MY POOR WIFE.

BY J. P. SMITH.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was dawn-a cold, misty dawnas I stepped, with a muffled tread, to my dressing room. I stopped and looked at my sleeping wife, and, as I looked, the ghastly idea struck me that I was not looking into the features of a sleeping, but a dead woman. The stony rigid repose, the waxen color of the skin, the fixed look of pain about the drawn mouth, all seemed to confirm my fear, until, leaning closer, a faint breath fanned my cheek and she moaned feebly. I stole away, swallowed a glass of brandy, threw myself upon a couch in my dressing room and soon sank into an uneasy dose. Helen's sleeping face haunted me. dreamt that she was lying dead on the cliff where we had so often sat together, and that when I stooped to lift her body in my arms a pair of bony hands closed flercely round my throat, strangling my cries for mercy, dragged me to the edge of the cliff, where I flercely struggled for my life. The hands I knew belonged to old Molly Griffin; bat the face glowering over me was with passion. At last, with a violent the hand pressing my throat, awoke

I looked at her stupidly for a sec-

to find Helen leaning over me, drag-

ging her wrist from my clutch.

"I-I am doing you no harm," she said, her eyes flickering and glaring at me stealthily. "I came to see whywhy-you had not come to bed. Let me go, let me go, I say-you hurt me.' I at once dropped her hand, and she ran quickly away to her own room.

I did not see her again until breakfast, when she appeared in a lively, talkative mood and civilly disposed towards both Edith and me, though she never once looked us in the face, but kept her eyes almost closed or fastened to her plate. After giving some household orders she went out, and, standing by the window of my study, I watched her for some time pacing a retired corner of the kitchen garden with a swift, monotonous stride; at last the movement became so repugnant to me that, scarcely heeding what I was doing, I threw open the window and called out to her:

"Helen, I'm going to the club this morning; haven't you any shopping to 10? The dog cart will be round in half an hour.

"No. none," she answered, after a moment's pause. "Besides, I have an engagement this afternoon. Ask Miss Stopford; she is sure to have some shopping to do."

feturning very hot and dusty late in the afternoon to find that Helen had failed to keep her engagement, which Edith casually informed me was a drive to the Flower Show at Brierswood with Sir William Hernshaw.

"It was so hot, I felt too lazy to dress; I hope you had a pleasant drive," she said drowsily, her eyelashes still sweeping her cheeks.

"Almost unbearable coming back," 1 answered, throwing myself upon a seat by the open window. "I am nearly choked with dust; I feel I could swallow a quart of claret and soda."

"I'll get some," said Helen, going towards the dining room, and presently returning with a cool, frothing tumbler, which she handed to me and then stood behind my chair.

I turned, laid my hand on her arm, and said gently:

"Helen, tell me what is the matter with you. Why will you not look at me-wife?" She did not move or answer a word,

though I repeated my inquiry almost coaxingly, as one would question a pettish, wayward child.

I withdrew my hand and lifted, sighing wearily the glass, when suddenly, with a loud cry, she dashed it from my lips, the liquid squirting up into my face, flowing down my shirt and collar and streaming onto the carpet. where the glass lay broken.

Stung to the quick by the insulting violence of the act, I sprang to my feet, glaring speechlessly at her until Edith, whose presence I was not aware her handkerchief over my wet face and neck.

"How dare you?" I stammered hoarsely. "What do you mean? Are you mad?"

Helen burst into a wild, loud laugh. "Yes, yes, mad-mad as a March hare-mad-mad-the maddest wife ever a true husband had. Oh, my poor head-my poor head-it achesit aches! A breath of sea air would do it good-a breath of sea air!" she mcaned, listlessly moving away,

I went too, for even Edie's soft touch and pitying eyes were more than I could bear. Ordering my horse, I gave him his head, rode across country as if following the swiftest hounds that night when the poor brute, lame, footsore, crawled up the avenue again. step, and led me into the dining-room, plained-never reproached me-" where a tempting supper was laid.

"Eat, eat," she said; "you look thoroughly exhausted, poor dear." "She," I began nervously.

right tomorrow, you'll find. Now, dear boy, to supper, please."

The next morning I was awakened from a dreamless sleep by the housekeeper, Mrs. Murray-a valued and trusted servant who had served the family for nearly forty years-rousing me violently.

"What is it?" I asked, sitting up in my bed with a vague feeling of apprehension. "'Has anything happened?" "Hush, hush, master Paul," she said

agitatedly, "we must keep it quiet as long as we can. Something has happened. She has gone." "My wife?"

"Yes, when I went into her room this morning I found it empty and the bed not slept in; she is not in any part of the house grounds. That is all I can tell you."

Urging her to keep the other servants in ignorance if possible, I dressed hurriedly, and, my mind distracted with wrath, suspicion, vague terror and jealousy, sought in vain for any trace of my unfortunate wife. She had young William Hernshaw's, distorted disappeared completely, without leaving a note or message; no one had seen wrench, I freed one arm, and seizing or heard her quit the house, and, after a guarded inquiry at the station, I ascertained that she had not been observed by either guards or stationmaster taking any of the morning or late night-trains. Towards mid-day, feverish with anxiety, entirely baffled, I returned home, Calling Mrs. Murray, I begged her to get by portman-

teau ready, as I was leaving at once. "Where to-what are you going to do-tell me, Master Paul?" she pleaded, with a shaking voice.

"I'm going after him," I answered chokingly; "don't bother me, woman, but get my things-quick!" "Him-who's him?"

"Hernshaw; he left the Grange last night."

"Well, well, sir you know your own business best; but I think you're going on a fool's errand after him. I'd look elsewhere if I were you."

I seized her hands as a drowning man would a straw.

"Elsewhere?" I repeated. "What do you mean? Murray, Murray, you know, you guess where she is. Oh, don't keep me in suspense! If you knew what horrible thoughts torture me!"

"I know no more than you, sir, where she is," she interrupted sadly. "By elsewhere I think I meant somewhere near the sea. For the last week she's been talking about the sea, and seagulls, and rocks and things o' the kind, and complaining of a pain in her She had, and we started presently, head and a mistiness over her eyes."

"Of course, of course," I broke in eagerly. "What a short-sighted, dull fool I've been! She's gone to Donegal! I'll start after her at once and bring her home before the tales get about, Murray, I rely on you---"

"You may, sir; I'll do my best, never fear," she said impressively, laying her hand on my arm to detain me. "But -but, Master Paul, forgive me saying what I'm going to say. Having known you from your cradle, and, as it were, playing the part of mother to you when your own was taken so young

"Fire ahead!" I burst in impatiently. You know you can say what you like to me, Murray."

you bring your wife home, send the other away."

"Murray!" I stammered, releasing myself. "What nonsense you talk! It's -it's you who are on the wrong track now. Ed-Miss Stopford's presence here has had nothing to do with the unfortunate misunderstanding with my poor wife-how could it?"

The old woman laughed bitterly, and moved away, shaking her head. I pursued her uneasily.

"Listen to me, and I'll convince you. Helen never knew, never even suspected that I-I had once cared for Miss Stopford. She believed I looked upon her as a sister whom I was brought up with; she never objected to her staying here, indeed she went of, ran eagerly towards me and passed at once to the General the moment the visit was suggested; never showed the faintest sign of-of dislike or jealousy. Oh, do stop nodding that ridiculous gray old head of yours!" I burst out impatiently. "Say what wou mean and have done with it."

> "Blind, blind, blind!" she repeated, looking at me with pitying reproach. Your wife knew you loved Miss Edith the first day you met her here, and, though she has been fighting against the knowledge-trying to deceive herself-it has been of no use; day after day the truth has been burning into -until she could bear it no longer, and now she has fled from her pain."

"If this be true," I muttered hoarseever ran a fox to earth. I knew not by, "as sure as there is a Heaven above whither or how far I went; it was I had not the faintest-at least not a and her mamma was putting things in reasonable or tangible-suspicion of order and making sundry preparations Edith was waiting for me on the door- how should 1? She-she never com- closely for awhile and then observed:

loved you as few men are loved by mean, dear?" asked her mother, women-even by the truest or best of never heard of Mr. Prodigal," "Oh, them. You had no reasonable sus- yes, you did, mamma," was the reply. "She has been perfectly quiet ever picton of that, had you? Ah, no, no! "Don't you know, the bible tells about since, locked up in her room. Don't And, loving you as she did, how could what a fuss he made when his son trouble about her now; she'll be all you ever expect her not to see what came back?"

every visitor who same to the house, TALMAGE'S every servant about the place, saw and commented on?"

"What did they see confound them?" I blustered wrathfully.

"Saw that you were keeping a sweetheart and a wife under one roof," the old servant retorted bluntly; "saw your face brighten when you looked at the one, heard your voice soften when you spoke to her; saw you passing notes to one another, riding together, slipping away together ten times a day; meeting after dark, whispering together. Ah, Master Paul, Master Paul, does not your conscience this moment tell you what they saw and what brings the color into your face so cruel hot this minute? There -I've spoken out as you bade me, and I've said too much I dare say; but I couldn't help it. Send me about my business, if you like. I couldn't help it; it was wrong-wrong!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Without vouchsafing a reply, I seized my portmanteau, and flung it into the dog-cart waiting to take me to the station.

The next evening, worn out with suspense and anxiety, I sighted the old arm-house on the hill.

Mrs. Casey was ill in bed, Mike informed me, and could not see any one, no matter how urgent or important their business. She knew nothing whatever of my wife, or heard from her since she took my name, or heard from her within the last three months. She begged me to go away and let her leave this world in peace. She wished to be troubled no more with the affairs of this world, and, if I insisted on forcing myself into her presence, would refuse to give me speech.

I walked slowly away and stood on the edge of the cliff staring out to sea, wondering whither to turn, what to do next, when old Molly touched my elbow, and, turning to her, hope and relief lightened me in a flash. "Molly, you bring me news. She is

with you," I began eagerly, and then stopped short as she mournfully shook her head. "No," she said, taking the pipe from

her mouth, "I bring ye no news. I only heard half an hour ago what had happened. And the 'ould wan wouldn't see ye, wouldn't she? I was after thinkin' she wouldn't."

"You know nothing; you cannot help me?" I repeated blankly. "Oh, don't say that!"

"Nothing, my lad-nothing. She hasn't been here, an' I don't think she'll come now, poor little thing; ye began to ill-use her soon enough, Heaven knows! Well, well, I'm not surprised. I thought it would all end that way; but not so soon-oh, not so cruel soon!' she repeated, with a harsh laugh. "Ye might have spared her for wan year at the laist, for she loved ye true."

"Molly," I cried vehemently, "youyou don't understand. Listen to me! I-I tell you I would give every farthing I possess, my life itself, to find her now safe and well and-and teach her to forgive me! Do not judge me so harshly; but help me, help me, for there's not a moment to be lost!"

said, after a searching glance, "for I see ye're sorry, but I'm feard my help won't go far. Sit down beside me, an' I'll tell ye her mother's story to begin know how difficult it is to take an orwith, if ye haven't heerd it already be-

"Her mother died when she was an infant, she told me."

"Ay. When she was four days old her mother stole out o' the bed one wild night in November, an' flung herself from the stone on which yer sittin' down to the beach below. She was picked up in the bay next mornin' by the boys comin' home from the "Then, Master Paul," she whispered fishin' every bone in her body broke hurriedly, "take my advice, and, before to bits-as cruel a sight as iver me ould eyes fell on. I couldn't get it out o' me sight for months after."

(To be Continued.)

Javenile Jokes.

"Well, Johnnie," said the minister to a little fellow, aged 6, "I hear you are going to school now." "Yes, sir, was the reply. "And what part of it a few days of age, with all the privado you like best?" asked the good man, 'Comin' home," was the prompt and truthful answer.

Harry, aged 5, had his photograph taken recently, and when the proof was sent home his mamma said he looked too solemn and asked him why he didn't smile. "I did smile, mamma," replied the little fellow, but I guess the man forgot to put it down."

"Mamma," asked little Willie, "did Daniel Webster build the dictionary?" No, dear; it was Noah; but why do you ask?" said his mother. "Why." replied the youngster, "our teacher said that Noah built the ark, and I thought he might have got Daniel to build the dictionary for him if he was busy."

Tommy, aged 5, and his cousin Willie, aged 6, had several little altercations, in which Tommy invariably got the worst of it. One day his mamma said to him: "Tommy, to-morrow is Willie's birthday; wouldn't you like to give him something?" "You just her poor heart, turning her very brain | better believe I would," was the reply; but, you see, he's bigger than I am and I can't."

Little 5-year-old Clara's papa had been away on a protracted business trip such a thing being the case. How- for his return. Clara watched her 'Mamma, you make as much fuss as "But she loved you, Master Paul- old Mr. Prodigal." "What do you

SUNDAY'S SUBJECT. From Matthew, Chapter II., Verse 13, as Follows: "Herod Will Seek the Young Child to Destroy Him"-Cradle of the

Redeemer.

"THE BABE'S ESCAPE" LAST

no rockers, for it was not to be soothed by oscillating motion, as are the cradles of other princes. It had no canopy, for it was not to be hovered over by anything so exquisite. It had no embroidered pillow, for the young head was not to have such luxurious comfort. Though a meteor-ordinarily the most erratic and seemingly ungovernable of all skyey appearances -had been sent to designate the place where that cradle stood, and a choir had been sent from the heavenly temple to serenade its illustrious occupant with an epic, yet that cradle was the target for all earthly and diabolical hostilities. Indeed, I give you as my opinion that it was the narrowest and most wonderful escape of the ages that the child was not slain before he had taken his first step or spoken his first word. Herod could not afford to have him born. The Caesars could not afford to have him born. The gigantic oppressions and abominations of the world could not afford to have him born. Was there ever planned a more systematized or appalling bombardment in all the wrold than the bom-

bardment of that cradle? The Herod who led the attack was Treachery, Vengeance and Sensuality impersonated. As a sort of pastime he slew Hyrcanus, the grandfather of his wife. Then he slew Mariamne, his wife. Then he butchered her two sons, Alexander and Aristobulus. Then he slew Antipater, his oldest son. Then he ordered burned alive forty people who had pulled down the eagle of his authority. He ordered the nobles who had attended upon his dying bed to be slain, so that there might be universal mourning after his decease. From that same death-bed he ordered the slaughter of all the children in Bethlehem under two years of age, feeling sure that, if he massacred the entire infantile population, that would include the destruction of the child whose birth-place astronomy had pointed out with its finger of light. What were the slaughtered babes to him, and as many frenzied and bereft mothers? If he had been well enough to leave his bed, he would have enjoyed seeing the mothers wildly struggling to keep their babes, and holding them so tightly that they could not be separated until the sword took both lives at one stroke, and others, mother and child, hurled from roofs of houses into the street, until that village of horse-shoe shape on the hillside became one great butcher-shop. To have such a man, with associates just as cruel, and an army at his command, attempting the life of the infant Jesus, does there seem any chance for his escape? Then that flight southward for so many miles, across deserts and amid bandits and wild beasts (my friend, the late missionary and scien-"I'll help ye as well as I can," she tist, Dr. Lansing, who took the same journey, said it was enough to kill both the Madonna and the child), and poor residence in Cairo, Egypt, You dinary child successfully through the disorders that are sure to assail it even in comfortable homes and with all delicate ministries, and then think of the exposure of that famous babe in villages and lands where all sanitary laws were put at defiance, his first hours on earth spent in a room without any doors, and ofttimes swept by chilled night winds; then afterward riding many days under hot tropical sun, and part of many nights, lest the avenger overtake the fugitive before he could be hidden in another land!

The Sanhedrim also were affronted at the report of this mysterious arrival of a child that might upset all conventionalities and threaten the throne of the nation. "Shut the door, and bolt it, and double-bar it against him, cried all political and ecclesiastical power. Christ on a retreat when only tions and hardships and sufferings of retreat! When the glad news came that Herod was dead, and the Madonna was packing up and taking her child home, bad news also came, that Archelaus, the son, had taken the throne-another crowned infamy. What chance for the babe's life? Will not some short grave hold the won-

drous Infant?" "Put him to death!" was the order all up and down Palestine, and all up and down the desert between Bethlehem and Cairo. The cry was, "Here comes an iconoclast of all established order! Here comes an aspirant for the crown of Augustus! If found on the streets of Bethlehem, dash him to death on the pavement! If found on a hill, hurl him down the rocks! Away with him!" But the Babe got home in safety, and passed up from infancy to youth, and from youth to manhood, and from carpenter-shop to Messiahship, and from Messiahship to Enthronement, until the mightlest name on earth is Jesus, and there is no mightler name in heaven.

Can you imagine what a scarification of the world's literature would be the removal of all Christ ever did and said? It would tear down the most important shelves of yonder Congressional Library, and of the Vatican Library, and of British Museum, and the Berlin and Bonn and Vienua and Madrid and St. Petersburg Libraries. And St. Paul's life would have been of one. Do tell us of one. There only a nipkin on full dress occasions. an impossibility, and his Epistles never was one. And had the Babe would never have been written, and of Bethlehem died the same week in St. John, from the basaltic caverns which he was born, there never would as a perfect dream its cost is apt to of Patmos, would never have heard the have been a triumphant Christian prove a nights ware to her busband.

East! I am so glad you did not report to the imperial scoundrel at Jerusalem where the Bible was, for the hounds would have soon torn to pieces the Lamb, and I am so glad that not only did you bring the frankincense and the myrrh to the room in that caravansary, but that you brought the gold which paid his traveling expenses Egypt, and paid their lodging and again. Well enough to bring to the barn of the Saviour's nativity the fu! atmosphere of the stables, but the gold was just then the most important offering. So now the Lord accepts your prayers, for they are the perfume of heaven; but he asks also for the gold which will pay the expense of taking Christ to all nations.

I take another step forward in show-

ing the narrow escape you and I had

Christ's birth-place from the Herodic detectives, and the clubs with which they would have dashed the babe's of bestowed gifts might be kept secret life out, when I say that without the life that began that night in Bethlehem, the world would have had no illumined death-beds. Before the time of Christ, good people closed their earthly lives in peace, while depending upon the Christ to come, and there were antediluvian saints, and Assyrian saints, and Egyptian saints, and Grelong before the clouds above Bethlehem became a balcony filled with the all sing; but I cannot read that there was anything more than a quieting guess that came to those before-Christ death-beds. Job said something bordering on the confident, but it was mixed up with a story of "skin-worms" that would destroy his body. Abraham and Jacob had a little light on the dying pillow, but compared with the after-Christ death-beds, it was like the dim tallow candle of old beside the modern cluster of lights electric. know Elijah went up in memorable manner, but it was a terrible way to go--a whirlwind of fire that must have been splendid to look at by those who stood on the banks of the Jordan, but it was a style of ascent that required more nerve than you and I ever had, to be a placid occupant of a chariot drawn by such a wild team. The traumphant death-beds, as far as I know, were the after-Christ deathbeds. What a procession of hosannas have marched through the dying room of the saints of the last nineteenth centuries! What a cavalcade of mounted hallelujahs has galloped through the dying visions of the last two thousand years save one hundred! Peaceful death-beds in the years B. C.! Triumphant death-beds, for the most part, reserved for the years A. D! Behold the death-beds of the Wesleys, of the Doddridges, of the Legh Richmonds, of the Edward Paysons; of Vara, the converted heathen chieftain, crying in his last moments, "The canoe is in the sea. The sails are spread. She is ready for the gale. I have a good Pilot to guide me, My outside and my inside man differ. Let the one rot till the trumpet shall sound, but let my soul wing her way to the preach, though his doctors forbade throw myself under the wings of the cherubim before the mercy seat," following him to the grave, singing: With heavenly weapons he has fougat me battles of the Lord.

Finished his course and kept the faith, And gained the great reward.

Of pastor Emille Cook, the great French evangelist, who sat in my church in Brooklyn one Suday morning, and in a few days shipwrecked and dying, after his wife said to him, "God will help you, my dear; he will give you peace," replying "But I have it-Peace! I have it!" Of Prince Albert, quoting with his last breath, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me soldier who had been shot through There is no one like Christ-no one the system thoroughly." like Christ. I have been looking at him these many years, and never yet could find any fault in him but was of my own making, though he has seen ten thousand faults in me. Oh, what must be be himself, when it is he that sweetens heaven, sweetens Scripearth, sweetens trial!" Of John Janeway, saying, in his last moments, "I ordinances. Before a few hours are song of Moses and the Lamb. I shall presently stand on Mount Zion with an innumerable company of angels and with spirits of just men made perfect and with Jesus the Mediator of the new Covenant. Hallelujah!" Some one ought to preach a course of sermons on triumphant Christian deathbeds, and then let some one preach a sermon on triumphant infidel deathbeds-that is, if he can hear or read of one of this latter kind. I never heard fashion of als constituents of wearing

SERMON. Seven Trumpets or seen the heavenly death-bed. It is a wonderful story of walls with twelve layers of illumined | Carist, now rapidly filling the earth, crystallization. Oh, wise men of the that makes triumphant Christian death-beds. The Bethlehem Star had to give way before the rising Sun which was to become the noonday Sun of Righteousness.

Now let the Christmas table be

spread. Let it be an extension table

made up of the tables of your households, and added to them the tables The cradle of the infant Jesus had and those of Joseph and Mary in that of celestial festivity, all together maklong and dangerous flight to Cairo, in ing a table long enough to reach across a hemisphere-yea, long enough board there, and paid their way back to reach from earth to heaven. Send out the invitations to all the guests whom we would like to have come flowers, for they aromatized the dread- and dine. Come all the ransomed of earth and all the crowned of heaven. As at ancient banquets the king who was to preside came in after all the guests had taken their places at the table, so perhaps it may be now. Let the old folks who sat at either end of your Christmas table ten or twenty or forty years ago be seated, their aches and pains all gone; behold they sit down in the exhibaration of everand the world had in the secretion of lasting youth. Come brothers and sisters who used to retire with us early on Christmas-eve so that the mysteries and who rose with us early on Christmast morn to see what was to be revealed. Come all the old neighbors of our boyhood and girlhood days who used to happen in toward the close of this day to wish us a merry time. Come all the ministers of Christ who have in pulpits for many a year been telling the story of the star that pointed to the cian saints, and Jerusalem saints world's first Christmac gift, and at the same time wakened Herod's apprehensions. Come and sit down ye heralds best singers of a world where they of "the glad tidings," whether you were sprinkled or plunged, whether your thanks today be offered in liturgy of ages or prayer; spontaneous, whether you be gowned in canonicals or wearing plain coat of backwoods meeting-house. Come in! Room at this Christmas-table for all those who have bowed at the manger in whatever world you now live:

> Part of the host have crossed the flood, And part are crossing now.

> Yea! come, and sit at this Christmas table, all heaven: Archangel at that end of the table, and all the angels under him adjoining. Come down! Come in! And take your places at this Christmas banquet. The table is spread, and the King who will preside is about to enter. He comes! Him of Bethlehem, him of Calvary, him of Olivet, him of the throne! Rise and greet him. Fill all your chalices with wine pressed from the heavenly Eschol, and drink at this Christmas banquet to the memory of the Babe's rescue from Herodic pursuit, and the memory of those astronomers of the East who defeated the malice, and sarcasm, and irony, and infernal stratagem of the monster's manifesto: "Go and search diligently for the young Child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also." "Given at the palace. Herod the Great."

BOTHERED BY A LOOP. Chicago Shoppers Mixed Up Since the Circle Was Opened.

From Chicago Chronicle: They had been discussing shopping and fashions throne of Jesus." Of dying John and other things dear to feminine Fretener, who entered his pulpit to minds while riding into the city on an elevated train. Both the ladies have him, and then descended to the com- lived in Chicago for years and each munion table, saying, "I am going to is well acquainted with the downtown streets. But since the opening of the loop one of them has been badly turnthousands of people a few days after ed about. She frequently gets off at the wrong station and then starts for some store, but pointed in the opposite direction to the one she should take to arrive at her destination. On this morning she made two false starts and was restrained by her companion. Then when they did debark and made ready to visit a leading emporium the one started east while the other marched due west. The one going east was right and she promptly signaled her friend. "Why, this is the way, isn't it?" queried the lady anxlously peering at the buildings, "Not a bit," was the answer. "If you go hide myself in thee!" Of the dying that way far enough you get across the river on the west side. You are the mouth and could not talk, and going exactly in the wrong way." "It's when the chaplain approached him, that loop again. Do you know that motioned for pencil and paper and ever since it was opened I have been wrote, "I am a Christian, prepared to all turned about so I can't find anydie. Rally round the flag! Rally thing downtown from a station. Let round the flag!" Of John Brown, of me get away from it a little way and Haddington, who said. "I desire to de- I'm all right, but the shadow of that part and be with Christ, and though structure sets me wild. I always go I have lived sixty years very comfort- west for east and north for south. I ably in this world. I would turn my guess I'll have to take the cable hereback upon you all to be with Christ, after or make daily trips until I learn

In the New Navy.

An old Jack Tar had this to say recently about modern warships: "Things are busted wide open. How can a feller swear on one of these newfangled boats? He'd sound like a fool ture, sweetens ordinances, sweetens saying, 'Shiver me timbers!' when there ain't nary a piece of timber, nawthin' but iron from bow to stern. have done with prayer and all other A feller can't take a reef in anything. he can't belay, there's no belayin' pins, over I shall be in eternity, singing the 'n' he can't use any o' them old words which hez made the navy. I suppose a feller will now hev ter yawp, 'Unrivet me plates!' 'Douse me searchlight!' 'Smash me fightin' top!' or 'Foul me screw!' or somethin' o' that sort. I tell yer things hez gone t' 'ell."

In days to come no Philippine repre sentative should be permitted to ente the house of our fathers at Washington unless he shall first eschew the

When a woman's dress is described