

A good epitaph is all right in its place, but it comes so late.

A man likes to hear a woman say she has never been kissed, even if he doesn't believe it.

Clothes may not make the man, but the boy who puts on his first top hat thinks they help a lot.

Why not prohibit shooting deer, and thereby save the lives of many hunters who are mistaken for them?

Another express flyer has gone into the ditch. But what of it? We must keep hustling, no matter what chances we take.

St. Louis will make a tremendous hit if it can secure the attendance of the Rhokond of Swat also at the world's fair in 1904.

Another woman has been poisoned by eating candy sent to her through the mail. Evidently she did not read the newspapers.

John L. Sullivan says this is a thankless world. Still, there are foolish people who would be willing to take \$1,000,000 and call it quite generous.

A scientific person who has been investigating the phenomena of sleep reaches the conclusion that many people go through life without ever having been really wide awake.

The courts have decided that a one-legged man may, by the use of proper appliances, be almost as good as new. Perhaps the judge was having rheumatic twinges at the time the decision was handed down.

A prober into startling facts makes the astonishing statement that it costs as much yearly to keep a dog as it does to keep sixty hens, and thirty hens will lay 6,000 eggs while a dog will not lay any. Go to the head.

An excited Halifax paper has information of a plot on the part of Uncle Sam to annex Canada, and calls for an army of 500,000 to repel the Yankee invader. If you doubt this you can go to Halifax—and ask the editor.

A woman is advertising in papers "for a home in a family where there are no children, no washing and good wages." She should explain whether she will be satisfied with brusque carpet in her room or whether she prefers oriental rugs.

South American republics should not forget that there are two sides to the Monroe doctrine. It affords protection and at the same time imposes obligations. Because our policy saves these countries from the fear of acquisition by European monarchies, it does not release them from the obligations of courtesy and good behavior toward the other nations of the world.

Long-ago missionaries, whose chronological notions were a little bit confused, declared that Buddhism was a palpable imitation of, if not a deliberate steal from Christianity. Besides the similarities in tenet were those in ritual and ceremony. This likeness may be seen by any New-Yorker for himself. The heavy immigration of Neapolitans and Sicilians has produced several elaborate Italys in New York, which celebrate the festas of home with more enthusiasm even than is observed in the fatherland. A feature of these celebrations is the presentation of votive candles to patron saints and to the Virgin.

On the other hand, in Chinatown nearly every grocery store carries a stock of Oriental votive candles, which are presented to Buddha; the goddess of mercy, Kwang Yin; the god of war, Kwang Ti, and the god of literature, Man-Mo-Mew. These candles are made to suit all tastes, as well as all conditions of the pocket book. They range from poor, cheap, little red affairs like the Christmas tree candles used to stately creations, four feet and six feet in length. The Italians use both red and white, while the Chinese confine themselves almost exclusively to red. They use white and yellow upon special occasions, a white candle being symbolic of death and a yellow one of heaven, or the son of heaven, who is the emperor of the celestial kingdom.

Formerly both the Chinese and Italians depended for their candles upon importing merchants. In the last few months the manufacture has sprung up in New York and now attains fair proportions. In many respects the New-York candles are better bits of workmanship than the imported ones. The latter are usually imported ones, and are usually softer and produce a smokier light. The home-made are manufactured from stearin, paraffin or wax, although the last-named is becoming more and more popular. The finest quality imported from China are made from insect wax specially perfumed, while one variety of the Italian imported is made from clarified wax of fine quality, perfumed with the mild scent of blossoms.

Both Italian and Chinese, says the New York Post, employ a candle which is really a shell within which the candle itself is placed and held in position by means of a helical spring at the bottom of the shell. These shells are often profusely decorated and are strikingly handsome. The Italians prefer an ornate, leaf-work and geometrical patterns, while the Chinese like minute bas-reliefs of men, gods, dragons, mountains and landscapes. A handsome shell with candle within ranges from \$1 up to \$50, according to size and workmanship. It is durable and is used as an ornament in a church or a joss-house for many years.

Women Are So Aggravating. He—Carrie, I believe you think I'm a fool. She—And yet you say I'm always in the wrong.—Boston Transcript.

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exclusion of everything else he would have remained young and able to enjoy life. No man that desires to avoid a miserable old age will permit the work habit to enslave him. He will read books, go about among people, form friendships, cultivate his tastes, ride a hobby—do anything rather than narrow himself down to a money-making routine that is sure to harden the feelings and atrophy the mind, and so make a walking mummy of him. Any one that starts with a good constitution and a decent outfit of brains should not be exhausted at fifty. If he finds himself world-weary and fatigued with life at that age he has only himself to blame. And he can freshen his spirit and revive his energies by searching out ways to do a little good. Loeb, if he had become the friend and helper of children, or had made it his business to be a special providence to some poor family in his neighborhood, would not have been troubled with the despondency that led him to the disgraceful crime of suicide.

Cynics have declared that tombstones are the greatest liars in the world. This is only another way of saying that the ancient maxim "Tell nothing save good of the dead" is respected everywhere. Humanity agrees that anger, malice and hatred should stop at the grave. Hence the grave-stone recites only the virtues of him who sleeps beneath it and says nothing of his failings and weaknesses. It must be admitted, however, that in some cases charity is heavily drawn upon in the effort to find virtues to ascribe to the deceased, and it is this consideration, undoubtedly, which has influenced the clergymen of Hamilton, Ohio, to declare by a unanimous vote that they will no longer preach funeral sermons save in cases where they can conscientiously ascribe to the dead merits warranting eulogy. They decline any longer to compete with the tombstones in indiscriminate praise of people simply because those people are dead. There is something to be said for this attitude of the clergymen. A philosopher once put the case thus: A dead rascal is no more admirable than a live rascal save that he is incapable of further rascality. Why, therefore, should he be eulogized? This statement of the proposition appears logical and it no doubt appeals with particular force to clergymen, who, from their very profession, may be supposed to deprecate any departure from the truth even in deference to the tradition "De mortuis nil nisi bonum." Whatever license in elegant matters may be permitted to tombstones or even to men in not in holy orders, it must be conceded that silence is after all the highest charity which may reasonably be expected of a preacher. The clerics of Hamilton, Ohio, have done wisely and seemingly in resolving to leave post-mortem eulogies of doubtful veracity to the tombstones. Heaven lies about us in our infancy, but the clergyman cannot afford to lie about us when we are dead. The storied urn must do that.

SAINT AND JOSS IN NEW YORK. A Comparison of Christian and Buddhist Observances. Long-ago missionaries, whose chronological notions were a little bit confused, declared that Buddhism was a palpable imitation of, if not a deliberate steal from Christianity. Besides the similarities in tenet were those in ritual and ceremony. This likeness may be seen by any New-Yorker for himself. The heavy immigration of Neapolitans and Sicilians has produced several elaborate Italys in New York, which celebrate the festas of home with more enthusiasm even than is observed in the fatherland. A feature of these celebrations is the presentation of votive candles to patron saints and to the Virgin.

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NEGROES GROW RICH FAST.

Many of Those Living in the Creek Nation Are Wealthy to Do.

It is not in the South that the richest negroes are found, although many in that region have amassed a goodly store of property since the war. Doubtless the wealthiest community of colored people in the world is found among the Creek Indians in Indian Territory. There are about 7,000 of them, and they are worth on an average \$3,000 each. The wealth of the more industrious foots up ever higher, certain individuals being the owners of from \$10,000 to \$15,000 worth of land each.

These negroes are the descendants of slaves of the Creek tribe of Indians and are known as Creek negroes. They are entitled to a share in the division of Creek Indian lands, also a part of the trust funds. Together the 7,000 negroes own 22,000,000 acres of land. And yet their education is far from complete. Their social environments are crude in the extreme and progress goes slowly amid their huts and hells. Unlike the other Indians of the Creek nation, the Creeks insist on five civilized tribes, the Creeks insist on free trading their slaves to give them an equal share in their lands and money. At that time there were few slaves, but the number grew through descendants, until now fully 7,000 have laid successful claim to a "head right" on the Creek rolls of citizenship. They have their own representatives in the Creek Indian Legislature, their own schools and their own churches. Everything bids fair to make them the model community of negroes in the United States when Indian territory is recovering from the tangle wilderness of reconstruction, its laws made uniform and itself a State of the Union.

There is little culture among the Creek negroes. They have a social set all their own, to which not even the Indians are invited. Their characteristics are in a great measure different from the negro of the South or the North. It is a mixture of both, with additional peculiarities. Like the Indians, these negroes have their dances in the open, which have come to be a sort of religion with them. And, following in the footsteps of the Southern Negro, they have barbecues, "possum hunts and the like. As a Northern type of the negro they are more industrious and independent of the whites, know how to work hard and save their money, and, like the type from the city, are well dressed—gaily, but at the same time wearing expensive clothes.

These 7,000 Creek negroes live in a tract of rich land called the Canadian River bottoms, and Okmulgee is their town and trading point. Okmulgee is the capital of the Creek Indian nation, and has been for years a negro town. Recently, however, white people flocked in and have taken possession. The negroes are starting their own towns along the branch of the Frisco Railroad.

Notwithstanding that many of these Creek negroes are industrious, there are some among them who rent out their estates and lounge in idleness about the railway stations. It is a common sight to see a 500-acre tract of rich land in the Canadian bottoms, being tilled by a white man. Invariably, upon inquiry as to his landlord, he will refer to the negro owner in no complimentary terms. Meanwhile one will find the owner shooting craps or enjoying himself eating turkey and "possum in a neighboring village.

When the Creeks freed their negroes in 1864 the two fraternized for a time, and even intermarried, but that has all passed now. In accordance with the terms granting their freedom, the Creek negroes are allowed a voice in the tribal government, and so they have their own members in the Council, but the Creek Indian feels about the Creek negro and refuses to associate with him.

VICTIM OF WOMAN'S WHIMS.

The Fate of a Hungry Composer on a Fashion Show.

He was a tramp composer down on his luck and he had not had a square meal for a fortnight. In desperation he applied for work on a fashion magazine and was taken on as a "sub." The copy with which he was furnished read something like this:

"Terrapin green with garnitures of lemon white lace and champagne colored velvet constituted the lovely gown on our cover page. "Brown bread is a fashionable color in crepe, and harmonizes well with butter colored lace. "A gown of tomato red was delightfully contrasted with lettuce green velvet and oyster white applique. "Vegetable silk braid is one of the new trimmings. "A charming breakfast gown is shown in beet red cashmere. "Egg blue and melon green are delightful new tints. "Claret silk makes a charming waist. "All shades of brown are popular, including chocolate, butternut, chestnut and hazel and the biscuit shades are also prominent. "A coffee colored dinner gown had sleeves of cream museline in seafoam style. "Prune color possesses the have a great run. "Apricot, orange and banana are the newest shades of yellow. "Almond white galkoo appears on a wine colored broadcloth gown and motifs of pistachio velvet were introduced for contrast. Crushed strawberries have given way to the grape shades, and mulberry to the bonbon pink. "Tobacco is one of the most becoming shades of brown." His fellow printers noticed that he acted strangely and groaned at times, but before they became aware of the seriousness of the case he fell to the floor and expired. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "Acute dyspepsia, superinduced by overeating."

Enforced Athletics. "Joe is a great walker." "Indeed? How long has he been walking?" "Lemmy see. I believe the twins are 5 months old."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. The female bookkeeper is entitled to the title of countess.

LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL de LANEY.

CHAPTER XIX.

Thieves "Fall Out." Another morning finds the Indians holding their ground. They are well entrenched and the besieged in the Stone House can only remain cooped up until relief shall arrive from the fort.

If they are even spared from this privilege they will feel thankful for it requires time to communicate with the military authorities and these soldiers move with deliberation and prepare for the worst. Old Egan's messages are already sent out and his reinforcements are doubtless on the road. While soldiers are preparing "rations" and rolling their blankets and seeing to the equipment generally, Indian warriors are already in the saddle and riding night and day toward the seat of their campaign. If the Indians should surmise that they had been sent for they would hurry to the attack, and the besieged felt much alarmed for fear that they might discover the tracks of Metzger, who had borne the message to the trapper. There was also some fear of delay in communicating with the military post as the trapper was known to spend a great deal of his time away from home, working among his traps in the rimrocks. While it was considered best that the trapper should make the journey to the fort, yet Metzger had received instructions to go, should he be unable to find Hammersley.

The besieged determined to die rather than fall into the hands of the Snakes, for they knew that Old Egan would show no mercy now having caught the Lord of the Desert in his treachery, and they guarded the loopholes with close scrutiny never failing to send a bullet at the slightest exposed portion of an Indian's body. The wind whistled through the provisions, water and ammunition, and unless actually overpowered, would be able to withstand a siege indefinitely.

The Indians were likewise prepared for the siege. Besides the pure water that flowed from the mountains above the Stone House, they had the great meadows for their stock to graze upon and had the Lord's choicest bullocks to select from when they became hungry. The trapper's stock, however, was truly a dream; plenty to eat and drink, only desultory guard duty—just exciting enough to stimulate their energy—Old Egan's braves were in their element. But summer cannot last always even in the mountains. While his warriors were reveling in the luxury of a hazardless siege and the hope of an old time assault and a division of the rich booty, Old Egan was scanning the desert for his reinforcements. It is a cruel fate that him that delay would not help his cause; that the sooner he had taken his prey and vanished among the lava rocks of the far south, the better.

He had never yet been overtaken by the blue birds of the Great Father and had no desire to encounter the command of General Crook. All who had met them so far had been routed or captured and Egan's sins had been multiplied. He was sure that he would even think of falling into the hands of the government. He knew full well that his enemy was well equipped and that to attack him, armed and protected as he was, that he must meet him with a greater loss, but when his horde of warriors and allies should arrive he expected by force of numbers and by a simultaneous attack from every direction to take the Stone House and its contents. The known wealth of the place made it the most coveted place in the mind of the savage on the whole western border. Arms and ammunition, provisions, "fire-water," gold, silver and its treasures, a great store of the great wealth of Monte Cristo would not have compared with that of the Lord of the Desert. The same humdrum precaution was observed by the besieged and besiegers alike about two o'clock in the afternoon when the Indians took on new energy and there was general confidence and activity in their ranks. The outlook who had been placed on the peak overlooking the desert, signaled Old Egan that reinforcements were coming.

The chief could not resist climbing to the summit of an adjoining foothill and looking for himself. He was rewarded by seeing a cloud of dust far out on the desert to the west, that from its length along the plain he knew a band of his warriors were coming in single file as rapidly as their steeds could bring them. A little later another cloud of dust from the southwest announced other reinforcements on the way, and though the Indians preserved a silence while in view of the occupants of the Stone House, they could not resist chanting their war songs in their concealment. He saw them busily engaged in cooking and skinning them. While she is not a preserver, and friend, but nothing more, my boy. Do not build up false hopes, young man. Remains within your bounds and you will not come to grief. So let the matter drop.

This would reason this man of the frontier when nature awakened his heart to love. After making preparations for the trip he had given instructions to his companions concerning their action in his absence. He suspected that Indian scouts might visit his abode and impressed upon his friends the importance of not being discovered. "I think this period of isolation is drawing near to a close," said Egan as he entered the visit of General Crook and his men not only put a stop to Egan's severity in this country but to see the Lord of the Desert reduced to a commoner, and see the real lord and the lady in-

CHAPTER XX. Mountain Lion and Desert Coyote. There was no time for hesitation on the part of the trapper. Although he bore no concern for the safety of the Lord of the Desert, with so many circumstances, under ordinary conditions, he would not have him slain by Indians at the present time. Besides, there were those in his employ who deserved the assistance of their fellowmen. He announced his intention at once to the trapper and his companions, and upon the arrival of Metzger of going to the fort but thought best to take a few hours sleep before starting out on so fatiguing a journey. Before lying down, however, all preparations were made so that upon his waking he would be able to start at once on his mission. It was his purpose to start before daylight that he might get beyond the rimrocks to the south before dawn so that the scouts of the desert might not discover him. In the preparations for the journey he had an able assistant in the person of Bertha Lyle. Her companionship, however, was more valuable to the trapper than her assistance. He had grown accustomed to doing everything himself and did not feel safe in depending upon others. Everything done by Bertha was either superintended or inspected by him, to his satisfaction and generally to her embarrassment. Women think they know how to do things themselves, and Bertha was no exception.

But still they did not quarrel. The man of the desert knew how he wanted things arranged and the woman knew how to do them. He was particularly desirous to please the trapper, and he was practically a child of the desert, yet he was intelligent and had not become one-sided in his views. He saw the value of woman's companionship, felt its influence and had often chided himself since Bertha's arrival for permitting his ambition to rise in certain directions. "Calm, my boy," he would say. "You are only a trapper—make your living in roaming the desert and climbing the rimrocks and trapping wild animals and skinning them. She is rich. She is wealthy. While she is thrown in your company under most unfortunate circumstances, she could not be otherwise that grateful, she will always be grateful—will regard you as a preserver, and friend, but nothing more, my boy. Do not build up false hopes, young man. Remains within your bounds and you will not come to grief. So let the matter drop." This would reason this man of the frontier when nature awakened his heart to love. After making preparations for the trip he had given instructions to his companions concerning their action in his absence. He suspected that Indian scouts might visit his abode and impressed upon his friends the importance of not being discovered. "I think this period of isolation is drawing near to a close," said Egan as he entered the visit of General Crook and his men not only put a stop to Egan's severity in this country but to see the Lord of the Desert reduced to a commoner, and see the real lord and the lady in-

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stalled in their proper station. But time was limited and the discussion was cut short by the trapper bidding to his quarters for a short sleep. His glance, however, wandered to the face of Bertha as he drew the curtain behind him and he saw a flush on her cheek that brought him to his own that was soon hidden in the dim light of his own cell-like apartments.

As was his custom the trapper awakened on time, and dressed himself noiselessly to prevent disturbing the other sleepers. He came forth quietly and was about to take up the equipments of his journey when he was astonished by finding Bertha awaiting him. "You, up too!" he exclaimed in a low tone.

"Yes, I wished to speak with you before you left," she replied. "I had a dream—it is a foolish thing I know—but I laid down only for a few moments, and I had such a vivid dream, and I can't resist telling it to you. Of course there is nothing in dreams, but it may put you on your guard—there may be danger you know." "Does a coyote ever attack a lion—a mountain lion?" inquired Bertha. "No—," replied the trapper, "more single handed; a pack might attack one under proper conditions—if they were cornered, or hungry and they thought they might benefit by it without too much risk." "It was a foolish dream, I know," she said, "but I will be brief: I saw a mountain lion, such as you caught in your trap, on a long journey. It climbed among the rimrocks, then passed along through canyons, and then crossed stretches of the plains. It seemed to be very tired, and it was intent on its trip, and plodded on. Behind it came a coyote—just like the coyotes you capture, except its hair was dark; it was almost black. It would trail along the rocks behind the lion and then cut across his way and he would wait for the lion; then it would skulk away on the approach of the lion, and follow again. It kept this up all through the day. But at night it grew more bold and it again hid behind the rocks on the trail. As the lion approached, tired and log-wary, the coyote attacked it from the rear and the lion turned and a great fight ensued, and in the midst of the fight—I know it is foolish, but it was so exciting—my heart leaped into my throat and I awakened—the mountain lion leaped into your own person and the desert coyote assumed the form of Dan Follett, and you and he were in desperate combat among the rocks and cliffs of the far away desert."

"Never fear little Ber—Miss Lyle, Dan Follett is surrounded in the Stone House by Indians and I will be on my guard against all enemies to mankind that roam the desert," and buckling his revolvers about his waist, and throwing the other equipments of his journey across his shoulder, he took her hand and giving it an assuring clasp, stepped out into the darkness, taking a course to the southward.

Bertha looked forward with alarm and dread. She imagined that something terrible would happen. But under the theory of modern intelligence she would try to disabuse her mind of evil omens and imagine that all would come out right.

The trapper looked upon the matter differently. He thought more about the dreamer than the dream. As he picked his way over the plains and among the rocks, her form became more beautiful to him and her words of friendship echoed and re-echoed in his ears. And while he did not believe that there was any significance in dreams, yet he did not forget the warning of the fair friend, and kept a more guarded lookout for his safety than ever before.

His trip so far had been an uneventful one. Night and day he pushed on, only sleeping a few hours at a time and stopping a few minutes to lunch. The distance now did not divide him far from the fort. It was the last evening of his journey when he discovered fresh tracks of a horse which had preceded him on the trail. The tracks led toward the fort and he concluded that it was made by someone going to the fort. There

were no shoes on the animal's feet, but the soldiers frequently pressed the plains horses into service and there was no reason to suspect anything out of the ordinary from a mere horse's track.

But, as the reader knows, Hammersley was beset by one of the most unscrupulous villains of the plains. The trapper had only used ordinary care on his trip from home, while Follett had been on the trail like a hungry wolf. Although compelled to go long distances out of his way on account of being mounted, to get around the numerous walls of rimrocks, he had gotten the trapper's course and was determined to head him off ere he should reach the fort, and kill him to prevent the Lord of the Desert from receiving aid. He had no hatred for Hammersley, but he would gratify his revengeful spirit. He had already discovered the trapper's approach and had preceded him to a point near the fort where he expected to hide among the boulders and stop the trapper forever from the desert trail. Hiding his horse in the gulch in the background he secreted himself near the trail and waited the approach of the trapper.

When he was within a few paces Follett leveled his revolver and when the trapper approached within a few feet of him the scoundrel pulled the trigger. But fortunately the percussion cap did not explode. Drawing his knife hurriedly he would be as sash rushed upon his intended victim from behind like an infuriated tiger. The noise of the hammer of the revolver had aroused the trapper from his meditation and when Follett rushed upon him he dropped the bundle from his shoulder and turning received his assailant in an unexpected manner. He seized the half-breed by the throat with one hand and then a hand to hand struggle between two of the most determined men of the desert followed.

We were recently compelled to get a book in the middle of it, and it has been wondering ever since how it came out. Three women, all good and handsome, loved the same man. Two were both rich and handsome, loved the same woman, and one woman, poor character, didn't love her husband, but did love another man who was poor and of his wife. Now, how did she straighten it out?

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

The World's Life.—Christ is the world's life.—Rev. F. E. Taylor, First, Brooklyn, N. Y. True Means.—The religious element is the true means of settling disputes.—Archbishop Ryan, Roman Catholic, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Nation.—The nation will always be just as good and as safe as the individuals composing it.—Rev. P. P. New Bedford, Mass. As the Master bids.—If one love God as the Master bids he can grasp great truth offered in the same love.—Dr. Byrd, Methodist, Atlanta, Ga.

Downward.—The man who goes down downward only accelerates his own movement, and return becomes more and more difficult.—Rev. J. Smith, Indianapolis, Ind. The Outward Visage.—The kind life one leads even leaves its mark upon the outward visage. The more we wear is self's externalization.—Rev. R. M. Black, Episcopal, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Deathless Hope.—Christ emancipated the soul from the thralldom of sin and sin, and supplied us with energy for victory by girding us with the might of deathless hope.—Rev. J. Freeman, Baptist, Toronto, Canada. Good of Humanity.—It is good to the heart beat stronger in anticipation of some object when that object braces not alone our little selves but the great good of humanity.—Rev. J. Bisbee, Universalist, Boston, Mass.

Church Stronger.—The church stronger to-day than ever before, what gives the church its present power is the fact that it has proved to the greatest agency under God for the elevation of the race.—Rev. C. J. Denver, Colo. Fundamental Thing.—If the spirit of honor and righteousness is not present among men we cannot expect laws to work well, for the fundamental thing is the kind of men behind the laws.—Rev. F. Phalen, Unitarian, Worcester, Mass.

For Eternity.—It is well to live to-day, but he who lives his best for day lives also for eternity. Here is a fact that reaches further than think. A Christian father sends his religion down to generations.—Dr. Burrell, New York. In the Best Sense.—A man may be great in many senses, but he can be great in the best sense unless he recognizes somewhat of the divine in his own life and regards himself as being led by the Almighty.—Rev. W. Wrigley, Episcopal, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Good Thing.—It is a good thing both capital and labor that the world country is a little chilly. Conscience being stirred, new laws will be enacted, both capital and labor will see mutual relations more clearly.—Dr. McCosker, Detroit, Mich. Close Up Her Ranks.—If church of Jesus Christ ever does work which her divine Lord has asked her to do, she must close up her ranks. A church divided into sects and denominations is not the church which she was founded.—Rev. Dr. Harlan, Omaha, Neb.

Christian Life.—What men need to make them Christians is not to be convinced of Christian truth, but to fall in love with Christian life. The world is not reading the Bible more; it is reading the lives of those who profess to believe it.—Rev. P. Pluch, Congregationalist, Chicago, Ill. The Future.—The future has never saved any man. If he is saved at all it was in the present—now. We have no lease on the future; no. It is dangerous to trust the soul's salvation to the deceptive future. To-day the victor calls; not to-morrow or some day in the future, but now.—Rev. J. Blair, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Material Good.—Make it your business to be right, to do right, to be according to all the commandments of God, and the question of material good will settle itself naturally. The love of God have to do with the body, well as the soul, and make work truly a religious duty as prayer.—Dr. Raymond, Schenectady, N. Y. A Larger Scope.—The church of the future has a larger scope and a larger mission than the church of the past. Christianity is becoming more liberal and more practical. At this time when the commercial spirit is leading with such sway, it will require the assistance of conscientious, consecrated manhood to counteract this spirit.—Rev. P. M. McWhirter, Presbyterian, Indianapolis, Ind.

A False Impression.—It is a false impression that God hates a sinner and that his son gave up his life to make him love them. The opposite is true. Every sectarian gold and distant. The Bible holds out a God of genuine love and kindness. "He so loved the world that he gave up his only begotten son."—Rev. W. Crawford, Methodist, Akron, Ohio.

Separate and Distinct.—The state has nothing to do with the church. They are separate and distinct. And yet the state is doing the church by appropriating money to support the poor members of the church. The state has to do this because the church will not do it. Stay on the church.—Rev. A. R. Hollister, Presbyterian, Atlanta, Ga.

We were recently compelled to get a book in the middle of it, and it has been wondering ever since how it came out. Three women, all good and handsome, loved the same man. Two were both rich and handsome, loved the same woman, and one woman, poor character, didn't love her husband, but did love another man who was poor and of his wife. Now, how did she straighten it out?

There is nothing dogmatic about these sermons. They are all willing to exchange views.



He gave her hand an assuring clasp.



Hammersley discovers a fresh track.

(To be continued.)