

DAVID WINS THE THRONE

STORY BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

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Scripture Authority: — 2 Samuel 2:1-32.

SERMONETTE.

David's success brought with it no bitterness of regret over the means by which that success had been won.

Had David purchased success at the compromise of principle, or the commission of crime, it would have cast a cloud upon his life which would have overshadowed him to the very grave itself.

Take success in the world today which is achieved by questionable means, how certainly do the misdeeds uncover themselves at last, and relentlessly and persistently follow the perpetrator.

Success won by any but fair means brings unrest of soul, and merits the contempt and scorn of the world.

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world at the sacrifice of honor, or obedience to God's law, or service to his brother man?

Faith that can wait brings success which will endure. The road of present expediency does not lead to the land of perfect realization.

It was a long time from the anointing at Bethlehem until the crowning at Hebron. But the God who promises at Bethlehem is the God who can keep through the vicissitudes of the years and can fulfill to the minutest detail his spoken word.

The man who is willing to take only the success which God gives is the man into whose hands God commits his most important trusts.

David's chief adviser was the Heavenly Friend whose wisdom is above man's wisdom, and whose faithfulness never slackens.

How often in the chapters before us we find the statement that David inquired of the Lord as to the course he should pursue. Even this man of affairs with the discipline of the years upon him dare not trust to his own wisdom. He must seek the Divine guidance, by which alone he could walk in the straight path which would deliver him from the snares of the enemy and establish him in the kingdom which so long before had been promised to him.

In all of his tribulations and adversities David was the cheerful optimist whose vision was from above even while his feet walked the uncertain pathways of the world.

We may not all be called to kingdoms, but we may all have the privilege of the Divine guidance and the consciousness that God's presence is with us, be the place we fill ever so humble.

THE STORY.

After the ocean tempest come the subdued winds and the subsiding waves; the heavens stretch blue and beautiful from horizon to horizon, and the golden sunshine fills all the balmy air. But along the rock-bound shore the wreckage lies in mad confusion a sad reminder of the storm of the night before. There in mute protest to Nature's friendly mood are the torn and shattered timbers of the noble ship which has gone down into the merciless maw of the mighty waters.

There strewn along the beach is the water-soaked cargo, and from beneath the confusion of piled wreckage appears the hand, the foot, the battered head of some hapless victim. Nature so peaceful and reassuring, and yet bringing but poor comfort to the heart which contemplates the ruin before it.

So was it in Israel. The storm of battle has passed; the clash of arms is stilled, the thunder of rushing war chariots and the mad cries of multitudes of men joined in death struggle have died away, and those who have not fallen in battle have scattered to their homes while the victorious army of the Philistines laden with plunder has returned home again.

The sky is blue as before, the sun cheery and warm, the breezes laden with perfume from the flowering fields, and the birds, unconscious of the tragedy of war—of the King and his sons slain, and of the mourning in many a home in Israel whither the father, and the son, the sweetheart and brother would never more return—pouring out their little souls in glad melody, but in the hearts of the people a note of deep anguish and anxious foreboding. Oh, the agony of those days, weeping for the lost and fearing for the living. With blanched cheeks and trembling lips the people talked together of the tragic end of King Saul and his sons, of the mutilation of their bodies, of their hanging from the walls of Beth-shan, a ghastly trophy of the fortunes of war, of the placing of the king's armor in the

temple of Ashtaroth the Philistine god; of these and the thousand and one other bloody details of the terrible battle the people talked, and wondered what further misfortune awaited the nation.

With Saul and his three sons dead, who was there to lead the nation? Confusion and uncertainty prevailed. Even Abner the leader of the hosts of Israel was apparently unable to rally his forces and suggest some plan of action. The people were as sheep without a shepherd. So for days and weeks the disorder and confusion continued, even as far south as in the land of Judah. And there the stirring reports of the battle with its ill consequences to Israel were repeated over and over again, and the same questions stirred the hearts of the people as to who now would lead them as troubled the northern tribes. In the spirit of much depression the elders of Judah came together to consider the situation, meeting secretly in one of the little obscure towns lest if they assembled at Hebron, their chief city, news of the meeting might reach the ears of the Philistines and stir them to immediate attack.

It was but natural that the first thought should be of David, and some were for an immediate sending of a messenger to him inviting his return to Judah, but just as they were about to do so a runner brought tidings that David had joined his forces with those of Achish, the Philistine king, and had shared in the recent battle which had resulted so disastrously to the army of Israel.

"What, David fight against his brethren in Israel?" the elders exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the messenger. "Thou knowest how he has been dwelling in the land of the Philistines for now these many months, and how King Achish gave him Ziklag in which to dwell. And Achish made league with him and trusted him as he might a brother, so that when he gathered his armies to go out against the armies of Israel he took David and his men along."

A long painful silence followed this disconcerting news. Whither, now, indeed, would Judah turn. David had failed them. Now that he had taken up arms against his own countrymen there could never more be place for him in Judah. And with even greater depression than before the elders departed to their homes.

But the next day strange things had happened in Judah. The elders sent messengers to each other with the query:

"Hath David sent aught to thee? Behold, when I arrived home I found there awaiting me a goodly portion of the spoil which David had sent with loyal greetings. What thinkest thou concerning it?"

It can be imagined what surprise and astonishment such tidings brought to each of the elders and hastily they reassembled early on the following day to consider the matter. Then it was that the full details of David's return to Ziklag, his pursuit of the enemy which had burned his city and carried off the women and children, and of his recovery of everything which had been taken, were made known.

"Then he did not fight with the Philistines against Israel?" they exclaimed, one to the other, their depression giving place to the joy of a new hope.

"Let us send greetings at once to David, and invite him to return," eagerly suggested one.

"But who is there who will dare go into the land of the Philistines to carry him word. If the coming of such messenger reaches the ears of the Philistines, I fear it will go hard with David, and may bring the Philistine armies down upon us," spoke up another cautiously.

Then followed an earnest discussion which was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a breathless runner who exclaimed as soon as he was able to recover the power of speech: "David! Hebron!"

"What's that you say?" fairly shouted the elders, so excited were they. "David has come to Hebron?"

The messenger nodded his head in assent, and added:

"Yea, and he hath brought all his men and all his substance, and his wives and all whatsoever he hath."

"Then let us go up to Hebron and there anoint him as our king. Surely God has looked down upon us in our distress, and hath sent a deliverer."

And so it was that the men of Judah came and there they anointed David king over the house of Judah.

Novelty in Entertainments.

A Paris paper says that on every Sunday Mrs. Mackay receives her friends in a secluded corner of the Latin quarter's most famous park in Paris. The refreshments at these entertainments are supplied by passing vendors, such as old women who sell tempting raisin cake and other like dainties. The paper adds to this account, which, whether or not authentic, is pleasant to believe, that these novel little affairs have been most successful and are a great relief after more formal entertainments.

Natural Soap Baths.

Natural soap baths are not an un-mixed blessing. The curious soap spring that forms a wonder of a village in Timor, East Indian Islands, consists of a small elevated mud cone, from which bubbles up water heavily charged with alkali and radium, the discharge giving the appearance of a miniature volcano. A disadvantage of such a washing place is that vegetation is ruined for miles around.

Wife of German Ambassador



Before her marriage to the Baron Speck Von Sternberg, Ambassador from Germany, the Baroness was a noted Kentucky belle; she is regarded as the most beautiful woman in official life at Washington.

AIRSHIP IS LIKE HEN

FARMER GETS IDEA FOR FLYING DEVICE FROM ROOSTER.

Movement of Chanticleer Balancing on Thumb Illustrates Principle on Which Ingenious Machine Is Modeled by Him.

New York.—How does a rooster balance himself on a man's thumb? He sticks out his head, shifts and extends his wings, which are lateral aeroplanes, and then elevates or depresses his tail. By causing his favorite chanticleer on his farm, near Fort Plain, to go through various experiments on this phalangeal roost, William Morgan has evolved a flying machine which he now hopes to send through the air.

He has a small model, which he sends hither and thither, and it has the movement of a surprised chicken just shooed from its perch. The small model, which he has patented, can be made to fly at any time by simply winding up the rubber bands which form the motive power of the two propellers in front.

Of the big air ship its inventor said, when seen at the Victoria Hotel, a Bowers lodging-house:

"I would have it merely skim along. It would, of course, have abundant

space to clear the 20-foot propellers from the earth. It does not need a gas bag. There are two large propellers in front and the machine can be steered by varying their number of revolutions.

"It is kept up by the motion of the propellers, and when they cease to move the aeroplanes take such a position that the machine cannot come down hard, but will settle gradually."

Mr. Morgan flew his small model for the delectation of his fellow lodgers in the Bowers caravansary. The inventor was formerly in the cigar business and he also manufactured a hair restorer.

Polar Bear Steak.

According to Max Fleischman, who has not only killed polar bears, but has eaten the same, the meat was fairly palatable, although it was necessary to cut it into very thin strips and hammer it thoroughly before broiling in order to get the blubbery taste out of it.

"In addition to this precaution," says Mr. Fleischman in the National Geographic Magazine, "I would advise that a plentiful admixture of onions be used in broiling fresh bear meat, and if the onions are strong enough and one has a penchant for onions one won't really mind bear steak. It is the opinion of the writer and also of the ship surgeon, who was the taster of all new food, that young seal is a great deal more palatable than bear meat.

"WILD" MAN IS ARRESTED.

Was Dancing Without Clothes in the Shadow of a Market House.

Baltimore, Md.—A man rushed up to Patrolman Geraghty as he was patrolling Pratt street, shortly after 1 o'clock in the morning, and exclaimed: "Officer, officer! there's a wild man up the street there." The patrolman, guided, or rather forwarded by the excited citizen, who kept a good twenty paces in the rear, walked up Market space for about fifty yards, and then Geraghty saw that there was really something capering about in the shadows of the Market house.

For a moment the policeman regarded the queer object, and then, taking his espartoon, advanced. The capering figure was that of a man, short and muscularly built, and without a stitch of clothing on him. He did not perceive the policeman until the latter touched him on the shoulder and then he turned only to find his arms

pinioned. For a few moments Geraghty struggled with the nude figure, but finally placed nippers on his wrists and mastered him. The prisoner was taken to the Central police station. His name, he said, was Joseph Florio. He is 48 years old, and a native of Italy. For a time he appeared to be in his right mind, and admitted that he had been drinking heavily. Then he became incoherent again, and said the "spirits told him to take off his clothes and dance."

A second-hand suit of clothes was given to Florio, but he tore them nearly all off before he was brought before Justice Grannan for a hearing this morning. Justice Grannan fined him \$5 and costs on the charge of being drunk on the street, and committed him to jail in default of payment. Florio appears to be well educated, and between his ravings spoke in English, German, French and Spanish.

A MILITARY ROAD TO YUKON

Canada Is Building 1,600 Mile Trail to Back Door of Gold Region.

Edmonton, B. C.—An important work that is being carried on by the Dominion government in the Canadian northwest, concerning which people in general know but little, is the building of a military road from this city to the Yukon territory. For two years the construction has been under way in charge of the royal northwest mounted police.

From Edmonton the road stretches 70 miles away to Fort St. John on the Peace river, and then takes an almost direct course over the Rocky mountains for 200 miles to Fort Graham, in British Columbia, and thence in a northerly direction for 700 miles more to Atlin. This long trail of 1,600 miles lies through a region but little civilized, and where nature at times opposes her sterile barriers.

It is not a wide road—only eight feet—and at regular intervals of 20 miles small log houses are erected as halting places. The principal work so far has been done on the eastern side of the Rocky mountains, and last fall the construction party, under the command of Capt. Camies, reached Fort Graham, where they have wintered. This summer, another party of workmen, under Inspector McDonald of Whitehorse, will push the work from

Atlin until the two forces meet, which they hope to do before winter.

And the purpose of it is because one of Canada's richest treasure houses, the golden Klondike, lies cooped up beyond the great mountains. The two front doors to this country lie in the United States territory of Alaska—one opening in from Skagway by means of the White pass and Yukon railway, the other further north, the estuary of the Yukon river at St. Michael.

Something Substantial.

Did you ever try egg soup. No? Then you have lived in vain. Beat thoroughly six strictly fresh eggs. Add one quart of good cream and season with butter, pepper and salt. Simmer. When thick enough, serve with grislini broken in short bits, or, if you can not get the stick bread, with toasted dice made of yesterday's bread. You can not imagine anything more palatable or nourishing in this weather or in any other weather.

Not the Music He Loved.

Mrs. Talkmore—"Your husband is a great lover of music, isn't he?" Mrs. Chatters—"Yes, indeed. I have seen him get up in the middle of the night and try to compose." Mrs. T.—"What?" Mrs. C.—"The baby."—*Stray Stories.*

NOVEL REFORM PLAN

LAWYER PROPOSES GARDEN COLONY FOR MILD CRIMINALS.

Moral Suasion and Fruit Diet in Model Country Town Advocated for Criminals of Amiable Disposition.

Chicago.—A garden colony for amiable criminals where they will learn to be good by growing peaches and roses is the latest idea to be advanced in criminal reformatory methods. The author of the Arcadian principle is John F. Geeting, editor of the American Criminal Records, and a Chicago criminal lawyer.

Mr. Geeting does not refer to criminals of a dark and bloody turn of mind, but to those kindly souls who practice the gentle art of selling gold bricks to the unsophisticated rustic. These men, with their vast army of brothers, who earn a precarious living through various forms of swindling, Mr. Geeting declares, aside from their irritating propensity to put their hands in other people's pockets, are pleasant companions and not infrequently blithe and witty souls.

The present method by which the rude law casts these men into the common jail with murderers and anarchists is, according to Mr. Geeting, the destruction of many of them, who are only suffering from a slight moral twist which might be straightened out by the application of much milder methods.

The scheme which Mr. Geeting intends to urge on the governor and legislature of Illinois is the formation of a little town along novel lines. The town will be situated in the center of a little garden, where peaches and roses may grow. For fear the rural simplicity of the place might pall on the city bred inhabitants and tempt them to return to wicked places like Chicago, a stout wall will be erected all about the town, whose ugliness can be concealed with trailing vines and gooseberry bushes.

All criminals who have not homicidal tendencies or have not been in the habit of beating their wives over the head with a poker will be eligible to citizenship upon the order of the judge. Each will have a little cottage and will grow pure and at least morally beautiful in the peaceful pursuit of botany. If he should try to flich his neighbor's tools or sell him a potato for a peach, he will be argued with gently and brought back to the narrow path by moral suasion and a fruit diet.

Mr. Geeting is satisfied that his scheme would prove the salvation of many criminals, who are only confined in their courses by the present punitive methods. He purposes to embody his plan in writing and have it submitted to the legislature.

OUR GUNNERS GOOD AS ANY.

Recent Practice on British Ship Recalls American Performances.

Washington.—For several years the navy department has not regarded it as good policy to acquaint foreign nations with the performances of the American naval gunners. It was felt that the publication of a good record made by our men would only serve to stimulate the gunners of other nations to better their own performances.

But the publication recently of the fact that during target practice on the British channel fleet in the presence of King Edward one gun made nineteen hits in twenty-one shots, thereby earning a decoration from the king, has naturally touched the pride of some of the American naval officers, but they find no reason to fear a comparison with the gunners of any other navy.

Taking some of the six inch guns in the Atlantic fleet, one gunner on the armored cruiser Maryland made eleven shots and eleven hits in one minute. A gun on the battleship Ohio was fired with a perfect score at the rate of 10.81 a minute. A six inch gun on the battleship Maine has a record of a perfect score at the rate of 10.41 a minute, and the battleship Missouri's best record was 10.30 shots a minute, each lodged in a target.

But in the way of small guns these six inch records become insignificant. A three pounder on the battleship Virginia made 20 shots and hits in 75 seconds, and another gun made 10 shots and 10 hits in 22½ seconds, a remarkable average of 26.67 shots and hits a minute.

Edelweiss Now Paris Flower.

Paris.—Edelweiss, which this year is more fashionable than ever, is mostly grown near Copenhagen and exported to Switzerland where the flower is so rare now that gathering of it is forbidden. Not to be outdone, Paris gardeners are cultivating edelweiss in the suburbs and recently have exhibited specimens. Large quantities will appear at the next greenhouse exhibition and soon the Swiss gardeners will sell only Parisian products.

Plans Monument to Chicken.

Bloomington, Ill.—A monument is planned for a chicken belonging to O. L. McCord of Vermilion County. It has just died, aged 12 years. It was claimed to be the champion of champions, having won first prize at eight successive state fairs and also at the Pan-American Exposition. The fowl was valued at a high figure and was considered to be one of the finest blooded chickens in the country.

SPINACH FOR THE WINTER.

Directions for Canning This Healthful and Succulent Vegetable.

Pick over the spinach when you have washed it and strip the leaves from the main stems without bruising them. Cover with cold water and leave in this to freshen and crisp them. In an hour's time transfer the leaves, dripping wet, to a granite or porcelain pot, adding no water except that which drips from the spinach. Set this pot or jar in a larger vessel of cold water. Cover the inner vessel closely to keep in the steam and set both over the fire. When the water in the outer pot begins to boil, open the inner and stir the contents gently with your wooden ladle to make sure that they are heated to the center. Cover again and let the boil go on for half an hour more. There should be enough liquid from the succulent leaves to cover the spinach when packed into the jars. Seal immediately.

PROPER CARE OF SHOES.

Application of Petroleum Ointment is Good for Them.

An excellent preservative of shoe leather is petroleum ointment. If a small quantity be applied to new shoes it will soften the leather, and if emaciated leather will keep it soft much longer than ordinarily and render it less liable to crack. If worn shoes are cleaned and blackened and then rubbed with the petroleum ointment their appearance and wearing qualities will be much improved. Have a box of oats handy and when the shoes are taken off remove all mud and dirt, lace or button them, fill half full with oats and stuff the tops with crumpled paper. When necessary to wear the shoes empty them and they will be found to have kept their shape, and will not be drawn if they were the least bit damp when taken off.

Evaporated Pears.

Soak the pears over night in lukewarm water, first washing thoroughly. When ready to cook put into a small pinkin or baking dish of earthenware, sprinkle with sugar or sweeten to taste with molasses; flavor with a little whole clove, cinnamon, or ginger, cover with water, then cover the whole with a close-fitting lid, and bake in a slow oven until the pears are tender and the liquid of a jellylike consistency. These are delicious served with hot gingerbread. If a gas range is used, and you do not wish to keep up the oven fire, simmer gently, covered, on top of the range, using either the simmerer or a small burner turned low.

Summer Pudding.

Prepare the dry bread as for dressing. Beat three eggs thoroughly, leaving out the whites; add one cup of water, one of milk; mix well, and pour over the steamed bread. Beat together well and boil in a thick vessel, stirring until solid. While hot add the beaten whites of the eggs with one-half cup of sugar. Stir briskly; then set aside to cool. Make a sauce of two teaspoons of flour, mixed dry with one-half cup of sugar; dissolve with a little cold water; then add boiling water until it is the consistency of thin starch. Drop in a generous lump of butter and after placing on each dish of the pudding, sprinkle with nutmeg.

Tinting Lace.

To color lace for a gown, procure a tube of oil paint, the color desired, and squeeze it into a cup of gasoline and stir until dissolved. Then pour into a larger vessel. Dip a small piece of the lace into it and if too deep add more gasoline until the shade desired is obtained. When it is the right color put all the lace into it. After a few minutes take out, shake gently and dry in the open air. Flowers and straw may be tinted by the same method.

To Restore Cashmere.

A good merino or cashmere is always worth the trouble of cleaning and remaking. Take three tablespoonfuls extract of soap and two tablespoonfuls of ox gall; add to this about two quarts of warm water and wash the cashmere in it, then rinse and wring it in cold water. If the material is of a very beautiful black it is better to add a small quantity of dissolved alum for rinsing purposes, and any other color washed by this process is rendered fast by the alum.

Pickled Cauliflower.

Cut the cauliflower into small clusters, dropping them into scalding brine and boiling for three minutes. Drain, pack in a jar, cover with cold vinegar into which have been stirred a cup of sugar, a tablespoonful each of celery, mustard and coriander seed and whole white peppers, a dozen blades of mace and a small red pepper, sliced. Boil the spiced vinegar for five minutes, then fill the jars with it and seal immediately.

Currant Sherbet.

Pick over, and squeeze in cheesecloth enough currants to obtain two cupfuls of juice. Add to this two cups of water and two cups of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved stir in the beaten whites of two eggs and freeze. Serve in sherbet glasses and put on each glass a spoonful of very cold soft custard, in which a few chopped pistachio nuts have been stirred.

Cleaning Kitchen Utensils.

Wet a coarse cloth with hot water, soap it well and apply to copper. Sprinkle powdered borax over it and polish with a dry cloth.