

An Old Maid's Tragedy

By A. SE. JOHN ADCOCK.

HAVING had the whole day in which to reflect and prepare herself, Miss Gurney had got 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 floor, 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, slipped it into her pocket now without a word; but Miss Gurney noticed that her cheeks flushed, and then a rosier red surged back and overflowed them."

"You did not tell me, Hester, that you know—" Miss Gurney hesitated. "Is he a friend of yours, dear?"

"Yes, aunt," Hester protested. "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.

"I hope, Hester," Miss Gurney forced herself to say in her prim, decisive fashion, "there has been no talk of love betwixt you and this gentleman."

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, dear. 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."

fall her; but early in the evening she traveled westward, and for the first time, realized her intention to the utmost, and was alarmed at her own timidity when she found herself knocking at the door of the stately house in Kensington.

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, shrilly.

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 man, that Miss Gurney wishes to see him? Say Miss Gurney, formerly of Barsemond, please."

He solemnly obeyed, and after an interval, returned to her in the hall with a perplexed expression darkening 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.

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.

The death of Russell Sage brings to light stories of a man who has, perhaps, borne the butt of more uncomplimentary stories than any other that ever lived. That Russell Sage was a close man, who hated waste, is a historic fact.

The office of Russell Sage, wrote a well-known journalist not long ago, 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 delivered at a postoffice.

As I presented my card at one of these windows today, a rosy-faced 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.

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 herself yet; her heart was fluttering suffocatingly, and she felt that if she attempted to answer him she was so unsteady she must burst into tears, and the very thought of this humbling herself in his presence helped to strengthen her.

"It is a very long while," he made an effort, and resumed lamely, "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—"

"RACE SUICIDE" REMEDY.

It Lies in the Saving of Infants, Says Dr. Chalmers. Christian Testimony and Conversion. —Isa. 44 8; Acts 1, 8.

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 mortality."

"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 babies—maintained by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor at East Sixty-fourth street, is doing progressive work."

Extracts from a digest of an address 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 baby."

That instead of pre-natal conditions being a negligible factor, those babies are strongest whose mothers have rest and proper nourishment 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. Spargue 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 babies born, which could be done by bettering sanitary conditions in the worst districts. —New York Post.

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 within 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.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 2. The efficient co-witness, John 15, 26, 27. 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 gracious fruits, 1 Tim. 1, 15-17. For the sake of them who come after, 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. Then the Saviour taught in his interview with Nicodemus.

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 atonement 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 and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. There is often an ecstatic condition of soul in which one clearly recognizes the Holy Spirit as the seal 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 restorer 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 experience, 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 come very quietly.

Every proposition among men must be established by evidence. Before every court of every name and character this is true. If a point of canonical 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 to a conscious justification and regeneration has lost its heavenly commission, and can no longer be of any real service to the spiritual kingdom of God.

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AN INSIGHT INTO HIS STINGINESS.

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 told of Mr. Sage's miserly habits and eccentricities are fictitious, none of them are exaggerations. It would be almost impossible for anyone to imagine a man more economical and stingy than he. Although his income is reckoned at \$5,000 a day, at least, and some people think it is twice that amount, he has lived at the rate of \$500 a year or less, and

his personal expenses have not been \$100 a year. That is a very liberal estimate. He had two suits of clothes, one for weekdays and the other for Sunday, and he had worn them as long as anybody can remember. He had not bought a new overcoat for fifteen or twenty years, and 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's astonishment, Mr. Sage gave him the address of a store on Seventh avenue where he could get shoes for \$2 a pair.

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 deposited himself to newspapers from the stand at Fifth 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 compelled 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 little country place down on Long Island, with a good deal of land; 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 \$5 to a lively stable keeper in the vicinity.

A Defense of the American Press. First of all it must be pointed out 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 a source of deep concern. They have seen grave issues, upon which they believed to depend, tossed and carried 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 generalizations.

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 continue 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.

A Motley Crew. With a crew composed of nearly a dozen nationalities, from an Irishman to a reformed cannibal 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 3500 tons 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 officers of the Indra and persons who 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 Colonel Sanderson comes from) found itself drumless on the great day; and no drum, no celebrations. It also happened, however, that there was a Nationalist band in the same town. Sub rosa, the Nationalist drum was borrowed for the occasion. It pounded as loudly as the most loyal instrument of percussion in all Armagh.—London Daily News.

SAVED HIS COMPANION.

James Edward Burch, of St. Mary's, Md., twenty years old, and Garfield 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 afloat by Burch, who desperately clung to a capsized dory, while he held 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. It required hard work to resuscitate Adams.

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 into their heads that he was on the war path, and every one he saw insisted on paying what he owed him. One man found a debt of ten years' standing. On his return to his office he found a load of hay, fifteen bushels of corn, ten bushels of potatoes, a load of wood and a barrel of turnips that had been brought in. All the country editors are now trying to borrow Winchester. —New York Tribune.

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 humility. Here, as elsewhere, the last shall be first.

All those eyes are opened to spiritual glories see worldly splendors thereafter as dull and cheap in comparison.

Every vision is a command, and its word is, "Follow me!"

Those that use their eyes habitually on distant objects gain great keenness of vision; so do those that gaze much on heaven.