



RULE OF THREE.

THE master of the schooner Harebell came slowly toward the harbor, accompanied by his mate. Both men had provided ashore for a voyage which included no intoxicants, and the dignity of the skipper, always a salient feature, had developed tremendously under the influence of brown stout. He stepped aboard his schooner importantly, and then, turning to the mate, who was about to follow, suddenly held up his hand for silence. "What did I tell you?" he inquired severely as the mate got quietly aboard. The mate listened. From the fore'st'le came the low gruff voices of men broken by the silvery ripple of women's laughter. "Well, I'm a Dutchman," said the mate, with the air of one who felt he was expected to say something. "After all I said to 'em," said the skipper with weary dignity. "You heard what I said to 'em, Jack?" "Nobody could ha' swore louder," testified the mate. "An' here they are," said the skipper in amaze, "defying me." "They've been and gone and asked them females down the fore'st'le ag'in. You know what I said I'd do, Jack, if they did."

Three dispirited girls put their heads out from their blankets and sniffed disdainfully. Then, after an animated discussion, they arose, walked up to the skipper, and eyed him unfavorably. "Why, he isn't any bigger than a boy," said Miss Williams, savagely. "Pity we didn't think of it before," said Miss Davies. "I s'pose the crew won't help him." "Not they," said Miss Evans, scornfully. "If they do, we'll serve them the same." They went off, leaving the skipper a prey to gathering uneasiness, watching their movements with wrinkled brow. From the fore'st'le and the galley they procured two mops and a broom, and he caught his breath sharply as Miss Evans came on deck with a pot of white paint in one hand and a pot of tar in the other. "Now, girls," said Miss Evans. "Put those things down," said the skipper, in a peremptory voice. "Shan't!" said Miss Evans, bluntly; and with mops dripping tar and paint on the deck they marched in military style up to the skipper and halted in front of him, smiling wickedly. The heart of the skipper waxed sore faint within him, and with a wild yell he summoned his trusty crew to his side. The crew came on deck slowly, and, casting furtive glances at the scene, pushed Ephraim Biddle to the front. "Take those mops away from 'em," said the skipper haughtily. "Don't you interfere," said Miss Evans, looking at them over her shoulder. "Else we'll give you some," said Miss Williams bloodthirstily. "Take those mops away from 'em!" bawled the skipper, instinctively drawing back as Miss Evans made a pass at him. "I don't see as 'ow we can interfere, sir," said Biddle with deep respect. "It would be ag'in' the lor for us to interfere with people," said Biddle, turning to his mates; "clear ag'in' the lor."

"Don't you talk rubbish," said the skipper anxiously. "Take 'em away from 'em. It's my tar and my paint and—"

"You shall have it," said Miss Evans reassuringly.

"If we touched 'em," said Biddle impatiently, "it'd be an assault at lor. All we can do, sir, is to stand by and see fair play."

"Fair play!" cried the skipper, dancing with rage, and, turning hastily to the mate, who had just come on the scene, "Take those things away from 'em, Jack."

"I'm not goin' to raise my hand against a woman for anybody," said the mate with decision. "It's no part of my work to get messed up with tar and paint from lady passengers."

"It's part of your work to obey me, though," said the skipper, raising his voice. "What are you afraid of?"

"Are you going to take us back?" demanded Jenny Evans.

"Run away," said the skipper with dignity. "Run away."

"I shall ask you three times," said Miss Evans sternly. "One—are you going back? Two—are you going back? Three—"

In the midst of a breathless silence she drew within striking distance, while her allies, taking up a position on either flank of the enemy, listened attentively to the instruction of their leader.

"Be careful he doesn't catch hold of the mops," said Miss Evans, "but if he does the others are to hit him over the head with the handles. Never mind about hurting him."

"Take this wheel a minnit, Jack," said the skipper, pale but determined. The mate came forward and took it unwillingly, and the skipper, trying hard to conceal his trepidation, walked toward Miss Evans and tried to quell her with his eye. The power of the human eye is notorious, and Miss Evans showed her sense of the danger she ran by making an energetic attempt to close the skipper's mouth with her mop, causing him to duck with amazing nimbleness. At the same moment another mop loaded with white paint was pushed into the back of his neck. He turned with a cry of rage, and then realizing the odds against him flung his dignity to the winds and dodged with the agility of a schoolboy. Through the galley and round the masts with the avenging mops in mad pursuit, until breathless and exhausted he suddenly sprang on to the side and climbed frantically into the rigging.

"Coward!" said Miss Evans, shaking her weapon at him.

"Come down," cried Miss Williams. "Come down like a man."

"It's no good wasting time over him," said Miss Evans, after another vain appeal to the skipper's manhood. "He's escaped. Get some more stuff on your mops."

The mate, who had been laughing boisterously, checked himself suddenly and assumed a gravity of demeanor more in accordance with his position. The mops were dipped in solemn silence, and Miss Evans, approaching, regarded him significantly.

"Now, my dears," said the mate, waving his hand with a deprecating gesture, "don't be silly."

"Don't what?" inquired the sensitive Miss Evans, raising her mop.

"You know what I mean," said the mate hastily. "I can't help myself."

"Well, we're going to help you," said Miss Evans; "turn the ship around."

"You obey orders, Jack," cried the skipper from aloft.

"It's all very well for you sitting up there in peace and comfort," said the mate indignantly. "I am not going to be tarred to please you. Come down and take charge of your ship."

"Do your duty, Jack," said the skipper, who was polishing his face with a handkerchief. "They won't touch you. They're afraid to. They're afraid to."

"You're egging 'em on," cried the mate wrathfully. "I won't steer; come and take it yourself."

He darted behind the wheel as Miss Evans, who was getting impatient, made a thrust at him, and then, springing out, gained the side and rushed up the rigging after his captain. Biddle, who was standing close by, gazed earnestly at them and took the wheel.

"You won't hurt old Biddle, I know," he said, trying to speak confidently.

"Of course not," said Miss Evans, emphatically.

"Tar doesn't hurt," explained Miss Williams.

"It's good for you," said the third lady, positively. "One—two—"

"It's no good," said the mate, as Ephraim came hurriedly into the rigging. "You'll have to give in."

"I'm—if I will," said the infuriated skipper. Then an idea occurred to him, and puckering his face shrewdly he began to descend.

"All right," he said, shortly, as Miss Evans advanced to meet him. "I'll go back."

He took the wheel. The schooner came around before the wind, and the willing crew, letting the sheets go, hauled them in again on the port side.

"And now, my lads," said the skipper, with a benevolent smile, "just clear that mess up off the deck, and you may as well pitch them mops overboard. They'll never be any good again."

He spoke carelessly, altho' his voice trembled a little, but his heart sank within him as Miss Evans waved them back.

"You stay where you are," she said, imperiously. "We'll throw them overboard—when we've done with them. What did you say, Captain?"

The Captain was about to repeat it with great readiness when Miss Evans raised her trusty mop. The words died away on his lips, and after a hopeless glance from his mate to the crew, and from the crew to the rigging, he accepted his defeat and in grim silence took them home again.—Washington Post.

LIFE WORTH LIVING.

IT IS A LIFE FOR GOD AND A LIFE FOR OTHERS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Shows How a Money Getting and a Worldly Life is a Lamentable Failure—The Life that Opens Into Eternity.

Our Weekly Sermon.

In this sermon Rev. Dr. Talmage discusses a subject vital to all, and never more timely than now, when the struggle for power, position, wealth and happiness is so absorbing. The text is James iv., 14, "What is your life?"

If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

Solomon in his unhappy moments says it is not. "Vanity," " vexation of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy. More than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says his life is worth living. In a book supposed to be doleful and lugubrious and sepulchral and entitled "Lamentations" he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that thought a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The ancient prophet cries out in startling intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

Conflicting Evidence.

A diversity of opinion on our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes and sound digestion, and generous salary and happily affianced and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tip of the bill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the bill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will draw out in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide this matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much on which way the wind blows. If the wind blow from the northwest and you ask him, he will say "Yes," and if it blow from the northeast and you ask him he will say "No." How are we then to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on eastern or western hemisphere and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Aye" and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misfortune and trouble the "Noes" would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who bear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" I answer, "It all depends upon the kind of life you live."

In the first place, I remark that a life of mere money getting is always a failure because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the millionaires. There is not a scissor grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in storehouses, in Government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when a bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp strings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegraph or a telephone in their own house, so they catch every breath of change in the money market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones.

Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chloride of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths, he would find he is made up of copper and gold and silver and zinc and lead and coal and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live there, but happiness will not come. They send footmen and postilioned equipage to bring her. She will not ride to their door. They send princely escort. She will not take his arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches. She will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate. She turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony. She will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulations.

Worldly Failure.

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dormant idea of life money getting fall far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of

financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

So the idea of worldly approval, if that be dominant in a man's life, he is miserable. Every four years the two most unfortunate men in this country are the two men nominated for the Presidency. The reservoirs of abuse and diatribe and malediction gradually fill up, gallon above gallon, hoghead above hoghead, and about midsummer these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these nominees, and they will have to stand it and take the abuse, and the falsehood, and the caricature, and the anathema, and the caterwauling, and the filth, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are choked and submerged and strangled, and at every sign of returning consciousness they will be barked at by all the hounds of political parties from ocean to ocean. And yet there are a hundred men to-day struggling for that privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get shandered and abused cheaper than that. Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over you.

But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position. Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is? Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men to-day as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out and out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have amassed all the known vices and are looking for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times in a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regret without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively sublime, making English grammar almost disreputable, and yet the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth or a show of wealth is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth, if you only got it. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, have a few preferred creditors and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community. If the breeze is over and come back and set in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quickly it will get you into high social position! What is the use of toiling forty or fifty years when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah, my friends, when you really lose your money how quickly they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

Torture at a Premium.

There are thousands to-day in that realm who are anxious to keep in it. There are thousands in that realm who are nervous for fear they will fall out of it, and there are chances going on every year and every month and every hour which invoke heartbreaks that are never forgotten. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the delicate question as to whether they shall let in and whom they shall push out, and the battle is going on—pier mirror against pier mirror, chandelier against chandelier, wine cellar against wine cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Uncertainty and insecurity dominant in that realm, wretchedness enthroned, torture at a premium and a life not worth living.

A Life of Sin.

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh and the devil, is a failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you send to that cradle or how many garlands you send to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstone this inscription: "Better for that man if he had never been born."

But I shall show you a life that is worth living.

A young man says: "I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry. Others decided that. I am not responsible for my temperament. God gave me that. But here I am, in the evening of the nineteenth century, at 20 years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put it to the very best use, and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion; two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way; two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch sweetest music and the voices of friendship, the very best music; a tongue, with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome or resist or lift or smite the wave or bless—hands to help myself and help others.

Here is a world which after 6,000 years of battling with tempest and accident is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me, a golden lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantel of the night. Yes, I have that at 20 years of age which defies all inventory of valuables—a soul, with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or to hate. Plato says it is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal. An old book among the family relics—a book with leather cover almost worn out and pages almost obliterated by oft personal—joins the other books in saying I am immortal. I have eighty years for a lifetime, sixty years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but, then, I must lay out my plans intelligently and for a long life. Sixty years added to the twenty I have already lived—that will bring me to 80. I must remember that these eighty years are only a brief prelude to the five hundred thousand millions of quinquillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. Now, I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities. If there is any being in the universe all wise and all beneficent who can help a man in such a juncture, I want him. The old book found among the family relics tells me there is a God, and that for the sake of

his son, one Jesus, he will give help to a man. To him I appeal. God help me! Here I have sixty years yet to do for myself and to do for others. I must develop this body by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all sunshine, by all fresh air, by all good habits, and this soul I must have swept and garnished and illumined and glorified by all that I can do for it and all that I can get God to do for it. It shall be a Luxembourg of fine pictures. It shall be an orchestra of grand harmonies. It shall be a palace for God and righteousness to reign in. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the next sixty years? I will try. I wonder how many good deeds I can do in the next sixty years? I will try. God help me!

The Right Direction.

That young man enters life. He is buffeted, he is tried, he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side, and a grave opens on that side. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavors, and at the close of it God says to him: "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of thy Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at 30, 40, 50, 60, 70 or 80 years of age. You can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words: "His life was worth living."

Amid the hills of New Hampshire in olden times there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough, hard work to coax a living out of it. Mighty tug to make the two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer. Mathew is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the manta maker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house—the spinning wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blankets she quilted. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down and is reminded of the Bible description of a good housewife. "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Some years go by, and the two oldest boys want a collegiate education, and the household economies are severed, and the calculations are closer, and until those two boys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the university, stands in a pulpit widely influential and preaches righteousness, judgment and temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The other lad who got the collegiate education goes into the law and thence into legislative halls, and after awhile he commands listening senates as he makes a plea for the down-trodden and the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, starting at an unprofitable success and climbing on up until his success and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son stays at home because he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they get old.

Of the two daughters, when the war broke out one went through the hospitals of Pittsburg Landing and Fortress Monroe, cheering up the dying and the homesick and taking the last message to kindred far away, so that every time Christ thought of her he said as of old, "The same is my sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon, the forenoon having been devoted to her household, she goes forth to hunt to the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five absent ones, saying: "Come. Mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start they receive another telegram, saying: "Come. Mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect, but as that farming son, and the clergyman, and the senator, and the merchant, and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dead mother taking in the last look or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma I want to ask that group around the casket one question, "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of usefulness, a useful life, a Christian life, is always worth living.

Banking Methods in French Banks.

We had to make our way through a crowd occupying a large room or small hall in which business was conducted. This hall was filled with people, some of whom were there to look after their own or other people's affairs, and others who had obviously dropped in or a casual chat. Almost all were smoking cigarettes, an amusement which they shared with a good many of the bank clerks. When we got through this crowd my friend and host presented his check at a gulchet. The man behind the gulchet gave him a metal disk stamped with a number. Armed with this my friend made his way to another gulchet, behind which stood not a clerk but an ordinary porter, wearing the livery of the bank. This porter has his hands full of similar metal disks. After a weary waiting he called out the number—say, three hundred and two—on my friend's disk.

Then my friend advanced, identified his check by another number obtained at the first gulchet and then received his money, not in the currency or form which he had wished for, but in such shape as the porter had at hand to dispense from the authorities above him. Then some of the notes being only locally negotiable, my friend had to go to a third gulchet to see if they could be changed into negotiable notes. On occasions this is impossible, and the unfortunate holder of the check has either to leave part of the money he has come for until a favorable opportunity or accept what he can get on the chance of paying it away, or getting it changed, or both, with some of his tradespeople. Beyond this there is no clearing house system; each bank makes a charge for cashing a check on another bank, and these charges practically swallow up the tiny amount of interest nominally allowed on a constant balance. And this is how the daily routine of banking is conducted in the first bank of Mar

Europe's Oldest Professor.

Samuel Brassal, the eminent Hungarian professor, has just celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his advent to scientific honors. He is 97 years old, and is the senior active teacher of learning in Europe. Through his unselfish devotion to the cause of Hungary and the purifying of the Magyar language he has established a firm place in the hearts of his countrymen. Mr. Brassal has contributed a number of scientific inventions to the physical laboratories of his college in Buda-Pesth, among them a chronometer with which he watches the standing of the sun each day and thus regulates the town clocks. He is a great philanthropist. Most of his money has been given to the advancement of sciences throughout his land.

Salvationists to Fight Poverty.

Commander Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army is organizing, together with other leaders, a crusade against poverty in this country. The plan contemplates the establishment of a vast system of social settlements similar to that in operation in England. Chicago is to be the center of this system, and its boundary is to be the United States. Colonies are to be established where temporary work will be offered to every idle man. Spacious tenement houses are to be provided under army supervision.

Received by Appearances.

"Willie," shouted the irate father, "didn't I warn you not to eat any more cucumbers?"

"I didn't eat no cucumbers. I'm to be the contentionist in the circus what we're goin' to give in the barn."—Detroit Free Press.

Not a case of necessity—A cigar case.