MY POOR WIFE.

BY J. P. SMITH.

CHAPTER V.

I tried to follow at the same speed, but, after going a few yards, had to come to an ignominious halt, clinging wildly to a clump of gorse. My hat went rolling steadily down to the shore, several hundred feet below, whilst my face and hands were scratched and bleeding, and my feet constantly slipping from under me. At last, jammed in between two bushes, I crouched cautiously forward to review my position. My sprightly guide had reached the sheep track, then, after looking hastily round for me, I saw her suddenly spring up the side of a block of granite, as bald as the palm of my hand, and disappear seawards over the summit.

"By Jove!" I exclaimed in utter astonishment. "Why, she's an antelope, a mountain cat, the old witch's granddaughter! I wish I had never come across either of them! I suppose I must get down somehow!"

Half kneeling, half sitting, I descended slowly, swinging myself from bush to bush, heedless of the stinging blows from furze and thistle, keeping my clumsy heels well off the treacherous soil, when suddenly, almost half-way down, from under a bed of bracken that covered her to the chin, Helen's face looked up at me full of eager, contrite concern, her strange dark eyes sweeping my disfigured, perspiring face with a look that thrilled me almost uncannily.

"I am so sorry," she panted; "oh, so sorry! I quite forgot you were a stranger and unaccustomed to the cliffs; they are dreadfully slippery this weather. I have to go after the sheep for Mike every day now—he can't hold on a bit, though he was born on the mountain. Ah, how you have hurt yourself, to be sure! Those dreadful furze bushes! Put your hand on my shoulder, I will guide you down the rest; we have only the ferns to work through now to the path. Here's your hat; it's not spoiled a bit—I picked it up on the beach before the water had time to reach it."

"It was after my hat you were scaling that cliff?"

"Yes, I had no time to go around by the path; the tide is on the turn and would have taken it off to America in two minutes more."

"You're not going away now, are you?" I asked eagerly, lifting my hand from her slender shoulder. "You'll see me beyond the first point, won't you?"

"Yes, yes—for sure, yes," she answered quickly; "I will go with you to the Goat's Back, if you like—ay, and beyond it. Oh, Mr. Dennys, what a rude, wild, ill-mannered girl you must think me to fly off and leave you like that after you being so kind to come that long way—from London itself—just to tell granny about poor Uncle Brian! Will you forgive me, please?"

I pressed the childish hand, saying smilingly—

"Yes, yes, I forgive you, Miss Helen."

"And you will let me wipe the blood from your poor face, won't you?" she pleaded, dipping a large cool leaf into a little crystal pool under a rock—handkerchief this child of nature had none, I suspected—and passing it over my hot and blood-stained face.

After this we marched on side by side and became fast friends. Long before we reached the ruined cabin, I knew the whole story of her lonely, neglected life. I knew that she had been born on the mountain—had lived there all the eighteen years of her uneventful life, never once having visited the post-town of Droomlague; that she had no father or mother, brothers nor sisters, but lived all alone with her grandmother and two servants, Mike Doolan and his wife Biddy; and finally, though the poor child made no complaint of her natural guardian or indeed seemed aware there was cause for any, yet I clearly saw that she was shamefully neglected by her, and no more concern paid to her bodily or her mental well-being than if she had been a goat browsing on the mountain-side, instead of a dead daughter's only child.

After helping for a couple of hours every morning in the dairy and farmyard, she told me she was free to do what she pleased, wander whither she would the whole day long, make what chance acquaintance she liked, come in at any hour of the evening unquestioned, unrestrained—indeed, she had often spent the whole night lying on the cliff, when she found her ill-ventilated attic too hot and close to sleep in, and no one had been any the wiser; and even if they were, she argued—in answer to my dissenting look—Biddy wouldn't mind, and granny wouldn't care—not she! And, besides, what harm was it? Sure nothing in the world made her feel so good and happy as lying there all alone in the great stillness, waiting for the first streak of dawn to wake up the sleeping sea, watching the white-winged sea-birds sailing in and out among the great dark rocks!

"And now I must be going, Mr. Dennys," she said, when a cluster of thatched roofs lying close to the shore came within view," for there's Ballykillagan before you. How quickly we have walked, to be sure! I never thought I came so far. Good-by and thank you again and again for coming. I'm afraid you won't get the train from Droomleague tonight—it's too bad!"

"Tonight?" I repeated dreamily. "I—I am not going away tonight. I think I am going to stay in this neighborhood, for a few days more."

"Yes? Why, what would keep you here?"

"I don't know. What am I saying? Fishing—no, no, I mean sketching! You must know, Miss Helen, I'm a bit of an artist—a very little bit indeed, and from what I've seen of the coast today—".

"Oh, yes," she interrupted eagerly, "you're right! It's quite a familiar ground for marine artists. Two or three of them come every summer and put up at Murphy's farm at Ballykillagan, and you'll find it quite clean and comfortable. And fancy, Mr. Dennys, last year one of them put me in a picture just as I sat on a rock forninst him; only he painted my feet bare, my skirt red and my face quite—quite pretty."

"You'll let me try my hand if I bring my easel this way tomorrow?" I asked quickly; to which she gave a pleased assent and promised to show me all the picturesque points within a radius of nine miles.

CHAPTER VI.

I stayed on in Donegal, and during fourteen golden days caricatured the "royal walls of the Atlantic," while Helen sat at my feet and did the honors of her native soil, her brown hands busy all the time mending old Daddy Griffin's tattered fish nets, bleaching for miles along the parched turf that covered the brow of the cliff.

"Well, yes, it is a bit of a job, sir," she admitted deprecatingly; "but, sure, if I did not do it for him, who would? His sons are away at sea, and Milly, his wife—she was my nurse when I was a baby—has gone to see her daughter at Droomleague; and he's so old and blind—the creature! Who wouldn't give him a hand?"

She netted busily, while I daubed lazily and amused myself drawing out this impulsive child of nature, to whom all the artificial beauties and wonders of the great world beyond that lonely wall of rock were as unknown as to an inhabitant of the Caribbean islands in the last century.

The pastime began to grow upon me; I felt a daily increasing interest in watching her dark face glowing and brightening, her strange eyes sparkling, distending with wonder, horror or delight in obedience to my sybaritic fancy. Then, becoming more interested in my companion, I telegraphed up to town for specimens of magical modern art, then for books, pictures, photographs, hot-house flowers, bon-bons, all of which she believed I daily unearthed from my inexhaustible portmanteau at Murphy's farm. I stayed on, heedless of aught beyond the fact that I was clearly giving pleasure—to a savage, interesting waif, who seemed not to be worth any one's while to look after, much less amuse, and at the same time improving my own despairing condition, for the air of Donegal was certainly healing my wounded heart. Day after day the haunting image of my fair false love became fainter and less painful to my sight. I was gleefully looking forward to the time when I could cast her from me altogether and return free and whole in heart to the ancestral acres, when one morning a letter from a friend at Colworth, which commented casually on the "apparently successful innings Lord Sandmouth's son was making with the heiress," awoke my slumbering love and jealousy to life again.

Helen at once noticed my woe-begone appearance, and, accepting pitifully my explanation of a "beastly headache," begged me to lay aside my work and lie down quietly in the shade. I complied; but, soon tiring of inaction, began to read first to myself and then aloud a rhymetic tale of love, despair, and death told by a master-hand. The sea-stained nets soon dropped from Helen's fingers, the color dyed her clear cheek, her eyes filled, then drooped, and I had the selfish satisfaction of reducing her to the same dismal, unhappy state as myself.

Neither of us rallied again; and, when we parted that night, I stood on the hill carelessly watching her retreating figure, and saw her dog—a painfully sensitive little terrier; the only living thing she loved—apparently begging to be told the cause of her unusual preoccupation, crouching, wriggling at her feet, jumping up against her, challenging her attention by every art of dog, but in vain. She walked along with downcast head, her arms drooping by her sides. I was moving after her unconsciously, to say, to do, for the life of me I did not know what. Perhaps to tell her not to mourn over imaginary woes, but to keep her real sighs or real sorrow, for the pain perhaps of love betrayed — wantonly betrayed — like mine, when a yellow hand clutched my shoulder, and a coarse voice exclaimed breathlessly—

"Stop, ye thief o' the wurrld—stop! What are ye after—eh?"

I turned indignantly and found myself confronted by an old woman in a long blue cloak, and a limp white cap framing an ugly face.

"What dy'e mean? What business is it of yours?" I asked, shaking off her hand.

"What business? Ye may well ask, ye dirty spalpeen," she retorted bitterly. "No, no; I tell ye, I won't get out o' yer way—ye'll have to knock me down first. I'm only an ould woman, and ye'll do it easy enough; but even then I'll hang onto ye, an' dig me nails into ye, until ye tell me what ye've said to that motherless little crayther that hasn't sowl in the wide wurrld to care whether she—"

"Oh!" I interrupted quickly, all the anger leaving my face and voice. "I understand. You are old Molly Griffin come home at last."

"Ay, ay, an' it's about time I did come home, I'm thinkin'. Ochone, ochone; but isn't this a cruel wurrld entirely! Oh, aren't ye ashamed of yerself, you that calls yerself a gentleman belikes, to—to play scoundrel like that? Wouldn't her very innocence, her folornness spake to yer black sowl and bid yer go yer way an' laive such as her in peace?"

"Molly, Molly," I said gently, for I felt a certain respect and liking for this uncouth old dame, the only friend and protector poor Helen seemed to have, "don't let your tongue run so fast, if you please. Allow me a word in self-defense."

Then I explained the cause of the girl's depressed appearance that particular evening. After a little hesitation a look of relief crossed her face, and I saw she believed me.

"Well, well, I beg your pardon, that's all I can say. I oughtn't to have been so hasty maybe. But I've had bitter cause, heaven knows, to suspect the likes o' you. Not, sir, that I've heerd anythin' but good of you, so far. How you've come all the way from London to tell the auld wan' bout poor Master Brian, an' give up his letters—the heavens be his bed this night. But—but," she went on anxiously, after a slight pause, "what I want to know is, yer kind work done, what on earth keeps ye loiterin' on here at the very back o' Godspeed?"

"I am doing no harm," I muttered doggedly.

"An' I say ye are. No harm to yerself, an' manin' none mayhap, ather ways; but harm all the same to her. She was happy, contented, at laist, poor child, in her lonesome, quiet ways, scampering about wid her dog, swimmin' and splashin' about in the say, until you came with yer soft voice, yer white hands, an' yer handsome face, givin' her what no man ever give her before, flowers, an' books, sweeties, an' purty gimcracks; an' sweeter still, kind words an' smilin' looks, what her poor little heart'll miss 'an hunger for sore when ye've gone yer ways an' forgotten her very name. But ye mane no harm of coorse, of coorse—ah, get away with ye, man alive; yer all the same the wurrld over, rich or poor, high or low—every mother's son of ye—self, self, self!"

"You're mistaken, you're mistaken indeed, old woman," I broke in earnestly; "she's a child, a mere child. I know her better than you. She'll forget me before I will her, you'll see."

"You know her better than me, who nursed her from the cradle an' her mother before her," retorted Molly contemptuously—"you! An' I tell ye to yer face, it's you that are mistaken, not me. I see a change in her the last month, a great change; I seen it at the first moment I looked at her last Tuesday, an' I've watched her close ever since."

"Well, what have you found out?"

(To be Continued.)

JUBAL A. EARLY'S JULEP.

Temperance Commentary by Vance o' North Carolina.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, as all old and middle-aged persons will remember, the religious temperance women of the north organized a movement against the saloons, which assumed large proportions and took the form of a veritable crusade. It invaded almost every city and large town, bands of enthusiastic women going from saloon to saloon praying and singing in every place where they could secure permission. While the crusade of the "praying sisters" was at its height that stanch old rebel, Jubal A. Early, visited Richmond, Va., for the first time since the close of the civil war. "In the hotel," said he to the writer, "I met my old friend, Governor Vance of North Carolina, since United States senator. Although I was not the governor of South Carolina, Vance suggested that it had been a long time—fifteen years in our case—between drinks, and we went in quest of a julep. 'General,' said he, after remarking that Virginia was the place for juleps, 'have you read how the women of the north are trying to destroy the liquor traffic by praying in the saloons?' I told him that I had, when he asked: 'Do you believe it's true? I have an idea that it's only a joke of the yankee newspapers.' I told him that it was true, that a friend of mine had witnessed the rather unique proceeding in Columbus, O. 'Where do they get their authority, general? For the life of me I can't understand.' 'They profess to get it from the bible,' I replied. 'Now look here, Early,' he responded very earnestly, 'as a boy and young man I was a pretty regular Sunday-school scholar, and the only instance in the bible that I can recall where any one ever asked for water was a poor devil in hell, where I think he rightly belonged.'"

The only material difference between a cold and the grip is in the doctor's bill.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE CRADLE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

From the Following Bible Text, Chron. XII, 32:—"The Children of Issachar Had Understanding to Know What Israel Ought to Do."

Great tribe, that tribe of Issachar. When Joab took the census, there were 145,600 of them. Before the almanac was born, through astrological study, they knew from stellar conjunctions all about the seasons of the year. Before agriculture became an art they were skilled in the raising of crops. Before politics became a science they knew the temper of nations; and whenever they marched, either for pleasure or war, they marched under a three-colored flag—topaz, sardine, and carbuncle. But the chief characteristic of that tribe of Issachar was that they understood the times. They were not like the political and moral incompetents of our day, who are trying to guide 1898 by the theories of 1828. They looked at the divine indications in their own particular century. So we ought to understand the times, not the times when America was thirteen colonies, huddled together along the Atlantic coast, but the times when the nation dips one hand in the ocean on one side of the continent, and the other hand in the ocean on the other side the continent; times which put New York Narrows and the Golden Horn of the Pacific within one flash of electric telegraphy; times when God is as directly, as positively, as solemnly, as tremendously addressing us through the daily newspaper and the quick revolution of events as he ever addressed the ancients, or addresses us through the Holy Scriptures. The voice of God in Providence is as important as the voice of God in typology; for in our own day we have had our Sinais with thunders of the Almighty, and Calvaries of sacrifice, and Gethsemanes that sweat great drops of blood, and Olivets of ascension, and Mount Pisgahs of far-reaching vision. The Lord who rounded this world six thousand years ago, and sent his Son to redeem it near nineteen hundred years ago, has yet much to do with this radiant, but agonized planet. May God make us like the children of Issachar, "which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."

The birthday of our nineteenth century occurred in the time of war. Our small United States navy, under Capt. Truxton, commanding the frigate Constitution, was in collision with the French frigates La Vengeance and L'Insurgente, and the first infant cries of this century were drowned in the roar of naval battle. And political strife on this continent was the hottest, the parties rending each other with pantherine rage. The birthday present of this nineteenth century was vituperation, public unrest, threat of national demolition, and horrors national and international. I adjure you, let not the twentieth century be met in that awful way, but with all brightness of temporal and religious prospects.

First, let us put upon the cradle of the new century a new map of the world. The old map was black with too many barbarisms, and red with too many slaughters, and pale with too many sufferings. Let us see to it that on that map, so far as possible, our country from ocean to ocean is a Christianized continent—schools, colleges, churches and good homes in long line from ocean beach to ocean beach. On that map Cuba must be free. The archipelago of the Philippines must be free. If cruel Spain expects by procrastination and intrigue to get back what she has surrendered, then the warships Iowa, and Indiana, and Brooklyn, and Texas, and Vesuvius, and Oregon must be sent back to southern waters, or across to the coast of Spain, to silence the insolence, as decidedly as last summer they silenced the Cristobal Colon, and Oquendo, and Maria Teresa, and Vizcaya. When we get those islands thoroughly under our protectorate, for the first time our missionaries in China will be safe. The atrocities imposed on these good men and women in the so-called Flowery Kingdom will never be resumed, for our guns wil be too near Hong Kong to allow the massacre of missionary settlements.

On that map must be put the Isthmian canal, begun if not completed. No long voyages around Cape Horn for the world's merchandise, but short and cheap communication by water instead of expensive communication by rail train, and more millions will be added to our national wealth and the world's betterment than I have capacity to calculate.

On that map it must be made evident that America is to be the world's civilizer and evangelizer. Free from the national religions of Europe on the one side, and from the superstitions of Asia on the other side, it will have facilities for the work that no other continent can possibly possess. As near as I can tell by the laying on of the hands of the Lord Almighty, this continent has been ordained for that work. This is the only country in the world where all religions are on the same platform, and the people have free selection for themselves without any detriment. When we present to the other continents this assortment of religions and give them unhindered choice, we have no doubt of their selecting this religion of mercy, and kindness, and good will, and temporal and eternal rescue. Hear it! America is to take this world for God!

On the map which we will put on the cradle of the new century we must have, very soon, a railroad bridge across Behring Strait, those thirty-six miles of water, not deep, and they are spotted with islands capable of holding the piers of a great bridge. And what with America and Asia thus connected, and Siberian railway, and a railroad now projected for the length of Africa, and Palestine and Persia, and India and China, and Burmah intersected with railroad tracks, all of which will be done before the new century is grown up, the way will be open to the quick civilization and evangelization of the whole world. The old map we used to study in our boyhood days is dusty, and on the top shelf, or amid the rubbish of the garret; and so will the present map of the world, however gilded and beautifully bound, be treated, and an entirely new map will be put into the infantile hand of the coming century.

The work of this century has been to get ready. All the earth is now free to the gospel except two little spots, one in Asia and one in Africa, while at the beginning of the century there stood the Chinese wall, and there flamed the fires, and there glittered the swords that forbade entrance to many islands and large reaches of continent. Bornesian cruelties and Fiji island cannibalism have given away, and all the gates of all the continents are swung open with a clang that has been a positive and glorious invitation for Christianity to enter. Telegraph, telephone and phonograph are to be consecrated to gospel dissemination, and instead of the voice that gains the attention of a few hundred or a few thousand people within the church walls, the telegraph will thrill the glad tidings and the telephone will utter them to many millions. Oh, the infinite advantage that the twentieth century has over what the nineteenth century had at the starting! * *

I do not believe there is in all this house a temperance pledge, and you would have to take out a torn letter-envelope or a loose scrap of paper for the inebriate's signature. I found out afterward that there was one such temperance pledge in the audience, but only one that I could hear of. Do not leave to politics that which can be done now in ten thousand reformatory meetings all over the country. The two great political parties, Republican and Democratic, will put a prohibitory plank in the platform the same day that Satan joins the church and turns perdition into a camp meeting. Both parties want the votes of the traffickers in liquid death, and if you wait for the ballot box to do the work, first you will have local option, and then you will have high license, and then a first-rate law passed; to be revoked by the next legislature.

Oh, save the young man of today, and greet the coming century with a tidal wave of national redemption! Do not put upon the cradle of the twentieth century a mountain of demijohns, and beer barrels, and rum jugs, and put to its infant lips wretchedness, disease, murder, and abandonment in solution. Aye, reform that army of inebriates. "Ah," you say, "it cannot be done." That shows that you will be of no use in the work. "O, ye of little faith." Away back in early times, President Davies of Princeton college, one day found a man in utter despair because of the thrall of strong drink. The president said to him: "Sir, be of good cheer; you can be saved. Sign the pledge." "Ah," said the despairing victim, "I have often signed the pledge, but I have always broken my pledge." "But," said the president, "I will be your strength to keep the pledge. I will be your friend, and, with a loving arm around you, will hold you up. When your appetite burns, and you feel that you must gratify it, come to my house; sit down with me in the study, or with the family in the parlor, and I will be a shield to you. All that I can do for you with my books, my sympathy, my experience, my society, my love, my money, I will do. You shall forget your appetite and master it." A look of hope glowed on the poor man's face, and he replied: "Sir, will you do all that?" "Surely I will." "Then I will overcome." He signed the pledge and kept it. That plan of President Davies, which saved one man, tried on a large scale, will save a million men.

Alexander the Great made an imperial banquet at Babylon, and though he had been drinking the health of guests all one night and all next day, the second night he had twenty guests and he drank the health of each separately. Then calling for the cup of Hercules, the giant, a monster cup, he filled and drained it twice, to show his endurance; but, as he finished last draught from the cup of Hercules, the giant, he dropped in a fit, from which he never recovered. Alexander, who had conquered Sardis, and conquered Halicarnassus, and conquered Asia, and conquered the world, could not conquer himself; and there is a threatening peril that this good land of ours, having conquered all with whom it has ever gone into battle, may yet be overthrown by the cup of the giant evil of the land—that Hercules of infamy, strong drink. Do not let the staggering, and bloated, and embruted host of drunkards go into the next century looking for insane asylums, and almshouses, and delirium tremens, and dishonored graves.

Another thing we must get fixed is a national law concerning divorce. William E. Gladstone asked me while walking in his grounds at Hawarden: "Do you not think that your country is in peril from wrong notions of divorce?" And before I had time to answer he said: "The only good law of divorce that you have in America is the law in South Carolina." The fact is that instead of state laws on this subject, we need a national law passed by the Senate of the United States and the House of Representatives, and plainly interpreted by the Supreme Court of the country.

There are thousands of married people who are unhappy, and they ought never to have been wedded. They were deceived or they were reckless, or they were fools, or they were caught by dimple, or hung by a curl, or married in joke, or expected a fortune and it did not come, or good habits turned to brutality, and hence the domestic wreck. But make divorce less easy and you make the human race more cautious about entering upon lifetime alliance. Let people understand that marriage is not an accommodation train that will let you leave almost anywhere, but a through train and then they will not step on the train unless they expect to go clear through to the last depot. One brave man this coming winter, rising amid the white marble of yonder Capitol Hill, could offer a resolution upon the subject of divorce that would keep out of the next century much of the free-lovism and dissoluteness which have cursed this century. * * *

It has been the custom in all Christian lands for people to keep watch-night as an old year goes out and a new year comes in. People assemble in churches about 10 o'clock of that last night of the old year, and they have prayers, and songs, and sermons, and congratulations until the hands of the church clock almost reach the figure twelve, and then all bow in silent prayer; and the scene is mightily impressive, until the clock in the tower of the church, or the clock in the tower of the city hall, strikes twelve, and then all rise and sing with smiling face and jubilant voice the grand doxology, and there is a shaking of hands all around.

But what a tremendous watchnight the world is soon to celebrate! This century will depart at twelve o'clock of the thirty-first of December, of the year 1900. What a night that will be, whether starlit, or moonlit, or dark with tempest. It will be such a night as you and I never saw. Those who watched the coming in of the nineteenth century, long ago went to their pillows of dust. Here and there one will see the new century arrive who saw this century enter, yet they were too infantile to appreciate the arrival. But on the watchnight of which I speak, in all neighborhoods, and towns, and cities, and continents, audiences will assemble and bow in prayer, waiting for the last breath of the dying century, and when the clock shall strike twelve there will be a solemnity and an overwhelming awe such as has not been felt for a hundred years; and then all the people will arise and chant the welcome of a new century of joy and sorrow, of triumph and defeat, of happiness and woe, and neighborhood will shake hands with neighborhood, and church with church, and city with city, and continent with continent, and hemisphere with hemisphere, and earth with heaven, at the stupendous departure and the majestic arrival. May we all be living on earth to see the solemnities and join in the songs and shake hands in the congratulations of that watch night; or, if between this and that any of us should be off and away, may we be inhabitants of that land where "a thousand years are as one day," and in the presence of that angel spoken of in the Apocalypse, who at the end of the world will, standing with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, "swear by him that liveth forever and ever, that time shall be no longer."

GLADSTONE AS A CHEMIST.

Another Science the Great Statesman Was Familiar With.

If Mr. Gladstone seldom indulged in sarcasm it was not because he lacked the gift—for he possessed it in a high degree—but because he forbore to use it, says the Fortnightly Review. To hurt an opponent's feelings gave him pain and when he did it unintentionally he would sometimes cross the floor of the house, and, sitting for a few moments by the side of the man whom he had just demolished, say something to assuage the wound. One of his most persistent, but never ill-natured, critics was the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, who told me the following story to illustrate this generous trait in Mr. Gladstone's character: Sir John prided himself on his knowledge of chemistry and in one of the debates on the commercial treaty with France he made a speech exposing, as he believed, a serious chemical blunder in the treaty. Mr. Gladstone followed, "and soon turned me inside out in the most amusing manner," said Hennessy in relating the story, "proving, as if he had been a chemist by profession, that it was I who had blundered egregiously." Having thus disposed of his critic Mr. Gladstone went and sat by him for a moment. "I hope you don't feel hurt, Mr. Hennessy," he said. "Your speech was ingenious and it may console you to know that the emperor of the French made precisely the same objection that you have made. The fact is, both you and he know a good deal about chemistry, but not enough to keep you from going astray."

Bar on the Cycle in Morocco.

The universally popular cult of the cycle has received a check in one part of the world. The Emperor of Morocco, who only a short time ago purchased a luxurius cycle-wheeled cab from one of the largest manufacturers, has now forbidden the use of the cycle in his domains.

Christian science has finally reached the City of Mexico, where the fad has quite a following in the Anglo-American colony.