jerusalem. "Came one running." From this and parallel accounts we learn that this man was, (1) young, (2) rich, (3) a ruler—probably of a synagogue and possibly a member of the Sanhedrin, (4) very moral, (5) humble—he fell at Jesus' feet, (6) in earnest—he came running, (7) anxious to learn—he came as an inquirer; but he was also (1) self-righteous, (2) ignorant concerning spiritual truth, (3) unwilling to give up his earthly possessions and worldly prospects, (4) unwilling to trust all to Christ.

2. Kneeling. In this he was showing Jesus great respect and was recognizing Him as his spiritual authority above the priest or rabbi. "Master." Or teacher. "What shall I do," etc. His question shows that he believes in a future state; he was not a Sadducee. "Eternal life." The divine life implanted in the soul by the Holy Spirit. It begins in this life but will endure forever. 18. "Why callest thou Me good?" Christ did not say that He was not good, or was not God. If the young man called Christ "good," the question Jesus asked would lead directly to His divinity.

19. "The commandments." According to Matthew Jesus said, "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." The young man asked Jesus which special or great commandment He referred to. Jesus replied by enumerating the commandments in this verse. He referred only to the second table of law, which relates to the duties of man to man.

20. "Have I observed." He was strictly moral and had lived a good life outwardly. He then asked, (Matt. 19:20) what he lacked yet, he was conscious of a lack in his spiritual life, and this question was a serious inquiry as to its cause.

21. "Jesus—loved him." The Saviour was drawn toward him. He saw in the young man great possibilities. "Sell—give." Jesus struck right at the center of the young man's difficulty. He was ready to give all to God but his property; this was the "one thing" over which he was about to stumble and fall. 22. "Went away grieved." His countenance fell and he went away sorrowful. He was away reluctantly, but he went. He was not content, but he wanted his possessions more.

23. "Jesus' statement concerning riches (vs. 23-27). 23. "How hard—ly," etc. That is, they shall enter with great difficulty. This is amply confirmed by experience. Rich men seldom become true Christians, but they do.

24. "Trust in riches." Here is the danger, the place where many a rich man will lose his soul. Riches cannot drive away anxiety. They cannot purchase contentment. They cannot buy friends. They cannot lure sleep. They cannot stave off death. They cannot bribe eternal life.

25. "The eye of a needle." It has been suggested that the needle's eye was a small gate, leading into the city, intended only for foot passengers, and that the camel could only squeeze through with the greatest difficulty, but "it is now generally thought that the calling this small gate the needle's eye is a modern custom, and not in use in the time of Christ." 26. "Astonished." Like all Jews, they had been accustomed to regard worldly prosperity as a special mark of the favor of God. "Who then can be saved?" All men by nature share the same guilt and love of the world.

27. "With men it is impossible." According to the power and ability of men this is impossible, but by His power, is able to so save a man that even the things that allured him most will lose their attraction to him.

28. Rewards of following Christ (vs. 28-31). 28. "Have left all." Their boats and nets and fish and father were everything to them. 29. "That hath left house," etc. In the days of Jesus those who followed Him were obliged, generally, to forsake house and home, and to attend Him. In our time it is not often required that we should literally leave them, but it is always required that we love them less than we do Him.

30. "An hundredfold." There are few greater promises than this. This is symbolical, and expresses an immeasurable advantage. "Houses," etc. Not literally a hundred houses, etc., but he obtains a hundredfold more of joy and satisfaction than he loses. "What was a barren rock before becomes a gold mine." "With persecutions." That is, he must expect persecutions in this world. "Eternal life." Which will infinitely more than make up for all the Christian's trials and sorrows. Here are ages of enjoyment that no arithmetic can compute; oceans of pleasure, whose majestic billows rise from the depths of infinitude, and break on no shore. 31. "First shall be last." The lesson intended to be taught here is that those who occupy the most important positions and who appear to be first in labor and wisdom here may place to others who have been of less in the next world be forced to give renown here. God does not measure men as we do.

Disastrous Eloquence.

That was a rather curious proceeding over in Boston last week. Eugene Hogan, Jr., was being tried for assault and battery. He went out to kill. The attorney pro and con in their eloquence and oratory so charmed everybody that the defendant was entirely lost sight of. The spell was broken when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Looking around for the prisoner it was found that he had quietly and modestly walked out of the court and absented himself from the scene.—Kingstree Country Record.

UNCOMPLIMENTARY.

"I stopped sprawling to him," she remarks, "because he paid such a poor compliment to my taste and judgment."

"What did he do?" asked her friend.

"He wanted me to marry him."—The Sun.