

Shell Wilden.

A ROMANCE

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"A man has no right to build such a house as this, and impoverish his family by so doing, unless he has means sufficient to leave them comfortably provided for," he muses impatiently. "This house must be a white elephant to Mrs. Wilden, and yet she cannot bear the idea of letting it, and moving into a place more suited to her means! Well, I can sympathize with her weakness, for, though the country round looks upon her late husband in the light of a selfish spendthrift, I dare say she still contemplates him as a departed saint." Then, no answer having come to his summons, he rings again, wondering vaguely at the great stillness which pervades the house.

Presently, however, that stillness is broken by the sound of heavy bolts being withdrawn, ending with a grating turning of the iron key; then the door is opened, and Susan stands revealed.

"I knowed it was you, sir, through peeping beside the window-blind," she explains with a slow broad smile, "or else I shouldn't ha' opened."

"Quite right, Susan," agrees Mr. Champley, stepping into the hall without waiting for an invitation—"quite right to be cautious. I want to speak to Miss Shell for a moment. Is she in?"

"Eh?" asks Susan, putting her hand behind her ear, and assuming a listening attitude—for she is a little hard of hearing, and the question is uttered rapidly.

Robert Champley again expresses his wish for an interview with Shell, and, what is more, the old woman's eyes being fixed steadily on him as he makes his demand, he feels himself growing red as he makes it. When Susan's face finally relaxes into a broad smile he feels that it would afford him infinite relief to box her ears.

"Miss Shell?" the old woman repeats, still smiling at the joke. "Her isn't here—her went away two hours ago."

"Went away—went where?" demands her visitor, looking bewildered.

"Her's gone to join her ma and Miss Ruby, sure," explains Susan, in a tone which denotes that such a question almost merits contempt. "Her's main fanciful, is Miss Shell; and this morning she took it into her head all of a hop as her'd go to the moor, and carry along with her the wraps as was wanted. So nothing would do but she had me up a-helping pack at six o'clock, and running errands for books to the town till I'm fair off my legs."

"Oh, indeed—gone to the moor, has she? Well, I am very glad to hear it," answers Robert Champley, with a strange and unaccountable feeling of keen disappointment. "Mrs. Wilden, I know, was feeling anxious about her—this house is so lonely."

"No, I shan't be lonely," remarks Susan, who, only catching the last word, applies it to herself and her own affairs. "I've got permission from Miss Shell to have up my married niece and her baby to keep me company."

"A very good arrangement," remarks Robert Champley in a slow thoughtful voice; then he slips a half-crown into Susan's hand, and reluctantly retraces his steps down the weed-grown drive.

"What a will-o'-the-wisp that girl is!" he muses, a little resentfully. "She might have told me she was going, and so saved me the trouble of this most unnecessary walk."

Man-like, he does not pause to consider that Shell—unless gifted with second sight—could have known nothing whatever of his intended visit, seeing that he himself decided on it only in the early morning.

He finds his brother still sprawling on the grass, still half hidden beneath the Times.

"So soon?" cries Ted, emerging with a tragic air. "I opine that your reception was not all your fancy painted it; and yet—let me investigate"—screwing up one eye in a scrutinizing way—"you look intact; there doesn't seem to be a bite out of you."

"Probably because Miss Shell was not at home," retorts Robert, with a lazy yawn.

"How providential! If I had known that I might have gone. But where has the bird flown? I trust not in this direction."

"No fear of that!" laughs Robert, a little sorely. "She has flown to Oakmoor."

"What a blessing she didn't take wing before we left!" muses Ted.

"What has the poor girl done to you that you should hate her so?" asks Robert, with a sudden burst of wrath.

Ted raises himself on his elbow and stares at his brother in solemn wonder.

"I say, the morning air doesn't seem to agree with you, old boy!" he remarks in a meditative tone. "I don't hate Shell; I know she is a brick to the children—they adore her; but, seeing that she does nothing but snub me when we meet—well, I don't adore her!"

"It is of no use to waste more words on the subject," says Robert, impatiently—"we are neither of use likely to see her again for a month or so."

"Tant mieux!" remarks Ted, placidly.

"Never mind—I shall set that all right when we are on the other side of the Channel," returns Ted, with comic confidence. "How is a fellow to speak French if he has never been abroad?"

"He needn't attempt it," says Robert, severely.

"H'm! I think I will retire behind the newspaper (ill the wind has changed quarter)," remarks Ted, in loud confidence to the world in general.

"Well, I do feel out of temper," admits Robert, in a self-deprecating voice, as he turns and enters the house.

CHAPTER XII.

It is three o'clock. The early dinner is over at Gorse Cottage; as Violet puts it, the one excitement of the day has come to an end.

Before a freshly-lighted fire Mrs. Wilden sits enveloped in a white knitted shawl; she has established herself for an afternoon doze, and looks upon the whole tolerably comfortable. The same cannot be said of her niece Violet, who is established beside the low casement window in a folding American chair with carpet seat. A look of utter boredom mars her pretty face, whilst her pale pink costume is artistically finished off by a woollen antimacassar—striped scarlet and black; she holds a book in her hands, but seems to be thinking rather than reading, and evidently her thoughts are not like her dress, rose colored.

"Good gracious me!" cries a laughing voice, suddenly breaking in upon the silence which has reigned in the room for the last half-hour. "What is the matter? Has everybody got colds or what, that you are all wrapped up like Egyptian mummies?"

"Shell," cries Mrs. Wilden, starting out of her half doze with a frightened look, "what has happened? Why have you come?"

"Only a freak of mine, mother dear! I just thought I should like a mouthful of bracing air!" laughs Shell, as she kisses her mother half a dozen times, and then turns a scrutinizing gaze all round the room.

Mrs. Wilden returns the kisses with interest—if one corner of her heart is warmer than another, Shell possesses that corner.

"I was afraid something had happened," she says, with her eyes still fixed lovingly on her daughter's face; "but I am very glad that you decided to join us—only you might have written, dear."

"You are welcome as the flowers in May," cries Violet, who has left her chair, and at this juncture gives Shell a cousinly hug, "only you were an awful goose to come! If I ever get back to Mudford, wild horses shall never drag me to a moor again."

"But what is the matter with the moor?" asks Shell. "I thought it perfectly lovely as we came along—so fresh and free and wild and breezy; then the village itself is so quaint—I could spend six weeks in sketching it."

"But I can't sketch, you see," yawns Violet; "and as to its being fresh and wild and breezy, why, it is like mid-winter. I doubt if I shall ever get thoroughly warm again. By the way, did you see Mr. Champley, and did you bring the wraps I asked for?"

"I did; and, what is more, I brought your velvetreen dress."

"You thoughtful darling! I believe I shall find courage to go out of doors again, now you have come."

"We certainly do find it very cold here," interposes Mrs. Wilden's gentle voice; and the house is so scantily furnished that one seems devoid of comfort."

"Comfort!" cries Vi, with a laugh of scorn. "Do those American chairs represent comfort? There is no couch and no coal-box, the windows and doors are simply draught-traps, and the carpets are so full of holes one is in constant danger of tripping. Wait till you have seen the window curtains on a windy night—it is a case of perpetual motion—and, as a climax, I have only two blankets on my bed!"

"Poor, persecuted Vi!" laughs Shell, much amused at her cousin's tragic face. "Oh, how does Ruby stand it, and where is she?"

"Here she comes!" responds Vi, who is standing with her elbows on the broad window-sill. "She has been over at Meadowcroft seeing to the children." As she speaks, Miss Wilden enters the room—she starts slightly on seeing Shell, but there is no look of welcome on her face.

"What brought you here?" she asks, imprinting a ceremony-kiss on Shell's upturned face.

"The carrier's wagon," answers Shell naively.

There issues a simultaneous exclamation of surprise and horror from the ladies present.

"What in the world induced you to come by the carrier's wagon?" demands Ruby, with a face the color of beetroot.

"The spirit of economy," answers Shell coolly. "I found a fly would be twelve and sixpence; I didn't feel justified in spending all that on myself, so I came with the carrier—I and the parcels together were only one-and-six."

"You were certainly not justified in

becoming a disgrace to us all and causing the finger of scorn to be pointed at our poverty!" exclaims Ruby hotly.

"There was only one old woman besides myself," explains Shell calmly; "and I don't think she'll point the finger of scorn because she called me 'dearie' all the way, and seemed quite a pleasant old body."

"Don't scold her, Ruby—the child meant well," interposes Mrs. Wilden, with a smile at Shell. "And how did you leave things at home, dear?"

(To be Continued.)

HOW TO TELL A HORSE'S AGE.

Much Experience Required and Many Things Have to Be Considered.

To distinguish merely between the young horse and the old, it is only necessary to remember a few salient facts. The first is that the milk teeth are present in the horse's mouth until he is between 4 and 5 years old. The second fact is that the "mark" or dark central depression on the surface of the incisors becomes gradually worn out, and in a horse over 8 years old has nearly always disappeared from the teeth of the lower jaw. The third fact is that the shape of the tooth is much wider from side to side than it is from front to back. As the horse becomes older the surface becomes progressively narrower, from side to side, and thus, instead of remaining always oblong, it becomes triangular, and then in very old animals flattened from side to side. In young horses, then, we judge the age by observing which of the milk teeth are present, and which have been replaced by permanent ones. To distinguish between the milk teeth and the permanent, remember that the milk teeth are smaller, whiter, and have a distinct neck. Until a colt is over 2 years old his teeth are all milk teeth, and the age is estimated from the amount of wear shown on the crowns of the teeth. Between 2 and 3 the first of the permanent teeth make their appearance, and push out the middle two teeth in both upper and lower jaws. A horse is said to be 3 years old when these central permanent incisors are fully in wear. During the next summer the second pair of permanent teeth appear, and when they are fully grown and in wear the horse is 4 years old. Between 4 and 5 the last pair makes its appearance, and now the horse has what is called a full mouth. So far both mares and horses are alike, but at or near 5 years old the canines, or "tusks," appear in the male sex only. Up to the end of this period the determination of the age is a comparatively easy matter, and any one who is at all observant can readily give the age of horses by looking at their teeth. After a full mouth is attained it is a more difficult matter, and the difficulty of accurately telling the age of old horses is greater in proportion to their age. So much is this the case that it is popularly supposed that it is impossible to tell the age of horses after they are 8 years old. This may be true to a great extent among the untrained and inexperienced, but to an expert it is not difficult to tell the age up to 15 years with a fair degree of accuracy, and after that age to approximately it within a couple of years. To do this successfully requires much experience and a careful inspection of all visible indications of age. To rely upon one only, such as the "mark," is to court defeat. All should be observed—the mark, the shape of the teeth, their length and the angle at which they meet those of the other jaw.—Pall Mall Gazette.

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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"ACROSS THE CONTINENT," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

The Footsteps of the Creator Seen on Every Hand While Journeying Over Our Vast Expanse of Empire.—Strange Sights.

Texts—Isaiah 35: 6: "Streams in the desert;" Psalms 104: 32: "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

My first text means irrigation. It means the waters of the Himalayas, or the Pyrenees, or the Sierra Nevadas poured through canals or aqueducts for the fertilization of the valleys. It means the process by which the last mile of American barrenness will be made an apple orchard, or an orange grove, or a wheat field, or a cotton plantation, or a vineyard—"streams in the desert." My second text means a volcano like Vesuvius or Cotopaxi, or it means the geysers of Yellowstone Park or of California. You see a hill calm and still, and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts his finger on the top of it, and from it rise thick and impressive vapors: "He toucheth the hills and they smoke!"

Although my journey across the continent this summer was for the eighth time, more and more am I impressed with the divine hand in its construction, and with its greatness and grandeur, and more and more am I thrilled with the fact that it is all to be irrigated, glorified and Edenized. What a change from the time when Daniel Webster on yonder Capitoline Hill said to the American Senate in regard to the center of this continent, and to the regions on the Pacific coast: "What do you want with this vast, worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts and cactus, of shifting sands and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever put these great deserts of these great mountains, impenetrable and covered with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast, rock-bound, cheerless and uninhabited, and not a harbor on it? I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it now is." What a mistake the great statesman made when he said that! All who have crossed the continent realize that the states on the Pacific coast will have quite as grand opportunities as the states on the Atlantic, and all this realm from sea to sea to be the Lord's cultivated possession.

Do you know what in some respects is the most remarkable thing between the Atlantic and Pacific? It is the figure of a cross on a mountain in Colorado. It is called the "Mount of the Holy Cross." A horizontal crevice filled with perpetual snow, and a perpendicular crevice filled with snow, but both the horizontal line and the perpendicular line so marked, so bold, so significant, so unmistakable, that all who pass in the daytime within many miles are compelled to see it. There are some figures, some contours, some mountain appearances that you gradually make out after your attention is called to them. So a man's face on the rocks in the White Mountains. So a maiden's form cut in the granite of the Adirondacks. So a city in the moving clouds. Yet you have to look under the pointing of your friend or guide for some time before you can see the similarity. But the first instant you glance at this side of the mountain in Colorado, you cry out: "A cross! A cross!" Do you say that this geological inscription just happens so? No! That cross on the Colorado mountain is not a human device, or an accident of nature, or the freak of an earthquake. The hand of God cut it there and set it up for the nation to look at. Whether set up in rock before the cross of wood was set up on the bluff back of Jerusalem, or set up at some time since that assassination, I believe the Creator meant it to suggest the most notable event in all the history of this planet, and he hung it there over the heart of this continent to indicate that the only hope for this nation is in the cross on which our Immanuel died. The clouds were vocal at our Saviour's birth, the rocks rent at his martyrdom, why not the walls of Colorado bear the record of the crucifixion?

The valley of the Yosemite is eight miles long and a half-mile wide and three thousand feet deep. It seems as if it had been the meaning of Omnipotence to crowd into as small a place as possible some of the most stupendous scenery of the world. Some of the cliffs you do not stop to measure by feet; for they are literally a mile high. Steep so that neither foot of man nor beast ever scaled them, they stand in everlasting defiance. If Jehovah has a throne on earth, these are its white pillars! Standing down in this great chasm of the valley you look up, and yonder is Cathedral rock, vast, gloomy minster built for the silent worship of the mountains! Yonder is Sentinel rock, 3,270 feet high, bold, solitary, standing guard among the ages, its top seldom touched, until a bride, one Fourth of July, mounted it and planted the national standards, and the people down in the valley looked up and saw the head of the mountain turbaned with stars and stripes! Yonder are the Three Brothers, four thousand feet high; Cloud's Rest, North and South Dome, and the heights never captured save by the fiery bayonets of the thunder-storm!

No pause for the eye, no stopping-place for the mind. Mountains hurled on mountains. Mountains in the wake of mountains. Mountains flanked by mountains. Mountains split. Mountains ground. Mountains fallen. Mountains triumphant. As though Mont Blanc and

the Adirondacks and Mount Washington were here uttering themselves in one magnificent chorus of rock and precipice and water-fall. Sifting and dashing through the rocks the water comes down. The Bridal Veil Falls so thin you can see the face of the mountain behind it. Yonder is Yosemite Falls, dropping 2,634 feet, sixteen times greater descent than that of Niagara. These waters dashed to death on the rocks, so that the white spirit of these slain waters ascending in robe of mist seeks the heavens. Yonder is Nevada Falls, plunging seven hundred feet, the water in arrows, the water in rockets, the water in pearls, the water in amethysts, the water in diamonds. That cascade flings down the rocks enough jewels to array all the earth in beauty, and rushes on until it drops into a very hell of waters, the smoke of their torment ascending forever and ever.

But the most wonderful part of this American continent is the Yellowstone Park. My two visits there made upon me an impression that will last forever. Go in by the Monieida route as we did this summer and save 250 miles of railroading, your stage-coach taking you through a day of scenery as captivating and sublime as the Yellowstone Park itself. After all poetry has exhausted itself concerning Yellowstone Park, and all the Morans and Bierstadts and the other enchanting artists have completed their canvas, there will be other revelations to make, and other stories of its beauty and wrath, splendor and agony, to be recited. The Yellowstone Park is the geologist's paradise. By cheapening of travel may it become the nation's playground! In some portions of it there seems to be the anarchy of the elements. Fire and water, and the vapor born of that marriage, terrific. Geyser cones or hills of crystal that have been over five thousand years growing! In places the earth, throbbing, sobbing, groaning, quaking with aqueous procyonism. At the expiration of every sixty-five minutes one of the geysers tossing its boiling water 185 feet in the air and then descending into swinging rainbows. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke." Carvers of pictured walls large enough for the sepulchre of the human race. Formations of stone in shape and color of calla lily, of heliotrope, of rose, of cowslip, of sunflower, and of gladiolus. Sulphur and arsenic and oxide of iron, with their delicate pencils, turning the hills into a Luxemburg, or a Vatican picture gallery. The so-called Thanatopsis Geyser, exquisite as the Bryant poem it was named after, and Evangeline Geyser, lovely as the Longfellow heroine it commemorates.

Wide reaches of stone of intermingled colors, blue as the sky, green as the foliage, crimson as the dahlia, white as the snow, spotted as the leopard, tawney as the lion, grizzly as the bear, in circles, in angles, in stars, in coronets, in stalactites, in stalagmites. Here and there are petrified growths, or the dead trees and vegetables of other ages, kept through a process of natural embalment. In some places waters as innocent and smiling as a child making a first attempt to walk from its mother's lap, and not far off as foaming and frenzied and ungovernable as a maniac in struggle with his keepers.

But after you have wandered along the geyserite enchantment for days, and begin to feel that there can be nothing more of interest to see, you suddenly come upon the peroration of all majesty and grandeur, the Grand Canon. It is here that it seems to me—and I speak it with reverence—Jehovah seems to have surpassed himself. It seems a great gulch let down into the eternities. Here, hung up and let down, and spread abroad, are all the colors of land and sea and sky. Upholstering of the Lord God Almighty. Best work of the Architect of worlds. Sculpturing by the Infinite. Masonry by an omnipotent trowel.

Hanging over one of the cliffs I looked off until I could get my breath, then retreating to a less exposed place I looked down again. Down there is a pillar of rock that in certain conditions of the atmosphere looks like a pillar of blood. Yonder are fifty feet of emerald on a base of five hundred feet of opal. Wall of chalk resting on pedestals of beryl. Turrets of light trembling on floors of darkness. The brown brightening into golden. Snow of crystal melting into fire of carbuncle. Flaming red cooling into russet. Cold blue warming into saffron. Dull gray mingling into soiferino. Morning twilight flushing midnight shadows. Auroras crouching among rocks.

Yonder is an eagle's nest on a shaft of basalt. Through an eyeglass we see among it the young eagles, but the stoutest arm of our group cannot hurl a stone near enough to disturb the feathered domesticity. Yonder are heights that would be chilled with horror but for the warm robe of forest foliage with which they are enwrapped. Altars of worship at which nations might kneel. Domes of chalcidony on temples of porphyry. See all this carnage of color up and down the cliffs; it must have been the battlefield of the war of the elements! Here are all the colors of the wall of heaven, neither the sapphire, nor the chrysolite, nor the topaz, nor the jacinth, nor the amethyst, nor the jasper, nor the twelve gates of twelve pearls, wanting. If spirits bound from earth to heaven could pass up by way of this canon, the dash of heavenly beauty would not be so overpowering. It would only be from glory to glory. Ascent through such earthly scenery, in which the crystal is so bright, would be fit preparation for the "sea of glass mingled with fire."

Oh, the sweep of the American continent! Sailing up Puget Sound, its shores so bold that for fifteen hundred miles a ship's prow would touch the

shore before its keel touched the bottom. On one of my visits I said, "This is the Mediterranean of America." Visiting Portland and Tacoma and Seattle and Victoria and Fort Townsend and Vancouver and other cities of the northwest region I thought to myself: "These are the Bostons, New Yorks, Charllestons and Savannahs of the Pacific coast. But after all this summer's journeying, and my other journeys westward in other summers, I found that I had seen only a part of the American continent, for Alaska is as far west of San Francisco as the coast of Maine is east of it, so that the central city of the American continent is San Francisco.

As soon as you get in Yellowstone Park or California you have pointed out to you places cursed with such names as "The Devil's Slide," "The Devil's Kitchen," "The Devil's Thumb," "The Devil's Pulpit," "The Devil's Mush-Pot," "The Devil's Tea-Kettle," "The Devil's Saw-Mill," "The Devil's Machine Shop," "The Devil's Gate," and so on. Now it is very much needed that geological surveyors or congressional committee or group of distinguished tourists go through Montana and Wyoming and California and Colorado and give other names to these places. All these regions belong to the Lord, and to a Christian nation; and away with such Plutonic nomenclature! But how is this continent to be gospelized? The pulpit and a Christian printing press harnessed together will be the mightiest team for the first plow. Not by the power of cold, formalistic theology, not by ecclesiastical technicalities. I am sick of them, and the world is sick of them. But it will be done by the warm-hearted, sympathetic presentation of the fact that Christ is ready to pardon all our sins, and heal all our wounds, and save us both for this world and the next. Let your religion of glaciers crack off and fall into the Gulf Stream and get melted. Take all your creeds of all denominations and drop out of them all human phraseology and put in only scriptural phraseology, and you will see how quick the people will jump after them.

On the Columbia river we saw the salmon jump clear out of the water in different places, I suppose for the purpose of getting the insects. And if when we want to fish for men we could only have the right kind of bait, they will spring out above the flood of their sins and sorrows to reach it. The Young Men's Christian Association of America will also do part of the work. They are going to take the young men of this nation for God. These institutions seem in better favor with God and man than ever before. Business men and capitalists are awakening to the fact that they can do nothing better in the way of living beneficence or in last will and testament than to do what Mr. Marquand did for Brooklyn when he made the Young Men's Christian palace possible. These institutions will get our young men all over the land into a stampede for heaven. Thus we will all in some way help on the work, you with your ten talents, I with five, somebody else with three. It is estimated that to irrigate the arid and desert lands of America as they ought to be irrigated it will cost about one hundred million dollars to gather the waters into reservoirs. As much contribution and effort as that would irrigate with Gospel influences all the waste places of this continent. Let us by prayer and contribution and right living all help to fill the reservoirs. You will carry a bucket, and you a cup, and even a thimbleful would help. And after a while God will send the floods of mercy so gathered, pouring down over all the land, and some of us on earth and some of us in heaven will sing with Isaiah, "In the wilderness waters have broken out, and streams in the desert," and with David, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the sight of God." Oh, fill up the reservoirs! America for God!

No Indemnity for Armenia's Horrors.

Turkey has again sounded a defiance to Europe in repudiating absolutely all responsibility for losses occasioned by the Armenian massacres and refusing in consequence to consider any claims for indemnity. The United States, Great Britain, France and Italy were directly concerned in the massacres because of their missionary interests, and each government demanded reparation for losses of life and property. In the present state of European affairs it would be impossible to secure a union of interests to exert a pressure on Turkey; hence it is almost certain that no coercive action will be taken on this blunt refusal. It is to be noted that since Great Britain and Russia became seriously involved in their respective Chinese interests Turkey has done about as she pleased. Because of her great unpaid debt Turkey is today practically a vassal of Russia, and the latter, by threats to force or promise to let up on the debt settlement, can wield her as it wishes. Just now Russia's leading policy is to embarrass Great Britain as much as possible.

How Girls Take Whippings.

According to a correspondent of a London paper there is as much whipping in the girls' schools as in the boys' schools, but the girls make no fuss about it. Says the correspondent: "They know they deserve their punishment, so they take it with a good grace, dry their eyes and smooth their curls and don't let any one know, not even their parents, that they have had a taste of the rod."

Unlike Caesar's Wife.

Smith—"Jones says there is something suspicious about his wife's actions." Brown—"Is that so?" Smith—"Yes; he says she insists on getting a whiff of his breath every time he is detained down-town late at night."—Chicago News.