

**ENDURANCE.**

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!  
 How much the flesh may suffer, and not die!  
 How great a load of pain or ache  
 Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.  
 Death chooses his own time, till that is sworn  
 All evils may be borne.

We shrick and shudder at the surgeon's knife.  
 Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,  
 Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life!  
 Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal  
 That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,  
 This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,  
 And try to flee from the approaching ill;  
 We seek some small escape; we weep and pray;  
 But when the blow falls, then our hearts  
 Are still;  
 Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,  
 But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;  
 We hold it looser, dearer, than our own.  
 Anon it falls and falls in deathly strife.  
 Leave us stunned and stricken and alone;  
 But, ah! we do not die with those who mourn;  
 This also can be borne.

Behold! we live through all things—famine,  
 thirst,  
 Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,  
 All we and sorrow; life inflicts its worst  
 On soul and body—but we cannot die.  
 Though we be sick, and tired and faint,  
 and worn—  
 Lo, all things can be borne!  
 —E. A. Allen in Chicago Standard.

**Brought to Time.**

By MARION E. PICKERING.

Jerry Sanborn wheeled his shining new tandem out of the woodshed and carefully propped it against the piazza railing. Then he strode across the yard, shading his eyes with his sun-burned hands, and peered intently at a snug farmhouse nestling against the neighboring hill.

"Tilly's got home from Sandport. That's her pink gown a-tittin' in and out of the garden. Now if I can only wheedle her into takin' a mornin' ride we'll see who's master of the situation. Two years now she's been puttin' me off in that 'how-takin' way of her's, and I'm tired of it. I hain't been s'endin' my winter evenin's readin' up about Napoleon Bonaparte and General Taylor and all of them other determined fellers for nuthin'. I've been altogether too meachin'. It's high time I put my foot down and made Tilly come to reason, and I'm a-goin' to do it!"

Jerry set his jaws grimly, sprang astride the saddle, whirled rapidly down the winding road and soon presented himself, cap in hand, at the door of the Morgan homestead. Tilly herself appeared promptly, her comely face alive with dimples and her bright blue eyes dancing with mirth.

"Took a run over to show you this new machine o' mine," announced Jerry, with a sideways wave of the hand.

"I saw you coming up the hill," responded Tilly demurely. "You looked for all the world like a big, long-legged grasshopper,"—with an irrepressible giggle.

"I only wish you darst try it a bit and see what an easy runnin' concern it is," pursued Jerry, a sudden flush mantling his broad forehead and losing itself in his curly locks. "But, of course, 't would be risky, considerin' you ain't used to it," he added apologetically.

"Humph! There's never been a colt on the place that I couldn't bridle and ride, and 't isn't likely I'm afraid of a newfangled contrivance like that," replied Tilly loftily.

"Well, I s'pose you might try it, but I warn you it's dangerous business," hesitated Jerry. "You have to take in sail a bit," with a critical glance at her newly starched gingham. Tilly darted upstairs and soon appeared in a trim walking skirt, with a jaunty Tam O'Shanter pinned securely to her shining brown braids.

After a few preliminary failures, she was securely seated and the tandem glided smoothly along the shady country road. Tilly sat erect, firmly grasping the handle bars with her plump fingers, and thoroughly enjoyed the novel experience.

"Fehaw! This is as easy as riding old Roan to plow. Now I'm going home to finish my ironing."

"No, you're not, Tilly Morgan. You won't go home until you have given a plain answer to the question I have been askin', off and on, for two years o' more," announced Jerry peremptorily, while his heart thumped heavily against his ribs and the roar of the Atlantic seemed surging in his ears. "Steady there!" as Tilly gave an indignant bounce that threatened to capsize the wheel.

"Jeremiah Sanborn, I'll never speak to you again! There's Uncle Moses and Aunt Debby and Dan out in their dooryard. I'll call for help as true as I live if you don't stop this minute," scolded Tilly.

"They can't catch up," replied Jerry coolly, gradually increasing speed.

Despite her valiant threat, Tilly, scolded by the open mouthed trio with flaming cheeks and downcast eyes,  
 There was a long silence, while the tandem bowed merrily along. The perspiration streamed from Jerry's

crimson forehead. The sun was mounting higher, the road was up grade, and Tilly was no lightweight.

"Jerry," she faltered at length coaxingly, "please take me home.

"You know the condition. Beckon we'll reach Centreville by noon at the rate we're spinning," vouchsafed Jerry uncomromisingly.

Another prolonged silence.

"Jerry!"

"Well?"

"What do you want me to say?"

"I want you to name the day when you will come and be mistress of the little home I've had ready and waitin' for you for a year and a half," said Jerry, solemnly.

Tilly glanced about her uneasily. Far in the distance she could see the glittering church spires of Centreville.

"This is too ridiculous, Jerry."

"We'll?"

"Will June 15 suit you?"

"Perfectly. Dismount and rest in the shade for a few minutes, and I will take you home at once."

Tilly meekly seated herself on a grassy rock beneath a high oak and covertly watched Jerry from beneath her long lashes. He was apparently engrossed in seeking every possible grain of dust from the shining spokes of the tandem, but his eyes shone with a triumphant light.

The long run home was performed in dignified silence.

Tilly sprang lightly to her feet. "I think you're just as mean as you can be Jerry Sanborn," she roared as she flew into the house and slammed the door.

Sally inside, she hurried to the parlor and peeped through the blind. Jerry, with erect head and shoulders squared, was speed ng down the hill, his long legs performing most extraordinary gyrations.

"My, wasn't he masterful, though! That's all I ever had against Jerry, he was too tame. If I said A, he had to say B, and so on through the whole alphabet. Now I'll get dinner out of the way and begin heaming my table linen."

And with a song on her lips Tilly whisked on a fresh apron, vigorously stirring the fire and dashed down the cellar stairs after the potatoes.

**THE POLICE ROLL OF HONOR.**

The Heroes of a Month Drowning and Runaway Horses the Principal Source.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt writes for the October Century an article entitled "The Roll of Honor of the New York Police." Mr. Roosevelt says:

Perhaps the best way to convey an idea of why we awarded medals is to give a list of the men thus rewarded for two months. In October, 1895, we, on the 1st of the month, awarded a medal to a patrolman for peculiar gallantry in stopping a runaway horse under circumstances which made the act one of great danger to himself, and which doubtless resulted in saving the lives of those in the vehicle. The patrolman thus rewarded was also later made a roundsman, and put in charge of the bicycle squad, our attention having been first called to him by this act. On the same day we gave honorable mention, but without a certificate or medal, to three other officers; one had also stopped a runaway horse; another had rescued a man from drowning; and the third had arrested an insane man armed with a revolver, under circumstances which went to show that the officer's coolness and presence of mind saved both himself and the onlookers from death or injury at the hands of the armed maniac. On the 8th of the month we gave a medal to an officer who had rescued a boy from drowning by plunging into the water between the wharf and the steamer from which the boy fell, at the imminent risk of being crushed to death between the two, a fate from which he and the rescued boy were saved purely by his pluck and his skill as a swimmer. Honorable mention was made of two other officers—one for rescuing a boy from drowning and one for stopping a runaway horse. On the 15th yet another officer received honorable mention for saving a man from drowning; and on the 22nd a sergeant and two patrolmen were commended for the coolness and skill they displayed in stopping a prize fight and arresting both the participants and the spectators, though they were an uncommonly tough crowd, and showed immediate fight.

Unique Punishment for Prisoners. A new and unique mode of punishing prisoners at the city jail who break the rules of the institution was announced recently at a meeting of the board of visitors of the jail. The prisoner is compelled to stand erect on a barrel in the jail yard, in sight of the other prisoners, for one hour for the violation of any rule. The time is lengthened for the second offence. The board considers it a more humane and at the same time more effective manner of punishing offenders than keeping them in their cells with ball and chain to their feet, with simply bread and water for nourishment. The plan so far has worked satisfactorily, and has been the means of improving the discipline at the place. —Baltimore American.

There are four millionaires in England to one in France.

**CIVILIZED CANNIBALS.**

Some Interesting Facts About the Battaks of the Island of Sumatra.

Sumatra is one of the largest islands in the world, and has a population of 8,000,000. Respecting some of the tribes of the interior hardly anything is known, inasmuch as the island had been crossed by white men only two or three times. The immediate neighbors of the Acheens are the Battaks, a most interesting race of cannibals, who are quite civilized in their way, having a written language of their own. They know how to make firearms, even boring their gun barrels. Also they carve gun stocks in correct style, and are acquainted with the art of making powder. They find their own sulphur and saltpetre, using pieces of bamboo for cartridge cases and bits of coral for bullets. They are excellent agriculturists, and raise cattle. In addition they are clever gold and silver smiths, making filigree work and weaving gold thread.

The Battaks only eat prisoners of war or bad criminals. Formerly the habit of cannibalism among them was universal, and human flesh used to be sold in the country in open market, some chiefs eating it daily as a matter of liking. It is considered the greatest possible insult to a foe or punishment to eat him. Besides the question of economy is considered. At a feast it was cheaper to slaughter six slaves at 100 guilders than to kill six buffaloes at 150 guilders. When a distinguished person died two individuals customarily went through a lot of buffoneries at the graveside, after which they were killed and laid in the excavation, the coffin being placed on top of them. Cannibalism is more or less mixed up with the religion of these people, who have their wizards and witch doctors to practice incantations.

The Battaks build houses of planks and strong beams, placing them on piles for the advantage thus given in defending them. Many of their villages are on almost inaccessible pinnacles in the hills, favorite spots being little plateaus formed by the broadening of a mountain range. Commonly they are surrounded by palisades, with watch towers. Much art and industry is put into the carving and painting of the woodwork of the houses. An outbuilding serves as a sleeping place and council house, rice being stored in the upper part. No light is kept at night for fear of attracting ghosts, but in emergency candles of resin are used. Communal houses serve as sleeping places for the unmarried men, sometimes 100 of them together. Here are hung up the heads of slain enemies and other trophies.

Nearly all of the highest peaks in Sumatra are volcanoes, and most of these are active. In the immediate neighborhood of these mighty chimneys, which hurl out masses of ashes and stone, are the fertile lowlands, with a dense population. The destruction of 40,000 human lives by the eruption of Sumbawa in 1815, and the washing away of 16,000 people by "tidal waves," following the eruption of Krakato in 1883 are not solitary instances. —New York Sun.

**The Largest Crane.**

Absolutely the greatest mechanical giant in the world is now lifting stone on a new sea wall on the north coast of Scotland. Not even the monster cranes used for lifting the governmental great guns can compare with this Titan, as it is called. It is capable of lifting 100 tons, and it could pick up a modern locomotive with as much ease as the same locomotive draws a train of cars. It could lift the cubic contents of 100 carloads and strew them over a wide section of the landscape. Its daily work is the placing in position of fifty-ton blocks of granite, of which the new sea wall at Peterhead is being built.

The length of its arms, reaching out from the central point of support, is exactly 100 feet, and it can set a sixty-ton block in the sea 100 feet deep and 75 feet from the outer edge of the masonry wall. This long arm is balanced by a shorter weight arm that carries the engine house, with the machinery for moving the Titan forward or backward on a railroad set into the finished masonry, and to run out or in on the long arm a traveling car from which are suspended the four-sheaved blocks through which is received the cable that lifts the great pieces of stone. The Titan itself weighs 700 tons, and is built of steel. The long arm swings about on a turntable, just as a bridge swings over a river. The wall which it builds and then travels over as it slowly advances into the sea is nearly 50 feet wide. —Los Angeles (Cal.) Times.

Breaking Up and Breaking Down. "A man may be all broken up," said Mr. Billtops, "and yet not be broken down at all. Grief breaks us up, but we get over that, while a break down may mean a collapse, with recovery doubtful or difficult. In cold climates where ice forms in winter the rivers break up in the spring, and they are all in a turmoil then, but when summer comes, they flow along placidly. So it is with us. We may be all broken up and get over it, but a break down is quite another matter." —New York Sun.

**TEMPERANCE TOPICS.**

**NOTES OF INTEREST TO THE ANTI-LIQUOR LEAGUERS.**

The Drunken Old Colonel—How He Became a Faithful Follower of Christ—A Wonderful Act of a Drunken Man in a New York Village.

The Measure of Life.  
 Ten years a gracious Heaven gives  
 To make a man conscious that he lives.  
 Then twenty years of arduous sweat,  
 And hopes that dance with winged feet.  
 Another score to strive and weep  
 And bind youth's dreams with gyves of sleep.



And last the harvest twenty come. Reap, bind, and take the pathway home. —James Beckham.

**The Drunken Old Colonel.**

A gentleman engaged in mission work tells the following story of the conquering power of love: One night when the meeting was over he saw, still sitting on one of the seats, an old man, who was the despair of every mission worker, and who for years had lived mainly by begging and imposition. He had formerly been a member of a fine family, and a colonel of cavalry, but in the army he had learned to drink. He had sunk so low that the clothes upon him were scarcely more than rags, and he would stand upon the streets begging until he would have enough to get more liquor. He would come to the mission and seem very penitent, in order that he might impose upon the generosity of the people. And after he had been helped again and again, the patience of this gentleman gave way, and this night he came to him very roughly and ordered him to leave the room.

"Colonel," he said, "I am out of patience with you; you are a miserable fraud, and you know it, and I want you to get right out of here and never come back;" and taking hold of him he put him out into the darkness.

As he turned back into the room the thought came to him that he had not been manifesting the spirit of Jesus, and he went back to the door and looked to see if he could see the colonel; but the old man had gone out of sight. He went upstairs with a sore heart, realizing that he had been untrue to his Master.

He was not able to pray at the family altar that night, and eagerly waited for the next evening, that he might see the colonel and ask his forgiveness for the rude way in which he had treated him. But neither the next evening nor the next, nor for three weeks did he see the colonel again. And all this time his own heart had been growing very heavy, and his one prayer had been that God would send the old man back to the mission.

At the end of the three weeks he attended a meeting of earnest Christian workers in that city and told them how he felt, and asked them if they would not pray with him that God would let the colonel come back under his influence again. They spent a large portion of the hour in joining in this prayer, and when my friend went back to his mission that afternoon there sat the colonel. He went up to him, and said:

"Oh, colonel, I am real glad to see you. I cannot tell you how glad I am! I would rather see you than any one else on earth."

"Why," said the colonel, "you don't mean that! You don't mean that?"

"Yes," he said, "I do, and I am going to treat you just the best I know how."

So he led the old man into another room, and took off his clothes and bathed him with his own hands. And he said that upon his body there was not a spot where you could put your hand that was not covered with sores or vermin. And then he clothed him in soft raiment and took him to the barber to get his beard shaved off and his hair cut. And when the old colonel saw himself in the mirror he said: "Who is that man?" and could scarcely believe that he was the same person. That night he came and knelt at the mercy seat in the mission and rose up a new man, and has since been a faithful follower of Christ.

**Murdered His Brother.**

Plattsburg, N. Y., Telegram: Wednesday afternoon Patrick Conway shot and killed his defenceless brother James in cold blood. Margaret Conway, an aged widow, has lived for some time with her son Patrick in a small house in a lonely section Rand Hill, about eight miles from Plattsburg, in the township of Beekmantown. Her son James has lived with his wife and child at the house of his father-in-law, W. J. Goss, a quarter of a mile further on. Patrick went home drunk Wednesday afternoon about 4 o'clock. James was sitting in the kitchen talking with his mother, who was getting supper ready. Patrick was in an ugly humor, and at once commenced to foully abuse his mother, using vile and uncalled for language.

James expostulated with him, but this only made the drunken man more violent and abusive. He upset the supper table, smashing all the dishes, and then attempted to eject the brother from the house. James refused to go and when Patrick tried to put him off the two brothers clinched, and Patrick was thrown to the floor. This infuriated him greatly, and he rushed into an adjoining room, and securing his 44-calibre revolver from a bureau drawer, loaded it and returned to the kitchen, threatening to shoot his brother James unless he left the house. James, who was standing at the open door, refused to leave his mother alone under the circumstances, and dared Patrick to touch him. Thereupon they clinched again and Patrick pushed James out of the house and into the front garden, where he deliberately shot him, the heavy ball crashing through the left arm and down into the abdomen. Meantime the frantic mother rushed from the house and down the road to the home of her sister, a short distance away. James picked himself up and struggled along as far as the Goss house, where he fell in the road, his cries, however, attracting the attention of the family, who came to his assistance and carried him into the house, where he died in great agony just twenty hours later. Dr. Lyon of Plattsburg and Dr. Vaughan of Morrisonville were called and did what they could for the wounded man. Coroner Gilliland was called and took his ante-mortem statement yesterday morning. James Conway was about 35 years of age, and leaves a wife and child. The murderer, Patrick Conway, shortly after committing the crime, went to the home of his aunt and begged for more liquor, but he was refused admittance. He obtained liquor somewhere, however, and was seen drunk in the vicinity during the night and next morning. The officers were not notified of the crime until yesterday morning and Sheriff Vaughan and a policeman at once went to the scene of the crime. Houses and barns in the vicinity and the woods were thoroughly searched, but up to late last night no trace of the murderer had been found.

**Temperance Note.**

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne there were not more than a hundred abstainers among the ministers of the various religious denominations in the United Kingdom, no bishops and only about a dozen members of the medical profession. Today there are, according to returns just issued, two archbishops, fourteen bishops of English dioceses, many thousand clergymen of every denomination, and eight hundred physicians who are total abstainers. Moreover, one man in every three in the army is a teetotaler.

The use of intoxicating liquors brings no benefit whatever to him who uses it, but how much money is constantly spent for it by the workingman! I know the need he has for these dollars, and yet in the country at large the amount spent yearly is simply appalling. How many would be in comfortable circumstances but for this money spent in drink! Far better indeed did they burn the same. The saloonkeeper is the hardest taskmaster. The moment people take the pledge they learn the value of money, and afterward learn to work for themselves, and not the saloonkeeper. —Archbishop Ireland.

Without doubt men who drink no spirits hold out better and do their work better than those who drink. Armies made of men of the former class march better, hold up longer under fatigue, enjoy better health, can bear exposure better, and consequently are free from drunkenness suffer little from disease and crime. It lessens the power of resistance in exposure to great cold, and becomes dangerous to use it. It may excite for a time, but is always followed by great depression. This has been clearly demonstrated in Arctic explorations. In exposure to great heat the evidence is equally conclusive against its use. The array of testimony is indisputable. —Medical Brief.

It is night now, and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past sorrowful remorses for sins and shortcomings—memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that have long ceased to shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the starlight wreathed in the autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses a light keeps watch here and there, in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell, and the head bow as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it. —Thackeray.

Kansas has 388,000 children of school age.