

A stumbling block becomes a stepping stone if you know how to use it.

The New York teachers are evidently tired of speaking softly without a big stick.

Next thing you know the Chinamen will be insisting on their right to have appendicitis.

The Washington Post incidentally remarks that silence is essential to successful fishing.

That Nebraska cyclone was almost as fatal as the Paris-Madrid motor race, and not any swifter.

The man who wore a silk hat in Texas might have escaped with his life if he hadn't ordered lemonade.

Four tutor students and a professor have been arrested at Yale for assaulting one man. Brave fellows!

It is rumored that Schwab is ill again. Some of these stories must be very disappointing to his doctor.

One unfortunate thing about the baseball business is that this season's pennants cannot be awarded right now.

The stogie trust has suddenly increased its capital stock from \$5,000 to \$11,976,000. Cherokeesealem, vot a jump!

Sing Sing, N. Y., may change its name as often as it pleases, but a sentence by any other name will be just as long.

A glass arm is one of the worst things a baseball pitcher can have, especially if every glass contains a highball.

There is a slight fall in the price of pig iron, but the grocer says he must ask as much as ever for lard and sausages.

Mr. Carnegie has taken to endorsing "home culture" clubs. The prospect for his dying poor grows distinctly brighter.

Two-thirds of the American people would like to see Jeffries whipped, but three-fourths of them think the job is too big for Corbett.

A Chicago young man jokingly asked a girl to marry him and now by way of playful repartee she has come back at him with a breach-of-promise suit.

Amid all this admiration for Emerson, it is well to recall that his teaching was that it is better to be yourself than to be the best man that ever lived.

Automobile racing has become too deadly a sport for France, in which country the French duel will probably keep on being the most popular amusement.

Young Willie K. Vanderbilt wept when his automobile broke down the other day and he had to drop out of a race. Yet some people think being rich is just fun.

If you have complement and amboceptor in your blood, you can make faces at bacilli, scrape acquaintance with fever germs and laugh at all forms of disease.

If the church goes in for paw-broking, what is to become of the "uncle"? The relation of the church being maternal, can it also assume the avuncular status?

The fact that the sum of \$21,000 was paid for a Poe manuscript is likely to encourage many modern balladists to waste valuable storage space in holding on to their copy.

The Nebraska man who went to Chicago to answer an advertisement for a husband and had \$300 taken away from him was pretty lucky after all. He escaped without getting a wife.

The milliners and the Audubon society have agreed as to the birds. That will settle the matter if the American woman will sternly refuse to encourage any breaches of the agreement.

Cytotoxis serum will extend life to the 120-year limit. If a man refused treatment, would he, under the laws of New York state, be liable for prosecution on the charge of attempted suicide?

Although every one who enters the court room where the Kentucky feud is being investigated is obliged to check his weapons the wise man who has business there will wear a piece of boiler iron on his back.

A German physician has revived the seething cure for rheumatism, and describes the case of a patient who after being stung 6,522 times experienced a complete cure. And yet there are people who prefer to believe in mental healing.

Article 8 of the constitution of the American Press Humorists, just organized at Baltimore, reads: "The annual expenditure shall not exceed the annual receipts." If all the members live up to article 8 they will always feel like joking.

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

(Copyright, 1900, by Amelia E. Barr)

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"That is so, but I think her life was worth a few words. And Thomas Jefferson says she was ten thousand times welcome to the protection his name gave her. I think my God I have never had such temptation. Over-righteous we must not be, Lysbet."

"I am astonished, also. I thought Arenta would cry out and that only." "What a man or a woman will do and suffer, and how they will do and suffer, no one knows till comes some great occasion. All the human heart wants is the chance."

"As men and women have in Paris to live, I wonder me, that they can wish to live at all! Welcome to them must be death."

"So wrong are you, Lysbet. Trouble and hardship make us love life. A zest they give to it. It was not from the Jews in exile and captivity, but from the Jews of Solomon's glory came the only dissatisfied, hopeless words in the Bible."

"To-morrow, Joris, I will go and see Arenta. She is fair, and she knows it; witty, and she knows it; of good courage, and she knows it; of the fashion, and she knows it. To Aurelia Van Zandt she said, my heart will ache forever for my beloved Athanas, and Aurelia says that her old lover Willie Nicholls is at her feet sitting all the day long—yet for all these things she is a brave woman and I will go and see her."

"Willie Nicholls is a good young man, and he is rich also; but of him I saw nothing at all. Cornelia Moran was there and no flower of Paradise is so sweet, so fair!"

"A very proud girl! I am glad she said 'no' to my Joris."

"Come, my Lysbet, we will now pray and sleep. There is so much not to say."

CHAPTER XIV.

The New Days Come.

One afternoon in the late autumn Annie was sitting watching Hyde playing with his dog, a big mastiff of noble birth and character. The creature sat erect with his head leaning against Hyde, and Hyde's arm was thrown around his neck as he talked to him of their adventures on the Broad that day.

Outside there was in the air that November feeling which chills like the passing breath of death. But in the house Annie and Hyde and the dog sat within the circle of warmth and light made by the blazing ash logs, and in that circle there was at least an atmosphere of sweet content. Suddenly George looked up and his eyes caught those of Annie watching him.

"What have you been reading, Annie?" he asked, as he stooped forward and took a thin volume from her lap. "Why!" he cried, "tis Paul and Virginia. Do you read love stories?"

"Yes. The mystery of a love affair pleases every one, and I think we shall not tire of love stories till we tire of the mystery of spring, or of primroses and daffodils."

"Love has been cruel to me. It has made a cloud on my life that will help to cover me in my grave."

"You still love Cornelia?" "I cannot cure myself of a passion so hopeless. However, as I see no end to my unhappiness, I try to submit to what I cannot avoid."

"My uncle grows anxious for you to marry. He would be glad to see the succession of Hyde assured."

"Oh, indeed, I have no mind to take a wife. I hear every day that some of my acquaintance have married; I hear of none that have done worse."

"You believe nothing of what you say. My uncle was much pleased with Sarah Capel. What did you think of the beauty?"

"Cornelia has made all other women so indifferent to me, that if I cannot marry her, my father may dispose of me as he chooses."

"Cannot you forget Cornelia?" "It is impossible. Her very name moves me beyond words."

Then they were silent, and Hyde drew his dog closer and watched the blaze among some lighter branches, which a servant had just brought in. At his entrance he had also given Annie a letter, which she was eagerly reading. Hyde had no speculation about it; and even when he found Annie regarding him with her whole

soul in her face, he failed to understand, as he always had done, the noble love which had been so long and so faithfully his—a love holding itself above endearments; self-repressed, self-sacrificing, kept down in the inmost heart-chamber a dignified prisoner behind very real bars. Yet he was conscious that the letter was of more than usual interest, and when the servant had closed the door be-



His eyes ran over the sweet words, hid him, he asked, "Whom is your letter from, Annie? It seems to please you very much."

"She leaned forward to him, with the paper in her little trembling hand, and said: "It is from Cornelia."

"My God!" he ejaculated, and the words were fraught with such feeling, as could have found no other vehicle of expression.

"She has sent you, dear George, a copy of the letter you ought to have received more than two years ago. Read it."

His eyes ran rapidly over the sweet words, his face flamed, his hands trembled, he cried out impetuously: "But what does it mean? Am I quite in my senses? How has this letter been delayed? Why do I get only a copy?"

"Because Mr. Van Arlens has the original."

"It is all incredible. What do you mean, Annie? Do not keep me in such torturing suspense."

"It means that Mr. Van Arlens had Cornelia to marry him on the same day that you wrote to her about your marriage. She answered both letters in the same hour, and misdirected them."

"God's death! How can I punish so mean a scoundrel? I will have my letter from him, if I follow him round the world for it."

"You have your letter now. I asked Cornelia to write it again for you, and you see she has done it gladly."

"Angel of goodness! But I will have my first letter."

"It has been in that man's keeping for more than two years. I would not touch it. 'Twould infect a gentleman and make of him a rascal just as base."

"He shall write me then an apology in his own blood. I will make him do it, at the point of my sword. Remember, Annie, what this darling girl suffered. For his treachery she nearly died. I speak not of my own wrong—it is as nothing to hers."

"However, she might have been more careful."

"Annie, she was in the happy hour of love. Your calm soul knows not what a confusing thing that is—she made a mistake, and that sneaking villain turned her mistake into a crime. By a God's mercy, it is found out—but how? Annie! Annie, how much I owe you! What can I say? What can I do?"

"Be reasonable. Mary Damer really found it out. His guilty conscience forced him to tell her the story, though to be sure, he put the wrong on people he did not name. But I knew so much of the mystery of your love sorrow, as to put the stories together, and find them fit. Then I wrote to Cornelia."

"How long ago?" "About two months."

"Why then did you not give me hope ere this?" "I would not give you hope, till hope was certain. Two years is a long time in a girl's life. It was a possible thing for Cornelia to have forgotten—to have changed."

"Impossible! She could not forget. She could not change. Why did you not tell me? I should have known her heart by mine own."

"I wished to be sure," repeated Annie, a little more sadly.

"Forgive me, dear Annie. But this news throws me into an unspeakable condition. You see that I must leave for America at once."

"No. I do not see that, George."

"But if you consider—" "I have been considering for two months. Let me decide for you now, for you are not able to do so wisely. Write at once to Cornelia; that is your duty as well as your pleasure. But before you go to her there are things indispensable to be done. Will you ask Doctor Moran for his child, and not be able to show him that you can care for her as she deserves to be

care for? Lawyers will not be hurried, there will be consultations, and engrossings, and signings, and love—in your case—will have to wait upon law."

"His hard for love, and harder perhaps for anger to wait. For I am in a passion of wrath at Van Arlens. I long to be near him. Oh, what suffering his envy and hatred have caused others!"

"And himself also."

"The man is hateful to me."

"He has done a thing that makes him hateful. I hear your father coming. I am sure you will have his sympathy in all things."

She left the room as the Earl entered it. He was in unusually high spirits. Some political news had delighted him, and without noticing his son's excitement he said:

"The Commons have taken things in their own hands, George. I said they would. They listen to the king and the Lords very respectfully, and then obey themselves. Most of the men in the Lower House are unfit to enter it."

"Well, sir, the Lords as a rule send them there—you have sent three of them yourself. But the government is not interesting. I have something else, father, to think about. I have very important news from America. Will you listen to it?"

"Yes, if you will tell it to me straight, and not blunder about your meaning."

"Sir, I have just discovered that a letter sent to me more than two years ago has been knowingly and purposefully detained from me."

"Did the letter contain means of identifying it as belonging to you?" "Ample means."

"Then the man is outside your recognition. You might as well go to the Bridewell and seek a second among its riff-raff scoundrels. Tell me shortly whom it concerns."

"Miss Moran."

"Oh, indeed! Are we to have that subject opened again?"

His face darkened, and George, with an impetuosity that permitted no interruption, told the whole story. As he proceeded the Earl became interested, then sympathetic. He looked with moist eyes at the youth so dear to him, and saw that his heart was filled with the energy and tenderness of his love. He felt that his son had rights all his own, and that he must cheerfully and generously allow them.

"George," he answered, "you have won my approval. What do you wish to do?"

"I am going to America by the next packet."

"You desire to see Miss Moran without delay, that is very natural."

"Yes, sir. I am impatient also to get my letter."

"I think that of no importance."

"What would you have done in my case, and at my age, father?"

"Something extremely foolish. I should have killed the man, or been killed by him. I hope that you have more sense. What does Annie say?"

"Annie is an angel. I walk far below her—and I hate the man who has so wronged—Cornelia. I think, sir, you must also hate him."

"I hate nobody. God send, that I may be treated the same. George, you have flashed your sword only in a noble quarrel, will you now stain it with the blood of a man below your anger or consideration?"

"What do you wish me to do, sir?"

"I advise you to write to Miss Moran at once. Tell her you are more anxious now to redeem your promise, than ever you were before. Say to her that I already look upon her as a dear daughter, and am taking immediate steps to settle upon you the American Manor, and also such New York property as will provide for the maintenance of your family in the state becoming your order and your expectations. Tell her that my lawyers will go to this business to-morrow, and that as soon as the deeds are in your hand, you will come and ask for the interview with Doctor Moran, so long and cruelly delayed."

(To be continued.)

BORESOMENESS OF A BEGINNER.

Why Robinson Was Deserted by His Acquaintances. Ruggles—Poor old Robinson! It's sad, the saddest thing in the world, perhaps, to see a man deliberately alienate his friends, estrange his family, and make himself an outcast and a horror to everybody, an do it simply to gratify a whim, too.

Struggles—Why, that do you mean? I saw him not so very many days ago, and he seemed perfectly happy, and he told me he never was more prosperous in all his life.

Ruggles—Yes, that's just it. Poor fellow! He's one of those weak-kneed men who can't stand prosperity, apparently. As soon as they get a few dollars—well, you know the rest.

Struggles—Do you mean he's drinking too much?

Ruggles—No. No, indeed. It's possible to feel some sympathy for a man who can't resist that temptation. But poor old Robinson! It's different with him.

Struggles—You can't mean that he's in the toils of a siren? He's too devoted a husband and father for such an escapade.

Ruggles—No. Oh, no. One could wean him perhaps in time from such a miserable infatuation, if it were possible to think of him in such an entanglement. But there seems to be no hope in his case.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII., JUNE 21—PAUL'S CHARGE TO TIMOTHY.

Golden Text—"There is Laid Up For Me a Crown of Righteousness"—2 Timothy 4:8—Last Words of Paul Before His Martyrdom.

The Circumstances. In A. D. 64, a few months after Paul's release, there burst forth at Rome that frightful conflagration which raged for six days, and laid a vast region of the city in ashes. Farrar. The Emperor Nero enjoyed the dreadful sight from a turret of his palace. It was rumored that the imperial monster had himself caused the fire, and to avert this dark suspicion Nero laid the charge on the innocent Christians. Paul was probably arrested on some charge connected with this persecution. He was probably thrown into the dark, foul, lower dungeon of the Mamertine prison.

Under these sad circumstances Paul wrote to Timothy this epistle, "the most touching of all the Pauline writings" (Spence).

Our lesson is a wonderfully comprehensive view of Christian work, its foundation, purpose, hindrances, and rewards. It may be summarized under four rules.

I. First Rule: Abide in the Bible.—Vs. 14-17. Scripture-knowledge is the foundation of Christian work.

14. "But continue thou." In contrast with the evil men Paul has been describing. "In the things which thou hast learned." Bible truths, including the gospel Paul had taught him. "And hast been assured of."

15. "And that from a child." "The Bible mentions five as the age at which Jewish children are to begin to read the law."—Speaker's Commentary.

Proofs of the Inspiration of the Bible. The fact that Christ taught the doctrine. The marvelous spiritual power of the Bible. The impossibility that the Bible could have been written by the men who wrote it unless they were inspired. The fact of miracles. The long course of fulfilled prophecy. The fact that the Bible exactly meets the needs of all nations and races and all conditions and ranks of men. The mighty effects of the Bible in the history of the world and the progress of civilization.

"And is profitable." Paul names four ways in which the Bible is of service: (1) "For doctrine." For instruction in science or history; but in the truths of revealed religion. (2) "For reproof." For conviction of wrong ways of living or thinking. (3) "For correction." For bringing men back to right ways of living and thinking. (4) "For instruction in righteousness." The training and discipline that belongs to and produces a righteous life.

17. "That the man of God." The Christian pastor, dedicated to God and under his authority. Every faithful Christian wins this title. "May be perfect in all the qualities and powers needed for his work."

II. Second Rule: Tell Others About Christ.—Vs. 1-4. Having congratulated Timothy on the foundation for work already laid in his character, Paul goes on to define that work.

"I charge thee, therefore." In view of all the opportunities Timothy has enjoyed. Paul's adjuration includes four motives to fidelity, applicable to us as well as Timothy: (1) "Before God." God's all-seeing eye was upon Timothy, to note his faithfulness or unfaithfulness. (2) "And the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick" (the living—those that are alive at his coming) "and the dead."

(3) "At his appearing." Christ's glorious second coming, possible at any time, should spur Timothy to be a faithful steward. (4) "And his kingdom." Timothy should do his work well because it would help to establish Christ's rule on earth, his kingdom of peace and righteousness.

Now follows Paul's famous definition of a Christian preacher, which is also applicable to all Christian workers.

3. "Preach," proclaim like a herald, "the word," the gospel, "the word of reconciliation." Proclaiming is the Christian's chief business. It must be done faithfully. "Be instant, in season and out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering."

"For." The reason why Timothy should be urgent in delivering his message is the urgency in brief; for "the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine." Christian truth, contrasted with heretical vagaries and superstitious follies, which destroy the health of the mind. "But after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears."

4. "And shall be turned unto fables." "Indelibly creates a vacuum, which superstition immediately rushes in to fill up."—Croskey.

III. Third Rule: Endure Hardships Bravely.—Vs. 5, 6. Timothy could not carry out these injunctions without making enemies. Paul now tells him how to meet that opposition.

5. "But watch thou in all things." "Endure afflictions." The notice of Timothy's release from an imprisonment, in Heb. 13:23, is a hint of the young pastor's hardships. "Do the work of an evangelist." An evangelist was technically, an itinerant preacher. "Make full proof of thy ministry." Fully perform the task set thee; heap up a full measure of work.

"For I am now ready to be offered." Paul knew that Nero might kill him at any moment. "And the time of my departure is at hand."

IV. Fourth Rule: Remember the Reward.—Vs. 7, 8. After the battle, comes the fruit of victory; after the cross, the crown. Paul's closing word bids Timothy, in the midst of all discouragements, look forward to the joys of the eternal reward.

8. "Henceforth." Paul's life-struggles were over; there remained only to receive the reward. "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day. And not to me only." Paul would not seem for an instant to exalt himself among his brethren. "But unto all them also that love his appearing." That look longingly forward, with love of Christ, to his second coming; that pray sincerely, "thy kingdom come."

These are Paul's last words to the churches, for the remainder of the Epistle is occupied with personal greetings. Thus passed away one of the greatest of men, a man of affairs, an orator, a statesman, a diplomat, a great traveler, a pioneer missionary, the greatest of theologians, a masterly writer, a profound philosopher, founder of churches, leader of men, faithful pastor, loving friend, humble follower of Jesus Christ.

Purpose of Christianity. Christianity, declared Dr. Joseph Parker, has only one purpose—holiness. Christianity begins in motive, but it ends in character, in manhood. We are to be perfect men in Christ Jesus; we are to be as He was on earth; we are to breathe His spirit, repeat His deeds, follow His footsteps, and represent Him to mankind, so that we cannot be Christ Himself, but we can be Christones, Christians, and we ought to be able to say—There you see as much of Christ as it is possible to see here and now.

Iowa Farms \$4 Per Acre Cash. Balance 1/2 crop till paid. MULHALL, Stour City, Ia.

King Expects to Be Eaten. The king of Siam apparently possesses a sense of diplomatic humor. He is quoted as saying he has no idea that "benevolent assimilation" will let him alone. "I know," he said, "that I shall be one day eaten with English or French sauce. The latter is too tasteless. I prefer the English sauce, mixed with the famous Japanese sauce."

A Royal Coal Stoker. The story is current that the Duke of Cannought, when coming home from India in the battleship Renown, determined to inquire personally into the conditions of naval stokers. In spite of protests he descended into the boiler room. Having been provided with a proper kit and a shovel, he proceeded to stoke coal with all the enthusiasm at his command. At the end of half an hour his royal highness confessed that he had enjoyed, and he yielded up his shovel with the admission that naval stokers have no easy time.

Why It is the Best is because made by an entirely different process. Defiance Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 10 cents.

An Interesting Old Coin. While George W. Rogers of Adams, N. Y., was doing some spring plowing last week he turned up a gold medal about the size of a modern quarter. It bears the date of 1816, and on one side are the words: "Sir Isaac Brock, the Hero of Upper Canada." On the other, "Success to Commerce and Peace to the World," with a monument represented in the center.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption as an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 16, 1900.

Oldest American Naval Veteran. In the naval home in Philadelphia William Mackabee will celebrate his 100th birthday next September. He is the oldest living veteran of the American navy. Born in Baltimore in 1803, he joined the frigate Constitution as an apprentice in 1817. He served nearly continuously in the navy until old age sent him to the naval home.

When Your Grocer Says he does not have Defiance Starch, you may be sure he is afraid to keep it until his stock of 12 oz. packages are sold. Defiance Starch is not only better than any other Cold Water Starch, but contains 16 oz. to the package and sells for same money as 12 oz. brands.

Never take a spear to kill a fly. A folded newspaper is better.

An Historic Billiard Table. There is a billiard table in London at the present moment that can boast of a lifetime of two centuries and a long acquaintance with men who have made history. It belonged originally to Louis XIV., passed into the possession of Napoleon I., and now, in its old age, has come into the hands of Messrs. Orme & Sons, and is on exhibition in Soho square. This celebrated table is smaller than an English table. The body of the table is a block of oak, weighing 10,000 pounds, covered with a cloth of electric blue. The frame of the table is of rosewood, and the six pockets—perhaps the most striking feature of the table—are reproductions in bronze of queer, hideous old gargoyles. When the ball falls into the pocket the lower jaw of the gargoyle drops, and the ball is found in the mouth. It is a clever bit of ancient mechanism.

They All Saved the Seeds. A western politician is authority for the following story: Mark Hanna once gave a banquet in Ohio to fifty farmers. The dessert was to be twenty-five luscious Georgia watermelons. The day before the dinner Mr. Hanna had the melons plugged and poured a pint of champagne into each mellow, then placed them on ice. After the dinner each farmer got half a melon. They began tasting them, winked at each other, looked wise, and before the affair was over every farmer was slipping the seeds into his vest pocket.

Wet boots and expected pleasures are hard to put off.

THAT'S THE TIME

When Proper Food is Necessary. Proper food is never more necessary than when recovering from a wasting sickness, when over-eating would be fatal, and yet the body needs nourishment and plenty of it.

At this time the condensed food Grape-Nuts is shown to be one's most powerful friend. Four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream will sustain a healthy man for half a day, and a less quantity in warm milk will build up the convalescent wonderfully. No stomach is too weak to digest and relish Grape-Nuts. "I was taken sick with typhoid fever and everyone who has had this disease knows how weak and lifeless a person feels when beginning to recuperate."

"I had to be very careful about my diet and could eat only very light foods. These did not seem to nourish me and instead of getting better every day I was just at a standstill and everyone began to fear a relapse. One day while lying in bed very much discouraged my sister, who was reading to me from the paper, read an article about Grape Nuts and we decided to send for a package."

"From the very first meal of Grape-Nuts I began to improve, strength came in bounds and leaps, with the result that I was soon out of bed; my change for the better seemed simply marvelous. My mind is clear and strong and my body sturdy. I am now entirely recovered." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There is a reason. A dessert that helps the body, that's the thing! Any number of them in the little recipe book in each package of Grape-Nuts.

standing. He He had tried