In its march to the Pole the drams bas reached Iceland. It is a recent graft upon the intellectual life of the Island, according to the London Globe. The first theater was founded so recently as 1897, and there is only one in the island-at Reikjavik-but it has taken firm root. The dramatic season opens in October and closes at the end of April, when the good folk go fishing, and the theater is open about three evenings a week. Bjornson and Ibsen are mostly drawn upon, but during the last season one or two native poets have recited their own compositions, which as he bowed before her. promise well. The municipality and the Diet each subsidize the theater to the extent of 500 crowns.

WORN TO A SKELETON.

A Wonderful Restoration Caused t Sensation in a Pennsylvania

Mrs. Charles M. Preston of Elkland Pa., says: "Three years ago I found that my housework was becoming a



medicine was belping me I began using Doan's Kid ney Pills. They belped me at once, and soon all traces of sugar disappeared I have regained my former weight and am perfectly well."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

SPIDERS THAT CATCH BIRDS. Native of Ceylon Mounigins Spares

Prey of Some Size. Far up in the mountains of Ceylor are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet. The spider seldom biter or stings, but should any one try te catch him bite he will and though not venomous his jaws are as powerful as the womanly school." a bird's benk.

The bodies of these spiders are hand scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate-colored fur.

So strong are the webs that birds the therein and even the small but power sion. ful scaly lizard falls a victim. writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow monster-measur ing, when waiting for his prey with his legs stretched out, fully six inchesstriding across the middle of the ner and noted the rapid manner in which and winter, when there are no races, no he winds his stout threads round the tegatins, nor lawn tennis parties." unfortunate captive.

bend until the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many un frequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares .- Pear son's Weekly.

A Fact. The tenth question in the history ex-

amination paper was: "What was the fate of Rameses II.?" The candidate for graduation honors was not stumped for a minute. Getting a fresh grip on her pen, she

wrote: "Varied and interesting as was the career of this remarkable potentate, he could not escape the common fate of humanity. He died many years ago." -Cleveland Leader.

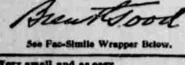
Chip of the Old Block. "Thomas," said the minister to his 5 year-old son and heir, "I trust you wil

not misbehave in church this morning, a: sailor now." you did last Sabbath. Such conduct is very mortifying to me." 'But, papa," rejoined the incorrigible

ABSOLUTE SECURITY

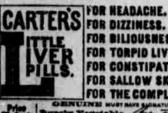
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ced. Thousands of women testify

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XIII. Easton laughed reassuringly. He was not afraid of clever women. Miss Win-

ter must almost have heard the laugh, while there was still a smile on his face "I have never," he said, as he seated himself, "been at an entertainment of this description before. I am only a beginner. In our country we manage things

bow much talking and so little action can

benefit any cause. "But," said Miss Winter, "you are not new to England. There is nothing about you to lead one to that conclusion "Thank you," he replied, gravely, "My claw-hammer coat was made in Piccadil

ly, so I suppose it is all right." He looked down at the garment question, and dusted the sleeves lightly

with a perfectly gloved hand. "Do you like it?" he inquired simply. Winter was becoming interested. Miss She therefore quelled a sudden desire to laugh, and answered:

'Yes; it is a very nice coat." "I am not," he said, after a pause, "new to England, but I have not moved much London society. I suppose the men do all the moving in your society?-they seem to. The women sit mostly still and wait till the men come to them. With us

it is different." "The women," replied this womanly Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box lady, "are beginning to move with us, and from what I have seen of the result, I rather incline toward the old policy of sitting still."

He turned and looked at her with a little nod. There was in his queer, restless eyes a distinct glance of approval.

"Yes," he said, "yes. So I should surthere is a spider that spins a web like mise. Our ladies are very fascinating, bright, yellowish silk, the central ne and very clever, and all that, but but of which is five feet in diameter, while the young men do not seem to make such the supporting lines, or guys, as they a pretty show of loving them as we read of in older times. At all events, they do not continue to show them that regard which, I remember, my father showed toward my mother."

"I myself am an humble admirer of "And I," added Easton. "Now," he continued, after a pause, "do tell me, somely decorated, being bright gold or what do all these good people think they are doing here to-night?"

"They think firstly," replied Miss Win-"that they are getting their names into the fashionable society papers. Sec ondly, that their natural or arificial size of tarks are frequently caugh adornment is creating a distinct impres-Thirdly, and lastly, that they are assisting in some indefinite way toward the solution of a problem of which the rudiments are entirely unknown."

"Then in England, as well as in my own country, charity is a recognized plaything of society," suggested Easton. "Yes. We take it up in late autumn

"Ah! then," said the American, "so-He usually throws the colls about the clety is very much the same here as else

At this moment Oswin Grace passed within earshot of them. He heard the remark, and recognized the voice. When turned, his surprise at seeing Miss Winter and Easton together was so marked as to cause a little frown to pass across the queer, wistful face of the American. He returned the young Englishman's comprehensive bow, however,

with perfect equanimity. You know Oswin Grace?" inquired Miss Winter.

"Oh, yes," was the cool reply; "Tyars brought him to my rooms one evening."
Miss Winter skillfully concealed eager-

"They are great friends," she said, lightly. "Ye-es. of him." Yes, Tyars constantly talks

"I suppose," continued Miss Winter, in the same indifferently conversational way, "that they have many interests in common; both being sailors. At least, I believe Claud Tyars considers himself a

This was clever, and the wary little man paused. He felt convinced that Miss Winter knew less of the past life of Tyars Thomas, "ain't we taught to mortify the than she would have him believe. More-desh?"

than she would have him believe. More-over, he suspected that she had never bitherto called him Claud Tyars. The implied familiarity was a trap, womanly, clever and subtle; but Easton avoided it with equal skill. He maintained an easy Immediately afterward, however, he made a blunder.

"Oswin," said Miss Winter, "Is a great friend of mine, and I think Helen is my

"A sister?" inquired Easton, rashly. "Yes. Mr. Tyars has not spoken of her, then?"

"No. Tyars did not tell me that Grace had a sister."

There was a short pause. Perhaps the American heard the little sigh of relief given by his companion, marking, as it were, the relaxation of an effort; such a sigh as an athlete gives when he has scored a success and his weary muscles fall into repose. He became instantly conscious of his blunder. He had been outwitted by this pleasant woman. He -Matthew Mark Easton-a born intriguer, a man with real genius for con-

spiracy.
"Ah!" reflected Miss Winter, "why has Mr. Tyars omitted to make mention of Helen's existence?" And with feminine intuition she made a hasty mental note of this important item. mused Easton, during the same

pause, "there is a Miss Grace, and Tyars

never mentioned her. I must be very careful. Seems to me that there are two men at stake here, not one; and I cannot afford to lose two sailors such as these." Miss Winter was now drawn into a vortex of light-hearted idlers bent upon a systematic inspection of the pictures and from their ranks Easton took the first opportunity of dropping away unobserved. They did not speak again during the evening: but the little seed was sown-the little seed of mutual esteem or mutual dislike, as the case may be, which under either circumstance seems to draw some

people together here in life—to spread its subtle tendrils, intertwined and knir together, until their united strength is a thing undreamed of. "I seem," reflected Easton, subsequent ly, "to have met that little English lady somewhere before. Her ways of speaking, masnicatarrh, uterine catarrh caused and her method of expressing herself in a cheery way, as if nothing mattered very much, are familiar to me. I certainly have not seen her before in this vale of

sorrow, as the lady writers call it. I wonder where I have met her." It happened to fall to the lot of Claud Tyars to shut the door of Miss Winter's comfortable brougham; while Grace, who had helped her in, stood back and nodded

a good-night.
The lady leaned back against the soft cushions, and drew her cloak more snugly round her. The flashing light of street lamp or carriage showed her face to be grave and thoughtful. She was realizing that Claud Tyars was something more than a mere lover of intrigue, making a Expensive out of a very ordinary love affair. had been forced to publish

She was recognizing now that matters were more serious than she had at first considered them.

CHAPTER XIV. Miss Winter sometimes fell a victim to a longing for labor. She sometimes felt

useless, and looked beyond the work that lay at hand for heavier labor. When she heard of good works done by women, she differently; and I cannot yet understand longed to do something also. But it was only at times that Miss Winter gave way to this weakness, and she was very quiet about it. When the

paroxysm was upon her, she put on a

thick veil, her quietest dress, and took the omnibus to Tower Hill. She was too well acquainted with the world to go empty-handed and to make those trivial mistakes by which many well-meaning women reduce charity to the ludicrous. She had an old bag specially devoted to this secret vice, for one cannot carry half pounds of butter, packets of tea, and pounds of raw sausages in

The recipients of her charity were a race of men overlooked by charity organizations, ignored by those bland distributors of leaflet literature who call hemselves the Sailors' Friend. Very few people find themselves by accident in the London Dock or the St. Katherine's Dock; in fact, both these basins are rath-

er difficult to find. The shipkeeper is a strange, amphibious creature. His calling is afloat, his business on the waters, and yet he is no sailor. In busier times he rarely spent more than two months on board of one ship; now there are men living week after week, month after month, year after year on the same vessel. Many of them never set foot outside the dock gates; some there are who remain affoat always.

Miss Winter had heard of these ships, and from different sources she gradually learned that there were men living on board of them; men whose lives were almost as solitary as that of a sailor cast upon some desert island. It seems strange that within the roar of city life, almost within stone's throw of the crowded streets, there should be men living day after day without speaking a word to their fellow creatures. For if they do not choose to come ashore, certainly no one will trouble to go on board and see

In course of time she evolved the idea of going to the docks to see if it was difficult to get on board these ships, and there she discovered that there was nothing easier. It was merely a matter of paying, as it is in every other part of the

At first her advances caused consternation, but, woman like, she gradually made her way, never being guilty of one retrograde step. A few distrusted her motives, some thought she was merely a fool, others concluded she had "got religion." These latter were the first to welcome The explanation was so simple, and it had served to account for stranger conduct than this.

One and all appreciated the butter and the sausages. Some made use of the soap, and a few read the newspapers she brought them.

Soon Miss Winter found that her adof beneficence began to make themselves felt. She commenced to know personally these quaint old hermits, and found that there were sincere and insincere shipkeepers-shipkeepers who were interesting and othrs who were more nonentities. On the whole, she gave preference to those who took the butter and the sausages and left the soap. These latter were old fellows who had never washed, and did not see the good of changing their habits in old age. This conservatism indicated a character worthy of admiration, and superior to that of such as asked for more soap and hinted at tracts.

She became more and more interested in this work, and lapsed into the habit of going to the docks once a week, at least. As Claud Tyars frequented the same spot with an equal regularity, their meeting was only a question of time.

They had missed each other several times by the merest chance, but at last they came face to face in a most undeniable manner. The morning was rather foggy, and in consequence the dock was more silent and sleepler than usual. Miss Winter having just left a boat, was mounting the steep wet steps from the edge of the slimy water, when a tall man, emerging from the fog, came to the top of the stairs and hailed the boat.

"Wait a minute," he said; "I want He came down a step or two and stood to one side to let Miss Winter pass.

In doing so, he looked at her, and she glancing up to thank him, gave a little "Ah!" she exclaimed. "You-here-Mr. Tyars?"

He raised his hat without betraying any surprise. "Yes," he auswered, "of course. The docks have a natural attraction for me-

a sailor." "I forgot," she said, looking calmly at him, "that you were a sailor." She had been betrayed into surprise,

but in a moment her usual alertness returned to her. She passed on, and he followed her. "Are you alone?" he inquired. "Oh, yes," she replied, lightly. "I am quite at home here. I come nearly every

week and interrupt the meditations of the ship keepers. I look after their temporal welfare. It is quite my own idea, I assure you, that I have no connection with any philanthropic society.

"Tracts?" he inquired, shortly. "No; no tracts," she replied. "Sausages, butter and soap—essentially of this

He was walking beside her, sulting his step with an implied sense of protection, almost of approbation, which annoyed "There may be," he suggested, half ronically, "a hidden motive in the soap."

"But there is not," she replied, sharply, 'I advocate cleanliness only. Personally, prefer the dirty ones." "Probably," he said, "you do a great deal of good. These poor fellows lead a very lonely life. You must seem to them like a being from another world."

"So I am, Mr. Tyars," she said, still upholding her work. "Quite another world." Then she suddenly laid aside her gravity with that strange inconsequence which is one of the many important differences

between the male and female mind. "You speak feelingly," she continued, in thinly veiled mockery. "Perhaps you have been a ship keeper yourself. seem to have been a good many things."
"Yes." was the calm reply. "I have.

I was once a ship keeper in the Southern Atlantic." She was silenced. The details of his terrible experience on board the feverstricken merchantman had never been vouchsafed, but it was not difficult imagine them from the official account he

Suddenly this cheerful little lady bad realized the pettiness of her own existence, the futility of her own small caprice. She glanced up at him, almost meditating an apology. Observant and analytical as she was, she had not yet noticed a fact of which Tyars was fully aware; she had not noticed that in her intercourse with Claud Tyars she invariably began in an antagonistic vein, and that with equal monotony this antagonsm melted after a few moments.

In one respect Tyars was a commor place man. He possessed the genius of command, which is the genius most often encountered in the world. It is merely a genius of adaptation, not of creation. Its chief characteristic is a close but unconscious observation of human nature. He understood all who came in contact with him much better than any one of them understood him. Miss Winter was conscious of a reserve in this man's mind which was irrevocably closed to her. He casually glanced into her character in passing; if there was an inner motive beyond his fathom, he remained indifferent to its presence. When their paths crossed he was pleased to meet her, but she never flattered herself that he would go far out of his way to hear her opinion upon any subject ...

"If," she said, 'I cared for horrors, I should ask you some day to tell me about -about those days-your ship-keeping

days; but I hate horrors."
"I am glad," he said, with evident relief. "I hate horrors, too, and should not

make a picturesque story of it." They walked on in silence, feeling rather more friendly toward each other every noment. It was necessary to pass be neath a crane of which the greasy chain hung loosely right across their path. Tyars stepped forward, and with a quick turn of the winch-handle, drew the chain taut, and consequently out of her way. It was a mere incident, trivial in its way but women note these trivialities nad piece them together with a skill and sequence which men cannot rival or even imitate. Tyar's action showed an intimate knowledge with the smallest details of the calling he had chosen to follow. (To be continued.)

POVERTY AND PAUPERISM.

Destitute in America Said to Number Ten Millions. Poverty and pauperism have been studied by a hose of sociologists and there is an immense literature upon the subject. The most recent book, and, in many respects, the most noteworthy, is the one written by Robert Hunter, who for many years has been a practical worker among the submerged tenth, says American Medicine. He defines poverty as the condition in which it is not possible to obtain those necessaries which will permit the maintenance of a state of physical efficiency.

He also makes the astounding statement that there are 10,000,000 people in poverty in the United States aloneone in every eight. Charles Booth calculates that 30 per cent of London's population, or 1,300,000 people, are in poverty, and that the rate in smaller towns is nearly the same ("Life and Labor in London"), so that the phenomenon is apparently universal, the lower the civilization the greater the percentage of the poor.

For many reasons the whole matter is of vital interest to the medical profession. In the first place, such a conlition of affairs is a serious objection to the new idea that our national dietary is too big-one-eighth of us never get enough. The racial deterioration and individual degeneration which must result in such condition of growth of children is a matter for serious thought. In the next place, when any of the poor people become ill, the burden of work falls on the doctor, who, more than any other person in the world, is expected to give assistance without money and without price.

Hunter makes a great distinction between these poor and the paupers, who expect and depend upon more or less assistance even when they are well. He estimates that there are 4,000,000 paupers in the country; 2,000,000 men are unemployed four to six months every year and cannot get work: over 1,700,000 children must work to help support the family, and about 5,000,-600 women must work, of whom 2,000 000 are employed in factories. Over one-fourth of New York's people get some kind of public or private relief every year, and yet it is often impossible to get domestics for love or money.

PRAIRIE DOG MEAT IS GOOD.

Oklahoma Farmer Says It Makes Fine Enting.

Prairie dogs make good cating. This s not generally known, and even where it is known civilized people do not care to be called Igorrotes because they eat dog meat. "The other day I met a man," said a prominent farmer of the Faxon neighborhood, "who eats prairie dogs, and if we had a few more of his kind we would soon get rid of the little pests on our prairies.

"I had gone to Nelms," he continued, "to attend to some business, and on the road met a couple of wagons containing a man and woman and about ten children. They stopped to make some inquiries about the road to Chattanooga, and in the course of our conversation the man remarked: 'There is plenty of meat in these parts.' By questioning him I learned that he referred to prairie dogs and then he told me that he and his family had been living on prairle dog meat for about ten days and avowed they had never in their lives

eaten better meat. "And the fellow was right. I have eaten them, too, and they are fine, especially the young ones. The hind quarters are a little heavier than a squirrel, but the fore quarters and other parts are better than squirrel. When we hunted buffaloes over this country a number of years ago we carried prairie dog tallow with which to grease our guns, and there is none better. At that time we are lots of prairie dogs.

"The only reason why people haven't learned to eat prairie dogs is because of the name. The little animals feed etrictly on vegetation and are clean. Their meat is better than that of any other animal that lives in the ground, better than rabbits and better than squirrels. We could get rid of the prairie dogs if our people would learn to cat their ment."-Lawton News-Republican.

There is nothing more precious to a man than his will; there is nothing which he relinquishes with so much reluctance.-Holland.



Weary Willie-Can yer swipe a ride inder an auto? Dusty Rhodes-Naw. that's where the owner stays .-Clipped.

Truthful,-"How do you take your teak?" asked the charitable house wife. "I takes it mighty rare," replied

"So you feel that your automobile is perfectly safe?" "Most of the timewhen it is in the repair shop."-Washington Star. Toast .- "Father, why do they call a

speech made at a banquet a toast? "My son," was the answer, "it is probably because it is so dry." Caution.-Mrs. Newife-Bridget,

don't want you to bulld a fire in the new stove until you try the oven, so if it doesn't bake I can send it back. "Does he believe in the survival of the fittest?" "He does." "On what

ground?" "Why, he says he's here and that proves it."-San Francisco Call. Mrs. X .- You used to call me an angel. Mr. X .- Well, I used to think you were one. Mrs. X .- And now? Mr. X .- And now I wish you were .-

Cleveland Leader. Reporter-Why is it that so many people commit suicide in the spring? Dr. Thinktank-I don't know, I think myself that a well or a river would be better.-Flashlight.

"Step lively!" said the conductor. "Not on your life," responded the grouchy pasenger. "If I felt like doing that I'd walk and beat your old car.'

-Philadelphia Ledger. Ethel-I showed papa one of your seems and he was delighted. Scribbler -Indeed! Ethel-Yes; said it was so bad he thought you'd probably be able to earn a living at something else .-Judge.

Somewhat Mixed .- A young man who was about to be married was very nervous, and, while asking for informaticn as to how he must act, put the question: "Is it kisstomary to cuss the

"Isn't it splendid out here all alone?" began Mr. Boreim, who had found her musing beside the quiet lake. "Yes, replied Miss Bright, "I was thinking that very thing as you came along."-Philadelphia Press. Mrs. Widder (at the door)-I thought

I told you never to call again. Mr. Loster-I didn't come to see you, madam. I came to collect a little bill. 'Ah-1 see-er-call again, won't you?"-Cleveland Leader. It was a thankful Alma wife that

sent the following recommendation to a patent medicine firm: "Gentlemen, before taking your medicine I was too weak to spank my baby, but now I can lick my husband."—Clipped. Patient-Well, doctor, do you think I'm getting well all right? Doctor-Oh, yes; you still have a good deal of

fever, but that doesn't trouble me. "Of course not. If you had a fever it wouldn't trouble me."-Scissors. "I think my speech on this question will have some effect." "It has already had an effect," answered Senator Sorghum. "You have caused two or more

questions to grow where there was but one before."-Washington Star. Young Lady to Clerk in Bookstore-I am looking for something suitable for an old gentleman who has been married fifty years. Can you suggest something? Clerk (promptly)-"A

Half Century of Conflict."-Life. Mistress-I am sorry to trouble you Bridget, but my husband wants his breakfast to-morrow at 5:30. Cook-Oh, it won't be no throuble at all, mum if he don't knock nothin' over wholle cookin' it an' wake me up.-Judge.

Bishop-Never again preach against or reject so-cailed tainted money. Curate-Yes, sir; but- Bishop-No buts; if we intend to successfully compete with the devil on modern lines we

must first ruln him financially.-Life. Young Husband-I told the governor I thought it would be wise if we started housekeeping at once. Young Wife -And did he endorse the opinion? Young Husband-Oh, yes, he endorsed the opinion all right.-Town and Coun-

"And then," said Miss Passay, "he asked me if I wouldn't marry 'the first man that came along.' Think of it!" "Yes?" replied Miss Pepprey. "The idea! Don't those obviously unnecessary questions make you tired?"-Philadelphia Press.

Algerian Strike Discipline. They have an original way of making a strike effective in Aigiers. The shoemakers are striking. They are Jews, Moslems and Spaniards, and lack cohesion of race and language, so that their leaders felt something was needed to keep them in hand. It was therefore decided by general vote that no man should be allowed to leave the central offices-which are, fortunately, roomy in old Algiers-even for food or sleep, so long as the strike lasts. If a man gets away by any chance there is a hue and cry until he is recaptured and led back .- New York Tribune.

Why Father Fainted.

"If you marry him," said her paps, who was exhibiting symptoms of violent displeasure, "I shall not only have to support him, but I will have to pay his debts, too!"

But the pretty and petulant young thing who was hanging to his coat lapels was not moved by the argument. "Now, papa," she said, "you know well enough that George has to live, just the same as other men. And as to

of times that a man's debts ought to be paid."-Brooklyn Life. Guileless Johnnie.

his debts. I've heard you say hundreds

"How old is your sister, Johnnie?" "Sister gives me 25 cents a week not to tell-that's a cent for each year."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Any man can attract attention in a small town by riding home in a hack. ' is hera.



Man's Enemy.-Nature is the enemy of man; it takes a long while and much wisdom to make her our friend. -Rev. Frank Crane, Unitarian, Worcester. Mass.

Marriage,-This is no time for the American people to wink at the sanctity of marriage. Let us safeguard the home,-Rev. F. M. Bristol, Methodist. Washington, D. C. The Golden Calf .- When God is for-

gotten, it is not long before men begin to dance before the golden calf and to cry: "These be thy gods, O! America!"-Rev. C. A. Crane, Independent, Boston. The Great Healer.-How often does the Lord lead a soul away from the

crowd and the world by placing it in the solitude of a sick chamber, or in lowliness of spirit in order that He may speak to it and heal it?-Rev. U. S. Bertolet, Lutheran, Philadelphia. Watchwords,-Life is not speculative. It has to do with stern things. Its

great watchwords are Love, Duty, Service, and the humblest have opportunities for these, and with these is the character attained that God approves. -Rev. M. A. Breed, Congregationalist, Monticello, Ia. Building .- It is the business of the

church to build men. We do not fall so much in molding those we have as in providing new material on which to work. The question of supply is the one that needs careful study.-Rev. L. L. Loofborrow, Congregationalist, Charlestown, Mass.

Woman,-The Anglo-Saxon race has treated woman better than any other. So long as it continues to do so it will continue to rule the world. It is only In the Germanic races that woman has occupied anything like the exalted position that belongs to her.-Rev. H. G. Weston, Baptist, Chester, Pa.

The Mind.—The human mind is like a flute which can play but one note at a time. God's mind must be like an organ which plays chords. The human mind is so infinite in its questions that if there were no God it would be necessary to invent one.-Rev. Frank Crane. Independent, Worcester, Mass. Temptation.-Temptation is not sin.

Temptation is outward solicitation

striking hands with internal desire.

The will, the judiciary of the heart, decides whether temptation shall become sin. If the will casts temptation out victory is gained.-Rev. C. L. Laws, Congregationalist, Baltimore, Md. Science and the Bible.—The Bible from God and so is science, and there is no conflict between them. Jesus Christ was the Supreme scientist. Man

and nature were perfectly known to

ent power prove that - Rev. J Thompson, Independent, Los Angeles, Future Progress.-Our future progress must be spiritual. Physically we have done the best, and intellectually we have made our giants. Man is as yet being made, and he has the tools of his perfection. Psychological power is aiding man to see his sphere and real power.-Rev. C. J. Harris, Universalist,

Atlanta. Effort. - Nothing is accomplished without effort in the physical world and the same holds true in the supernatural world. As was labor to provide the food and drink to nourish our earthly bodies, so we must strive to be worthy of the spiritual food, which is Christ Himself.-Rev. G. F. Seymour, Episcopalian, Chicago,

The Christian Has the Key.-For the solving of the great riddle of life the Christian has the key of the future, The skeptic has only the "one event, death, which happens to us all." He sees disorder, dislocation, the world's machinery out of gear, the righteous suffering and the wicked flourishing .-Rev. W. P. George, Methodist, Denver.

Love.-Love is not only the mightiest but the only force that can reach and influence a moral being and win him from a course of evil. This is in accord with the very constitution of the nature of moral being. "Christ Crucified" is the indisputable evidence of Divine love. It is God's last argument to man .- Rev. J. A. McKiraban, Presbyterian, Cincinnati.

The American Idea.-America is a great nation with a great responsibility. The mission of America is to be a world power; not a world conqueror by the power of arms, but a world conqueror of the example of peace. Let us be true Americans, teaching the American principle and holding fast to the American idea.-Rev. D. D. Gries, Hebrew, Cleveland.

Conscience.—The word conscience does not occur in the Old Testament, and yet the play of conscience is there, in the career of Joseph, of Ruth, o Saul and David and Solomon. The fact of this inward self-seeing is clearly recognized. When we come to the New Testament the recognition of this spiritnal quality is very clear.-Rev. F. M. Carson, Congregationalist, Chicago,

Society.-The individual has a selfish conception of liberty who rejoices it his own freedom to act and think as he pleases and who expects that others must acknowledge his claim without asserting their rights. Society has claims upon us, and we must bear in mind that its voice is heard in its own traditions, customs and habits.-Rev. G. W. Grinton, Methodist, New York City.

By Contrast.

"What sort of a man is old Ha-"Well, he claims that he has been sanctified, and that makes all who hear

him happy."

"How so?" "Why, to reflect that they have not been, you know."-San Francisco Call.

A woman knows how sympathetically the neighbors look at her when her husband's kin visit them; well, that is the way they look at him when the kip

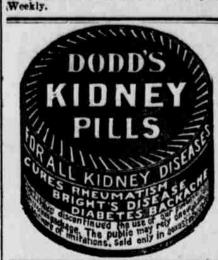
A Happy Thought. well-known Boston writer tells, with

of a neat sally on the part of his pear-old son, who is a pupil in a private school at the Hub. Apropos of something

had quoted the line, "In bright lexicon of youth there's no such At this point the lad mentioned arose

and politely made known his desire to

offer an observation with reference to the maxim. "It occurs to me, sir," said he, "that If such be the case, it might be advisable to bring the omission to the attention of the publishers of the lexicon."-Harper's



There had been a quarrel between the

two families. The woman of the third floor flat had emptied a quantity of kitchen slops on the head of the woman pertaining to the second floor flat, and the subsequent proceedings were in process of investigation in

the police court. "I will ask you, madam," said the justice. "to name the principals in this affair.

"There wasn't any, your honor," snapped the complaining witness. "It was the most unprincipled thing I ever saw in my life.

An article published in a newspaper of Hungary recently led to thirteen duels, in all of which members of the editorial force took part.

WORST FORM OF ECZEMA.

Black Splotches All Over Face-Affected Parts Now Clear as Ever-Cured

by the Cuticura Remedies. "About four years ago I was afflicted with black splotches all over my face and a few covering my body. which produced a severe itching irritation, and which caused me a great deal of annoyance and suffering, to such an extent that I was forced to call in two of the leading physicians of my town. After a thorough examination of the dreaded complaint they announced it to be skin eczema in its worst form. They treated me for the same for the length of one year, but the treatment did me no good. Finally thy husband purchased a set of the Cuticura Remedies, and after using the contents of the first bottle of Cuticura Resolvent in connection with the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, the breaking out entirely stopped. I continued the use of the Cuticura Remedies for six months, and after that every splotch was entirely gone and parts were left as clear as ever. The Cuticura Remedies not only cured me of that dreadful disease, eczema, but other complicated troubles as well. Lizzie E. Sledge, 540 Jones Ave., Selma,

An Adirondack Scene. At the end of this row two miles and a half down Fulton Chain came our last carry, to Brown's Tract Inlet, and this was really the best of all. The shallow winding stream, on which we travcled over four miles, was so narrow that we had to hug the shore on every turn, to get the boat around, and in many places it was just wide enough for one boat to go through with outstretched oars. The banks of the stream were a tangle of wild roses and feathery spiraea, filling the air with a pungent, "woodsy" odor. Blue fleur-de-lis and water hyacinths made a patch of color here and there, and between this and the green background of mountains was a gray line of dead timber softened in outline by masses of ferns and rushes. Gay butterflies fluttered in the air and great blue and green dragonflies darted about. Overhead some cranes flew by, their feet dangling awkwardly and now and then a giant bullfrog splashed noisily in the water as

we passed. The stream wound like a silvery ribbon. In and out, and in the distance Blue Mountain rose in its fascinating hazy color and completed the marvelous picture.-Four-Track News.

No Reason to Be Proud Yet.

bought an automobile.

Redd-He holds his head high since he

Greene Don't know why he should; he's only been fined four times.-Yonkers Statesman. GOOD AND HARD

ing. It is remarkable what suffering some persons put up with just to satisfy an appetite for something. A Michigan woman says: "I had been using coffee since I was old

Results of Excessive Coffee Drink

enough to have a cup of my own at the table, and from it I have suffered agony hundreds of times in the years past. "My trouble first began in the form of bilious colic, coming on every few weeks and almost ending my life. At every attack for 8 years I suffered in this way. I used to pray for death to relieve me from my suffering. I had

gan to suffer from catarrh of the stornach, and of course awful dyspepsia. "For about a year I lived off cruckers and water. Belleving that coffee was the cause of all this suffering, I finally quit it and began to use Postum Food Coffee. It agreed with my stomach, my troubles have left me and I am

fast gaining my health under its use.

also attacks of sick headache, and be-

"No wonder I condemn coffee and tea. No one could be in a much more critical condition than I was from the use of coffee. Some doctors pronounced it cancer, others ulceration, but none gave me any relief. But since I stopped coffee and began Postum I am getting well so fast I can heartily recommend it for all who suffer as I did." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Rend the little book. "The Road to Wellville." "There's a rea-

Him. His gospels, miracles and pres-

Ala., Oct. 28, 1905."