An Old Contract Discovered.

One of the most interesting literary finds was the discovery in Swansea Castle, about fifty years ago, of the original contract of affiance between Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales, and Isabella, daughter of Philip the Fair of France, dated at Paris, May 20, 1303. It was previously known that when Edward II. fled from Bristol for Lundy, and was driven by contrary winds to land in Swansea bay, he deposited a number of the national archives in Swansea Castle for safety. When the records of the castle were seized it is probable that the document mentioned was left behind. The discovery was made by Mr. George Grant Francis, of Butrows Lodge, Swansea.—Cardiff Western Mail.

French to Explore Venezuela.

An exploration mission, bound for Venezuela, with the avowed purpose of exploring districts of the great forests of the lower Orinoco, has sailed from Bordeaux-Pauillac. The mission is composed of Dr. Lucien Morisse, its head, and his wife, as well as 12 others, whose special studies of profesion eminently fit them to accomplish the end in view. Dr. Morisse is already known for the successful fulfilling of former missions to the same region. An avantgarde of the mission left in September last with a complete outfit for exploration and scientific ends.—Paris Messenger.

Austria's Constitutional Crisis.

Within two years the Austrian government has changed six times, while a great proportion of those eligible to the ministry have already been called to the helm in vain. All attempts to restore order, whether proceeding from the federal government or the several parties, have been futile. The destinies of the nation are involved in darkness and obscurity, and though the humblest citizen realizes that this situation cannot long continue, none has undertaken to indicate the way in which order may be constitutionally re-established.—The Forum.

Mahogany Brings Big Prices.

At a recent auction sale at Liverpool two logs of African mahogany were sold for the unprecedented amount of £1,536. These logs formed one tree, and were bought for the purpose of being cut into veneers for the decoration of the palatial residence of some of the merchant princes of the United States of America. The veneers are used in the place of wall papers. The prices realized for the two logs were, respectively, 10s 3d and 7s 3d per superficial foot, which is a record for African mahogany logs in the rough state as imported.—Dundee Journal.

Havana's Astute Health Officers.

The quarantine officers have a novel way of getting estimates on yellow fever cases among the Cuban children. They believe that the average number of cases of yellow fever among these children each year is measured almost exactly by the average number of births in Havana each year. They reach this conclusion by the belief that the immunity to yellow fever is conferred only by an attack of the disease and also that the native Havanese is immune to yellow fever when he reaches adult age.—New York Press.

Garfield Headache Powders Cure.
One woman writes: "Periodical headaches from which I suffered have been entirely cured. Am now selling Powders to my friends." Send to Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., for free samples.

The public buildings of England alone are valued at a sum approaching £250,000,000.

It is confidently asserted that the large decrease in infant mortality in this country during the past decade has been brought about in no small measure by the universal use of Castoria—it being in almost every home.

New York city owes more by $60,000,000 than all the 45 States in the Union together.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

It is estimated that it costs $550,000,000 every week to run the railways of the world.

Frey's Vermifuge, 25 Cts.
Eradicates worms, children made well and mothers happy. Druggists and country stores.

Cincinnati is enjoying a street-car-line boom. Eight lines are to be extended.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

An estimate of the rice acreage in Eastern Texas this year places it at 30,000 tons.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Dikes of Japan cost in the aggregate more money than those of the Netherlands.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Thus far in 1900 England has imported 19 per cent. less foreign grain than in 1899.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

For the first time since the opening of Oklahoma farmers complain of too much rain.

UPRIGHT

Straight and strong is the statue when the twists and curvatures of

Lumbago

are cured and straightened out by

St. Jacobs Oil

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Cures a cough or cold at once. Conquers croup, bronchitis, grippe and consumption. 25c.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in civil war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

AN UNTOLD LOVE.

Oh, the birds sang it
And the leaves sighed it,
The brooks rang it
And the rain cried it,
The sun glanced it
And the flowers breathed it,
The boughs danced it
And the buds sheathed it,
The stars beamed it
And the winds blew it,
My heart dreamed it,
But—she never knew it!

—Madeline S. Bridges, in Saturday Evening Post.

CLARA'S CONVERSION.

"It's your own fault, Clara," said Walter May.

"Of course it is," cried out Clara, passionately, stamping her foot on the carpet. "Do you suppose I don't know it perfectly well? And that is what makes it so hard—oh, so cruelly hard to bear!"

The fact was that Mr. and Mrs. Walter May had begun life at the wrong end.

Clara Calthorpe was a pretty young girl, just out of the hotbed atmosphere of a fashionable boarding school. Walter May was a bank clerk who had not the least doubt but that he should ultimately make his fortune out of stocks and bonds.

"Clara," he had said to his young wife while the golden circle of the honeymoon was yet overhadowing their lives, "would you like a country life?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Clara, involuntarily recoiling.

"Because," said Walter, somewhat wistfully, "my father and mother are alone on the old farm, and I think they would like to have us come and live with them."

"I shouldn't like it at all," said Clara, "and mamma says no young bride should ever settle down among her husband's relations."

Mr. May frowned a little, but Mrs. Clara had a pretty positive way of her own, and he remonstrated no further.

But at the year's end Walter May had lost his situation, the clouds of debt had gathered darkly around them, and all the pretty, new furniture, Eastlake cabinets, china dragons, proof engravings and hothouse plants were sold under the red flag. They had made a complete failure of the housekeeping business, and now, in the fourth story of a third-rate hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Walter May were looking their future in the face.

Clara had been extraxagant. There was no sort of doubt about that. She had given "recherche" little parties, which she couldn't afford, to people who didn't care for her. She had patterned her tiny establishment after models which were far beyond her reach and now they were ruined.

She had sent a tear-besprinkled letter to her mother, who was in Washington trying to ensnare a rich husband for her younger daughter, but Mrs. Calthorpe had hastily written back that it was quite impossible for her to be in New York at that time of year, and still more impossible to receive Mrs. Walter May at the monster hotel where she was boarding. And Clara who had always had a vague idea that her mother was selfish, was quite certain of it now.

"There is but one thing left for you, Clara," said Walter, sadly.

"And that—"

"Is to go back to the old farm. I have no longer a home to offer you, but you will be sure of a warm welcome from my father and mother. I shall remain here and do my best to obtain some new situation which will enable me to earn our daily bread."

Clara burst into tears.

"Go to my husband's relations?" she sobbed. "Oh, Walter, I cannot!"

"You will have to," he said doggedly, "or else starve!"

So Mrs. May jacked up her trunk and obeyed. And all the way to Hazelcopse Farm she cried behind her veil and pictured to herself a stony-faced old man with a virago of a wife, who would set her to doing menial tasks and overwhelm her with reproaches for having ruined "poor dear Walter." As for he farmhouse itself, she was quite sure it was a desolate place, with corn and potatoes growing under the very windows, and the road in front filled with cows and pigs and harrows and broken cart wheels. But in the midst of her tears and desolation the driver called out:

"Hazelscopse Farm! Mr. Noah May's! Here's th' 'ouse, ma'am."

A long, low, gray stone mansion, all garlanded with ivy, its windows bright with geranium blossoms and the scarlet autumn leaves raining down on the velvet-smooth lawn in front. Clara could just see how erroneous had been all her preconceived ideas, when she found herself clasped in arms of the sweetest and most motherly of old ladies.

"My poor dear!" said Mrs. May caressingly.

"You are as welcome as the sunshine, daughter," said a smiling old gentleman in spectacles.

And Clara was established in the easy chair in front of a great fire of pine logs, and tea was brought in and the two old people cossetted and petted her as if she had been a three-year-old child, just recovering from the measles.

There was not a word of reproach—not a questioning look, not a sidelong glance—all welcome, and tenderness and loving commiseration. And when Clara went to sleep that night, with a wood fire glancing and glimmering softly over the crimson hangings of the "best chamber," she began to think that perhaps she had been mistaken in some of her ideas.

The next day she had a long, confidential talk with her father-in-law, while Mrs. May was making mince pies in the kitchen.

"But there's one thing I haven't dared to tell Walter about," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"What's that, my dear?" said the old gentleman.

"My dressmaker's bill," said Clara. "It came the night before I left New York—oh, such a dreadful bill! I hadn't any idea it could possibly amount up so fearfully."

"How much was it?" said Mr. Noah May, patting her hand.

"A hundred and fifty dollars," said Clara, hanging down her head.

"Don't fret, my dear; don't fret," said the old gentleman. "Walter need never know anything about it. I'll settle the bill and there shall be an end of the matter."

"Oh, sir, will you really?"

"My dear," said old Mr. May, "I'd do much more than that to buy the color back to your cheeks and the smile to your lips."

And that same afternoon, when Mrs. May had been talking to Clara in the kindest and most motherly way, the girl burst into tears and hid her face on the old lady's shoulder.

"Oh," cried she, "how good you all are! And I had an idea that a father and mother-in-law were such terrible personages! Oh, please, please forgive me for all the wicked things I have thought about you!"

"It was natural enough, my dear," said Mrs. May smiling, "but you are wiser now, and you will not be afraid of us any longer."

When Saturday night arrived Walter May came out to the old farmhouse dejected and sad at heart. He had discovered that situations did not grow, like blackberries, on every bush; he had met with more than one cruel rebuff, and he was hopelessly discouraged as to the future. Moreover, he fally expected to be met with tears and complaints by his wife, for he knew Clara's inveterate prejudices in regard to country life.

But to his infinite amazement and relief, Clara greeted him on the doorstep with radiant smiles.

"Tell me, dear," she said, "have you got a new situation?"

He shook his head sadly.

"I am glad of it," said Clara, brightly. "Now we've got a place—papa and mamma and I."

"It's all Clara's plan," said old Noah May.

"But it has our hearty approval," added the smiling old lady.

"We're all going to live here together," said Clara. "And you are to manage the farm, because papa says GAL 29
he is getting old and lazy," with a merry glance at the old gentleman, who stood beaming on his daughter-in-law, as if he were ready to subscribe to one and all of her opinions, "and I am ready to keep house and take all the care off mamma's hands. And, oh, it is so pleasant here, and I do love the country so dearly! So if you're willing, dear—"

"Willing?" cried Walter May, ecstatically, "I'm more than willing. It's the only thing I've always longed for. Good-by to city walls and hearts of stone; good-by to hollow appearances and grinding wretchedness! Why, Clara, I shall be the happiest man alive. But—"

"There," said Clara, putting up both hands as if to ward off all possible objections, "I was sure there would be a 'but.'"

"I thought, my dear," said Walter, "that you didn't like the idea of living with your husband's relations."

Clara looked lovingly up into her mother-in-law's sweet old face, while she silently pressed Mr. Noah May's kindly hands.

"I am a deal wiser than I was a week ago," she said. "And, oh, so much happier!"

"So am I!" said Walter—Waverly Magazine.

EAGLE A GREAT FIELDER.

Swoops Down Into Danbury and Catches a Dropped Rabbit on the Fly.

Like lightning from a cloud a monster bald-headed eagle flashed down in a crowded street of Danbury, Conn., and, seizing within two yards of the ground a rabbit that had fallen from its talons high in air, soared into the sky again, before the hundreds who saw could realize what had happened. Persons on White street, one of the principal business thoroughfares, got their first warning of the fierce bird's nearness by hearing a shrill cry above them, and then the whirr of wings. Looking up, they saw a white rabbit a hundred feet or so from the earth, falling through the air. Above it, with wings half drawn in, cutting the air like a knife, came the eagle after its prey, which had slipped from its claws. The rabbit had almost reached the ground when the eagle overtook it and, describing a sharp circle and crying in triumph, mounted into the air with the rabbit fast in its talons.—New York World.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A lie in its own clothes is always impotent.

It takes two to make a quarrel, but one may mend it.

A sincere man is nine-tenths right and 99 percent pure.

You may measure a man by the things that move him.

Though the fire is extinguished in death, the gold will remain.

There is only one place where gold rusts, and that is in the heart.

It home means only fine furniture, children will mean only bitterness.

It is beter to have our bank ni your heart than your heart in the bank.

The man who reflects deeply will soon be a light instead of a reflector.

A man's life never rises above its source, hence the need of being born from above.

It is praiseworthy to aspire to the stars, but you must also plan to drop on the earth.

Only the life that has mountain heights to tap the clouds can have fruitful valleys.

It is better to have your bank in your the house than to allow fashion to ruin your home.

Only the man who can say "all my springs are in thee," can go through the dry and thirsty land.—Ram's Horn.

Forgot His Horse.

A heavy-set German of the type usually caricatured on the vaudeville stage, walked puffing and wildly pawing the air at La Salle and Madison streets the other day and attracted no end of attention by the queer figure he cut. Finally he stopped short, wheeled around, and looked about him with a most perturbed expression of amazement. The big policeman was a few feet away and edged up to find out what was the trouble.

"Vhat, golly!" burst out the little fat man, as he pawed the air more wildly than before. "I drove off mitout my horse."

The policeman stared at him as though his eyes would jump from their sockets and two or three bystanders, who had heard the exclamation gradually began to see an enormous humor in the remark. The little man opened his mouth and spake again:

"And mitout my buggy, too!" he exclaimed "I go pack and get him!"

Puffing, steaming and pawing, the little man wabbled in the direction whence he came. It was several minutes before the policeman recovered sufficiently to laugh.—Chicago News.

Grasshoppers Stop a Train.

At Kalamazoo, Mich., between Cressy and Delton, a train was stopped by an army of hoppers which extended for several rods, and completely covered the track for several inches. The crushed bodies of the hoppers acted like oil upon the rails, the drivewheels of the engine refusing to work until the bodies of the insects had been shovelled away by the trainmen.—Chicago Record.

At Pasteur's.

During last year 1465 persons were inoculated by hydrophobia at the Pasteur Institute in Paris.

DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE.

Subject: The Mission of Christ — It Was to Teach the World That God is Love — The Sympathy and Compassion of the Almighty King.

[Copyright 1899.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage describes in a new way the sacrifices made for the world's disentanglement and deliverance. His text is I. John iv, 16, "God is love."

Perilous undertaking would it be to attempt a comparison between the attributes of God. They are not like a mountain range, with here and there a higher peak, nor like the ocean, with here and there a profounder depth. We cannot measure infinities. We would not dare say whether His omnipotence or omniscience or omnipresence or immutability or wisdom or justice or love is the greater attribute. But the one mentioned in my text makes deeper impression upon us than any other. It was evidently a very old man who wrote the chapter from which I take the text. John was not in his dotage, as Professor Eichhorn asserted, but you can tell by the repetitions in the epistle and the rambling style, and that he called grown people "little children," that the author was probably an octogenarian. Yet Paul, in midlife mastering an audience of Athenian critics on Mars Hill, said nothing stronger or more important than did the venerable John when he wrote the three words of my text, "God is love."

Indeed, the older one gets the more he appreciates this attribute. The harshness and the combativeness and the severity have gone out of the old man, and he is more lenient and, aware of his own faults, is more disposed to make excuses for the faults of others, and he frequently ejaculates, "Poor human nature!" The young minister preached three sermons on the justice of God and one on the love of God, but when he got old he preached three sermons on the love of God and one on justice of God.

Far back in the eternities there came a time when God would express one emotion of His nature which was yet unexpressed. He had made more worlds than were seen by the ancients from the top of the Egyptian pyramid, which was used as an observatory, and more worlds than modern astronomy has catalogued or descried through telescopic lens. All that showed the Lord's almightiness, but it gave no demonstration of His love. He might make fifty Saturns and 100 Jupiters and not demonstrate an instant of love. That was an unknown passion and the secret of the universe. It was a suppressed emotion of the great God. But there would come a time when this passion of infinite love would be declared and illustrated. God would veil it no longer. After the clock of many centuries had run down and worlds had been born and demolished, on a comparatively obscure star a race of human beings would be born and who, though so bountifully provided for that they ought to have behaved themselves well, went into insurrection and conspiracy and revolt and war—finite against infinite, weak arm against thunderbolt, man against God.

If high intelligences looked down and saw what was going on, they must have prophesied extermination—complete extermination—of these offenders of Jehovah. But, no! Who is that coming out of the throneroom of heaven? Who is that coming out of the palaces of the eternal? It is the Son of the Emperor of the universe. Down the stairs of the high heavens He comes till He reaches the cold air of a December night in Palestine, and amid the bleatings of sheep and the lowing of cattle and the moaning of camels, and the banter of the herdsmen, takes His first sleep on earth, and for thirty-three years invites the wandering race to return to God and happiness and heaven. They were the longest thirty-three years ever known in heaven. Among many high intelligences what impatience to get Him back? The infinite Father looked down and saw His Son slapped and spit on and shiveringly and homeless, and then, amid horrors that made the noonday heavens turn black in the face, His body and soul parted. And all for what? Why, allow the Crown Prince to come on such an errand and endure such sorrow and die such a death? It was to invite the human race to put down its antipathies and resistance. It was because "God is love."

Now, there is nothing beautiful in a shipwreck. We go down to look at the battered and split hulk of an old ship on the Long Island or New Jersey coast. It excites our interest. We wonder when and how it came ashore, and whether it was the recklessness of a pilot or a storm before which nothing could bear up. Human nature wrecked many an interest. Along the habitants of other worlds as a curiosity, but there is nothing lovely in that which has foundered on the rocks of sin and sorrow. Yet it was in that condition of moral break up that heaven moved to the rescue. It was loveliness hovering over deformity. It was the lifeboat putting out into the surf that attempted its demolition. It was harmony pitying discord. It was a living God putting His arms around a recreant world.

The schoolmen deride the idea that God has emotion. They think it would be a divine weakness to be stirred by any earthly spectacle. The God of the learned Bruch and Schleiermacher is an infinite intelligence without feeling, a cold and cheerless divinity. But the God we worship is one of sympathy and compassion and helpfulness and affection. "God is love."

In all the Bible there is no more consolatory statement. The very best people have in their lives occurrences inexplicable. They are bereft or persecuted or impoverished or slandered. They have only one child, and that dies, while the next door neighbor has seven children, and they are all spared. The unfortunates buy at a time when the market is rising, and the day after the market falls. At a time when they need to feel the best for the discharge of some duty they are seized with physical collapse. Trying to do a good and honest and useful thing, they are misrepresented and belied as if they had practiced a villainy. There are people who all their lives have suffered injustices. Others of less talent, with less consecration, go on and up, while they go on and down. There are in many lives riddles that have never been explained, heartbreaks that have never been healed. Go to that man or that woman with philosophic explanation, and your attempt at comfort will be a failure, and you will make matters worse instead of making them better. But let the oceanic tide of the text roll in that soul, and all its losses and disasters will be submerged with blessing, and the sufferer will say, "I cannot understand the reason for my troubles, but I will some day understand. And they do not come by accident. God allows them to come, and 'God is love.'"

But for this divine feeling I think our world would long ago have been demolished. Just think of the organized wickedness of the nations! See the abominations continental! Behold the false religions that hoist Mohammed and Buddha and Confucius! Look at the Koran and the Shastra and the Zend-Avesta, that would crowd out of the world the Holy Scriptures! Look at war, digging its trenches for the dead across the hemispheres. See the great cities with their holocaust of destroyed manhood and womanhood! What blasphemies assail the heavens! What butcheries sicken the centuries! What processions of crime and atrocity and woe encircle the globe! If justice had spoken, it would have said: "The world deserves annihilation, and let annihilation come." If immutability had spoken, it would have said: "I have always been opposed to wickedness and always will be opposed to it. The world is to me an affront infinite and away with it!" If omniscience had spoken it would have said: "I have watched that planet with minute and all comprehensive inspection, and I cannot have the offense longer continued." If truth had spoken it would have said: "I declare that they who offend the law must go down under the law." But divine love took a different view of the world's obduracy and pollution. It said: "I pity all those woes of the earth. I cannot stand here and see no assuagement of those sufferings. I will go down and reform the world. I will medicate its wounds. I will calm its frenzy. I will wash off its pollution. I will become incarnated. I will take on My shoulders and upon My brow and into My heart the consequences of that world's misbehavior. I start now, and between My arrival at Bethlehem and My ascent from Olivet I will weep their tears and suffer their griefs and die their death. Farewell, My throne, My crown, My sceptre. My angelic environment, My heaven, till I have finished the work and come back!" God was never conquered but once, and that was when He was conquered by His own love. "God is love."

In this day, when the creeds of churches are being revised, let more emphasis be put upon the thought of my text. Let it appear at the beginning of every creed and at the close. The ancients used to tell of a great military chieftain who, about to go to battle, was clad in armor, helmet on head and sword at side, and who put out his arms to give farewell embrace to his child, and the child, affrighted at his appearance, ran shrieking away. Then the father put off the armor that caused the alarm, and the child saw who he was and ran into his arms and snuggled against his heart. Creeds must not have too much iron in their make up, terrorizing rather than attracting. They must not hide the smiling face and the warm heart of our Father, God. Let nothing imply that there is a sheriff at every door ready to make arrest, but over us all and around us all a mercy that wants to save and save now.

If one paragraph of the creed seems to take you, like a child, out of the arms of a father, let the next paragraph put you in the arms of a mother. "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you." Oh, what a mother we have in God! And my text is the lullaby sung to us when we are ill or when we are maltreated or when we are weary or when we are trying to do better or when we are bereft or when we ourselves lie down to the last sleep. We feel the warm cheek of the mother against our cheek, and there sounds in it the hush of many mothers, "God is love."

Out of vast eternity He looked forward and saw Pilate's criminal courtroom and the rocky bluff with three crosses and the lacerated body in mortuary surroundings, and heard the thunders toll at the funeral of heaven's favorite, and understood that the palaces of eternity would hear the sorrow of a bereft God.

What do the Bible and the church liturgies mean when they say, "He descended into hell?" They mean that His soul left His sacred body for awhile and went down into the prison of moral night and swung back its great door and lifted the chain of captivity and felt the awful lash that would have come down on the world's back, and wept the tears of eternal sacrifice, and took the bolt of divine indignation against sin into Himself and, having vanquished death and hell, came out and came up, having achieved an eternal rescue if we will accept it.

Read it slowly, read it solemnly, read it with tears, "He descended into hell." He knew what kind of pay He would get for exchanging celestial splendor for Bethlehem caravansary, and He dared all and came, the most illustrious example in all the ages of disinterested love.

Yea, it was most expensive love. There is much human love that costs nothing, nothing of fatigue, nothing of money, nothing of sacrifice, nothing of humiliation. But the most expensive movement that the heavens ever made was this expedition salvatory. It cost the life of a King.

It put the throne of God in bereavement. It set the universe aghast. It made omnipotence weep and bleed and shudder. It taxed the resources of the richest of all empires. It meant angelic forces detailed to fight forces demoniac. It put three worlds into sharp collision—one world to save, another to resist and another to destroy. It charged on the spears and rang with the battleaxes of human and diabolic hate.

Had the expedition of love been defeated the throne of God would have fallen, and Satan would have mounted into supremacy, and sin would have forever triumphed, and mercy would have been forever dead. The tears and blood of the martyr of the heavens were only a part of the infinite expense to which the Godhead went when it proposed to save the world.

Alexander the Great, with his host, was marching on Jerusalem to capture and plunder it. The inhabitants came out clothed in white, led on by the high priest, wearing a miter and glittering breastplate on which was emblazoned the name of God, and Alexander, seeing that word, bowed and halted his army, and the city was saved.

And if we had the love of God written in all our hearts and on all our lives and on all our banners at the sight of it the hosts of temptation would fall back, and we would go on from victory unto victory until we stand in Zion and before God.

Leander swam across the Hellespont guided by the light which Hero the fair held from one of her tower windows, and what Hellesponts of earthly struggles can we not breast as long as we can see the torch of divine love held from the tower windows of the King! Let love of God to us and our love to God clasp hands this minute. O ye dissatisfied and distressed souls who roam like the world's Cain for happiness and finding none, why not try this love of God as a solace and inspiration and eternal satisfaction? When a king was crossing a desert in caravan, no water was to be found, and man and beast were perishing from thirst. Along the way there were strewn the bones of caravans that had preceded. There were harts or reindeer in the king's procession, and some one knew their keen scent for water and cried out, "Let those harts or reindeer." It was done, and no sooner were these creatures loosened than they went scurrying in all directions looking for water, and soon found it, and the king and his caravan were saved, and the king wrote on some tablets the words, which he had read some time before, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

Some have compared the love of God to the ocean, but the comparison fails, for the ocean has a shore, and God's love is boundless. But if you insist on comparing the love of God to the ocean out on that ocean four swift sailing craft and let one sail to the north and one to the south and one to the east and one to the west, and let them sail on a thousand years, and after that let them all return, and some one hail the fleet and ask them if they have found the shore of God's love, and their four voices would respond: "No shore! No shore to the ocean of God's mercy!"

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

Louisville, Ky., has a vice crusade.

An anti-Nanchu rebellion has broken out in Kwang-Tung, China.

A serious landslide has occurred in Heligoland, engulfing thirty houses.

All available British mounted infantry has been ordered to South Africa.

A seat on the New York Stock Exchange was sold a few days ago for $47,500.

Professor G. W. Tyrrell has discovered rich forests on the so-called barren lands of Northern Canada.

The French Government has ordered cases of Chinese loot sent to President Loubet embargoed at Marseilles.

There is a penny famine in the West, and the Philadelphia mint is working overtime in an effort to meet the demand.

American competition has forced the syndicate controlling the gas pipe and boiler pipe industry in Germany to cut prices.

The State Department has been informed of the death of Henry Morris Hunt, United States Consul to Antigua, W. I.

The distribution of the surplus apples of New England to the people of Boston who could not buy them was a decided success.

Recent sales of real estate in Galveston, Texas, show that current property values are held at only about one-half the figures prevailing prior to the storm.

General Wilson, Chief of Engineers, U. S. A., proposes to establish an elaborate system of searchlights as a part of the defences of New York Larbor, costing $150,000 for the purchase and installation.

Early in the new year competitive plans will be invited for the physical design of the new capital of the Australian federation. The intention is to make it one of the most artistic cities in the world.

The astonishing total of $485,000 has been realized from Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" in various ways, the proceeds going to the families of the men fighting in South Africa. This is at the rate of $10,000 a line, which doubtless breaks the poetry record.

The sultan has forbidden the Turkish war department to use balloons or carrier pigeons for army purposes.

FIFTY-SIXTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

TWELFTH DAY.

In the execution session of the Senate a fruitless effort was made to set a day for the vote on the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Senator Money said he was prepared to speak for a week against it. Four defense amendments were offered.

THIRTEENTH DAY.

The Senate finally reaches an agreement to decide the canal question. Mr. Money strongly opposes any convention with Great Britain on the matter. Mr. Mason would have the United States claim every right to fortify and defend the canal.

The Montana senatorial case was up for discussion, but the matter finally went over.

FOURTEENTH DAY.

Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, offered in the Senate an amendment which he will propose to the army reorganization bill, providing for the issuance by the secretary of war to the governors of the States and Territories of Krag-Jorgensen rifles and equipment for the use of the national guard.

FIFTEENTH DAY.

The Senate committee framed a new army reorganization bill, which fixes the strength of the army for the present, at 100,000 men. It also authorizes the enlistment of 12,000 Filipinos. The bill permits the retention of the canteen, but limits them to the sale of beer.

SIXTEENTH DAY.

By a vote of 55 to 18 the Senate approved Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which, as amended, supersedes the Clayton-Bulwer agreement of fifty years ago, and reserves the right of defense to the United States and discards approval of any nations other than this country and Great Britain.

HOUSE.

TWELFTH DAY.

The House passed the bill to reduce the war revenue taxes $40,000,000. The amendment placed in the bill Friday to tax express receipts and compel the companies to pay for the stamps, was struck out by a vote of 125 to 139. The amendment exempting from taxation the estates of persons who died prior to June 13, 1898, was adopted.

THIRTEENTH DAY.

The House passed the bills to divide West Virginia and Kentucky into two judicial districts each, and to create another district judge in the northern district of Ohio. The bill giving soldiers and sailors of the civil war, the Spanish war and the Philippine war preference in appointments to and retention in government offices was defeated by a vote of 51 to 105.

FOURTEENTH DAY.

The House devoted the day to District of Columbia business. The whole time was occupied in consideration of a bill to change the terminal facilities of the Pennsylvania railroad in Washington. Opponents filibustered, but the friends of the bill succeeded in securing a recess in order to continue the legislative day and complete consideration of the bill. The entire time of the Senate was devoted to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty.

FIFTEENTH DAY.

A bill to require the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to change its route into Washington and build a new station was passed by a vote of 151 to 49. The latter bill appropriates $1,500,000 to the railroad company in consideration of the changes it will be compelled to make.

SIXTEENTH DAY.

Three reports were filed on the reapportionment bill. The majority of the census committee would hold the number at the present figure of 357, while a minority proposes to place it at 386, in order that no State may lose a representation.

The Grout oleomargarine bill was up for discussion.

SEVENTEENTH DAY.

Without transacting any business, both Houses of Congress adjourned to January 3. In the Senate the death of the wife of Senator Frye was announced, and in the House that of Representative Wise, of Virginia.

SPORTING BREVITIES.

Amos Rusie, the famous pitcher, has signed with Cincinnati for next year.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club wants the Canada Cup races next year held before the America's Cup race.

There is a deficit of nearly $12,000 in the athletic account of the Athletic Association of the University of Pennsylvania.

Jockey Sloan said he would not attempt to ride in the United States until his case has been finally settled by English Jockey Club.

The probable resignation of President W. B. Thomas, of the United States Golf Association, is causing unusual comment in golfing circles.

Four New Jersey hockey clubs, the Montclair, South Orange, Crystal Lake and Short Hills hockey clubs, have formed the New Jersey Hockey League.

Golf as a winter sport may not have the attractiveness of the midsummer game, but there are several prominent clubs near New York City which have stamped their approval on cold weather play.

In the annual cross-country run at Harvard, Cambridge, Mass., F. M. Kanaday won the time prize and made a new record for the course. The distance was four and three-quarter miles; time, 24m., 38s.

A wave of reform seems to have struck the A. A. U., and in future all athletes will be compelled to pay entry fees to championship meetings, clubs will have to pay dues and medals must all be inscribed.

Harry Elkes, of New York, and Floyd MacFarland, of California, were the winners in Madison Square Garden, New York City, of the most remarkable six-day race that has ever been run. Archie McEachren, of Toronto, and Burns Pierce, of Nova Scotia, were second. They were beaten by twelve feet.

Britains Most Important Vegetable.

If asked what was the most important event in the history of British vegetables, most people would say the bringing over of the potato from its home in America. They would be wrong. The introduction of the turnip—that is, of the Swedish variety—was of much greater value. Until Britain got the field turnip people had to live during the winter chiefly on salted meat. And severe winters were dreaded on account of the terrible mortality among sheep, which were then left out at pasture all through the cold weather. The growing of Swedes changed all that by providing cheap and wholesome food for stock when penned up. Turnips, like so many other vegetables, came from Holland about 1690.—Washington Star.

Money in Cocoanuts.

This cocoanut industry is well worth the consideration of enterprising Americans, for it has resulted in the making of tremendous fortunes. A cocoanut tree yields fruit within five years after planting, and then bears uninterruptedly for over a century. Those engaged in shipping the copra to Europe pay $1 per year for the fruit from a single tree. The trees, once started, need no further consideration. Ten thousand trees cover a comparatively small space, as there are no branches. The trees invariably grow best in what is for all other purposes the poorest soil.—Leslie's Weekly.

Handwriting Characteristic of a Person.

The inexperienced ones are blissfully unaware that handwriting is really a physical characteristic of the human body, which is innately peculiar to its owner. You may, indeed, alter its general form, like the man who writes anonymous notes, or cover it with make-up, like the man who forges a signature—the actor does both to his voice and face on the stage—but this, after all, is the most you can do. You cannot destroy or even temporarily get rid of the characteristics of your writing itself. It is as much a part of the expression of your being as your manner of talking or your gait in walking, and that it cannot be destroyed is the more certain because no one, no matter how much study he might give it, could ever find out all of the unconscious characteristics of his handwriting.

Repentance Stools at Girard College.

Any infraction of the rules at Girard College is punished with 20 minutes on a stool of repentance. When the institution first adopted this scheme of punishment one stool was enough. As the college expanded the stools multiplied, and to-day no less than 60 four-legged painless instruments of discipline are in more or less constant use in a room devoted exclusively to the punishment of those who have transgressed the rules. There is absolutely nothing to the disciplining except the order to sit on a comfortable stool for 20 minutes and "think it over." Any of the lads would sooner take a sound thrashing and have done with it, but the stool of repentance has proved itself an ideal punishment, and it has come to stay at Girard College.—Philadelphia Record.

Chinese Expected Disaster This Year.

Though professing to know nothing beyond the domain of sense, the Chinaman is really an extravagant of the supernatural, writes Sir Robert Hart in the Cosmopolitan. Times and seasons, too, have their meanings for him. In 1898 the eclipse of the sun on the Chinese New Year's Day foreboded calamity, especially to the empire, and in September that year the empress dowager usurped the government; then, as chance would have it, this year, 1900, is one in which the intercalary month for the Chinese year is the eighth, and an eighth intercalary month always means misfortune. When such a month last occurred, that year the Emperor Tung Chih died, and accordingly the popular mind was on the outlook for catastrophe in 1900, and perhaps the people were morbidly willing to assist folk-lore to fulfill its own prophecy.

European Nations Careful of Horses.

In France there is a rule by which horses and mules in excess of needs are handed over to be fed and cared for, at a price, to farmers, who agree to reproduce them in good condition or pay for deterioration. In Germany, where horses are bought between three and six years of age, they are kept at remount depots till matured. Italy has two horse-training establishments where new purchases are handled and developed till fit for cavalry service.

Trading on Child-Labor.

Scores of towns in the southern States are seeking to attract capitalists by advertising the absence of any legislative restrictions upon child labor in their State. When the children of southern factory towns are reclaimed from ignorance and premature decay, it will not be through the efforts of the so-called upper classes, but through the strenuous fighting of the working classes organized in trade unions.—International Monthly.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not spot, streak or give your goods an unevenly dyed appearance. Sold by all druggists.

A bill has been prepared for introduction in the Georgia Legislature providing for the use of the Australian ballot at all future elections.

Carter's Ink has a good deep color and it does not strain the eyes. Carter's doesn't fade.

Merchandise exports from France in October increased $1,300,000 over 1899, and imports increased $4,000,000.

Garfield Headache Powders relieve mental exhaustion.

A single leaf of the orange tree, carefully planted, will often take root and grow.

Anarchists Find Safety in London.

Anarchy at this present moment in London is in a latent, if not dormant state. Its activity is, however, only repressed by the knowledge that trained officers are alert to note every movement of these undesirable visitors, for though it would not be difficult to name some half a dozen English members of the advanced school who would think nothing of killing a king, yet it remains the fact, generally speaking, that the violent, blood-thirsting Anarchist is a foreigner who has found asylum in London and has learned that it would be foolish to destroy the refuge which the neighborhood of Tottenham Court road is so ready to give.—London Telegraph.

In 24 hours nearly 700 trains pass in and out of New Street station, Birmingham.

An African, who had visited England, described snow as "rain gone to sleep."

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Edward Everett Hale gives the following three good rules for life: First, live as much as possible