

King Edward is an accomplished politician. He knows how to rally.

If somebody would discover wireless politics what a world this might be.

Berlin and Rome are soon to be connected by telephone. But where will the interpreter come in?

When we read of mine horrors like that of Johnstown, it makes the price of coal seem much smaller.

Train robbers are seeing to it that those who spend their vacations in the west get their money's worth.

St. Joseph has a mystery. A family of eight in that city exists on \$4 a week and eats beef once a day.

Somebody ought to arrest the two Venezuelan armies and put them in jail on a charge of disorderly conduct.

If Lawton, O. T., were really enterprising it would invite King Alfonso of Spain to its "harmless" bull fights.

Out in Iowa twelve people have been poisoned by beer. This looks like a clear case of treason on the part of the poisoned.

The latest lady of note—or, rather, of notes—to take a young husband is Teresa Carreno of concert fame, Lucky youth.

The czar's determination to introduce cottonseed oil into his dominions is a sort of farewell one to the officers and men of the Fifteenth Kansas, who were to sail for the States in a few days.

The Filipino maidens with their flashing eyes, swarthy skin and fantastic garments, as they were whirled to and fro in the mazes of the civilized dance by the "boys" made an attractive picture one would not soon forget.

While the revelry was at its height a stalwart officer, with a handsome native maiden clinging to his arm, made his way to one of the refreshment booths in the rear.

No one paid special attention to their movements, and if they were, indeed, noticed at all, it was with a shrug of the shoulders and a smile, as all the "boys" had long known of the attachment existing between Capt. Dick Johnston and pretty Anita Amarido, a daughter of one of Aguinaldo's ex-cabinet members.

"Nita"—"Dick" was bending low over her chair—"what you ask is impossible. I could not live the balance of my life in this place, besides my native land holds all that is dear to me."

"And I, my Dick, am I nothing to you? Have you not oft said to me, 'My Nita, you are the flower of this land and I love you so much that I shall never part from you?' Ah, my Dick, did you not teach me to love as the fair-skinned ladies of your land love?"

"Yes, yes, Nita, but"—a frown of annoyance flitted over his countenance—"things in the States are far different to what they are over here."

"My Dick, you are always right; you must not stay here; you must go home on the big ship when she comes and"—a look of pleading love softening her flashing eyes—"you must take me with you to your beautiful land."

"No, no, Nita. I don't think that would do; you would soon tire of our mode of living in the stuffy cities, and long for this open country and grassy hills. No, the States would not suit you—you had better remain here."

"You will leave me here, Dick—you will cast me off—what when my child comes—no father to see its dimpled cheeks—no, no; it must not be; rather death than that. You swore you loved your Nita—you promised you would wed me in the church as your people do," and her form was shaken by a passionate outbreak of grief.

"Come, come, Nita, don't take it so hard; you are something fierce. I will provide for you and see to it that when trouble comes you will not want wed me in the church as your people do," and her form was shaken by a passionate outbreak of grief.

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HASTE NOT, REST NOT.

Without haste, without rest; Bind the motto to thy breast; Bear it with thee as a spell; Storm or sunshine, guard it well; Heed not flowers that round thee bloom— Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not; let no reckless deed Mar for aye the spirit's speed; Ponder well, and know the right— Forward, there with all their might! Haste not; years can not atone For one reckless action done.

Rest not; time is sweeping by— Do and dare before you die; Something mighty and sublime Leave behind to conquer time. Glorious 'tis to live for aye, When these forms have passed away.

Haste not, rest not; calmly wait; Meekly bear the storms of fate; Duty be thy polar guide— Lo the right, whatever betide! Haste not, rest not; conflicts past, Good shall crown thy work at last! —Schiller.

Anita's Vow.

BY HARRY G. CONNOR. (Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) The old dance hall at Manila, which "Uncle Sam's" soldier boys had rechristened "Volunteers' Rest," was ablaze to-night with gaily colored lights and lanterns and profusely decorated with the "Stars and stripes."

The "boys" were giving a "blow-out"—a sort of farewell one to the officers and men of the Fifteenth Kansas, who were to sail for the States in a few days.

The Filipino maidens with their flashing eyes, swarthy skin and fantastic garments, as they were whirled to and fro in the mazes of the civilized dance by the "boys" made an attractive picture one would not soon forget.

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want for anything; but, of course, you can't go with me."

"Dick, you made me love you. I was a good girl till your lying tongue led me astray. God help me. I believed all you said—believed you loved me. Now you throw me aside; curse your white American skin, you have played with me, ruined me, and I swear by my mother, god and leave me in my disgrace, and my spirit shall follow you till my wrongs have been avenged," and with the air of an outraged princess, Nita left him to ponder over what she had said.

He never beheld her alive again.



The sight that met his gaze froze the words on his lips.

The day the transport Freedom left Manila for home Capt. Dick Johnston identified the remains of a female, which had been fished from the bay by a patrol boat, as all that was mortal of "Nita."

Six months had passed, and to-day old St. John's church of Topeka was thronged with a fashionable assemblage, it being close to the hour set for the marriage of Miss Nettie Colburn, daughter of the Hon. Francis Colburn, to Capt. Richard Johnston of the Kansas volunteers, who had lately returned from the Philippines.

Carriage upon carriage was depositing its brightly arrayed occupants at the door of the old edifice; the gray-haired priest was standing at the chancel rail; the appointed hour had arrived and passed; ten, twenty and now the half hour was here, and still no bridal couple.

The wedding guests sat in feverish expectancy; the reverend father, eyeing the entrance impatiently; when the doors were thrown open to admit an officer in full uniform, who hastened to the altar and spoke to the priest in a low tone.

There was a look of sorrow on his kindly old face as he dismissed the assemblage with the startling announcement that "there would be no wedding to-day."

The evening prior to his wedding day Capt. Dick Johnston was passing quietly at his bachelor apartments with his friend and comrade, Jack Dunn, captain in the Fifteenth U. S. Regulars.

"As I was saying, Jack, to-morrow should see me the happiest of men; and yet the recollection of that affair with Nita I can't get off my mind—it almost drives me frantic at times."

"Jack"—Dick's voice was solemn and tremulous—"I swear to you I have seen her—Nita—three times this week, and right here in this room."

"Oh, the devil, Dick," laughed Jack, "you have been tipping too much; late hours and loss of sleep will make a healthy imagination, you know."

"Damn it, man, how could you have seen her when she has been dead six months or more? Did I not see her buried in the old Jesuits' ground at Manila? Cheer up, old man; I almost believe the nearness of your wedding day is making you nervous."

"Ugh, Jack, I will never forget her threat that night—I will never forgive you, and if you leave me, my spirit shall follow you and avenge my wrongs." See, I hear it now, Dick; it

has been ringing in my ears all day." "Poor little Nita," he continued, meditatively, "I did treat her shabby; but, Jack, I could never have married her, though I wish now I had not wronged her so."

"You will be on time in the morning, old fellow," as Jack arose to leave. "You have been my comrade through everything else, good and bad, so it is a fitting end that you see me safely through matrimony; good night," and with a cynical smile playing over his lips, he listened to the echoing of his friend's footsteps, as they died away through the hallway.

Consternation reigned supreme at the Colburn mansion on the wedding morn. The bride was becoming hysterical despite the comforting words of her attendants. Such was the state of affairs when Capt. Jack Dunn arrived. Upon learning Dick had not arrived he hastened to his apartments with feelings of anxiety in his heart he could not subdue.

Rushing into Dick's room he sung out, "Come, come, old man, you're late; the bride is shedding her first tears for you"—the sight that met his gaze froze the words on his lips.

Lying on the floor, dressed as he had been the night before, with a look of intense horror on his face, was Dick—dead.

As Jack looked on that countenance he could not but remember the proverb,

"The wage of sin is death." Bending over the prostrate form he took from the clenched, cold hand several long strands of jetty-black hair.

The daily papers dwelt on the affair as follows: "Capt. Richard Johnston, U. S. Vols., was found dead at his apartments this morning. Heart failure was the cause of his sudden demise. His death is more than sad and pathetic, as he was to have been married this morning to Miss Nettie Colburn, who is prostrated with grief."

Among "Dick's" papers was a letter addressed to "Jack," written after Jack had left him the night before the day set for his wedding, which ran thus:

"My Dear Jack: Nita has troubled me again—ten minutes after you left; her oath rings still in my ears, and, old comrade, I have a presentiment that it will be fulfilled. If anything happens to me guard my past from the public and know that Nita's vow has been kept. Dick."

"Jack" reads the letter, and, as he looks at the strands of hair he had taken from "Dick's" hand that fateful morning, he knows the truth; whatever passed between Dick and Nita—spirit or what (?)—is locked into his loyal heart to remain.

Why Faith Could Not Cure. Dr. Herbert W. Spencer tells the following story of his attempt to corner a Christian Scientist:

"Every time we met this Scientist took occasion to scoff at medical science and to dwell upon the wonders which could be performed through faith. 'You are convinced that through faith you can do anything?' I said to him one day.

"Yes," he replied, 'faith will move mountains.' 'A week later he was in my office with a swollen jaw due to a tooth-ache. 'What, you here!' I exclaimed, with feigned astonishment.

"Oh, Doctor," he said, 'I have suffered agony all through the night. I simply can't stand this pain any longer.'

"Have you tried faith? I said to him. 'You know you told me the other day that faith could move mountains.'

"But this is a cavity, Doctor; this is a cavity."

His Sympathy. A Chicago lady who had a birthday recently received as a present from one of her friends a \$10 bill. Accompanying the money was a note in which the writer, after explaining that she couldn't think of anything tasteful to buy and had therefore sent the cash, made some tender references to bygone days and dear old scenes. While the recipient was sitting with the bill in one hand and the letter in the other, and permitted tears to drip down upon both, her little son went up to her and, putting his arms around her neck, tenderly asked:

"What's the matter, mamma? Isn't the money good?"

Oriental Logic. A man bought three pounds of meat and brought it home to his wife to cook for dinner, and then went his way to his place of business in the bazaars. The wife was hungry and ate the meat.

In the evening the man came home and asked for his dinner.

"There is no meat," said the wife, "for the cat ate it."

"Bring the cat," said the man, "and a pair of scales."

"Weigh the cat," said the man. The cat weighed three pounds.

"If this is the cat," said the man, "where is the meat? And if this the meat, where is the cat?"—Harper's Magazine.

She Was No Gordon Bleu. Several ladies sat in their club a few evenings ago, discussing the virtues of their husbands.

"Mr. Bingleton," said one of them, referring to her life partner, "never drinks and never swears—indeed, he has no bad habits!"

"Does he ever smoke?" someone asked.

"Yes. He likes a cigar just after he has eaten a good meal. But I suppose, on an average, he doesn't smoke more than once a month."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI. AUG. 10; LEVITICUS 10:1-11—NADAB AND ABIHU.

Golden Text—"Let us Watch and Be Sober"—1 Thes. 5:6—"The Fatal Results of a Momentary Weakness Shown in This Lesson."

The initial lessons in God's wilderness training school were those in trust, duty, obedience, and worship. The next event in their experience was a fracture of the law of worship brought about by drunkenness, so that the fifth lesson is one of temperance.

I. Nadab and Abihu. The Opportunity of Two Young Men.—V. 1, first part. "And Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took either of them his censor and put fire therein and put incense thereon and offered strange fire before the Lord, which He commanded them not."

Strange Fire. Illustrations. "The essence of the sin of Nadab and Abihu was this, that it was will-worship; worship in which they consulted, not the revealed will of God regarding the way in which he would be served, but their own fancies and inclinations."

We also use strange fire whenever we offer to God any service while he commands a different one. What we do matters little, if it is not done in obedience.

Second Temperance Lesson: Intemperance blunts the Spiritual Nature. The stronger arguments for temperance lies in the opportunities to young men and young women when the first offense was made to shut all these doors in our face.

III. Fire from God: the Fatal Result of Sin.—V. 2. "And there went out fire." A miraculous fire, like that which had just before approved Aaron's ministry by consuming his sacrifice (Lev. 9:24).

Third Temperance Lesson: Strong Drink leads down to Death. Aside from the spiritual death, alcohol leads swiftly to physical death. Strong drink works fatal injury to the human body.

4. "And Moses called Mishael and Elzaphan." These first cousins of Aaron were probably the nearest relatives who were not priests, and it may have been on account of their dilemma that the second passover was established (Num. 9:6-11).

5. "So they were carried in their coats." The long white tunics, which were the most characteristic part of the priest's dress.—Cook.

6. "Elezazar and Ithamar." Aaron's remaining sons. "Let not the hair of your heads go loose." Both this and the rending of the clothes were among the most common signs of mourning among the Jews.—Lange. "Least ye die." "Let wrath come upon all the people, since no ruler can sin without involving his people in the sad results. "But let your brethren . . . bewail."

7. "And ye shall not go out." To accompany the dead bodies. They were to keep right on with their priestly duties. "For the anointing oil of the Lord is upon you." "By the anointing they had been set apart to represent God before Israel."—Kilgore. It was called the oil of gladness (Psa. 45:7), and was not to be associated with mourning.

Fourth Temperance Lesson: Intemperance involves the Sorrow of many Innocent Ones. If the evil effects of drunkenness were confined to the guilty, it would be well indeed, but the most pitiful results of intemperance would be abolished. Wisely, however, God has so bound the world together that no man can sin, but that others, and usually many others, suffer with him.

V. Temperance Lessons written in Flame.—Vs. 8-11. 8. "Do not drink wine nor strong drink." The nearness of this injunction to the story of Nadab and Abihu implies that their sin was due, partly, if not wholly, to intoxication. "Thou nor thy sons." No father wants his boy to be a drunkard; but the boys will follow the example of a drinking father rather than his precept.

Fifth Temperance Lesson: Intemperance is under God's Eternal Ban. "It shall be a statute forever." The temptations to drunkenness are many times greater now than in Bible times, and the sin is far more prevalent in our nation than ever in Palestine. Never was there so great need of emphasizing this standing law.

10. "That ye may put difference between the holy and unholy." Drunkenness (see v. 1) dulls the moral nature. Intemperance and religion are eternal enemies because the first is unclean and the second holy, the first is slavery to the body and the second mastery over it. The church should be the active opponent of the saloon, because the saloon is seeking to destroy everything which the church is seeking to promote.

11. "And that ye may teach the children of Israel." It is especially necessary that teachers, public officials, employers, all in positions of authority and influence, be total abstainers. But every Christian, also, is a light set on a hill. A Christian life is an electric advertisement of Christianity, and the least departure from strict temperance is like the breaking of one of the lamps, leaving gaps in the sign and spoiling it.

The Solution. Mrs. Jaggs—John, what are you doing down there, turning the doorknob round and round? Jaggs—Dunno, m'dears! Can't find any kesh-hullo. Guesser must be a stem-winder.—New York Sun.

Strike Statistics. Fifty per cent of all the strikes in this country are successful, 13 per cent succeed in part, while 36 per cent fail completely. These figures represent the averages of the twenty-year period from 1881 to 1900.

Lamp Oil for Spiders. Spiders are met with in the forests of Java whose webs are so strong that it requires a knife to cut through them, as we are told, says Pearson's Weekly. A spider weighing four pounds, which has taken up her residence in a cathedral at Munich, regales herself with a large supply of lamp oil. A Texas spider weaves a balloon four feet long and two feet wide, which she fastens to a tree by a single thread, then marches on board with her half dozen little ones, cuts the thread and away goes the airship to some distant point on the prairie.

Palmerston's Independence. Lord Palmerston's reception of Louis Kossuth, when the latter visited England, brought upon him a peremptory rebuke from the prime minister, Lord John Russell. Palmerston wrote a sharp reply. "My dear John Russell," his letter ran, "I have just read your letter today and am told your messenger waits for an answer. My reply, then, is immediate, and is that there are limits to all things; that I do not choose to be dictated to as to who I may or may not receive in my own house; and that I shall use my own discretion in this matter. You will, of course, use yours as to the composition of your government. I have not detained your messenger five minutes."

A Foolish Lift. Stratford, Wis., July 25th.—William Junemann was working with a farmer near this place last summer and one day they got stuck with a load of grain. Mr. Junemann says: "We had to lift like fools and my back cracked and started to hurt me so that I couldn't stand it any longer. The man I was working with took me home and I went to bed. I saw an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the paper and I sent and got one fifty cent box. Before I had this box used up I began to feel better and I kept on and very soon my back was well again."

"I can't say enough for Dodd's Kidney Pills and I cannot understand why anyone should continue to suffer with backache when Dodd's Kidney pills will cure it so quickly."

If people were all good it would be a very uninteresting world.

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