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IN THE CHINA SEA

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER V.

[CONTINUED.]

"How, how, did you get—here?" he gasped, faintly.

"Oh, I got here all right enough!" I replied, with a grin. "I have ways of transportation that are unknown to you."

He had been very pale but seemed to grow whiter.

"I — thought — you — would — drown," he said.

I did not inform him that for some little time I had labored under the same impression myself.

"Oh, no! I never drown," I replied, nonchalantly.

Miss Arnold smiled. Mr. Snell seemed to grow every moment more ill at ease.

"What—are—you—going—to—do—with—me?" he asked, looking furtively at the rifle that was placed carefully out of his reach and easily in mine.

"Well, Gambok Snell," I answered sternly, "that is a problem the solution of which depends largely upon yourself. You know all the circumstances of my leaving San Francisco, as well as I do up to the day you threw me into the sea. From that time out, you probably know everything that has occurred in the fortunes of my two friends and Annie Ralston, while I know nothing. Now if you value life, you will obey my orders. Our first act will be to sail to Hong Kong, and I restore Miss Arnold here to her father. You have had no hand in her abduction, so far as I'm concerned. Then we will find Ralston and Langston, and then Annie Ralston. And upon the faithful assistance you give me in all these things depends your hope of life. Obey me implicitly, and you shall live. Disregard one of my commands, fail to find one of my friends, and I shall kill you by slow torture."

A peculiar look, partly of triumphant hate and partly of despair, came over his face.

"I cannot help you," he said.

"Why not?" I exclaimed impatiently. "Unless Langston must have left the Gambier when you did. Miss Ralston was on board the Ketoto, which has probably landed at Hong Kong before this. You are perfectly familiar with the course pursued in these deductions, and must either find Miss Ralston, if she is not already found by her brother, or you must take up to the whelp that got her out of San Francisco and sailed under the name of Sid Ross from Vancouver. There will be no play about this matter. You will do as I say, or you will die."

He shut his eyes and shook his head.

"I tell you, Meester Crickmore, I cannot help you. I do not even know where the friends of your friends. And the Ketoto was wrecked yesterday morning off the Chinese coast. No passengers have been found from her except three of the crew."

I sat silent, stunned by the terrible news.

He said it earnestly. A man so near death, and with no apparent object to be gained, would not lie on such a subject, I thought—especially now that it would be so much better for his own interests to return the girl to her friends, unharmed.

I could see that Miss Arnold, too, was touched with pity.

"Perhaps Miss Ralston has been saved by some passing vessel," she said, softly.

I shook my head dolefully.

"Is it possible that it is so, Gambok Snell?" I asked.

"No—not—is—possible. Nothing have been heard."

"Then there is but one course to be pursued," I said sadly. "We must get to Hong Kong, Miss Arnold, and you will be safe again with your father. Then I shall hunt up my two friends. They will have learned by that time of the loss of the Ketoto. It may be that Ralston will want some proof of his sister's death to satisfy his father. If so, we may look for it. Then we will return to America, sadder than we left, our journey all for naught."

"I am sorry," she answered softly as I saw a tear glisten on her cheek.

"I do not think it advisable to take any risks with that crew until morning," I continued. "It will, of course, be unpleasant for you to remain in this place over night; but I think you will agree with me that a little delay with safety is better than haste and uncertainty."

She thought a moment and said:

"I will do as you think best. I am anxious to get to my father; but if it seems better to you to wait till to-morrow, I will be content. I feel safe now."

A faint smile played around the mouth of Gambok Snell.

The events I have narrated took more time in passing than I had supposed even when I decided to remain on the island over night. Among the other costly articles worn by Cha Fong was a handsome watch. I took this from his body and put it in my vest pocket. I glanced at it, and found the time to be eight o'clock.

Gambok Snell dropped off into a doze. After a short time spent in planning for the following day, I said:

"Now, Miss Arnold, perhaps you had better retire. There will be enough excitement to-morrow for you to need your strength. You do not feel nervous about sleeping, do you?"

"No," she replied, "I do not feel nervous. I think I am becoming somewhat accustomed to danger; and as you say, I must rest and prepare for to-morrow's events."

"You will occupy that alcove behind the bronze screen," I said.

I noticed that Gambok Snell's eyeballs wavered.

She went behind the screen into the alcove. I closed the screen, and drew a couch across the front of it. I lay down on the couch and tried to rest. I did not dare go to sleep. Gambok Snell's wound was not necessarily dangerous, and he might be shamming his weakness. If so, he was capable of getting away to the yacht during the night, and perhaps killing us both before he went. But by half dozing a few minutes at a time I managed to rest a little.

Nothing disturbed the night. Miss Arnold on one side of me and Gambok Snell on the other slept soundly. I was glad both could do it, for I was anxious—for divers reasons—that both should be in good trim in the morning.

CHAPTER VI.

BATTLING AGAINST ODDS.

By daylight—or at least by the time it must have been daylight outside—Miss Arnold was astir. She appeared refreshed by her night's sleep, and had lost some of the anxious, worn look of the night before. The pallor was gone from her face. I noticed now, more particularly than I had before, how beautiful she was. I had thought Miss Ralston the handsomest girl I had ever seen, but my present companion now seemed to me to be even more lovely. Most truly, Cha Fong had had assistants whose judgment and taste in matters of feminine beauty could not be questioned.

I greeted her warmly, and she responded with like friendliness.

I had already partaken of my first breakfast, and, at my request, Miss Arnold ate some of the slop's portion.

"I am glad that this is my last meal of rice," she said gayly. "It is tremendous as steady diet."

"It is that," I replied. "I would give much for a good meal of meat and potatoes."

"I assure you that we shall have one when we reach my father's house in Hong Kong. Why, what are you going to do?"

This last remark was provoked by a deprecatory action on my part, toward the hideous idol. I tore the diamond necklace off and put it in my pocket. Then, by using some strength and a little skill, I loosened the finger rings that were doing duty for teeth and stowed them away, likewise.

"I may want these," I said, "when I get on land. Ralston has the letters of credit, and if I did not find him I would be without means of paying my way."

"Not at all," she replied, indignantly. "My father will gladly furnish all the money you want."

"I appreciate it, but diamonds are good currency almost anywhere, and there is quite a fortune here. Now let's see what else I want."

Gambok Snell was awake, and was watching us furtively, with his little mean eyes half shut. I spoke to him once, but he was sullen and did not answer. He had recovered some strength, and now, with care, would live.

I appropriated Cha Fong's elegant sword. Under his long silk robe he wore a handsome velvet jacket, sewed, covered prodigally with gold braid. It was little stained with his blood but I could not afford, just then, to be too particular.

"I think this will about fit me," I said, as I rolled him over and took off the jacket.

Miss Arnold stood watching me with an earnest, half amused look in her eyes.

I put on the gorgeous jacket, and then his cap, with a gold button on it. Then I pulled the shiny boots on his legs and put them on my own. They reached to my thighs. With the gold hilted sword buckled to me, I was dressed.

"There!" said I, fastening the sword-belt to my satisfaction. "I fancy I must present quite a formidable appearance."

"You certainly do," she replied, laughing. "And you will make a impression in Hong Kong, where the rank denoted by the button and braid will be recognized. You must take them off before landing."

"What is the rank? Do you know?"

"It's very high. Cha Fong was a favorite at the court of Pekin."

"Well, I may be a favorite there myself. Who knows? As a prisoner, charged with the murder of Cha Fong, I would, no doubt, receive great attention."

She shuddered and turned pale.

"I had not thought of that," she gasped. "Why, you will be beheaded." She seemed to be about to burst into tears.

"I don't think I will," I said confidently. Nor did I. "My first visit in Hong Kong will be to the American Consul. There will be no beheading there."

"It is an awful thought," said Miss Arnold, "and an eyewitness, too." She pointed to Gambok Snell, whose face was impassive and cool. What ever he was revolving in his mind he did not allow to become apparent in his face.

I shrugged my shoulders. I had my own plans about Mr. Gambok Snell. I did not think he would do me much harm after I once got out of him all the assistance I could get.

"Don't think of it," I replied. "Now we are ready to embark. I shall have to ask you to carry some things. You may carry the rifle and pistol, and, if you can, this bottle. Can you manage it?"

"Yes, easily," she replied, picking them up.

"Now, then, Gambok Snell, listen to me," I said, with all the ugly emphasis I could. "I am going to carry you on board the yacht. Your life depends on your faithful obedience to my commands. Do you understand?" He nodded sullenly.

"Very well!" You are to explain to the crew of the yacht that we are friends and I rescued you from Cha Fong's and are to be taken at once to Hong Kong. You can tell them they are to return then for their master. Do not think you can trifle with me. I will know by their actions whether you have obeyed me or not, and any evidence of treachery will be followed by your speedy death. Not one word of Cha Fong's fate. Do you fully comprehend now what is expected of you?"

He nodded again.

"Very well, then we will proceed."

I lifted Mr. Snell in my arms. He was no load for me. He did not move a muscle, and with my burden I led the way from the temple. Miss Arnold followed me, with rifle and pistol. I had also taken the precaution to get all the cartridges for the firearms that I could carry, and had a bag of them strapped around my waist.

There was evident surprise and consternation among the crew when they saw us emerge from the pit and make our way along the ledge of rock toward the companion ladder. I ordered Mr. Snell to tell them what I had before taught him to say, and he babbled something in Chinese. The men on the yacht became quiet and allowed us to approach without molestation. They eyed me severely and did not take kindly to my new uniform, particularly that part of it that was pierced by a bullet hole and stained with blood.

Through Mr. Snell I issued orders to take the ladder above and to get under way. My orders were obeyed.

I had placed Mr. Snell in a reclining position on the deck, and one of the crew brought him a pillow or cushion for his head. I watched him, with my rifle in my hands, alert and watchful. I had placed a chair for Miss Arnold near my own, and she sat down and calmly awaited events.

Of course, I did not know anything about the direction to Hong Kong. But I knew the way I had seen the yacht come toward the island twice, and I ordered Mr. Snell to put in that direction.

Slowly the little yacht moved away from the rock. The sails were hoisted, and, as there was a good breeze stirring, we were soon bowling along nicely.

Mr. Snell and I barely spoke to each other. I had all I could do to keep the run of affairs on the yacht. My companion sat passively looking out to sea. Now and then I saw him furtively glance at me, but if I turned my head so that I might look at him, he would be intent on the distant horizon.

In a short hour after leaving the island of Sa Fong we were speeding through the water at a considerable rate. Thus action the wave against the sides of the vessel was like music. It told me we were going home.

Gradually the island receded from view. The warm breeze bronzed my cheeks and refreshed me. The sky was clear. Here and there a white cloud scudded low over the water. It was a glorious day, and hatred and blood had seemed in consonance with all nature.

I was loth that we did not see the coast.

The island we had left behind could no longer be seen. We had been sailing three hours, and yet a third day's supply and water could be seen. There was a look in Mr. Snell's sneaking eyes, as he rolled them occasionally, that was not reassuring. I realized that we were absolutely at the man's mercy as though we were prisoners. But to demand more had made him my enemy, and I feared it.

As hour after hour passed, and still no land appeared, I grew restless. I feared something was wrong.

"How is this?" I asked, sternly of Mr. Snell. "Why do we not sight Hong Kong? Is not your course right?"

A slight smile flashed on his face.

"Did you know where Hong Kong was, why could you not see Mr. Crickmore to guide you?" he asked.

"Never mind that," I replied hastily. "How much longer will it be before we reach Hong Kong?"

"We will take—one—two—days," he said, slowly. "Hong Kong—is—much farther away than—this."

"But did not Cha Fong's men take the island to Hong Kong and get you and return yesterday?"

"No. He may be—he may say dead in another boat," he replied coolly.

I knew he lied. There was no suspicion that Miss Arnold and I could escape from us.

"Gambok Snell," I said, with all the menace I could throw into my voice, "bring this yacht around and put into Hong Kong inside of four hours, or you will be a dead man. Come now, quick."

He said nothing, but he gave up the helm, and the course of the yacht changed. Miss Arnold was evidently becoming alarmed. I saw that she was very pale, but she said nothing.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Mrs. Evangeline Booth-Booth (Commander) is back in Havana, Cuba.

WOMAN'S REALM

THE "HOLD-UP" NO MORE.

"Hands Off the Skirt" Is Now the Modistes' Warning.

The modiste is now busily impressing upon her fair patroness the lesson that is found rather difficult of learning. You must wear your fine gown and its under sheath of fine cambric and embroidery exactly as it is put on. In a word, it is forbidden to hold up the dainty ones of finery as you cross the pavement to enter your carriage or the crowded walk in front of the hotel.

The line is sharply drawn between the street dress and "walking length," just escaping the ground and never being upon it, and the carefully planned trailing skirt, which is meant for stately recession.

The "importer" or modiste who plans the costume declares it will be the ruin of your gown if you attempt to hold it up in a fit of economy, lest the excretion should be damaged. They say if you wear the dress at all you must wear it as it is and leave it alone, let the consequences be what they will. The "set" of the skirt will be ruined if you attempt to raise it at the sides. No woman likes to be told that her clothes are not set on straight, nor can she be happy if she imagines they look as if they were pitchforked upon her.

A trailing skirt is sometimes held in place by an inside arrangement of harness-like straps, which prevent the fulness from coming around to the front, where it is not desired. These straps become pulled out of place and unduly stretched if the train is held up at the side. It much stretched the India rubber bands lose their elasticity. The material gives way a little, and strains the seam at the side or back of the skirt to which it is attached. The skirt shows signs of the mending and constant fitting and loses its freshness, which it is impossible to obtain again.

It is better to let the skirt hang down naturally, and leave it to your maid to brush or repair the hem should it be required. Wear a walking dress on dusty street excursions, and reserve your trailing gown for occasions when you can safely wear it. But when once it is an respect the graceful arrangement of draperies and let them fall as they are meant to. It is a piece of "penny wise, pound foolish" conduct to wear a handsome trailing gown and pull it up and down as you walk, crushing it by gathering the folds in your hand.

There is nothing more graceful than a trailing gown in its proper sphere, in the reception room or dining hall, on the hotel piazza or walking across the specially clipped green turf of a well-trimmed lawn.

The slender girl looks well with a trailing skirt, and the short and plump young gain added dignity and height from wearing a trained skirt. It is fashionable to be tall nowadays, so we must follow the effect of added inches if we cannot come by them naturally.

The Countess Waldersee.

Since Count Waldersee has been chosen to command the German troops in China his American wife has engrossed much the attention of the American press. She is probably the richest and most influential American woman in Europe, and as she is to a considerable extent in public life, there is nothing out of the way in her mention the newspapers pay to her. But most of the current newspaper notices that concern her are mistaken in one of two exasperating particulars. Most of them say she was the daughter of David Lee, of New York, which is true, and that she became the morganatic wife of the Prince of Schleswig-Holstein, who gave up his title to marry her. It is true that she married the Prince, and that he gave up his title to marry her, but princes do not give up their titles when they make morganatic marriages, and this marriage of Miss Lee to the Comte de Noer, who had been Prince of Schleswig-Holstein, was not morganatic, but it was a lawful marriage without qualification or limit. The Comte de Noer became Prince de Noer, and his wife at his death continued to be the Princess de Noer. After her first husband's death she came back to America, and spent a year or more. Several years after that she was married to Count Waldersee. The provokingly spicy thing is she has never been back to this country since she first went abroad as a bride. Also the story that her second marriage followed somewhat speedily after the death of her first husband. Harper's Weekly.

Coiffures of Pompeii.

Do fashy ladies in Pompeii are to be seen small round or square frescos, from six to twenty four inches in diameter, like medallions, painted on the walls, which portray the faces of people who were probably the inmates or owners of the house.

Among the portraits of women are to be seen features clearly recognizable as those of great dames of the period, whose coiffures are of nearly every century known to the fair sex. Some of the frescos are indeed curious. One, for instance, portrays the bust of some old woman who wears a handkerchief like bandage tied across one eye. In some the hair is piled high on the head, and in others it rises in studied disorder. There are heavy coils of hair hanging over the shoulders; there are fringes and curls on the forehead. Some have it divided in the centre, passing in heavy folds close to the temples and over the ears, while others keep it bound up in a net of gold thread. Some wear delicate veils; golden pins hold back the raven locks of others, either en masse or waved in little ridges. Many of the faces are peculiarly pleasing and even modern in their charm. Especially interesting are the pretty coral and pearl earrings which shine from under the masses of luxuriant hair. A few are coral and gold pendants, others are simple drops, but all seem proportioned to the styles in which the hair is arranged.

The Heart of a Rosebud.

Artificial light is required to bring out the full rose-colored tints of some of the finer crepe de chines and nun's veilings. They have a yellowish look by daylight, like the inside of an apricot or a peach, and the veiling is not so pretty as by gas or electric light, or by the candle or oil lamplight, when it suddenly develops into a deep color like the heart of a pink rose. Be careful in making up such a frock to choose a lining of deep rose, and not the pallid yellowish shade of the veiling by daylight. It is an exploded fiction that the lining must match the veiling exactly. Some colored fabrics require deepening, just as others require to be toned rather than heightened by the lining. You can line a veiling with cambric or silkolene instead of with taffeta. It is not sheer enough to show through, and it is "only the feel" of the silk lining, as the dressmaker will tell you, which is desirable. A fine quality lining of cotton will probably outwear one of silk, other things being equal.

A Girl's Expenses in Berlin.

The average cost of living of the American girl student is from fifty to seventy-five dollars a month. To keep her expenditures within the latter sum, of course, necessitates the exercise of rather strict economy. If this money be spent judiciously, however, she may have a taste of all the comforts of life, and even of some of its luxuries. The lessons from the masters cost from five to ten dollars each, and the girl who brings sufficient training from home will profit much from her weekly audience with a great teacher. Rooms in the fashionable quarters of Berlin are expensive, although after the third story is passed there is a decrease in price, the nearer one gets to heaven. The style of living is much more simple than in America, and the plainest meal is generally well cooked and nourishing. From "The American Girl Musician Abroad," by Edward A. Steiner, in the Woman's Home Companion.

Fashion's Mysterious Decree.

The most obscure of fashion, the whys and wherefores of which are usually past finding out, the reason for the double veil is a mystery.

When two veils are worn together the one next the face is of white, with large black dots, while the outer veil is of the old-time heavy blue, green or brown. This is lightly fastened to the hat at the top, and falls in folds about the shoulders.

The black veil with one or two large dots in its expanse is likely to retain its popularity, since the dot, like the once fashionable but of court plaster, has a tendency to enhance the beauty of the wearer.

The black veil with one large dot of velvet, which is one of the new arrivals, is conspicuous and not likely to gain wide popularity.

Bangles in Animal Shapes.

A tendency to rival the zoo in variety of animal forms in her bangles and dangles is one of the traits of the up-to-date girl. Pigs, turtles, alligators, bumblebees, spiders and everything from Pelay bears to roosters hang from her chatelaine bracelet and necklace, and the girl who can display the largest assortment is the envied of her companions. These stylish little ornaments vary in size from a quarter of an inch to two inches and a half in length, and are made of silver, gun metal and gold. One girl seen recently had attached to her neck chain a lizard, a cat in the act of hissing, an elephant, a turkey's foot, a startled looking mouse and a dragon fly.

University For Women in Japan.

Work is to be begun at once on the first university for women in Japan, and it is expected that the building will be in readiness to open in the spring of 1901. A large number of students are already promised. Through the untiring efforts of Mr. M. J. Naruse the obstacle of lack of funds has been overcome. Many rich men of influence have become interested, Marquis Ito leading with a large subscription. The wealthy Mitsui family has made a princely gift of a piece of land, containing several acres, for a site located in the rich east suburbs of Tokio.

Metal Ends For Ties.

The ends of all velvet or ribbon bows, which are among the popular novelties in trimmings, are furnished in some way with metal attachments. These are in gilt, silver or bronze, in the form of spades or spikes, and ferrets. The latter are made in varying widths, for wide or narrow ribbons, the ends of which slip in between the double metal sides. These are ornate with scrollwork, and in the more expensive examples have insects of jewels. The newest bow in hand ties all show these metal finished ends.

Plaid Handkerchiefs in Vogue.

Plaid handkerchiefs are among the newest specialties. They are not bold in design nor glaring in colors, but are modestly plaided across with hair lines of red, blue or violet, and are only to be carried with morning costumes. They are also suitable for school use.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

To Maidens—Should Be Used to It—Had Never Told Her—From Their Point of View—In the New Era—Barbarians—A Definition, Etc., Etc.

But believe what you please
When they swear they adore you,
Let them rest on their knees,
But believe what you please—
Let them argue and tease
If the thing doesn't bore you,
But believe what you please
When they swear they adore you.
—Smart Set.

Should Be Used to It.

Mamma—"Bobbie, it grieves me so to have you naughty!"

Bobbie (strictly logical)—"But why should it, mamma? I was always so."

Had Never Told Her.

The Wife—"I came very near not marrying you, John."

The Husband—"Yes. I know; but I had no idea you were on to the fact."—Smart Set.

From Their Point of View.

First Ape—"And some apes have developed into men?"

Second Ape—"So they say."

First Ape—"Well, thank goodness! some of us have escaped!"—Puck.

In the New Era.

"I stand on my record," shouted the woman who was running for office.

"What for?" demanded a little red-headed rooster in the crowd; "are you trying to keep it out of sight?"

Barbarians.

"There ought to be a law against selling guns to barbarians," said the man in the corner seat.

"There is. Fire arms must not be sold to small boys."—New York World.

A Definition.

Little Willie—"Pa, why do they call them 'minor poets'?"

Pa—"Because they ought to be working with a pick and shovel instead of writing poetry, my son."—Tit-Bits.

The Only Possibility.

He—"Nothing could ever come between us, could it, dear?"

She—"I can't think of a single thing, unless I should happen to become engaged to some other man."—Harper's Bazar.

Resembled Mother.

[illegible] uncle, lieutenant? Your father has such a heavy growth of beard."

"Yes, my dear, but with respect to whiskers I am more like my mother than my father."—Sondags Nisse.

Well Supplied.

"John," she said, "I must have a cyclopaedia."

"Thunderation!" exclaimed Mr. Parvenu. "You've got a bicycle and a motocycle now. What do you want of any more of those cycle things?"

Too Much Naval Etiquette.

"The navy is out of powder again, Mr. Secretary."

"Impossible! What's become of the supply?"

"The warships used it up in saluting salutes for their commanders."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Good Alarm Clock.

Employer—"I congratulate you on that new baby of yours, Higgins."

Higgins—"Thank you, sir."

Employer—"And I have no doubt that hereafter you will be waked up early enough mornings to get to the office every day on time."—Somerville Journal.

A Good Scheme.

Tourist—"Do these scarecrows save your crops?"

Farmer—"They work first rate. You see, every tramp that comes along crosses the fields to see if th' clothes is wu'th stealin', w'ich they ain't, an' that scares th' crows away."—New York Weekly.

Bad Place to Die In.

Osmond—"My wife has turned our drawing room into a 'den.'"

Desmond—"Well, that's all right, isn't it?"

Osmond—"I don't know; if I should die I'd hate awfully to be laid out under a red and yellow Jap umbrella."—Indianapolis Journal.

He Learned the Reason.

"Yes," mused the Hashfed Philosopher, "a clock stocking is so called because—"

The Port Clerk bent eagerly forward.

"Because," went on the first speaker, "because it always strikes one."—Syracuse Herald.

Optional.

"How long can you stay under water?" asked the curious person.

"Permanently, if I choose," replied the professional diver, who had answered the question several hundred times before. "But I prefer to come to the surface every once in a while to breath."—Chicago Tribune.

Airy.

"You know," said Senator Sorghum, reproachfully, "I told you that what I wanted from you was a good breezy speech."

"Well," answered the professional orator, "I thought that was what I gave you. Nearly everybody who heard it said my arguments were only wind."

The Savage Bachelor.

"It is a woman's privilege to change her mind," said the Sweet Young Thing.

"From what I know of the critter it is her duty," said the Savage Bachelor, and the glare he got from the newly married boarders kept him a good humor all the rest of the day.—Indianapolis Press.

POWER OF THE PRESS.

An Apostrophe to the Man With a Pen by President Aylesworth.

President Barton O. Aylesworth delivered a very able address before the late gathering of the Colorado Editorial Association, saying among other things:

"If you name any good things in the world I will show you that the press is its common carrier to take it to the people. I think not only of the great dailies—they are the captains—but I think also of the able hosts, the weekly journals.

"I think not alone of the famous men in the watch towers, signaling and guiding, but also of the busy, overworked, obscure, faithful hordes who work on the level below; sub-editors, reporters, compositors, down to the newsboy, who cries the morning air with his signal or vesper heralding of the great world's doings and misdoings.

"A great company it is, with greater temptation to be cowardly and time-serving than has any other body of men on earth, but who, in my judgment, are as a whole the least cowardly and the least venal.

"You can make and unmake wars. You can elect and regulate rulers. Senates, Congresses and Cabinets fearfully from the ground swell from the cylinders of the printing room. Crowds grow grotesque and nobody under your electric light. Spectres become dwindle and sicken into nonentities when you have put the death mark on them. Crime hides from your keen-eyed searchers and cuts its deeds in hair. Good and kindly enterprises spread, and flourish to a rich harvest under your true-flying sunlight.

"Don't be ashamed of the pen. Moses used it on tables of slate amid the mountains, trembling that the ages might read the laws. The Nazarene used it as He wrote in the sand and gave the sinner another chance. Paul used it when he widened Christianity from Judaism to the world. It made the Magna Charta. It wrote the Declaration of Independence and the act of emancipation.

"The angel guard of all the world is represented as penning our life's record and names in the book of life."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A timid, irresolute, and self-conscious man will often be cruel when a large hearted and self reliant man would be tender and generous. The latter gives strength and confidence to all with whom it mingles. They feel his influence and partake of his nature. They grow stronger for his strength and learn from his courage.

Anger, wrote the great historian, Clarendon, is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it offends nothing, it goes about, and hurts, be men who is possessed by it more than the other against whom it is directed.

Discontent is the worm of self reliance; it is infirmity of will. Regret enfeebles it, for it can hardly help the sufferer, if not, attend your own work and already the evil begins to be repaired.

Watch narrowly the demonstration of a truth, follow it and trace back the effects to its spring and source within, as where fronds radiance vast, to its focal ray by ray.

The comfort and success in life depend so much on other relations to other people that it would seem we ought to give personal attention to the art of being happily with them.

All real comfort, in one of parents and children, and in those brothers and sisters, does depend upon an implied assurance that each shall others shall share it.

It takes a lifetime of experience to teach us that we are our own best friend, that we are our own worst enemy we never learn.

Love is the wondrous aura of life that falls as it fill the stones of sorrow and suffering from the pathway of duty.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yours it out.

Big Money For Mules.

Mr. John Tonch, son of Captain W. S. Tonch of the stock yards, has figured up how much money the war in Africa has poured into the coffers of the mule men of this country, to say nothing of the amount paid for horses, and which is being paid all along. The figures are rather startling and make a necessary man wish that the war would continue for some time to come, if the English will continue to want mules and horses, and if they can be persuaded to buy them here. Since they have been buying them here the English have bought 50,000 mules in this country for shipment to South African and other points. For these they have paid an average of $75. The complete amount then that the English have paid into the coffers of the mule men of this country is $3,750,000.—Kansas City Journal.

Don't Take Your Business Home.

Draw the line when the door is closed. There is enough of worry and work and detail in the hours given for labor without taking your business to your home and to bed. Every man needs the hours of rest he is supposed to take. The problems will be clearer and brighter and solve themselves more readily by going at them with a mind fresh from rest. Let the key of the store door lock in your worries and problems of business hours. It is enough that we are compelled to spend the twelve or fourteen hours of each day in their solving. It is due us that we take the rest, it is due our families that they have us and not our troubles. They probably have some and enough of their own. We'll be better business men in the keeping of this one particular "don't" well before us.