

Nursing Mothers and Over-burdened Women

In all stations of life, whose vigor and vitality may have been undermined and broken-down by over-work, exacting social duties, the too frequent bearing of children, or other causes, will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the most potent, invigorating, restorative strength ever devised for their special benefit. Nursing mothers will find it especially valuable in sustaining their strength and promoting an abundant nourishment for the child. Experts on the subject will find it a precious remedy to preserve the system for baby's coming and to keep the mother comparatively painless. It can do no harm in any state, or condition of the female system.

Delicate, nervous, weak women, who suffer from frequent headaches, back-ache, dragging-down distress, low down in the abdomen, or from painful or irregular monthly periods, gnawing or distressed sensation in stomach, dizziness or faint spells, see imaginary specks or spots floating before eyes, have disagreeable, pelvic catarrhal drains, prostatic, antecolon or retro-colon or other displacements of womanly organs from weakness of parts will, whether they experience many or only a few of the above symptoms, find relief and a permanent cure by using faithfully and fairly persistently Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This world-famous medicine, for women's weaknesses and peculiar ailments is a pure glyceric extract of the choicest native medicinal roots without a drop of alcohol in its mixture. All its ingredients printed in plain English on its bottle wrapper and attested under oath. Dr. Pierce thus invites the fullest investigation of his formula knowing that it will be found to contain only the best agents known to the most advanced medical science of all times. The thorough practice for the cure of women's peculiar weaknesses and ailments.

If you want to know more about the composition and professional endorsement of the "Favorite Prescription," send postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his free booklet treatment of same.

You can't afford to accept as a substitute for this remedy of known composition a secret nostrum of unknown composition. Don't do it.

Seeds Are Robust.

The persistent vitality of seeds has often been noted, and while there is some doubt as to the reliability of reports of wheat taken from Egyptian graves of ancient date germinating when planted, many notable, if less wonderful, examples of nature's preservation of the life of seeds come to life from time to time. One of the most noteworthy of these refers to seeds taken from Fort Conger, about 490 miles from the pole, by the Peary party in 1890, having been exposed in this northern climate for a period of sixteen years, their presence there being the result of the Greely expedition of 1883. Packages of lettuce and radish seeds were brought to the United States, and, after a further period of six years, were planted, and, while the lettuce seed had lost its vitality, fully one-half of the radish seeds germinated and grew to maturity and perfection. —Philadelphia Record.

SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS.

Mary, I have sold the farm for \$50,000, and we will now move to the city and enjoy the balance of our life in comfort.

Five Years Later.

It is all over, Mary, I must pay John Brown's bond, which will take every dollar I own and you and I will have to go to the poor house.

MORAL.

Do not sign a friend's bond, and when you require a bond, buy it. Write for particulars or see our agent at the County Seat.

WE ISSUE SURETY BONDS.

The Title Guaranty & Surety Company, Home Office, Scranton, Pa., Capital and Surplus over \$1,000,000.

Impending.

Reporter—Colonel, you have read what Senator Goffett says about the country facing an industrial crisis. Do you think his fears are justified?—So far as he is concerned, young man, they are. He is face to face with the dreadful alternative of going to work at something or starving to death.

SORES AS BIG AS PENNIES.

Whole Neck and Head Covered with It—All Cured Out—Cured in Three Weeks by Cuticura.

"After having the measles my whole head and neck were covered with sores about as large as a penny. They were just as thick as they could be. My hair all came out. I let the trouble run along, taking the doctor's blood remedies and rubbing on salve, but it did not seem to get any better. It stayed that way for about six months; then I got a set of the Cuticura Remedies, and in about a week I noticed a big difference, and in three weeks it was well entirely and I have not had the trouble any more, and as this was seven years ago, I consider myself cured. Mrs. Henry Porter, Albion, Neb., Aug. 25, 1906."

Valiant Robbery.

Everything that Bobby learned at school he endeavored to apply in his daily life and walk. When his mother asked him if one of his new dresses was an only child, Bobby looked wise and triumphant.

"He's got just one sister," said Bobby. "He tried to catch me when he told me he had two half-sisters, but I guess I know enough fractions for that!"

In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Powder.

A powder to shake into your shoes. It cures Itch, Corns, Bunions, Scalls, Sore, Hot, Callos, Aching, Swelling feet and chafing. It makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address: Allen S. Olinsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Subtle Difference.

An earnest defender of things Irish asserts that the traditional bull of Ireland is not, as is commonly supposed, the expression of a blundering intelligence, but, on the contrary, shows the exquisite feeling of the Irish for the shades of meaning. The trouble lies in the ears that hear it.

"If you were to be killed crossing a fence you'd be all right," said a looker-on to a fox-hunter whose horse had turned head over heels in the middle of a level pasture. "But if you were killed on the flat of the field you'd never hold your head again!"

THE CHARITY GIRL
By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER I.

"And is it really good-by, Audrey, really and truly good-by? Oh, dearest, I am so grieved to let you go. I don't know what my life will be like now."

The speaker was a thin, nervous-looking girl, with large grey eyes, and a weak mouth. She stood with her roughened hands clasped tightly together, and her head bowed as she checked, and falling unheeded on her slabby serge gown.

Audrey Maxse also wore an old serge gown, but somehow the garment did not seem to be shabby or as ugly as that which Jean Thwait had on; her small hands were roughened, too, as with much work, yet their shape was exquisite, her fingers slender and straight, not swollen and disfigured with chilblains like poor Jean's; her little head was poised proudly on her shoulders; she carried herself with a regal air, and gave evidence at this early age of possessing that most rare of gifts, a beautiful face.

"Think of me always, Jean, dear. Whatever happens, whatever lies before me, I shall love you, darling, till I die!"

Then they kissed each other and Audrey went swiftly down the stairs, seeing nothing, hearing nothing for the passionate beat of her heart and the blur of sorrow before her sight.

Jean stood with her hands pressed to her brow, and as the wheels of the cab carried all that was precious to her away from her, perhaps forever, she gave one moan and fell forward on her outstretched arms.

When the assistant matron came in, scolding and grumbling, as usual, she refused to reply from Jean Thwait, and, bending over the prostrate figure, who saw that the girl had fainted.

As Audrey found herself alone in the cab, driving out of the high, iron gates of the asylum, she felt she must be in some extraordinary dream. She had never driven in any sort of "cab" before, and the curious sensation of being carried over the road at a quick pace added to the vagueness that seemed to envelop her; but the keen east wind as it rushed in at the window awoke her, and with a sigh, she knew it was no dream, but a reality full of excitement, confusion and unexplainable pain. The tears she had repressed rolled down her cheeks as she thought of Jean left alone in that miserable life. Then her young spirit rose above her grief. She was free, and before very long Jean should be free, too, and they would go away together, as they had dreamed and whispered so often in the night hours. Mr. Thornegate was waiting at the station and spoke kindly to the girl.

"There is your ticket, Maxse," he said, "and when you reach Mounberry you must get out and wait on the platform till a lady speaks to you. She is my wife, and will look after you. I should have taken you down myself, but I cannot leave Broadborough for another week. Now, you must be a good, diligent worker, and never forget your duty to your employers and to heaven."

Audrey thanked the kind-hearted clergyman and accepted his advice gracefully. The train carriage was quite empty, and they were proceeding at a quick pace, when she had the effect of seeing the girl. The rattle of the wheels buzzed a sort of lullaby in her ears. She was very weary and was soon lost to everything in a deep, dreamless slumber.

She was awakened by a sudden opening of the door, by several voices shouting, and by some one jumping into the carriage and sinking on to the seat breathless, evidently with having run very fast. It was a young man, Audrey gazed at him in startled amazement through her veil. He was splashed with mud from head to foot, but his clothes were perfect in make and fit. He wore rough riding breeches and boots, and had a hunting crop in his right hand. He laughed and brushed some of the mud off his sleeve with his crop. He pulled out his watch and consulted it.

"Just twelve," Audrey heard him mutter, and she was bewildered to think she must have slept for something like two hours. She drew back a little nervously into her corner, for the young man had folded his arms and was gazing intently at her slender, black-robed figure out of a pair of very handsome grey eyes.

As a matter of fact, Lord John Glendurwood was not even aware of what was opposite to him. He was busy making a rapid mental calculation.

"Ten minutes to the stables, and then a good hour's hard ride back, and then it will be just a toss-up or no whether they will not be miles away before I even see a horse. Well, it's worth having a shot at anyhow. I must get a brush-down somewhere. Sheila will have a fit if I turn up like this. I don't know how I came such a cropper; making such a jolly fool of myself, too, before everybody. I hope poor Hector isn't badly lamed, poor old chap! Can't take him out in this week that's very certain. Here we are at Gaston, another fifteen minutes, and then Beilgown, and then the stables just as fast as I know how to run."

The train drew up at a little station, and the guard came running down to the carriage. He touched his cap with great respect.

"One you didn't 'urt yourself, my lord; but you know it is dangerous a jumping in like that, when she's on the move. Won't you change carriages, my lord? This ain't fit for the likes of your lordship."

"What did you say, my lord?"

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"But you forget, darling; we—we may get out to service before we are free!"

Jean always shuddered at the word. The parting was not a thought now; it was a reality, a horrible reality. Three days before this one that saw Audrey engaged in putting her few coarse clothes into the yellow tin box, the girl had been summoned to the chapel and enticed by a clergyman, who came in place of the ordinary minister. He seemed to find much pleasure in examining Audrey on certain points, and the girl's clear, fresh eyes, added to her intelligence and wonderful face, made a great impression on him.

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"After the girls were dismissed, he had a short chat with Miss Irons, the matron, in the course of which he told her he was anxious to find a young woman as maid for a lady who was one of his parishioners.

"My wife can find no one suitable. Your girls always give great satisfaction; and so, if there is one ready to go out to service, I might arrange this," he said as they talked.

Miss Irons gave a cordial consent, but looked vexed when she suggested Audrey as the one to go. She bore many a grudge and spite against the girl and had determined to put her out into the world and let her seek her own way. But fate was evidently against her, for the board accepted the Rev. Mr. Thornegate's proposal and Audrey was given a new black gown, bonnet and cloak, and was bid hold herself in readiness to depart on the morning of the fifth day.

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Jean spent the whole of the long night that came before that fifth day in comforting her beloved friend and herself, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing Audrey drop off into a deep, troubled sleep. No rest came to her; her poor young heart was torn and bleeding, and no salve was at hand to heal it.

The parting between the two girls was very quiet; neither of them could speak the words of farewell, and their eyes were too hot and aching for tears to come.

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WONDERFUL WEST OF SPIRITUALISM IN COURT.

her brow, enhanced the J. J.'s pale pallor of her skin. Jack Glendurwood thought he had never seen anything so perfectly lovely in his life as the straight, small nose, the red lips, the pale, ivory complexion, and those wondrous depths in her eyes. He forgot all about his haste, his muddy appearance, or his lame hunter—he even forgot his manners—in his admiration and surprise, till a deep blush, spreading over her throat, cheeks and brow, recalled him.

"Are you going to stay with Mrs. Thornegate, may I ask?" he inquired at most involuntarily.

Audrey felt strangely shy and childish. He seemed to her like King Arthur, with his tall, heroic figure and courteous manner.

"I wish Jean could see him," she thought to herself, and then she glanced at him like a shy, startled bird when he asked her that question.

"I beg your pardon, I—I have no right to ask you such a question," he stammered, hurriedly; "it was only because Mrs. Thornegate is a friend of mine."

"I have never met Mrs. Thornegate," she said in a quiet, respectful manner. "Nor am I ever likely to become her friend. You—you have made a mistake, sir; I am not a lady, I am only a servant-maid."

Lord John felt an involuntary confusion in his breast. Audrey's clear, refined voice, her curt, proud words, roused his ire against the fates that condemned so fair, so young a being to a menial life.

"Staple will do everything for you, and there is a train directly," he said hurriedly. "I hope you will reach your destination safely, and—I will say good morning now."

"Good-bye, and thank you. Oh, thank you now that he was going, she clung to him as to something bright and pleasant such as she had never known before. In a vague sort of way he seemed almost like a friend and protector to her.

Audrey sighed as she felt herself being whirled along to Mounberry. Now that she was alone again, all her nervousness returned, and she was quivering with excitement and fear as they reached her destination.

(To be continued.)

TROUSERS BIG AS A TENT.

Argentine Cowboy's Garb Is Picture in the Extremes.

Our friend the gaucho is as much in evidence along the line to the west as to the south in Argentina. He still sticks to the inevitable poncho, but he has discarded the chirpa, a blanket-like garment that the southern gaucho wears around his legs, or bombachos, which is the name for absolutely the largest trousers on record.

The bombachos, in the first place, were, I believe, brought to Argentina by the Basques. The things went straight to the heart of the gaucho and he adopted them at once. Only he has steadily insisted on amplifying them, until to-day one leg of a pair of bombachos will house a small family. There is no particular point of utility to be urged for these windbags, but they serve to make their wearer a conspicuous figure when he rides into town, which is reason enough for the gaucho.

The recado, or saddle, used in the west is much the same as in the south. It consists of a couple of smooth pieces of wood to be laid on a blanket behind the horse's withers. Over these several thicknesses of fleece or soft blankets are strapped, a pair of stirrups thrown over the whole and the recado is ready for use. This sounds like a crude arrangement and such it often is. Nevertheless, I have heard a number of Englishmen who have used it claim that the recado gives a seat more sure than that possible in any saddle of hard leather.

The most inseparable companion of the gaucho of the west is his rebekas, or whip. This has a heavily lined handle about a foot and a half long, which terminates in a thick single or double thong of rawhide of the same length as the handle. The handle is sometimes covered with hide or again, heavily inlaid with silver. A blow from the handle of a rebekas will fell a horse and a cut from his lash will tear open a gash in the flank of a tough-skinned mule.

The gaucho of the south fights with his knife in one hand and his folded poncho in the other as a shield. The western gaucho substitutes the rebekas for the poncho and must make a far more formidable opponent. His great fawn, or knife, reposes most of the time in his belt; his rebekas never leaves his hand during the day, and at night he sleeps with the thong of it about his wrist.—Pittsburg Dispatch.



One of the most remarkable law suits was recently tried in London, to determine whether J. N. Maskelyne, a leading theatrical illusionist, libeled Archdeacon Thomas Colley, when he declared and attempted to prove on the stage that he could duplicate the prelate's production of a spirit—the figure of a girl emerging from his side. In the original spiritual manifestation by Archdeacon Colley this figure of a girl, vaporous, yet distinctly discernible as a female, was denominated "Alice," and because she was clothed only in a cloud, the suit has become famous as the "Alice-Clothed-in-a-Cloud" case. Archdeacon Colley sued Maskelyne for \$5,000.

In the picture on the right Archdeacon Colley is shown with Dr. Monck and the spirit "Alice." The spirit is issuing from the side of Dr. Monck. A painting of this spectacle was produced in the court, the figure appearing in a cloud of vapor issuing from the illusionist's side. This gradually materializes into the form of Mrs. E. A. Maskelyne, the illusionist's wife, a well-known English actress.

BUSY WHITE HOUSE MISTRESS.

Mrs. Roosevelt's Day Is Long and Full of Varied Activities.

Strangers at the White House are usually disappointed because they do not catch a glimpse of the President's wife. They wonder what she does all day. For many, it is a deep disappointment that the First Lady of the Land, robed in state garments, does not sit on a divan in the east room, to be inspected for several hours daily. Few can realize that, though occupying the loftiest rank to which an American woman can aspire, her day is made up of duties cheerfully undertaken and faithfully performed after the manner of all good women, the world over.

Life at the White House takes on an active look at an hour when most fashionable womanhood is still wrapped in slumber. There are two breakfasts at the White House. The first at 7:45 is for the children, and is now attended only by Archibald and Quentin. Miss Ethel, who is taller than her mother and dignified with the weight of 16

ments, are expected to call at least twice during the official season.

Luncheon at the White House is contingent on many things, but dinner is served at 8 o'clock, whether a state banquet is scheduled or the Presidential family sits down alone. Luncheon is a movable feast in every way, and, like most of the Roosevelt meals, it is generally shared by many unexpected guests. The chef has standing orders to be ready for at least twelve more than the morning schedule, and even then Mrs. Roosevelt sometimes shares the anxiety of all wives whose husbands are given to sudden hospitality. All the meals are served in the state dining room with much ceremony. The magnificent colonial china is set forth, if only one member of the family sits at the board.

Roosevelt hospitality will be renewed while the social annals of the White House are kept. Most executives have been satisfied with the state banquets and receptions, which tradition has made an obligation. Mr. McKinley gave out four large dinners in the four years of his regime in addition to the official functions.



LATE SNAPSHOT OF MRS. ROOSEVELT.

years, has been promoted to the second breakfast with her parents. This second feast is a movable one, and may occur at 8 and then at 9, according to the will of the President and what engagements have occupied him the evening before.

Miss Isabel Hagner, the private secretary of Mrs. Roosevelt, arrives at the White House at 8 o'clock. She is prone to make engagements with all who want to consult her on business or pleasure at 8:10 or 8:30, a proceeding which fits the social climbers with intense indignation. Usually Mrs. Roosevelt spends two or three hours with Miss Hagner, and when she cannot spare so much time, she leaves copious notes about her wishes. Just how much responsibility devolves on Miss Hagner is known only to the President's wife and herself. Mrs. Roosevelt attends to her own private correspondence and to many other things connected with purely personal matters.

A Narrow Escape.

The company had assembled in the church, but the bridegroom was nowhere to be found. Finally a messenger announced that the young man had been run over and killed while on his way to the church.

"And just think," she said a month afterwards to a friend, "what a narrow escape I had from becoming a widow!"

Catching the Sunny Worm.

Minister (meeting small boy on Sunday afternoon carrying a string of fish)—Johnny, Johnny, do those belong to you?

Johnny—Y-e-s, sir. You see, that's what they got for chasing worms on a Sunday.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Little Candle.

The candle still holds its own, notwithstanding petroleum, gas and electric light. The production of candles in the United States during the fiscal year of 1906 amounted to \$3,890,392.

Sermons of the Week

Power.—Power in mechanics is parallel to spirituality in religion.—Rev. W. H. G. Temple, Congregationalist, Cleveland.

True Self.—No man ever found his true self without at the same time finding God; no man ever found God without at the same time finding his true self.—Rev. H. S. Bradley, Methodist, Atlanta.

Good Will.—Good will toward men is the most perfect sentiment of which the human breast is capable; for in it alone of all the virtues there is no danger of excess.—Rev. Frank Craze, Unitarian, Worcester, Mass.

Evils of the Ballot.—Let us do one thing at a time and do it well. Let us have honest elections to start with. All the evils at the present time focus in frauds connected with the ballot.—Rev. R. Craig, Disciple, Denver.

Opportunity for Women.—Never has there been a time in the history of the world when women have had such opportunities for usefulness as now, and never a time when their influence for good was more needed than now.—Rev. L. T. Townsend, Baptist, Newton, Mass.

Christian Fellowship.—The majesty of God's doings is understood by those whom He has brought to full Christian fellowship by inflicting the suffering and pain that beautifies the soul and brings it nearer to heaven.—Rev. G. R. Van de Water, Episcopalian, New York City.

Human Thought.—Our thoughts flow to each other as rivers bend on their bosoms' argosies of commerce from the busy city to many a distant port, and some hearts export only sham products, and others deadly poison.—Rev. D. R. McMillen, Methodist, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Room for God.—A sordid, secular spirit which leaves little or no room for God and sacred things cannot perceive the real joy of those who separate from self and sin behold in Christ the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person.—Rev. W. W. Case, Methodist, San Francisco.

The Missionary.—Can the world be evangelized in our generation? I believe an effort to evangelize all the world in a very short time has led some zealous workers into very superficial conceptions and methods of work. It has led to sending some half-educated men and women as foreign missionaries.—Rev. W. G. Partridge, Baptist, Pittsburg.

Goodness and Greatness.—Man is greater in his goodness than he is in anything else in this life; therefore the man who strives to do the will of God is greater in his goodness than the man who wins battles on the field. If we wish to be great in the sight of God let us try to follow in His footsteps.—Rev. A. P. McAllister, Universalist, Riverside, Cal.

The Ways of Life.—There need be no doubt about the direction of life's various ways. Which are the nations that have been most peaceful and noble and prosperous? Those that have followed pride and luxury and idolatry? Or those that have cherished sobriety and justice, and acknowledged the Divine law of righteousness?—Rev. H. Van Dyke, Presbyterian, Princeton, N. J.

The Gospel of Joy.—The gospel of Christ is one of joy. There are some straight-laced, pious people who make one uncomfortable. We don't want to put into your life anything like that. Life is full of sacrifice. There is no trolley car to emulace. Cut yourselves off from anything that would hamper your growth in the Christian life.—Rev. William Ross, Congregationalist, Boston.

The Good and Noble.—The multiplied arguments of the skeptic and the confusing complaints of the chronic grumbler do not lessen his zeal for all that is good and noble; therefore he grows, developing those graces and elements of character which commend the Christian religion as the conservator of man's best interests for time and eternity.—Rev. George Adams, Methodist, Brooklyn.

Man.—The great need of our time is not more men, but more man! This is the crying need in civic life. Likewise it is the crying need in general political life. Certainly, it is the crying need in church life. What is wanted now is more man—a man upon whom you may rely in all stresses, upon whom you may cast your interests with the utmost confidence, that they will not in any wise and in no case be betrayed.—Rev. D. D. McLaurin, Presbyterian, Rochester, N. Y.

The Chinese.

Conservative historians among the Chinese claim for their race an antiquity of at least 100,000 years, while those whose estimates are a little "wild" assert that the Chinese were the original inhabitants of the earth and that Chinese history goes back at least 500,000,000 years. The government records of China place the foundation of the empire at 2500 B. C. and claim that it was established by T'chi, who, they assert, is the Noah mentioned in the book of Genesis, B. C. 2240.

Genius and Work.

Men give me credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this; when I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.—Alexander Hamilton.

Here lately, people do not regard a guarantee as more valuable than a promise.

At the age of 17 a girl knows more about love than a man will know.