

# HOLY BIBLE

# THE BEACON LIGHT.

BY M.T. CALDOR.  
INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

### CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

"Ah," thought he, "now I know why she listens so indifferently to my happiest words, and so dexterously avoids my declarations." And he sighed quite as forlornly as Walter had done.

Lady Annabel at last turned to her daughter.

"We will return home at once, my love, if you wish, and I will commission our kind friend, Viscount Somerset, to make inquiries concerning the artist. It is but proper that we should seek out your gallant preservers. I will also write to your uncle to come up from Bath to receive him. You know how eagerly he always sought after a trace of these Vernons."

Walter's lips writhed while he vowed mentally the name should yet stand proud and high even in aristocratic London. So in pensive silence he watched the group pass on toward the entrance out of sight. He rose up then and strode through the crowd.

The name of Lady Annabel Collinwood arrested his attention once again. The speakers were immediately in front of him.

"Lady Annabel? Oh, no, that is the Hon. Mrs. Daere—she that was formerly Annabel Marston, of Lincolnshire, a distant relative, however, of Lady Collinwood's—she in the violet bonnet and gray pelisse, I mean."

A strange look of revengeful ire flashed over the gloom of Walter's face as he followed the direction given, and found the lady indicated—she that was once Annabel Marston of Lincolnshire.

She was a fair woman, with dark and rosy cheeks, whose beauty was so well preserved one might have easily believed her only thirty. She was talking gaily with a gentleman in uniform, and her clear, joyous laugh came musically to Walter's ears. He ground his teeth.

"She is happy, the traitress, and my wretched, ruined father sleeps in his ocean grave exiled by her from his native land," muttered he, as like a madman he tore his way to the street, and hurrying to his lodgings, flung himself into a chair and dropped his head upon his hands. For a short time he sat thus, and then rising, he unlocked a small box and took from thence a closely-written manuscript, which he perused attentively. Only the last of it is essential to the thread of our story:

"And now, Walter, you have the key to the mysterious sadness of my whole life—the dark secret that has eaten like the Spartan's viper through my heart, finding its way only with my death to your knowledge. I do not fear, my son, that you will be harsh to your father's memory. I know you will see that, dreadful as was my sin, it was nothing to the web of wickedness that was wound around me—to the terrible atonement my life has made. Most of all, you will receive consolation in knowing Tom's Bible was the means of reconciling my soul with Heaven—of bringing to my restless, sorrowful heart the peace for which it had so long sighed. We are nearing the land every day—the land which for ten long years I have known only in my dreams; but I shall never set foot upon it. Too surely has the hand of death laid hold upon me. I heard you anxiously inquiring of the ship's surgeon the other day if there was nothing to help my cough. I could have answered what he evaded. Do not grieve for me; I shall be happy—so happy to lay off this cumbersome garment of flesh, these blind eyes of doubt. For you my son, I leave a rich legacy of experience to warn you away from the rocks that shipwrecked my peace and good name. I have no fear for your future, I know your artist name will be honorable—that the wealth I fail to leave will be more blessed won for yourself. One sole charge only I give you—that is, to seek out, when once more you come to mingle with your countrymen in England, and speak with Annabel Marston—her name may be changed now. I flew from England the very morning after that wretched day. I have avoided all knowledge of the changes time may have brought, but you can easily find her. Tell her all that you have learned from these pages—of the utter horror that followed my happy parting with her; of the murdered specter that strode everywhere at my side; of all the gloom and ruin that terrible day flung upon me; and then show her how peace and forgiveness came. Give her Tom's Bible; she will find all the places marked that refer to her guilt and mine; and say to her the last message of the man she wronged so terribly as utter forgiveness, and an earnest petition that she would also seek the only fountain that can wash away such sin. Other directions you will find in another place. I am exhausted, and must rest now."

Walter read it through, as I have said, and then with a groan he said:

"Oh, my dead father, I have seen at last the woman for whose love you perished so much! She is admired and honored and happy, and you, her innocent victim, are lying in your unknown, unnumbered grave!"

Presently his long, quivering sigh gave way to a more cheerful tone.

"One thing at least may comfort me, though all else be disheartening—Eleanor is unchanged. She remembers me as kindly as I should dare to ask. She

is our island Ellie, for all her aristocratic relations. Well, I must be worthy of an entree into Lady Annabel's drawing-rooms. I must answer this flattering letter from his grace of G—. I hear he is a generous patron of the arts. He may make my advancement swifter. I shall elude all Lady Annabel's inquiries until I have a position her polished brow may not frown upon."

Signor Vernoni verified the proud resolves of Walter Vernon. The two island pictures had made him famous. Although they had endeavored to keep it private, the story of the beautiful Lady Eleanor Collinwood as connected with them was whispered from circle to circle, and contributed undoubtedly to their popularity. Orders from the highest sources poured in upon him. Then it was he responded to Admiral Lord Collinwood's earnest invitation, and presented himself at Collinwood House. The admiral was fortunately in London, and received him with the same friendly warmth he had shown on their first meeting. Lady Annabel, too, was exceedingly kind and courteous, but Walter was instantly aware of an antagonistic feeling, despite her gentle expressions of gratitude. She alluded quietly to his own refusal to meet them before, and acknowledged that it had grieved her daughter.

When their conversation first began to flag, Lady Annabel arose with her inimitable grace of manner and said: "Now, my dear admiral, if you please you shall come to the library and have a quiet little chat with me, while I send for Lady Eleanor to come down to the drawing-room. She is not yet aware of Mr. Vernon's presence. It is natural they should wish their first meeting to be without witnesses."

He smiled in cheerful acquiescence. "A good idea and very thoughtful in you to remember it, Lady Annabel!"

Five minutes Walter was left alone. He heeded thrice the time to calm his heart; then he heard a light, quick step without, and the door opened for a graceful figure robed in sea-blue satin and sparkling with jewels. Both fair white hands were outstretched, and she said eagerly:

"Cruel, cruel Walter, why have you delayed so long?"

Then she paused abruptly. The tall, handsome man, with his glossy whiskers and foreign moustache—was that Walter?

The smile that broke over his face reassured her.

"Ah, it is certainly you—I was almost afraid. Oh, Walter, are you half as glad as I to meet again after this long interval? Foolish Walter—as proud as ever, are you not? I meant to scold, that you should wait till the honors were so thick about you, but I am too happy now; and your father—he is not with you?"

She had not given him a chance to reply before. Still holding her hand, he said gravely:

"My father never reached the land, Lady Eleanor—his prophecy was fulfilled."

Her ready tears showed how completely she had kept her old nature. Walter had meant to be very dignified and reserved; but with her genial, old-time manner, it was impossible; and when they parted—although no word of love had been hinted—they were Walter and Ellie, as in days gone by.

If Lady Annabel's face showed sign of uneasiness at Eleanor's affectionate good-bye and earnest entreaty that he should come often, there was no sign of it in the courteous words with which she echoed her daughter's invitation.

### CHAPTER XII.

# THE EMPEROR OF ELBA

ward Walter mingled freely in the best and noblest society. He worked hard at his easel, but took time enough to accept such invitations to festivities, dinners and parties, as he felt sure would give him opportunity to meet the Collinwoods. With Lady Annabel he was always reserved, even to formality. He could not pierce the impenetrable but veiled that seemed ever hanging between them; and when one day he heard the Duke of B— saying pettishly to the admiral, who had in some way alluded to his devotion:

"Don't jest, I beg of you! Lady Annabel is perfectly lovely, but I wish she had a little of mortal frailty. She is so cold, I am quite in despair!" Walter could hardly sympathize with him; and yet he had seen her strangely moved from her accustomed stately dignity.

One day, when any allusion was made to her husband's elder brother—the Earl Lord Collinwood—who was killed by a fall, over a precipice while on a shooting in the hills. The allusion was relating the particulars to a friend, and Walter, happening to glance at the Lady Annabel, beheld her pale and trembling, leaning against a pillar for support. He sprang to her assistance, when she faltered, in a voice whose sharp misery haunted him through the day.

"It is nothing; I am subject to fainting attacks. Don't be alarmed, but let me get out quietly."

He assisted her to the carriage without attracting attention, and was ready

to quiet Eleanor's alarm when she first noticed her mother's absence.

There was one little incident to mark the day. As he loitered by Eleanor's side he drew from her bouquet a spray of jasmine.

"Ah, Lady Eleanor," said he, "do you remember how these milky stars trailed their splendor over the rocks in our old home?"

She smiled—then sighed.

"I have forgotten nothing—not the most trivial circumstance."

"Then," said he, "touching lightly a diamond suspended from his watch-chain, 'you have not forgotten this, nor the more precious words that accompanied it.'"

The blue eyes fell beneath his passionate glance—a soft rose blushed over her cheek, and the sweet lips faltered as she answered—

"Yes, I remember."

"And you will not gainsay the promise?" pursued he.

"Is that a fair question, Walter?" asked she, archly, rising hastily to cross the room to speak with her uncle. Walter's heart bounded.

"What more can I desire?" thought he. "To-morrow I will make my formal proposal both to the admiral and Lady Annabel."

But when the next day came, and eager and joyous he sought Collinwood House, he found a strange change in Eleanor. She was pale and nervous with a constraint and formality that would have grieved him deeply had it not been evidently forced and unnatural. When he made known his errand he was still more astonished and grieved. Her cheek alternately flushed and paled; she half rose, as if to fly from his presence, and then sinking back into her chair, faltered:

"O Walter, don't, don't! It is heart-rending for me to hear there is no hope!"

"No hope!" repeated Walter, blankly. "Surely, after your words yesterday you cannot accuse me of presumption."

She had buried her face in her hands. "No, no—not that! O, what can I say in explanation?"

She sat for a few moments in perplexed distress, and then calming herself, continued more coherently:

"It is best you should hear the truth, Walter. Had your proposal come yesterday, I should have been the happiest girl in England; to-day it only adds to my misery, for by my own voluntary promise I am betrothed to another."

"Another!" exclaimed Walter, springing to his feet. "What can I understand by this, Lady Eleanor?"

"Do not try to understand it," answered she sadly, "only be sure to realize the actual truth of the circumstance."

He was pacing to and fro in uncontrolled agitation.

Eleanor made no attempt to soothe him, but sat like one stricken dumb through some terrible calamity. Suddenly Lady Annabel's sweet voice was heard without the door. As if in utter terror, Lady Eleanor dashed her handkerchief across her eyes to remove all traces of tears, and whispered hurriedly:

"It is my mother! Walter! Walter, if you love me, do not let her suspect how unhappy I am—how much it grieves me to give you up!"

"To give me up? Ah," retorted Walter, bitterly. "I thought as much; it is Lady Annabel's doing—she never liked me."

"You are wrong, Walter—you are unjust to her! Ah, if you could know—if you could hear as I did last night!—Walter, Walter, help me bear my fate bravely—perform my duty faithfully!"

He was looking dully at her entreating, agonized face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### His Brother's Revenge.

We are all more or less familiar with that exasperating class of individuals who seem to feel that the simple common sense of the world is centered in themselves and that the rest of us are in need of guidance and direction in the simplest duties of life.

Mr. B— was a young man of this class. He was always painfully profuse in details regarding anything he wished done. He had a parrot, of which he was excessively fond, and when he was about to go abroad for a few months, leaving his bird behind, he bored and exasperated his family and friends with senseless details regarding the care of the parrot and his last words, screeched from the deck of the steamer that bore him away, were:

"Hi, Jim!"

"What?" shouted the brother on the pier.

"Look out for my parrot!" came faintly over the water.

As if this was not enough he had no sooner reached Liverpool than he sent the following cablegram to his brother, who had assumed the charge of the parrot:

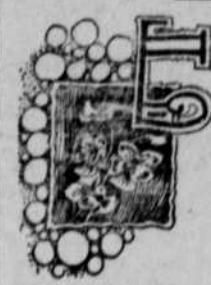
"Be sure and feed my parrot."

On receipt of this the infuriated brother cabled back at his brother's expense:

## THE EMPEROR OF ELBA

### HOW NAPOLEON CONDUCTED HIMSELF IN EXILE.

The Powers Which Swayed the Larger World Shown to Good Advantage in His Pigmy Kingdom—His Letters to Marie Louise.



ELBA was an island divided against itself, there being both imperialists and royalists among its inhabitants, and a considerable party which desired independence. By representing that Napoleon had brought with him fabulous sums the Austrian and English commissioners easily won the Elbans to a fervor of loyalty for their new emperor. Before nightfall of the 4th the court was established, and the new administration began its labors. Having mastered the resources and needs of his pigmy realm, the emperor began to deploy all his powers, mending the highways, fortifying the strategic points, and creating about the nucleus of four hundred guards which were sent from Fontainebleau an efficient little army of sixteen hundred men. His expenses were regulated to the minutest detail both at home and abroad; the salt works and iron mines which were the bulwarks of Elban prosperity, began at once to increase their output, and taxation was regulated with scrupulous nicety. By that superlative virtue of the French burgher, good management, the island was made almost independent of the remnants of the Tuileries treasure (about five million francs) which Napoleon had brought from France. The same powers which had swayed a world operated with equal success in a sphere almost microscopic by comparison.

Before long the Princess Borghese, separated soon after her marriage from her second husband, and banished since 1810 from Paris for imperious conduct to the empress, came, according to promise, to be her brother's companion, and Madame Mere, though distant in prosperity, came likewise to soothe her son in adversity. The intercepted letters of the former prove her to have been at least as loose in her life at Elba as ever before, but they do not afford a sufficient basis for the scandal concerning her relations with Napoleon which were founded upon them, and industriously circulated at the court of Louis XVIII. The shameful charge has no adequate foundation of any sort.

Napoleon's economies were rendered not merely expedient, but imperative, by the fact that none of the moneys from France were forthcoming which had been promised in his treaty with the powers. After a short stay Koller frankly stated that in his opinion they would never be paid, and departed. The island swarmed with Bourbon spies, and the only conversation in which Napoleon could indulge himself unguardedly was with Sir Neil Campbell, the English representative, or with the titled English gentlemen who gratified their curiosity by visiting him. During the summer heats when the court was encamped on the heights at Marclara for refreshment, there appeared a mysterious lady with her child. Both were well received and kindly treated, but they withdrew themselves entirely from the public gaze. Common rumor said it was the empress; but this was not true; it was the Countess Walewska, with the son she had borne to her host, whom she still adored. They remained but a few days, and departed as mysteriously as they had come.

Base females thronged the precincts of the imperial residence, openly struggling for Napoleon's favor as they had so far never dared to do; success too frequently attended their efforts. But the one woman who should have been at his side was absent. It is certain that she made an honest effort to come, and apartments were prepared for her reception in the little palace at Porto Ferrajo. Her father, however, thwarted her at every turn, and finally she was a virtual prisoner at Schonbrunn. So manifest was the restraint that her grandmother, Caroline, Queen of the Two Sicilies, cried out in indignation, "If I were in the place of Marie Louise, I would tie the sheets of my bed to the window frame and flee." Committed to the charge of the elegant and subtle Nelpers, a favorite chamberlain whom she had first seen at Dresden, he plied her with such insidious wiles that at last her slender moral fiber was entirely broken down and she fell a victim to his charms. As late as August Napoleon received impassioned letters from her; then she grew formal and cold; at last, under Metternich's urgency she ceased to write at all. Her French attendant, Meneval, managed to convey the whole sad story to her husband, but the emperor was incredulous, and hoped against hope until December. Then only he ceased from his incessant and urgent appeals.

### Animals in Hot Weather.

The dreadful hot wave that has hung over the country recently proves once more that, after all, man is the toughest creature of the animal kingdom. Hundreds of men have worked with horses recently to see the latter drop prostrated. Dogs, too, have suffered dreadfully and often needlessly.

Water, shade and rest are the three saving conditions for animals. Through some wrong-headed policy in our larger cities it would sometimes look as if there were a conspiracy to make these conditions as difficult as possible.

New York has been within a year nearly denuded of shade trees. The old-time watering troughs have been largely removed. Teamsters who do not carry buckets on their carts often compel their horses to wait for water until they are nearly choked. There are no shady resting places on the streets, the barns are ill-ventilated, and so upon occasions of excessive heat the poor animals drop by scores. A veterinary surgeon estimates that the mortality among working horses in New York during the past week has been fully 30 per cent.

The sufferings of animals during hot waves are largely needless. The suspected mad dog is often only hunting for water. Ignorance cannot be well helped, but those paid to know something about the wants of dumb animals seem to be very poorly equipped.—Boston Globe.

### Expensive.

Gascon—Here, waiter what do you mean by charging me \$1 for your yucca luncheon? Waiter—Bug pardon, sir; but you had ice in them.—Philadelphia North American.

### Nothing Like It.

His Wife—The music is intoxicating. He—Yes, but there is nothing like the good old stuff for an enjoyable jag.—Philadelphia North American.

### Unhappy.

We wish a man could preserve joy in case like tomatoes, and use it when scarce. When a man does find joy is usually fads more than he can use all at once.—Atchafalpa Globe.

### Repartee.

Decker—"I sat in a poker game for twenty-seven hours straightway last week, but as I won I am satisfied."

Shuffie—"How much did you win?"

Decker—"Oh, I finished in one lead."—North American.

### Critic's Wish.

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## A SALTY TRANSACTION.

### How the General Made a Most Narrow Escape.

"Of course I have been taken in occasionally," said the general to the Detroit Free Press man, "but I have been very fortunate considering the number of devices there are for getting the best of men who have a little money to invest once in awhile."

"About ten years ago I came unaccountably near to being done up for all I was worth. After consultation with a few gentlemen of means I concluded to join them in a mining speculation. It was no trouble to find flattering accounts of mines that were on the market, but the boomers were not strictly accurate in their representations, and we concluded to send out an expert in order to act with certainty."

"When our man came back he gave a glowing account of a mine that was doing the most extravagant advertising. He had come to us highly recommended, but it struck me that he was too anxious that we should buy the stock. He had been paid for his services, but he was constantly urging us to invest, and each time he talked with me my suspicions were increased. One day, without consulting any one, I packed my valise and went out to look over the ground for myself."

"Reaching the mine unheralded I found a motley lot of men who were chiefly engaged in patronizing a bar establishment in a little tumbledown shanty. There was a big-bearded man addressed as the colonel, who was doing all the talking, and I had no sooner put in an appearance than he hustled a gang down the shaft with instructions to work the solid vein alone. Then he began sounding me, and I soon discovered that he was the 'syndicate' that had the mine for sale. It suddenly came to me as a good scheme to tell him that I was an expert acting for New York capitalists. After two or three turns at the bar I gave him to understand that I was on the make, and it was not long until he offered me \$10,000 if I would effect a sale of the mine."

"Is it well salted?" I asked.

"Never was a slicker job. I salted it twice to make sure."

"I lost no time in telegraphing my friends to hold off, and we were saved a big sum of money. Meantime our expert had scented danger and vanished."

## A NOVEL HORN BAND.

### May Be Heard in the City of Copenhagen on Summer Nights.

An enormous crowd fills the museum court and neighboring square at Copenhagen every midsummer day to listen to a unique concert, says the San Francisco Chronicle. A number of ancient Scandinavian horns, more than 3,000 years old, called "luren," are kept in the museum. Of this collection fourteen are in good condition. They have an elegant shape and the flat metal plates at the mouthpiece show good technical perfection and a developed taste for art. They are in different pieces fitted together. They were found buried in moorland and their good preservation is believed to be due to the turfy water. They are of very thin metal and generally seven feet long. They were always found in pairs, the one in tune with the other.

A few years ago it was found by Dr. Hamerich that they could still be blown or played upon. Their tones resemble those of the tenor horn and they have a soft but powerful sound. Some are tuned in C and E sharp, others in D, E or G, and these tones form an accord but no "scale." On the balcony in the court of the palace in which is kept the Northern Museum two members of the "capella" blow tunes on two of these primeval horns to the delight of the inhabitants.

### Animals in Hot Weather.

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## CORRECT BREATHING.

### It is Said to Help the Stout Woman to Become Thinner.

It has been discovered that the double chin can be banished by correct breathing, says the Philadelphia Record. The woman with a short neck must hold her head high, even stretching her neck until conscious of the tension of the cords. She should also practice dropping her head and letting it roll listlessly about. This will give a graceful poise to the head and the exercise of muscles will help consume the extra amount of fat. Lung exercises in breathing are the best exercises for excessive stoutness. The best time for this is before dressing in the morning and after undressing at night. Five or ten minutes' exercise every day will reduce the flesh in a wonderfully short time. Stand erect with the head and chin well up and rise upon the toes at each inspiration, holding the breath a moment, then expelling it forcibly, coming down upon the heels at the same time. Another good breathing exercise is to draw in a full, deep breath. Retain the breath while counting fifteen and then slowly expel it. Sometimes stout women move arms gracefully but the body has an utter lack of liberty and free motion or suppleness. Drawing her corsets tighter never did make a stout woman less stout in appearance. The first care is not to lace too tightly; the second is to banish all idea of being stout from your mind and let the muscles have as free play as possible. All women can learn to use their bodies gracefully, even if there is a predisposition to stoutness. Stout women are often the lightest dancers, and there is no reason why they should not be graceful in pose and motion. If a woman draws her breath freely from the bottom of her lungs she diminishes the effect of her size immediately by doing away with that ready-to-burst look that is generally associated with stoutness. That is the look that must be avoided, even if the waist measures an inch or so more and the bust and shoulders gain a little.

## HANDSEWING.

### Fashion for Fine Needlework Has Taken Possession of Women.

It is a curious and pretty reversion to the customs of our grandmothers that assails the woman of today. Not only do we find knitting usurping a place long occupied by lace and embroidery, but what generally goes under the name of plain needlework is now taking its place alongside the fine arts. Machine sewing is no longer to be thought of in connection with lingerie. Indeed, it is quite impossible for the silk garments so much affected by the smarter women of today. After so long a lapse of plain needlework into desuetude, some extra stimulus was necessary to bring women back in to good old ways; and one of those clever women who foresee the signs of the times grasped the situation and started classes in sewing, thus inaugurating the fashion. The prices demanded for these lessons are on a level with those paid for music, dancing, painting or any other art, \$1.50 for a half hour's private lesson being the least that is paid. Classes for teaching sewing as a fine art to the little daughters of the fashionable set are also in vogue.

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## His Fatal Blunder.

"Beautiful one," he said, "can't you forgive me? I will try to live it down. I will become great for your sake, and make the world envy you as my wife."

"No," the fair girl replied, and there was a resolute ring in her voice, "it cannot be. I must respect the promise that I made to my mother upon her death bed."

He knelt at her feet and looked beseechingly up at her, unmindful of the fact that the flies were congregating in droves upon his person.

"Jane," he groaned, "do not leave me out here alone. I cannot, I will not give you up! It would kill me. You are the only one I ever can love. Say that you will recall the words that you have just spoke—I mean spoken—"

"Ah," she interrupted, "there it is again! No, no, a thousand times no! It must not be! I am sorry for you, but we are not in the same class. I hope that some day you may find another who will make you happy."

Then she bounded lightly over the fence and started on a dog trot back toward Boston, while the young man laid his cheek upon an ant hill and wept.

He was from Buffalo, and ten minutes before had said: "I done it."—Cleveland Leader.

## Heaven.

The kingdom of heaven is a state of internal self denial, which means love to God and the neighbor. It is a state of active self unconscious usefulness, and human beings are best fitted for it by having the love of God and the neighbor established within them through the activities and uses which this world affords. The shortest way to the kingdom of heaven lies in the successful effort to keep the divine laws of love, justice, and right uppermost, and supreme, and constant in all the varied experiences of life.—Rev. John Goddard.

## Instability.

Instability of thought and character is the basis of much infidelity. The unanchored boat drifts, the unsteady mind floats about on every shifting tide of thought or feeling. One of the characteristics of our youth is instability. Youth is not apt to be weighted. It has a thousand charms, but one of its virtues is not stability of thought. Hence young men are peculiarly open to the temptation to drift away from safe religious moorings.—Rev. C. B. Mitchell.