

## "TO THE LORD OF HOSTS."

BY EDWARD OLSENFAUN SPENCER.

Blessed be Yahweh my strength,  
Which teacheth my hands to war,  
My fingers to fight.—Psalm 134:1.

O Lord of Hosts, whose dreadful power  
The warring tribes of earth invoke,  
Before thy face the nations cower,  
And sink beneath thy cruel yoke.

The iron casque is on thy head,  
The unsheathed sword is in thy hand,  
Thy foot is where the trampled dead  
Insensate grip the glowing brand.

The crackling torch before thee flares,  
Fierce flames leap hissing in thy wake,  
Upon thy reeking altar-stairs  
The wavelike legions surge and break.

Thy censor is the smoking plain,  
A swing between the rocking hills;  
Thy sacrifice the foemen slain;  
Thy saving grace the hate that kills.

The brazen-throated cannon roar  
Their stormy paean in thy praise;  
On littered sea and ravaged shore  
The hurdling missiles trace thy ways.

To thee, grim-visaged god of war,  
I lift no voice of plaint or prayer;  
Before Life's solemn judgment bar  
Thy crimson seal I scorn to wear.

The service of my stainless hands,  
The worship of my guiltless heart,  
I keep for Him whose wisdom brands  
With felon shame the fiendish art.

## HER FIRST BALL.

By C. V. MAITLAND.

"Norah, my dear."  
The girl turned around, as a hand was laid on her shoulder, and her mother's voice was saying:  
"I will leave you to welcome to your first ball our latest guests. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Brown, my daughter, Miss Norah Grahame."

Norah looked up, with a sudden start, at the two gentlemen before her, the faint rose-flush burning to crimson in her cheeks and temples; then she dropped her gaze, with a flash in the violet eyes, and the faintest scornful curve of the red lip.

And this is what she saw, before the long black lashes drooped, and she had bowed her acknowledgment of the introduction:

Two gentlemen—the foremost—why had not her mother given him the name of Brown?—for, omitting the part his dress-tailor had in his make, he certainly was the quintessence of whity-brownishness, from the topmost wave of carefully adjusted hair on the head—which was on a level with Norah's own—to the point of the mild little moustache. Brown, by all that is fair; but, then, mamma said "Mr. Hamilton." And Norah's lip took that haughty curve again; for the name of Hamilton was not unknown to her as the great part of the season; and she had, too, the not very pleasant conviction of being brought out this evening, on exhibition as "the Grahame beauty," in mamma's hope of pleasing the connoisseur taste of Mr. Hamilton, or "Mr. Half-a-million-of-money," as Norah was saying to herself.

"He'll not buy many words from me, the popinjay!" she was adding, voicelessly, with more decision than elegance, as, after a commonplace phrase or so, she turned to her other guest still standing silent somewhat in the rear.

"I wonder whether anything but one's first ball looks so much like a kaleidoscope?" she said, gayly. "My head is quite dizzy with looking at the whirl of bright dresses and faces."

"Would it be any drier," Mr. Brown answered, with a smile, "if you were to join in the dance, instead of watching it from here? Listen—that is the most waltzable of waltzes. May I not have the pleasure?"

The violet eyes brightened eagerly—then fell again.

"But mamma told me I was not to dance the round dances."

He smiled.

"I wonder what a first ball is for, if it is not to disobey one's mamma for once? One can be very obedient afterward, you know; for a first ball never comes again."

Half frightened, half persuaded, Norah looked up at him. Now, if it were only Mr. Hamilton at whose bidding she was about to be disobedient, she knew the fault might be easily forgiven; but to break through her stepmother's rule in favor of a Mr. Brown, even though that Mr. Brown had good six feet and cordial, merry brown eyes and—

"Miss Grahame."

Hamilton's thin voice was at her elbow; Hamilton's faultless kid glove was presenting her with the handkerchief she had let fall.

She took it with a bow; then hurriedly put her hand in the arm Mr. Brown was offering her. Anything to get out of the way of that Hamilton's appraising gaze. Anything to escape from the feeling of being up for sale—price, half a million of money!

"I wonder what a first ball is for, if it is not to disobey one's mamma for once?"

The words came into Norah's mind more than once throughout the evening, with a little rush of terror for the reckoning to come. But certainly this first ball would never come again; and certainly it was charming beyond all school girl dreams of balls. And Norah waltzed with Mr. Brown, and galloped with Mr. Brown, and redoubled with Mr. Brown; and altogether might have been in a brown study, for all the attention she yielded to her other guests.

After supper the heated, crowded dancing rooms were not quite so pleasant as the little balcony, which hung out from the end one over the May-blossoming flower garden and under the misty May stars. At least

so thought two, apparently, who had passed out through the open French window, and who now stood on the balcony, leaning against the balustrade, and half shut out from the glare within by the lace curtains falling between.

They were not speaking much—only a word falling now and then—and she had drawn her hand coyly from his arm, and was plucking at the climbing woodbine leaves which fringed the railing. But some one else was speaking, presently, just inside there, with a woman's shadow on the window curtains. Norah had not heard the first words, but the last caught her attention:

"The Grahame beauty's debut. What do you say now of Mamma Grahame's angling for our millionaire, with her dainty morsel of fresh bait?"

If there were any answer, Norah did not hear it. And when, after a pause, she raised her head defiantly, the shadow was gone from the curtain, and the eyes she encountered were two dark ones fixed earnestly upon her.

A quiver passed across her mouth, and she bent down her head again, plucking at the leaves as before, and as if there were nothing else worth looking at beneath the balmy starlight. But her lip quivered again, in spite of herself, and a tear glittered on the lowered lashes.

"Miss Grahame—" began Mr. Brown.

"If you would leave me alone," she interrupted passionately—"I am lowered enough in my own eyes not to need humbling in any one else's. And when I have tried to keep out of the man's way all the evening, too! When I hate him, and wouldn't look a second time at the old whity-brown article, for all his half million of money! A dainty morsel of bait, indeed! I wish it might strangle him if he ever catches it!"

There was a puzzled expression in the eyes bent on her, which presently gave place to a twinkle of suppressed amusement; and then to something softer, as he said:

"You are hard on poor Hamilton; and yet he might care little for his half million in comparison with a kinder word from you. Will he never have it?"

"Never!" she repeated, with rosy lips firm set.

"Poor Hamilton! But, Miss Grahame—"

She tapped her foot impatiently upon the floor.

"I assure you I think him quite a fine fellow, Miss Grahame," Brown went on, with the old twinkle in his eyes; "and I fain would recommend him to mercy. If you will pardon me for saying it, I am sure he has fallen in love with you."

Her eyes flashed as she lifted them; but they fell again as suddenly before something in his. That something, which set her pulses throbbing wildly, made her also strive to respond lightly and carelessly:

"Have some mercy, Mr. Brown! Do you suppose you are sounding Mr. Hamilton's praises for the first time in my ear? Would it be very rude to say that, when a tale is told for the hundredth time, it becomes just a little wearisome?"

"But when Mr. Hamilton tells his

for the first time—ah, Miss Norah! did you ever hear of Highland Nora?" She bit her lip until the blood came; but she mastered herself to reply, coolly:

"The end of Highland Nora is a myth, sir. But it is very true she said:

"For all the gold, for all the gear,  
For all the lands, both far and near,  
That ever valor lost or won,  
I would not wed the Earle's son."

And without vouchsafing Mr. Brown another glance, she gathered the train of her dress in her hands, and would have swept by him, and into the ball room again.

But some one was standing in the way, before the window—some one who turned and said to the man at Norah's side:

"Ah, Hamilton, you there! I was just looking for a vis-a-vis in the Lancers. May I depend on you?"

"Certainly—I'll follow."

And then, as his friend moved off, Hamilton, alias Brown, looked round at Norah, who had shrunk back into the shadow on the balcony.

"Miss Grahame—Norah!"

She did not move; and he went to her, and drew her hands away from her burning face.

"Norah, are you angry with me? It was all your own mistake. Shall I go and send the veritable Brown to you?"

She was laughing now, in spite of her confusion. She was trembling, too, for all he kept both her hands firm in his.

"Is the end of 'Highland Nora' a myth?" he was saying. "Do you know the last two lines of the poem sound to me like a prophecy of blessed truth:

"Norah's heart is lost and won—  
She's wedded to the Earle's son."

It was rather a bold prophecy for a first evening of acquaintance; but then he had said he was quite sure Hamilton had fallen in love at first sight. Perhaps Norah took this into consideration—for, though she managed adroitly to flit away from him, and into the ball room, as the last words left his lips, yet, as her place was beside Mr. Hamilton, when he was vis-a-vis to his friend in the Lancers, it is fair to suppose she was not very angry.

And it is fair to suppose, too, that Hamilton's prophecy did turn out the blessed truth, after all—when, one bright April morning, as the last of a long train of carriages drove off from before St. Paul's Church, a lady, coming down the church steps, said to her neighbor, as she raised her parasol:

"Ah, yes. I knew how it would be, from the very night of the Grahame beauty's debut. Mrs. Grahame knew what she was about, when she baited her hook with such a dainty little creature as that."

### The Kaiser in Business.

Those "in the know" are perfectly aware that for many years now the German Emperor and various members of his family have been quite extensively engaged in trade. The Kaiser's personal interest in the products of his pottery factory may be judged from the fact that no article manufactured on a new design may leave the factory without its first having been presented for His Majesty's inspection.

It is no uncommon thing for the Kaiser to arrive at the pottery works at 6 o'clock in the morning, greeting his employes with a cheery "Good-morning, workmen." A chorus of "Good-morning, Your Majesty," is heartily uttered by all in reply. The Kaiser then makes his tour of inspection, watching the men at work and checking accounts.—From M. A. P.

### The Time of George IV.

Probably at no time in our history was the education of woman generally at a lower point than in the time of George IV., whether as regent or king. Dancing, the merest smattering of drawing, French and music were generally all that was taught a girl.

As for more solid accomplishments, they were, generally speaking, utterly neglected. An album fifty or sixty years old is of all dreary things the dreariest. Trumpery verses, puny little copies of a drawing master's stock-in-trade of flowers, fruit and impossibly cottages make it up.—New York Press.

### Retailers' Profit.

There are some large profits made on goods sold in New York City, but the greatest percentage goes to the retailers of jewelry that has imitation precious stones in its composition. The profit is often one thousand times as much as the goods cost. To get \$40 for what cost forty cents is quite usual.

## The Set of the Soul.

One ship drives east and another drives west,  
While the self same breezes blow;  
It's the set of the sails, and not the gales,  
That bids them where to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of the fates,  
As we voyage along through life;  
It's the set of the soul that decides the goal,  
And not the storms or the strife.

## Tampering with Providence.

By Clifford Howard.

RECENT act of the Illinois legislature, providing punishment for the heartless landlord who prohibits children in apartment houses, seems to have aroused very general applause throughout the country. How much of this popular satisfaction is due to the pleasure of seeing the villain hit over the head, and how much of it springs from our love of the human hand with its uproarious and devouring habits, we need not now discuss. Suffice it to know that the stork has secured a point. She feels herself a bird once more. In Chicago and Kankakee and other centres of Illinois civilization she now holds a card of admission to polite society, and if there is any hesitation on the part of the host she is privileged to knock the door down and come in anyhow.

But let us for the moment take the part of the skeptic and ask in all seriousness, Oul bono? To what end shall the ponderous machinery of a State legislature be set in motion, in order to enable an innocent babe to break into an apartment house? Every sensible person knows that a flat is not the right sort of a garden in which to grow children. The modern apartment house came into being only for the accommodation of those progressive folks who have discovered that time is too precious to be wasted on infants, but must be devoted solely to their own culture, save for the occasional upbringing of a poodle. But while thus serving its narrow purpose in the economy of society, the apartment house—in its opposition to baby life—may have a more exalted and more comprehensive function in the mechanism of human destiny. Cowper put a great truth into verse when he sang, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." Who, therefore, shall say that the apartment house, with its child-hating landlord and its fussy old-maid tenants of both sexes, may not be a means designed by providence for turning the faces of parents toward the country—the open air, the sunlight, the flowers, the woods, the breath and the magic of real life? The intolerant flat may be to the coming nation what an intolerant church was to the making of America. Had the Separatists, the Puritans, the Quakers, been granted unmolested asylum in England, where would be our Plymouth Rock, our Harvard University, our Independence Hall? There is potential good in everything.

The apartment house has its place. So has the jail. Neither, however, is designed for the upbringing of children. We do not plant acorns in a conservatory. If it be that providence has made admittance to the flat difficult for a child, it has coincidentally made the suburban home easy of access. Rapid transit, electric lights, gas, telephones, and all other comforts and conveniences, together with the lure of the garden and the song of the wild bird, are all invitations for the child to come to its rightful place.

If any other State legislature has it in for the landlord, all well and good. It tickles the people, and mine host will survive it. But the State had better think twice before it follows the example of Illinois and attempts to take down the bars that now prevent unthinking and selfish parents from immuring their offspring within the confines of a flat and denying them their birthright of mud pies and exuberant monkeyshines in unabashed companionship with worms and heaven. When we shall learn more thoroughly how great an asset in our nation's welfare is a healthy, sun-kissed child, we may yet join hands with the burly landlord of the flat and give him a law to enforce his prohibitions against the admission of children. At all events, let us not be hasty in condemning him at present. To criticize man is oftentimes to criticize God.—Lippincott's.

## Emancipation of Woman.

By Prof. James M. Hagerty,  
of Ohio University.

THE emancipation of women has led to some questionable social conditions. When she is educated she marries later in life and is less inclined to marry. When she marries later in life she has fewer children. If this means an improvement in quality rather than an increase in number, the outcome is rather wholesome. Problems are introduced which as yet have not been solved. All we can do is to state them. It is claimed that the better educated, the higher developed a woman is, the less inclined she is to have offspring, and when she is a mother, the offspring are not as healthy and vigorous as those of other women.

The kitchen is practically the sole survival of the old industrial aspects of the home, and one result has been that the children have been individualized and relieved of the obligations of household duties. The Sunday school, the prayer meeting and the church have to a great degree assumed the former religious functions of the home; the kindergarten, the school, the playground and the social settlement have usurped the home's education work, and the State has taken over, to a great extent, the responsibility for the education of the child.—Leslie's Weekly.

## Why Schools Should Encourage Team Games.

By Malcolm Kenneth Gordon.

A SCHOOL should encourage team games such as football, baseball, rowing, etc., rather than allow the more individual games to have first place, for in team games a boy's character shows up in a truer way than in any other phase of school life. A boy of low moral character will not ring true in a team game, and a selfish one seldom helps team work, which teaches a boy to work with his fellows and to forget himself. All these advantages and disadvantages must be followed up or checked. Teachers, not professional coaches, should be in the games with the boys. In playing with boys as an equal, a man has open before him a field for influencing the boy of which one who has not tried it has no conception.—The Century.

## Play for the Love of Playing.

By Malcolm Kenneth Gordon.

THE plan of using them (games) as an invigorating influence on mind and body has not been worked out. Speaking generally, the harmonious development of all parts of the body alike has been neglected by the school, and the college has not power to correct the evil. Commercialism, vast expenses of teams, multitudines of rules governing play and eligibility of players, have well nigh ruined some of our best games, so that the masses cannot play them. The individual prizes and the false adulation of star athletes, the striving for records, and, lastly, the most serious abuse, the strenuous rivalry with other schools, have eliminated play from the life of most schools and have reduced athletics to a cut-and-dried work for the few, who are expected to pose as champions for their school and to work as though eternally dependent upon their winning. We do not, as a rule, play for the love of playing.—The Century.

## The Dignity of Our Courts.

By Senator Dewey.

THE wonderful inventions, the discoveries and the evolutions of liberty in various parts of the world are the distinction of the last half century above all its predecessors. But, in a broad way, there has been no change in the courts. They have, happily, through the mightiest revolution of modern times, through an industrial development so marvelous as to radically change the foundations of business and alter the relations of the individual to the state and of the corporation to the government, lived their official lives and judicial activities with a calmness and serenity as undisturbed as that of the goddess of justice, their patron saint. The decisions of Chief Justice John Marshall which made us a nation, with the court the keystone of the arch, have stood during all these wonderful civic and industrial changes unchallenged for more than a hundred years.—Leslie's Weekly.

### Sailors as Seamstresses.

There is little idleness among the seamen on the big battle ships, according to recruiting officers at the local station in the Federal building.

"A recruit in the navy isn't lazy long," said A. J. Jerrior, a gunner's mate, recently. "He soon catches the spirit of the sea and 'jimmies' around in his spare time. Some write letters and keep 'logs.' A few carve wooden figurines. But most of the

men do fancy work with canvas and silk. Besides embroidering and drawing threads, they weave belts, purses and mats. There are sailors in the navy who are as deft with a needle as many seamstresses."—Kansas City Times.

Crepe meteor makes smart gowns for evening wear especially when trimmed with beads and embroidered with heavy silk.

## TRIALS of the NEEDLES

TAKE AWAY THESE INDIGESTIBLE BISCUITS SUCH STUFF IS NOT FIT TO EAT

WHY JOIN YOU ALWAYS LIKED THEN YOU MUST BE LOSING YOUR APPETITE TAKE A PAW PAW PILL TO NIGHT

SOME MORE OF THOSE BISCUITS BRING WONDERFUL NEW TRISE PAW PAW PILLS GIVE ONE AN APPETITE

THERE IS HOPE

THAT WILL

RESOLVED THAT INDIGESTION MAKES A MAN CRANKY AND UNFIT TO LIVE WITH MUMFORD'S PLEASANT LAXATIVE PILLS BRING HEALTH AND GOOD CHEER. TAKE 10 PILLS 10

Mumford's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nervous invigorator instead of weakeners. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Mumford's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of charge. MUMFORD'S, 824 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

### Longest Masonry Span.

The longest masonry span in the world is said to be the Grafton Bridge, now being completed by the city of Auckland, New Zealand. It is 910 feet long and 40 feet wide, and the middle arch has a span of 320 feet and a roadway elevation of 147 feet above the lowest part of the valley which it crosses.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

At 27 John Calvin wrote his "Institutes of Christian Religion." "Topology," "Rock of Ages;" Napoleon led his brilliant campaign, and Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin.

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

### Where They Worship Noah.

A lecture before the Royal Geographical society, Captain Bertram Dickson said there is a large sanctuary at the top of Jebel Judi, where every year in August is held a great fete, attended by thousands of energetic Moslems, Christians and Yezids. "Who climb the steepest trails for 7,000 feet, in the terrific heat, to do homage to Noah. This mountain seems to have been held sacred at all times, and certainly it has a wonderful awesome fascination about it, with its huge precipices and jagged, tangled crags watching over the vast Mesopotamian plain. The local villagers can show one the exact spot where Noah descended, while in one village, the Hassana, they showed his grave, and the vineyard where he is reputed to have indulged over freely in the juice of the grape." The owner of this declared that the vines have passed from father to son ever since.—London Evening Standard.

Old Ohio Orchards. The Ohio Agricultural College has scored at least one practical hit which bears directly upon the current problem of high prices. A discouraged farmer was on the point of allowing an unprofitable apple orchard to be cut down for firewood. Officers of the college secured from him the privilege of taking an acre of this orchard for a year and giving it a scientific treatment, which meant little more than careful pruning and spraying. The result was a net return, over all expenses, of \$475. What a little applied intelligence did for this orchard might readily be done for thousands of others now given over to the ravages of insect pests and disease.—New York Evening Post.

### A LITTLE THING Changes the Home Feeling.

Coffee blots out the sunshine from many a home by making the mother, or some other member of the household, dyspeptic, nervous and irritable. There are thousands of cases where the proof is absolutely undeniable. Here is one.

A Wis. mother writes:

"I was taught to drink coffee at an early age, and also at an early age became a victim to headaches, and as I grew to womanhood these headaches became a part of me, as I was scarcely ever free from them.

"About five years ago a friend urged me to try Postum. I made the trial and the result was so satisfactory that we have used it ever since.

"My husband and little daughter were subject to bilious attacks, but they have both been entirely free from them since we began using Postum instead of coffee. I no longer have headaches and my health is perfect."

If some of these nervous, tired, irritable women would only leave off coffee absolutely and try Postum they would find a wonderful change in their life. It would then be filled with sunshine and happiness rather than weariness and discontent. And think what an effect it would have on the family, for the mood of the mother is largely responsible for the temper of the children.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.