She drank from out her curving palms

A lover's kisses, newly pressed With thirsty lips she eager quaffed,
And smiled, until for joy she laughed
Through tears, and could not see.
—Anna C. Brackett, in Scribner.

How Cassie Saved the Spoons.



OWN in the milk young girls were milking and talking cheerily. The autumn evening was closing over them and already in the shadows of the barn it was quite dark

ing cheerily. The autumn evening was closing over them and already in the shadows of the barn it was quite dark.

The girls were Rose and Cassie Bostwick, and their pleasant chatter followed their parents upon a journey they had that morning undertaken. They were also speculating as to when They were also speculating as to when their brother, who had driven them to the station twenty miles distant, would be back. They were bright, capable girls with little timidity about them, so that the fact that they were comparatively alone upon an increase. paratively alone upon an isolated farm did not trouble them much. Especially was this the case with Cassie, the younger of the two. Self-reliant and full of resource, she would have laughed to scorn any one suggesting the thought of fear. She was big and strong, and to her life was a grand frolic, and her sixteen years had been one unbroken "good time."

At the house their younger sister, Florence, was preparing the suppor-

At the house their younger sister, Florence, was preparing the supper and entertaining "the baby," a boy of three, who between the falling of evening and the pangs of hunger was growing sleepy and low spirited.

Out from the kitchen's open door appetizing odors of coffee and frying ham stole to greet the two girls as they came toward the house with their brimming pails of frothy milk.

"It smells good," said Cassie, "and I'm hungry as a tramp—"

I'm hungry as a tramp—"
"Oh, Cassie, why did you say that? Twe just been trying not to think about tramps. I always feel creepy when I'm about the barn after dark

anyway, and now—"
"Well, my saying that won't bring

gasp. She could not have told you why she said "poor sister." way she said "poor sister," unless it was from the sense of calamity which had overtaken them all.
"In that case by

way she sair poor size, which had overtaken them all.

"In that case be spry, for I'm hungry and want you to pour out my tea for me. I like to have a pretty face opposite me at table."

Rose dragged herself up the narrow, unclosed stairs and into Cassie's room. "Well, Rose, you must be about tuckered out. You came upstairs as though you were eighty," said Cassie, looking up from the shoe she was fastening. "Why, what alls you? You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"Oh, Cassie, there is one of them downstairs," came in a whisper.

"What do you mean, Rose Bostwick? A ghost downstairs!"

"No—no—a tramp!"

"Who "In al Spose you're scared?"

"Oh, Cassie, I feel as if I were choking! Do hurry down; he may be killing poor little Florence and the baby—what shall we do? The baby has told him we are all alone. What can we do—try to think."

Cassie sat swinging the button home in her hand and thinking very hard and fast.

"Does he know I'm here?"

in her hand and thinking very hard and fast.

"Does he know I'm here?"

"Yes, I've told him."

"Then it would be no use for me to pretend to be Ned;" thinking aloud.

"I'm afraid not."

Another silence dedicated to thought.
"Rose."
"Yes."

'I'm going to be crazy. I'm going

to chase him off the farm."

"Oh, Cassie, you can't. He's a great big impudent wretch. What folly to talk about chasing him off the farm."

"It's our only chance."

"Don't count on me. I can't help

"'H's our only chance."
"Don't count on me. I can't help you. I couldn't help chase a fly!"
"You can scream, I s'pose?"
"Oh, yes, I can do that."
"Well, you do the screaming and I'll do the chasing. Rush down stairs and scream and scream—and bang the door to, and just shriek: 'She's out—she's out—she's coming down stairs!' And you will see what a perfectly beautiful lunatic I will be—it's a good thing I have this old dress on—and only one shoe. Now make a rush—and scream."
Rose's over strained nerves were her best allies, and as she flew down the stairs, it was the easiest thing in the world for her to give one piercing shriek after another. They resounded from the narrow stairway through the kitchen, and for the moment seemed to paralyze its inmates. As she burst in upon them, Florence was transfixed

"There, there, baby," going to the still affected boy, "don't cry any more, sister Cassie was just making a dirty old tramp hop; she didn't really shoot him, she was just playing still

shoot. "Oh, Cassie, you splendid brave girl, how did you ever happen to think to go crazy?" asked Rose, as she looked over her shoulder from the door which she was barricading. "Well, I knew something had to be

"Well, I knew something had to be done, and that just popped into my mind. I was doing 'Ophelia' the other day up in my room, so I was in practice, and didn't I make a sweetly pensive maniac. Now I hope you girls will never again make disrespectful comments upon any little private theatricals of mine. If I had never cultivated my dramatic talents, what would have become of you, I'd like to know?"

It was some time before the tidal It was some time before the tidal wave of excitement subsided sufficiently for the girls to settle down for the evening or for the baby to go to sleep. Again and again they thought they heard stealing footsteps, and, although the door was locked and doubly locked, they drew up into battle line whenever the antumn wind shook down a shower of leaves upon the roof.

Just as the clock was on the stroke of eight a pleasant sound come fitfully

of eight a pleasant sound come fitfully to them. It was a softly whistled tune, and the cheery cadence told of a mind free from unpleasant doubts of wel-

"Surely that can't be Ned back already—he wasn't to start home till 9," said Rose, going to the window and cautiously peeping out under the cur-

tains.

"Right you are there, Sister Rose," assented Cassie. It sounds uncompassed to the company of the compan

"Right you are there, Sister Rose," assented Cassie. It sounds uncommonly like young Farmer Dunscomb's whistle to me."
"Well, whoever it is, I am deeply thankful that somebody beside a tramp is coming," interrupted Florence.
"And so am I." demurely agreed Rose. "Do go to the door, Cassie, and peep out and make sure that it isn't that dreadful creature coming back."
"Are you a dreadful creature coming to murder us all!" demanded Cassie of the whistler, setting the door sie of the whistler, setting the door slightly ajar and thrusting her head

out. "Well, I don't go round giving my-

"Well, I don't go round giving myself out as a dreadful creature" responded a jolly voice from the porch.
"Hello! What's this I'm breaking my
neck over?" as the owner of the voice
tripped upon an old slouch hat.
"Bring that article of wearing apparel to me if you please," requested
Cassie as she opened the door letting a
flood of light out upon the visitor.
"That is a little token of remembrance which I wish to keep. There?"
holding the hat out at arm's length,
"I have long wanted a gilt toasting
fork or rolling pin or something artistic for my room; now I shall em
broider these shot holes and gild the
brim and hang it up by long blue ribboxs, just where my waking orbs can

SHARPEN YOUR AXES

Touching Sermon on the Existing Con-dition of Religion. The Church Needs More Backbone.

Text: "Now, there was no smith found roughout all the land of Israel," etc.—I amuel xiii . 19-21.

Aroughout all the land of Israel," etc.—I Samuel xiii. 19-21.

My loving and glad salutation to this uncounted host, Chautauquans, Christian Endeavors, copsel workers and their friends from all parts of Wisconsin and America, saints and sinners! My text is gloriously appropriate. What a galling subjugation the Israelites were suffering! The Philistines had carried off all the blacksmiths and form down all the blacksmiths shops and abolished the blacksmith's trade in the land of Israel. These Philistines had a particular grudge against blacksmiths, although I have always admired them and have sometimes thought I ought to have been one myself. The Philistines would not even allow these parties to work their valuable mines of brass and iron, nor might they make any swords or spears. There were only two swords left in all the land of Israel, so that if an Israelitsh farmer wanted to sharpen his plow or his ax he had to go over to the carrison of the Philistines to get it done. There was only one sharpening instrument left in the land, and that was a file. The farmers and the mechanics having nothing to whether the product of these Philistines was to the great idea of these Philistines was to The great idea of these Philistines was to

goad, and the pickax save a simple file, industry was hindered and work practically diszraced.

The great idea of these Philistines was to keep the Israelites disarmed. They might get iron out of the hills to make swords of, but they would not have any blacksmiths to weld this iron. If they got the iron welded, they would have no grindstones on which to bring the instruments of agriculture or the military weapons up to an edge. Oh, you poor, weaponless Israelites, reduced to a file, how I pity you! But these Philistines were not forever to keep their heel on the neck of God's children. Jonathan, on his hands and knees, climbs up a great rock beyond which were the Philistines, and his armor bearer, on his hands and knees, climbs up the same took, and these two men, with their two swords, hew to pieces the Philistines, the Lord throwing a great terror upon them. So it was then; so it is now. The two men of God on their knees mightier than a Philistine host on their feet.

I learn first from this subject how dangerous it is for the church of God to allow its weapons to stay in the hands of its enemies. These Israelites might again and again have obtained a supply of swords and weapons, as for instance, when they took the spoils of the Ammonites, but these Israelites seemed content to have no swords, no spears, no blacksmiths, no grindstones, no active iron mines, until it was too late for them to make any resistance. I see the farmers tugging along with their pickaxes and plows, and I say, "Where are you going with those things?" They say, "Oh, we are going over to the garrison of the Philistines to get these things sharpened." I say, "You foolish men; why don't you sharpen them at home?" "Oh," they say, "the blacksmith's shops are all torn down, and we have nothing left us but a file."

eniisted for Christ's sake? I like the nickname that the English soldiers gave to Blucher, the commander, They called him "Old
Forwards." We have had enough retreats in
the church of Christ; ist us have a glorious
advance. And I say to you now as the
general said when his troops were affrighted.
Rising up in his stirrups, his hair flying in
the wind, he lifted his voice until 20,000
troops heard him, crying out, "Forward, the
whole line!"
Again, I learn from this subject that we
sometimes do well to take advantage of the
world's sharpening instruments. These
Israelites were reduced to a flie, and so they
went over to the garrison of the Philistines
to get their axes, and their goads, and their
plows sharpened. The Bible distinctly states
in the context that they had no other instruments now with which to do this work, and
the Israelites did right when they wont over
the only single the string of the second of the
there bed, if there be business faculty
the world's gindstone? If the to be but, if
there bed de, if there be business faculty
to Christ's aske.

The fact is we fight with too dull weapons,
and we work with too dull implements. We
hade and we maul when we ought to make a
clean stroke. Let us go over and employ it
for Christ's aske.

The fact is we fight with too dull weapons,
and we work with too dull weapons,
and we work with too dull weapons,
and we work with too full implements. We
hade and we maul when we ought to make a
clean stroke. Let us go over among sharp
business men and among sharp literary men
and find out what their taste is, and then
transfer it to the cause of Christ. If they
have science and art, it will do us good to
rub against it. In other words, let us employ the world's grindstones. We will listen
to make our experiments, and we will borrow their philosophical apparatus
to make our experiments, and we will borrow their ships to transport our
missionarles.

That was what made Paul such a master in
his day. He hot only got all the learning he
could get of Dr. Gamalle, but at

missionaries.

That was what made Paul such a master in his day. He hot only got all the learning he could get of Dr. Gamallel, but afterward standing on Mars hill and in crowded thoroughfares quoted their poetry and grasped their logic and wielded their eloquence and employed their mythology until Dionysius, the Areopagite, learned in the schools of Athens and Heilpopils, went down under his tremendous powers.

That was what gave Thomas Chalmers his power in his day. He conquered the world's astronomy and compelled it to ring out the wisdom and greatness of the Lord, until for the second time the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. That was what gave to Jonathan Edwards his influence in his day. He conquered the world's netaphysics and forced it into the service of God, until not only the old meeting house in Northampton, Mass, but all Christiandom, felt thrilled by his Christian power.

Well, now, my friends, we all have tools of Christian usofulness. Do not let them lose their eiges. We want no rusty blades in this fight. We want no active that cannot fell the trees. We want no goad that cannot start the lany toam. Let us got they beat findssesses of the control of the them had a small allowance Philistine iniquity puts a small allowance which have been a down with all our energies and faculties shall be brought up to a bright, keen, sharp, glittering edge.

Again, my subject teaches us or what a small allowance when the strength of the proper shall be proper shall be proper shall be proper shall be proper shal

The church of God to-day wants more

The church of God to-day wants more backbone, more deflance, more consecrated bravery, more metal. How often you see a man start out in some good enterprise, and at the first blast of newspaperdom he has collapsed, and all his ocurage gone, forgetful of the fact that if a man be right all the newspapers of the earth, with all their columns pounding away at him, cannot do him any permanent damage! It is only when a man is wrong that he can be damaged. Why, God is going to vindicate His truth, and He is going to stand by, you, my triends, in every effort you make for Christ's cause and the salvation of men.

I something wrong; the newspapers have not assaulted me for three months! I have not done my duty against public iniquities, and I will stir them up next Sunday." Then I stir them up, and all the following week the devil howls and howls, showing that I have him very hard. Go forth in the service of Christ and do your whole duty. You have one sphere. I have another sphere. "The Lord of Hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah."

We want more of the determination of Jonathan. I do not suppose he was a very wonderful man, but he got on his knees and clambered up the rock, and with the help of his armor bearer he hewed down the Phillistines, and a man of very ordinary intellectual attainments, on his knees, can storm anything for God and for the truth. We want something of the determination of the general who went into the war, and as he entered his first battle his knees knocked together, his physical courage not quite up to his moral courage, and he looked down at his knees and said, "Ah, if you knew where I was gofny to take you, you would shake worse than that!"

There is only one question for you to ask and for me to ask. What does God want me to do? Where is the heild? Where is the pupil? And finding out what God wants us to do go ahead and do it—all the energies of our body, mind and soul enlisted in the undertaking. Oh, my brethren, we have but little time in which to fight for God. You

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Oh, my brethren, we have but little time in which to fight for God. You will be dead soon.

Put in the Christian cause every energy that God gives you. "What thy hand findeth to do, do if with all thy might, for there is neither wisdom nor device in the grave whither we are all hastening." Oh, is it not high time that we wake out of sleep? Church of God lift up your head at the coming victory! The Philistines will go down, and the Israelites will go up. We are on the winning side. Hear that—on the winning side. Hear that—on the winning side. I think just now the King's horses are being hooked up to the chariot, and when the sum of the control of the control

Sleep in Disused Quarries.

which is due to the low of the section of the secti One of the most curious and deplorable sights in connection with pauperism during the winter in Paris is the influx of peripatetic beggars who invade at night the disused quarries of Argenteuil and Montmartre, where they huddle together, as close as they safely can, to the limekilns, in order to obtain a little warnth. Along the suburbun roads in the direction of Paris they can be seen in twos and threes bent double almost and hungry, hurrying on and footsore, in the hope of being in time to obtain a night's shelter in the isiles de nuit-might refuges—of the capital. But in those buildings, according to the Philadelphia Ledger, there is not sufficient room to accommodate all applicants. Their hospitable doors are open only for a short time late at night, and when once they are closed all entreaties for almission are recovered. One of the most curious and deplor-