

At times it seems that life consists of relative importances and important relatives; and many who are wise about saying "yes" and "no" in the impersonal matters cannot be so sure when it comes to the personal complications. It is easier to decide that you will buy a spring hat or go a journey or build a house or make a speech or write a book or cast up tangled accounts than it is to decide that you will obey your uncle or placate your second cousin or deceive your husband or defy your grandmother. This is the world and we must live in it. We cannot climb up a tree and pull the rope and ladder after us. One cannot dwell in the ground in a hole with a rock all over it. We may wish we could hibernate, with the quills all pointing outward against the hand of a rash intruder, and our ears closed against his voice, but we cannot. We can insulate wires but not nerves. As long as we live we are subject to impetuous demands, commands, advice, pity, rebuke, counsel, gossip, invasion, and interruption. Our dream is to lead our own lives, and we are not allowed. What "they" might think, what "they" wish us to do, what "they" believe is proper, what "they" have mapped and determined—these are to be the finger-posts of our journey. Where is our liberty, and where the punishment for the crimes that are committed against it? Has the immortal soul upon its earthly pilgrimage no rights that others are bound to respect? Are we not grown and do we not know our minds and accept the full responsibility of our own acts?

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend." We should grieve if none minded what way we took. We are touched by the solicitude of those who really care, and make our best and lasting interest their concern. But it is another matter in the case of those who serve some selfish end that is all their own, or are bent on maintaining a sterile academic convention that is only the cut-and-dried husk of dead things and not the living soul of an eternal verity.

The spirit of a man must be given room to grow; and when it has been taught and nurtured until it has attained its self-control and its "divine majority" it must be released to its own choices, its own responsibilities and its own doom. There is time and it is right to encourage in any way we can one whose life struggles upward to the light; but when we think of breaking down the barrier that hedges the privacy of another life we should long and seriously ponder it before hand—for this is holy ground wherein the angels fear to tread.

Who are we that we should venture even the effort to alter another's course, not knowing all that went before, nor understanding the environment, nor having facts in mind nor proofs in hand, and perhaps not even having love in our hearts? What have we done or been that qualifies ourselves to sit in judgment? Have we made such glowing and complete successes of our own lives that we can infallibly tell others what to do? If we behold others near the curving brink of a moral cataract of precipitate disaster, we should do wrong if we did not rush to the man and fling a shout and a rope to avert the peril. But in life there is much impertinent intrusion to rescue the perishing where there is no grave danger, and the rescuer knows it, and he intervenes not from love or care but from the "insatiable curiosity" that grows by what it feeds on and never stays at home or keeps office hours to mind its own business.

We have enough to do to live, without keeping others from the freest and fullest use of all the powers that God gave them. They ought to concede to us the same right to lead untraveled lives that we grant to them. "The soul selects her own society," as Emily Dickinson says, Hamlet found those of his own household "a little more than kin and less than kind." Genealogy has little or nothing to do with congeniality. We must have the privilege of putting out our hands in what direction we choose to take the riches of friendship; we cannot have that precious possession imposed by the will of another. A mother rightly dictates or controls the choice of her children's associates, but once comes to full-fledged maturity the selection for better or for worse must be our own.

What shall be said of the "assassin of character," who, where they neither know nor care to know, circulate false witness and create anguish thereby?—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

NO RHYME ON REASON

When Mary starts to board a car,  
Just see how heaven had men are;  
Why don't they turn their heads,  
Why should they look at Mary's hair?  
—Cincinnati Inquirer.

Those high top cars are a disgrace,  
They are entirely out of place.  
The distance truly should be half,  
Then Mary wouldn't show her ankles.  
—Detroit News.

When Mary starts to dance a bit  
Men folks nearly have a fit;  
If more clothes her form did drape,  
Mary wouldn't show her disposition.  
—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Mary steps across the gutter—  
Oh, the mean things men do utter;  
Mary's anger 'gins to rankle,  
Why should they talk about her et-  
—Pittsburgh Times-Record.

How a Curate's Daughter Became a Marchioness.

By EDITH V. ROSS

One day when the Marquis of Ballyshannon was hunting, hot and thirsty, he came to a well from which a girl was drawing water. Dismounting, he went toward her and asked her for a drink. She told him that she would be happy to give him one, but there was no cup at hand. The marquis said that he would drink from the bucket. At this the girl made a grimace, looking from the marquis to the bucket, as much as to say, "It's no fit thing for a gentleman to drink from." Then, making a cup of her two hands, she dipped them in the bucket, filled them with the cool water and offered the marquis a drink from the improvised cup.

Though the girl was but a country lassie, her hands were beautifully shaped, and while the marquis was drinking he looked up into her two liquid eyes and drank of the soul behind them as well as of the water within her hands. Not a great deal of water can be held in such a cup, certainly not enough to quench the thirst of a hot and tired huntsman. So the marquis drank a number of times from the improvised receptacle, and every time he looked into the girl's eyes till at last he drew drafts of love.

When he was about to drink any more he left a kiss in the cup, withdrew, mounted his horse and rode away. The girl stood looking after him till he reached the crest of a rise in the ground, when he turned, threw her a kiss from the tip of his fingers, then descended the opposite side of the declivity and was lost to sight.

Somehow after this the marquis could not refrain from thinking of the lass, and the lass was constantly dreaming of the marquis. But it was a long while before they met again.

There was war between landlord and tenant in those times, and all Ireland was in commotion. A landlord riding on a lonely road was shot; another receiving an unknown visitor was found a short time afterward stabbed to the heart. At the height of the trouble the Marquis of Ballyshannon was riding to his home one evening after dark when he saw a figure stop from the side of the road into the middle of it in front of him. On account of the troublous times he went armed, and, drawing a pistol from his holster, he cocked it and aimed at the figure in the road.

"Don't shoot," came a woman's voice, spoken in a low tone. "I'm here to warn you."

"Who are you?" asked the marquis. "I'm the girl that made the cup of her two hands for you to drink from. Don't go any farther by the road. Cross the field and go into your place by the rear gate."

"Why should I do that?"

"Two men are waiting for you to kill you."

The marquis made no reply to this for a few minutes. He was thinking. Presently he said:

"I am armed. Why should I be tarred from entering my own grounds at the front?"

"Because you'll see no enemy. They're concealed."

The girl by this time was standing very near the marquis. Bending down, he kissed her, then turned his horse to the field, as she had advised, and, crossing it, rode safely in through his rear gate. As he was doing so he heard a shriek. Turning, he rode back to the road. It was too dark for him to see anything distinctly, but as he left the field he heard a moan which seemed to come from the road on which he had entered. Then he caught sight of a dark substance lying in the road. It was a woman.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Kathleen."

He did not know the name, but he recognized the girl who had made the cup for him and had only a few minutes before saved his life by warning him. He did not doubt that she had paid the penalty for doing so. Taking her up in his arms, he carried her—leading his horse by the bridle—back across the field, through the gate and into his home. There he laid her on a lounge and sent one of his servants for a doctor. The girl had been hit by a bullet and stunned. When she was able to give an account of what had happened, she said that the two men who were lying in wait for the marquis came on the ground a few minutes after he had left the road, and, finding Kathleen and assuming that she had warned him, one of them struck her. But the other had interfered and saved her from what would have been a fatal blow. Hearing a horse's hoofbeats and not knowing who was approaching, they had made off just as the marquis returned.

Kathleen was the daughter of a farmer. A servant maid had heard the two men, her brothers, planning to kill the marquis and had told her mother. Kathleen had thus taken steps to prevent the murder.

Kathleen was not able to leave the place where she was cared for for some time, and when she did, the marquis took her in his carriage and was domiciled with the farmer, her father.

And this is the story of how a simple country girl became the Marchioness of Ballyshannon. She was much beloved by the people in her neighborhood, for she spent much of her time among the poor ministering to their wants.

STRAYED—ONE BLACK AND white spotted hog, kinky hair, would weigh about 150 pounds when he left my home. Mark: Half moon in each ear and swallow fork in the right. Finder will be rewarded by returning same to J. Z. Hudson, Dunn, N. Z. N. C. 11—Pd.

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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CHURCHES?

Presbyterian churches in New York City on a recent Sunday showed a significant decrease in the size of congregations compared with 10 years ago. Membership in those churches has decreased 2,109 in this period, but attendance has fallen off 1,500. Although this comparison is for a single Sunday only, and therefore not an altogether conclusive test of church attendance, it is undoubtedly true that there has been a general decline in church attendance and that the Presbyterian is not different from other denominations in this respect. As one minister points out, many people holding membership in Manhattan churches live in distant burrows and therefore attend their own church but occasionally.

Yet in small cities where this explanation does not apply churches are confronted with the same problems of diminishing attendance. The church was never so equipped as it is today with organizations for social activities of a helpful sort, and never before were so many people at work in carrying on these activities; but the fact remains that the obligation to go to church on Sunday sits altogether too lightly on the minds of the rank and file of Church members.

A changed conception of Sunday itself has much to do with this condition. Sunday has become the great out-of-doors day—a time for "week-end" visits and entertainments, the principal day of the week for pleasure. This use of Sunday has invaded the ranks of the Church. The difference between the Sunday of a church member is that occasionally, when nothing more important seems to conflict, the former goes to Church.

A Presbyterian elder, who is also a banker, is quoted in one of the papers as saying that the remedy is to enlist "young hustlers" in the ministry, so that Churches may be brought up to the times in methods and equipment. But the churches are not behind the times in methods and equipment. "Young hustlers" would be a good thing to have in the ministry, nor would it be out of place to have a crop of "young hustlers" in the pews.

Possibly the surest and best way to fill the pews would be to begin with the young, training the children of the Sunday school to attend the church as well as Sunday school and instilling in their minds a sense of loyalty to the Church's services of worship.—From Leslie's Weekly.

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