

"You've taken rather more than's good CHAPTER II.--(Continued.) "Very well, gentlemen," said the cen- for you," said the sufferer. "Better stop

with it.'

ber of interest, rising. "If you will have t, you will have it. I'm as hoarse as a "Who? 1?" cries Harkett. "Not a bit erow, but if you make me sing it's no of it! To-day's the only day we own. fault of mine and you must put up We mayn't be alive to enjoy ourselves to-merrow.

and roystering with boon companions

"Come home, Hackett. If you can't

It may be allowed that, along with

CHAPTER III.

morning. They rung under a sky half

A quarter of a mile away from the

Church bells were ringing on a March

with it." He threw down his riding whip and muntered to the piano. He struck a chord or two and the character of the instrument seemed to change. It jingled still—it would have jingled under the to-merrow. Th. foolish youngster spoke with so much aplomb, and with an air so gay and sprightly, and laughed so heartily in his speech that everybody but Ned Blane took the speech itself to be full of hands of the king of pianists-but his wir and humor and laughed loudly with voice was richer, fuller and softer than him.

t had been. Even now he was not go-ing to waste a sniff of the incense which so often and found refreshment so essenwas wafted about him, and was at once tial between songs that when but an so common and so delightful. He pre-hour had gone by his ditties were all of the Bacchanalion sort, and were sung two, and when he had whetted expec- with less taste and refinement than might tancy to its keenest edge he struck some have been asked for from so accomopening chords and in due time began to plished a vocalist. All this was gall and wormwood to the

His voice was of that rare and exqui-alte quality which inspires immediate fore and he saw the girl he cared for sitconfidence in the listener. On the song ting lonely and pale and sad at home. of nature's born singers the soul em-barks without hesitation at the call of husband as he saw him now, swaggering the first true note.

If there had been nothing else to have who were unworthy of him. These fanaccounted for it, it would have been a cies cut him to the heart, and at last, remarkable tribute to Will Hackett's taking Hackett by the arm, he whispervocal powers that a wayfarer should ed in a tone which sounded a triffe fierce have paused in the street at the first note from so ordinarily mild a man: of his song, and should have stood stock still in the wind and snow to listen, see when you're on the way to make a There was, however, much else to ac- fool of yourself, your friends must see count for this circumstance, for the way- it for you." farer was none other than Will Hackett's unsuccessful rival. He had forgot his congenial vices. Mr. Hackett had at ten the wind and the snow half an hour least the congenital merit of being goodbefore, and now in the very act of stand- tempered. He laughed allowingly, and doubted the news he had heard, and had in the keen fresh air of the streets he tried vainly to persuade himself that he began to reel and to talk thickly, and had no belief in it at all, but his thoughts his rival, with a heart growing momentwere comforthess and disturbed. He had been Mary Howarth's suitor these two home, and, bidding him good night at the years, and though he had been more than door, durned away, feeling as blank, as sufficiently, shy in his suit and timid desolate as the night itself. enough in his hopes, he had hardly iden-tified swaggering Will Hackett as a rival.

The Hacketts had been well-to-do time out of mind, but for the last three or four covered with a tatter of ragged cloud, generations the family had been rolling through the vivid rents whereof broad industriously downhill that it was a sunshine poured. The wind, which bufmarvel they had not long since reached feted the music of the bells, chased the the bottom. This sweet-throated Will's tattered clouds so swiftly that the sungreat-grandfather had in his time gam-light flowed over the beath, the cluster of bled away one-half the family belong- cottages, and the church, like a series of ings. The grandfather had in like man- charging waves. ner reduced his share by a molety; and the father, whose career was briefer and center of the music which tumbled in ore rapid than that of his predecessors, such exuberant and wind-swept mirth, more rapid than that of his predecessors, such exuberant and holding four gaunt had left the remnant of the property so stood a sign post, holding four gaunt Nad Blane heavily mortgaged as to be almost value-less. Since his death the Hackett home-wearing an air of deep chagrin, and kickstend had been closed and was likely to ing with occasional sudden emphasis at remain so, for the mining resources of any projecting bit of turf which lay the district round about were fast being within reach. opened up, and coal pits and blasting While he lounged thus dejected he was forunces are only encouraged the later generations of the Hacketts to larger extravagances. a debt as he knew how to be. If there had been nothing worse than the fallen fortunes of his family with of people shrugged their shoulders at the ation of him, whilst the feebler held their hands in horror. The long and the short of it is, he was the last sort of man in the world for a girl to think answer to the salutation of marrying. Now the disappointed lover knew all these things, and they galled him terribly. Edward Blane, sunk deep in the mem ory of these things, stood in the storm, wrathful, sore-hearted and pitcous. When he song was finished and the applause which followed it aroused him from his boughts, he swoke out of a dream which had carried him both into the past and the future by a year or two. He could have told then or afterward what impulse drew him into the hotel and led gloves. him to the upper room in which the singing was going on. The thing seemed at to desire just then was solitude and he had no mind to exchange unmeaning talk with people he did not care for, a tale their music tells! I perrisume stood rather moodily propping himself against the door, until his old half-aban-they are ringing for non-"I perrisume or even to listen to Will Hackett's deed crony discovered him, and crossed room to shake hands.

careful even of our own temporary wel-Do you happen to know if our young friend receives anything with the bride? "No." said Ned, loudly and with angry

emplois. "My dear young friend," cried Mr. Lowther, somewhat taken aback by this unlooked-for vehemence, and recoiling a pace or two.

"I am not your dear young friend." said Ned, with a smile, which had as much anger as amusement in it. have nothing in the world to talk to you about, and I would a great deal rather be alone.

"That," replied Mr. Lowther, very sweetly, "is an invitation not to I will accept it in that sense, Mr. Blana and will wish you good morning."

The windy music of the bells and the swiftly alternating bands of shade and shine were still careering over the heath as Mr. Lowther turned his broadcloth back upon the finger post, and left the young man staring sadly after him.

"What do you want to know about Will Hackett's affairs for? Is he in your clutches, you fat old spider? Heaven help him if he is! The bit he has left won't be long in going after what he used to have if he has got into your web.

Until the actual coming of the wedding day he had never been able to convince himself that his sweetheart would really make so bad a business of herself as to marry Will Hackett. Something was to have turned up to prevent so egregious a sacrifice, some outbreak on the part of the intended bridegroom, or discovery on the side of his victim. His wife could be nothing less than a victim. to the unlucky rival's fancy, and he found people enough to agree with him and confirm him in his opinion.

Ned had quite resolved to see nothing of the wedding ceremony, for to what good end should he ver himself by that? And yet here he was, a mile nearer the parish church than he had a right to be. and hankering after pain with that unreasoning instinct which prompts children to irritate sore places. When Mr. Horatio Lowther had got some two or three hundred yards away Ned lounged after him slowly and irresolutely.

There were no faces at the cottage windows and no idlers or wayfarers in the road. The balls were silent now, for the welding procession had entered the church. He must needs enter the ing still to listen he forgot the song. He suffered himself to be drawn away, but porch, and there, in company with two or three peeping children, whom his presence awed into supernatural gravity and silence, listen to the murmuring and echoing voice of the minister as it rolled indistinctly about the hollow building. which was more than five-sixths empty. He heard the groom's voice more clear v. for Hackett's lond swegger was but little tempered by the place and the octasion. The listener turned away and stood at the entrance to the porch, looking out upon the graveyard for a little while; and then, stepping lightly by in- but the father has taught his little ones stinct, walked down the path and into that the voice is their mother's, and the village street.

It was all bare and empty as he had ing it. left it, but a sudden unreasonable fear of being observed set him walking rapidly, and he felt as if any one who should chance to see him must know how raw

and desolate and heartbroken he was. Behind him and somewhat gaining more than anything else, he had his upon him, though not rapidly, was a man wife sing into it a lullaby she crooned on horseback. The borse was fat and to her babies. The proud father took unwieldy. By dist of hard kicking and records, too, of his children's cries and tight holding the rider quickened his pace pratiles, spending all his spare change and kept his seat until he came on a level with the foot passenger and gasped his name.

"Mr. Edward."

the Bard.

UNIQUE BUTTONHOLE CUTTER.

Some of the most simple ideas of the inventive genius have proven of the most value to humanity, and it is safe to venture that the idea of a Pennsylvania man for a buttonhole cuttingscissors will develop into a wonderful ald to a those dressmakers and others into whose hands it may fall.

There have been buttonhole-cutting seissors before, it is true, but here is an affair that combines an ordinary pair of scissors with one that will

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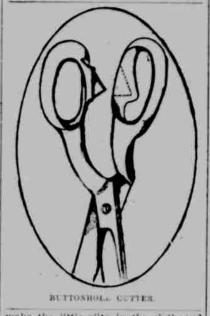
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triother:

the products of the man.

forcement, refreshment that alone



make the little slits in the cloth and will avert all necessity for laying down one of the tools of seamstress' art for the picking up of another.

This arrangement, which is made plain by the accompanying picture, consists of a pair of seissors which can be used in ordinary cutting, to the handle of which is atfixed a peculiarly shaped cutting blade which will do the futtonhole work in an instant when the cloth is placed beneath it. There is no danger of its being mishald or lost, for the worker has it ever before her, as she does the other cutting necessary in her work.

hier Voice Laves. In a quiet little house on the South Side a song is song every evening by the voice of a mother, who has been dead more than a year. Two tiny orphans, a boy and a girl, set on their handsbroken father's lap each night and are soothed to sleep by the juliaby their mother sang to them when she was living.

The singing is done by a phonograph, they never go to sleep without hear-

It is just a year now since this father bought a phonograph-the only musheal instrument he could afford. He took it home, and then, out of curl sity for blank records. The young wife had a sweet, clear voice, and other records were made of the favorite fullaby.

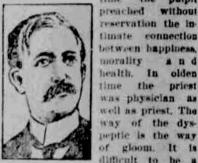


hours of the night.

By Rev. Pearce Place. What is wrong for a church member is wrong for everybody, and what is duty for a church member is every man's duty. Nor have people any By Rev. Merry Mottet. right to impose on ministers, descons After he had sent the multitudes and Sanday school teachers' standardy away, he went up into a mountain of duty they themselves do not aim apart to pray; and when even was to five up to. If you may smoke m ome he was there alone -St. Matt. the races so may the deacon, and the Sunday school teacher has as much There is a law of our life in ac- right as any Christian has. The Phariordance with which a man spen's a sees laid great burdens of duty or part of each twenty-four hours in other people, but we'll have none of work and after that he yields to re that to-day. Extra sanctity on the pose. It is first work and then rest part of those you set up to do duty the higher the recognition of this law for the world will not let you out the finer becomes the quality of man Being extra holy on Sunday will not bood. The better the man, the better excuse a man for playing the rascal all the week. The man is fundament While a man works he gives out he ally wrong who is not trying to be as expends. When he rests he stores it is folly to suppose that a man can draw ceaselessly against his bank ac count and never make a deposit. It is mockety of moral meanings and humequally a folly to imagine that a man long of life

an work on and on without the roin- SEXTRET OF HAPPINESS

By Rev. R. A. White "About half of the world's melansomes with repose. The great thing in every department of life is to record cholia comes from disordered nerves, nize this law and to get the right indigestion and torpid liver. It is time the pulpit

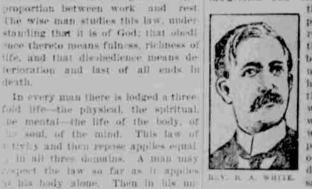


reservation the intimate connection between happiness, morality a n d health. In olden time the priest was physician as well as priest, The way of the dyspeptic is the way of gloom. It is difficult to be a saint and have in-

obling he is merely an animal. He digestion at the same time. Our comsoulless and he is mimiliess. It is plex life breeds nerve disorders, and vital part of our God given intelli unries are responsible for many bad are that we roongaine this law on Things.

three sides of our life; that we get Let our divinity schools incidentally id of and keep the proportion of life train the ministerial aspirant in a art we do not cultivate one side of knowledge of medicine. Educate him is at the expense of to the neglect of in pathology as well as theology. Then when he is called upon to diagnose a The Master understood the law and case of unhappiness or immorality he respected the same. For example, will know whether to prescribe pills ever preserved a sound body. It is or prayers. The first secret of happi-(where recorded that he was ever ness, then, is to have good health, th. He must have been physically you deve it on the us to know it. must, or he could not have left be- if you have it not let your first basiand him such a splendidly full life, ness he to get health.

Stulles will come with good, fresh 'ram his youth he increased in wis- blood, and as pains vanish laughter om. He was learned in the literature will come, and seen through bealthy ad law of his church and nation, and eyes the world will become roay with " was profoundly learned as a stu- a thousand dawns and reverent with and of human nature. His teaching a thousand twilights,



Why, Ned, old Ind, it's a hundred care since I saw the last of you. What ags you here?"

I heard your singing as I was going said Ned. "I wouldn't come up till "And now," cried the landlord, "it's

with well beknown as there's nothing s. Hackett wouldn't be willin' to do to oblige Mr. Blane, and he can hardly do than sing another song to pay him for standin' out i' the cold to listen to

"Ay, sing us a song, Will!" said his id companion. "They're all rarely pleas-

"Why, so I will," answered Hackett; "bet I'll have a little refreshment first, if you please, Warden." The landlord bustled from the room

and soon returned. Then Hackett sang other song. This time he chose "Sally Our Alley," and the unlucky lover, ough not easily disposed to be affrontof as a rule, felt a personal application in the ditty and took umbrage at it. The jeyful and tender exultation of the line "Oh, then I'll marry Sally" especially mended bim, and the singer's accident-

and distempored fancy as if ant to barb the shart. He wall and re-

unaware of the approach of a portly country sent. The discovery of the min-broadcloth personage, who picked his eral resources of the land would have way with a cat-like nicety and deliberamade careful people wealthy, but it had tion among the shining puddles on the western road. This person had for a long time held in view the figure of the Will had inherited the tastes and procliv- melancholy lounger at the sign post. ties of his ancestors, and was as deep Finding himself still unnoticed, when he had grown quite near he coughed behind

one of his glossy gloves with an air of accident, and having thus attracted the which to reproach Will Hackett the thing lounger's notice, he bade him good mornmight have been borne with; but the ing. There are people who in speaking young fellow kept the family reputation convey the impression that their vocal alive in all ways, and the graver sort organs are oiled. Mr. Horatio Lowther was one of these. His salute was r benediction. Ned drew himself up with a start and blushed like fire. He pushed back the soft felt hat and nodded in

"It is a lovely morning," said Mr. "It gives one a sense Lowther, pausing. one a sense of, but he waved his shining black gloves hither and thither, and smiled with the look of a man who has achieved a conversational felicity.

Ned's face wore an expression of disgusted weariness which he tried in vain to replace by one of interest as he surveyed the landscape, in answer to the invitation conveyed by the waving black

"The weather's right enough," he swered.

"The bells," said Mr. Lowther. "The bells. Those morning bells! How many Ned looked at him with sudden keen-

ness. Mr. Lowther, with his head slight-ly thrown back and a little on one side. was smiling softly and benevolently at nature and the bells, and appeared to unaware of the other's gaze. Observing this, the young man answered in an unnterested tone:

"Yes, they are ringing for Will Hack ott."

"Has it occurred to you?" asked Mr. Lowther, preserving his attitude and his mile-"do you think--'

"Has what occurred to me?" asked the other, looking up at him.

"That Hackett might have do wouldn't 'ndicate a breath to disparage the young lady." He was still smiling softly at the landscape a. d the bells, and could not be supposed to know that Blane was looking at him with eyes of wrath and wonder. "But might he not now-might he not have done a little

better "Perhaps he might. I don't kn where, though. It seems to me he has done a lot better than he deserves."

"It may be so," responded Mr. Low-her. "It may be so. But in a worldly ther. "It is his own affair," said Blane, as

if the talk wearied him. "Assuredly," Mr. Lowther answered. "Oh, yes. Assuredly. Quite his own affair." He paused there and smiled op "I do not say that"

Ned Blane looked up and recognized one was preserved. 'What's the matter?" he asked, for

Shadrach's face was wild. "The Blazer; the Old Blazer," said Shadrach, breathing hard. "What! Not on fire again?"

"No; drowned out this time. Seven-

and forty down. You'm wanted. I seen you by the church an' I've been tryin' to coller iver sence, but I've had all the eroon: breath shook out o' me.'

The first feeling in the wounded lover's heart was so terribly like thankfulness that some absorbing duty called him from himself that he stood stock still for a moment, more horrified at himself

than at the news. In the next instant he turned back upon the way he had traveled, running like a deer. (To be continued.)

A Poet's Mother.

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Robert Buchanan had one deep enthusiasm, his mother. She was always young in her appearance, but he regarded her, to the end of her life, as abounding even in girlish charms. He der." could never realize that she was growing old. In looking at her, even when she was close upon 80, he saw the soft blue eyes and golden hair which he had loved long ago.

"I cannot imagine my mother as old," he said again and again, the day after she died. "I do not feel that she is dead, for I cannot imagine the world

without her." When, a youth of eighteen, he went up to London, "to take the world by storm," he was a miserably homesich lad. He sat in a corner of the railway carriage, his heart aching, his eyes dim

with tears. "I realized." he says. "that I was for

the first time quite friendless and alone. I thought of my dear mother praying for me at home, and I longed

to turn back and ask her forgiveness for any pain I had caused her. Even now, I never take a rallway journey of night without recalling the dismal heartache of that midnight journey to

London." Almost daily, during this early struggle, did be receive a letter from her, always full of loving instruction for his guidance. His answers were overflowing with bear: and hop . Moth-

er and son were constant in this tender service. From first to last they were the best and most intimate of friends.

Uncie Reuben's Philosophy.

I hey had a right smart lot of people um to me fur advice at one time or other. In de fust place, dey wanted to save a lawyer's fee an' in de next dey wanted to see if I was as big a fule as dey was. If I didn't agree wid 'em I was a bigger one, of course .-Detroit Free Press.

ant all were not equally good, and only directs his mind. Where is there an-Three days after the song was re corded on the phonograph cylinder the

young mother was taken sick. A week inter she died. Several days after her burial the heart-broken husband brought out the phonograph again, and, taking his bables on his lap, he heard the living voice of his dead wife

Rock a bye baby in the tree top, When the bough bends the cradle will rock. When the bough breaks the cradle will fall Down will come tree-top, baby, and all.

And every night since that time the phonograph has sung the two children to sleep .- Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Chief's Philosophy.

The press agent of the Indian Congress at New York vouches for the folowing philosophical remarks by Chief Joseph, "as translated by Red Thun-"Small mothers have brought forth

blg chiefs." "Bad Deeds loses much sleep."

"A secret calls at a hundred wigwams."

"Every man knows how to make love for himself." "Stingy-Man tries to warm himself

with smoke.' "A hungry stomach does not quarrel

with the cook." "Little Caution sets big death trap." "You can't tell a gun's kill by its

kick ' "Bad-News files on the lightning's

wings." "In the dark is a good place to look

at yourself." "Do not balt with sturgeon to catch perch."

"The hornet's sting feels longer than the heron's hooks." "You do not have to eat grubs b

cause they caste sweet to the bear." "I am always afraid that clumsy kindness will step on my feet."

"The coward envies the rabbit's legs.

"A Frenchman seems pollte enough o shake hands with a crah"

Both Related.

Abraham Benedict, of the New York bur, tells the story of a young man who entered a street car with a dog and attracted the attention of an Irishman. who laguined what kind of a dog if as. The young man replied:

"It is a cross between an ape and an Irishman."

"Then we are both related to it," re monded the Irl-hman.

Books are man's best friends; when they bore him be can shut them us out giving offense. with

ther mind which could have given would the Lord's prayer and the rinen on the mount? There is not be right to hang, shoot, or electrocut student of the highest rank who oes not bow before the mind of Jesus mrbd: Of the spiritual side of his ie who shall presume to speak and o if justice? He lived ever with God ind in God. God was his life and dit. His was a perfectly proportionwell rounded life. It has become e universal pattern, which finds its mateful imitators in every age and very clime. But that life recognized al followed a great, a profound prinpr or law. The Master had just ided, finished an intensely interest av. He had been surrounded by a and throng and he had healed their a; then, lest the people should faint their homeward way, he first fed

hen, he was ever a deep student.

h.m.-a company of about 5,000 men, sides women and children. It is isy to understand what the exhauson of such a day must mean for any .au, especially when it is known that - puts his whole heart and soul into

S work. The Master has dismissed the multiude and taken leave of his disciples .e luid gone, alone, into a mountain ailtude, there to commune with God o place his wearled head on the bosm of God and to put his heart close y the heart of his Father.' The evenng had come and he was alone. Jeus Christ must have understood that is life and ministry were to last only few years, and he did realize how auch was to be crowded into that brief space of time. Yet he made and ie took time to go apart, to be alone, to drink in the solitude of nature in solitude, in mental repose, he found the restoration of all his powers. Ife understood and grasped the fact that unless a man flyes in closest touch with God he is not, he cannot be, a divine man, he cannot attain the surpose of his life.

What a strange message this to our ousy, bustling age! We are apt to hi k that our rank or place in life settled by the intensity and cease-288. hes-ness of our activity. We sap the in idations of our physical life, we cua our minds, and our spiritual begod.

", lacks richness of blood. It is impossible for us to attain the full measure of the life for which we were -rended, and we fail to grasp "the grize of the high calling of God in Carlet Jesus."

Would you attain a well rounded, aveful, happy life? Then note well the lesson of the Master. Daily send your multitudes away, if only for a few minutes, then go apart for silent communion with God. When even root of evil comes, before your sleep, let it always and you alone with God, your Father, both hands.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

B) Rev. George F. Ball. From the lawyer's standpoint it may a criminal, but the law as framed by

> man is not always right, from the tandpoint of good morals. Law is matter of develop ment. Many things countenanced 100 or 200 years age would not now condoned for minute. If must have p

tiaries, that is REV. G. F. HALL place for car-barn bandits. My suggestion is, that corporal pash be abandoned and convicts m for an adequate term of years, an that meanwhile they be compelled labor hard for the improve American roads.

Sentence Sermons. Work trains the will. Liberty is in love of the law, The painful is not always p A good errand makes a short I It is the heart that makes ! Faith will break through all Any harness will chafe if per

Religion is good as a trade, bas as a tool.

Wheat that will not be b not be used.

A short cut man seldom thing great.

The world is not saved by we do not do.

It is always casy to for people's enemies.

Perjury is a prayer that ultimately answered.

A man cannot cover his condemning God's ways. There is just as much d riches you desire as in the

The self-conceited man religious; he cannot get at

Your grip on success d ly on the things you are

The world is more by the cheerful religio tearful kind.

When the devil is dr willing you should beast eading him

You cannot expect G root of evil out of y you are hanging on

