

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Dark Stranger," "Charlie Allendale's Double," Etc.

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

He closed his eyes and in a few moments was unconscious. When he awoke he found the strange hermit at his side bending over him and gazing eagerly into his face. He turned slowly away and went back to the fire.

A moment later he brought him some meat and said:

"You had better eat; you are weak." This was quite a long sentence for the hermit, and he paused after speaking to rest. Paul took the broiled steak and ate sparingly. It was very juicy and nutritious, and he began to feel stronger in a few moments after he had finished. The hermit meanwhile had resumed his seat on a large stone in front of the fire.

There was now another expression on his face. It was an expression of sadness. The more Paul studied the features of this strange man the more mysterious they seemed. He lay for a long time looking at him and asking himself a thousand questions. Then he grew weary of gazing and thinking and closed his eyes. Consciousness had almost slipped away when a movement in the cavern caused him to again open his eyes. The hermit was preparing to leave.

He took up the rude lamp, in which burned some kind of oil, and went to the opposite side of the cavern. He set the lamp on a flat stone, and putting his hand into a sort of crevice in the rocky wall pulled forth something. It was in a roll. He unrolled it and gazed at it intently.

From where he lay Paul saw that the object when unrolled was part of a tanned hide of some sort of an animal.

"I hope he will leave it," thought Paul. "If he does I will examine it. There is writing on it, and it may contain some clue to this Klondyke mystery that so nearly drives me mad." All the movements of the hermit were slow and deliberate. He went carefully toward the entrance of the cavern. Long Paul lay on the couch listening for the slight tread of the moccasined feet, but he came not back.

"He has gone!" said Paul.

He rose to a sitting position and gazed about the cavern.

After a few moments he rose to his feet. With a wildly beating heart he began his tour of exploration. The oil lamp had been left burning on a square stone, and he picked it up and went along the great natural corridor for some distance until he came upon a great chamber with lofty ceilings.

He began to search for the crevice in the rock where he had seen the man place the skin on which was the writing. Paul found the roll and drew it out.

It proved to be a piece of walrus hide covered all over with strange pictures and hieroglyphics such as the Indian picture writers use. It was almost round, and he could find no beginning nor end to it.

The report of a gun near the mouth of the cavern caused him to thrust the walrus hide into the crack and hasten into the deeper recesses of the cavern.

CHAPTER IV.

Meeting a Friend With Bad News.

It is necessary at this point in our story to return to Clarence Berry's party, which we left on the top of the Chilkoote Pass in a raging storm. All through that terrible night Clarence Berry lay thinking of his young wife, whom he had packed away as comfortable as possible in that terrible height in the frigid zone. Day dawned bright and clear and he arose early and called to his wife:

"Ethel, Ethel, are you alive?"

There came no answer until he had pulled away some of the packages that formed her apartment; then he heard her voice answering:

"I am all right, Clarence."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the husband. "I feared you had perished through that terrible storm."

Dick and "Hemstitch," the Esquimaux, were self-constituted cooks, and prepared a breakfast of a pot of boiled beans and a little coffee, which froze on the slightest provocation.

When breakfast was over two sleds were loaded with supplies, and with-out dogs or any one to draw them, started down the mountain. Two weeks were consumed in reaching Lake Linderman. Here they were detained another week, completing a boat with which they could make their way down the river.

One night, after a day of arduous toil, they camped at the foot of a mountain protected from the north wind by a steep precipice. The dogs had been unharnessed, fed and lay sleeping about the sleds. The tired Indians, having had supper, were stretched before the fire. Ethel, attired in furs, sat on a sled which had been drawn up before the blazing logs. Her proud husband declared she looked like an angelic Esquimaux queen.

Dick reclined on the skin of a musk-ox telling a story in which there was blended Bovey slang and western dialect. Suddenly one of the dogs started up and gave vent to a low growl, cutting the story short. The guide gave a sharp whistle and seized his rifle. The others at once laid their hands on their guns and stood on the defensive.

A few moments later a large object could be seen in the distance slowly advancing toward them. Owing to the dim, uncertain light all at first were of the opinion it was a bear, and one or two cocked their guns and stepped out a short distance from the light to get a better shot at the animal. The guide suddenly called:

"Hold! It's a man!"

"Course it is," growled a voice in the distance. "Want did ye think it was—a walrus?"

A man clothed in furs, holding a rifle in his hand, came forward and advanced toward the fire.

Ethel rose trembling with fright at the appearance of this strange apparition, and clung to the arm of her husband.

"Who is he?" she whispered.

"Where did that terrible man come from?"

"Though the question was not intended for the ears of this strange man, he heard them, and in a voice like the deep tones of far-off thunder he answered:

"I am from the Klondyke, where you seem to be going; a place where gold can be raked up by the handful."

"Who are you? What is your name?" Berry asked, advancing toward the Klondyker and extending his hand toward him.

"I am called Glum Ralston," he answered.

"Hunting for a friend?"

By this time Clarence Berry had clasped his hand and brought him near the camp fire, where he bade him be seated and tell his troubles.

"I hain't much at spinning yarns," the ex-sailor answered. "My friend was robbed on the Klondyke a few months ago, an' at the same time laid up for repairs."

Ethel grasped her husband's hand and mentally ejaculated, "It was Paul."

She listened with the keenest interest to the story of Glum Ralston, and tears gathered in her eyes. She knew the missing companion was none other than Paul Miller, whose fate would perhaps never be known.

"Oh, heaven, poor Laura! how shall we break this terrible news to her, Clarence?" she sobbed.

The young husband made no answer, and Glum Ralston, lighting his pipe, proceeded to smoke in silence.

CHAPTER V.

THE WALRUS HIDE.

Paul Miller ran two or three hundred paces into the cavern until it grew so dark he had to grope his way and he came to a halt.

From around a projecting stone he turned his gaze back to the chamber which was lighted by the lamp.

He saw the hermit come at a run toward the inner chamber, three men pursuing him. They were so close on him that he halted by the side of the couch and turned at bay. A third man at this moment appeared on the scene and seized his arms from behind and hurried him to the cavern floor.

Paul Miller had all along watched the exciting contest. He started toward the chamber, where they were tying the hermit's hands with strips of walrus skin, and was almost near enough to call out when he suddenly halted and gave them a stare.

"They are the robbers themselves!" he gasped in a whisper. "What in heaven does this mean!" He quickly slunk away behind some masses of rock, broken from the side of the cavern.

Completely concealed from the actors in this singular drama, Paul was enabled to observe all that went on. There seemed to be only violence enough on the part of the captors to effect the capture of the hermit. When this was effected they began pleading with him to do something, or make some revelation. After a few words, the captive became silent and sullen. His captors plied him with many questions and he refused to answer any of them. At last, leaving him in charge of one man, the other two began to search the cavern.

When they came near Paul he crouched in the smallest possible space and scarce dared to breathe.

One of the two searchers was a very man whom he had chased up the mountain side.

As they passed one of them mentioned a name which caused him to start so violently as to almost discover himself to them. It was Lackland.

Lackland was the wealthy banker and speculator of his own town, who had been a rival for the heart and hand of Laura Bush. What did these mysterious men of the Klondyke know about him, or what had he to do with them?

Almost maddened by despair Paul fell upon his knees and furiously beat his breast with his hands while the captors led the prisoner away.

They had taken up the oil lamp and carried it with them, and Paul was soon in total darkness. In his fit of desperation he rose and followed them. At the entrance of the cavern he halted and gazed off after the captors and prisoner. A thousand tumultuous emotions swayed his heart, and again in despair he beat his breast with his hands.

"Oh, cruel, cruel fate! Why did I not know he was my friend and defend him!"

He gazed helplessly at the little party until they had disappeared from his view and then threw himself upon the floor of the cavern in despair. But his better judgment came to his relief and starting up he seized the lamp and started back toward the fire to light it. It seemed an age before the faint glow from the dying embers told him where the fire was. He at last reached the spot, and with a piteous

stick raked the living coals together. Laying on two or three smaller sticks he blew them into a blaze and lighted the lamp.

After a short rest he was prepared to travel, but he remembered the walrus hide, with its mysterious hieroglyphics, and determined to take it with him. He was unable to unroll anything from the hide, and rolling it up thrust it in one of his capacious pockets, and taking some of the provisions left in the cavern, went out and buckled on his snow shoes to leave the place forever. He tramped until night and then spreading a blanket on the snow slept soundly. A snow fell during the night, and when he awoke he shook off the white growth of nature and ate some of the roasted moose meat he had brought with him.

For over a week he wandered about in the wilderness, subsisting on fish he caught in the river and a deer which he shot, but not seeing a human being. Paul had no compass to steer his course, and was often lost among the mountains.

One day he came upon a fresh trail in the snow as if a party with Indian porters, dogs and sledges had made their way over the snow toward Forty Mile Camp.

He sat down at the side of the path to rest and think. A slight crunching of snow but a short distance from him caused him to look up, and he saw a man coming on snow shoes, a rifle on his shoulder. A single glance at those familiar features, and he cried:

"Glum—Glum Ralston!"

The solitary traveler paused, started back in surprise, clutching his gun for an instant as if he would use it; then dropping it on the snow, gave vent to a whoop that would have done credit to a wild Indian, and bounding forward had Paul about the neck, crying:

"Crack-lash alive, by th' trident o' Neptune!"

"Where have you been?" asked Paul.

"Cruisin' about lookin' for you," he answered. "Where you been?"

Paul told the story of his adventures, concluding with his escape from the cave.

"I have found the mystery about me thickening all the time, and this walrus hide covered with strange pictures and hieroglyphics is the chief of all mysteries."

Glum Ralston took the walrus hide, unrolled it, and gazing at it with wildly dilating eyes which indicated his strange interest, demanded:

"Where did you get it?"

"From the hermit."

"Th' hermit—the hermit—the man that owns this hide—the man who saved you, is my old captain!" cried the excited prospector with a shout.

"Where is he? Where is he! It's my old captain—I'll go home to Kate yet. Where is he? Where is he? Where is he?" he shouted almost fiercely, while Paul was too much dumfounded to utter a word.

"Be calm, Glum, and explain what you mean!" cried Paul.

Holding up the piece of walrus hide, Glum said:

"I've seen this before."

"Where?"

"On board the 'Eleanor.'" "Who had it there?"

"The red-skin as had the stran' o' gold nuggets about his neck."

Paul's interest in the walrus hide increased. The old man continued in a gleeful tone:

"Oh, he lives, he lives! I will find him, tell him I've been true to him all these years and take 'im home."

Suddenly he became more composed, and turning his eyes on Paul, asked: "Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"What! you have seen him and let him escape?"

"I could not help myself; they came and dragged him away."

(To be continued.)

Biggest Cigar in the World.

Paymaster General Bates of the army possesses the largest cigar in the world. It is sixty-three inches long, and as large around as a man's arm at the thickest section.

Its composition includes twenty-two classes of Philippine tobacco. The huge cigar is the gift of Major W. H. Comegys, of the pay department, who sent it to the paymaster general with this note:

"I send you the largest cigar you have ever seen—at least, the largest I have ever seen. It is made of a number of the finest brands of tobacco grown on the islands. This was manufactured at San Fernando du Union, in Union Province, P. I. The case is also a curiosity. It may be called a family cigar, as all smoke it, and the grandmother is supposed to finish it or the cigar to finish the grandmother."—Washington Correspondence St. Louis Republic.

Beautiful Mummy Blue.

Hamlet reflected curiously upon the fact that the body of a great ruler might yet come to be used to "stop a hole to keep the wind away," but modern ingenuity has discovered more useful, if not more honorable, uses for the bodies of departed emperors. Manufacturers of artists' colors now often use mummies in making their colors, and it is almost certain that a small percentage of some ancient Egyptian rulers went to compose some of the colors used by various R. A.'s in painting their portraits for this year's Academy. Mummies were usually preserved in bitumen or the best pitch, and this blended with the bone of the mummy gives a peculiarly beautiful tint, especially in brown or dark blue. The export of mummies is now forbidden, but one will last a manufacturer for years. The colors so made are principally used by portrait painters.—London Tatler.

REPUBLICANS READY

WILL ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR NATIONAL AFFAIRS.

Unlike the Democratic Party the Republicans are Practically United on All Great Questions and Have a Record to be Proud of.

Senator Vest is not the only Democrat who sees more of party danger than advantage in the election of a Democratic House next fall. Mr. Vest argues that the Democratic majority in the House, with other branches of the government in Republican hands, could do nothing more than block the wheels, and merely obstructive tactics usually bring upon a party a serious weight of public odium. The judgment of Senator Vest on this point, based on long experience in Congress, will not be disputed. The Philadelphia Ledger, whose political position is that of the Cleveland Democrats, remarks on the same subject: "Far-seeing Democrats will be very well pleased if the Republicans should regain in control of the House by a reduced majority, as they will then be wholly responsible for whatever may happen in the two years that will elapse before the next Presidential election."

Republicans are not afraid of that responsibility. They court it. They have shaped national policies for forty years, except during a brief period in Cleveland's second administration, when both branches of Congress were Democratic. The Wilson-Gorman tariff law was passed at that time, but both Cleveland and Wilson regarded it as a misshapen thing, and the country knows that it was a disastrous failure. At all other periods since 1861, when one party held the reins, it was a Republican era, and to them must be credited the legislative achievements of more than a third of a century. From present appearances the Republican majority will be increased in the next House and the obstructive tendencies of the Democratic party will be displayed by the minority, though without avail. The people do not see the wisdom of halting national legislation for two years by electing a Democratic House next November.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Agricultural Values.

The American Economist almost alone among the press of the country has persistently maintained that our agricultural values have been estimated far too low. We are pleased, therefore, to see that our stand is being vindicated, and that the official statisticians seem inclined to give the farmer a more approximate approach to the true figures. The value of farm products as given by the census have been as follows:

1850	\$1,326,961,326
1860	1,600,000,000
1870	2,447,538,658
1880	2,212,540,927
1890	2,460,107,454

For 1850 and 1860 the amount is estimated, while the figures for 1870 are in currency and should be reduced one-fifth.

Now the recently issued bulletin for 1900 gives the value for 1899 as \$4,739,118,752, and if the census had been taken last year it would no doubt have conceded that the value of our agricultural products was fully \$6,000,000,000. That is more like it, but still far from the truth. The census takes little or no account of what the farmer himself consumes. He returns his cash product only, while in many cases he consumes more than he sells. The meat and vegetables that go on his table, the winter's supply of potatoes and apples and cider and ham and bacon, the grass and hay and fodder that are fed to the live stock summer and winter, the eggs and butter and milk, the pees and beans and tomatoes, the cherries and strawberries and blackberries, the wood for the fire, the straw for bedding, the manure for fertilizing—in short, things innumerable that contribute to the living, comfort and happiness of the farmer and his family should all be included in the total value of his products; \$10,000,000,000 would not seem an extravagant estimate; \$9,000,000,000 would seem very conservative. We therefore insist on this latter sum as the minimum value that should be given to our products of agriculture. It shows what protection does for the farmers.

Divided Democrats.

Even if there were some virtue in a tariff issue how would the Democrats reap the benefit. How do they stand upon it? What do they advocate? They spent the entire session of Congress in fighting over the Philippine question, but they formulated no policy. Every one knows how the Republicans stand, for they have enacted their tariff views in the Dingley bill. But who knows where the Democracy stands? Their only concrete promulgation is the Wilson-Gorman bill, a bill characterized by President Cleveland as a measure of perjury and dishonor. Do they want to go before the country with that? Among their leaders are Messrs. Teller, Patterson, Dubois and Gorman, who are all outright Protectionists. Will they follow them? On the other hand are Henry Wattersson, Mr. Bryan and most of the Southern Senators, who are outright free-traders. Will the Democracy follow them? And if it follows any

one of these three divisions will the other divisions follow it?

The situation of the National Democratic party is most desperate. And it will not be improved by adopting the tariff issue.—Sioux Falls Leader.

The Issue is Hunting Them!

Where is there a better campaign document for the summer and autumn of 1902, the marvelous year in the history of America's material progress, than the speech on prosperity which Senator Gallinger delivered about a week before Congress adjourned?

Therein are the figures, therein are the statistics of production, consumption and wealth which prompt Dr. Gallinger to say:

"Every man, woman and child in the United States is equal to ten persons outside of the United States, particularly as consumers of our own and the world's products of agriculture, mining and manufacture. The farm laborers of Europe do nine times the work and get double the result of the farm laborers of the United States. That is, it takes four and one-half Europeans to equal one American. Extend the comparison to Asia and Africa and we find that the average United States producer is equal to ten the world over, outside of our country. The comparison is emphasized by our coal consumption and steam power, and finally by our products of manufacture. We are to-day practically independent of the rest of the earth. In a few years we shall raise our own sugar and fibers, manufacture our own silk, and, in fact, we shall produce almost everything used by mankind. The conclusion, then, is warranted that in another generation, if the present system of protection is continued, the people of the United States will equal or surpass in production, consumption and wealth the peoples of the rest of the world combined."

Here is Dr. Gallinger's diagnosis of the political situation:

"Our friends on the other side are looking for an issue. They need not worry, the issue is looking for them. Prosperity is the issue, and all other questions are secondary."

Whether they find an issue or not, this issue is sure to find them not later than the fourth day of November.—New York Sun.

The Hunt for an Issue.

The Democrats are afraid to tackle the tariff question outright again. The memory of the dark days from 1892 to 1897, and of the mongrel measure which President Cleveland refused to sign and was afraid to veto, is still too fresh in the people's minds. The statement issued after the caucus of House Democrats in Washington last Friday night, although designed to confuse voters on leading questions, makes tolerably clear the policy they have decided on. They intend to attack the tariff from behind the trust and Cuban reciprocity breastworks. They know the people remember the Wilson-Gorman law, but they hope they have forgotten that the Democrats were denounced before they enacted this measure. The scheme will not work. The country has not yet exculpated the Democracy for its disastrous anti-tariff work of the past. The discredited party is in a crystal ball and it will think it has found a way out many times yet before it finally gets out.—Kansas City Journal.

Immigration Laws.

Eighty thousand immigrants were dumped into this country in the month of May. They were mostly from Southern Europe and of a class the United States can get along without.—Shell Rock (Iowa) News.

On the foregoing the Ackley (Iowa) World comments without a blush:

"The Republican party rejected the immigration law proposed by the Democrats."

"A few years ago Senator Lodge of Massachusetts introduced a far stricter immigration law, but the Democrats raised such a howl against it that they induced just enough Republicans to oppose it to defeat the excellent measure. Moreover, at the last session of Congress the Republicans strenuously endeavored to enact more stringent immigration laws, and especially to prohibit the immigration of anarchists, but such was the opposition by Democrats that they would not allow the bill to pass."

Promises Redeemed.

The deposits in American savings banks have increased from \$1,810,597,023 in 1895, to \$2,845,591,300 in 1902. This is only one of the many forms of saving in vogue in the United States, and represents a comparatively small part of the surplus earnings of the people. The figures, however, speak eloquently of the redemption of the promise made in the first named year by the Republican party to restore prosperity.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Strong Position.

The only objection Republicans would have to the bringing forward of the tariff as the grand issue of the next campaign would be that it would make the fight too easy for them. The object lesson of the past six years, as compared with those of the preceding four, would render very little of the customary debate necessary. The tariff is an issue whereon the Republican party is too well fortified to make the discussion interesting.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Jekyll-Hyde.

When out of office Democrats do much talking about the offensiveness of trusts, but when in power the party does nothing to curb trusts. Talking and acting are two different things.—Terre Haute Tribune.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X. SEPT. 7; DEUTERONOMY 18:9-19.—THE PROPHET.

Golden Text—"This is of a Truth That Prophet That Should Come Into the World"—John 6:14—Moses Speaks to the People.

The First Victories. After their experience with the fiery serpents the Israelites continued their march, rounding Edom, and passing up along its eastern borders. After a new census (Num. 26) to organize the nation for conquest, the Israelites met and defeated the tribes occupying the country east of the Jordan (Num. 21: 21-35; Deut. 2: 3).

I. Separation from Idols.—Vs. 9-11. 9. "When thou art come into the land of Canaan, 'Which the Lord thy God giveth thee,' and therefore they could confidently march up against the land. 'Thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations.'"

10. "There shall not be found among you." The following list of nine types of sorcerers is the most complete of the Pentateuch. "Any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire." This was part of the worship of the Phoenician god, Molech (Lev. 18: 21; 24: 10). It is not known whether the rite involved consecration by burning, the burning of human victims, or an ordeal by fire. "Or that useth divination." The term means to obtain an oracle from a god by some method of drawing lots.—Driver. "Or an observer of omens." "Or an enchanter." "Or that observeth omens, of which the most familiar example is divination by the flight of birds."—Driver. "Or a witch" (R. V. "sorcerer").

11. "Or a charmer." "One who fascinates noxious animals, like Eastern serpent-charmers."—Wolfendale. "Or a consulter with familiar spirits." Isa. 29: 4 indicates that their trick was a form of ventriloquism. "Or a wizard." "One who makes pretensions of strange knowledge." "Or a necromancer." "One who interrogates the dead."—Wolfendale.

12. The Weakness of Idolatry.—Vs. 12, 14, 15. "For all that do these things," whether heathen or Hebrew, "are an abomination unto the Lord." The penalty was death. 13. "Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God." Yield him pure service, undefiled with idolatry. See Matt. 5: 48.

14. "For these nations, which thou shalt possess." The various tribes inhabiting Canaan. "Hearken (R. V. "hearken") . . . unto diviners." Not merely listen to them, but go after them. Live on their plans. "God hath not suffered these things to do."

15. Guidance in a Pure Religion.—Vs. 15-18. Idolatry and sorcery testify to a need of the human soul that must be met, the need of some outlook into the future, the need of spiritual guidance, and of a revelation of God's will. 15. "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee." In this verse there is outlined what Oesterzee calls "the grandest hope of all antiquity," the promise of the Messiah. "A Prophet." In the King James version this is capitalized, making it refer to Christ alone; but the revision writes it "prophet" here as well as in vs. 29-32. "From the midst of thee, of thy brethren." "In contrast to the diviners, who were often of foreign origin (Isa. 2: 6, etc.)."—Driver. So Christ was born a despised Nazarene, a carpenter's son, and in a stable; and his apostles were men of the people. "Like unto me."

Moses and Christ. They were like, in that (1) each laid down a system of religious law; (2) each wrought great miracles; (3) each represented God to men; (4) each was honored by the people; (5) each manifested approval or authority of God; (6) each was an intercessor with God for his people; (7) each was rejected and opposed by his people; (8) the life of each ended in apparent failure; (9) each passed from earth in an unusual way.

But they were different, in that (1) the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ (John 1: 17); that is, Moses showed the sterner, Christ the most loving, aspect of God. The Ten Commandments begin with "Thou shalt not," but the Sermon on the Mount begins with "Blessed." Moses represents God as a Judge; Christ as a Father. Moses declared the terror of sin, but Christ saved from sin. Moses used for sacrifice the blood of beasts, but Christ offered up himself. Moses taught one nation alone, but Christ teaches the world. Moses sinned, but Christ was sinless. "Like unto me." Every man, though perhaps the greatest, but Christ is God.

"Unto him ye shall hearken," while the Canaanites (v. 14) hearken to their sorcerers.

16. "According to all that thou desirest. In the day of the assembly." 18. "And will put my words in his mouth." Other religions have professed to lay down, once for all, a complete body of truth; but the religion of the Hebrews was a growth, a thing of life.

"All that I shall command him." See Ex. 7: 2; Jer. 1: 7, 17. Therefore the religious mysteries Christ disclosed but left unexplained—such as the reason why sin is permitted, the precise method of inspiration, the exact nature of the Trinity and mode of the atonement, the reconciliation of foreordination and free will—we may be sure God does not think it necessary for us to know.

19. Punishment for Disobedience.—V. 19. "Whosoever will not hearken." A hearer was as necessary as a prophet. "I will require it of him." That is, punish him for his disobedience. It would be strict account of his scholars' ingratitude of the rules, and an unwise parent that did not remember his child's disobedience. God shows his love for us in his punishments quite as much as in his mercy.

Illustrations. The New Testament text of false teaching is given in 1 John 4: 1-3: "Prove the spirits, whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world. . . . Every spirit which confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God." The acknowledgment of Jesus Christ as the divine Savior of the world is the fundamental test to be applied to all would-be teachers of men. If we have not the insight to see this or the honesty to acknowledge it, they are unfit to lead others.

Soil and Climate of Manchuria.

The soil of the larger part of Manchuria and Mongolia is of a sedimentary formation. The winters are very cold in Manchuria, the ground being frozen to the depth of several feet.

Good Gun Practice at Sea.

For a target during big gun practice recently the French northern fleet used the old transport Surocut. The range was over three and one-half miles and the vessel sank in less than ten minutes after the first gun was fired.

It Demands Silence.

"Why do you call that a still?" asked the new initiate of the Georgia moon-shiner. "Because we have to work it on the quiet," replied the Georgian.