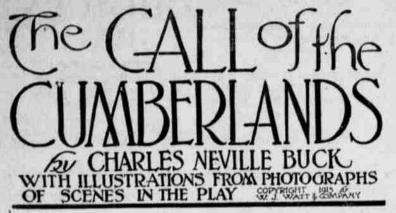
THE FULTON COUNTY NEWS, McCONNELLSBURG, PA.



CHAPTER I.

Then she turned and disappeared in the deep cleft between the gigantic

tating before its descent to'the hort- narrow alley littered with ragged The sugar-loaf cone that tow- stones, lay the crumpled body of a zon. ered above a creek called Misery was man. It lay with the left arm doubled pointed and edged with emerald trac- under it, and from a gash in the foreery where the loftiest timber thrust head trickled a thin stream of blood. up its crest plumes into the sun. On Also, it was the body of such a man the hillsides it would be light for as she had not seen before. more than an hour yet, but below, where the waters tossed themselves cathedral gloom. Down there the "fur- of a brain dulled into coma. riner" would have seen only the rough course of the creek between moss shyness by his condition, the girl velveted and shaded bowlders of titanic proportions. The native would hold until she reached his side. She have recognized the country road in stood for a moment with one hand on these tortuous twistings. A great block the dripping walls of rock, looking of sandstone, to whose summit a man down while her hair fell about her standing in his saddle could scarcely face. Then, dropping to her knees, reach his fingertips, towered above the stream, with a gnarled scrub oak leaning posture, straightened the clinging tenaciously to its apex. Loft- limbs, and began exploring with effiily on both sides climbed the mountains cloaked in laurel and timber.

Suddenly the leafage was thrust and a shy, half-wild girl appeared in back the brushwood, and raised her trickled blood. face as though listening. As she stood with the toes of one bare foot strip of cotton from her single pettitwisting in the gratefully cool moss coat. Then she picked her bare-footed she laughed with the sheer exhilara- way swiftly to the creek bed, where tion of life and youth, and started out she drenched the cloth for bathing and But there she halted suddenly with a done what she could by way of first startled exclamation and drew instine | aid she sat supporting the man's tively back. What she saw might well | shoulders and shook her head dubihave astonished her, for it was a thing ously. she had never seen before and of reassured by the silence, she slipped across the broad face of the flat rock for a distance of twenty-five feet and paused again to listen.

At the far edge lay a pair of saddlebags, such as form the only practical ing hard the shy impulse to drop his equipment for mountain travelers. small and unfamiliar-looking tubes of reassured. soft metal, all grotesquely twisted and stained, and beside the box was a strangely shaped plaque of wood smeared with a dozen hues. That this plaque was a painter's sketching pal. known ette was a thing which she could not know, since the ways of artists had to do with a world as remote from her own as the life of the moon or

Close to the serviced backbone of the bowlder upon which she had been sit-Cumberland ridge through a sky of ting and another-small only by commountain clarity, the sun seemed hesi- parison. There, ten feet down, in a

> sible. Although from the man came a low

groan mingled with his breathing, it along in a chorus of tiny cascades, the | was not such a sound as comes from light was already thickening into a fully conscious lips, but rather that

Freed from her fettering excess of stepped surely from foothold to footshe shifted the doubled body into a cient fingers for broken bones.

She had found the left arm limp above the wrist, and her fingers had above her. The forest blanket was aside from above by a cautious hand, diagnosed a broken bone. But unconsciousness must have come from the the opening. For an instant she halt blow on the head, where a bruise was ed, with her brown fingers holding already blackening, and a gash still

She lifted her skirt and tore a long on the table top of the huge rock. bandaging the wound. When she had him.

Finally the man's lids fluttered and

eyes. "Hello!" said the stranger, vaguely.

"I seem to have-" He broke off, and his lips smiled. It was a friendly, understanding smile, and the girl, fightshoulders and flee into the kind mask-

Near them lay a tin box, littered with ing of the bushes, was in a measure "You must hey fell offen the rock."

she enlightened.

"I think I might have fallen into worse circumstances," replied the un-

"I reckon you kin set up after a little."

"Yes, of course." The man suddenly realized that although he was quite stars. It was one of those vague mys- comfortable as he was he could teries that made up the wonderful life scarcely expect to remain permanently

"How'd ye git hurt He shook his head. "I was painting-up there," he said: and I guess I got too absorbed in the was. I stepped too far." The man rose to his feet, but he tottered and reeled against the wall of ragged stone. The blow on his head "Just thirty-three minutes. I didn't had left him faint and dizzy. He sat down again.

"I'm afraid," he ruefully admitted, "that I'm not quite ready for discharge from your hospital." "You jest set where yer at." The girl rose and pointed up the mountainside. "I'll light out across the hill and

fotch Samson an' his mule." "Who and where is Samson?" he inquired. He realized that the bottom of the valley would shortly thicken into darkness, and that the way "It sounds like the name of a

strong man." evening. "I means Samson South," she enlightened, as though further description of one so celebrated would be re-

dundant. "He's over thar 'bout threequarters." "Three-quarters of a mile?" She nodded. What else could three-

quarters mean? "How long will it take you?" he

asked. She deliberated. "Samson's hoein' corn in the fur hill field. He'll hey ter cotch his mule. Hit mout tek a half-hour.

"You can't do it in a half-hour, can you?

"I'll jest take my foot in my hand, an' light out." She turned, and with a nod was gone.

At last she came to a point where a clearing rose on the mountainside stripped off to make way for a fencedin and crazily tilting field of young corn. High up and beyond, close to the bald shoulders of sandstone which threw themselves against the sky, was the figure of a man. As the girl halted at the foot of the field at last, panting from her exertions, he was sitting on the rail fence, looking absently down on the outstretched panorama below

Samson South was not, strictly speaking, a man. His age was perhaps twenty. He sat loose-jointed and indolent on the top rail of the fence. his hands hanging over his knees, his which she had never heard. Finally, his lips moved. Then he opened his hoe forgotten. Near by, propped against the rails, rested a repeating rifle, though the people would have told you that the truce in the "South-Hollman war" had been unbroken for two years, and that no clansman need in these halcyon days go armed afield.

CHAPTER II.

Sally clambered lightly over the until he had assembled a sort of menfence and started on the last stage of tal jigsaw puzzle. her journey, the climb across the young corn rows. It was a field stood mentioned by the more talkative of on end, and the hoed ground was un- his informers, and carefully tabooed even; but with no seeming of wearl- by others-notable among them his ness her red dress flashed steadfastly host of last night. It now dawned on across the green spears, and her voice him that he was crossing the boun-

a languid greeting. He did not remove South.

Sally sat mountain fashion behind climbed the rock and halted before him, facing straight to the side. the sketch with a face that slowly So they came along the creek bed softened to an expression of amazed and into the sight of the man who admiration. Finally he took up the work. I stepped backward to look at still sat propped against the mossy square of academy board with a tenthe canvas and forgot where the edge rock. As Lescott looked up he closed der care of which his rough hands would have seemed incapable and the case of his watch and put it back stood stock still, presenting an anomainto his pocket with a smile. lous figure in his rough clothes as his "Snappy work, that!" he called out. eyes grew almost idolatrous. Then he brought the landscape over to its believe it could be done." creator, and, though no word was Samson's face was masklike, but as he surveyed the foreigner, only the spoken, there flashed between the eyes ingrained dictates of the country's of the artist, whose signature gave to

> hospitable code kept out of his eyes a gleam of scorn for this frail memand the jeans-clad boy whose destiny ber of a sex which should be stalwart. was that of the vendetta, a subtle, wordless message. It was the coun-"Howdy?" he said. Then he added suspiciously: "What mout yer busitersign of brothers-in-blood who recognize in each other the bond of a ness be in these parts, stranger?" mutual passion. Lescott gave the Odyssey of his wan-

The boy and the girl, under Lescott's derings, since he had rented a mule at Hixon and ridden through the coundirection, packed the outfit and stored cut, unguided, would become impos- try, sketching where the mood prompt- the canvas in the protecting top of the ed and sleeping wherever he found a box. Then, while Sally turned and hospitable roof at the coming of the strode down creek in search of Lescott's lost mount, the two men rode

"Ye come from over on Crippleshin?" The boy flashed the question spoke slowly and diffidently. with a sudden hardening of the voice,

hain't askin' too much, will ye let me see ye paint one of them things?" "Gladly," was the prompt reply. Then the boy added covertly:

hollows choking with murk. "We're nigh home now," said Sam son at the end of some minutes' silent

thar bend." Then they rounded a point of tim ber and came upon a small party of

men whose attitudes even in the dimming light conveyed a subtle suggestion of portent.

man's voice, which was still very deep and powerful.

boy. Then followed a silence unbroken

until the mule reached the group, revealing that besides the boy another man-and a strange man-had joined their number.

"Evenin', stranger," they greeted ask not.' him, gravely; then again they fell silent, and in their silence was evident constraint.

"This hyar man's a furriner," announced Samson, briefly. "He fell

offen a rock an' got hurt. I 'lowed I'd fotch him home ter stay all night." The elderly man who had hailed the boy nodded, but with an evident annoyance. It seemed that to him the others deferred as to a commanding officer. The cortege remounted and rode slowly toward the house. At last

the elderly man came alongside the world. The philosophy of prayer is mule and inquired: as reasonable as that of any problem "Samson, where was ye last night?"

"Thet's my business." "Mebbe hit ain't." The old mountaineer spoke with no resentment, but deep gravity. "We've been powerful oneasy erbout ye. Hev ye heered the news?

"What news?" The boy put the question noncommittally. "Jesse Purvy was shot this morn-

The boy vouchsafed no reply

"The mail rider done told hit. . Somebody shot five shoots from the . . . Purvy hain't died yit.

"Samson!" The old man's voice had

says as how his folks



ize it fully.

TEXT-I will therefore that men pray LESSON TEXT-Matt. 28:16-20; Luke 34;

GOLDEN TEXT-Lo, I am with you al-Very few respond to the desire of ways, even unto the end of the world the writer of the text. The infidel Matt. 28:20.

ridicules prayer; This lesson consists of two parathe man absorbed graphs which constitute what might be in business affairs termed two commissions or two parts encers at it, the of the Great Commission. There are formalist treats it four distinct accounts of the final commechanically: the mands of our Lord to his disciples. ordinary church each presenting a different phase of member neglects the work he committed to his followit; the average ers. In this lesson we have for our Christian only occonsideration two of these aspects casionally pracwhich ought not to be confused. tices it. It is left I. The Appearance in Jerusalem,

to the one in a Thomas Being Absent. Luke 24:35-49. thousand to real (1) The Resurrected Lord, vv. 36-43.

The Emmaus disciples reported to the To define prayer disciples, and those gathered with is difficult. Revthem in Jerusalem, the things they erence, submission to the will of God, had experienced, especially in the sincerity, the spirit of forgiveness, defibreaking of bread. This occurred late niteness of supplication, whole-heartin the evening (see Luke 24:29, 33). edness and recognition of Jesus Christ While they, and the others, were remust go into it. Prayer does not rehearsing the many things that had taquire definition, and the best prayers ken place on that first eventful day, rarely ever fit any mold of defini-Jesus himself suddenly appears in their midst without the opening of a Some seem to think that the chief door and asks them of their thoughts. blessing of prayer is subjective, that Once before he had thus searched it does any one good to get into the them (Luke 9:46, 47), but now the ocattitude of prayer and to talk to God. casion is quite different. Fear of the Granting that there is much benefit Jews had crowded them into this room in this, we would make the point that but no closed door except that of the prayer is petition. It is the asking of human heart can keep out the risen God for things desired. Men do not Lord. Simon's report (ch. 24:34) and get many blessings that they wish that of the Emmaus disciples were not simply because they do not ask God sufficient to allay their fear. Fear at for them-"Ye have not because ye this visible evidence of the supernatural is true of us all, but when Jesus Prayer does not depend on location, truly is present there is peace no attitude, or other circumstances. If matter what may be the turmoil withthe cathedral is not at hand, the open

out, or the fear within. Man of Flesh and Bone.

This appearance was a demonstration that it was he himself, and to add proof upon proof he first showed them his pierced hands and feet, and then called for fish and ate it before, and doubtless with, them. Jesus is today a man of flesh and bone as much as when he walked Galilee's hills. His blood he poured out upon Calcary. The evidence of the literal, physical of cause and effect. If man prays as resurrection of Christ is so overwhelming that the unbeliever does violence

he should, just what he prays for will be granted. He stretches his hand to his reason not to accept it. (2) The Ascended Lord, vv. 4449. ters part; another man calls for fire This coming of Jesus and his message of peace and assurance brought also from heaven and it falls; another a commission that this great fact be prays for the sick and immediately health returns; another prays for the told to others. The event recorded in these verses did not occur in Jeruredemption of the drunkard or the salem but upon Mount Olivet and constitutes the final appearance of Jesus. As he had done often before, so how he sets his seal upon the Old Testato stand in any place in refined sociment, expressly speaking of its books ety or in the home circle. "More under their accepted three-fold divithings are done by prayer than man sion (v. 44). In these there are p

tween three and four hundred direct.

not to speak of the indirect, prophe

cles concerning him. What we need

is to have the Holy Spirit that we may

"understand" (v. 45), the purpose of

his life and death. Jesus taught his

disciples what that purpose is (v. 47).

viz., the "remission of sins." based on

the sure ground of his finished work.

This, and this alone, is the gospel and

it is to be preached in his name unto

all nations-a missionary suggestion-

but beginning at home, in Jerusalem.

Verse 49 tells us of that other needed

preparation to make us effective wit-

nesses, the enduement of the Holy

Some Disciples Doubted.

II. The Appearance to the Eleven

section it suggests that Jesus was

ciples, yet their vision was so clear

that they worshiped him, though some

doubted. Drawing near to the dis-

ciples he first of all complusives his

supreme authority, "all power is given

unto me," and on that authority be

commissioned them to their work of

discipling "all nations." Mark's ren

dering of this commission (16:15, 15)

is more inclusive, "to the whole crea-

tion," including all of man's welfare

social as well as spiritual. For Jesus

thus to claim authority and to send

forth his ambassadors and still not be

"the very God of the very God" is to

stamp him either as an impostor or a

lunatic. Because all power is his

therefore the obligation and the av

companying Holy Spirit who will en

able us to teach the things he has com

manded. There is back of the com

mission "all power" and accompany

ing it a blessed fellowship, "Lo, 1 am

The sad thing is that after nearly

And lastly the disciple is not to gt

two thousand years we have carried

in his own strength or wiedom. He

parables describe fully the age upor

they went forward and as we follow

in their train." to devote ourselves it

the enterprises of his kingdom, he de

clared that he would be with then aft

with us until the time of the consum

"When we go his way, he spes on

way; but if we go our own we go i

which the disciples were entering At

out so poorly the great commission.

with you all the days."

mation of the age.

alone.

Spirit.



Tamarack Spicer.

and, when he was affirmatively ans swered, his eyes contracted and bored searchingly into the stranger's face. "Where'd ye put up last night?"

"Red Bill Hollman's house, at the mouth of Meeting House fork; do you know the place?"

Samson's reply was curt. "I knows hit all right." There was a moment's pause-

rather an awkward pause. Lescott's mind began plecing together fragments of conversation he had heard,

The South-Holiman feud had been was raised to shout: "Hello, Samson1" dary and coming as the late guest of ing." The young man looked up and waved a Hollman to ask the hospitality of a

of "down below." Why had these in the support of her bent arm. He his hat or descend from his place of "I didn't know whose house it was." things been left here in such confu- attempted to prop himself on his hurt rest, and Sally, who expected no such he hastened to explain, "until I was laurel. ston? If there was a man about who hand and relaxed with a twinge of ex- attention, came smilingly on. Samson benighted and asked for lodging. They

upstream in silence. Finally Samson "Stranger," he ventured, "ef hit

every where

tion.

"Don't say nothin' erbout hit ter none of these tolks. They'd devil me." The dusk was falling now, and the

plodding. "Hit's right beyond thet

"Thet you, Samson?" called an old

"Hello, Unc' Spencer!" replied the

owned them he would doubtless return to claim them. She crept over, eyes and ears alert, and slipped around to her muscles poised in readiness for flight.

A half-rapturous and utterly astonished cry broke from her lips. She stared a moment, then dropped to the moss-covered rock, leaning back on her brown hands and gazing intently. "Hit's purty!" she approved, in a low, musical murmur. "Hit's plumb, dead beautiful!"

Of course it was not a finished picture-merely a study of what lay before her-but the hand that had placed these brush strokes on the academy board was the sure, deft hand of a master of landscape, who had caught the splendid spirit of the thing and fixed it immutably in true and glowing appreciation. Who he was; where he had gone; why his work stood there unfinished and abandoned, were details which for the moment this half-savage child-woman forgot to question. She was conscious only of a sense of revelation and awe Then she saw other boards, like the one upon the easel, piled near the paint box. These were dry, and represented the work of other days; but they were all pictures of her own mountains, and in each of them, as in this one, was something that made her heart leap.

To her own people these steep hillsides and "coves" and valleys were a matter of course. In their stony soil they labored by day, and in their shadows slept when work was done. Yet someone had discovered that they held a picturesque and rugged beauty; that

they were not merely steep fields where the plow was useless and the artless exaltation of hero worship; sity for contempt. Samson, who was so "smart" that he thought about things beyond her understanding; Samson, who could not only read and write, but speculate on problematical matters.

Suddenly she came to her feet with a swift-darting impulse of alarm. Her ear had caught a sound. She cast more trouble. Did you see anything searching glances about her, but the of a brown mule?" tangle was empty of humanity. The water still murmured over the rocks andisturbed. There was no sign of I ask to whom I am indebted for this human presence, other than herself, first aid to the injured?" that her eyes could discover-and yet to her ears came the sound again, and this time more distinctly. It was the rocks and sat near by, looking into his sound of a man's voice, and it was face with almost disconcerting steadimoaning as if in pain. She rose and ness; her solemn-pupiled eyes were searched vainly through the bushes of unblinking, unsmilling, the hillside where the rock ran out from the woods. She lifted her skirts laughed. and splashed her feet in the shallow creek water, wading persistently up and down. Her shyness was forgotten The groan was a groan of a human creature in distress, and she must find and succor the person from whom it came

Certain sounds are baffling as to direction. A voice from overhead or broken by ecuoing obstacles does not first time, let her eyes drop, while she briefly, and swung off without further it; it makes no noise at all, and there readily betray its source. Finally she sat nursing her knees. Finally she parley toward the curling spiral of stood up and listened once more in- glanced up and asked with plucked-up smoke that marked a cabin a quarter Why, it goes so fast that you can't tently-her attitude full of tense earnestness.

"I'm shore a fool," she announced. be?' half aloud. "I'm shore a plumb fool."

treme pain. The color, which had bethem again, and his lips compressed came fast and fluently as she told her the front of the queer tripod, with all themselves tightly to bite off an exclamation of suffering. "Thet air left arm air busted,"

nounced the young woman, quietly. "Ye've got ter be heedful." Had one of her own men hurt him self and behaved stoically it would have been mere matter of course; but

her eyes mirrored a pleased surprise



A Low Groan Mingled With Breathing.

at the stranger's good-natured nod and hoe must be used. She must tell Sam- his quiet refusal to give expression son-Samson, whom she held in an to pain. It relieved her of the neces-

> "I'm afraid," apologized the painter, "that I've been a great deal of trouble to you."

> Her lips and eyes were sober as she replied. "I reckon thet's all right."

"And what's worse, I've got to be

She shook her head. "He must have wandered off. May

"I don't know what ye means." She had propped him against the

"Why, I mean who are you?" he "I hain't nobody much. 1 jest lives

over yon." "But," insisted the man, "surely you

have a name." She nodded.

"Hit's Sally."

"Then, Miss Sally, I want to thank you.

Once more she nodded, and, for the courage: "Stranger, what mout yore name

"Lescott-George Lescott.

was her hero. Slow of utterance and abouts." story of the man who lay hurt at the

foot of the rock. "Hit hain't long now tell sundown," seemed to do so. she urged. "Hurry, Samson, an' git

yore mule. I've done give him my promise ter fotch ye right straight back." Samson took off his hat, and tossed

the heavy lock upward from his forehead. His brow wrinkled with doubts

'What sort of lookin' feller air he?' While Sally sketched a description, the young man's doubt grew graver. "This hain't no fit time ter be takin in folks what we hain't acquainted with," he objected. In the mountains any time is the time to take in strangers unless there are secrets to be guarded from outside eyes.

"Why hain't it?" demanded the girl. "He's hurt. We kain't leave him layin' thar, kin we?"

Suddenly her eyes caught sight of the rifle leaning near by, and straightway they filled with apprehension. Her militant love would have turned to hate for Samson, should he have proved recreant to the mission of reprisal in which he was biding his time, yet the coming of the day when the truce must end haunted her thoughts. She came close, and her voice sank with her sinking heart,

"What air hit?" she tensely demanded. "What air hit, Samson? What fer hev ye fotched yer gun ter the

field? The boy laughed. "Oh, hit ain't nothin' pertic'ler." he reassured. "Hit

hain't nothin' fer a gal ter fret herself erbout, only I kinder suspicions strangers jest now." "Air the truce busted?" She put the question in a tense, deep-breathed the finding of an ancient mosaic floor

whisper, and the boy replied casually, almost indifferently. "No, Sally, hit hain't jest ter say busted, but 'pears like hit's right smart cracked. I reckon, though," he added in half-disgust, "nothin' won't one of the early Christian churches

come of hit." Somewhat reassured, she bethought | century.

"Flowers, animals and Greek inherself again of her mission. scriptions are inlaid in most artistic "This here furriner hain't got no manner. The mosaic is in a perfect harm in him, Samson," she pleaded. state of preservation and looks as 'He 'pears ter be more like a gal than though it might have been laid yesman. He's real puny. He's got

white skin and a bow of ribbon on terday." his neck-an' he paints pictchers." The boy's face had been hardening

with contempt as the description ad- that the true Kadesh of Moses and vanced, but at the last words a glow came to his eyes, and he demanded almost breathlessly: "Paints pictchers? How do ye know

that? "I seen 'em. He was paintin' one when he fell offen the rock and busted neath the caurch of the Holy Sep-

his arm. It's shore es beautiful es-" she broke off, then added with a sudden peal of laughter-"es er pictcher." The young man slipped down from

the fence, and reached for the rifle. The hoe he left where it stood.

"I'll git the nag." he announced of a mile below. Ten minutes later his bare feet swung against the ribs of a gray mule and his rifle lay balanced across the unsaddled withers. know you've got a car, then?"

were very kind to me. I'd never seen has gent ter Lexington fer blood gun to creep back into his cheeks, left diffident with the stranger, words now them before. I'm a stranger here hounds." The boy's eyes began to smolder

Samson only nodded. If the explanahatefully. tion failed to satisfy him, it at least "I reckon," he spoke slowly, "he didn't git shot none too soon."

"I reckon ye'd better let me holp ye up on thet old mule," he said; the ring of determined authority 'hit's a-comin' on ter be night." 'When I dies ye'll be the head of the With the mountaineer's aid, Lescott Souths, but so long es I'm a-runnin

clambered astride the mount, then he this hyar fam'ly I keeps my word ter turned dubiously. friend an' foe alike. I reckon Jesse "I'm sorry to trouble you," he ven-Purvy knows who got yore pap, but tured, "but I have a paint box and up till now no South hain't never some materials up there. If you'll busted no truce." bring them down here, I'll show you The boy's voice dropped its softness how to pack the easel, and, by the and took on a shrill crescendo of exway," he anxiously added, "please citement as he flashed out his retort

to handle that fresh canvas carefully-"Who said a South has done busted by the edge-it's not dry yet." the truce this time?" He had anticipated impatient con-Old Spicer South gazed searchingly empt for his artist's impedimenta, at his nephew. but to his surprise the mountain boy

Fourth Century

Dr. George L. Robinson of the Mc

has returned to Chicago after a year's

study of ruins in Palestine, reports

"The floor was discovered by an

Arabian farmer who dug into the

one mile south of St. Nebo.

lucher

see it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



HISTORIC FIND IN PALESTINE | MEASURING LIGHT OF STARS

Chicagoan Reports Discovery of Floor With Improved Instruments, Johns of Church Dating From Third or Hopkins Professor Hopes to Se-

cure Most Important Results. A recent number of Le Radium con

tains a paper by Dr. A. H. Pfund of Cormick Theological seminary, who Johns Hopkins university, in which he describes some preliminary tests he has made of a new apparatus for measuring the light of a star. The work was done at the Allegheny observatory, the Keeler 30-inch reflector being used. In the focus of the teleearth to build a foundation for a scope, either of two small blackened. barn," he said. "The floor was in disks, which formed the junction of a thermo-circuit, could be placed. The and was built in the third or fourth wires used for the thermo-element were alloys of bismuth and tin, and of antimony and bismuth respectively. They were enclosed in an evacuated capsule, closed at one end by a plate of fluorite and substituted for the eye piece of the telescope. The thermocurrent was measured by a movingcoll galvanometer. The sensitive ness of the arrangement was such that a candle at a distance of 80 miles would give a deflection of one mil limeter. The deflections obtained from celestial objects were: Vega, 7.5; Jupiter, 3.0; Altair, 2.0 millime-The author hopes, by using a ters.

more sensitive galvanometer and materials for his thermo-elements, to increase the sensitiveness considerably. and in this way to open up a new field

"My son, you want to stop this rt.

"It don't hurt me, father." "Yes, it does. It will make you old

"Well, that won't lay me up. The

see it? How under the sun do you

dreams of.' There is only one prayer that the

man who is not right with God is justified in offering, and that is. "God be merciful to me a sinner." That prayer is really the surrender of the heart and life to God. The man who prays must have acquaintanceship with God, must have the right to call God Father, and no one can do this who does not believe in Jesus Christ. Men living in sin are the children of the devil and have no right to pray, that is, to have communion with God, except as the publican had. The desire of the writer of the text was the desire that men might get right with God.

air will do, even a street corner;

men pray lying down, standing up,

kneeling or sitting; garb, social stand-

ing, favor or opposition of men has

nothing to do with essential prayer.

It is the real purpose of the heart

What Will Prayer Do?

It will move the arm that moves the

over the sea and prays and the wa-

prostitute, and behold the former be-

comes an upright, honest, trustworthy

citizen and the latter becomes worthy

that certifies its genuineness.

Comparatively anything within the will of God is a proper subject of In Galilee, Matt. 28:16-20. This event prayer, and that will is readily found took place much later than that menin the Bible. To Pray nilly-willy or tioned in the first part of the previous without regard to the great moral and section. As we carefully read this spiritual issues that may be at stake somewhat removed from the dismay possibly be very sinful.

How to Get to Praying.

After the Ciivl war closed the question arose as to how to resume specie payments, and a wise statesman answered by saying "The way to resume is to resume." So we say, the way to pray is to pray. If a man has reason to believe he is a child of God, he has a right to pray, and the obligation slighted brings guilt on him. God is the only one who can supply his need, and the thing to do is simply to ask God to supply it. Men could have the dearest objects of life met if they would ask God for them, even the salvation of their dearest friends, even their own children

When the devil was sick, the devil a mon would be: When the devil was well, the devil a

monk was he. So truthfully wrote an old English satirist. That principle applies all through history. When men are pros perous everywhere they do not pray When they fall into trouble they pray and do it with an earnestness that ig nores propriety and circumstance Was there ever a time in this genera tion when the world as a whole was in greater distress than now? Men's hearts are failing them for fear. As ever, God is a present help in time of trouble and the call of the day is to pray. Man has failed, civilization has failed, half-skeptical and halfhearted Christianity is threatened with failure. God is the only refuge and in God alone is the strength of man. And shall he not ask for it?

Wisdom of the Ancients. There is but little in a woman's advice: yet he that won't take it is not overwise.-Cervantes.

Daily Thought. People who are nobly happy consti

tute the power, the beauty and the foundation of the state.-Jean Finot

Proper Deduction. I have not drawn my principles from my prejudices, but from the nature of things .- Montesquieu.

Speed of Electricity. Time hardly enters into the matter of the transmission of a telegraph message. The click is heard as quickly a thousand miles, or three thousand as it is a hundred-provided the me is continuous.

What Suited Him. "I like to see a woman wearing one of those clinging gowns," remain Mr. Gabb. "I know you do!" repli-"The longer a gown cline to me the better pleased you are Cincinnati Enquirer.

slast in the Berliner Illustrirte Zeltung. "I have a new car that is wonderful! It runs so smoothly that you can't feel

ning around nights." is no smell of gasoline! And speed!

"Indeed!" replied his friend. | before your time." "You can't feel it, hear it, smell it, or

the Israelites is properly located at Aim Kadees. Doctor Robinson said he

As a result of his studies Doctor Robinson has come to the conclusion

believed that the Catholics were correct in their contention that Zion is located on the southwestern hill of

Must Have Some Evidence. "I tell you, Jack," said the enthu- of astro-physical research.

runs around nights, don't it?"

Old Age.

world is thousands of years old, and it

Jerusalem and that Calvary is under-