

Change of Heart

By DONALD ALLEN

The family of Judge Winters had been a family of Colonel Bellaire for years and years. That meant that both boys and girls were named Bellaire and Agnes Winters had been named Agnes Bellaire. The boys and girls were named after their fathers and mothers, and the boys and girls were named after their grandfathers and grandmothers. In fact, the family name was so common that it was almost impossible to tell who was who. It was only when the boys and girls were named after their fathers and mothers, and the boys and girls were named after their grandfathers and grandmothers, that the family name was so common that it was almost impossible to tell who was who.

"Oh, come, now," appealed Fred. "If you understood these things you know."
"But I don't and don't want to. When you enter the ring will it be as 'Battling Bellaire,' or what?"
"Agnes, you are altogether too severe and old-fashioned. I have seen the mayor of the city at a club fight, and he enjoyed every round of it. Your own father—"
"My father is not under discussion, sir, and there is no more to discuss. I must answer no to your proposal and hope that you will make a change for the better in your life."
"Say, now, Agnes, you can't mean it! Just because a fellow—"
"I beg you to excuse me, Mr. Bellaire!"
Whether Fred went away or sat down and resolved to become an angel is really not known. He managed somehow to live through it and society didn't notice any great falling off in weight and appetite.

It was three months after he had received his conge and his boxing-master had said that he was in excellent condition when he motored out Westchester way to see an old chum. On that very day Miss Agnes Winters had started out in her runabout alone for a bit of a spin. The two had not met since that evening. For a month afterwards she had been upheld by conscience. Then a still, small voice began to trouble her by asking if she hadn't been too hard on Fred. She had almost come to the conclusion that she had and she wanted to be out in the air and alone to settle the question with herself.

After a smooth run of two miles the runabout came to a halt. They do that sometimes. Then it is clearly the duty of the driver to find out why and go on again. Miss Winters was finding out why when three men from the bushes rushed out on her. She was wearing a diamond at her throat and they had a right to believe that her gloves concealed valuable rings.

God Uses Pain to Refine Humanity

By DR. HAROLD PATTISON
Pastor of First Baptist Church,
St. Paul, Minn.

The problem in Job's time was, why do the righteous suffer? but the problem in our day has broadened to why should there be any suffering at all? As we have stood near the bedside of some dear one whom we could not bear to see suffer, we have wondered how God could stand it. Personally, I do not believe that God is a being that goes about shattering our homes or breaking our hearts. It is thought that he permits such things, but it may well be said that God cannot still be good and make exceptions, here and there in the workings of the great laws of the universe, that were to put irregularities in the place of uniformity, to introduce anarchy and make confusion worse confounded.

We are to remember, too, that we are inclined to mistake the part for the whole, and in the matter of pain our standard of measurement is apt to be false. The actual amount of pain in the world is only as great as that borne by any single human being.

A partial answer to this problem is found in the present uses of pain. Pain may be a punishment, but not always, for pain would seem quite as often a punishment for weakness as for wickedness. Great pain purifies. As the psalmist says: "It was good for me that I was afflicted."
Pain is power. Pain stimulates us to do our best. It is a good and spur that discovers our best paces. We often say we learn by experience, but if we stop to think of it the experiences to which we refer are mostly painful. It takes fire to temper steel and the sword blade never yet took and held its temper without it. A California apple is large and beautiful, but tasteless like cork; it needs the frost of New England to ripen the Baldwin and pippin. We none of us want to live over again the difficult crises of our lives, yet not one of us would be willing to part with the experiences those crises gave us. Great pain warns us. A wounded dog holds up its foot and so keeps out the dirt. Pain told it to do that.

The cross of Christ sheds the strongest light on the mysteries of pain. Jesus never seemed to be perplexed at the existence of pain. How great a part of his ministry consisted in banishing pain, yet Jesus and Christianity have done much to increase the pain of the world. Gethsemane and Calvary show us that in our lives as well as his the best and truest in human life comes from pain. The cross is the appeal of suffering.

The vicarious suffering of Christ is said to conflict with our sense of justice. It does not do it. We interpret it by the old view of theology, but rightly viewed it is the climax and complete expiration of the forces to which we owe entire evolution of our race. We must not confuse vicarious suffering with vicarious punishment. When life is seen at its deepest and truest it seems as though there were nothing else but vicarious suffering through which the world was saved.

Timely Suggestions of Interest to the Hostess

A Novel Guessing Contest.
The following contest is most entertaining for a crowd of high school girls and boys or for real grown-ups. The list may be increased indefinitely at the discretion of the hostess. This outline I found in a magazine and hope our readers will enjoy it and find their requests granted for a new contest:

AMERICAN CITIES.
The head man—a measure of weight? (Boston.)
A boat landing—oil? (Portland.)
Syllable of the scale—a state of mind? (La Crosse.)
The name of God? (Providence.)
A species of grape? (Concord), etc.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.
A flower—a kind of cloth? (Roosevelt.)
A stony chaf? (Rockefeller.)
A gay autumn flower? (Astor.)
An accident by fire—a vital organ? (Bernhardt.)
A tiny pie? (Patti), etc.

BOOK TITLES.
A critical moment? (The Crisis.)
A parent—a fowl? (Mother Goose.)
One who steers high? (The Sky Pilot.)
What you want when ill? (The Doctor.)
Yourself, a weapon, a garden tool? (Ivanhoe), etc.

Unique Party for Children.
A mother of three lovely children confided to me that her great success in entertaining children was due to her aim to have each little guest equally interested.

With this idea in mind she is going to give this novel and really fascinating party. She calls it "Tradesman's Carnival." The very name has excited the curiosity of the children as well as their mothers. The hours are from 3:00 to 5:30 on a Saturday afternoon. The ages of the guests are from eight to twelve, and there will be 15 if all accept, her three making 18, about all she can seat comfortably at small tables in the dining room.

The tradesman she is to have represented are tailor, dressmaker, potter, jeweler, flower maker, sign painter, artist, basket maker, upholsterer and carpenter. Two or perhaps three will work at the same trade. When the guests arrive they will be given cards with the name of the trade they are to represent. Then the little craftsmen go to a table, where their materials are prepared ready for them and one or two assistants to show where they are to work. One hour is to be the time allotted to make the finished products, then a bell will ring and the articles collected and placed on exhibition. The children are to be allowed to vote as to the first, second and third best piece and the prizes will be awarded. Each child is also to take home the object made and each receive a souvenir, so all will feel satisfied.

ELIJAH TAKEN UP TO HEAVEN

Sunday School Lesson for Mar. 5, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—1 Kings 2:1-18. Memory verses II, 12.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Elijah walked with God and he was not; for God took him."—Gen. 5:24.
TIME—Probably about B. C. 900, six years after the affair of Naboth's vineyard, our last lesson (Assyrian 87) the 881 year of the divided kingdom.

PLACE—Across the Jordan, opposite Jericho, from whence Elijah was translated.

Elijah's public life extended over not more than 20 years. The first 14 were strenuous and heroic, with crises like thunderstorms. The Methodist minister, who was complained of for shouting so loud in his pulpit, replied: "I am not stinging lullabies; I am blasting rocks." Elijah was blasting rocks.

But for the last six years since the vision of God, Elijah had been working more on the plan of "the still small voice." Once only did his fierce "wo unto you" blaze forth, when King Abaziah, Ahab's son, sought aid from Baal instead of the God of Israel. He had been training his successor Elisha who was full of Elijah's spirit of religion, but manifested it in gentler ways. Moreover, Elisha was the head of the several schools of the prophets where he could train and confirm his members in their work of living and teaching the true religion, thus quieting the true religion, thus quieting the true religion, thus quieting the true religion.

Elijah went with Elisha, as Paul took Mark with him on his first missionary journey. Elisha was Elijah's friend and companion, student and attendant of these years it is recorded only that the young man "ministered" to Elijah "and poured water on his hands." And Elisha said unto Elisha, Tarry here, I pray thee. Elijah, Elisha, and even the sons of the prophets, evidently knew that Elijah's departure was at hand.

Elijah's last journey was clearly laid out for him. Its object was twofold; a natural desire on the part of the great leader to revisit the scenes so dear to him, and his purpose to fix upon his disciples' minds the principles and precepts he held most important. Last words are best remembered, and the sight of the sturdy old man still able to make or foot a journey of more than 30 miles, his kindling glances, his ringing voice, must have remained with their precious memory, having their greater boldness in the cause of Jehovah.

And 50 sons of the prophets went and stood to view afar off. The abrupt heights behind the town commanded an extensive view of the river, the nearest bend of which was five miles away. With a delicate sense of propriety, the young men kept at a distance, but it was fitting they should be witnesses of the scene, to testify afterwards throughout the land to Elijah's favor with God and to the reality of immortality. For similar reasons the 11 witnessed the ascension of our Lord.

Elijah said: "Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee." So God asked Solomon at the beginning of his reign. This was Elijah's last opportunity to do any thing for his friend and successor and he wanted to make an expression to him of his fatherly love.

THE DRUGGIST KNEW FROM EXPERIENCE

I have been selling Dr. Killemer's Swamp-Root for the past three years and those of my customers who buy it, speak favorably regarding it. I have used it in my own family with good results, and I believe the preparation has great curative value. You may use this as you like.

Very respectfully,
C. B. RUPE & SON,
By C. B. Rupe, Mgr.,
Seymour, Texas.

Personally appeared before me this 20th day of July, 1909, C. B. Rupe, Druggist, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

R. C. JAMES,
J. P. and Ex-Officio.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You
Send to Dr. Killemer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty cents and one-dollar.

WHAT SHE THOUGHT.
Mrs. Gumm—And what d'yer think of that there Jones as is moved in next door but one to you?
Mrs. Jawkins—Why, I don't like talking about my neighbors; but to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then again I don't know, but, after all, I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of man as I take him to be.

IN CONSTANT PAIN.
Little Rest and Less Pain for the Kidney Sufferer.

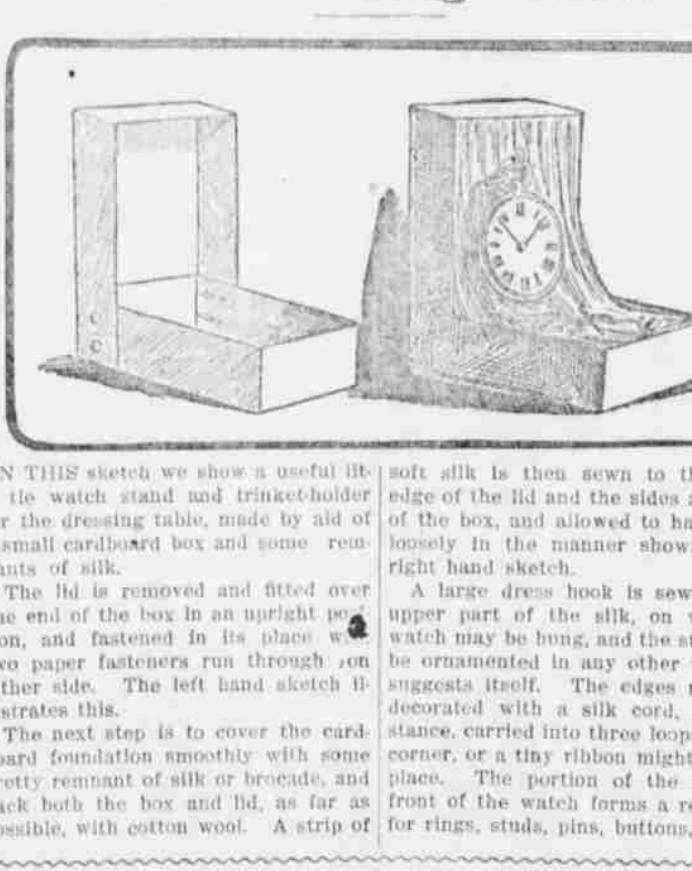
Mrs. N. U. Miller, 3609 Jackson St., Baltimore, Md., says: "There was scarcely a moment I was not suffering from kidney trouble. Every movement caused misery and at night I could not sleep owing to the intense pain. Dizzy spells were frequent and obliged me to sit down to keep from falling. Kidney secretions were generally profuse, then again scanty and deposited heavy sediment. My feet and ankles were so badly swollen that mornings I could not wear my shoes. Today I am free from kidney trouble. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills effected a complete cure."
Remember the name—Doan's.
For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McBirney Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

IN VOGUE

The black hat of course, is all the thing. And it must by all means have a white or a black and white ornament. Most of these ornaments can be made at home very inexpensively.

For Marking Linen.
When ready to mark table linen, sheets, pillow cases and towels in any quantity it is best to have the letters

For Dressing Table



IN THIS sketch we show a useful little watch stand and trinket-holder for the dressing table, made by aid of a small cardboard box and some remnants of silk.

These strips are sewed together on the machine, one end hemmed and the other cut to required length, then the pieces cut off are trimmed in conventional shapes to apply on the ends and front, the dark on the light and the light on the dark.

Sport in British Columbia

The great range of mountains of British Columbia contains an abundance of black and grizzly bears, to be seen in the spring on the open slides, when the young grass first begins to grow green at the foot of the snow-capped peaks. In the late autumn along the small creeks where the salmon descend to spawn, and afford an abundant food supply for the bears before they hold up for their long winter sleep. Here, too, the quaint mountain and the little black-tailed deer are more numerous than in any other part of the province, quite sufficiently to furnish the inaccessible nature of the forbidden range of mountains, a few miles in length and a hundred miles in width, mostly unexplored and practically impenetrable.

More Information.
Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, what is a Chinese junk?
Mr. Chugwater—It's a dish of chop suey. Haven't I told you that once or twice before?