MIDDLEBURGE, PA., SEPT. 9, 1897.

Turkey owes seventeen per cent. of her national debt to German capitalists.

It has taken an English authority to discover that our Indians make the best policemen of modern civilization,

Statistics disclose the fact that the United States consume annually about 640,000,000 pounds of wool, or about nine pounds per capita of population.

In some of the cities of Europe the cost of putting out a fire is made a charge upon the property of the person for whose benefit the fire department is called out.

The Paris Figaro thinks that, because only twenty-seven per cent. of the persons who commit suicide are women, the contention that selfmurder marches with civilization cannot be maintained.

Prosperity in agriculture is the basis for prosperity in all other lines of business. When the farmer is well rewarded for his labors the merchant and the manufacturer, the employer and the employe all prosper, observes Farm News.

Although he is in his eightieth year, the Rev. Dr. B. G. Northop of Clinton, Conn., is continuing his good work, to which he has devoted much effort in a period of years, of encouraging the formation of village improvement societies. Many of the smaller town of Connecticut give evidence, in improved material conditions and beautiful surroundings, of the influence which Mr. Northop has exerted.

The practice of applying cocaine to the eves of firemen in order to reduce the sensibility of the eyeball to the effects of smoke has been greatly condemned by the New York board of health. Dr. Fletcher Engalls, in commenting on this custom, says that not only is it likely to produce victims to the cocaine habit, but that, when used often, cocaine, kills the fine sensibilities upon which the eyes depend. But in any case, the application of cocaine to the eyes under such circumstances is quite wrong. If it does deaden the sensibility for the time being, it will not prevent injury to them by the smoke.

Says the Washington Star: - "A peculiar situation has grown out of the efforts of certain railroad companies operating in the far west to secure the services of sober men on their lines. It is plainly to the best interests of the public as well as the corporations that inebriety among the employes should be reduced to the lowest pos sible point, for intoxication leads directly to carelessness and thence to accidents, costing many lives and large fortunes in damages. To avoid these results the Santa Fe road and some others have recently issued an order prohibiting all employes of whatever grade or class of duties from entering saloons, on pain of dismissal. There is, of course, a broad rule against intoxication in force. It was at first thought that this would suffice, but frequent cases of drunken- gaged, if that is what you mean. ness proved that the only way to ensure a sober force was to draw a dead line around all places where in- Lydia. toxicants were dispensed. This order has aroused the resentment of the associated saloon keepers of the coast cities and their leader is now on his way to Boston to protest to the financial backers of the Santa Fe road and to threaten a boycott if the order is maintained. As a plain business proposition it is likely that the roads, up the loss of traffic resulting from this action in the form of damages saved, and also in the additional traffic attracted to roads known to employ only sober men. Thus the road puts a premim upon safety that has never before been possible on a broad scale. Some years ago one of the lines running out of Chicago tried the experiment of prohibiting the visiting of saloons. The liquor men and the brewers protested and finally boycotted the road. But the order was enforced, the average of accidents was steadily reduced and the road prospered as never before. The saloon order and the boycott still exist side

Bass-Was that baby talk your wife as talking as I came in? Fogg-That

having the best of the bargain."

by side and the former seems to be

er sti G m p u G er m rt. Si sa d t si sy vi la si t t t t t en ov

THE WELCOME HOME.

When twilight bells are ringing sweet And evening echoes greet me, My happy heart seems singing sweet Of some one who will meet me. Of blue eyes 'neath a golden crown— Dear eyes! that watch and wait— And little footsteps pattering down The pathway to the gate.

Though sad the toil, in barren soil, Though Fortune has not found me, I know that night will bring me light And twine two arms around me! And let the day be gold or gray—

What thought so sweet as this:
"It drifts and dreams my darling's w Who keeps for me a kiss.' O love of life, and strength in strife!

O joy, to sorrow given! O dear child eyes that make life's skies. And earth as sweet as heaven! I still can bear with grief and care

And face the storms to be, If Love, the comforter, will share The crust—the crumbs, with me -Atlanta Constitution.

## THE MISERABLE AUN'I

BY ORBVILLE IL STEWART. 



HE Robbins family was a fair illustration of a poor family in a city who tried to soar above their means and shine in the wealthier society. Of course, like most people of a similar ambition, they had

many inferiors and but few superiors, and their country relatives were classed as among the first. Mr. Robbins had long been dead, leaving a widow and two daughters, who were the family. An aged sister of Mr. Robbins, rather eccentric in her ways, had for some time been planning for a visit to her brother's family, which, it is needless to state, was not destined to meet with great favor with the Robbinses, especially with the girls. The arrangements completed for her visit, she wrote that they might expect her the

"Well, as she is really coming, we must make the best of it," sighed Mrs. Robbins, when she had read the letter

aloud to her daughters. "Is she really so miserable?" asked

Mande. "Well, she's nervous and fussy, and likes to direct things wherever this."

"And you let her 'boss' you like the meek little mother you are," said

Lydia, the youngest daughter. "Of course, I don't like to dispute or quarrel with her."

Well," said Maude, "I shall remember that she's papa's sister, and said to be very rich, but she must not undertake to manage me.

Nor me," said Lydia. But you must both show her proper respect," said Mrs. Robbins. "I will had not been asleep long, however, see to her room, and you girls must take a carriage and meet her at the

So next day, when Aunt Rebecca Whitcomb arrived at the station, she rheumatism, to which she was subfound two beautiful nieces with the ject, carriage waiting for her.

"Humph! better than I expected of Kate Robbins," muttered the old lady as she seated herself in the carriage.

She was a little, slim woman, with bright, snapping eyes of black; and that was all the girls could see for her bonnet and duster. But at dinner she appeared in some lace and elegant jewelry, which delighted the girls very

"Well, 'Kate," said she, "you've raised a couple of pretty good-looking girls. Are they worth anything-are they worth the bread and butter that

"Of course we are," laughed Lydia, while Maude cast a grave look at her

"They are a great deal of comfort to

me," said their mother. "And a terrible expense to dress and such as that, I dare say," dryly re-

marked Aunt Rebecca. "Well, of course, it costs some

"Got to having beaux?"

Lydia laughed again, Maude looked vexed, and Mrs. Robbins said: "No; neither are they in love or en-

"I'm glad to hear it," remarked the

"I'm going to be an old maid," said 'Yes, to be sure! I've heard girls

talk before. I was young myself, once, and a perfect beauty too.

The girls looked as if they doubted that, but did not say anything.

After dinner Aunt Rebecca took nap. In fact, as her health was not very good, she spent a great deal of her time in taking naps, during her visit of a few weeks. But she did not, at any time, interfere with the pleasures of if boycotted, would more than make the girls, and Mrs. Robbins waited upon her, so the girls did not find her stay as unpleasant as they had expected. A day or two before she was ready to go home, she invited both Lydia and Mande to go with her and stay a few weeks.

"I shall be at the expense, of course," said she, "and as it is in the country, you won't have to fix up any. It isn't an attractive place, but if you want to go and cheer it up for a lonely, cross old woman, why, come on, and I will do whatever I can for you.

"I'll go," answered Maude quickly, pleased with the opportunity of a journey. "I'll go if mamma can spare us," said Lydia.

"Then run away, pack a few traps, and dust your traveling-dresses," said Aunt Rebecca good-humoredly.

"What a queer old soul," remarked Lydia as they shook out their dresses. "I half like her, and half don't." "So do I," said Maude. "But with all her wealth I don't believe she's happy. I wouldn't like to live with

"I suppose we shall find things in grand style."

"No doubt. I wouldn't go but for that. Say, Lyde, Aunt Beck may take a notion to leave us her money. They packed their trunk and retired

early to rest for the journey.

It was near dusk, the next day, when they stepped from the train upon a dingy platform. A carriage took them to a building which it was too dark to see plainly, but light enough to reveal none other than a common, ordinary, farmhouse. They followed Aunt Rebecca into a small room carpeted with rag carpet, and lighted with a small lamp. Then into a sitting-room with another rag carpet, blue paper curtains, 'a settee covered with chintz, a halfdozen very plain chairs, and a wide old fireplace. A plain, comfortable farmhouse, but not at all what the girls expected.

"Why, is this the place?" cried Maude.

"Yes, this is the place. Why not?" asked Aunt Rebecca with a grim smile.

"O, nothing," stammered Maude, blushing, "only I thought that-that

"It isn't as fine as you expected to see," interrupted their aunt. girls, when I go to town, I wear my best clothes and some real old jewelry, and folks take me to be a great deal and folks take me to the Now, you richer than I really am. Now, you see the plain facts in the case. maybe we can have a pleasant time, if we are poor."

"O, I'm sure we will," said Lydia quickly. But Maude spoke up plainly and said:

"I always did want to visit a plain old country home, just for the novelty "All right," said Aunt Rebecca,

Betty, you show the young ladies upstairs. Have the trunk taken up too. Take off your things and come down and we will have supper."

They were shown a large chamber with a high-posted bedstead, low, wooden-seated chairs, a pine washstand, and a cheap bowl and pitcher. "What a big, bare place!" exclaimed

Maude. "But it's nice and clean," protested Lydia.

"Lyde, we've been completely sold." "No, Maude, she never said she was rich. Mamma merely took it from common report.

"I wouldn't have come nad I known

"I would, just for the fun of it Come, if you are ready let's go down; I'm hungry." "So am I."

The supper was plain, and served apon the commonest dishes, with steel knives and forks, that didn't look as well, but served just as well as the silverware the girls were used to at home. But they had plenty to eat, and it was well cooked. Being tired, they retired early that night. They when they were awakened by loud groans from below. The girls got up quickly and went downstairs to find their aunt ill from a sudden attack of

Noah had gone for the doctor, and the girls watched the sick woman for several hours. But the next day she was able to sit up.

"I'm a victim to these spells," said she. "I'm not afraid when apvone is here with me."

"That's what she wanted us for." whispered Maude to Lydia. "I can't go out to-day," said she

but Noah will take you for a drive and show you the country. When they came home Aunt Re-

She presented becca had a visitor. him as her nearest neighbor, Mr. Walker. Lydia and Maude beheld a handsome face with piercing, dark eyes and black hair.

"He owns a splendid place next to mine," said their aunt, after the young man had departed.

"I would like to know where that splendid place is," said Maude when the girls were alone.

"It must be that old rick-racked thing over in that thicket of weeds,"

remarked Lydia laughingly. "Well, I'll not set my cap for him,

if he is handsome."
"Neither will I," returned Lydia.

But during their stay of two or three weeks at the old farmhouse, they found Mr. Walker a very pleasant escort, and began to like him very much. One evening Aunt Rebecca said to them:

"I've kept you here running about, for a cross old woman, as long as I ought. But I don't like to be quite If one of you girls-one only -will stay here and live with me, I'll give you what clothes you need, and half of what I have when I die. You know how I live, and know what to expect. I will give you to the time you get ready to go home to decide in.' "I wouldn't like to stay," said

Maude quickly. "I could not bear a country life. I should be miserable." "Very well. You shall go home whenever you choose. And how about you, Lydia?"

"Well, Aunt Rebecca, I, too, do not like the country. But I do not think you ought to be left alone when you are sick so often. If you want me, why-why, I'll stay awhile." "Thank you, my darling," said the

aunt. "But," continued Lydia, "I don't want you to leave me anything. I stay because I like you, and think I am

needed."

"That's a good girl," said Rebecca, and Maude looked daggers at Lydia. "Now go and help Maude pack her things, since she has decided to go." When they were alone upstairs, Mande said:

"O, Lydia, how could you hide yourself here from the world all sum-

"But such a gloomy hole as this old

shanty. "Yes, I know; but you can send me some books and the latest papers, and I will pull through all right."

They started early next morning to take Maude to the depot.

"We'll drive around a little, and I'll show you one or two beautiful places before we go. I don't think you've seen them yet," said the annt, as they left for the train. Through a little village about a mile, they came to a large, beautiful residence. And just beyond they came to a handsome mansion, with beautiful lawns, a fountain, brilliant flower-beds, and nice, smooth

"What a beautiful place!" said Maude, as they arrived before the first house. But when they came to the mansion, her eyes opened wider, and

she exclaimed: "O, how I would like to live there! I did not know there was any place so

beautiful in these parts." "Who is it, Aunt Rebecca?" asked

Lydia. "It belongs to a grumblesome old widow lady. I am going to call there awhile, so you will have the opportunity of seeing the inside as well as the ontside.

"It will be worth seeing," remarked Maude; "but, Aunt Rebecca, she must be very stylish, and I am only in my traveling suit."

"O, she won't mind that."

They drove in at the wide iron gates, and up the gravel way, leaving the carriage in charge of a servant. There, to the girls' surprise, Aunt Rebecca, instead of ringing the bell, walked boldly in at the front door, crossed the hall, and entered the large, magnificent parlor, like one entirely at home.

"Welcome home, Lydia darling," said the "miserable aunt," as she seated herself in a velvet-cushioned baserocker, while a servant came to take their things.

"Home!" cried Lydia, in surprise. And Maude turned different colors, and caught her breath quickly.

"Yes, home. We have spent a few weeks at the house of the tenant who works my farm, and now we have come to our own. I am wealthy, Lydia, and the brave girl who would not forsake the poor, old woman shall be the pet of the rich one. But Maude must go, for she does not like a country life.

And Maude went, leaving Lydia to the luxury which she herself had longed for. Lydia did not need any magazines, etc., for there was plenty of the latest reading matter already at

her new home.

She now prefers country life to the city, and will become Mrs. Walker soon, and will live in the beautiful residence nearest Aunt Rebecca's. And Maude may not be entirely cut out, as Aunt Rebecca means to give her one more chance, which she will not be likely to refuse.

Both the girls now think that Aunt Rebecca is not indeed so miserable as they at first thought her to be .- The Iroquois Magazine.

Electricity an Aid to Dentistry.

In dentistry, eataphoresis is supplanting many of the primitive methods, from the reproach of which even that progressive profession has for many years past vainly endeavored to escape, and has made actually painless operations at last possible. For by this method cocaine can be applied not only to the soft tissues of the body, but to the hard substance of the tooth. The teeth, although coated by a superficial skiu-the enamel-internally are composed of a tubulous structure called dentine, quite capable of conveying current, since within the little cubules is inclosed a gelatinous filament rich in salts and fluid, which makes it a

good conductor of electricity. If a cavity in the tooth-which is constituted a cavity for the reason that the enamel has been destroyed and a portion of the dentine has been encroached upon—is filled with a pledget of cotton saturated with a solution of cocaine, and to this pledget is applied a piece of platinum wire connected to the positive pole of the ordinary galvanic battery, and a very small current is allowed to flow, in a period varying from six to thirty minutes, according to the ability and knowledge of the operator-the shortest period recorded is a minute and a half—the cocaine will be conveyed by the electric current down the tubules to the nerve itself, and the dentist can proceed with the dreaded preparation of the tooth without pain to the patient. The tooth can be excavated, filled or even extracted without the infliction of the slightest suffering.

If one takes into account the steady and accumulated agony of dental operations throughout the world, and considers the wear and tear of protracted pain which they entail, he may easily comprehend what an enormous boon to suffering humanity such a process as this will be when generally applied in dentistry. - The Chautauquan.

A Drifting Buoy.

The chart of the North Atlantic Ocean just issued by the hydrographic office records a most remarkable drift of a whistling buoy. This buoy broke from its moorings off Martha's Vineyard just one year ago, and started southward, since which time it has been twice reported. Its total drift was a little over 4000 miles. It was first reported February 2 last, 500 miles due east of Bermuda, where it struck a southwesterly current that set it toward the Haytien coast, and on July 7, when last reported, it was rapidly making its way toward this island and unless it strikes the gulf stream and is swung around and sent north again will probably next be heard from at some of the eastern islands of the Windward group.-Washington Star.

Russia has abolished the compulsory domestic pass regulations, which were introduced in the last century, as an

THE MEADOW BARS.

THE MEADOW BARS.

We stood beside the meadow bars,
The sun was sinking low
Behind's bank of rosy clouds,
Fringed in with amber glow.
The evening crest shown o'er the hill.
In disk of silver light,
The mock-bird echo'd from the tree
To greet the coming night.
The running brook that, in its glee,
Had babbled ail day long,
Was silent now as if to hear
The coming twilight's song.
The meadow stretched, so fair and green
Far as the eye could see,
To distant hills with purple shade,
Where slept the flower and bee.
The twinkling of the sheep's sweet bell,
Far down the willow corpse,
And swaying with the evening wind,
Was moved the clover tops.
The evening's hand swept o'er the sky
And softly lit the stars,
And hung them in the open space
Bight o'er the meadow bars.
Wy love's head on my shoulder fell.

Right o'er the meadow bars. ly love's head on my shoulder fell, Her voice was sweet and low; Her lips met mine in sweet caress,

All in the twilight glow.

F. V. Wheeler, in Iroquois Magazine.

## PITH AND POINT.

She-"Yes, Mr. Detrop has dropped out of my life for ever." He— "Elevator or coalhole?"—Chicago Record.

Bobby—"Popper, how did 'Sleep like a top' start?" Mr. Ferry—"It is a mispronunciation. The original was 'Sleep like a cop.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

She-"The Sanfords contemplate taking a trip to Europe. I wish we could afford to do it." He-"Why, there's nothing cheaper than contemplation."-Puck.

"Does your husband act as he did before you were married, Mrs. Lightly?" "Much the same. When he goes out at night he remains very late."-

New York Weekly. "Is the Rev. Dr. Gumms as elo-quent as he used to be? When I knew him he always electrified his audience.' "He doesn't now. Perhaps the insula-tion has worn off."—Truth.

Teacher (in kindergarten)-"You've omitted something, Mabel, in making your letter 'I's.' What is it?" Mabel -"I guess I forgot to put eyebrows over them."-Household Words,

Agent-"Here is a cyclometer not at all like some cyclometers which register two miles, perhaps, when you have only ridden one." Lady-"Have you any of that kind left."-Standard.

"Did that young ballet dancer promise to be a sister to Jack?" "No; she said she'd be a mother-in-law to him if her younger daughter would have him." — Philadelphia North American.

"Opporchunities," said Uncle Eben, 'is pretty sho' ter come ter ebry man. But it's a mighty good idee, jes' de same, foh him ter hustle roun' an' send out a few invitations."-Washington Star.

It was evident to the practiced perceptions of the young woman that he was in a melting mood. As if to verify her acumen, as soon as her father appeared the young man ran.-Indianapolis Journal.

When a woman goes off to spend the season at a resort, leaving her husband at home to work through the heat and dust, she starts a story about how gay man are when their wives are away. Atchison Globe.

Advertising Clerk-"Your advertisement begins: 'Wanted, a silent part-Patron-"Yes, that's it." Clerk-"Do you wish it placed under 'Business Opportunities' or 'Matri-monial?' "—Truth.

Visitor (in insane asylum)-"What s the nature of that poor fellow's hallucination?" Keeper -- "He thinks that he invented the various terms used by golf players," "Of course, it isn't so?" 'Oh, no! He is merely a

lunatic, not an idiot!"-Puck. "Do you eat missionaries now?" the tourist asked of the cannibal. "Oh, yes!" responded the latter. "You kill them first, don't you?" persisted the tourist. "We do now, sighed the urbane cannibal, meanly. found quick lunches produced dyspep-sia."—Boston Transcript.

The Natural Bridge of To-Day. The Natural Bridge in Virginia is 215 feet in height, 100 feet in width, with a span of ninety feet. Under the arch might be placed the Washington monument at Baltimore. Cedar Creek, the stream over which it stretches its arch, is clear as crystal. No photograph or painting can impress the mind with its immensity or grandeur, or geometrical proportions, or the rich coloring, or the picturesque surroundings. One must feast his eyes upon this mighty arch to realize its vastness. Under the arch are the outlines of an American eagle, formed by moss and lichens. Upon one side is where George Washington, when a surveyor for Lord Fairfax, 150 years ago, carved his name in the rock. The ravages of time and exposure to the elements have nearly obliterated the name, but some of the letters are quite distinct. In the years gone by Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and many prominent statesmen, before railroads were built, spent days of inconvenient travel to look upon this-one of the wonders of the world. Now the iron horse speeds over its steel roadway, and in a few hours one can reach this destination without fatigue. —Baltimore Sun. Germany Improving Rivers.

Germany has during the last two decades spent close upon \$100,000,000 in dredging and improving the Rhine, the Elbe and the Vistula. This fact has lately been brought home to the French Legislature, which is expected to take early action with regard to the restoration of the banks of the Loire and its conversion once more into a navigable stream and into an artery of

Charges For Park Seats.

Paris manages to make \$30,000 a year from permits to let chairs in the squares and gardens for the accommodation of

## SELECT RELIGIOUS READING

PREGNANT THOUGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST PROPHETS.

To Bear Thee Ever in Its Sight. - Comm Blessings Are Great Reminders-Seek for the Right Things-Prayer for Sta-

bility-World an Inn-Full of Life,

How every tempting form of sin, Shamed in thy presence, disappears; And all the glowing, raptured soul The likeness it contemplates wears!

O, ever conscious to my heart,
Witness to its supreme desire,
Behold, it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire!

This one petition would it urge—
To bear thee ever in its sight;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight!
—Doddridge,

Common Blessings Remind Us of God.

We need to keep an opener eye and ear— to earnestly set ourselves to do so—to catch the lights of higher meaning and bear the tones of finer and diviner harmonies in life tones of finer and diviner harmonies in life and nature. It is not hard to do. It does not mean any straining of the mind, though it does mean earnest, quiet thought. Life is so full of things in which the tender mercifulness of God comes near us in which our little stroke of effort brings which our little stroke of effort brings blessing out of all proportion, telling of a larger Will than ours at work in things. What is your part in this wonderful sleep? Have you caused this to be? What have you done towards this daily bread—these commonest mercles of our household life? The most that you have done has been some final touch to gracious secret forces that here working with a scone which some final touch to gracious secret forces that have been working with a scope which, when you think of it, seems infinite. This eye with all the wonderful machinery of sight; this ear, with its marvelous sus-ceptibility to sound; this mind and life to which eye and ear are but avenues of that thought which is the crowning mystery of all; will you use these from day to day with-out any tender, grateful thought of that deep, graceous life and meaning in the world which causes them to be? Our wis-dom is to try that more and more of life's dom is to try that more and more of life's common blessings may thus touch us as remindings of God. A thankful heart, which once begins to think this way, will feel that Divine merelfalness touching life with is subtle visitations a score of times a day.—Brooke Herford, D. D., in "Sermons of Courage and Cheer."

Seek for the Bright Things.

If we would learn the lesson of joy we must train ourselves to look more at the blessings of life and less at its trials. Many persons make a gloomy world of their own and stay in it. They build the walls of their soul house out of the black stones of their troubles and sorrows. They put dark colored panes in the windows, shutting out the light. They have no cheerful fire on the hearth and no bright lamps shining in the apartments. The only pictures on their walls are the pictures of their lost loss. They never forget their troubles, and can give you long lists of their losses and trials. but they keep no record of their blessings, nor do they remember God's benefits. They live in gloom in their dark house, simply be-cause they will not let in God's glorious sunshine. They forget that their Father sunshine. They forget that their Father ever made a flower, a star, a sunbeam, or a child's sweet face, or even did a kindly or gentle thing for them. Such persons never can be rejoicing Christians until they reverse this habit, learning to forget the uppleasant things, as the waters forget the keel's rude cleaving when it is past, or as the fields in summer forget the trost of the fields in summer forget the frosts winter when the flowers have come again. There is enough of divine goodness in the darkest hours of the Christian life, if we but have eyes to see it, to keep our

A Prayer for Stability.

We are wayward and changeful, O Christ, our feelings ebb and flow like the tide. Sometimes we think we could die with the, then we are on the point of denying. Help us to dwell apart from the life of mere emotion. Enable us to live in our will, inspired and energized by thy spirit working in us to will and do of thy good pleasure. Take us as we present ourselves to the soiled and dusty with the sin of the day Cleanse us from all unrighteousses. Let thy grace pervade our hears as the seent of Mary's obstants filled the chamber. Calm our feverish haste hush our complaining murmurs. 8m out the lines which have gathered on a careworn faces. Wipe away the traces our tears. Bend over us as mothers do our tears. Bend over us as mothers acceptible. Consider that are fretful because they at tired. Go over the day's work. Make per feet its imperfection. Undo its mistake, at twine its tangles. Strike the true chords its broken notes. Make up to us what we Leed, but fall to ask, since we plead for the

name's sake. Amen.

The World an Inn. In the anecdote books of our boyhood us to be told the story of an Indian fakir, at entered an Eastern palace and spread in bed in one of its antechambers, pretend he had mistaken the building for a carata sary or inn. The prince, amused by oddity of the circumstance, ordered, so the tale, the man to be brought before he and asked how he came to mass as a mistake. "What is an inn?" he fakir asked. "A place where travel rest a little before proceeding on the journey," was the reply. "Who deshere before you?" again asked the fair "My father," was the reply of the prine "And did he remain here?" "No, he deshere?" the tale, the man to be brought before "My father," was the rep "And did he remain here: "And who dwelt here and went away." "And who o" "And of fore him?" "His ancestors." "No. 1287 all they remain here then?" "No. 1 died and went ayay." "Then," the fakir, "I have made no misia your palace is but an inn, after all fakir was right. Our homes are b was right. Our homes are but i and the whole world a caravansary.

The Self Satisfied Without Zest. Life has no zest when it has no realis of the unattained. The man who knows who has all, and who is entirely self-cient, has never had the satisfaction of cient, has never had the satisfaction of ing into ideal possession of the splerist the Infinite: he has never reached out taken hold of the beyond. Let us for God for the unmeasured and unattain this is our stimulus to activity promise of growth and our sufficient as for living.—Churchman.

White is the heat of the fire Where the strong steel blade Is forged and tempered and made; Sharp must the chisel be Whose stroke shapes the marble, To the statue that ages admire; And shall man be afraid. And shall man be afraid,
When his Maker, using, never in saik.
The flame of trial, the tool of paic,
Shapes him, through anguish, yet is
To nobler uses and higher?
—Priscilla Less

Everybody's Enemy. Everybody's Enemy.

The fact that some of the salosis Francisco during the progress of the tian Endeavor convention were drawn to "Welcome C. E." would seem cate that the saloons do not know the triends and who their friends and who their facts the saloon keeper as a major their the saloon keeper as a major to the triends.