Low and Punishment.-Now, man can make a law and attach to it a penalty, and then when the law has been violated be can waive the penalty .-Rev. P. S. Henson, Baptist, Boston.

Backsliders.-My experience proves that the church loses ten times us annny members backslidden because of the cards and the dance than because of the salous.-Rev. C. M. Cobern. Methodist, Chlengo.

Building-We are builders of body, soul and character whether we will or not. Our house is being built by ourselves, and our work will be tried and passed upon by the Master builder .-Rev. C. O. Jones, Episcopallan, At-Innin.

Gradation. 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,

The Church.-We speak of attending church as a duty; more deeply is it 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 can be got out of him. Every man who tolls needs time and opportunity for bodily rest and for mental and spiritual improvement,-Rev. W. S. Nevin, 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 flourishes 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 overilirown not the truths, 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 atmos-Moxom, Congregationalist, Spring- | you have done."

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 Demogracy.-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 of our actions and purposes, the seat of moral life and character. The inmost 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 beart right, for out of it are the issues of life.-Rev. W. F. Bryan, Methodist, Dallas, Texas.

The Learned Professions .- The socalled 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,

The Combretum Sundalcum.



The Combretum Sundalcum, from Selanger, is a plant that is being used by the Chinese government to cure the opium habit.

Tess-Miss Woolley tells me her grandfather was a real estate convey-

Jess-Ha! ba! Tess Why do you laugh? Isn't It

Jess-Oh. yes, it's true. You see, the dump cart her grandfather drove was a conveyance for transporting real estate.-Philadelphia Press.

You can rely upon this: if people are paid for doing a thing they can't ended upon to do it.

THE CHARITY GIRL By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XVIII.-(Continued.) Audrey fortunately knew nothing of beautiful! the dislike and anger she was causing.

By and by she found the atmosphere heedless that Beverley Rochfort was the two girls. watching her and was following close behind ber.

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 ing of Jack, and all else was lost upon

"I will just breathe some air and then go below," she said to herself, "It was stifling 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 helplessnes came over her, a strong, sickly smell penetrated to her brain. She tried to scream, to struggle-in vain. Her limbs lost their strength, her brain recled -she knew no more.

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

This was the news that was telegraphed to John Glendurwood up in Scotland, and which caused his checks to turn ashen gray, and then made him rush wildly to the station, en route for the south, while Audrey lay still and white on her luxurious cabin bed, carefully watched by Mrs. Hungerford and Lady Daleswater, whose usually impassive countenance was pale and perturbed.

"The shock to the nerves has been very great," said 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 Audrey 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 ber 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 anid, quietly, "hitherto I have judged you Rochfort. Lady Daleswater was to join harshly; kenceforth I will try and amend her in a few days, and the earl also promfor that judgment. I owe my wife's life to you. Here is my hand. I only hope, some day, I may be able to show my gratphere of the common thought.-Rev. P. Itude to you and to repay you for what ed Jack, one morning at tuncheon.

Beverley replied by words, but as he was alone, he walked week. Must we ask them to dinner?" to the edge of the yacht and looked she said at length. across the waters.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

The party on board the Mona was Audrey's perves 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 honey oon all alone with me before we go back to Craiglands?" he whispered to her persuasively, 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 Audrey 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 Ber erley Rochfort, and her voice trembled as she tried to speak her thanks. Willie 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 xistence 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 Craigiands just yet." "I really cannot imagine, then, but," with a shy little blush, "I-I don't care where it is as lbng as you are with

They smiled and chatted on, happy and serene, till they reached their journey's

end. "Now do you know where you are?" Jack asked as they drove through some dingy streets in a cab, leaving Murray at the station confiding her disgust to her fellow servant, the successor to Henry Downs.

"No," she said in bewilderment. have never been here before." "And yet you lived here all your life. This is Broadborough, Audrey, and-"

"And are you going to take me to see ean, dear Jean! Oh, durling, how can I thank you? How good you are to me! Jack, you must thank her, you must be good to her, for she was the dearest and the bost in the world to me. Jean, dear Jean ! Oh, how slow this horse is going!"

"Andrey, I shall begin to be jealous of Miss Thwait," Jack observed, with a twinkle in his eye. "She has left the home. Mr. Lulworth has adopted her. You see, I know all about it. I have been busy writing while you were dreaming." They entered a house as Jack

"Then Jean knows I am coming?" Audrey cried, excitedly, and then, the next minute, she had flown up to a slender, gray-robed figure and had flung her arms about it with a reckless disregard for the astonishment of the neat servent-maid, the portly, kind-faced Mayor.

"Andrey-my queen!"
"Jean-darling!" The joy of that meeting was not to be adequately described. All Jean's fears and stifled longings were swept away

(was, as sweet, as dear as ever, and how

Jack, after cordially greeting his girlwife's friend, left them to themselves for very close, for an awning had been raised a mement; and then, after he had chaton deck that formed an impromptu ball- ted with Mr. Lulworth, who gazed with room; and bidding the few around her a mingled awe and deference on Audrey, hasty "good-night," she slipped away, scarcely believing his eyes, he turned to

> "Now, Audrey, 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"-Audrey paused for a moment

-"Jean is to come back with me! Oh,

Jack! You darling !" Mr. Lulworth discreetly turned his slight cry quite close, but she was think- back, but Jean looked on with tearfed yet joyful eyes as Audrey flung herself into her husband's arms and kissed him warm-

> Half an hour later a merry party was friving to the Broadborough station. Jean Thwalt had to pinch herself to realize that it was really she kerself who was sitting there opposite that smart, handsome young man, and beside her beloved Audrey, so lovely and exquisite in her dainty clothes. She was dazed with joy, speechless with excitement, and these emo tions mingled made her pale, delicate face almost pretty.

How they traveled to Mountherry 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 unheedingly, and Audrey only realized she was back in what would 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 sedroom, 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 Audrey'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 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

After they had been at Craiglands a fortnight there was a bustle 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 ised the honor of his presence. "I suppose we shall be having a wed-

ding at Dinglewood before long," declar-Audrey was silent for a moment. will be at Dinelewood

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

knows that." "But Shells asked her first, and we can't quarrel at her for accepting an invitation, can we, Jean?'

"Why not ask Lady Daleswater to ome to Craiglands when her visit ends at Dinglewood House?" Jean suggested, timidly. "You may do as you like, Audrey, but

I still maintain that Gladys should have come to us first; there, kiss me, darling. I am going to ride over to Beighton on

Audrey ran to the door with him, and saw him mount and ride away. "Now for our visiting, Jean," she said and ordered out the barouche, and went

to dress berself for the occasion. They called at a number of houses, a 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 Audrey.

and then by driving to Dinglewood House. Audie walked into the drawing room, slender, graceful form, in her dress of dark green velvet, close-fitting jacket, and small hat to match. Beverley Rochfort, as he rose to met the regal girl quickly determined that, beautiful as she always was, she had never looked more

beautiful than now. Mrs. Watson was knitting by the fire, grim as a sentinel, and Mrs. Fairfax was dowing over a novel in the most comfortable chair she could find.

"My niece is out, Lady John," intoned Mrs. Watson, rising stiffly; "she is riding.

"Yes; didn't you know that? strange!" And Mrs. Fairfax laughed softly and disagreeably to herself. "I don't quite see where the strange

ness comes in," Beverley Rochfort retorted, coolly, as he handed some tea to Audrey and Jean. "I merely mount it was strange that your husband should not have told you he was going to ride out with Sheila this

afternoon, but, no doubt, he did not think it was necessary; after all, they are such old friends, Lady John, there is no need for you to be jealous." "Of course, had your husband known he was to have the pleasure of Miss Fraser's company during his ride, Audrey, he would have told you." Jean said, very

face with her honest, clear, gray eyes; "I expect it was a hasty arrangement, was it not, Mr. Rochfort?" "I think you must be right, Miss Thwait," was his answer. He cared nothing for Mrs. Fairfax's angry glances; he saw that he had made a great stride in both Audrey's and Jean Thwait's esti-"How are all your animals?" mation.

quietly, looking Mrs. Fairfax full in the

he said, coming up to Audrey, and conversing in a soft, low voice. Audrey, feeling grateful to him for his delicate tact, responded more warmly than she had ever addressed him before while Mrs. Fairfax fixed her eyeglass of Jenn, and tried to stare down the "in pertinent young person" who had dared to cross words with her.

"Er-you are an old friend of Lady John's, I presume, Miss-er-Thwalt's "Yes," Jean answered, inconically.

"You were educated together?" "Yes," Jean answered a second time. "So you are a charity girl, too?" she observed, slowly.

"Pardon me. I was, but am no longer. Would you reafly care to hear all my famnow. Her Audrey was not changed; she i ily history, madame? A assure you it is

post interesting. My father But Mrs. Fairfax drew back her chair. This low-born erenture actually had the frentery to be langling at her.

"I or really don't think I will tronble you, Miss Thwait." Audrey, and did you see her face thick But I want to spend the summer in a shirt-sleeve town.

"She is certainly very disagreeable to ne. Why should she have said that about

"Because she is a cat, my dear child, and she felt she must scratch." Mr. Rockfort. He came to the rescue most gallantly."

Jean was silent so long that Audrey at last laughingly inquired the reason. "I was thinking about that man, Au frey, 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.)

Trackies 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, headed by a steam or gasoline locomotive which travels over country roads and town or city streets. The ordinary railway train calls for steel rails and a specialright-of-way; the Renard train has no necessity for either of these, but shares the common highway with the borsedrawn vehicle."

Further on, the writer says: "In France the Renard train has been used for military service with marked results. A convoy so transported occuples one-eighth the space of one drawn 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 ideas.

Simple Pleasures.

The stage-coach driver, who had pointed out many things of interest to his solitary passenger, fifcked 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?" lequired the traveler. "Well, yes," said the driver, ruminatively, "yes, I cal'late that's what 'tim. They keep three ... s an' make butter. Folks don't hanker much for it after the first try, but I don't know as that's either here or there."

"Where's the brook?" asked the trav-

eler, craning his neck. ter of a mile or so," and the driver he walked with a firm step. looked apologetically a this fare, "but I cal'late when you name a place you can't get everything cut and dried just as you want it. An' If you'd seen that 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 criticise. "If ever there was a set o' folks well pleased with themselves, then they

Economy. 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."

"Yessir," 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. Katharine-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? Katharine - Gracious! Why, wouldn't do it for the world. Why, none of the girls would believe he kiss-

ed me. One Woman's Wisdom. "I suppose,' said Mrs. DeStyle, "that we may as well send Miss Uppson a

solid silver teaset for a wedding pres-"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. DeStyle, "we'll send her a set of plated spoons."

Old Story. Gunner-During our courting days she said she would go through anything on earth for me. Guyer-Ah, and now that you are enjoying wedded bliss has she made

Gunner-Well, no. About the only thing she goes through is my vest pockets.

Farmer Hardapple-Pays yeou right for automobiling on Sunday, neighbor. Yeou know the way of the transgressor

s always hard.

Chauffeur (of machine stuck in and)-Well, old man, in this case the way seems to be extremely soft. A Pine Link Chain,

Teacher-Is there any connecting ink between the animal and the vegetable kingdom? Bright Pupil-Yes, mem; there's hash.-Philadelphia Inquirer.

Ocotain Fritz-Egget, a Swiss cavalry officer, has invented a method of horse-shoeing by fastening the shoe to the boof with metaltic bands.

THE SHIRT-SLEEVE TOWN.

I was nurtured in the country, where the barefoot boys are found, And with each recurring summer I would fain be next the ground. I can stand it in the city when the winter's grip is ciffil, "Well," declared Jean, as they drove But in spring I want to wander o'er the meadow and the hill. away, "so those are the manners of the I can aland the clothes conventional when cold and snow are here. aristecracy, are they? Give me plebelan But the coording of the summer makes me hate 'em all, I fear, ways in future. What a borrid woman, In the winter I can stand it where the tall skyscrapers frown,

9h, you know the kind I'm thinking of-the kind where, in the heat, You can see the leading citizens out coatless on the street; Where the banker and the preacher venture out before the throng In a clean shirt and suspenders and go sauntering along. "Well, I was really most grateful to 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 sults you, never dreading scowl or frown-Let me spend my every summer in a shirt-sleeve town, -Chicago News.



stairway looking up at a white cloth meeting, I hoped to have Dr. Henry banner that hung above the dingy door- Sibley talk to us about the Hudson way. The banner, a strip of muslin, Bay country, but another engagement 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 fall young man held up his hand. comfortably dressed. There were men and women and children, and the watcher was gratified to note that there to date back to about the time of the 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

would be glad to have you attend our little entertainment." "Thank you," said the older man, "! 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 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 all could see it. Then he read a chapstairway. "We are up against some ob- ter from the story and read it capitally, insurmountable. This is our second year." The older man nodded. He was

short man and rather stout, a plain man-plain of face and plain in dress -who would be unnoticeable in a "Well, now, the brook is off a quar- crowd. His blue eyes were keen and

"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 pi ano. The place was almost filled, but the tall man passed down the alsle and found the stranger a seat well to the

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

flege with us." He smiled and nedded and passing forward, disappeared through a door-

way 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 thrif-

ty look. "That's a fine young fellow you was speakin' to just now," said a voice at day and then works hard some more the stranger's side. He looked around. A white haired old man with a little lad." 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." "Is it all free?" the stout man

"Sure. But he has to give out tickets because of the crowd. Only two again." in a family can come, you understand."

"But there must be some expense? "He finds the money, too. They say one of the parsons helps him a bit, an' James Ferguson, he's the manager of the Cameron mills, stands for part of I have no doubt there were fully fifty it, an' I have no doubt the lad puts his hand in his own pocket for a good bit Doone.' I told our village bookseller besides."

The stranger nodded. "What's his idea in going to all this

"Bother! The lad don't think it a bother. It's a pleasure for him. There ain't many of his sort, more's the pity. Here he is now."

The tall youth came forward on toe platform and was warmly received. He checked the applause almost instantly, outer door, and they went down the however, and then went on to speak of stairs together, the attraction for the next meeting.

night on "The Flying Machine." To working library-filled with the sort of carry a tune with its assistance.

Consideration and the contract of the contract ~ commence A man was standing at the foot of a | night, as we announced at our last kept him away. This is my only excuse for remaining on the platform. I trust that under the circumstances you

> "We all know you," cried a clear roice from the rear of the room. Whereat there was great applause, that stopped instantly, however, when the

will excuse me if I make no attempt

to introduce the speaker of the even-

"Miss Jane Patterson will sing for us an English ballad that is supposed Doones," he said.

A young woman in the front row arose and stepped to the piano and seating herself sang the ballad in a sweet and delightfully unaffected manthat you are a stranger in our village. ner. When she finished it the stranger by mules, or horses, and it travels at If you have nothing better on hand, I found himself applauding as vigorously as any of the people about him, and Miss Patterson, thus encouraged, sang another ballad, which was quite as pleasing as the first one, and was equally well received.

Then the tall young man began his part of the entertainment. He talked well, and while his sentences were simyoung man with pronounced cheek ply worded, they were direct and interest compelling. When he had finished his brief introduction he showed them a map of the land of the Doones. an excellent map so clearly drawn that stacles, but none of them has proved giving the different voices and the dialect with surprising skill. After this he told them about the author and his



RICHARD ANDREWS CAME FORWARD AND

WARMLY GREETED HIM. retiring habits and his love of nature. and the benatiful Blackmore cottage. Then he read another chapter and still another, and when he came to the part of the book, where John Ridd overcomes his old-time enemies, he made it seem so realistic that the applause

that arose when he stopped for breath was quite deafening. The stranger was really sorry when

the tall young man bowed himself from the platform. "A clever lad," the old man mur-

mured to him. The stranger nodded. "What's his name?" he asked. "Thomas Gordon. He's a weigher in the Cameron mills. He works hard all

to entertain us poor folk. He's a rare The stranger waited until the people had passed out. He waited until tall young man had said a final good night. Then he stepped forward.

The young man smiled, "You didn't take advantage of our liberal rules and slip out," he said. "No." the stranger replied. "On the ontrary, I seem to be the last one to leave the hall. The fact is, I enjoyed your talk. I enjoyed it all the more because my father came from that very country. You have made me want to stop at the nearest book store and get a copy of that story and read it

The young man laughed. "Do you know that's one of the things I'm aiming to do," he said. am alming to encourage a taste for good books. In this audience to-night people who will want to read 'Lorna | a week age to get in an amply supply of the cheap edition of the story. It's been so with every book we have dis-

ussed." "I'd like to walk along with you, said the stranger, "and have you tell me just what you are aiming at."

"All right," laughed the young man Till be glad to have your company." He put out the lights and locked the

"I have an idea," said the tall "We are a little handleapped, as you young man, "that I can do this village know," he said, "by the Auct that we some good. It's my village-I was have to depend on volunteered talent, born and raised and schooled here. I But we have found some very good feel as if I owed it something in refriends to entertain us, and among turn. I'm a dreamer, perhaps, but I them I number Prof. Henry Cummings, don't forget hard work. Now I've an who will talk to us two weeks from to- idea that we need a library here-a

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 draughtsman," he added, "and I've even gone so far as to plan my ideal building on paper. Yes, 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 ben-

They paused and looked at the shadowy place.

"Is the lot in the market?" the

tranger 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 weigher 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 Gerdon."

"Good night, sir." said the tall young

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 invi-

He knew Richard Andrews well enough to say "good day" when he met him, but that was all,

tation. Richard Andrews was the

great man of the village, the man whose

beautiful home adorned the west hill.

"Any answer?" queried the messen-Thomas Gordon shook off his hesttancy 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

light before. "Good evening, Thomas Gordon," said the stranger as he put out his hand.

"I am glad to renew our acquaint-Then Thomas was introduced to Judge Gravling and to Col. Edward Ames and to, Henry wickham, the banker. A moment later they went in to dinner and the gray bearded stran-

ger 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 be 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 cheery, 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 the little group that surrounded 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 nameit was his own suggestion. It will be a good library. I promise him that, There is to be a ball 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 weigher at the Cameron mills." He paused and smiled. "I trust he will find it shows a satisfactory increase over his present emolument as a weigh er, 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!"-Pennsylvania Grit. The Wise Mother. "Her mother usually asks her daughter to sing, doesn't she?"

present."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. You occasionally see a girl carrying a music roll who probably couldn't

"Only when disagreeable guests are

