

Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Sedge Hill was a starting place of considerable proportions, with an aspect of newness about it that fourteen years had not done much to soften. It had been built to the order of the present proprietor, who had made much money by cotton stockings, and had risen from twopenny shillings a week at the loom to the splendor of his present life. It was a new house to suit the new man who had been lucky enough to get rich. There were spacious grounds beyond, and there was a big room at the side, that was new to Reuben Culwick since he had last stood in his father's house, and it was this that he pulled up his horse to inspect before turning into the carriage drive.

Then he went rapidly along the drive, drew up in front of the house, and stepped lightly and briskly from the trap, giving the reins to a rosy-faced young man in livery, who emerged from some stabling in the rear, to be of service to the newcomer.

"Old Jones has gone, then?" he said to the servant.

"Yes, sir. He's with Squire Black of Holston."

"And you reign in his stead. Well, we cannot all reign."

He knocked and rang, looking steadily through the glass doors the while. Another new face—a smart young housemaid, whom he had never seen before, to replace Mrs. Perkins, who was stout and tall, came to the door and admitted him.

"Is Mr. Culwick in?"

"Yes, sir. He's engaged just now."

"You will be kind enough to give him my card?"

The maid servant took the card and departed, and Reuben Culwick, like the merest stranger, and feeling like a stranger, very doubtful of his reception, walked up and down the spacious hall with his hands behind him, and his hat in his hands.

Presently the servant reappeared.

"Will you step this way, if you please, sir?"

Reuben followed the servant along a corridor to a door at the extremity—the door of the new room, he was certain.

opened by the cold, clear-ringing tones of the voice which fell upon his ears, a voice which subdued him, and an assurance that had always been difficult to quell—which touched him, though he never owned that—which made him even prouder of his son, though the time never came for him to own that, either.

The young woman in the background leaned forward with clasped hands until he caught her glance again, when she once more turned her eyes upon her book.

"Have you made your fortune?" asked the father, in a different voice.

"On the contrary, I have been somewhat unsuccessful."

"How do you live?"

"Write a little," he added modestly.

"It is a long story, that would scarcely interest you."

"It would not interest me in the least."

There was another long pause, during which the son, still at his ease, still singularly hard, despite his respectful manner, glanced round at the pictures on the walls, admired them even, secretly but not enviously, wondered at their cost, and looked once more in the direction of the lady, whose pensive face and quiet grace he admired also, and at whose presence he wondered in a greater degree, though he repressed all exhibition of surprise.

Suddenly the father said, with that singular abruptness characteristic of the man:

"You can stay here if you like."

"For how long?" asked the son, surprised at last out of his assumption of stolid composure.

"Till we disagree again," said the father, with a short, forced laugh; "that will not be many days, I suppose?"

"One moment, sir," said Reuben Culwick, with grave politeness. "A mistake parted us, and we are laying the foundation of another already, unless I explain the first."

"Go on."

"I was hardly twenty-one—a rash and foolish young fellow—when you wanted me to marry your friend's daughter."

"You would have been rich—you would have been respected—it would have been for the best."

"I refused to entertain the proposal, if you remember."

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old Sarah," said Reuben; "she was one of the few friends I had when I was a boy, and when you were not rich. But I am detaining you, and I am pledged to reach London to-night. Good by again."

When he had reached the door, Simon Culwick called out his name, and Reuben paused and turned.

"I am not deceiving," said the father, "and I may as well tell you that I have made my will, and that you will never be a penny the better for it. It is all left—all," he added, "away from an undutiful son."

There was a moment's pause, and then Reuben Culwick quitted his father's presence and closed the door after him. He went from the room into the corridor, and thence along its entire length to the dining room, where he threw himself into a chair with so thoughtful a mien that he was not for the moment aware that the young lady in gray silk whom he had seen in the bay window was stepping back from the big fire at the door, to allow of his egress. When he saw her, she put her finger to her lips, and he repressed an exclamation of surprise.

"Go back," she said, with an excitement that astonished him; "don't give up—don't leave him like that—it's your last chance."

"You have been listening," said Reuben, coldly.

"To every word," was the honest confession; "and you have not said a word to please him, and much to offend. Why did you come, if in no better spirit than this? Go back to him. Tell him how sorry you are for everything—do something before you go that will leave behind a better impression," she urged again.

"No, I can't go back."

"You are as hard as he is," she cried; "as if it mattered what he said to you—as if it were not worth a struggle to regain your position here!"

Grasping her wrists, while her hands covered her face to hide it from his fierce gaze, Reuben exclaimed in a wondering tone, "Who are you?"

"Only the housekeeper, sir," she said, quietly; "keeping house for Simon Culwick—and in your place. You should hate me as a usurper already," she added, mockingly, "if you had any spirit in you."

"The housekeeper—yes—but—"

"Why should you be aware of anything about me, who are as quarrelsome and strange as your father, and have kept away so long? There, go home and think of the best way to bring that old man to his senses."

"And interfere with your chance," said Reuben, lightly. He was in better spirits already, and the odd manner of this young lady interested him.

"I have no chance," she answered, "or I should not be very anxious for you to get back. I should be too selfish—I should try and keep you away, being as fond of money as your father is."

"I hardly believe this."

"Mr. Reuben Culwick can believe exactly what he pleases," said the young lady, spreading out her skirts and making him a very low obeisance, which he felt bound to return, after which he would have continued the conversation had she not darted out of the door and disappeared.

(To be continued.)

NOME VERY RICH IN GOLD.

Value of the Deposits in That Region Is Now Fully Established.

It is not at all surprising to be told by those familiar with the facts that the gold output of Nome this year will probably equal that of the last two seasons put together. This is what everybody believed who knew anything about the conditions. It has pleased the sensational newspapers to represent the Nome incident as a mere feverish excitement, which disappeared with the vanishing of the supposed fictions that began it. It pleased the cities which Seattle has outstripped to take the cue and to speak of the gold product of the north as wanting. At these things we can afford to smile.

The record of the Klondike, about which exactly the same things were said, is there. The record of Alaska's gold output is there. The record of Nome will take care of itself.

This is the first season that there has been any opportunity whatever to measure rationally the possibilities of Nome as a gold producer. The first summer was one of a mad rush by inexperienced people to get into the country, believing that all they had to do was to shovel up free gold on the beach. They tumbled over one another, impeded or excluded the real miners, and brought back the stories of disappointment and disillusion inseparable from such an enterprise.

Both the first and the second season's work was done under inconceivable difficulties. There was, worst of all, the judicial wrangle, the endless appeal to the courts, the tying up of some of the best properties and the check upon prospecting and development by the certainty that the first move must be a lawsuit. There was the worst kind of weather, late spring and early fall, too much ice and too little water. The country was bare of those necessary accessories to mining on a generous scale—water and fuel. A more unfavorable condition for producing gold in large quantities it would be hard to imagine.

Now for the first time Nome is in a position to show what she can do as a gold-producer. A strict administration of justice has held down the unruly elements and given certainty to titles. The worthless and the inexperienced element has largely disappeared from the country. Capital has gone there in large quantities. Fuel and water are to be had in abundance and claims can now be worked there with the advantages available elsewhere. The first result is the announcement that the year's output will probably equal the entire product of the past—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Mildly Rebuked.

"Didn't you say that it was going to rain to-day?"

"I did," answered the weather prophet.

"But there hasn't been a sign of moisture."

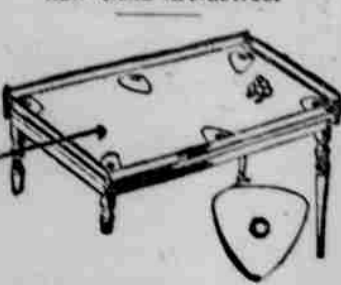
"I am perfectly aware of the fact. All I could do was to offer the best opinion on the subject that I could arrive at. I could accurately foretell events, I should quit working for a salary and make a fortune in the stock market," Washington Star.

So Thoughtful.

She—There, dear, haven't I been thoughtful of you and unselfish? He—How?

"Why, I kept all these bills of mine away from you until the middle of the month!"

NEW GAME APPARATUS.



In the winter season, when outdoor sports must be abandoned, aside from skating, tobogganing and kindred amusements, the search for new games to occupy the long evenings begins. It is in supplying this demand for novelties to fill in the winter season that a number of inventors have found fortune smiling on them in earnest, and discovered that some simple game of puns, which came to them perhaps in an instant, has made them rich. So it is not surprising that a host of new amusements makes its appearance every year, and that old favorites are soon displaced with novelties of a later date. In the picture we show a new adaptation of a game which would have been popular many years ago had it not been for the high price of the implements with which it is played. It is unnecessary to refer to the actual cost of the table, cues and balls which go to make up the pool and billiard outfit, as these are well known, but recently substitutes for these high priced implements have been introduced at a lower cost. The apparatus here shown does not even require a special table, but can be played on the dining table, with the aid of a cushion of webbing stretched around the edges by means of corner brackets. The pockets for the pool game consist of pyramidal blocks, which rest on the table and have each apex bored out to a depth sufficient to contain the ball. The latter must be struck with a cue and driven up the inclined surface of the pyramid with sufficient force to drop it into the pocket at the top. It would seem that no small degree of skill will be necessary in order to lodge the ball in the pocket, neither overshooting nor falling short in the attempt.

FOE OF THE BATH-TUB.

Dr. Robertson, who Says Body-Washing Is Not Healthful.

"Don't," says Dr. John Dill Robertson, of Chicago, when you speak of bathing. "It may kill you."

"I have not had a bath in two years," said he in confirmation of the theory advanced by him at a recent meeting of a Chicago society and which has been made the subject of not a little ridicule. "In fact, I have not had more than four or five baths in the last 10 years, which about covers the period of my medical career. My skin is just as clean as when I used to bathe, I weigh 172 pounds, and I have better health than I ever enjoyed before, whereas, formerly, when I tried baths of various kinds—hot, cold and tepid—I was scarcely ever free from a cold in the head. To be clean is not to be moist, but to be dry; not to bathe, but to keep clean clothes by changing garments often. Is a miner dirty just because he is covered with carbon? Is the diamond dirt because it is carbon? For what do you bathe—to be clean or to look white? The bath causes a useless waste of fat, which must be replaced with tissues of the body. Soap and water loosens and destroys this fat, and nature is kept busy manufacturing more. Boys in the swimming season lose flesh and get poor. To bathe much is debilitating. Many people are bathed out of the world. Bathing, especially in winter, is frequently the cause of pneumonia and other dangerous diseases."

"Nature warns us against bathing in winter by freezing all her bath tubs. Few animals bathe in winter. Alcohol, drinks and bathing are responsible for nearly all our pneumonias; both send the blood to the skin, causing it to glow; both predispose to cold by dilating the blood vessels, and both are dangerous. A skin that is bathed frequently also has a greater growth of bacteria than one which is not subjected to soap and water. In a word, he who bathes much must necessarily be filthy, because, first, by rough friction he scars his skin and makes it so that loose particles of dirt will cling to it, and, secondly, he makes the skin do part of the work of the kidneys, and anything that carries sewage can never be clean. To be clean, then, is not to bathe, but to keep clean clothes."

ONE OF DOWIE'S STORIES.

An Old Scotchman Who Went Through Bankruptcy.

John Alexander Dowie is opposed to the bankruptcy laws, which he regards as dishonest. Mr. Dowie holds that if a man owes a debt he owes it till it is paid, and no law on earth can absolve him from it. In his hotel one afternoon, during his New York campaign, Mr. Dowie told a reporter a bankruptcy story.

"In Scotland, where I come from," he said, "there used to live an old man named Fergus MacGregor. Fergus carried the bankruptcy law to its logical conclusion, and proved, unconsciously, its fallacy."

"The old man was a chandler. He got into difficulties, failed, went through the bankruptcy court, and was let off at the rate of 5 shillings to the pound. Permission was given him, that is to say, to liquidate each just debt of £1 by the payment of only 5 shillings."

"Well, Fergus was a happy man when the order of the court was announced to him. He paid all he owed at once. He said he saw his way clear to growing rich. And next morning he started out to do a little shopping for his wife."

"He went to the grocer's and bought potatoes, tea, oatmeal, sugar, eggs, and so forth, to the extent of £2. At the end, taking up his parcels, he laid down 10 shillings in payment."

"Fergus, man, this is not right," said the grocer. "Your bill is £2, not 10 shillings."

"Oh, yes, that's all right," said Fergus. "I have permission from the judge to pay 5 shillings in the pound."

"Fergus, you see, thought that the judge's order was to hold good for the rest of his natural life, and it was a hard business to convince him to the contrary. What I say is, why shouldn't the order have held good? Why isn't it as right to pay future debts at the rate of 5 shillings to the pound as to pay past ones?"

Never Touched Him.

"Hello, old chap," said the chronic borrower as he met an acquaintance, "you're looking well."

"Yes, and I'm feeling well," replied the other, "since I gave up my worst habit."

"What was that?" asked the c. b.

"I gave up giving up," was the brief but significant reply.

Not Much of an Improvement.

"Do you think that man descended from monkeys?"

"Some descended," answered Miss Cayenne, "and some merely dress differently."—Washington Star.

ANTS KIDNAP THEIR FOES.

Raided Neighboring Villages and Carry Off Many Prisoners.

Dr. H. C. McCook tells of a species of kidnapping ants which make organized attacks on other ant villages for the purpose of capturing slaves. Here is an account of the attack:

"At last the master is complete. Mysteriously but effectively the signal 'Forward' is given and the column moves from the hill. There is no regular alignment, but a show of solidarity, a holding of the ranks within close compass and touch—a 'trout step.' In fact, there is no general; there are no subordinate officers, but such is the sympathetic unity that they seem to move in response to one will and command. If every warrior is a law unto himself the law so binds and animates and compels all alike that the ends of an organized cohort are served. Assault, battle and pillage follow quickly upon the sortie. The objective point of the march is not far away. A hundred yards distant is a Fuscan village. The route thence lies across the edge of a grove, over a footpath, along a fallen tree, under whose shelter and shaded by tufts of grass is the devoted commune. It is feeble in numbers and there is a bare show of defense as the freebooters hurl themselves upon the hill and plunge into the open gates. The villagers flee at the first onset through unassailed or

secret passages. Some run the gauntlet through the assaulting ranks. All who can, carry a part of the family treasures—eggs, larvae and pupae. Like their brooding nagian brothers of the human race, when disaster befalls, their first care is for their offspring. The fugitive mount into nearby clumps of low wood plants, whence they look down upon the devastation of their homes—with what feelings? For one must suppose that the migrants do feel, though sometimes he would fain hope otherwise.

"Meanwhile the invaders issue from the gates, bearing in their jaws the Fuscan young and occasionally an adult. They take the home trail, but not in ordered ranks. It is go-as-you-please now. They are welcomed back by their black confederates, who receive the captives and take them—their very own sisters perhaps—to the domestic quarters. The soldiers hurry back to the scene of action, for their work is not yet finished."—Harper's Magazine.

ARTIC LITERARY PILGRIMS.

Danish Expedition in Greenland Meets with Important Success.

An expedition left Copenhagen for Greenland in July, 1902. Its purpose was not especially exploration, the intention being rather to collect good material of all kinds for a general description of the island and its people. It was called in Denmark the Danish literary Greenland expedition.

Perhaps the word "literary" has not been applied before to a company of geographic travelers. The Germans have not quite made out the name, and so have dubbed the party the so-called literary Greenland expedition.

In spite of its name, the party has done very creditable work and already carried out the greater part of its program. Arriving at Godthaab near the end of the summer of 1902, it went by boat to Jakobshavn, on the neighboring mainland, and established winter quarters there.

In February the expedition started. Just as the sun appeared above the southern hills, for Upernivik, the most northern village of the Danes in Greenland. Then a genuine piece of exploration was mostly successfully carried out.

March 24 Erlendson, Knud, Rasmussen, an educated Dane who was born in Greenland and is a perfect master of the Eskimo language, and Harold Moltke, the artist, started along the coast to follow it to Cape York, the southern limit of the habitat of the Smith Sound Highlanders. The news that the party skirted the whole coast from Upernivik to Cape York shows that it accomplished a piece of exploration which has several times been attempted, but has never before been achieved.

One of the Peary expeditions succeeded in surveying the northern half of the wide indentation of Melville Bay south of Cape York, but the entire coastline of this famous bay had never been revealed. So mapmakers have not been able to place on their maps of Greenland the outline of this part of the western coast. In completing this survey the literary fellows from Denmark have made a distinct contribution to the mapping of arctic regions.

The physician, Dr. Bertelson, who was with the party to study the diseases of Greenland and the influence of the dark period of the year upon the quality of the blood corpuscles, completed his investigations, and then desired to reach the east coast and to make similar studies among the 500 Eskimos on that side of the island. The doctor was only about 250 miles from them, but he was compelled to take a very circuitous route to reach them, and he will not arrive at Angmagssalik colony until next summer. In August last he returned to Copenhagen on the steamer Godthaab, and next spring he will go on the steamer to Angmagssalik.

This party is not a government expedition, but was sent out at the expense of various societies and private individuals. The last result of the expedition will be a book which, it is expected, will be both good reading and scientifically accurate. It will include researches in several departments of science and also the first complete map of the west coast of Greenland.—New York Sun.

MAYOR HAS LARGE SALARY.

London's Executive Spends More Than His Relatives in Extravagance.

One of the best paid officials in England is the lord mayor of London. Nevertheless a poor man cannot afford to accept this office even if he could get it, for large as the compensation it does not suffice to meet the outlay required of this official. At one time the election of London's lord mayor took place on the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude (Oct. 28). Then it was changed to the feast of the Translation of Edward the Confessor (Oct. 13), but since the year 1546 it has invariably taken place on Michaelmas day, says the London Chronicle. The lord mayor receives out of the city's cash £10,000, more than twice as much as was received by Lord Mayor Wilkes in 1774. But his expenses are usually much in excess of his allowance. Wilkes' account showed a balance of expenditure over receipts of £3,337. Among other curious items of revenue was £702 from the "cocket" office, an annual present of plate from the Jews, worth £50; alienation of a young man's place, £40, and sale of a young man's place, £1,000.

Many lord mayors besides Whittington have risen from low estate. Sir William Staines, who was lord mayor in 1801, has been a common bricklayer. An old lady foretold Sir William's fortune. She said he would be lord mayor during a period of turbulence and scarcity; that we should be at war with France, but that during his mayoralty peace and plenty would be restored. The prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. At the beginning of his mayoralty we were at war with our French neighbors, and Nelson was presented at the Guildhall with the sword publicly voted after the battle of the Nile. There was also great scarcity, bread being 12½d the quarter loaf. Bread riots were the order of the day. Before Sir William Staines' term of office had expired peace was declared, and it was hoped that bread would fall to 6d the quarter loaf.

A Mistake.

"If you only knew it," said the patron to the cigar man, "that wooden Indian is a mistake!"

"How so?"

"Why, it indicates that you cater to the Indian trade, and any old plug tobacco will satisfy an Indian. Why don't you put out a sign that will catch the discriminating smoker?"

"I've thought of that," replied the cigar man. "I thought of putting the figure of a real swell out there, but the fashions change so fast that he wouldn't be a swell more than two weeks. That's where the Indian has an advantage as a sign."—Chicago Post.

Method in His Madness.

Peckem—I say, old man, why in the world do you wear such a disreputable-looking hat?

Enpeck—Because my wife has emphatically declared that she will not be seen on the street with me unless I got a new one. See?

SERMONS OF THE WEEK.

Success.—That subtlest lesson and most important the art called success is learned principally by making mistakes.—Rev. Frank Crane, Universalist, Worcester, Mass.

Safety.—Better have a wire fence at the edge of a precipice than a magnificent hospital at the bottom of it.—Rev. J. D. Adam, Reformed, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Home Discipline.—The discipline of the home has enabled many a man to stand firm where without it he would have fallen.—Rev. C. A. Langston, Unitarian, Atlanta, Ga.

Across the Sea.—Jews all over the world are turning their eyes toward Palestine, where they hope to find a home, and are all working with that in view.—Rabbi L. Zolotoff, Hebrew, Chicago, Ill.

Prayer.—Prayer is man's place in God's purpose. It is not a fancy; it is a fact. It is not a dream; it is a decree. It is not passive; it is positive.—Rev. John Reid, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sabbath Desecration.—We hear many complaints of the desecration of the Sabbath. Perhaps the chief reason is that we have too much of the desecration of Monday.—Rev. C. D. Case, Baptist, Montclair, N. Y.

Government.—We want a government for the benefit of the people; a government which, to use Mr. Gladstone's words, "will make vice difficult and virtue easy."—Rev. Lyman Abbott, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Virtue and Vice.—Every virtue when too far developed degenerates into a vice. Conscientiousness easily passes into stubbornness and easily into stinginess, and prudence into cowardice.—Rev. C. E. Jefferson, Baptist, New York City.

Sanctity of Marriage.—This is no time for the American people to wink at the sanctity of marriage. Let us safeguard the home. What would become of the nation if the home is destroyed?—Rev. F. M. Bristol, Methodist, Washington, D. C.

Cleveland.—Grover Cleveland is held in high esteem by many of the best men in the country. Why? For his independence of character, for his courage to stand alone for what seems to him to be right.—Rev. B. M. Tipple, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Woman Who Flirts.—A woman who flirts is vulgar indeed and has a limited amount of common sense and discretion which will in time pull her to the lowest station unless she sees her wrong and fights the habit.—Rev. H. O. Bredon, Disciple, Des Moines, Iowa.

Sacred Gifts.—Whenever any gift that deserves to be called sacred is valued for the money that can be made out of it rather than the service that can be rendered by it, that is what we mean by mercenary.—Rev. W. R. Richards, Presbyterian, New York City.

Social Conditions.—There is something radically wrong in our social and economic condition when the employer becomes suddenly rich, while the toiler, with the utmost thrift and economy, can scarcely keep the wolf from the door.—Cardinal Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore, Md.

Reform.—It is impossible to reform this or any other city by preaching morality, or by threatening the people with hell fire, or any punishment. The way to reform the world is to strike at the roots of evil in the hearts of men.—Rev. J. E. White, Baptist, Atlanta, Ga.

America.—America (noble America) is the vantage ground and the bulwark of popular free government, and to maintain this high theory of man undaunted, we will fight if need be (although God forbid the need) if all the seas are to run red.—Rev. M. W. Stryker, Presbyterian, Clinton, N. Y.

The Leader of Men.—We all know perfectly well what a true leader is. He is a man of ideas, a man who advocates a certain line of action, and he works through the press and public speech that the people may be convinced of the wisdom of his course.—Rev. Dr. Mason, Unitarian, Pittsburg, Pa.

The Gospel.—The word genius may explain the books of Shakespeare and Dante and others, but God is the only explanation of the Gospel. The man who does not know that the gospels are of superhuman origin is shorn of power and should leave the pulpit.—Rev. M. E. Harlan, Disciple, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Our Weak Point.—Divorce is a fruitful source of misery. Anything that makes it easy to separate a man and his wife is a danger to the family, to the community and to the State. The easy dissolution of the marriage tie is one of the weak points in our American civilization.—Rev. D. G. Wylie, Presbyterian, New York City.

Toward Christ.—The movement of the world is Christward. The nations of the earth are spreading their garments on the highway for the coming of the King. The shout of Hosanna to the Savior-King is sounding over all lands and gathering volume every hour. The eye of faith can see in the not far distant day all humanity bowing in love and reverence before Jesus as he pours forth his coronation song.—Rev. J. F. Carson, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Cowful.

Two little girls were engaged in an animated discussion as to the superiority of their respective homes.

"Well, any way," said one little maiden in a triumphant tone, "you may have more bedrooms than we have, but we have more cream than you do. We have enough for our cereal every single morning."

"Poh!" said the other, "that's nothing. We own a Jersey cow, and we get a whole cowful of cream twice every day."

"WHO ARE YOU?" DEMANDED REUBEN.

from his old remembrance of the house. The door was opened and his name announced, and he felt that he was passing into a spacious apartment, the walls of which were bright and rich with many pictures, and the ceiling paneled and massive, with ground glass in the panels, for the proper transmutation of light on Mr. Simon Culwick's "collection." When Simon Culwick had lost his son Reuben, he had taken to the "masters," ancient and modern, and given them all the love that was in his heart.

But it was not at the paintings which enriched the walls that Reuben Culwick gazed with so much of curious earnestness, but at the big broad-faced man sitting before the fire in a capacious leather chair, and who was looking curiously and steadily at him. There was a pretty, fair-haired young woman, in gray silk, sitting at the table in the recess of a bay window, reading, and Reuben was conscious of her presence—that was all. She rose not at his entrance, only looked toward him with a certain degree of curiosity as he advanced, and then turned to the pages of her book as he held his hand out to his father.

"So you have thought of me at last, have you?" was rolled out in a gruff bass, as a large, white-gouty-looking man was placed in that of his son.

"So I have come back at last," answered Reuben Culwick.

"You can sit down," said the father.

"Thank you," said the son.

This was the meeting after five years' absence—the calm after the great storm which had happened in that house five years ago. This was the home that he did not like, and that he felt he did not live now, although he had come to it of his own free will. There was a pause, during which each man took stock of the other without any particular