The strongest may not have most power; Fate's favorite strikes not best his hour: The wisest may not see most clear; Most beauty is not in the fair: Sweet voice makes not most melody; Who travels may not widest see;

Whom most see is not known the best; Who hardest works may do the least; Painter and poet cannot reach

There is a something in the air Stronger than strength, than grace mor fair,

Wiser than wit, wider than space, More candid than a lover's face. More musical than melody, More real than the things we see, More cheering than earth's rarest wine Seek it, grasp, keen, and all is thine!

-Matthew R. Knight, in Independent.

A HOPELESS CASE.

BY CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT.



HE sunshine was dazzling that afternoon, and in the golden November air sweeping freshly down between the rows of tall houses on either hand you tasted at its heat that keep

hand you tasted at its best that keenest of stimulants—iced oxygen. It was a day of the gods, fit to pur new life into the most depressing soul, and its invigorating effects was plainty visible in the bearing of a carefully dressed, slightly rotund gentleman of middle size and something less than middle age as he came around the corner of the avenue and walked briskly southward. This plump, well-groomed gentleman was Mr. plump, well-groomed gentleman was Mr.
Anthony Amory: his was not a despairing soul, however, in spite of the fact
that he was on his way to plead—for the
last time as he had resolved—what he felt to be a hopeless case.

He rang the bell at the last house in

He rang the bell at the last house in the block, and was ushered into the library. As he entered that remotest and most individualized of the more public apartments of the Winchester house, he wondered, as he had often wondered before, how it was that Eleanor Winchester had impressed her personality so strongly upon it that the room seemed alive around her. To his mind, at least, even such stolid things as the chairs, the rugs and the bookcases reflected something of and the bookcases reflected something of that alert, intense spirituality combined with a dish of chic which was her own especial charm. Someone had said once that Miss Winchester united a New Eng-land soul and a New York style, and to his ar prehension the same piquant com-bination was carried out in her surround-

ings.
There had been other days, plenty of There had been other days, pienty of them, when he had also wondered how it was that a girl of this type had attracted Anthony Amory; he had, indeed, supposed that he was safely past the sentimental stage of life. Those days, however, were long over. Now, that he had recovered from the first shock of survivis at finding that he was. shock of surprise at finding that he was, if anything, worse hit than he might have been ten years earlier, it seemed as natural as the surrise than he should

love her.

The present visit, although it was the first time Mr. Amory had seen Miss Winchester since her return to town the week before, was evidently not of the nature of an ordinary call, and after the destriction. first interchange of greetings neither of them pretended to treat it as such. She was sitting near the window in an immensely puffy and comfortable chair, and when he had taken his seat opposite her, where he had the best light on her face, they appropriate them. her, where he had the best ignt on her face, they surveyed each other in expectant silence for a minute; then Mr.

Amory bent forward and picking up a carved paper-cutter from the table rved paper-cutter from the table rutinized it attentively.

"I believe the time is up," he ob-

served, 'in which you undertook to formulate your objections to me. As you were saying last June—"
"Of all the foolish things I said last

June that promise was the most fool-

she held her lithe figure erect, crossed her hands in her lap and lifted her eyes fearlessly. An adorable gravity settled

fearlessly. An adorable gravity settled down upon her face. "Please notice that I have not asked you to," she said. "I have decided to you to," she said. "I have decided to tell you all about it. You know I never have. The other times we have talked about this we have not done it seriously and calm'y—"

was serious enough," murmured Mr. Amory, but she ignored the inter-

ruption.

"You have been excited, and I am
Afraid I have not been just."

"It is not justice I want at your
hands." She waved this remark aside.

"Go on, then, and be just."

Apparently the task she had set her

self was not an easy one.
"I dare say I am going to make some impossible remarks," she began uncer-

impossible remarks, she began the certainly.

"Don't get nervous," said Amory reassuringly, "nothing that you say is going to make any difference, you know."

"You told me once," she said slowly, casting about for her words, "that I was consumed by the passion for perfection; and everybody admits that all the world wants love."

""
"Do you know—don't you think there exists in every human heart an inappeasable thirst for perfect love?"
"I am not here to generalize about humanity. I only know what I myself

have felt, and that I have told you al- what is set before him. I admit that it

have felt, and that I have told you already."

Miss Winchester passed her hand quickly across her forehead, as if to brush away the little frown that had settled there.

"Other people have sometimes told me that they had found it," she went on steadily. "I may be unjust, but it has seemed to me, that usually they were very casily satisfied; and yet there have been some of them I have envied from the bottom of my heart. Is it my fault that I have not been able to be satisfied, too? You know I have been more or ess admired, but so far it has always happened that the admiration I have received has seemed to me too light a thing to be serious with. Can you imagine what it means to know—or think you do—exactly what you want, and to really wish for it, and never to have it come near you, but instead to have the cheapest, tawdriest imitations of it thrust into your hands? Why, it seems to me it is the life of Tantalus!"

Miss Winchester was breathing rather hurriedly now, but she took courage from the impassive, attentive face of her listener and went on bravely:

"After a few experiences I stopped expecting anything different. But I could not change my ideals, you know, because tife and love did not prove what I had thought them."

Amony's eyebrows went up a line at this statement, but he said nothing, and the side would also say, I wonder?" he what would she say, I wonder?" he

"If I were to tell her that I am that man, what would she say, I wonder?" he thought. "On my soul I think that I am not far from being it. If my life is not, blameliss in my own eyes, yet it would hardly be blameworthy even in hers. Is it nothing to have kept one's hands clean and one's soul unstained? Does she think a man does that without ideals? Does she really think I am under any serious misapprehensions as to uses of life? Does she—O, Lord. How hopeless it would be to try to make her understand."

He interrupted his own thoughts ab-

cause life and love did not prove what I had thought them."

Amory's eyebrows went up a line at this statement, but he said nothing, and the girl went on:

"Then, pretty soon, I met you. You struck me at first as such a Philistine of the Philistines, with your irreproachable surroundings and your air of having seen and experienced everything, and found it all pretty good—yet of thinking all the while there was really nothing worth putting yourself out for but a comfort-

was quiet as he said:

"I knew all this in a general way before; that is, I suspected it. We are not getting on. Those objections of yours, those deficiencies of mine—I beg you to specify them."

"If you were used to arguing with women," observed Miss Winchester maliciously, "you would not expect to 'get on."

"You are not like other women," he said, simply, with a lover's conviction. "You will not evade or put me off."

The girl flushed. "Hava I not said enough?" she demanded. "Did I not teli you in Yune it would be a sacrifice to marry you?"

"What then?" he urged. "Did you not also tell me once that love could be demonstrated only by sacrifice?"

"Am I pretending to love you?" she retorted, botly.

"I had forgotten that momentarily," murmured Amory, dejectedly. "But the objections? Surely, I have a right to those."

"Yer well, if you insist. But if you

crutinized it attentively.

"I believe the time is up," he observed, "in which you undertook to ormulate your objections to me. As ou were saying last June—"

"Of all the foolish things I said last une that promise was the most foolih!"

"Because your objections are so umerous?"

"I knew you would take it badly!

But I did not mean to be cruel; I am only trying to be true."

"I wish," he said, fervently, "how I we have you would be untrue to that cold soul of yours for five minutes. I wonder if you have any idea how dear you can be when you are not trying to be conscientious!"

"No. Because the formulation of them is so hard."

"I do not feel disposed to let you off the contract," said Mr. Amory smoothly, still examining the paper-cutter.

Up to this point Miss Winchester had been leaning back in the big chair; now she held her lithe foure great coresed."

scientious!"

"As I was saying, you care too much for social success," resumed Miss Winchester, striving to speak with the calmness of a disinterested critic, and failing signally."

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she said, disdainfully.

"What else?"

She hesitared. "What right have I to say that yours is not a spiritual life? And yet—is it not!?

"In short—why don't you sum me up by saying that it would not occur to me that I needed the consolation.

by saying that it would not occur to me that I needed the consolations of religion so long as the cooking was excellent at my club?"

mentally, of all the savages. They are dull of intellect, filthy in habit, prefer to go without raiment than clothe them-selves, burrow in the hot sand and live

"How furious you are! how I must have irritated you, to make you say that!"
"Irritated is not precisely the word I should use," he returned. "When it comes to making a race with a woman, I probably am out of 1t, but that does not make it eapy the pleasauter to be told so. You have been very explicit. You have contest to making a race with a womand, probably am out of it, but that does not make it say the pleasauter to be told so. You have been very explicit. Youleave little to my imagination. I think I understand you now. Of course when I hoped to meet your requirements I was under the impression that they were reasonable ones. You always seemed to me supremely reasonable, in spite of your enthusiasms."

She lifted an appealing hand, but he hurried on:

"I suppose I failed to appreciate the fact that your ideals do not look likeme. A girl's ideal is not likely to be a trifle stout and perceptibly past thirty, and I suppose he never has the beginning of abld spot on his head."

She disdained to answer.

"And at dinner he probably cares more about whom he takes out than more about whom he takes out than more limited to the fact that your ideals on the fact that your ideals do not look like me. A girl's ideal is not likely to be a trifle stout and perceptibly past thirty, and I suppose he never has the beginning of a bald spot on his head."

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She disdained to answer.

"And at dinner he probably cares more about whom he takes out than more about whom he takes out than more limited to him was secured from Coagress, 160 acres purchased close to Phœix, build angrected, schools started, and to-day they are too cramped, while the 'filthy bear,' as they termed him, has disappeared from the streets of Phœix, buildings erected, schools started, and to-day they are too cramped, while the 'filthy bear,' as they termed him, has disappeared from the streets of Phœix, beard they are too cramped, while the 'filthy bear,' as they termed him, has disappeared from the streets of Phœix, with the 'filthy b

CROSSING OVER THE RIVER

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Perils of the Christian Vanish if He But Puts His Trust in the Lord, and His Passage Safe to the Other Side is Assured.

Puts His Trust in the Lord, and His

Passage Safe to the Other Side

Is Assured.

Text: "And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of the Jordan, and all the Israelites parsad over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan," Joshus iii, 17.

Washington crossed the Delaware when crossing was pronounced impossible, but he did it by boat. Xeries the Helespot with 2.00,000 men, but he did it by bridge. The Israelites crossed the Rad Sea, but the same orchestra that celebrated the deliverance of the one army sounded the strangulation of the other. This Jordanic passage differs from all. There was no sacrifice of human life—not so much as the loss of a linchpin. The vanguard of the host, made up of priests, advanced until they put their foot at the brim of the river, when immediately the streets of Jerusalem were no more dry land than the bed of that river. It was as if all the water had been crawn off, and then the deampness had been soaked up with a sponge, and then by a towel the road had been wiped dry.

Yonder goes a great army of Israelites—the hosts in uniform. Following them the wives, the children, the flocks, the herds. The people look up at the crystalline wall of the Jordan as they pass and think what an awful disaster would come to them if before they got to the opposite bank of that Ajalon wall that wall should fall on them. And the thought makes the mothers hug their children close to their hearts as they swiften their pace. Quick, now! Get them all up to the beauth of the Jordan and they have the river which afterwards became the baptisty where Christ was sprinkled or plunged; the river which afterwards became the baptisty where Christ was sprinkled or plunged; the river which afterwards became the baptisty where Christ was sprinkled or plunged; the river which afterwards became the baptisty where Christ was sprinkled or plunged; the river which afterwards became the baptisty where Christ was sprinkled or plunged; the ri

"If I were to tell her that I am that

swinging pendulum, the stars in the great dome of night striking the mininght, and the sun, with brazen tongue, toiling the hour of noon.

The wildest comethes a chain of law that it cannot break. The thistle down flying before the schoolboy's breath is controlled by the same law that controls the sun and the planets. The rosebush in your window is governed by the same principle that governs the tree of the universe on which the stars are ripening fruits, and on which down the fruits—a perfect universe. No astronomy has ever proposed an amend-flow of the stars are ripening fruits, and on which down the fruits—a perfect universe. No astronomy has ever proposed an amend-flow of the starding and the draadful and dealightful truths, you seem to be in the midstof an orchestra where the wailings over sins, and the rejoicings over pardon, and the martial strains of victory make the chorus like an authem of eternity. This book seems to you the ocean of truth, on every wave of which Christ walks—sometimes in the darkness of prophecy, again in the splendors with which He walks on Galilee. In this book acceled any improvement.

Faul to Isaish, Revelation to Genesis—glorious light, turning midnight sorrow into the midnocn joy, dispersing every fog, hushing every tempest. Take this book; it is the kiss of God upon the soul of lost man. Perfect Bible, complete Saviour—God—man—livinity and humanity united in the same person. He set up the starry pillars of the universe and the towers of light. He planted the cadars and the heavenly Lebanon. He struck out of the rock the rivers of lift, singing under the trones. He quarried the sardonyx and crystal and the tops of the heavenly wall. He put down the jasper for the foundation and heaped up the amethyst for the capital and swang the 12 gates which are 12 pearls. In one instant its thought out a universe, and yet He became a child crying for His mother, feeting along the sides of the manger, learning to waik.

Omnipotence sheathed in the muscle and flesh of a child's arm; omniscie

service most firms with positionistics with your improvemental the Pallicities, with your improvemental the Pallicities, with your improvemental works and approximate correctlying, and forms when the pallicities, with your improvemental the white the pallicities, with your improvemental the white the wave scally subling worth pattern principles of the pallicities, with your improvemental principles and your principles of the pallicities, with your improvemental principles and your principles of the pallicities, with your improvemental principles and your principles of the pallicities with your improvemental principles and your principles of the pallicities with your principles of the pallicities with your principles and your principles of the pallicities with your principles and your principles of the pallicities with your principles and your principles

soms of the tree of life. The music of the heavenly choirs comes stealing over the waters, and to cross now is only a pleasant sail. How long the beat is coming! Conce. Lord Jesus, come quickly. Christ the Priest advances ahead, and the dying Christian goes over dry shod on coral beds and flowers of heaven and paths of parl.

Oh. could we make our doubte remove—These gloomy doubts that rives. The man sitting there writing until morning was industrious Waiter Scott; the priest age of the very and view the Canaan that we love. With unbeclouded cyes!

Conid we but climb where Moses stood. And view the Landscape o'er.

Again, this Jordanic passage teaches me the completeness of everything that God does. When God put an invisible dam across. Jordan, and it was halbed, it would have the water to have overflowed the region all around about, and that great devastation would have supposed, for the water to have overflowed the region all around about, and that great devastation would have supposed, for the water to have overflowed the region all around about, and that great devastation would have supposed, for the water to have overflowed the region all around about, and that great devastation would have taken place, but when God put the dam in front of the river He put a dam on the other side of the river, so that, according to the text, the water halted and reared and stood there and not overflowing the surrounding country. Oh, the completeness of everything that God does!

Water would have the mach and dropped until the west of the Jordan had dropped until the west of the Jordan had dropped until the water of the Jordan had dropped until the world which the army should pass.

Draw off the waters of be Hudson or the Ohio, and there would have been as bed of mud and slime through which the army should pass.

Draw off the waters of Jordan, It is so dry the passengers do not even get their feet damp. Oh, the completeness of everything and perhaps many weeks, before the sediment would dray up, and yet bere in an intervent

was wound up, the fixed stars the pivots, the constellations the intermoving wheels, and proderous laws the weights and mighty swinging pendulum, the stars in the great of dome of night striking the miningh, and the sun, with brazen tongue, toiling the hour of non.

The wildest comethes a chain of law that it cannot break. The thistle down flying before the schoolboy's breath is controlled by the same law that controls the sun and the planets. The rosebush in your window is governed by the same principle that coverns the tree of the universe on which od will one day put His hand and shale governs the tree of the universe on which of will one day put His hand and shale governs the tree of the universe on which sarvourn has ever proposed an amending of the stars are ripening fruits, and on which down the fruits—a perfect universe. No astronomy has ever proposed an amending of the stars are ripening fruits, and on which shows an another of an orner or proposed an amending of the stars are ripening fruits, and on which shows an another of an orner or proposed an amending of the stars are ripening fruits, and on which shows an another of controls the sun and the planets. The rosebush in your window as the comes toward the time his breath geven the stars are ripening fruits, and on which shows an another of an orner proposed an amending of the stars are ripening fruits, and on which shows an another shows and the stars are ripening fruits, and on which shows an another shows and the stars are ripening fruits, and on which shows an another shows and the stars are ripening fruits, and on which shows an another shows and the stars are ripening fruits, and on which shows a star of the stars are ripening fruits, and on which shows and the stars are ripening fruits, and on which shows an another shows and the stars are ripening fruits, and on which shows and the stars are ripening fruits, and on which shows an another shows and the stars are ripening fruits, and on which shows an another shows and the shows and the shows a

Even children will go through dry shof.
Tose of us who were brought up in the
country remember, when the sum mer was
coming on in our beyhood days, we always
longed for the day when we were to go
barefooted, and after tessing our mothers
in regard to it for a good while, and they
consented, we remember the delicious sensation of the cool grass wasen we put our uncovered foot on it.

And the time will come whan thess shoes
we wear now, lest we be cut of the sharp
places of this world, shall be taken off, and
with unsandled foot we will step into the
bed of the river; with feet untrammeled,
free from pain and fatigue, we will gain
that last journey, when, with ons foot in
the bed of the river and the other foot on
the other bank, we struggle upward. That
will be heaven. Oh, I pray for all my dear
people a safe Jordanic passage! That is
what the dying Christian husoand felt when
he said; "How the can lie flickers, Nellie!
Put it out. I shall sleep well to night and
wake in the morning."

One word of comfort on this subject for
all the bereaved. 'You see, our departed
friends have not been submerged, have not
been swamped in the waters. They have
only crossed over. Thess Israelites were
just as thoroughly alive on the western
banks of the Jordan, and you crossed
over—not slok, not dead, not exhausbed, not
extinguished, not blotded out, but
healther respiration, and shouter physical and
mentally flowing, impassable obstacle besummer to the side, and
termally flowing, impassable obstacle between them and all loft clear this side, an
termally flowing, impassable obstacle between them and all lumin and stannic pursuit. Crossed over! Oh, I shake hands of
congraptiate in with all the bread that these
them friends are safe or
congraptiate in with all the stread that vessel
had gone to the bottom of the seen, and when
the friends on that our departed! Christian
friends are safe or
congraptiate in with all the stread that vessel
had gone to the bottom of the seen that we not a right to congratuate the people har

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and nappy land,
Where my possessions ite.
Oh, the transporting, rapitarous scene
'that rises on my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

They Wantel Doll Rags.

They Wantel Doll Rags.

A policeman in Central Park, New York City, the other day noticed two little girls dodging busily about through the crowds, and suspecting that they were up to some mischief followed them. Presently a woman stopped him and said that there had been a piece cut out of her dress. Two other women immediately discovered that their dresses had been similarly mutilated. The policeman thereupon arrested the girls, and found that each had a pair of scissors, and several bits of cloth that they had cut found that each had a pair of scissors, and several bits of cloth that they had cut from different dresses. A man who said that he had seen one of them cut at his wife's dress, went with him to the station house to lodge a complaint. The girls, who were very much frightened, said in the most innocent manner that they wanted some rags to make clothes for their dolls, and that as they did not know how else to get them they decided to cut them out of ladies' dresses. The gentleman concluded not to make a com-plaint, and the girls were taken to their mothers, who were advised to keep a better watch on them in the future.— New Orleans Picayune.

The respective ages of a bride and groom, recently married at Arthur, Ind., were eighty-one and seventy-nine years.

benefit
Sarsapar
paid for
suffering
lief in E
Kingsley
"We
and arm
knowhe
"E. H. I
"J. P. G

Gravel of I would be do by as next? E an open NO I shall news of you by t gravel the use of y been as I now in e show. I and feel right on life. If furnish y Dec. 26

FIS

The FIS

I had below th with two Other bl to do me

S.S.

AS