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THE ONE-STORY MAN.

There are hores in great profusion in this world we habitate,
And we're pretty sure to strike 'em where-ever we navigate
There's the man who knew your brother in the days of long ago;
There's the man whose mouth prolific is forever on the flow;
But they're blessings in comparison—I stand them very well—
If you'll keep away the man with just one story he can tell!

I have met him in Chicago, I have met him in St. Lou;
I ignored him up in Ogden, though his face and form I knew;
I have met him in Tacoma, in Seattle—everywhere—
Till you'd think his little repertoire would grow, but I declare
He performs that same old solo, though he never did it well—
It's a pain to meet this man with just one story he can tell!

For he always wants to tell it—that's the saddest part of all;
And his story knows no season—Winter, Summer, Spring, or Fall.
He can tell it just as poorly to a crowd as tete-a-tete;
He will wake to tell it early and stay up to tell it late.
He is callous to the chimings of the busy chestnut bell—
He must tell it, for, alas! it's all the story he can tell!

Some sweet day some outraged human will relax his self-control,
Then a horny-handed sexton must get out and dig a hole
In the sod amid the granite shafts that rear their heads on high,
While we stifle wicked wishes that concern the by and by.
Won't there be a mighty scramble for a chance to ring the knell
Of this poor, deluded man with just one story he can tell?

—S. W. Gillman, in Los Angeles Herald.

THE PLOT THAT FAILED AND WHY.

By RALPH ENDERBY.

"Mercy, Michael!—the last man I'd have thought of seeing in Liverpool. Where have you been all these years?"

"Where have you been, Dick? I haven't roamed very far from Tat's Corner, but you!—why, nobody's heard a breath of you for the last six years or more."

Dick Corbett laughed recklessly, and looked at his one-time chum, Michael Fenwick, in—as the latter thought—a peculiarly defiant way.

"No; they haven't; but, as that is my business, and not anybody's, just be content, my son, to know that I've been 'sailoring' in nearly every sea, and that now I'm chief mate of the fastest little fruit steam 'tramp' that trades between Liverpool and the Spanish ports."

"Have you a vacancy for a 'forrad hand'?"

"Who for—for you- Why!—what's pretty little Kitty about that she's letting you go to sea?"

"Never mind Kitty, Dick!—I'm going to sea again, because things have been a bit rough round about Tat's Corner lately.

[illegible] as if any reference to his [illegible] the other was distaste[illegible] for he clearly [illegible] [illegible], since [illegible] had [illegible] was changed, and for the worse; he was no longer the "good fellow" of old days.

For the moment Dick was inclined to resent Michael Fenwick's evident disinclination to bring Kitty Hazell's name into the conversation, but thinking better of it, he brought his hand suddenly down upon Michael's shoulder.

"Look here, old chap!" he said, with a show of good-natured frankness that quite deceived the other. "I don't want to poke my nose into your love affairs; I've lived out my soft side, and don't care a 'rope-yarn-end' for the trimmest petticoat that walks the earth. If you want a berth on the Eri King you can have it—I'm going aboard now; come along, and you can sign on, and finish the business."

The two men were standing by the high wall which bounds the Albert dock, and but a few yards from the dock gates.

"When do you sail?" asked Michael, as he went up the Eri King's gangway.

"Day after [illegible]," returned the mate over his shoulder.

"Time enough to send a letter to Tat's Corner and get a reply."

"Yes," muttered Dick Corbett as he unlocked the door of his cabin in the alleyway opposite the engine room hatch.

"You can write your letter here," he continued, "before you sign on. After that, for the sake of discipline, I can't say anything to you much in the daytime—but at night, middle watch sometimes, we'll have a chance for a 'palaver.'"

Michael Fenwick's letter was to Kitty Hazel. It was not a long one; just saying that "she must not think badly of him for leaving her in this way, and that an unexpected meeting with Dick Corbett had made things easier and the future more hopeful."

He was addressing the envelope, when Dick, who had left him for 10 minutes, returned.

The mate's eyes gleamed viciously as he caught sight of the superscription over the other's shoulder.

"Shall I post it for you?" he said.

"No, Dick—or, Mr. Corbett, I suppose I ought to say—no, thanks. I've got to go after my 'duds' to the boarding house."

The other tried hard not to appear disappointed, and so far succeeded as to awaken no suspicion in Michael's mind of any desire to tamper with the letter.

The new A. B. then signed on; agreed to be on board the following afternoon and left the ship.

Had he but turned around as he went down the gangway he would not have failed to see such an expression on Dick Corbett's face as the latter stood watching, with his arms on the rail, as would have set him thinking that the easiness of things, and the hopefulness of the future, were not quite so substantial as they appeared to be.

So he posted the letter in the first pillar box and the play went on.

Tat's Corner was a quaint little old-world fishing village on the west coast, where, seven years before, Dick Corbett and Michael Fenwick idled as inseparable companions.

[illegible] with a girl of 16 only, pretty and sweet enough to turn the heads of more than one young fellow in the place. But from the first, Dick made the running.

One thing he did not know; that his friend was, behind his back, scheming to supplant him in Kitty's affections; using as his principal tool the girl's own father, Joshua Hazell; the drunkenest fisherman in all the fleet that sailed out of the little harbor of Tat's Corner.

Kitty's would-be lover played upon the old fisherman's weakness to such an extent that in a short time things seemed ripe for a declaration on his—Corbett's part.

Fortunately however, for Michael [illegible] the weekend, through [illegible] the old fisherman, a [illegible] was changed, and for the worse; the conse[illegible] night, with a little mut[illegible] have been averted.

* * * *

The Eri King was preparing to warp out of dock, and Michael Fenwick, sick with disappointment at not having had a reply from Kitty, was listlessly climbing up a rope on the fo'castle head.

The chief mate was standing by the break rail, shouting orders to the man in charge of the steam winch, when, casting his eyes for a moment quaywards, he saw a girl's tearful face looking up at that part of the ship.

He could not take advantage of her proximity to speak to her; besides, Michael was too close for that action to be quite prudent—so he made a virtue of necessity, and called his subordinate's attention to his sweetheart's presence on the quay.

It would have been rank subordination to leave the ship, even for five minutes, so all Michael could do was to lean over the rail and speak to her.

"You shouldn't have come," he said, first looking round to see that there were not immediate listeners. "We shall cast off in less than 10 minutes."

"I couldn't let you go without saying goodby, Michael."

"Yes, I know; it was wrong of me to leave you without a word; but I did it for the best, Kitty."

"Don't say anything more about that, Michael—I just want you to promise me one thing."

"What is it?"

"Promise me you'll do what I've asked you in this!"

As she spoke the last word she threw on board a piece of paper wrapped round something hard. It fell at his feet, and he picked it up on the instant, and put it in his pocket.

"You mustn't remain any longer, Kit!" (even then the ship had begun to move away from the quay), "I'll remember. Good by!"

"Good by, dear".

At that moment Corbett called him to do something, and when he looked round again the steamer was a hundred yards from the quay; all he could see being a little figure waving a white handkerchief.

When they were well in the Mersey and fairly on their way seaward he took out and read Kitty's last little note of appeal.

It was not really a letter; it was just a request in one sentence:

"For your own safety's sake, dear, and for love of me, beware of Dick Corbett."

Nothing more. And Michael knew for the first time that his sometime friend had not only been false to him, but that he had also to fear his present enmity and perhaps violence.

* * * *

At six bells, first watch, Michael was relieved, and before descending to the fo'castle stood leaning on the rail, looking at the seething, rushing water.

Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder. It was mate, Dick Corbett.

"Cold to-night, Michael," he said.

"Ay—it is that."

"Makes you think of—of firesides and Kitty, our Kitty—eh, Michael?"

"Let Kitty's name alone!"

"No offense, mate. But she's not yours yet."

"As good as mine. Only this one contract, and then——"

"You may never finish this one, my son; the Eri King isn't much of a boat; she's old and cranky, while seas are rough and winds high."

"Well, if we go, we go, but if Kitty can't be mine she shan't be another man's."

"Sure of that?"

"Sure as death!"

"Hope you're right, my boy! Hope you're right—but—I have my doubts."

"Of Kitty?" queried Michael fiercely.

"I don't know! Let's change the subject. Come down to my cabin and have a nip—there's no one aboard."

Needs one to barter duties of hard thoughts, Michael assented, and the two men went below to the mate's cabin.

Up above, the roaring of the elements: down below, the doing of Satan's work.

Michael's lips were no sooner put to the glass than he was conscious of something uncanny about it.

There was no delay in its effect. Seeming to madden and burn like vitrol, it produced an instant sense of suffocation, but fortunately not of blank unconsciousness.

Except the "lookout" in the bows, and the man at the wheel, aft, there was not a soul to see Dick Corbett stagger on to the poop deck with the inert body of Michael over his shoulders.

At Tat's Corner Kitty Hazell sits, under the lee of some rocks on the beach, wearily mending her nets.

There are half a score of other women, young and old, working around her, but she speaks to no one; and, with the sympathy of their kind they leave her severly alone.

By and by, the old man who performs the duties of letter carrier and Corner, and its neighborhood, is seen to be hobbling towards the beach.

"What be owd Maartin a doin' 'ere now, I wunner?" said an old dame sitting close by Kitty.

The remark was sufficient to make the girl raise her head.

As she did so, the old postman saw her looking at him, and waved something above his head.

"Kitty Hazell, it's a message for 'ee," he said, putting the orange-colored envelope into her trembling hand.

With feverish eagerness she tore it open.

It was from the house surgeon of a large Liverpool hospital.

"Michael Fenwick brought here on landing from Braga, Portugal. Is seriously ill. Wishes to see you."

* * * *

"Kit," said Michael, sobbing, in his weakness like a child, "you will [illegible] forgive me for not keeping [illegible] lse."

"Yes, dear, I forgive you, for you have suffered more."

"One more question, Kit."

"Well, [illegible] Michael?"

"Dick Corbett—what of him"

He tried to raise himself in the bed to listen to her answer.

"Tell me," he said again, excitedly. "Is that fiend, who tried to drop me over a ship's side, on a dark and stormy night—is he to escape justice?"

"What do you consider justice, Michael?"

"Death!—nothing short of death!"

"Well dear the doctor has just told me, that the Eri King, with all hands, is reported as having floundered on the same night that you drifted in that small boat to the Portuguese port. Dick Corbett, therefore, has received justice, and you and I have no more to say."

Michael Fenwick went no more to sea, for his case having enlisted public sympathy, a few wealthy gentlemen in Liverpool subscribed to buy him a fishing boat of his own, which he works by deputy.

A little while after the new vessel arrived round at Tat's Corner he and Kitty were married, and so far as report has it, with the happiest results —New York News.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A collection of 800 elks' teeth was found not long ago by a curio hunter. He dug them out of the grave of a long-forgotten Indian chief in Idaho. The teeth are said to be valuable for mounting.

A strange advertising war has been in progress in New York City. One firm put up an elaborate sign, nearly a city block long, building for the purpose a fence estimated to contain over 2500 feet of lumber. A rival firm later built a blank fance in from of the other, thus completely hiding the advertisement.

Notwithstanding that Charles Crissman has lived within 11 miles of Portsmouth, O., he was for the first time in his life in Portsmouth the other day. He is 31 years of age and was never more than five miles from his home. He had never seen a street car until then. He is married and none of his family has ever been in any city. They have moved to Portsmouth from a little hamlet back in the dense woods.

Among peasants of southern Italy, Sicily and Sardinia a curious malady has been noticed by physicians, which is caused by eating beans. One of the most remarkable effects of the malady is a species of intoxication resembling that produced by alcoholic drink. In some cases persons predisposed to the malady are seized with the symptoms of intoxication if they pass a field where the bean plant is in flower, the odor alone sufficing to affect them.

There is in the Royal Museum in The Hague, Holland, a curious old document describing the adventures of Henry Hudson, a navigator in the service of the Dutch East India company. He it was who discovered the river to which he gave his name. A passage of the document reads as follows: "The natives, or Indians, on his first coming here, regarded the ship with mighty wonder, and looked upon it as a sea monster, and declared that such a ship or people had never been there before."

Perhaps the most remarkable bridges in the world are the kettle bridges in Russia and Siberia, of which Cossack soldiers are expert builders. They are built up of the soldiers' lances and cooking kettles. Seven or eight lances are placed under the handles of a number of kettles and fastened by means of ropes to form a raft. A sufficient number of these rafts, each of which will bear the weight of half a ton, are fastened together and in the space of half an hour a bridge is formed on which an army may cross in confidence and safety.

Unhappily Married.

He—She married a fool with plenty of money.

She—Then why isn't she happy?

He—She thought him a fool.—Tit-Bits.

The Smart Set.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "NO DIFFERENCE."

The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman Explains For the Benefit of Unregenerate Man One of the Most Difficult Statements in All the Bible.

NEW YORK CITY.—The following timely and interesting sermon is one of a series prepared by the famous evangelist, the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman. It is entitled "No Difference," and was preached from the text: "For there is no difference." Rom. iii: 22.

This is one of the most difficult statements to receive in all the Bible, and I can well understand how the unregenerate man would resent its application. I can hear him say, "What! no difference between the man who has fallen to the very lowest depths of sin and wretchedness, and the man who, boasting of his morality, has swerved only a little from the path of duty and the law of God?" And the answer to this question is both "yes" and "no."

There is a difference in heinousness and degradation wide as the poles, but "no difference" so far as guilt is concerned, for both have rejected the Son of God, and this is the sin of sins.

If two men were before the court, one charged with a great offense and the other with one of less degree, it would profit the latter man but little to say, "But, Your Honor, I am not so great an offender as my companion in misery." The judge might well reply, "You are both guilty; in that 'there is no difference,'" and this is the teaching of our text.

God's word declares—"He that offends in one point is guilty of all;" not meaning, of course, that he has of necessity broken every law, but he has broken away from God by his transgression. If I am held a prisoner by a chain it is not necessary that I should break every link in the chain that I might go free, but only one and that the very weakest, and so he that offends in one point is guilty of all and nothing less, while he that offends in all points is guilty of all and nothing more. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Three important questions grow out of this text as I have considered it. First, I do not ask if you are a sinner, for as we ordinarily use this word, we think of one who is lawless, wild and profane. But I ask:

HAVE YOU OFFENDED IN ONE SINGLE POINT?

If so, "There is no difference." Man would not say it, I know, but God says it, and it is written in the book, and by the book we shall be judged.

Look at the prodigal. He was as truly a prodigal when he had taken the first step over the threshold of his father's house as when afterward you see him sitting in the midst of the swine, and trying to fill his belly with husks which the swine did eat.

He is more degraded in the second picture, but not more guilty.

Look at the leper. He is just as truly dead when the first sign of the dread disease appears, small though it may be, as when afterward you behold him, a loathsome object, sitting outside the city gates, with bandaged mouth, crying, "Unclean! Unclean!" He was a leper, however, from the first, and by the law dead. This is the teaching of the text. If you have rejected the Son of God, whatever your position, "There is no difference"—all are alike lost.

It is not even a question of great sin. Many a man might plead "not guilty" if such a charge were made, but first of all

SECRET SINS.

1. There is a text which declares "our secret sins in the light of His countenance," and another reads that "All things are naked and open before Him with whom we have to do." In the light of this who can stand?

Not long ago in one of the school buildings of Chicago a picture of an eye was placed upon the blackboard as an illustration, and in a little time by order of the school board it was painted out, for it had been so perfectly painted that whatever position a child might be in in the room that eye was upon it. The effect was disastrous. But there is one eye which never slumbers and can never be painted out. "Thou God seest me." The sin was at midnight. He saw it. It was in New York or London or Paris. He saw it. Thus to the charge of "secret sin" you must plead guilty, and "there is no difference."

SINFUL THOUGHTS.

2. But the charge is even closer. We are responsible for the sinful thought which tarries in the mind by the consent of our will. Who can stand in the light of this?

A distinguished scientist has made the statement, which wise men receive, that if a man stands out in the sunlight and acts, his act, good or bad, flashes away to the sun and a picture which is never lost is made. And if he speaks, the sound bounds away, up and up, far beyond his reach, and makes its record forever. And if he refuses to step into the light, or in the darkness speak a word, this scientist declares that by the very thoughts of his mind certain physical disturbances occur which make a record lasting as time.

I remember sending a telegram in a western city, and shortly after realizing that my message had been wrong I made my way to the office to recall it. "Why," said the operator, with a smile, "it is gone, and is flashing over the wires now, beyond my recall." So with your sinful thoughts. They bound away, and no man can recall them when once they go.

The answer to this charge must be—"guilty."

BEGINNING IN SIN.

3. Some are beginning now. Held by the fascination of the evil one and lured on by his charms they are rushing on to hell. On one of the busiest streets of the gay city of Paris stands a building famous for its beauty. Over the magnificent doorway you may read these words, "Nothing to pay." The admission is free, the entertainment within is fascinating, and hundreds of young men pass through the portals, the rank and file of them taking their first or last step to hell.

All sin is dearly bought, for it has hell back of it. It blights the life, wrecks the character, and blasts the fondest hopes of the soul. And when that awful day comes and situation is gone and character lost, and the hearts of loved ones broken, and you are cast a stranded wreck on the shores of time, you will cry out in terror, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me"—and there will be no deliverance. You will be more degraded then but not more guilty than now, for the chiefest of sins is unbelief, and that was the cause of your downfall. "There is no difference." God pity you.

Do you know the Bible description of the end of a career of sin from the world standpoint? "Weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth." "Without are dogs, and sorcerers and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." God save us from such a company! A minister could never lead a man to serious thought until he quoted the text: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

Great sin, humanly speaking, is not necessary, but only forget Him and "There is no difference."

If you had read that remarkable book, "Robert Falconer," written by Geo. MacDonald, you will remember the dream of the wife of Andrew Falconer. He was a drunkard and after her death, the dream being told him, resulted in his conversion. She said in her letter, which she had written him:

"I thought, Andrew, that the resurrection morn had come and I was looking everywhere for you. Finally in my wanderings I came to a great abyss. It was not so very wide, but it was very deep and was filled with blue, like the blue of the sky. On the other side I saw you. Andrew, and I gave a shriek which all the universe could have heard. Something made me look around. Then I saw One coming toward me. He had a face—O such a face! Infinite pity in all the eyes of it! He had on a garment which came down to His feet, and as He walked the hard sod as I saw by His face the pain of it, the cruel, cruel thorns. Andrew, my husband, I tried, I tried, I tried to get over to you, and I was going to try again, when He came and laid His hand on my shoulder. He did not speak a word, but I knew Him. Andrew, it was the Man of Sorrows. I knew Him by the look of Him. He laid His hand on my shoulder and I knew Andrew, I knew that I was safe forever." O, my friends, not in the next world, if not in this, but here and now we may be made one in Him, one for time and eternity, but failing here, all hope is gone and there is before us only the blackness of darkness of despair. "For there is no difference."

The second question is of the greatest importance:

DO YOU COME UP TO GOD'S STANDARD?

It is not enough to be simply a member of the church. "Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name have cast out devils? and I will profess unto them, I never knew you."

We have such a way of measuring ourselves by ourselves that we may feel well satisfied with the result. But how about God's standard? Upon my return home at one time my wife placed in my hands a piece of paper, written all over, but only two words were intelligible. At the top of the page was the word "carriage" plainly written, the next word was the same, only not so well written.

It was my little daughter's first copybook. The teacher had written the word at the top of the line, and she had done fairly well so long as she had looked at the copy. But she had fallen into the serious error of copying the line just above her work, and the word at the bottom of the page as nearly spelled "man" as "carriage." Thus people measure themselves by those around them, forgetting that it is said—"Look unto Me and be ye saved."

You may be better than the members of the church, but what doth it profit? You may be the best man in your community, but that does not save.

How about God's standard?

Her Majesty, the Queen, issues frequently, I am told, an order for soldiers to compose her guard. Every man must be at least six feet tall. I can imagine some young Englishmen measuring themselves by themselves, until at last one man in great delight exclaims, "I will surely get in, for I am the tallest man in town." And so he is, but when he stands before Her Majesty's officer he is rejected, for he lacks quarters of an inch under the mark.

His being taller than his friends profited nothing; they had all fallen short; some more, some less. But "there was no difference."

And if you turn my question upon myself, I confess that I do fully come up to the high standard of God; not in myself in any way, far from it—but in Christ; for "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," and wherein I fail. He makes up.

It is no point as to whether Adam or Eve were the more sinful; they were both guilty, and "there is no difference."

The chiefest of all sins is not drunkenness, although that is horrible; it is not licentiousness, although that is vile; it is the rejection of God's mercy—or the sin of unbelief. "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." John iii: 18. And whosoever he be among you—sinner, either great or small, if he fail here, he stands with the condemned, and "there is no difference."

The third and last important question is this:

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

There is another "no difference" which answers the question. "For there is no difference * * * for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him. for whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Romans x: 12, 13.

1. It is useless to try by any amount of exertion, or feeling, or even prayer, to bring about faith. I have had my own experience in this. God says in His word, "Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God."

This is a sure way. A college student was greatly troubled spiritually, and was in conference with one of the professors until midnight. Just as he was leaving the house, going out into the darkness, the professor placed in his hands a lantern saying, "Take it, George, it will light you home a step at a time." And this is what the Bible does.

That lantern did not light up the forests, nor make luminous the landscape; it was not meant that it should, but it made every step bright.

Man was lost by hearing Satan. He can only be saved by hearing God. Plant your feet firmly by faith on one single promise, and God will begin at once to make clear the way if you will only believe Him.

2. To the Philippian jailor's question, "What must I do to be saved?" Paul's answer was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." And there is no respecting of persons, for "whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

A friend of mine told me that when he climbed the Matterhorn he was besieged by men, waiting at the base of the mountain, ready to guide him up the difficult way, but the most of them would have never brought him down in safety, for they were simply men out of employment. He very easily, however, secured a safe guide when he said, "Show me your papers." Then the men who were without them stepped back, while the real guides stepped forward and holding out their papers he read something like this:

"We, the undersigned, have climbed the Matterhorn under the care of such a guide (giving his name), and we commend him to our friends"—and then followed the names of people of great renown at home and abroad, a member of Parliament, a member of Congress, and your personal friend, and my friend at once felt secure because others had made the trip in safety.

It is like that when under condemnation you ask, "What must I do?"

Infidelity attempts an answer; philosophy make a vain effort to reply, and Jesus Christ, the Son of God, comes with the real. Let me suggest to you the real test. Ask them each, "What have you done?" Demand of each that their papers be shown. Then will He come whose garments are dyed red, whose hands were pierced, and whose heart was broken, who died and rose again that He might become the justifier of all that believe, and on the very palms of His hands you read the names, John Bunyan, John Newton, Jerry McCauley, and brighter than them all—Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

"He hath saved us, and kept us, and in His presence we rejoice with a joy unspeakable and full of glory."

And this is enough—I for one will say, "Blessed Lord, if Thou canst save others, and I know that Thou canst, Thou canst save me; and I will let Thee do it now." Will you join me in this now?

3. To sum it all up, if you would escape condemnation you need simply to

HAVE A WILLING MIND ABOUT SALVATION.

Then by faith accept what He in grace offers you. I have heard Christian workers say to earnest inquirers, "Give your heart to God and you may be saved." But this is unscriptural—at least the order is wrong. Accept first the gift of eternal life, then give yourself, out of gratitude for His goodness.

The first saves you; the second is the first fruit of your salvation.

New Work For the Blind.

"A brand-new occupation for the blind, and one in which they will excel the seeing, is beginning to be taught in the asylums," said a physician. "This is the occupation of the masseur. The blind with their delicate sense of touch and with their soft, supple hands, take to massage as a duck takes to water. Massage, you see, doesn't require eyesight, for the masseur's busy hands hide from him what he is doing; it requires just those qualities that in the blind are developed to an excess—an ability to see, as it were, with the fingers. I know a blind masseur who practices in New York. His work is a revelation. No seeing man or woman I have ever met could come anywhere near him. The massage, as you know, is becoming more and more popular daily. We are getting more and more masseurs, and soon I am glad to see, a good proportion of them men and women will be the blind."—Philadelphia Record.

BILL ARP'S LETTER

First of His Grandchildren Finds Mate and is Gone Off.

IMPORTANT INCIDENT BREAKS RECORD

William is Still Feeble and Says: "I Living Do Languish, and Languishing Do Live," However, He is on the Up-Grade Again.

The record is broken. Out of twenty-one grandchildren the first marriage was celebrated yesterday. A granddaughter has found a mate and gone off with him. That is all right. It is according to nature and there is nothing to cry about when the young folks have chosen wisely and well. There is no goodlier sight in all nature than to see a good looking, healthy young man, who is making an honest living standing up at the altar with a sweet, good-tempered, affectionate, industrious girl and the parents on both sides approving the match. Marriage is a very serious business, and my observation has been that those made among the well-to-do common people are generally happier than those made among the families of the rich. Children raised to work and wait on themselves make better husbands and wives than those raised in luxury. It is mighty hard for a man to please his wife and keep her in a good humor if she has been petted by her parents and never knew a wan and no useful work to do. She soon takes the ennui or the conniptions or the "don't know what I want," and must go back to ma. A young girl who never cleaned up her own room or made any of her own clothes or helped to nurse her mother's baby and did nothing but dress and visit and go to the theatre will never make a good wife. This wife and mother business is hard work. The mother of six, eight or ten children has seen sights. She knows what care is and anxiety and sleepless nights and one of these butterfly women can't stand it. One child will dry her up and two will about finish her, and if it was not for condensed milk the children would perish to death like the calves in Florida, where the cows don't give enough milk to color coffee and they have to raise calves on the bottle.

But our grandchildren are all of good, healthy working stock. We have raised ten of our own, and the Lord has blessed them in form and feature and old Agur's prayer has saved them from poverty and riches. I have worked and so has my wife and our children worked and have held their own and are now helping us in our old age. I won't say what I have done all of those fifty-three years of married life, but my wife has made over a thousand little garments with her own hands before ever a sewing machine was brought to our town, and she found time to keep me in plaited bosom shirts besides. I bought the first machine that came—a Grover & Baker, for $125. The next, a Wheeler & Wilson, for $100, and so on down, and now we have a Home and Farm for $20, which is the best we ever had. It is worth mentioning that Howe, the first inventor, could not get his machine introduced in this country for ten years, and had it patented in England and all the use they had for it there was to stitch the soles on to boots and shoes

Yes, our pretty granddaughter has mated and married and gone. Julia Smith is now Mrs Julian Smith—not much change in her name was there—only added the little letter "n." We gave him a cordial welcome into our family, for we have heard nothing but good concerning him and commend our grandchild to the good people of Selma and the good state of Alabama, which is our own Georgia's daughter. There may they rest and live long and prosper.

I am still sick. As the lawyers say, "I living do languish, and languishing do live," but I am on the upgrade and my swollen extremities are reducing their compass and my wife says it will soon be time to plant sweet peas and trim up her rose bushes. Two months from yesterday will be the fifty-fourth anniversary of our wedding and the children and grandchildren have promised to gather at the paternal mansion and rejoice together over the Lord's goodness unto us.

But I must stop now, for it tires me to write. My daughter who helps me is teaching school and I get tired from bending over my work. I feel like saying with Byron—

"What is writ is writ.
Would it were worthier—but my visions flit
Less palpably before me and the glow
That in my spirit dwelt
Is fluttering faint and low."

Well, the little pamphlet of General H. R. Jackson's great speech and part of Daniel Webster's at Capon Springs is now ready. Send to my friend, Ed Holland, Atlanta, Ga., and get it. It will be sent postpaid for 25 cents. My last book is about ready. Send to Mr. C. P. Byrd, printer and publisher, Atlanta, Ga., and get that, postpaid, for $1.25. My wife says the first two chapters would be worth the money if I hadn't told some stories in it.—BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

Canny.

As two military officers of the sister countries of Scotland and Ireland were passing along Piccadilly their attention was attracted by a pretty girl behind the counter of a Regania des Rodes. The Irishman instantly proposed to go into the shop and purchase some trifle by way of excuse for obtaining a nearer view of the fair salesswoman. "Hoots, man," said the Scot, "that's nae excuse to know yon girlie. Let's pass in an' ask whaur we can get a decanter for a shilling."

HIS TEST OF THE ARTIST.

Made Suggestions to See if They Would Be Accepted.

There is perhaps a lesson of some sort for young artists in the story told by Frederick Kost, the landscape and marine painter, of the days when he was just starting. It was at a time when things were not prospering as he could have wished—when, in fact, the artist was pretty hard up—that a man wearing a great fur lined overcoat knocked at the door of his studio. The stranger was evidently a Westerner, and a man of wealth.

"Mr. Kost," he said, "I have seen pictures of yours at different exhibitions and I think I would like to own one."

Then he nodded approvingly at a landscape on the easel, and said: "That is exceedingly nice. But," he added after a pause, "might I make a suggestion?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Kost. "Go ahead."

"Well," said the would-be purchaser, "I think the sky might be changed with advantage," and he started in to explain the alteration which he thought would improve the painting.

Mr. Kost did not agree with him, but as he wished to sell the picture he said he would consider the matter. And the stranger went away, promising to call in a few days.

Mr. Kost went to work to change the sky, against his own judgment, to suit the stranger. He ended by changing the entire picture to suit the sky. In fact, from a landscape it grew into a marine. The stranger never turned up, and the artist cursed his folly in having acted contrary to common sense to please an ignorant person, and so spoiled one of his best efforts, the result of several months of work.

About a year later a knock took Mr. Kost to his door again, and there stood a stranger in the fur lined overcoat. Being asked in, he took a seat before the easel and nodded approvingly at a picture that happened to be there.

"I like that—like it very much," he said thoughtfully. Then, after a pause, "but may I make a suggestion?"

Mr. Kost was not so angry with the man as annoyed at the recollection of his own foolishness. He looked squarely at his visitor.

"Go to Halifax with your suggestion," he replied.

"What's that?" exclaimed the stranger.

Mr. Kost repeated his invitation. For a moment the other colored. Then he smiled quietly. "Well, Mr. Kost," he replied, "I may take that trip some day; but not just yet. In the mean time, I think I will buy that picture of yours."

After a pause he continued: "I would have bought the painting you showed me last year, Mr. Kost, but when I buy a picture I want it to be one with which the artist is perfectly satisfied, which he considers a sample of his best work. When you consented to change the other picture, I concluded that you were not sure of it yourself. But I guess if you think enough of this one to ask a man to go to the devil because he wished to make a suggestion concerning it, it is the stuff I want."

And the picture was sold accordingly.

No Poetry in Cattle Business.

"The cattle business does not offer opportunities for poets now," said a sunburned westerner to his Wall Street friend the other day. The two men were taking luncheon together at a downtown restaurant, and as the waiter spread the cloth the city man remarked:

"What could a poet ever do out in your wild west, except be a tenderfoot and an easy mark, as we says nowadays?"

"Well, what I meant was that ranching is not such a romantic and picturesque business now as some writers paint it," was the reply. "There was a time, before I was baldheaded, about 30 years ago, or perhaps less, when the cattlemen had no fences to their pasture grounds. They simply branded their cattle, and once a year they went out and rounded them up. Each man then singled out the cattle of his mark, and then came a long drive to the railroad. These early ranchers thought that they owned the prairies by divine right.

"About 15 years ago a change came. Hundreds of thousands of emigrants came pouring in, the great majority of whom were from Scandinavian countries. The opening up of the Indian lands of Oklahoma and its division into smaller farms took away many a hundred square miles from the old pasture lands. At the present time a cattle raiser must fence in his property, own it or lease it, and by irrigation get as much vegetation out of it as possible. His cattle are carried away from his barns by express trains, in refrigerating cars, and everything is systematized, as in a department store."

"Well, I shouldn't think a poet could get very fervid over refrigerated beef," was the answer, as the Wall Street man drank a glass of iced spring water.—New York Tribune.

For Value Received.

A woman whose husband had lost his life in a railway accident in Belgium received from the company 10,000 francs by way of compensation. Shortly afterward she heard that a traveler who had lost a leg had been paid 20,000. The widow at once put on her bonnet and shawl and went to the office of the company.

"Gentlemen, how is this?" she asked. "You give 20,000 francs for a leg, and you allowed me only 10,000 for the loss of my husband!"

"Madam," was the reply, "the reason is plain. Twenty thousand francs won't provide him with a leg, but for 10,000 you can get a husband."

A Hansom Cab's Capacity.

The exact capacity of a hansom cab has long been a mystery, but it was in a fair way of being solved on a certain night when eight men, eight nurses, eight sacs and a dog got out of one and injected themselves into a chop-house near Thirty-fourth street. A good photograph of the horse, so to speak, after them, coming in the last mad rush to secure many dollars in the the way of gratuities in any possible contingency, was taken. But it was too dark for the camera.—New York Sun.

THEN AND NOW.

I.

The ancient, dear writers—
A wonderful throng!
And they died in a garret,
To live in a song!
They told us the story
At which the world thrills,
Locked in a rude corner
From bailiffs with bills.

II.

The modern, mad writers
Who thunder away—
They live in a palace,
And die in a day!
They tell us no story
Humanity feels,
And ride to Oblivion
On automobiles!

—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOROUS.

Blobbs—Football is not nearly so deadly as it used to be. Slobbs—Just wait until they get to playing it with automobiles.

Sharpe—Casper's new automobile has run down six people. Whelton—But it is a stylish machine. Sharpe—Yes; perfectly killing.

Hook—What is Wigwag's idea in looking up his lineage? Nye—I suppose to show how respectable he is in spite of his ancestors.

Wigg—Bigbelde is the personification of egotism. Wagg—Yes; he actually thinks he deserves the good opinion he has of himself.

Muggins—Was your wife satisfied with the birthday present you gave her? Buggins—Not wholly. She can't find out how much it cost.

"My love for you," he wrote, "is so deep, so very, so powerful, I cannot express it." "Why don't you send it by freight?" She wrote back. And that it was all off.

"In hard luck again, eh?" "Yes; I'm down on my uppers, sure enough." "Oh well, we all have our ups and downs. You are down now—" "And I'm up, too—hard up."

Nell—So you were disappointed in the little man, eh? Belle—Yes; you can't expect a man to come up to your expectations who doesn't come up to your shoulders.

"So your town dispensed with the automobile ambulance. Didn't it make better time than the old one?" "No; it had to stop too often to take in the people it ran over."

Helen—Why is it novels always have a good ending? Sue—Well the one I read yesterday didn't have a good ending. Helen—It didn't? Sue—No; mama threw it in the fire.

La Montt—When I first went to engage board they said I would be treated as one of the family. La Moyne—Then why did you not remain? La Montt—I saw what the family looked like.

"'We are here today and gone tomorrow,'" remarked the young man in the white tie. The hotel clerk glanced up from the register. "You are right, sir," he assented; "and—er—would you mind paying in advance?"

"I'll bet you," said the amateur Sherlock Holmes, "I can tell what you had for breakfast to-day." "I'll bet you can't," replied Sluyven. "You had eggs. There's a dab of the yolk on your chin yet." "You're wrong. That's been there since day before yesterday."

"Yes, he achieved success so suddenly that we're in trouble. You see, he's a distinguished lawyer, and he's been put on the governor's staff and made honorary head of a yacht club. No one knows whether to call him judge, general or commodore."

Skorcher—He a chauffeur? Huh! Why he doesn't even know the principle of the motive power of the automobile. Miss Ina Sentz—And what is the principle of it, Mr. Skorcher? Skorcher—Why—er—it's—er—electricity, you know, and—er—all that sort of thing.

Phyllis—Harry is the most conceited man I ever met. Maud—What makes you think so? Phyllis—Why, he first asserts that I am the most adorable woman in the world, the most beautiful, intellectual, and in every respect a paragon, and then he wants me to marry him!

A Strange Foster-Mother.

An extraordinary, but apparently well-authenticated story of a bear's freak comes from a Russian village in the district of Gudr. The village is on the fringe of a forest, where it is of frequent occurrence for bears to make prowling excursions both by day and night into the adjacent settlements. Some two weeks ago young girls, aged respectively 12 and 13, were surprised by a bear at a short distance from the village. The animal seized and carried off the younger child, while the older girl, stricken, fled home and gave the alarm. An immediate pursuit was instituted, and the search was continued during the evening and the next day, with the assistance of neighboring villagers, a wide cordon was drawn across an extensive tract of the forest, and the searchers closed in. Towards sundown the bear and her booty were discovered in a dense thicket. The child was perfectly unharmed and reclining in a deep mossy couch made for her by the bear.

Although naturally delighted to be released from her strange guardianship, the little girl had got over her first fright, and had subsisted fairly well on the nuts and other forest fruits brought to her larder by the bear. One almost regrets to learn that the freakish but kindly disposed animal was summarily killed by the villagers.

How She Knew.

Apropos of the servant-maid difficulty, a neard a good story the other day. The wife of a very well known book official was in ward of an under nurse, and among those who applied for the position was a good-natured looking girl of about 19. You tell me, said the official's wife, "that you are very fond of children. That is very well in its way, but do you understand anything about the duties of a nursery? Have you any experience of children?" "Yis, mum," was the reply, "every I went to he's a child—least ways, I used to be a child myself."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Chinese originated the system of kite frames and the use of the wind for locomotion which made possible the giant balloons and modern kites.