CLIMBING THE STAIRS.

the careful. the way is stoop— tacks little books and feet are weak For the tank of the upward cross.

any a fall you've had, alas! many a bump and bruise; pe brims full in your little heart, quickly the task renews.

I speak to myself in you; or I am a child with an upward task, And I am a climber, too.

twisted their necks to see if they were broken, and bent their heads down and

Donald laughed aloud and said:

"Don't know what to make of it, do

you? Well, don't do any more fighting,

The bucks appeared not to notice

him. Then, at the sound of his voice

they stopped and stared at him. Now

don't try any of your tricks on me,"

Donald said, knowing the bellicose na-

ture of the animals. "I can drop both of you in your tracks."

He held his rifle ready for an eme

at him for several moments turned

quietly and trotted away together in

the forest. They were like two friends

who had made up their differences, and

were determined not to fight or quar-

"How easily I could drop them!

conder why I don't? I've hunted weeks

efore and never got such a fine shot as

He lowered and raised his rifle, but

now they are a I can't say that I am. It's pretty and over five miles to travel. It's ssowing hard, too!"

The snow was falling heavily, and in

blinding clouds. Donald had been 'so

interested in the two deer that he had

given little attention to the approach-

ing storm; but now he whistled sharply

and turned to move down the trail. The

clouds of snow were obliterating it

except for a few feet ahead With bent

trees as he hurried along. It would be

The storm was the second half of a

off, but he had to study his path care-

fully in order to keep on the trail, and

thus his face had to receive the brun

and panted. Regaining his breath, he

tried to renew the journey. The second

say; but when on the point of congrat-ulating himself at his progress he sud-

on the trail! In some way he had missed it and had followed a false one

Donald's heart dropped and his hand

trembled. It was almost uncless to at-tempt to find it in that blinding storm.

Yet he could not give up in despair. He stopped and tried to think, going over mentally every back step he had

taken and studying in his mind each

familiar landmark he had noted.

It was with a dreary and almost hopeless spirit that he finally turned

around and tried to retrace his footsteps. But these too, were filled up with the drifting snow a dozen yards

back, and he was more hopelessly mixed than ever. In his extreme peril

Donald for the first time wished he had not turned out of his path to save the

"I might have left them alone to

fight it out or shot them and moved on," he said bitterly. "I saved their lives, but I've lost mine."

These reflections irritated him, and

He stopped and hit his head. The vi-ion of the "white deer" had appeared efore his mind again. But this time it

for a long time.

of the storm.

h time he shook his head and added:

ld be a shame to shoot them

them out of such a fan

his shoulder and muttered:

this. Why don't I shoot?"

cency, but the bucks after staring hard

or you'll get in trouble again."

## THE WHITE DEER.

By Goorge Ethelbert Walsh.

The leaden sky contained snow and the other, and then released it. There area were falling spasmodically. All was a louder click than before, and the nd in the dense woods drifts were two bucks leaped a foot in the air.

od high. Donald Stalworth, with But much to their own surprise they shoes sinking deep in the flaky raised their heads in the air and shook neaped high. Donald Stalworth, with The mighty stillness of the words op-pressed him. Overhead the dull clouds

must be five miles from bome, "I must be five miles from home," the open space and appeared so dazed Donald muttered. "It will be a hard by their sudden release that they acted pull, and there's more anow coming." pull, and there's more snow coming."
He rested some moments against a
heavily laden birch tree, whose white bark he mechanically stripped off. engaged in this occupation he heard a noise which aroused the natural instincts of the hunter. It was a faint bleat of a deer, but with a strangely pitiful plaint in it that made Don

"What's up? Something is wrong! It must be a wolf or dog!" The possibility of a stray dog in the great lonely woods was not great, and

he soon dismissed that view from mind. "It must be wolves or some other wild beast, I wonder how far it is!" He listened intently, applying his ear to the surface of the snow. The nal cry of the deer was repeated at intervals, growing fainter at every Suddenly Donald looked up at aky anxiously, and then down the which led to his home. But with resolve he tightened the strap e of his enowshoes, picked up e, and started off in another di-

es with agility, and sed beyond the opening in at to the thickest part of it. m this direction came the strange bleat of the deer. Five minutes later ho stood in an open glade with one of those rare sights of animal struggles fortunate few. Two large bucks

stood facing each other, with lowered heads, and horns interlocked in a deady embrace. In their fierce struggle for mastery their horns had become entwined so that neither could escape. Back and forth in the small opening fatal to get off the trail. they had been plunging, pushing, shovdeadly embrace, but all they had accomplished was to pack the snow hard tingling pain. He tried to ward them

under their feet and tighten the fearful grip of the horns.

Donald stood a moment in surpris and amazement watching the struggling, doomed animals. No power of their own could ever release them. One and panted. Regaining his breath might prove the stronger and gradually tire out his opponent, but death to either one meant lingering arvation death to mile segmed sarder, for the snow sur-tarvation face yielded to his weight, and made ked with snow-shoeing slow and difficult. How

bry to antidipate.

Both animals appeared to realize their danger. Instead of bucking and fight- denly started with alarm. He was not ing with the fire of anger flashing in their eyes, they stood quiet and trembling, bleating pitifully for the help might never come. Nothing break the lock of the terrible

em both it will relieve them a lingering death; but I can't take bodies, and if I leave them the wolves will soon make way

He stood idly by, gazing at the aniwaiting for his verdict. A faraway cry of a wolf suddenly made them shiver with fear, and one uttered a half-broken plea for help. This roused Donald to say: . . "Fill get them out of the trouble if I

can. It's a shame to leave them here to be killed by wolves. But it will take

signs of a new storm, and at the dark-ening landscape around; but as if for-getful, of his own danger he stepped p to the two struggling animals. They ed and renewed the struggle as laced a hand on their heads, But were helpless and unable to make

didn't even thank me."

Donaid shook himself. This sort of thing would not do. He was slowly yielding to the cold, and half-dreamily ly, stroking them with his hand. But it required some effort on his part to cusing the deer of his whole tros Once or twice visions of them had actually appeared before his mind. They tooked like "white deer" finshing out problem before him. The horn peked in one of the simples imaginable, but nothing would break the embrace unless they not care," doggedly said the fellow. But this being lost in a storm is terbe pried sideways at just the

Tis many a fall and a scar I get
In climbing the upward way,
For weak are these hands and feet to kee;
On the ascent day by day.
—Toledo Binde.

uses when camping in the woods. He knew that under its abeltering roof and sides there would be warmth and pro-tection from the terrible storm. But inside the abed-like cabin there \* was a noise of alarm. As Denald floun-dered through the snow a deer rushed out of the shelter and disappeared in the storm. It was his "white deer"—one of the bucks he had rescued. Donald stood allent and amazed. It seemed so like a vision that he was unable to \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* speak for some time. In the desire to find shelter from the blizzard the buck had unconsciously directed him to the old cabin, where he was safe from the

"I don't think I'll say anything more about ungratefulness," Donald re-flected. "That deer was the only thing then up again. They danced around that saved me from a terrible death. Sometimes Providence works in a strange way."—New York Times.

EUAINT AND CURIOJS

Most fishermen along the coast of France still avoid going to sea in the first two days of November, owing to the superstitious fear of the "death wind" and the belief that at that time the ghosts of drowned fishermen rise and capsize boats.

Millions of butterflies are eaten every year by the Australian aborigines. The insects congregate in vast quantities on the rocks of the Bugong mountains, and the natives secure them by kindling fires of damp wood and thus suffocating them. Then they are gathered in baskets, baked, sifted to remove the wings, and finally pressed into cakes, rel any more. Donald raised his rifle to

According to a telegram lately re-ceived from Irighas, a huge rent of recent formation has been discovered on the side of Mount Verkholensky. At first it was thought that the fissure was the result of volcanic action, but it has been found on close examination by syond his raigs, and good. "Well, it can't say that and over five miles in hard, too!"

Madame de Genlis, in a work on "Time," tells us that the famous Chan-cellor D'Aguesseau, observing that his wife always delayed 10 or 12 minutes before she came down to dinner, and, reluctant to lose so much time dally, began the composition of a work which he prosecuted only while thus kept waiting. At the end of fifteen years head he stared hard at it, studying the a book in three quarto volumes was completed, which ran through three editions and was held in high repute.

natters prepared since Pekin's discovery nearly fifty years ago of the pre-paration of aniline dyes from coal tar has been enormous. It is estimated that at the present day over 3,000,000 different individual dye stuffs are eastly accessible to our industries, while at least 25,000 form the subject of patent specifications. The number of coloring matters furnished by natural agancies do exist threaten soon to be ignored in favor of coal tar derivatives.

Mr. Moeran writes to describe a remarkable incident that occurred while shooting at a herd of ten deer at Portumna, states the London Feld. "I picked," he says, "an eight-year-old buck that stood head and shoulders clear of the others, a little nearer to me and broadside on. The builet struck him fair on the neck, about three inches below the butt of his ear. turned almost at right angles, and came out at the back of his neck, it then struck a doe in the centre of the forehead, coming out at the back of her head, and finally passed through the neck of a yearling doe just behind the ear, lodging under the skin on the far side. All three deer were killed on the spot. The distance was ninety-seven yards, and the rifle used was a Winchester carbine 440, with a nat-nosed bullet.

A great deal of interest has been created in scientific circles here by the dispatches from Australia telling of an extraordinary red dust storm that broke over Melbourne, November 12, and which afterward became general over New South Wales.

he stopped several times to inveigh against his luck and the deer, "They were thankless things, anyway," he finally muttered. They trotted off and over New South Wales.

One phenomenon in connection with the storm was the falling of fireballs, which set fire to several buildings in Meibourne. At midday the city was in darkness, people traversing the streets with lanterns. The superstitious thought that the end of the world was about to come, and scenes of panic are described in some of the dispatches.

At the same time comes the news rifying, if I only had something to mide me or keep me company. There's hat 'white'—"

described in some of the dispatches.

At the same time comes the news that the Savail volcano in Samoa is in violent state of eruption, and that the villages in the neighborhood are covered with askes to a depth of two inches. Sir Norman Lockyer, the astronomer, in an interview printed in The Daily Mail stated that firehalls were constantly seen at the time of the recent cruptions in the West Indies, so that it is possible that the phenomena in Australia may have been connected with the volcanic activity in

Instracted in the Geremonies of the Old Testament Scriptures.

Naw Yonk Crry - The following sermon entitled, "The Gospel in the Old Testament," was preached by the famous evangelist, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, from the text, "And when the fowle came down upon the carcasses, Abram drove them away." Genesis xy: Il.

In all parts of the word of God, both in the Old Testament and the New, we find God's provision made for cleansing the sinner. If, in the light of all that has been said we deel ourselves condemned and that if the day of awards came to-morrow we should anfier loss and lose our crown, though we shall be saved, "yet so as by fire," this thought should come to us as an inspiration, that all our sins may be blotted out and our transgressions forgiven. It is of great cheer, therefore, far us to study the subject aow given. It is not uncreasary simply that we should familiarise ourselves with the New Testament; this is, of course, essential; but if we would know God's shilly to cleanse we ought to know the Old Testament Scriptures, with their types and ceremonies.

The birds of the Bible form an interesting shield for investigation of the course in the content of the course in the course of the cours

small this is, of course, exceptill; but if some ment that is, of course, exceptill; but if some ment that is, of course, exceptill; but if some ment that is, of course, exceptill; but if some one will be form an interest in course of the Bible form an interest in the Bible form an interest in course of the Bible form an interest in course of the Bible form an interest in course of the Bible form an interest in the Bible form an interest of t

selves even from the flesh.

There is a great battle waging, as we find when we read the connection of the text with other verses of Scripture. It is written in Generia riv: 14-16—"And when Abram heard that his brother was taken captive he armed his trained servants, born in his own house, 318, and pursued them unto Dan. And he divided himself against them, he and his servants, by night, and smote them, and pursued them unto Hobah, which is on the left hand of Damascua. And he brought back all the goods, and also brought again his brother Lot, and his goods, and the women also, and the people."

It is here we find a real test of Abram. Many a man has gone down just where Abram stood. God is always giving us tests of character.

Read very carefully the twenty-first to the twenty-fourth verses of the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, and autice Abram's answer: "And the king of Sodom said unto Abram, Give me the persens and take the goods to thyself. And Abram said to the king of Sodom. I have lift up mine hand unto the Lord, the most light God, the possessor of heaven and earth, that I will not take anything that is thine, lest thou shouldest say. I have made Abram rich; save only that which the young men have eaten, and the portion of the men which went with me, Aner, Eschol and Manne; let them take their portion." It always pays to stand for God as against men in this world. This is clearly taucht in Genesis xv: 1—10—"After these thurgs the word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision, anying, Far not, Abram; I am thy shield, and the second of my house is this Elieser of Domascus And Abram said, Lend God, what will Thou is clearly taucht in Genesis xv: 1—10—"After these thurgs the word of the Lord came unto him, anying. This shall not be this bail come forth sur of this own house is this Elieser of Domascus And Abram said, Lend God, whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it. And he said tunto him, So shall by seed be. And he believed in the Lord; and He counted it to him for rightcousers. And He said unto him,

stamped his feet and flung his hands outward to rouse himself. But the noise continued. Donald picked himself up and followed its direction. A dozen feet forward he stumbled against something hard which reared directly in his pathway. He touched it, and in the darkness tried to study it with his eyes. Then he gave a shout of exultation, it was one of the small log shelter cabina he had helped to build for summer uses when camping in the woods. He knew that under its sheltering roof and knew that under the four that would make life worth living. But it is a possible thing for us the did that would make life worth living. It is all that would make life worth living. It is all that would make life worth living. It is all that would make life worth living. It is all that would make life worth living. It is all that would make life worth living. It is all that would make life worth living. It is all that would make life worth living. It is all that would ma

the penalty of sin in the sight of God, but by His death we are set free from the power of sin in our own lives.

When one becomes discouraged and finds that he of himself cannot keep from sin, the evil bird comes to whisper once sgain:
"You need expect it. You have been born with a tendency to sin. You have been born with a tendency to sin. You have been sursed with an appetite. Your old nature is still with you."

All of which we know and believe, if we are faithful students of our own nature and of the word of God. But this is no license to sin, for if we confess our sin God's word is out that He will be "faithful and just to forgive us our sins;" that is, He will be faithful to Christ, who has earried our sin away.

Janish's picture in the fifty-third chapter of his prophecy is a picture of Jesus Christ as the scapegoat, bearing through the wilderness the weight of our sins.

For every evil bird that comes to discourage: a or to discredit God's word there is a sure way by which they reay be driven from us. The word of God is our defense, and you have but to hold up to Salan, whose scents there evil birds are the expression "It is written," and he will be overcome.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses and unto Aaron, saving: And he that eather.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses and unto Aaron, saying: And he that gathereth the ashes of the helfer shall wash his clothes and be unclean until the even; and it shall be unto the children of Iarnol, and unto the stranger that sojourneth among them, for a statute forever." Numbers xiz: 1, 10.

If one were to give this passage of Scripture a casual reading he might find in it very little to arrest his attention, but if he studies it carefully and compares Scripture with Scripture, he will learn that not only is it one of the most intensely inferenting studies in all the Hible, but that it sheds light upon the gospel story, and makes both plain and powerful one phase of the work accomplished by our biessed Lord.

There was accomplished by our biessed Lord.

words:

"Brethren, there is no response."

After calling these names he would call the names of kings, the names of apostles, the names of apostles, the names of artists, of accentists, of inventors, of philanthropists, and after the roll call tame again and again the nawer:

"Brethren, there is no response. These men are dead."

I could call the names, too, if I would.

sen are dead."

I could call the names, too, if I would,
fore is the name of one who was once the
sperialization of a Sunday-school, and
tho same the not at the roll call. Here is
nother who once stord as an officer in the "And he shall take two goats and present them before the Lord at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation.— Bus his goat on which the lot, fell to be the paspegoat, shall be presented alive before he Lord, to make an atonement with him, and to let him go for a scapegoat into the wilderness." Lev. xvi: 7 10.

Very few services in the Old Testament scriptures are more interesting in the past, and more powerful as we study them in the present, because of the light shed upon the present, because the very deepest thought of lod as touching sin. "What must I do to go saved?" has been the heart-cry of many t poor lost soul, who no sooner atters it han the evil birds begin to fly about his lead, suggesting all sorts of answers to the question.

One whispers "Reform" and the poor.

clean.

But one is still left to us. God is still love. He still loves you and, having loved to will love you unto the end. His New Testament provision is a tar better one than the old. "For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer the unclean, sanctifieth to the of the flesh, how much more of the flesh, who through the pour conscience from

shut out the world, and thus come close to Him.

The blood was placed upon the hand next, from which I learn we are not only to hear what God has to say to us, but we are to reach out and take what He offers. God has promised us the Holy Ghost. He is a gift. Reach out and take the gift.

The blood was placed upon the foot last. This many stend for service, but notice the livine order.

We have reached a time when rules of service are hardly necessary; when the methods adopted for soul-winning, we feel sure, must grieve the Holy Ghost. In point of fact, if one is to be used of God.

point of fact, if one is to be used of God he mast certainly surrender to God, and give Him the right of way in his life, and then service comes naturally, and results

The Bishop of Ripon, in likening the Christian to "ight" and "sait," says. "The influence of light is clear and unmistakable; it displays itself by its own light; it can be seen and observed. The influence of salt is more subtle. It spreads unseen. It does not reveal itself to the eye. It

06.30

Be a Christian Where You Are, If you cannot be a Christian where you are you cannot be a Christian anywhere. God is no more in my home than in thine.

—G. Campbell Morgan.

our life fighting for money and powou mean it, or will cancilde you are beaten competitor in the city's race. dost people do not know they are laves of their modern improvements.

Bartow Man Has Another "Fall Out" With Roosevelt.

DUOTES A PHRENOLOGICAL EXPERT

Angularity" of President's Gerebellum Responsible for His Strenuosity-Bill is Still Unwell, But Writes Interest-

ingly.

"A little more grape, Captain Bragg," said General Taylor, at the battle of Buena Vista. And so we say now to Captain Teddy, "A few more niggers to offices up north and a few more to our southern postoffices. Go the whole hog while you are at it. McKinley gave you a starter by appointing a negro over a white community at Hogansville, and another at Athens, the cultured college city of the south, but he got alarmed and took the back track. It was just such a case as you have now in Mississippi at Indianola, for the white people of Hogansville went four miles to get their mail rather than take it from a negro—a dirty politician." Teddy has done no worse on the postoffice line. The postoffices are the people's, not the president's. They are almost as dear to us and as sacred as is our preacher or our family physician. No greater rights, could be surent ated by a tyrant than to appoint a negro as post-master in a white community. The difference between Teddy and Mr. Mo-kinley is that the latter played fool for a while and quit, but Teddy keeps it up and grows more defiant of southern opinion and southern indignation. Sometimes providence afflicts the people with a fool, and sometimes with knave to tyrannize over them, but looks like we are to have both fool and knave in the same person. But "the Lord loveth whom he chasten-

A medical friend from over the line writes me that he has a growing sense of justice and abounds in sympathy for our long-suffering people, but that Teddy's deformity does not come from original, sin or total depravity, but from physical defects in his anatomy, and says:

"I have studied his cranium find that he has too small a cerebellum. His occiput goes straight up from the medulla oblongata and meets the sinciput at right angles and leaves no room for moral attributes. A perpendicular back head like Ted dy's indicates a fighting, bear-killing, athletic and foolhardy man. The aphyron and the messial plane are cramped together and Teddy's back head is a perpendicular plane without hill or dale. A man with a very small found on inspection of the sinciput or forehead that the nose and cheek bones generally rest on an enormous jawbone; or, as you might say, the jawbone of an ass. If Teddy had lived in Samson's day he would have rejoiced to have been his armour-bearer, and carried his jawbone some."

Just so-exactly-not only so, but also. I understand it all now, and thank my medical friend. The lack of cerebellum and meduda oblongata and eciput has made Teddy crazy about bears and negroes and other black. woolly things. But I should like to know what kind of a cerebellum that fellow Crumpacker, or Stumpsucker, or Dirtdauber has got, that makes him so venomous toward our people. At Teddy's request he has introduced a resolution to have a committee appointed to visit Indianola and see what our people are doing to the colbe appointed chairman of the committee, but I'll wager ten dollars he don't go. He is nothing but a gas bag and a coward. Mr. Thompson tried to get him to come down to Alabama and see how the negroes on his big plantation were getting on. He was invited and accepted the invitation, but he did not come. He was afraid. And that is what discourages me about any grow-ing sense of justice prevailing among ner, while a very wet cat was indusing sense of justice prevailing among the common people up north. If they triously engaged in making his toilot are getting any kinder why do they on a sunny log.

Philadelphia huntsmen who have gress? Hating the south seems to be the stock in trade of most of the stock in tr orthern members. The brainy men. ike Charles Francis Adams, have nodified—and mollified very much of modified—and mollified very much of inte. Forty years ago he was commanding a nigger regiment down here for which I will never forgive him, but

armed all they could muster up joined the grand army and murthem down upon our helpless wo and children. At that time there were 30,000 runaways up north-fuglitive slaves—the meanest of the race and nobody but an unprincipled dog of a man would have led them against us. Down further south the negroes mixed with gentlemen and were true and faithful during the war, and, as Genoral Henry R. Jackson said, they ought to have a monument built to their loyalty as high as the stars. But, pahaw! Whats the use of scratching the old sores? Let them scab over. Are we not all brethren since the Spanish war? Did not we all fight and bleed and die together in Cuba? Don't the editors and political orators tell us that fraternal mance prevails between the sections? .1 am still sick, and have been out of the house but twice in three months, and maybe that is why I brood and rumi-

nate over the wrongs we have suffered. When the spring comes and the birds begin to sing and the flowers to bloom, maybe I will write more lowing letters; and if Teddy will retract and apologize for the lies he told on Mr. Davis I will let him alone, considering that his corebellum is limited by the medulia oblongata and the sinci-I never read the modern novel. They

come and they go and are forgotten; but Miss Pettus, of Alabama, sent me the "Princess of Glendale," and I re-luctantly took I glabe. The first page and got each. I turned the loss and to on and had devoured one aundred pages before breakfast and all of it during the day. It is a faithful and charming regital of southern home life on a big plantation before the war. Then the war comes, with its distresses, and Forcest, with three-hundred men, pursues Stract with fifteen hundred and captures him, and Miss Emma Sanson figures as a heroine in guiding Forrest across the river, and then comes the sad story of Sam Davis, the typical southern hero. In-terest never flags in the beautiful story, and it will be a landmark for our children and children's children, for it is faithful to the truth of confederate history.

P. S.—The Constitution is mistaken. Williams, who made that beautiful speech in New York, was not northern Williams, but southern is from Missouri, and said "we of the south." Not a northern man except Charles Francis Adams said a kind word for us, and he left out Mr. Davis. If he had said what Watterson said or what southern Williams said he could not have gone back to Boston.-BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution,

A CAT THAT HUNTS A cat that delights in the chase, cat that "points" and retrieves, is the latest curiosity to cross the path of wondering sportsmen of the vicinity

of Chester, Pa. Michael Kenney, gardner on the old and it will be Denis estate nuar chester, is the own

of Tom, and he it was who bill covered and developed pussy's talent for the chase. Tom since his kitten days, has been the companion of his master, has been the companion of his master. following him in his rambles over countryside when permitted to do so Kenney is an enthusiastic huntsman, and it happened that Tom, the was allowed to follow the man the gun on a hunting expedition early in the present season.

Kenney had not been out long until he became aware that Tom was manifesting a keen interest n his proceedings. Finally when Kenny brought leaped from cover, and seizing the bird neafly by the neck, brought him to his master and laid him down. No trained dog ever performed a neater bit of retrieving.

Kenney proceeded then to develop

Tom's talent, until today the cat is an adept in all the arts of the chase. He points superbly and in following a scent he displays an instinct equalled by few dogs.

Kenney recently shot a bird that

tell into a pond. Knowing the natural aversion of catalate water he expected nething of Tom on that resion. But Tom seems to have abandoned much of feline sophistry. Into the water he leaped and in a trice

any dog. Kenney has fancy prices for the cat, but he clares that the kind of money the will part him from Tom has not yet