PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

FEAR IN THE PRESENT DAY.

Gabriel de La Rochefoucauld.

To-day we are far removed from fear of heat, of cold, or of wild animals. We have caps, coats, houses and firearms. The most poverty stricken among us is infinitely better protected from all danger than was the most powerful ruler of ancient days. Nevertheless we possibly are become only the more fearful. How often on a train we hear a corpulent man shout: "Close that door. Don't you feel the draft?" The tone is that of a person terrified by the sight of some great danger. Our own epoch is not content, however, with fearing illness alone; it fears life also. How many despairing individuals we find in every class! How many tragedies find their origin solely in the disgust felt for life itself! How many suicides are due to the dread of a struggle! And how many unfortunates there are who, feeling repugnance at this brutal manner of solving the problem, seek in another way to forget their sad fate. And forgetfulness is in the majority of cases is found in the laboring classes in inebriety. It is not to wine or alcohol, however, that the wealthy classes have recourse in order to forget their troubles. Generally subject to heart weakness, the members of our high society are sentenced by their physicians to a regime of water. They are the victims of their parents and of their ancestors, who have left them bodies charred by too abundant feeding, and blood burnt out by too long continued diet of truffles. Thus it happens that they generally demand of the druggist poisons which will stupefy them or enable them to avoid pain. Monsieur fears a touch of toothache—quick, bring cocaine. Madame feels a suggestion of headache—get some veronine or antipyrine.

Only the roar of a cannon or the declaration of a war is needed to cause the fear of living to give place to the fear of dying. Then, as of old, the fear of death takes possession of humanity. Brothers, relatives and friends are being killed. Mankind, for a few weeks or a few months trembles as did the man of ancient time. The crisis of madness ends, civilization takes up its work. Then the weakening processes begin again, the races continue to grow old, and man, pursued by fear of suffering, takes recourse to theory and to science, and yet in spite of all he does or thinks, fear lives on undestroyed, hidden and inaccessible.

JAPAN WILL TRIUMPH THROUGH HER LOYALTY.

By Sir Edwin Arnold.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Although no value could possibly attach to any opinion of mine upon technical military problems, at the present juncture I venture to recall the incidents and pictures of a memorable day which I passed in the company of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Japan, with his military staff, and some 35,000 troops detailed for the annual maneuvers. Never can I forget the glory of that early dawn, along the ridge of the southern hills, which sweep through all the length of coast, from Kamakura and lovely Enoshima, over the foot of splendid and stately Fuji Yama to Gotemba, Oiso and Nara itself. We were advancing up the steep paths, many thousand strong—horse, foot and artillery—but chiefly foot, to hold the long ridge against some detested enemy deploying in the vast flats to the eastward and southward. Right ahead of us, in the center of the position, not far away, was a breakfast table roughly improvised out of four ammunition boxes, and over these thrown a richly embroidered tablecloth of silk purple in color, with golden kiku—the imperial chrysanthemum—worked by hand upon it, the only touch of anything like luxury visible throughout the vast martial display. Though the sun was yet hardly high enough to touch the snow upon Fuji Yama with saffron and rose, his Imperial Majesty was there drinking tea from a small silver cup.

The young sovereign was held, as one might easily see, in supreme reverence by all around, but a reverence which had in it passionate and unchanging affection as well as custom. In Japan national loyalty has not as yet divided itself from the actual worship given to the dynasty whose origin loses itself, in the thoughts of forty-five millions of homogeneous people, amid the mysteries of the invisible. Time was, of course—and only a few years ago—when such a proximity as ours to that divinely descended personage would have been impossible, incredible, madly presumptuous. Three times afterwards even I myself had the privilege of respectfully watching from near at hand the dark, serious, unchanging, introspective countenance of him upon whom is focused the absolute devotion of the Japanese people, in a manner not only unparalleled elsewhere, but hardly even comprehended. It is this traditional sentiment of the wonderful nation which is the mightiest of all her forces, and which will bring her in honor and triumph out of all dangers.

I shall not attempt to dwell upon what I have seen and heard personally of his Imperial majesty. Other pens may dare to make him into paragraphs. Whenever I saw that silent potentate I was set thinking of the ancient legends, and of the sun goddess, and of Ayabokiteswars. Now that I can only recollect, it is still with something like awe, as well as with profound respect and sympathy, that I recall the steadfast brows and the stern, sad lips of his Imperial Majesty Mutsuhito—whose Order of the Rising Sun I have the honor to bear, and of whom I am the humble servant and well wisher—believing, as I do, that in his august hands Providence has placed the duty and the glory of linking forever together the East and the West in a union which once appeared impossible.

VANITY IS MODERN WOMAN'S HANDMAID.

By Mrs. Desmond Humphreys ("Rita").

There never was an age when woman's vanity was so impressed upon the public mind and so absolutely paramount in her own. She seems to rule the press by her unqualified defects and her need of curing them. She is apparently wrongly made to begin with. That is a good sendoff for the corset manufacturer and an advertisement for senseless idiots who write of sixteen inch waists as a desirable possession. Has she a good skin. It must be creamed and massaged and electrified in order to keep it in condition. Has she a bad one? Then she is more to be pitied, for every journal she takes up offers her a remedy. Is she too slender? Lo! there appeals to her the inventor of anatomical development. Is she stout? Are there not delectable tablets and wondrous unguents for reducing inartistic measurements to due proportion? Has she no color, or too much. Remedies for both defects flare before her sight in the columns of any feminine or unfeminine weekly that covers the bounteous book stalls! Does the shape of her nose, or the color of her hair, or the mole upon her chin offend her? She need no longer fear to "cast out," or remove, or have removed, any such personal unsightliness. The handmaids of Vanity stand on every side. Is not this the age of the worship of the beautiful?

It is an appalling thought, when one looks at the modern woman, how much is real and how much art? What will wash, what will take off, and what sort of face will pay its devotes to Morpheus? It is only to be expected that it will differ materially from that of the beautifully gowned, coiffured, tinted, massaged and artificial beauty who takes (or thinks she does) twenty years off her age by daily and nightly service at the temple of the beauty specialist, whose cult she has built up and whose comfortable income she supplies.

There is but one efficient method of preserving the skin, preventing wrinkles, and defying gray hairs. The woman who would defy the ravages of time must never shed a tear, never worry over anything in life, and never love or consider any human creature but—herself! Thus will she achieve perennial youth and be able to smile defiance at beauty doctors and their nostrums. For, however excellent a cure may be, prevention is a million times better.

ROCKING THE BABY.

I hear her rocking the baby—
  Her room is just next to mine—
And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms
  That round her neck entwine,
As she rocks and rocks the baby,
  In the room just next to mine.

I hear her rocking the baby
  Each day when the twilight comes,
And I know there's a world of blessing
  and love
  In the "baby bye" she hums.
I can see the restless fingers
  Playing with "mamma's rings,"
And the tweet little smiling, pouting
  mouth
  That to her in kissing clings,
As she rocks and sings to the baby,
  And dreams as she rocks and sings.

I hear her rocking the baby,
  Slower and slower now,
And I know she is leaving her good-
  night kiss
  On its eyes and cheeks and brow.
From her rocking, rocking, rocking,
  I wonder would she start,
Could she know, through the wall between us,
  She was rocking on my heart?
While my empty arms are aching
  For a form they may not press,
And my emptier heart is breaking
  In its desolate loneliness.

I list to the rocking, rocking,
  In the room just next to mine,
And breathe a tear in silence
  At a mother's broken shrine,
For the woman who rocks the baby
  In the room just next to mine.
—Philadelphia Telegraph.

REJECTING A CAREER.

TOM knew little about the theatrical section of the great city, but, latterly, he had been reading a good deal of it, and felt that he was not wholly unversed in its geography, inhabitants and customs.

Ever since Edith Blythe had left Stauntonville to go on the stage, Tom had been a subscriber to and a devoted reader of all the dramatic and semi-dramatic newspapers on which he could lay a hand.

Once in a while, far down the street, he would spy some one, who by the poise of her head or the manner in which she walked, made him think for a moment that she was Edith, but each time he was disappointed.

But at last she came, caught in the eddy of the crowd, and was almost past him before he could reach her side.

They had luncheon together; not at one of the big restaurants full of people who laughed too loudly and looked as though they were all—men and women—accustomed to eating and drinking too much, but at a quiet place on the avenue, which Tom had discovered during previous visits.

And at the luncheon they talked—talked of Stauntonville, where nothing seemed to occur.

"I've been away for four years," said Edith, with half a sigh, "but I don't imagine that I should find the place changed so much after all, should I?"

"Changed," replied Tom, with his hearty laugh, "nothing ever changes in Stauntonville."

"You have not, at any rate."

"I have not changed in any particular, I hope."

"Not in anything, Tom?"

Edith was not looking at him as she asked this last question, but out of the window. The question was innocent enough in its wording, but there was a little half minor cadence in her voice as she asked it that lent significance to the words.

"Not in anything," he answered, very soberly.

"I take the Stauntonville Clarion, Tom, and I have always been expecting to read that you were married. Haven't you found the right woman yet?"

"You know that I found the right woman long ago, Edith, and I am still waiting for her. I will always be waiting for her."

"So, Stauntonville—and you—never change! I have been living in a world of constant change for so long that it seems strange to think of people who do not change."

There was the same dreamy, half minor cadence in her voice, as of one who was indulging in retrospection and saw a pleasant, if not regrettable, vision.

"But you, Edith, in your world of constant change, have also remained unchanged. You are what you were before—just Edith. And you know you are the only woman I ever loved or ever could love. Are you still determined to make a career for yourself upon the stage? I take it that you have been fairly successful, but do you never think it might have been better to have chosen the other life? You know it is not too late. I am always waiting for you."

"I have been fairly successful," she replied, "and when I met you I was just coming from rehearsal. I have been engaged to play the second role in the company of Miss ——, the star. And it begins to look as though success were not far ahead of me.

"But do you know that when I was engaged, Miss — asked me to luncheon with her and had a long talk with me. It seems that she took some sort of a fancy to me and was instrumental in obtaining the engagement for me.

"She asked me if I had fully determined to make the stage my life work, and when I answered in the affirmative she sighed. Then she went on to tell me just what the life, in all its drudgery, its uncertainty and its destruction of home ties meant.

"She asked me if I had ever been in—well, I mean I told her about you. She asked all sorts of questions about you, and then—then she—but you don't know her, so why should you be interested in what she said?"

"Why should I be interested? Go right on and tell me what she said. What did she advise you to do?"

"She said that success, even success like hers—and you know that she is one of the most popular actresses in the country—was not worth the price one paid for it. That any woman had better marry and settle down in—in a village like Stauntonville than ever achieve stardom. In short, she advised me to marry you."

Tom leaned suddenly across the table and took Edith's hand. He utterly forgot that they were in a public restaurant.

Fortunately they were cut off from the general view by a bank of palms, and their waiter, discretion personified, promptly retired when he saw that his presence was not wanted.

"And you are going to marry me, Edith?"

"I have a very high opinion of Miss K——, and attach much weight to her opinion," she replied, demurely. "But are you sure you still want me?"

"I told you that things never changed in Stauntonville. You must go back with me to the world where things never change. Just send Miss K—— a little note to the effect that you have taken her advice; it is only a few blocks to "The little church around the corner," and we can leave for Stauntonville this afternoon."—Indianapolis Sun.

Early Precocity of Great Men.

The young Mozart was seated in his cradle, composing a scherzo in B minor for the left hand.

"What doest thou, mein lieber kind?" inquired the coming maestro's mother, in very fair south Germanese.

The child wonder waved her aside with his chubby fist.

"Mutter," he said in vexed though prattling tones, "you haf interrupted de flow of chenlous. I was chust holding a susainet seventh, sostenut cum largo, ven you proke in upon me mit your idle inquirings." He paused and rested his bulbous head on his tiny hand. 'I cannot take oop my work again yet. I am not in de humorings for it. Vere is my bottle?"

"It is varming in de ofen,' replied his doting parent. 'I will pring it so quickly."

And as she stamped heavily from the room the child artist puckered his tiny lips and skilfully whistled, for the first time in public, a wooden shoe march that was in perfect rhythm with his maternal parent's ponderous footsteps.

Savings Bank Laws.

It is anticipated that several of the Southern States will soon pass savings bank laws similar to those of New York and the New England States.

First of American Strikes.

Three hundred shoemakers who struck for higher wages in Philadelphia in 1876 were the first workingmen to adopt such tactics in this country.

A man must be mighty crooked these days to get into the penitentiary.

Second Cousin Sarah

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

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Thomas Eastbell was not prepared for his sister's firmness. She was right; she was changed. This was not the woman of two years ago, who had some hopes of him, and whom he had talked over more than once—who had been afraid of him, and had not been altogether wanting in affection for him; this was some one whom he had scarcely expected to find at Sedge Hill.

"You would ruin me if you could, then," he said; "you would stand between me and my share of the good luck which has come to the old woman. You would live on rich as a Jew, and leave me to starve, or steal—to go to the workus, or the prison."

"I think that possibly I am in the way," said the gentleman by the fireplace, intruding upon the conversation for the first time; "you and your brother can arrange this little matter so much better without me, Miss Eastbell."

Tom's friend rose and went softly out of the room, and through the open bay-window, into the night air, where he was lost to view.

"Will you tell me who that is?" said Sarah, pointing to the window through which Captain Peterson had disappeared.

"A naval officer—merchant service," Tom explained; "an intimate friend of mine—a regular swell."

"The last time I saw him, it was in Potter's Court," said Sarah Eastbell decisively; "he came in and out of No. 2 at uncertain hours of the night, and gave directions to men who were his brothers, and who seemed of a lower position than himself. He took away with him, I remember also, packages of bad money. He was a captain then, but it was of a gang of coiners!"

Thomas Eastbell sat back in his chair, and glared at his sister. Sarah looked up.

"You want money, I suppose?" she said.

"Who doesn't?" he added, with a short, sharp laugh.

"How much will satisfy you, and take you from this house?"

"Grandmother does not want to part with me," he said; "but if you and I are not likely to agree, and matters can be arranged, a good round sum—annual—payable in advance, and my name down in the will for a fair share."

"That cannot be."

"Then give me a lump sum now, and have done with me. I'll go abroad—I'll take another name—I'll do anything."

"I have money of my own. I must arrange with you, and spare that poor old woman. Ah, Tom!" she said, sadly, "let her think the best of you till the last. I set for grandmother in my own name, and for everything. So it is in my power to help you a little, but you must not be too extortionate. I hold the money—grandmother holds the money—in trust for others."

"You don't mean——"

"Never mind what I mean," said Sarah; "all my meanings belong to the future, when I may be no richer than I am—when I shall have nothing to do with this house."

"But grandmother——"

"Leaves all to me—trusts to my judgment in everything. By making me your enemy, Tom, you make yourself a beggar."

She could not impress this fact too strongly upon a gentleman of Mr. Thomas Eastbell's turn of mind, and he sat with his hands clutching his knees, perplexed at last by the problem which she had set him to solve. He did not know that she had risen till her hand fell lightly on his shoulder and then he started, as at the touch of a police officer.

"Make up your mind to go away, and go away soon—before grandmother has time to guess what you are, and what your life has been. To-morrow—the next day at the farthest."

"It's hard. It's beastly unfair," he muttered as Sarah left him with another warning of the evils of delay. He reflected on the matter after she had gone; if Sarah were perplexed what to do, equally was he perplexed now as to the right course to pursue. A false step might ruin every chance that he had. He had come for money, but he did not know what to ask, or how much money was at his sister's disposal.

Captain Peterson came back into the room, and shut and fastened the bay-window carefully after him, as though he were nervous about thieves. Having secured the bolts to his satisfaction, he advanced softly toward his friend.

"How have you got on with her, Tom?" he asked in a low tone, as he dropped into his old place by the mantelpiece.

"She remembers you at No. 2 Potter's Court, old fellow. She can swear to you in any court of justice in the world."

"It's awkward," said Captain Peterson thoughtfully. "What did you tell me that this girl was weak and nervous for, and that she and her grandmother were only living together? Didn't Mary Holland count for anything?"

"I thought that you would be glad to see her again," said his companion with a short laugh.

"I am not afraid of her," said the other, "but I don't make out your sister exactly. She's dangerous. She would not stand nice about blowing up the whole thing, I can see. How long does she give you to clear out?"

"Till to-morrow night—or the day after that."

"What we make up our minds to do, Tom, must be done quickly," he said. "You had better leave all this in my hands. If you don't leave it to me—I shall cut the whole business to-morrow."

Tom Eastbell left the whole management of his affairs to Captain Peterson forthwith.

CHAPTER XVII.

Sarah Eastbell spent the next hour with her grandmother, who had been led to her room during the conference in the great picture gallery. The old lady had left word that she wished to see Sarah directly that she was disengaged, and our heroine had proceeded upstairs upon receiving the message, and found Mrs. Eastbell in bed, lying there rigid and sallow, as in the old almshouse days. The maid in attendance upon Mrs. Eastbell quitted the room as Sarah entered softly, but not so softly as to escape the quick ears of the grandmother.

"Sally—what a dreadful time you have been!" said Mrs. Eastbell.

"I have been talking to Tom."

"You will have years to talk to him—I may be only with you a few more days. It's awfully tiring, this up and down-stairs business. Not half as comfortable as at St. Oswald's after all. I wish that I had never left the place."

"You are tired to-night, and despondent, that's all. Will you try and rest now?"

"Rest in this house, Sally!" cried the old lady ironically; "there isn't much chance of that, with people tearing up and down stairs at all hours, and the servants banging shutters and locking doors as if we were in a prison. Somebody came into my room last night, blundering, but I could not find out who it was."

"Into your room?" asked Sarah, very anxiously now, "where was Hartley?"

"I packed her off two days ago. She snorted in her sleep like a horse. I want rest, child, not the noise of a steam engine in my ears."

"You are too old to rest alone—you cannot lock your door even," said Sarah. "I must come back as in the old days, grandmamma, if you send Hartley away. Why shouldn't I have my little crib in the corner of this great room, as when you and I were sharing life together in St. Oswald's?"

"You're mighty anxious about me," said Mrs. Eastbell fretfully, "and yet you have flounced yourself off for three days, and without rhyme or reason."

"I was anxious about Reuben Culwick—I could not rest longer without seeing him. He is very poor, grandmother," said Sarah; "he has been very unlucky in life. I found him in a back room in Drury Lane—a half-starved, haggard-looking man, borne down by the disappointments of his life. This was Reuben Culwick—in whose house we are—who was once our friend when we were poor and low—who saved me when I had not power to help myself. This is the man forever foremost in my thoughts. Why should I hide it from myself or you?"

She buried her head in the bedclothes, and the shriveled hand stole forth and rested on the flowing mass of raven hair there.

"Don't go on so, Sally—I won't forget him. I promised long ago that I would never forget Reuben Culwick, didn't I? I'll keep my word. As soon as ever I am strong enough the will we talked about shall be prepared."

Sarah passed from the room, and stood reflecting on the sheep's-skin mat outside the door. A woman passing in the distance attracted her attention, and seemed to shape her motives, for she beckoned to her cautiously, and even went a few steps toward her.

"You should not have left your mistress whilst I was away," Sarah said reproachfully; "she is too old to be left. Watch this room till I return, and see that no one disturbs my grandmother by passing noisily along the corridor."

Sarah left Miss Hartley to marvel a little at the instructions which she had received, and went thoughtfully downstairs, pausing now and then to consider the new position of affairs. She passed into the garden. She was hot and feverish, and the night was close. In the cool fresh air she might be able to shape out a better, clearer course, if the current of events should turn against her and her project for Tom's departure from Sedge Hill. She had grown very much afraid of him, of late days; she had lost every atom of confidence; and the man whom he had brought into the house had been a well-known character in Potter's Court, for whom the police had made inquiries during her short stay there.

She had left the house some hundred yards when footsteps on the gravel path arrested her attention, and checked her further progress. They were coming slowly toward her—and she shrank at once into the shadow of the trees, with the instinct to be unperceived and watchful. Trouble had come thickly in her way, and she must fight against it as best she might.

There were two persons advancing in her direction—who could they be, at that hour of the night, but Thomas Eastbell and Peterson, plotting together against the peace of Sedge Hill? They were soon close upon her; they could have heard her loud breathing had they listened; but they were deep in conversation, and unmindful of a watcher. The path was broad and white, and their figures were easily distinguishable, striking at Sarah Eastbell's heart with a new surprise and an awful sense of treachery. They were those of Captain Peterson and Mary Holland!—the former talking in a low and energetic manner; the other listening with her gaze directed to the ground, and with her hands clasped on the bosom of her dress. There was a light gauze scarf on Mary Holland's head, and the ends fluttered in the night breeze as she passed by. There was not a word which Sarah could catch at—it was a new phase of mystery for which she was not prepared, which seemed to place her very much alone in the world after the discovery.

When they were in advance of her, Sarah stole from her hiding place and proceeded in their direction, keeping to the shadow of the trees. She paused before entering upon the broad and open space of ground in front of the house where they were standing, and where Captain Peterson was still debating with the silent woman still looking on the ground. She watched them separate without a glance toward each other, the man entering the picture gallery through the bay-window, and Mary Holland proceeding to the French window of the drawing room.

Sarah followed her, still clinging to the shadow. She reached the drawing room to find the blinds drawn before the windows, and the windows closed. As she paused to consider her next step, the shadow of Mary Holland was thrown upon the blind—a strange appealing phantom, with its hands upraised as if in supplication.

Sarah's hand shook the window frame. There was another pause, and then the blind was snatched hastily aside, and Mary's face was pressed against the inner side of the glass.

"Who's there?"

"Let me in. It is I—Sarah," replied our heroine.

Mary Holland unfastened the window and admitted her. Both women looked keenly at each other—and both were very pale.

Mary Holland walked slowly from the window, which she had unlocked to admit Sarah Eastbell, and sat down in the arm-chair by the fire. There was a painful silence, each young woman waiting for the other to speak, and each on guard.

It was Mary Holland who began at last.

"I had no idea that you were in the garden, Sarah," she said slowly; "were you not afraid of catching cold, at this late hour of the night?"

"Weren't you?" was the quick rejoinder.

"I wanted fresh air," said Mary, speaking slowly; "I had been in attendance upon your grandmother all day, and she has been more than ordinarily exacting. But you have been traveling, and were fatigued."

"I was fatigued," said Sarah Eastbell, "until I reached this house and found it full of change—and you changed with all the rest."

"I have not changed in any one degree," said Mary Holland, clasping her hands suddenly together; "I am the same woman that I have ever been."

"My friend—and hers?" said Sarah meaningly.

"Yes," answered Mary, and she met again the steady gaze of her inquirer. It was a pale, pensive face, with a clear outlook from the full gray eyes, and one could scarcely doubt the truth upon it even then.

"But——" began Sarah, hesitatingly, when the other interrupted her.

"But I am a young woman with more secrets than one upon my mind, and they have come more closely to me of late days. And now I am more helpless than I thought I was," she said.

Sarah Eastbell drew a chair toward her, and sat down by the side of Mary Holland.

"Mary," she said tetchily, "I hate people with secrets, and there is enough mystery about this life without your adding to it. Will you trust me, or will you not?"

"My child, I am five or six years older than you. Why, I have scarcely learned to trust myself yet! When I have full confidence in Mary Holland, I may put faith—implicit faith—in Sarah Eastbell," she said, in those old crisp tones of voice that had given character to her before this; "but loving and respecting her genuine nature as I do, still I must keep my troubles to myself."

"You have nothing to tell me, then?"

"Not yet. Only this," said Mary, looking up again; "I will ask for the old confidence, which appears to be sinking away without any power of mine to stop it. These are strange times, and I must be strange with them. Bear with me, Sarah Eastbell."

"I am alone in this house, where there are many enemies now," said Sarah; "why should I trust you any longer? You know what my brother is—you can guess what his companion is likely to be. And yet you and that man were whispering together in the garden for half an hour to-night. You two are soon friends. Has Captain Peterson fallen in love with you?"

"On the contrary, I think Captan Peterson detests me very cordially."

"You know that he is a villain then?—that two years ago he was in league with robbers—that I knew him by sight in Potter's Court—that his presence here means danger to honest people?"

"Honest people can surely take care of themselves against such petty knavery as his, and his friend's," said Mary, almost contemptuously; "I have warned him that we are on our guard in this house."

"Will they defy me and remain?" was the rejoinder.

"For a while, perhaps—until they are weary of a life that is unsuited to them, or until your grandmother knows the truth of your brother's rascality, with which she should have been acquainted long since."

"I could not see this day. I wanted to keep her heart light to the last," murmured Sarah; "and now my falsehood turns upon myself, and puts that poor weak life in danger too. For they would be glad of her death," she said in an excited whisper. "I read it in their faces. I cannot trust them—or you. I am alone now—awfully alone."

(To be continued.)

AVOCADO PEAR IS QUEER.

This Tropic Fruit Growing in Favor with Northern Public.

The Spanish name for this is aguacate (corrupted, like our word from the Aztec, ahuacatl). The name "alligator" is a rough corruption from the above and ought to be frowned out of use.

It has much the shape of a large-sized bell or pound pear and weighs from a pound to two pounds. In the center is a large huskilke core, inclosing the seed. Between this core and the skin is the meat, which when ripe, is of a rich, creamy yellow and tastes as much like beef marrow as one thing can be compared to another. It is sometimes eaten with a dressing of salt, pepper and oil, but is generally used as a basis of a salad.

When cut open the core drops out and it is seen that there is a double lining, resembling a thin, brown leaf or skin, between the meat and the interior core. One of the linings clings to the meat and the other to the core. The lining being removed from the meat and the outer skin of the pear cut off, the fruit is treated the same as the meat of chicken or lobster designed for salad. A ripe avocado pear costing 40 cents will make as much salad as a good-sized lobster or a chicken and is much cheaper.

The use of this fruit is not confined to the natives of the West Indies and South American countries, but is growing in favor with Americans who have an opportunity to taste it. Twenty years ago there were not more than 100 of them consumed in New York City during the season, while at present the sales of one firm alone average from 300 to 500 every week of the season, which lasts from about June 1 to Nov. 1.

There is one curious feature about the avocado pear, says the Jacksonville Times-Union, with which probably few of those who have eaten it are familiar. The seeds, mixed in a jelly-like substance, are contained within the core. If the core is split open and a pen or sharp-pointed stick dipped into this jelly-like mass, using the half of the core as a cup and stirring the seeds and jelly together, the compound can be used as an indelible ink. The mark made by it is at first of a dirty cream color, but becomes darker with time, finally assuming a deep salmon hue, and there is no known acid which will remove it.

Feminine Financier.

Grocer—Well, little girl, what can I do for you this morning?

Little Girl—Mother sent me to get change for a dollar and said to tell you she would give you the dollar to-morrow.

Obliging.

Mistress (to new cook)—And remember, Jane, we breakfast every morning at 7 o'clock.

Jane—All right, ma'am. An' if I'm not down in time you needn't wait on me.

As Suggested.

Biggs—It strikes me that the fool-killer is neglecting his business.

Diggs—He's kept pretty busy, I suppose, but you might send him your address.

Self-laudation abounds among the unpolished; but nothing can stamp a man more sharply as ill-bred.—Buxton.

Common sense is instinct, and enough of it is genius.—H. H. Shaw.

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

The Closed Door.—Opportunity beams on us from every side but not forever. The door shuts and it is gone.—Rev. B. M. Tipple, Methodist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Foolish Man.—Every fellow is some sort of a fool, but when he gets to be all sorts of a fool they just take him and lock him up.—Rev. Sam Jones, Evangelist, Atlanta, Ga.

Defeat and Victory.—Time spent in crying over spilt milk is worse than wasted. A forgotten defeat is the beginning of victory.—Rev. W. B. Pickard, Baptist, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Church on the Sand.—A church that rests only on its power to furnish enjoyment, pious or otherwise, to the people, is built on the sand.—Rev. Frank Crane, Unitarian, Worcester, Mass.

A Better World.—The church, even under the most unfavorable auspices, is doing the world untold good. Never before was the world less selfish, less mean.—Rev. F. A. Miller, Baptist, Chicago, Ill.

The Obscurity of Genius.—The history of obscure men who have passed into great publicity is a reminder that ability and genius can never be hid.—Rev. N. D. Hillis, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Difference.—Every leaf in the forest is different from the others, and so every man differs from another. God will treat each man in His wisdom as He sees fit.—Rev. M. L. Carlisle, Methodist, Columbia, S. C.

Sacrifice.—Sacrifice is not measured in records of the cross or in scourging by Pilate, but in the power of the human soul at one with God to bestow itself on the world.—Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, Universalist, New York City.

A Dog's Rights.—Even a dog has its rights, be it a St. Bernard or a yellow dog, has righteous claims to be dealt with on the basis of just such canine properties as inhere in him.—Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, Presbyterian, New York City.

Service.—We are saved to serve in saving others. Activity in service is the proof of salvation. The amount and character of our service are the measure of our salvation. No service, no salvation.—Rev. D. R. Landrum, Baptist, Atlanta, Ga.

Prayer.—The day that prayer dies in a man's soul he commits spiritual suicide. Give it room so that it can expand; and remember that service for God and your fellow man will expand the narrowest soul.—Rev. D. S. Mackay, Presbyterian, New York City.

God or Evil.—There is discord, discontent and fever in the souls of men, because they have not found perfect harmony in the perfect existence of the onward and upward life. We have the perilous power of choosing God or evil.—Bishop Jagger, Episcopalian, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Good and Evil.—If God created both good and evil, then we are forced to grant that God is not an all-loving, all-good Father. But if He created all things good, in His own image, then there is no evil, no depravity of mankind.—Rev. M. E. Andrews, Unitarian, Kansas City, Mo.

Love.—There is no agony like that of a great and true love. There is no soul penetrating sorrow like a love rejected. Novelists have entranced their readers by its story, poets have woven it into song, but language fails to express it.—Rev. D. Jordan, Methodist, Sioux Falls, S. D.

Heart Hunger.—The world is not dying for theology or for education, but it wants to be loved. People are hungry for the gospel of Jesus Christ. We need to break down social barriers and love will win. It costs to save men, but it pays.—Rev. E. C. Stover, Methodist, South Braintree, Mass.

Great Things.—Virtue, honor, justice, peace and temperance are conserved by the church and Christian labor, and they are virtues that make men great, that make the home the emblem of heaven and society the order of the kingdom.—Rev. A. B. Church, Universalist, Akron, Ohio.

Idleness.—The idle class of women has increased with increase of luxury and the easier conditions of the economic world. In the primitive epochs of civilization women of all classes thought it a sin and a shame to spend a day in idleness.—Rev. J. K. Smith, Presbyterian, Louisville, Ky.

Repentance.—What is repentance? It is turning from evil to good. It is putting off the old man of evil thoughts and deeds and putting on the new man of perfect and holy thoughts and deeds. It is turning away from all that is unworthy and low and base and evil and corrupting and temporal and worldly. It is turning unto everything that is noble and pure and manly and perfectly and heavenly and eternal. There can be no loss in such a change.—Rev. L. L. Wilcox, Congregationalist.

Riches.—Riches temperately acquired and temperately administered are a potent means for good. For wealth can translate itself by some strange alchemy into almost any material object the mind desires. Not only for the satisfaction of the needs of self is wealth to be held in respect, but its power to be wisely dispensed for the welfare of others makes it likewise a blessing. The trusteeship of wealth is being felt more and more by those in possession of great funds.—Rabbi H. M. Fisher, Hebrew, Atlantic City, N. J.

No Scarcity of Egotists.

"Some men," said the quoter, "are born great, some achieve greatness——"

"And the great majority," interrupted the cynic, "believe they come under both of these heads."—Philadelphia Press.

The Way to Win.

Chollie—But a fellah cawn't always lick the winnah!

Gussie—Then, bah Jove, pick the losahs, and bet against them!—Puck.