

Sermons of the Week

Law and Punishment.—Now, man can make a law and attach to it a penalty, and then when the law has been violated he can write the penalty.—Rev. P. S. Henson, Baptist, Boston.

Backsliders.—My experience proves that the church loses ten times as many members backslidden because of the carols and the dances than because of the absence.—Rev. C. M. Coburn, Methodist, Chicago.

Building.—We are builders of body, soul and character whether we will or no. Our house is being built by ourselves, and our work will be tried and passed upon by the Master builder.—Rev. C. O. Jones, Episcopalian, Atlanta.

Graduation.—There are gradations of experience, gradations of happiness and gradations of reward. We shall be just as happy as our experience makes it possible to be, and that means attainment.—Rev. E. L. Powell, Baptist, Louisville.

The Church.—We speak of attending church as a duty; more deeply it is a privilege and a benefit. The union of the soul with its God is the meaning and purpose of religion; the church is a means to that end.—Rev. C. A. Martin, Roman Catholic, Cleveland.

Danger.—There is very great danger in this country to be feared from the Socialist. Socialism is growing. It is rolling over the land like a wave. The threat of socialism is the peril of the American republic.—Rev. N. M. Waters, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

Labor.—Labor is not an end in itself. A man is worth more than the work that he gets out of him. Every man who toils needs time and opportunity for bodily rest and for mental and spiritual improvement.—Rev. W. S. Norvin, Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

Christianity.—Christianity is a life, not a lot of doctrines or ritual. A life that covers all business, all pleasure. A life that drenches not behind stained glass windows, but a life that demands for its expansion the whole world of activities.—Rev. D. F. Howe, Methodist, Denver.

Stagnation.—It is a sorry condition, then, that a man is in, that a Christian believer is in, when he says that he has the same opinion of Christ that he had a year ago. It tells a sad story of the way the year has been passing with him.—Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, Presbyterian, New York City.

A New Theology.—The principle of evolution has overthrown not the truth, but the structural principles and the elaborate theory of the old theology. The new biology has made necessary a new theology, and a new theology is already diffused in the atmosphere of the common thought.—Rev. P. S. Moxom, Congregationalist, Springfield, Mass.

The Empty Tomb.—It is the empty tomb that makes the glory of the cross possible. It is because of the message of the empty tomb, because of the hope it arouses and confirms, because of the endless life and character of which it speaks, that we are able to see the meaning of all in this life which is symbolized in the cross.—Rev. C. C. Pierce, Baptist, Los Angeles, Cal.

Christian Democracy.—The cause of the peoples—of all the people, the cause of mankind and of every man, specially the lowest and the least—is the cause and the only cause of democracy, and it also is the cause of Him whose errand was liberation, and who, as the eternal deliverer, lives to accomplish all His invincible decree.—Rev. David Stryker, Presbyterian, Hamilton, N. Y.

The Issues of Life.—The heart is the seat of affection. It is the spring of all our actions and purposes, the seat of moral life and character. The most and most essential part of any body or system is the heart. It is the very center of activity. Hence, we see the great importance of having the heart right, for out of it are the issues of life.—Rev. W. F. Bryan, Methodist, Dallas, Texas.

The Learned Professions.—The so-called learned professions, law, medicine and the pulpit, have always been attractive to men because they combine with the necessity for making a living a sense of ministry to higher things, to the state, to humanity, to God. To divorce these aspirations for the mere winning of a living is to prostitute these professions to base ends.—Rev. I. J. Van Ness, Baptist, Nashville, Tenn.

The Combretrum Sundaleum.—The so-called learned professions, law, medicine and the pulpit, have always been attractive to men because they combine with the necessity for making a living a sense of ministry to higher things, to the state, to humanity, to God. To divorce these aspirations for the mere winning of a living is to prostitute these professions to base ends.—Rev. I. J. Van Ness, Baptist, Nashville, Tenn.

The Combretrum Sundaleum.—The so-called learned professions, law, medicine and the pulpit, have always been attractive to men because they combine with the necessity for making a living a sense of ministry to higher things, to the state, to humanity, to God. To divorce these aspirations for the mere winning of a living is to prostitute these professions to base ends.—Rev. I. J. Van Ness, Baptist, Nashville, Tenn.

The Combretrum Sundaleum.—The so-called learned professions, law, medicine and the pulpit, have always been attractive to men because they combine with the necessity for making a living a sense of ministry to higher things, to the state, to humanity, to God. To divorce these aspirations for the mere winning of a living is to prostitute these professions to base ends.—Rev. I. J. Van Ness, Baptist, Nashville, Tenn.

The Combretrum Sundaleum.—The so-called learned professions, law, medicine and the pulpit, have always been attractive to men because they combine with the necessity for making a living a sense of ministry to higher things, to the state, to humanity, to God. To divorce these aspirations for the mere winning of a living is to prostitute these professions to base ends.—Rev. I. J. Van Ness, Baptist, Nashville, Tenn.

The Combretrum Sundaleum.—The so-called learned professions, law, medicine and the pulpit, have always been attractive to men because they combine with the necessity for making a living a sense of ministry to higher things, to the state, to humanity, to God. To divorce these aspirations for the mere winning of a living is to prostitute these professions to base ends.—Rev. I. J. Van Ness, Baptist, Nashville, Tenn.

The Combretrum Sundaleum.—The so-called learned professions, law, medicine and the pulpit, have always been attractive to men because they combine with the necessity for making a living a sense of ministry to higher things, to the state, to humanity, to God. To divorce these aspirations for the mere winning of a living is to prostitute these professions to base ends.—Rev. I. J. Van Ness, Baptist, Nashville, Tenn.

The Combretrum Sundaleum.—The so-called learned professions, law, medicine and the pulpit, have always been attractive to men because they combine with the necessity for making a living a sense of ministry to higher things, to the state, to humanity, to God. To divorce these aspirations for the mere winning of a living is to prostitute these professions to base ends.—Rev. I. J. Van Ness, Baptist, Nashville, Tenn.

The Combretrum Sundaleum.—The so-called learned professions, law, medicine and the pulpit, have always been attractive to men because they combine with the necessity for making a living a sense of ministry to higher things, to the state, to humanity, to God. To divorce these aspirations for the mere winning of a living is to prostitute these professions to base ends.—Rev. I. J. Van Ness, Baptist, Nashville, Tenn.

The Combretrum Sundaleum.—The so-called learned professions, law, medicine and the pulpit, have always been attractive to men because they combine with the necessity for making a living a sense of ministry to higher things, to the state, to humanity, to God. To divorce these aspirations for the mere winning of a living is to prostitute these professions to base ends.—Rev. I. J. Van Ness, Baptist, Nashville, Tenn.

The Combretrum Sundaleum.—The so-called learned professions, law, medicine and the pulpit, have always been attractive to men because they combine with the necessity for making a living a sense of ministry to higher things, to the state, to humanity, to God. To divorce these aspirations for the mere winning of a living is to prostitute these professions to base ends.—Rev. I. J. Van Ness, Baptist, Nashville, Tenn.

The Combretrum Sundaleum.—The so-called learned professions, law, medicine and the pulpit, have always been attractive to men because they combine with the necessity for making a living a sense of ministry to higher things, to the state, to humanity, to God. To divorce these aspirations for the mere winning of a living is to prostitute these professions to base ends.—Rev. I. J. Van Ness, Baptist, Nashville, Tenn.

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

Andrey fortunately knew nothing of the dislike and anger she was causing. By and by she found the atmosphere very close, for an evening had been raised on deck that formed an impromptu ball-room; and bidding the few around her a hasty "good-night," she slipped away, heedless that Beverley Rochfort was watching her and was following close behind her.

Once outside the awning Andrey drew a deep breath. A few couples were strolling to and fro, but she passed them and went swiftly aft. Had she been less dazed and weary she might have wondered at the sound of a slight cry quite close, but she was thinking of Jack, and all else was lost upon her.

"I will just breathe some air and then go below," she said to herself. "It was staid in there."

She stood looking over the moonlit waters for a moment, and then turned to go. As she did so, she was suddenly blinded, a sense of horrible fear and helplessness came over her, a strong, sickly smell penetrated to her brain. She tried to scream, to struggle in vain. Her hands were raised, her brain reeled, she knew no more.

There was great commotion on board the Mona that night. By some mistake Lady John Glendurwood had lost her footing, and had fallen overboard into the still, deep waters below, and, by the aid of a diver, Beverley Rochfort had been near at hand, had plunged into the water, and, at risk of his own life, had succeeded in saving her.

This was the news that was telegraphed to John Glendurwood up in Scotland, and which caused his checks to turn gray, and his nerves to be shaken wildly at the station en route for the south, while Andrey lay still and white as her luxurious cabin bed, carefully watched by Mrs. Mungerford and Lady Daleswater, whose usually impassive countenance was pale and perturbed.

The shock to the nerves had been very great, and the doctor, who was summoned hastily, "but for Mr. Rochfort's bravery, my dear Lady Daleswater, her ladyship would not be alive now."

In a dim, far-off way Andrey heard all this and pondered over it. She tried to ransack her brain to account for the accident, but in vain. Even when Jack came, and she felt his arms holding her close to his beating heart, her memory did not clear; she could tell him nothing, for she knew nothing herself; it only troubled her to think about it. So Jack took the doctor's advice and refused to allow any more questions.

"She is saved, thank heaven, and that is all I care!" he said, rather brokenly, to his sister, and then, when he found himself face to face with Rochfort, he went straight up to him. "Rochfort," he said, quietly, "hitherto I have judged you harshly; henceforth I will try and understand you. I owe my wife's life to you. Here is my hand. I only hope, some day, I may be able to show my gratitude to you and to repay you for what you have done."

Beverley replied by some graceful words, but as he was alone, he walked to the edge of the yacht and looked across the waters.

"Here endeth the prologue," he said to himself; "now the drama is about to begin."

CHAPTER XIX.

The party on board the Mona was broken up. Andrey's nerves were shattered for the time, so that Jack was not happy until he could remove her from the yacht to the land.

"What do you say to a short honeymoon all alone with me before we go back to Craiglands?" he whispered to her privately, and his heart rejoiced at the smile and blush with which she received this idea.

And so, despite all Lady Daleswater could say, he carried his point, and three days after her accident Andrey left the Mona and went to the quietest and most solitary part of the island that was to be found.

She had one brief interview with Beverley Rochfort, and her voice trembled as she tried to speak her thanks. While Fullerton was standing by, and somehow it pained and angered him to hear her doing this.

"Had I been on board I'll stake my existence it would never have happened," he murmured to himself, not understanding why so curious and strong a doubt of Rochfort's bravery and honesty should cross his mind, but perfectly assured of its existence all the same. The day they left the Isle of Wight Jack seemed full of mystery.

"Now, I wonder if you have the least idea where you are going to, my lady?" he observed, merrily, as they reached London and changed trains.

"Home to Craiglands, of course."
"No, not to Craiglands just yet."
"I really cannot imagine, then, but, with a shy little blush, 'I—I don't care where it is as long as you are with me.'"

Jack, after cordially greeting his girl-wife's friend, left them to themselves for a moment; and then, after he had chatted with Mr. Luinworth, who gazed with mingled awe and deference on Andrey, scarcely believing his eyes, he turned to the two girls.

"Now, Andrey, I think, if you make inquiries, you will find that Miss Thwait's trunks are all packed and that we can take our departure together."

"Jack"—Andrey paused for a moment—"Jack is to come back with me! Oh, Jack! You darling!"

Mr. Luinworth discreetly turned his back, but Jean looked on with tearful joy as Andrey flung herself into her husband's arms and kissed him warmly.

Half an hour later a merry party was driving to the Breck through station. Jean Thwait had to pinch herself to realize that it was really she herself who was sitting there opposite that smart, handsome young man, and beside her beloved Andrey, so lovely and exquisite in her dainty clothes. She was dazed with joy, speechless with excitement, and these emotions mingled made her pale, delicate face almost pretty.

How they traveled to Mounthearty the two girls really could not have told. They had so much to say, so many exclamations of delight and affection that the time passed unheeding, and Andrey only realized she was back in what would be her home for some time, when on alighting she saw the carriage, perfectly appointed, waiting to receive them.

When at last she was alone with her husband, having herself deposited Jean, speechless with admiration, in a dainty bedroom, she had no more words left, with which to thank him. She simply went up to him, and putting her slender arms about him, thanked him in a mute way which touched him inexpressibly.

CHAPTER XX.

This visit of Jean's was the crowning point of Andrey's happiness. Jean loved to watch them strolling together, arm in arm, through the grounds. She was a dreamer, and she transformed those two into every hero and heroine of history or romance. Day by day she found some new trait to love and admire.

As for Jack, he cordially liked the pale, intellectual-faced girl; she was by nature a thorough lady, and her mind gave evidence of deep thought, that only required culture to blossom into great cleverness.

After they had been at Craiglands a fortnight there came a letter, and a confusion. Miss Fraser returned to Dinglewood House. She brought back with her about half a dozen guests, among whom were Mrs. Fairfax and her daughter, the Honorable Lancelot Twist, and Beverley Rochfort. Lady Daleswater was to join her in a few days, and the earl also promised the honor of his presence.

"I suppose we shall be having a wedding at Dinglewood before long," declared Jack, one morning at luncheon. Andrey was silent for a moment.

"Gladys will be at Dinglewood next week. Must we ask them to dinner?" she said at length.

"I really don't see why we should. If Gladys wants to visit Mounthearty she ought to come and stay with us; she knows that."

"But Sheila asked her first, and we can't quarrel at her for accepting an invitation, can we, Jean?"

"Why not ask Lady Daleswater to come to Craiglands when her visit ends at Dinglewood House?" Jean suggested, timidly.

"You may do as you like, Andrey, but I still maintain that Gladys should have come to us first; there, kind me, darling, I am going to ride over to Beighton on business."

Andrey ran to the door with him, and saw him mount and ride away.

"Now for our visiting, Jean," she said, and ordered out the baroness, and went to dress herself for the occasion.

They called at a number of houses, at Lady Grace Huntley's, at the Everests, and many others, and ended by alighting for a few minutes' chat with Mrs. Thorngate, who was rather cold toward Andrey, and then by driving to Dinglewood House.

Andrey walked into the drawing room, a slender, graceful form, in her dress of dark green velvet, close-fitting jacket, and small hat to match. Beverley Rochfort, as he rose to meet the regal girl, quickly determined that, beautiful as she always was, she had never looked more beautiful than now. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks were flushed, and she had a certain air of triumph.

most interesting. My father—
But Mrs. Fairfax drew back her chair. This low-born creature actually had the effrontery to be laughing at her.

"I really don't think I will trouble you, Miss Thwait."
"Well," declared Jean, as they drove away, "so those are the manners of the aristocracy, are they? Give me plebeian ways in future. What a horrid woman, Andrey, and did you see her face chink with pain?"

"She is certainly very disagreeable to me. Why should she have said that about Jack?"
"Because she is a cat, my dear child, and she felt she must scratch."

"Well, I was really most grateful to Mr. Rochfort. He came to the rescue most gallantly."
"He was silent so long that Andrey at last laughingly inquired the reason."

"I was thinking about that man, Andrey, you were quite right to fear him; he is dangerous. Mrs. Fairfax is a vulgar cat; her warfare won't harm you; but Beverley Rochfort is a snake, and he will sting you when you least expect it. That is my humble but firm opinion. I may be wrong, but I don't think so. Be warned, my darling, trust to your first impulse and shun that man!"

(To be continued.)

Trackless Trains Go Everywhere.
Locomotives without tracks, drawing behind them long trains of cars, and speeding over the highways, are to-day familiar sights in Europe, from France in the west, to Turkey in the east. Under the caption, "Trackless Trains Go Everywhere," Donald Burns, in the Technical World Magazine so writes. Wherever the ordinary four-wheeled vehicle can go, the trackless trolley can go likewise. The author describes one particular model, known as the Renard train, as follows: "This latest prodigy, the Renard train, is a train of passenger or freight vehicles, hauled by a steam or gasoline locomotive which travels over country roads and town or city streets. The ordinary railway train runs for steel rails and a special right-of-way; the Renard train has no necessity for either of these, but shares the common highway with the horse-drawn vehicle."

Further on, the writer says: "In France the Renard train has been used for military service with marked results. A convoy so transported occupies one-eighth the space of one drawn by mules, or horses, and it travels at a speed of ten miles per hour." Even Turkey and Persia, two countries which are noted for their backwardness in most things, have been quick to take up the new idea.

Simple Pleasures.
The stage-coach driver, who had pointed out many things of interest to his solitary passenger, flicked his whip toward a sign at the foot of a short, steep driveway. "Happy Brook Farm up there, you see," said he, genially.

"Stock farm?" inquired the traveler.
"Well, yes," said the driver, ruminatively, "yes, I calculate that's what 'tis. They keep three cows and an make butter. Folks don't hanker much for it after the first try, but I don't know as there's either here or there."

"Where's the brook?" asked the traveler, craning his neck.
"Well, now, the brook is off a quarter of a mile or so," and the driver looked apologetically at his fare, "but I calculate when you name a place you can't get everything out and dried just as you want it. An' if you'd seen the whole family and the outlying relations looking at that sign when they first got it up, I guess you wouldn't have felt to carp and criticize."

"If ever there was a set of folks well pleased with themselves, then they were."
The country grocer was issuing instructions to his new assistant, a lad of 9 years.

"It's only by looking closely after the trifles," said the proprietor, "that a profit can be made in these days of close competition."
"Yes," came from the boy.

"For example," continued the grocer, "when you pick the flies out of the sugar don't throw them away. Put them among the currants."—Evening Wisconsin.

Natural Evidence.
Eva—Why, Katherine, your hair is all mussed up.
Katherine—Yes, dear; you—you see, Jack stole up and snatched a dozen kisses before I could scream.

Eva—But why don't you step in front of a mirror and rearrange your hair?
Katherine—Gracious! Why, I wouldn't do it for the world. Why, none of the girls would believe he kissed me.

One Woman's Wisdom.
"I suppose," said Mrs. DeStyke, "that we may as well send my husband up a solid silver teaset for a wedding present."
"Yes, that would be very nice," rejoined her daughter. "By the way, she told me she didn't intend to have the list of presents published in the papers, as she considered it vulgar."

"That being the case," continued Mrs. DeStyke, "we'll send her a set of plated spoons."
Gunner—During our courting days she said she would go through any kind of a war for me.
Gayer—Ah, and now that you are enjoying wedded bliss has she made good?

Gunner—Well, no. About the only thing she goes through is my vest pockets.
Farmer Hardapple—Pays you right for automobile on Sunday, neighbor. You can't have the way of the transgressor always laid.
Chauffeur of machine stuck in mud—Well, old man, in this case the way seems to be extremely soft.

A Fine Link Chain.
Teacher—Is there any connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdom?
Bright Pupil—Yes, yes; there's hash.—Philadelphia Inquirer.
Captain Fritz-Egger, a Swiss cavalry officer, has invented a method of horse-shoeing by fastening the shoe to the hoof with metallic bands.

THE SHIRT-SLEEVE TOWN.

(was nurtured in the country, where the barefoot boys are found. And with each recurring summer I would faint be next the ground. I can stand it in the city when the winter's grip is chill. But in spring I want to wander o'er the meadow and the hill. I can stand the clothes conventional when cold and snow are here. But the coming of the summer makes me hate 'em all, I fear. In the winter I can stand it where the tall skyscrapers frown, But I want to spend the summer in a shirt-sleeve town.

Oh, you know the kind I'm thinking of—the kind where, in the heat, You can see the leading citizens out coasting on the street; Where the banker and the preacher venture out before the throng In a clean shirt and suspenders and go sauntering along. Caring naught for others' scruples, fearing not their neighbors' scoff, 'Cause the neighbors, too, most likely have their coats and weskits off; Where you wear whatever suits you, never dreading scowl or frown— Let me spend my every summer in a shirt-sleeve town.—Chicago News.



A man was standing at the foot of a staircase looking up at a white cloth banner that hung above the doorway. The banner, a strip of music, bore these words:

PEOPLE'S COURSE.
Sixth Entertainment.
READING "LORNA DOONE."
You are Welcome.

As the man stood there looking at the banner, a number of people passed up the stairway. They seemed to be of the poorer class, but were neatly and comfortably dressed. There were men and women and children, and the watcher was gratified to note that there were quite as many men as women.

Somebody touched his elbow. He looked around. A tall young man was smiling down at him.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I infer that you are a stranger in our village. If you have nothing better on hand, I would be glad to have you attend our little entertainment."

"Thank you," said the older man. "I have nothing better on hand."

He looked at the tall young man as he spoke. He was a slender young man, but he held himself erect and his shoulders were good. He was a homely young man with pronounced cheek bones, but his eyes were bright and his smile pleasant.

"We are trying to do the best we can with our modest little course," he explained as they climbed the narrow stairway. "We are up against some obstacles, but none of them has proved insurmountable. This is our second year."

The older man nodded. He was a short man and rather stout, a plain man—plain of face and plain in dress—who would be unnoticeable in a crowd. His blue eyes were keen and he walked with a firm step.

"One of these obstacles I take to be your location," he said.

"Yes," the younger man replied. "But it's much better than the hall we had last year. That's a saloon on the ground floor, it is true, but the proprietor runs a very quiet place."

They were standing in the doorway of the assembly room. It was a plain apartment with a little platform at one end, a room that would seat an audience of two hundred, perhaps, with standing space for fifty more. Its only furnishings were the chairs and a piano. The place was almost filled, but the tall man passed down the aisle and found the stranger a seat well to the front.

"I'll have to ask you to excuse me," he said. Then he bent a little lower. "You can leave at any time, you know," he whispered. "That's a standing privilege with us."

He smiled and nodded and passing forward, disappeared through a doorway at the right of the stage.

The stout man looked around. The hall was rapidly filling up. Even the standing room was being occupied. They were working people, most of them, working people who bore a thrifty look.

"That's a fine young fellow you was speakin' to just now," said a voice at the stranger's side. He looked around. A white haired old man with a little wrinkled face, was looking up at him.

"I'm a stranger in your village," said the stout man. "Tell me about him."

"He's the lad that started these shows," the old man explained. "They laughed at him. He didn't care for that. The shows went on just the same. Then the big lads tried to break 'em up. He whipped the biggest one and that settled the rest. At first nobody came. Now look at the crowd. This is the second year. He's really a great lad."

books that our people would read. This isn't a university town, nor a town of dilettantes. It's a town of workers who haven't much time to read, and who should be encouraged to read the best. I have an idea, too, that I could superintend the erection of just the practical sort of building that would yield the best returns. I would want one entire floor given up to a hall that would seat 600 people. There I would carry on the work I have begun here, and I would want a little fund with which to secure attractions for our course—special attractions, you know. He stopped and laughed. "I'm something of a dreamer," he added, "and I've even gone so far as to plan my ideal building on paper. Yet, and I've even picked out the very lot where it should stand. Here it is now. At this vacant corner—close to the homes of the people we want to specially benefit."

They paused and looked at the shabby place.

"Is the lot in the market?" the stranger asked.

"Yes, and can be bought cheap." He laughed again. "The next time I hear that Robert Cameron is in town I'm going to muster up courage and tell him about my plans for the Cameron library."

"Robert Cameron," repeated the stranger.

"He's the head of the great steel syndicate, you know. He's done things of this sort, but our town seems to have been overlooked."

"It might be a good plan to see him," said the stranger.

"The tall young man laughed. "That was only my joke," he said. "I wouldn't dare to approach him with any such begging proposition. Why, I'm only a weaver in one of the smallest of his mills."

The stranger paused.

"This is the hotel, isn't it?" he said. He put out his hand. "I've enjoyed both your entertainment and your company. Good night, Thomas Gordon."

"Good night, sir," said the tall young man.

The next morning a boy brought Thomas Gordon, caged in his little office, a note. It was a formal invitation to call on Richard Andrews, that evening.

Thomas Gordon stared at the invitation. Richard Andrews was the greatest man of the village, the man whose beautiful home adorned the west hill. He knew Richard Andrews well enough to say "good day" when he met him, but that was all.

"Any answer?" queried the messenger.

Thomas Gordon shook off his hesitancy and wrote an acceptance. And all day thereafter he wondered what it could mean.

When he was ushered into the beautiful home on the hill the servant led him to the library and there Richard Andrews came forward and warmly greeted him. At his elbow stood the gray bearded stranger he had met the night before.

"Good evening, Thomas Gordon," said the stranger as he put out his hand. "I am glad to renew our acquaintance."

Then Thomas was introduced to Judge Grayling and to Col. Edward Ames and to Henry Wickham, the banker. A moment later they went in to dinner and the gray bearded stranger was seated on the right of the host and Thomas Gordon on the left.

And presently the young man realized that his friend of the night before was Robert Cameron himself, and he turned hot and cold at the thought. The conversation buzzed about in a lively manner. They were all representative men and experienced in dining, and Thomas Gordon, who was quite unused to dining of this ideal sort, did his best to acquit himself with credit.

When the cigars were finally reached the host addressed his guests.

"Our friend, Mr. Cameron, has a few words to say to us," he said.

The gray bearded man looked around with his peculiar smile.

"What I have to say can be said briefly. Quite by chance I discovered that you have in your town here a young man with ideas. Now that isn't intended as a slur on the intellects of the town in general, but this man has ideas that are especially worth noting because they are novel and uplifting and unselfish. I refer to the ideas dreamed and fostered by our young friend here, Thomas Gordon, the guest of honor at this board to-night. They turned and looked at Thomas and a little wave of applause ran round the table. "I like these ideas from the Gordon brainbox. I like them so well that with his help I am going to carry them out. If he wants to do so he can call the coming library by my name—it will be his own suggestion. It will be a good library. I promise him that. There is to be a hall in it, a modern hall, that will seat 600 people, and there will be a fund set aside for securing popular talent for his lecture course. All these details will be left in his hands on one condition—he is to take charge of the entire work, both as manager and librarian. Acting on his suggestion I have purchased the lot where the building is to stand. Next week my architect from the city will come here to consult with him. Tomorrow he will meet with his fellow trustees, Judge Grayling and Banker Henry Wickham and formulate his plans. At the same time he will begin to earn the salary that I have decided to give him in lieu of his wages as a weaver at the Cameron mills." He paused and smiled. "I trust he will find it shows a satisfactory increase over his present emolument as a weaver, but at the same time he mustn't forget that he is handling affairs of much greater weight. He raised his glass, "gentlemen," he gravely said, "I want you to drink to the health and prosperity of Thomas Gordon, a young man with ideas!"—Pennysylvania Grit.

The Wise Mother.
"Her mother usually asks her daughter to sing, doesn't she?"
"Only when disagreeable guests are present."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

You occasionally see a girl carrying a music roll who probably couldn't carry a tune with its assistance.