

The Kiwi. Chicago News: In New Zealand is found the kiwi, a strange bird of the ostrich family. Ostriches have two toes, but the kiwi has three toes, so also have the existing emus, cassowaries and Rheas or South American ostriches. The kiwi, however, differs from the other struthious birds in having four toes. Further, the kiwi cannot be said to be quite ostrichlike, for in size it is not larger than an ordinary barnyard fowl. It has a small head, with a large and muscular neck and a long, slender bill, with the distinguishing feature that the nostrils are very close to its tip. The legs are short, but the muscles on the thighs are well developed and the feet are strong and powerful and provided with sharp claws. It is a bird devoid of any external trace of wings, and there is no trace of tail visible, while it is covered with long, narrow, hairlike feathers, and on the fore part of the head and sides of the face are straggling hair-like feelers.

Happy Women. Wouldn't any woman be happy after years of backache suffering, days of misery, nights of unrest, the distress of urinary troubles, she finds relief and cure? No reason why any reader should suffer in the face of evidence like this:

Mrs. Almira A. Jackson, of East Front street, Traverse City, Mich., says: "For twenty years I never knew what it was to have good health. Every physician consulted said I had liver trouble, but their medicines did me no good. Just before I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I was almost paralyzed. I could hardly stand on my feet because of the numbness and lack of circulation. Had a knife been thrust into my kidneys the pain could not have been more intense. My sleep was disturbed by visions of distorted figures. The kidney secretions were annoyingly irregular and I was tortured with thirst and always bloated. I used seven boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills. The bloating subsided until I weighed one hundred pounds less, could sleep like a child and was relieved of the pain and the irregularity of the kidney action. My circulation is good and I feel better in every way."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Jackson will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address: Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

A Loss to the Pulpit. Town Topics: Helen—I have been informed that your pastor is going to marry the soprano.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Powder for the feet. It makes tight shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Drug Stores and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, L. Roy, N. Y.

An Unheard of Thing. Town Topics: Some men propose just to tell their chums they have been accepted.

Free to Twenty-Five Ladies. The Danforth Starch Co. will give 25 ladies a round trip ticket to the St. Louis Exposition, to five ladies in each of the following states: Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri who will send in the largest number of trade marks cut from a ten cent, 16-ounce package of Danforth cold water laundry starch. This means from your own home, anywhere in the above named states. These trade marks must be mailed to and received by the Danforth Starch Co., Omaha, Neb., before September 1st, 1904. October and November will be the best months to visit the Exposition. Remember that Danforth is the only starch put up in 16 oz. (a full pound) to the package. You get one-third more starch for the same money than any other kind, and Danforth never sticks to the iron. The tickets to the Exposition will be sent by registered mail September 5th. Starch for sale by all dealers.

Without Any Question. Town Topics: "Was his failure absolute?" "Absolute! Why, he tried suicide without success."

Source of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury. As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering the mucous surface, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Exchanges at the London Bankers' clearing house from January 1 to the latest date at hand were \$7,019,245,000, a decrease of \$172,820,000, or 2.4 per cent. from last year.

Teosinte and Billion Dollar Grass. The two greatest fodder plants on earth, one good for 14 tons hay and the other 30 tons green fodder per acre. Grows everywhere, so does Victoria Rape, yielding 60,000 lbs. sheep and swine food per acre. JUST SEND 10c IN STAMPS TO THE John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive in return their big catalogue and lots of farm seed samples (C. N. U.)

World's Work: A modern train of eighty cars will move 3,600 tons of freight as against the 945 tons of a thirty-five-car train of a decade ago.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

FLOWERS OF EASTER.

European Flower Gardens, Once Supreme, Now Rivalled in the Large Cities of America.

"Consider the lilies of the field. They toil not, neither do they spin, but I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

So the Bible in precise and inspired language tells us of the flower which is synonymous with our ideas of Easter—the lovely blossom which finds its way into the lovely parlors, drawing rooms, churches and even into the humblest rooms where a token of inspiration and a new life are desired.

These lilies certainly deserve all the praise they get, but the people who grow them and buy them and care to have them about as yet, the lilies of Easter and the resurrection have to toil and spin a great deal.

The demand for Easter lilies has grown to such an extent that the propagation of these lovely spring flowers has become a lucrative business to hundreds of greenhouse men and growers. The lily was first introduced into America in narrow patches often alongside of the whole-some but unsmellable onion and the useful but homely potato. The bulbs are shipped to all the large cities in great quantities during the autumn and winter and placed in greenhouses to be developed into the lovely plant which has become a symbol of Easter.

The soil and climate of Bermuda are especially adapted to the growth of the lily. Our florists have had all kinds of ideas of growing this flower in California, Georgia and Florida, but with no effort made as yet. The lily like many other of the most beautiful flowers, improves on its stem by age. Not until the second year is it now thought advisable to ship bulbs from Bermuda to the United States. Many growers prefer to wait until the fourth year, when the bulb has become so large that it produces beautiful flowers even with careless treatment. As to the number of these bulbs now produced in Bermuda and shipped to the United States for Easter purposes, it is said that between 10,000,000 and 15,000,000 bulbs were sent here last year.

Whether it has been possible to provide such a large number of bulbs this season depends entirely upon the condition of the lily fields in Bermuda during the last year. The Florists' club of New York has over and over again asserted that the lily is a bearing stem bulb and thus lessens its value. The experience of growers has been that the practice of cutting the lily flowers with long stems and shipping them tends to weaken the bulb. Flowers thus cut are of no substantial value for more than a few days, and the bulb is ruined. Last year a combination of Bermuda lily growers was formed for the purpose of preventing this threatened destruction of the lily trade which met with unqualified approval of reputable dealers in the United States, who are so anxious to have an export made to introduce a resolution into congress prohibiting the importation of lily bulbs from Bermuda unless guaranteed to be in a perfectly healthy condition.

The committee of the Florist club, to which this matter was referred, expressed an opinion that it is not possible to grow with all the lily growers in this country, that it would be impossible to ask for government redress, which would naturally work its own course out in time. The harrissil lilies continue to be the greatest favorites this year. Their only rival is the L. longitortum, but the sincere growers of the lily in Bermuda do not give the preference to the latter flower. Its cost of production as compared with the harrissil has rather deterred growers from exporting it to this country. It may be taken for granted, however, that the great majority of Easter lilies shown and bought to be enjoyed today are of the kind known as harrissil.

Easter lilies, however, are not the only flowers of Easterday. A look through a professional or amateur greenhouse or our lovely flower stalls for the last few weeks has revealed a great wealth of azaleas growing in profusion under the tall and stately lily. The lily must reach a certain height of its own to become beautiful, but the azalea spreads out its wealth of blossoms in a round and compact form. So the clever grower entices the lily up into the air while he entices the azaleas to spread their beauty out under their companions. These, though, are but few of the flowers used in commemoration of the awakening of new life and beauty after the dreary period of Lent. But while Easter is a symbol of everything that is white, pure and fresh, one cannot deny the fragrance and beauty of the rose, violet, hydrangea, geneta and lilac, which are always crowding their way to recognition.

Such a multitude of lovely flowers, kept back and withheld in the greenhouse for general presentation at Easter time, are now converted into veritable bowers of blossoms. The flower gardens of Paris, London and Berlin have been extolled as something quite beyond the possibilities of a newly settled country like this yet year by year we have been assimilating all the best ideas of floriculture to be obtained in the world, and our florists have been spreading their lovely wares before a pleased and delighted public only too willing to buy.

The Day for Spring Rejoicings. New York World: Easter the world over means, first of all, the coming of light and the going of darkness. It means to the business man, a holiday, a springtime gladness, the putting away of the old and the putting on of the new. It means comfort, confidence, rejoicing, the fulfillment of a promise, the death of old doubts and the birth of new certainties. Indeed it means so many things and means so much to so many of us that it is hard to understand that all life would never seem a bother or a burden any more. We would all be better men and women, and the world itself would be so much better a place in every way that the kingdom of heaven at last would certainly be found among mortals.

And there are so many ways of proving that these things about Easter are true, so many reasons to give for them, that you or I might easily spend all our life in talking of nothing else and still leave much to say to those who come after. Suppose, for instance, we made the meaning of one fact about Easter our own, what a load of misery, of doubt, misunderstanding, rebellion, wild questions and despair would disappear all at once out of our way. We celebrate Easter, as you know, because on that day Christ who had been crucified, rose again from the dead. Now, among people where the name of Christ was never known this same time of year was kept with celebrations and rejoicings to commemorate the idea of deliverance, the coming of light, the resurrection of the flowers and all green things which had seemed to die with the darkness and cold of winter months.

An Easter Lily. An Easter lily by the altar rail, Pure, golden throated, bent with fragrance, Like a sustained soul its petals pale, A burst of blossoms for the altar meet. A little child that knelt beside my knee, Whispering a baby prayer at Easter time, A year ago—no longer here by me— That year the bloom and Easter church bells chimed.

The Black Wolf's Breed

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At any rate she feared to intrude, and at once set out to seek help. The girl throughout acted with astonishing promptness and judgment. Florine had recognized Madame la Princesse—all Paris knew the eccentric lady who had been at the first denied admission she sent up a note couched in such terms as gained for her an immediate private interview—indeed the Princess herself was careful it should be strictly private.

Madame knew nothing of me except the request I had made in connection with sending the papers to the Austrian arms. Florine went without delay to that place. This was about midday. Meanwhile Jerome, much troubled that I did not appear during the night, pursued his original plan of watching the house, and arranged to sit at the windows, and in the street, in such a way as not to attract attention. One of them had seen me working at the window, but never dreamed it was I. Jerome found the house already doubly guarded by the provost's men, to his infinite disgust. He was hardly chap though, and not to be deterred. Dressing himself as a clumsy lout, he found little difficulty in worming the transaction of the night before out of one of the guard off duty. A drink or two together at the sign of the "Yellow House" furnished this information.

Jerome was much woe-stricken by his long watching and anxiety when he returned to the Austrian Arms. The hostler at the inn turned him aside from the front door by a gesture, so that he entered by another way. Claude questioned him that a lady in the public room had reported that she had seen Jerome de Greville, and would not be denied. Jerome's custom with visitors was to see them first himself, before Claude told them whether he was in or no.

Peeping through an aperture he saw the lady walking impatiently up and down the room, tapping at the window, mending the fire, and expressing her haste in many other pettish manners so truly feminine. It was Florine. He knew the girl well from his frequenting Bertrand's during this piece of his life. He sent her word he would be in, and changed his mind to one he usually wore, presented himself before her in the public room.

"Is it I you seek, M. de Greville, mademoiselle?" he inquired politely. "Oh! Monsieur de Greville, it is you; I'm glad." She came forward with a prettily alluring smile, and said for Florine had a dainty woman's way about her, showing even through her present trouble. She bore herself more steadily than she had not to deal with some severe-faced stranger, but a gallant gentleman, whose mien was not that of a man which timid maidens were prone to fly.

"Oh, Monsieur de Greville, I know not what to say, now that I am well met with you." "And by my faith, mademoiselle, I am sure my lips of mine would grace those pretty lips of yours, if I could but sweet syllables. So I cannot tell you what to say."

Florine pouted her dissent, yet was not in earnest angered—she was a woman. Jerome saw her business lay deeper than mere jest and badinage, so he spoke to her more seriously, and "I pray you mademoiselle—Florine?—am I right? Be seated."

Florine had no thought for gallantries; she declined the proffered seat, and standing, proceeded at once to the point of his mission.

"There is young gentleman in our house," she and she blushed a little, Jerome declared to me afterwards, "in Bertrand's wine room—you know the place? locked up, and I am not certain whether he lives or is dead. I can not tell you his name, but you know him. Oh he was kind to me, and I would willingly do something to save him. It is so hard to be only a woman. The provost has the house guarded."

"I know it," Jerome put in drily. "This gentleman gave your name and address to the lady who was with him the last night, and she it was who sent you the packet." Florine had run on hurriedly, unheeding Jerome's blank look of astonishment. This was probably a shrewd guess on her part, yet it squarely struck the mark.

"Lady," said he, "the papers? Who? What lady?" Jerome asked before she could answer anything.

"That I must not tell, monsieur. Oh, come, quick; get him away from there; if our people find him they may do him harm. Monsieur is a brave gentleman, a friend of his, is it not true?" Jerome drew the facts pretty well out of the excited girl, knowing somewhat of the circumstances and guessing the rest—all in an exceedingly short space of time. Florine told him as accurately as she could in what room I lay, leaving him to locate the window from the street. From this point the plan was simple enough. Jerome and Florine arrived at Bertrand's by different routes, Florine passing in unconcernedly, and Jerome, clad again as a stupid country kneave, walked by the house to discover my whereabouts.

me up like a bale of merchandise and sling me across the alley again, whence I was conveyed, still unconscious, through out-of-the-way streets to the Austrian arms.

CHAPTER XIII. THE GIRL OF THE WINE SHOP. Youth and health do not long lie idle. Even while I lay recovering my health, Jerome and I were busy with our plans. Not the least unforeseen item in what had befallen was the chance that carried me into a house where I saw again the "Black Wolf's head," which brought once more to mind the history of the d'Armins. But there was still to come that other happening, the one which bound my whole life, heart and soul, my love and happiness forever, in with the fortunes of the black wolf's head.

As I grew stronger Jerome and I had a long talk. He told me the morning after I left him, which was Thursday, a veiled woman had brought him a pair of gauntlets, with the request that he preserve them carefully. Jerome naturally wanted to know who had sent such a present. The woman answered no questions, only impressed upon him the importance of keeping them himself and letting no one have them. She would not tell whence she came, and when she departed Jerome made a sign to Claude, who followed. He returned and reported that he had entered the apartments of Mademoiselle de Chartres by a private way.

Verily this was coming close to the king, and to Orleans; these gauntlets coming from the house of this haughty prince. One of the gauntlets, of the black wolf's head, which I had confided to Mademoiselle la Princesse. I smiled my satisfaction that she had been so discreet.

The other packet Jerome found upon me when I was disrobed for bed. It was before I had departed. Jerome asked me for the details of my imprisonment, or how it came about there was a dead man in the room with me. I related the whole circumstance briefly as possible, who Broussard was, and all, to avoid further questioning. For I felt that I should never return to them with a sort of secret fascination.

"You choked him well, comrade," was Jerome's only comment, regarding the affair, yet I fancied I saw him shiver somewhat at the ghastly recollection of that night, yet ever returned to them with a sort of secret fascination.

"Our fire burned warm, filling the room with a homelike glow, and with good wine and clear consciences Jerome and I drank and talked and stretched the lazy evening through.

"That is to find out who is back of this scheming. That fellow Yvard, dare-devil though he is, has not brain enough to concoct such a plan, even if he had courage and energy to fight it through. Depend upon it, some powerful person is behind Yvard. Most likely Madame du Maine. What say you to an adventure?"

"I was in the humor for sport, and the wine heated me somewhat, and recking not of consequences I caught at his idea.

"Willingly, comrade, but what?" "Let us to Sceaux, to madame's court, and see what we may discover, for two fools like ourselves might perchance stumble blindly upon what a wise man would overlook," he continued with mock humility.

"Yes, and two fools like ourselves might perchance get themselves hanged for what a wise man would keep his skirts clear of. There's a peril in meddling with the affairs of the great."

"Seriously, however, I have means and ways of learning things in madame's family. My head has been fast set on this matter for some time. If you agree to take the risk with me," he pursued, rising and stretching his back to the wall, "I will go with you, and I will promise me to make no inquiries upon your own account."

By this time I had grown accustomed to trust de Greville, so I simply assented.

whatever else of gaud and glitter they may have, yet require love and tenderness and gentle sympathy beside. Happy is she who receives all these from her husband; and that husband from a dangerous ground, who denies it to her. I see you wonder at hearing this from me; but I have thought constantly upon such things. Peste! this touches not our business; let us go on. Through this lady's husband, and by another source of information, I hope to find the truth concerning Yvard. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, but how?" I put in. "When I run my neck into a halter, I want to know whose hands are playing with the cord."

"Never fear for a firm hold upon the Duc du Maine himself, in fact she is quite indispensable to him. Don't ask me for more. Once let the Duc be made Regent, and my oldtime sweetheart of those innocent days in Anjou will be the most powerful woman in France. But with all that, Placide,"

said the man's quivering voice went straight to the very tenderness of my heart for the depths of bitterness it contained, "in spite of it all she'd rather be back in the country breathing the pure and peaceful air, a guileless and happy girl, than to live as she does, and rule the land. God knows I wish I had never seen Paris."

I held my tongue; there was nothing I could say. He felt his trouble keenly enough, and I refrained from molding my undesired sympathy into words. Directly, Jerome took heart and spoke again:

"Those are the conditions, I merely make the best of them. There is still another friend of mine at Sceaux; the Chevalier Charles de la Mora, a most gallant soldier and kindly gentleman. Verily, they are scarce now in France. He has fallen into misfortunes of late and is about to take some command in the colonies. I love him much, and am sorry to see him go. But, you understand why I stay, and he lifted up his hands with a gesture of perfect helplessness.

"His wife, Madame Agnes—almost a girl—is one of the most beautiful and clever women in France, and who, by her beauty, loves her own husband. Women are queer sometimes, are they not? Tomorrow we go to Sceaux; it will at least be an experience to you, even should nothing good come of it. Do you agree?"

My curiosity was thoroughly aroused, and scintillating sport of a rare character I could not depart from France without being judged best that we should make all things ready for an immediate journey to Versailles upon our return from Sceaux.

Before we slept, my few serviceables were put in position for instant departure.

When I arose in the morning Jerome had already left his bed. I supposed it was out of consideration for what he was still pleased to consider my weak condition that he refrained from waking me, and I felt refreshed and strong again. When Florine came to inquire for my health she found me bustling about the packing. I greeted her kindly, for in truth my gratitude was deep and sincere.

"Monsieur is preparing to leave?" she asked, as if more than a trifle in reply. I could see she had some purpose in the question.

"Yes, I leave Paris today." "Today?" she echoed.

"Yes, but I would return and find you again. I could not depart from France without finding and thanking you for all your kindness. In truth I am glad you came for me." I tried to say on more, but the words left my lips sounding so cold and meaningless the sentence died away incomplete.

Florine stood there, vaguely watching me as though she did not understand.

"Leave France?" she repeated, her tone expressing the hope she had not heard aright.

"I have already said much more than I intended, for I was not fully aware of Jerome's intentions, and desired to say nothing which would reveal them." "Leave France?" she urged again, "Monsieur," she halted for the word quite naturally.

"Mouret." I supplied, and for the first time she knew my name; surely it was little enough to trust one with who had given me my life.

"Monsieur de Mouret is to leave France?" I answered her truly, "but not today, possibly not for several days. I would not go away without seeing you again."

THE YALU RIVER.

Has Possibilities for Commerce, but Difficult to Navigate. London Chronicle: The Yalu river, a picturesque stream, some 300 miles in length, is the dividing line between Korea and Manchuria on the northwest frontier. It is navigable by native craft as far as Shinkuhuo, but beyond this are unable to proceed beyond Antung, the port to which the Russians are now devoting considerable attention. Some miles below Antung, but situated in the same bank and lying close within the estuary of the river, is the port of Tatungko, where, when the weather permits, cargoes for Antung are sometimes discharged. Tatungko, however, is difficult to approach, and as a general rule steamers unload and receive their cargoes at Antung, a port of great promise in the near future.

The estuary of the Yalu river is broad, but the anchorage of Tatungko is exposed to the northeast winds, which at times blow with great force. The stream has a rapid current, and, owing to the presence of innumerable shoals and sand banks, presents serious obstacles to successful navigation. Islands, both small and large, appear in its course, and high rocks, chained the one to the other, float leisurely down the stream.

From early December until the end of February the stream is frozen. Until lately the region of the Yalu was almost an unknown land, but with the advent of the Russians many changes in the character of the district have taken place. On the Korean shore lumber camps have been formed, while at Tatungko and Antung prosperous native settlements have sprung into existence. The river teems with native craft, which ply between the mouth and the higher reaches, while logs of timber, chained the one to the other, float leisurely down the stream.

The view at the estuary of the river is, perhaps, not very prepossessing. A long vista of mud flats extends mile upon mile along the river bank, but a silent and rapid transformation has been effected within the last few months, the great possibilities of the Yalu valley for commercial development attracting alike foreign and native capital.

UP-TO-DATE CARPET SWEEPERS Made in All Sorts of Fancy Woods and in All Sizes Now. From the New York Sun: "How old is the carpet sweeper? Oh, I guess about thirty years," said a dealer in such things; "and when it was first brought out it was carried about from house to house by canvassers, who showed its operation and sold one when they could. Now the carpet sweeper is everywhere as among the essentials of household equipment."

"American carpet sweepers are exported to ever civilized land. One American concern has a carpet sweeper factory in France. If there is a household article of worldwide use it is the carpet sweeper. Sweepers in carload lots, from factory to distributing centers, are common shipments."

"Originally made with a view to purposes of utility solely, and so with the simplest and plainest of hardwood cases, carpet sweepers are now made of all sorts of fine woods. You can now buy a carpet sweeper with a figured rosewood or of Hungarian ash, of birdseye maple or of California laurel, of curly birch, of oak and of mahogany and so on, and these can be had in different styles of finish."

"Carpet sweepers are now made in many sizes, ranging from little toy sweepers up to the regular 14-inch size, the standard for domestic use, and from that up to the big 28-inch steamboat sweeper."

A Wonderful Discovery. Broadland, S. Dak., March 28.—Quite a sensation has been created here by the publication of the story of G. W. Gray, who, after a special treatment for three months, was prostrate and helpless and given up to die with Bright's Disease. Bright's Disease has always been considered incurable, but evidently from the story told by Mr. Gray there is a remedy which will cure it even in the most advanced stages. This is what he says:

"I was helpless as a little babe. My wife and I searched everything and read everything we could find about Bright's Disease, hoping that I would be able to find a remedy. After many failures my wife insisted that I should try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I praise God for the day when I decided to do so, for this remedy met every phase of my case and in a short time I was able to get out of bed, and after a few weeks' treatment I was as strong, well man, Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

A remedy that will cure Bright's Disease will cure any lesser Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills are certainly the most wonderful discovery which modern medical research has given to the world.

The Usual Sacrifices. Philadelphia Press: "I don't suppose you propose to make any sacrifice during Lent," said the first clubman.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other. "I expect to sacrifice the truth occasionally when I get home late."

For \$1.65 Money Order. The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., mail postpaid 15 trees, consisting of Appricots, Apples, Crabs, Cherries, Plums, Peaches and Pears, just the thing for a city or country garden, including the great Bismark Apple, all hardy Wisconsin trees, are sent you free upon receipt of \$1.65.

AND FOR 10c AND THIS NOTICE you get sufficient seed of Celery, Carrot, Cabbage, Onion, Lettuce, Radish and Flower Seeds to furnish bushels of choice flowers and lots of vegetables for a big family, together with their great plant and seed catalogue. (C. N. U.)

To Be Thankful For. Town Topics: Bibbs—What do you think of these corrections on school? Gibbs—Good thing. My son is studying electricity by mail.

"Does he know any more than he did before he began?" "I'm not sure about that, but his handwriting has improved 50 per cent."

All creameries use butter color. Why not do as they do—use JUNE TINT BUTTER COLOR.

The "Elder Statesmen" of Japan, who are advisers without authority, number four—the Marquis Ito, Marquis Yamagata, Count Inouye and Count Matsugata.

How "Abide With Me" Was Written. London Telegraph: At the age of 54 Lyte found himself doomed to die of consumption, and in sorrow at dying to leave his task unfinished he prayed that at the least it might be granted to him to write something which would live to the glory of God when he was dead. Then on the last evening he spent at Brixham, after preaching his farewell sermon, he took pen, and as the sun was setting over the ships that lay in the harbor "Abide With Me" was written. Next morning he started for the Riviera and there he died a month later.