## An Old Maid's Tragedy

By A. St. JOHN ADCOCK.

AVING had the whole day in which to reflect and prepare herself, Miss Gurney had got tell you about him first, her feelings so well under control that she was able to hand the photograph to Hester across the tea table and say without a tremor in her voice, "I picked this up on the be his wife, butfloor, Hester, after you were gone this morning.

The girl took it from her eagerly; she had been in trouble about it all day, wondering where she had lost it, and, in a flutter of relief and embarrassment, alipped it into her pocket now without a word; but Miss Gurner noticed that her cheeks blushed, and then a rosier red surged back and overflowed them.

The silence between them became too strained not to be broken. You did not tell me, Hester, that

-" Miss Gurney hesiyou know-"Is he-a friend of yours, dear?"

"Yes, aunt."

"How long have you known him?" "Not very long. Not more than three months.'

This explained to Miss Gurney the change it had puzzled her to observe in Hester lately; her placid, subdued habit of mind had seemed altogether disturbed, so that sometimes she sang for very happiness, with a strange, new light in her eyes, and sometimes she was saddened and preoccupied with pensive dreamings.

hope, Hester," Miss Gurney forced herself to say in her prim, decisive fashion, "there has been nono talk of love betwixt you and this

Hester flashed an answering glance on her and looked down, without speaking, but the answer was so clear to Miss Gurney as if it had been put Into actual words.

"My dear," she went on, striving against her increasing agitation, "I am very, very sorry. I wish it had been any other man-

"But, aunt," Hester interrupted, astonished, "you do not know him!" "I know," Miss Gurney faltered-"I knew a man so like him-so exactly like him, that the moment I saw his photograph I was afraid for you, It is impossible for that man to bring you anything but misery. Hard, and false, and cruel-

"Oh, but, aunt," cried Hester, tearfully indignant, "he is not! If you knew him you could never say that again '

"But why have you never told me about him?"

"I have been wanting to." Hester flushed again with a pretty shythe tenderness and affection of the gentle, little old lady's nature. know how to. I meant to show you his photograph-he only gave it to me yesterday-and tell you then."

"And of course"-Miss Gurney assumed a severity of manner she found it difficult to maintain-"he tells you that he loves you?"

"He has asked me to marry him,

passionate reply, Hester broke down utterly. She flung herself on her knees, and, covering her face with her hands, laid it in Miss Gurney's lap, and sobbed all her heart out thus, as she had done years ago when it had been laden with more childish griefs.

Miss Gurney herself was scarcely less agitated.

There, dearle, you mustn't cry so I did not mean to be unkind," said, her eyes dimmed and her thin hands shaking as she passed them caressingly over the fair, bowed head. "But I have seen more of the world than you have, dear, and-I have never told you yet-the man I loved spoilt my life, and made me the poor. broken-spirited creature I am; and this portrait is so like what he used -so exactly like, that ever since don't know what! I believe I could kill him. Hester, if I thought he would cause you half the suffering I have endured through his ....... But there, it is too late for me to say anything now. If you love him, I know whatever I can say would make no difference." She added presently, in the calm, even tones that were

She had to wait and ask a second time before Hester had regained sufficient composure to reply.
"Richard Harwood," Miss Gurney

mechanically, thoughtfully, as if she had only been confirmed in what she knew already. 'And where does he live?"

Hester mentioned an address at Kensington. "He is a gentleman-and rich?

pursued Miss Gurney.

"Yes; his father is rich." "And does he know how poor we

"Oh, yes, aunt; he knows I am working for my living."

"He is distantly related to Madame Faber." Madame Faber was the there was one living creature whom fashionable milliner at whose large she could love and who loved her. establishment in Oxford Street Hes- and her love for Hester was such ter had been engaged these last that to insure her happiness she twelve months or more. "He came would gladly have endured rebuffs in one day with some message from and humiliations that she would his sister, I think, and he has called sooner have died than have submitones or twice since, and then—he ted to for any advantage to herself. met me as I was coming home, and

walked with me, and-"And he has happened to meet you such lengths as she we ore than once?" Miss Gurney tingly for Hester's sake. smiled, but became serious again have brought him to see me. Why of his seeing what a seer sort of home we lived in?"

"Oh, no, no, aunt!" Hester protest ed. "He would have come-I would have brought him, but I wanted to

And she told her about him now and it was all only that she loved him, and she loved him more than all the world, and she had promised to

There was bound to be a "but;" it was what Miss Gurney had been listening for. "But it will not be for a long

while, because he is going away-"Going away, child! Why? Where "He has spoken to his father

ering, "and he refuses to see me, and threatens to turn Richard into the street if he will not give me up." "They are rich, you see, dear," murmured Miss Gurney, bitterly, "and we are poor. Probably his

mother "She has been dead several years." "Then it is his father. He probably intends his son to marry money, or social influence

"But Richard won't. He says he will never marry any one but me. If I will wait for him."

"Why is he going away?"

"His father is sending him to manage a large branch of his business in Ceylon. He is to be out there three years-perhaps longer. His father is only sending him, he says, so as to separate him from me, and he can't refuse to go without ruining his prospects, and for my sake he does not want to do that. I don't care whether he is rich or poor, but Richard says if his father turns him adrift he would have nothing-and so it is best to wait, because he will never change, and I shall never change. And so he is going away at the end of this week. I can't bear him to go. I might never see him again; but if he lives, he will come

She said it half defiantly, half despairingly, and laid her head on Miss Gurney's lap aggin to hide her tears. For fully ten minutes neither of them spoke; then, rousing herself with a heavy sigh, Miss Gurney said, hesitatingly:

"I might do something. I don't know what I can do-but bring him home with you to-morrow evening, and let me see him, dear. If he is all you think he is-but let me see him for myself. Bring him with you to-morrow evening."

II.

And the following evening, when Richard Harwood came, Miss Gurney ness that appealed irresistibly to all | was easily converted to Hester's opinion of him. His frank, honest eyes, his unaffected simplicity of speech meant to, aunt, but I-I did not quite and manner, his diffidence, his shy adoration of Hester, his ur concealable love of her-all conspired to win Miss Gurney's confidence and approval, and won them in spite of her

self Again and again, while he was there, and after he was gone, she owned, grudgingly at first, but with a growing satisfaction, that he real-'And you fancy that you love ized her girlhood's ideal of the man be brought to forgive youim?" she had loved years ago, and was not, With this question and her earnest, as she had feared, a reincarnation of is," he cried. "I would give a great light of bitter remembrances-cruel, heartless, faithless.

She lay awake that night living days." through again in thought the long past happiness and misery that the sight of Richard Harwood had intensity. She had loved, and was to have married, but seemed predestined to misfortune. First it was her mother's death that postponed know anything of it until two days the marriage; then, a year later, her ago," she said, gathering confidence father's; and her father dying bankrupt, the man she loved had ultimately yielded to the wishes of his cussed did not concern herself perfamily and broken his engagement sonally. "You have forbidden your with her, through her blind love of son to see her again, and are sendhim, and could leave her to bear ing him away with some idea of partalone a shame whose memory was not buried in that fittle grave in the to me now. I care more for her hapfar off country churchyard, but lived piness than my own. If I had not I saw it I have been dreading-oh, I to haunt her yet, and sear her very loved her so, my pride would never soul as often as it returned to her. She had never seen the man since, or written to him; she was too proud to life as mine has been. I couldn't ask anything of his pity, and all the think, if you knew, that you would love she had felt for him had died break her heart as you have broken within her.

She left her old home and came to earn her living in London among people who knew nothing of her hishabitual to her: "You have not told tory. Being clever with her needle, me his name, Hester. What is his she was soon able to support herself in reasonable comfort, but the hard work and the solitary, loveless life were fast aging and hardening and embittering her, when Hester came moments he had not thought the conwith her childish needs and sympanodding thies to melt the frost that had gathered about her heart and reconcile her to humanity and make the world habitable again.

Hester was the orphaned child of Miss Gurney's younger sister, and it was not strange that the two, each no words for his shame and his releft desolate, should grow to be all morse, and in some subtle fashion in all to each other. If Miss Gur- the polgnancy of his emotion comney's love was the deeper, the more self-sacrificing, that was not strange either. She was no longer young, and had not hoped that her forlorn "How was it you first happened to heart hunger would ever be satisfied, meet him?" but Hester had come and satisfied it. It was enough for her now that

No self-interest could have anni-

hilated her pride and urged her to such lengths as she went unhesita-

She rose the morning after Rich-You should have told me, dear, and ard Harwood's visit with a great resolve already fixed in her mind. She didn't you? You were not ashamed dared not reflect too much upon it or upon all its fulfillment must mean Richard has altered his arrangements to her, for fear her courage should -he will not be going."-The King.

first time, realized her intention to the utmost, and was alarmed at her own tomerity when she found herself knocking at the door of the state-

ly house in Kessington. If her knock had not been heard she felt she would not have dared to repeat it; but it was heard, and a supercilious footman presently opened the door.

"Is Mr. Harwood at home?" she asked, shrinkingly.

The man eyed her dubiously; she made a rather shabby, quite insignificant little figure standing there on the doorstep. "Well-yes-he's at home. What

might you want him for?" His lofty condescension roused her to resentment, and so stiffened her drooping pride and at once restored her self-control.

"Will you tell Mr. Harwood, my nan, that Miss Gurney wishes to see him? Say Miss Gurney, formerly of Barndene, please."

He sullenly obeyed, and after an interval, returned to her in the hall with a perplexed expression darkenabout me," said Hester, her lips quiv- ing his countenance.

"Mr. Harwood will see you. This way, please.' She followed him into a spacious, elegantly appointed drawing room,

and sat down there, feeling curiously out of place and bewildered. And a minute later a gray, elderly gentleman entered and advanced toward her. Altered as he was she knew him, and was aware that he recognized her as readily. He offered her his hand with an obvious

embarrassment, but she bowed distantly without appearing to notice it. "I am pleased to see you, Miss Gurney," he began lamely, and then sat down and looked at her, and

seemed waiting for her to speak. But she could not trust hersel yet; her heart was fluttering suffo catingly, and she felt that if she at tempted to answer him she was so unnerved she must burst into tears. and the very thought of thus humbling herself in his presence helped to strengthen her.

"It is a very long while," he mi de an effort, and resumed inanely, "since we saw each other, Miss Gurney.'

"A very long while!" His halting words had an unintentional sting in them, and all at once she had flung her weakness from her. "I would not have troubled you now on my own account

"Please don't say that." She was vaguely conscious of a wistful eagerness in his tone. "If there is anything I can do for you-

"There is nothing you can do for me," she said, with quiet decision, "You should know me better than to think I would ask any, even the smallest, favor of you for myself."

He quaited under her indignant glance, and threw out his hands with a gesture of despair.

"Forgive me, I know what you say is true," he returned sadly. "You must not think, Ruth," the name rose involuntarily to his lips, "that I have forgiven myself, or forgotten, or that I have been altogether happy. I know I wronged you-terribly-and the memory of it has come between me and happiness more and more as I have grown older and had time to think. I have been punished-

"And I!" she interposed harshly. 'But I did not come to talk of what is past mending. You did me a great wrong, and I never dreamt till yesterday of seeing you again, or that there was any way in which I might

that man as she saw him now in the | deal to make some reparation for what I have done. I am not the reckless, selfish fool I was in those

He was strongly moved, but not more so than was Miss Gurney herself; it was as much as she could do brought back upon her with renewed to steady her voice and keep her emotion hidden from him.

"Your son is engaged to my niece -my dead sister's child. I did not as she proceeded, and speaking with a detached air as if what she dising them for ever. She is everything have allowed me to come to you. came only to save her from such a mine.

She stopped abruptly, and he gazed at her with a sort of terror in his

"I did not know who she was," he said huskily.

"I came to tell you." He sat looking at her, stricken dumb, for even in his most repentant sequences of his sin could spread a blight so far reaching and so irreparable; he sat looking at her, and read in her thin, white hair and in her worn, furrowed features the piteous story of what her life had been since he had seen her last. He had municated itself to her. She would not trust herself to look at him or address him again, and though he twice made as if he would speak, each time his voice broke like a sob in his throat and he fell silent.

The tension was becoming so painful that it was an ineffable relief to both of them when a knock sounded on the door, and the footman entered apologetically.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said. "Carrier at the gate, sir, for Mr. Richard's boxes. They're all corded in his room, but he isn't home yet, and hasn't labelled which he wants for. use during the voyage, and I thought

p'h'ps you'd know, sir-"It won't matter, James," cried Mr. Harwood, himself again instantly in face of this dignified domestic. You can tell the carrier there are no boxes to be taken now. Mr.

## fail her; but early in the evening RUSSELL SAGE IN STORY.

Anecdotes of the Dead Financier's Peculiarities. Called a Loan to Save 5 Cents. His Eccentric Methods of Business and Close Economy in Matters of Dress. Food and Other Domestic Affairs.

light stories of a man who has, per-haps, borne the butt of more uncom-plimentary stories than any other clothes, one for weekdays and the that ever lived. That Russell Sage other for Sunday, and he had worn was a close man, who hated waste, is a historic fact.

The office of Russell Sage, wrote a is an interesting place. Many a country lawyer has a bigger one. It consists of several small rooms facing upon a hall, and walled off from it by doors and grated windows, like those through which letters are de livered at a postoffice

As I presented my card at one of these windows to-day, a rosy-faced get shoes for \$2 a pair. man with a silver mustache took it and told me that Mr. Sage was not well enough to see me. A moment later a banker came in with a great bunch of bonds, and the silver-mustached man, in return for them, signed a check representing a snug fortune in gold. As the banker left I saw the silver-mustached clerk raise the door of an iron chest as big as one of the old-fashioned woodboxes that stand beside a country stove and dump the bonds into it. There were other bonds and stocks there already and, in fact, the box was filled with

them. There are two such boxes under that window in Russell Sage's office; and no one but the clerks know what they contain. At the different times I have called I have seen great bundles of Pennsylvania Railroad bonds Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul bonds, Rock Island Railroad stock and scores of other securities brought out and passed upon. At one time, I remember, a man came in to extend a loan. As the clerk looked over his bundle, which may have contained half a million dollars' worth of secur ities, the envelope which held them began to tear at the corner. As he noticed this, the clerk said to the debtor

"I think you had better send me around a new envelope, or Mr. Sage will have to call that loan."

Think of that! Asking for a new five-cent envelope on a transaction that probably brought in interest at the rate of \$25,000 a year!

Nevertheless, if I were doing business with Russell Sage I should not hesitate to send in the envelope in a case like that. He has been noted as being an honest man, but also as a very particular one. In one interview which I had with him a few years ago he told me that the coat he then had on had cost him \$6, and it was part of a suit which was then selling for \$8.50. He was not ashamed to wear a suit of that price although he had bought it, he told me, in order to illustrate his position on the tariff, and to show his friends that low duties made cheap clothing.

Cashed a 4-Cent Check. Not long ago Russell Sage cashed a check for four cents, and as he did "It so it is said that he remarked: was just like finding money, just like picking it up from the sidewalk." The check came in a letter. It was from a theatrical firm, calling his attention to their new play then running at the theatre, and inclosing this check to pay for the time used in reading the letter. This was the

note: "Assuming that your income great in a year, and that you appreciate the fact that time is money, we inclose check for four cents in payment of two minutes of your time at that rate, to be employed in carefully reading a brief and honest statement of the novel, applause-winning features in our new musical farce."

Such letters were sent to many wealthy New Yorkers, but it is said that Mr. Sage was about the only one who cashed the check.

Russell Sage's eagerness to lend money at top rates has been the basis of many an anecdote. As late as last winter, on a day of squeeze in the money market, a New York paper exerted its comic powers thus; When Russell Sage read this morning that there was a pinch in the mone market he got nervous.

Uncle Russell lends money. All through breakfast he was restless. He hadn't been in Wall Street for months. His doctor had forbid den his going there. He hated to dis obey the doctor, but the awful yearning for money in the Street was too fascinating. He sat in painful silence as long as he could stand it and then summoning his valet, ordered his hat and coat. Five minutes later Uncle

Russell was on his way to Wall Street. The aged financier forgot his nine ty years. He walked with springy step into his office. Mr. Sage's employes rubbed their eyes. They hadn't seen him for so long they had most forgotten him. Mr. Sage found his secretary, Charles W. Osborne, and his brother-in-law, Colonel J. J. Slocum, dishing out money as fast as

it could be counted. "Good, glorious, glorious!" exclaimed Uncle Russell, rubbing his hands gleefully.

Mr. Sage's joy was boundless when the rate for call money soared above lions roll out. From 11 until 2, while Mr. Sage remained at the office, his men lent out \$6,000,000. Mr. Sage expressed great satisfaction over his day's work.

An insight into Russell Sage's personality is given by a friend who said at the time he retired from the "Street:

While many of the stories that are eccentricities are fictitious, none of almost impossible for anyone to imcome is reckoned at \$5000 a day, at the rate of \$5000 a year or less, and Armagh.-London Daily News.

The death of Russell Sage brings to | his personal expenses have not been them as long as anybody can remember. He had not bought a new overcoat for fifteen or twenty years, and well-known journalist not long ago, his hat is quite as old as that if not older. A few years ago he sent for a gentleman who had done him a favor and in a confidential way said that he was going to reward him with a "tip" that he could work for a profit, Then, to the man't astonishment, Mr. Sage gave him the address of a store on Seventh avenue where he could

Ate Free Lunch.

To save time the Western Union Telegraph Company serves a free lunch to its operators, and Mr. Sage appeared every day at a certain hour. A seat was kept for him at a certain table up to the last day he came downtown. He never paid fare on the elevated railroad, because he was a director, and the ticket takers had instructions to let him go by without paying. He invariably helped himself to newspapers from the stand at Fiftieth street in the morning when on his way downtown, and did the same at Rector street when he was going home in the afternoon. He had taken his newspapers for a generation in the same way, of the same men, and they never dared say a word about it. He had always comnelled the bootblacks on the elevated stations to shine his shoes for nothing. At first, years ago, they used to remonstrate. He would climb into one of the chairs and wait until they had served him. If they demanded pay he would threaten to have them put off the platform.

He has a quiet Aittle country place down on Long Island, with a good deal of lawn; but he did not keep the turf shaved down like his neighbors. He let the grass grow until it was high enough to make good hay and then would sell it for \$3 to a livery stable keeper in the vicinity.

A Defense of the American Press.

that no press of any country attains to that supreme potentiality over popular opinion which has been achieved by the press of America. Were it guilty, as a whole, of animus toward England, the present amicable relations of the two countries would be impossible of continuance. The idea intended to be conveyed will perhaps be clearer to those who have visited or lived in America, and have realized with what marvelous celerity and strength the public pulse of that country responds to press suggestion and agitation-responds in a way that is apparently quite foreign to English character. The extreme sensitiveness of popular judgment in the United States has been to many an able, cultured Amerlean a source of deep concern. They have seen grave issues, upon which they believed the future welfare of the country to depend, tossed and bandled by the flippant influence of certain sections of the press that neither professed nor practiced moral or political principle. Yet today the majority of those who once wrung their hands at the lack of all sense of moral responsibility exhibited by many American papers have come to the conclusion that an evolution, greater than they dreamed of, has been in process, and that out of evil good has come; for recent history in America shows that, in the main, public feeling has been influenced in the right direction by the methods, however questioned they may be, of the American press, which in its vast composition is so heterogeneous as to defy all attempts at

analytical generalisms. There are over two thousand daily papers published in the United States, but what I desire particularly to emphasize is, not so much their numerical strength, as their unusual scope for good or evil. Once this phase is clearly grasped, it becomes obvious that Anglo-American friendship could not contine to exist if the bulk of the news sent from England to America were impregnated or even tainted with Anglophobe spirit .- W. A. M. Goode, in the Empire Review.

With a crew composed of nearly a dozen nationalities, from an Irishman to a reformed canaibal from India, and having on board a collection of weird devices used during the religious worship of the sailors, the British tramp steamship Indra, loaded with 8500 tens of manganese ore, is docked off the Girard Point

wharves. Lascars, wildly beating tom-toms and chanting weird East Indian strains; Malays, prostrated about the deck in a circle, listening to the exhortation of a diminutive, excited, bearded priest, and finally half a dozen Chinamen huddled together in another portion of the deck, softly praying to their gods, are sights which are nightly presented to the 100 to 110 and 125. He sat with officers of the Indra and persons who glistening eyes and watched the mil-reside in the vicinity of Girard Point. -Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Non-Partisan Drum.

A story which certainly ought to be true is told by the Irish Independent about the Orange celebrations just concluded. All well informed persons know that drum-beating forms a most important part of the ceremonies. Now it happened that an Orange lodge in Armagh (where told of Mr. Sage's miserly habits and Colonel Saunderson comes from) found itself drumless on the great them are exaggerations. It would be day; and no drum, no celebrations. It also happened, however, that there agine a man more economical and was a Nationalist band in the same stingy than he. Although his in- town. Sub rosa, the Nationalist drum was borrowed for the occasion. less, and some people think it is It pounded as loudly as the most twice that amount, he has lived at loyal instrument of percussion in all

"RACE SUICIDE" REMEDY.

It Lies in the Saving of Infants, Says Dr. Chalmers.

In speaking of infant mortality in New York City, an officer of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor said: "This whole country will have reason to be grateful for the aggressive campaign waged by the Department of Health and the press of New York City, not only against preventable infant mortality, but in behalf of general knowledge as to the cause of that mortal-

"While a high general death rate may have many meanings, a high baby death rate means just one thing, neglect; neglect born of ignorance, neglect born of indifference on the part of officials, neglect born of greed on the part of dealers, or neglect incidental to sanitary conditions that are themselves removable.

"There has already been a marked saving of infant life as compared with last year. In the crusade to instruct mothers in the care of their babies, the recently opened Junior Sea Breeze-open air camp for bables-maintained by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor at East Sixty-fourth street, is doing progressive work. But while Junior Sea Breeze and other freshair agencies can reach perhaps a few thousand mothers during the summer. New York has many thousands who are in all love and good intentions surely preparing death, or what is worse, a handicapped life, for their children. Is not this sufficient reason for extending the scope and increasing the support of the Department of Health?" Extracts from a digest of an ad-

dress on infant mortality by Dr. A. K. Chalmers, medical officer of health of Glasgow, made by the committee on physical welfare of school children of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor are as follows:

While the death rate of babies from three to six months and from six to twelve months varies considerably from decade to decade the death rate of those under three months has been stable.

While a breast-fed baby is more apt to survive than a bottle-fed baby, the difference is not so great as generally supposed, thirty-six of the bottle-fed babies being poorly nourished and fully twenty per cent. of the nursing babies being badly nourished. There is yet room for a great deal to be done for the breast-fed First of all it must be pointed out

That instead of pre-natal conditions being a negligible factor, those babies are strongest whose mothers have rest and proper nourisament before birth. In forty-six families whose babies were ill-nourished. eighty-five out of 243 children, nearly forty per cent., had already died during infancy or childhood, indicating that Mr. Sparge is wrong in his assertion that rich and poor are born with equal vitality.

The death list is due far less to heat than to overloaded clothing, close air and bad milk, all things that intelligent care on the part of mothers could do away with. In this connection Dr. Chalmers insists that the remedy for race suicide is to have more babies saved, and not to have more bables born, which could be done by bettering sanitary conditions in the worst districts. - New York

Art in Advertising.

Every visitor to London will recall the fact that one of the great advertising firms there has quite an extensive gallery of famous pictures which have been used in exploiting their particular product. Among the paintings are those by some of the best known English artists, including Royal Academicians. It is only with in comparatively recent years that our own advertisers have realized how much value really artistic arrangement of their announcements has to do with the impression of quality upon the public mind. A number of the great American advertisers have found it wise to avail themselves of the work of some of the most popular among our American painters and illustrators, and one or two of them haveno doubt already accumulated important individual collections of drawings and paintings by American artists. Only oceasionally does the artist fail to appre clate the value that goes with having his signature on his work and thus widely put before the general public eye. There seems no reason any longer why art and business should no go hand in hand. -Scribner's,

Ravages of the "Lazy Worm." A large district in the middle of Porto Rico, with a population of 100,000, is afflicted with the "lazy worm," and official offorts are being made to improve the inhabitants condition. A hospital has been established at Albonito, with an en dowment of \$15,000, and will do what it can to check the ravages of this minute reptile, of the existence of which the old-time native Porto Rican never had the slightest notion Last year an American medical officer, treated 4500 cases, and nearly all of them were cured. As a result the population are aroused to much enthusiasm, and the afflicted are ap plying in great numbers for treat ment. Heretofore the malady has been deemed incurable,-New York Tribune.

Editor Borrowed a Gun.

The editor of a Kansas country paper has found a way of persuading the delinquent subscriber. It was quite accidental. He had borrowed a rifle recently, and he started up the main street of the town to return the weapon to its owner. The delinquent subscribers got it into their heads that he was on the war path, and every one he met insisted on paying what he owed him. One man wiped out a debt of ten years' standing. On his return to his office he found a load of hay, fifteen hushels of corn, ten bushels of potantoes, a load of wood and a barrel of turnips that had been brought in. All the country editors are now trying to borrow Winchesters. - New York

## EPWURTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 2.

Christian Testimony and Conversion

-Isa. 44 8; Acts 1, 8. The efficient co-witness. John 15.

The first duty of the restored.

Mark 5, 18-20. First fruits of testimony. John 1, 41, 42,

Let him that heareth say, "Come." John 1, 45-49. A faithful testimony, and its grac-ions fruits. 1 Tim. 1, 15-17.

For the sake of them who come af-

er. Psa. 145, 4-12. The first Christian testimony must be to conversion, for that is the basis

of the Christian life. The Scripture Idea is that men are dead-"dead in trespasses and sins"-and that if they are to have spiritual life they must be born into it as much as we are born into natural, physical life. So the Saviour taught in his interview.

In general, these are the steps into new life. Conviction of sin; sorrow for sin; confession of sin to God; prayer for pardon; the exercise of faith in Jesus Christ as God's atone ment and remedy for sin. Then we feel a sense of relief from burden, the forgiveness of our sins, and the realization that we are the sons daughters of the Lord God Almighty. There is often an ecstatic condition of soul in which one clearly recognizes the Holy Spirit as the sealer of his covenant with God. He, the Holy Spirit, is the divine credential-giver, whose certification to the new birth and heirship to heaven, the receiver could no more doubt than he could doubt his existence. That is conversion, as we use the term. It is a translation from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. Not that all have the same definiteness of expereience, or that all are fully conscious of every step noted above; but in every case these steps are all involved in the passage of the soul from the death of sin over into the life of righteousness. Nor does every one have a positive knowledge as to the exact hour when the great change took place. With some the change may have come very

Every proposition among men must be established by evidence. every court of every name and character this is true. If a point of conscious contact between God and men has been found; if men may realize their vital connection with God, then the world ought to be informed of that fact, and, if the world shall demand the evidence, we must supply it. A church that no longer testifies conscious justification and regeneration has lost its heavenly commission, and can no longer be of any real service to the spiritual kingdom

## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

SEPTEMBER SECOND

Spiritual Blindness. John 9: 35-41; Acts 26: 12-19. (Consecration Meeting.)

Christ is the Light of the world

only to those that can see something besides themselves. No blindness so hopeless as pride, No vision reaches so far into spiritual mysteries as the vision of

Here, as elsewhere, the humility. last shall be first. All whose eyes are opened to spiri-tual glories see wordly splendors thereafter as dull and cheap in com-

parison. Every vision is a command, and its

word is; "Follow me! Suggestions Those that use their eyes habitually on distant objects gain great keenness of vision; so do those that gaze

much on heaven. The skilled astronomer can see marks on a planet's disk that would be invisible to ordinary eyes. There is nothing like practice to quicken spiritual vision.

Physical blindness, or any other physical misfortune, may actually increase the soul's power of sight and One may as well try to see a land-

scape without the light of the sun as to get a knowledge of any spiritual truth without the light of Christ. Illustrations.

After years of confinement in a dark dungeon, the prisoner finds light a torture to his eyes, and begs for his cell again. It is so with spiritual darkness.

the material universe, and the small-est sin to the spiritual universe. become so keen as almost to suppl the place of eyes; but spiritual blindness dulls all other senses

A needle's prick may blind us to

In ancient times a king's eyes enemy, to destroy his hopes of ever reigning again. So Satan blasts our spiritual vision and thus dethrones

Quotations Beware of moral color-blindness!

Conscientious wrong-doing is never safe doing.-H. Clay Trumbull. There are some men to whom it is true that there is no God. They cannot see God, because

have only an abortive organ, atrophied by neglect.-Henry Drummon What the eye is to the body, faith is to the soul. You don't dig your eyes out to see if you have the right kind, but you are doing that to your faith .- D. L. Moody.

SAVED HIS COMPANION.

James Edward Burch, of St. Mary's, Md., twenty years old, and Garneld Adams, fourteen, of the same place, were rescued from a desperate situation in the waters of the lower Chesapeake, in which they had been for seven hours. Adams had been unconscious for three hours. He was kept affoat by Burch, who desperately clung to a capsized dory, while he neld to the boy with the other hand.

The dory and those who were dependent on it for their lives were buffeted by high waves that repeated squalls caused to rise. The steamer Washington arrived just as Burch's strength was about exhausted. R. D. Ross, second mate of the steamer, was on watch and heard Burch's cry.

.t required hard work to resuscitate