LIPE AND DEATH.

ne died for his fat he That Is fin More than most of us do. mustny, can you and to that line That he fixed for H, tou?

lab enny to die. Men bave died Formwish or a witta--to in bravacio or pussion or prida-was it hard for arms.

that he plotted ahead, sing saids? a k of the illo that he led— all now he died. "Sweets and Plowshures."

"Let's see. 'Twas somewhere near

serve me right if I never see a feather

of them again. To go racing horses like a boy, and leave six of the finest

dorking hens that ever cackled to shift for themselves."

He passed the mill and drew near a

erty, too.

fowls.

flew over the fence into a freshly-

up wiping the perspiration from his heated face. As he passed the garden

he saw with some surprise the full extent of the mischief he had wrought,

Gideon was in sore preplexity. There

was no such thing for him as catching the hens in a race. He stood under the

peach tree in a brown study, scratch-

the lady's mouth as she witnessed his

"I'm dashed if I can think of any way to circumvent the torments. They're too knowing," murmured Gid-

Gideon Marshall's Hens.

By HELENA DIXON,

It was a chilly merning, and Gideon into the coop. But, also for poor Gideon; his here were gone. A large hole in the end of the coop revealed the manner of their egress.

"The mean, low-lived accountrels! They assuabled the coop, and then be-guiled me into a race on surpose to let my liens escape; but they re some-Marshall buttopes his overcoat about his lean form and drew on a pair of warm, home-made mittens, preparato-ry to taking a 30-mile ride to his own domicile, which could scarcely be called a none, since it sheltered nothing ha-man save himself and an old domes-tic who find nursed him in infancy. let my liens escape; but they to somewhere aback, and I won't so home without them if it takes me a week to eatch them. How I should like to horsewho them fellows!"

Thus muttering Gideon put his horse about and retraced his steps. and still persisted in calling him 'her boy," though he was on the shady side of 40. But if Gideon lived without the society of his fellow mortals himself with an innumerable number

rabbits and canaries by the score, pigcons and geese, turkeys and beyond count. Then he had squirrels in revolving cages, and crows whose tongues he had split that they night learn to talk. There was a woodchuck, teo, that would follow him about like a dog and drink milk from a cup, sitting up like a monkey, with cup held firmly in his paws. He had tame mice besides, which cut all sorts of antics, and had their nest in an old coat sleeve which hung at the oot of Gideon's bed, over which they

scampered every morning until he got up, and then they ran before him to the kitchen for these breaktast.

On the morning of which we write Gideon was rejoicing in the acquisi-tion of half a dozen choice dorking hens, already cooped and in his wagon, ready to be taken home.

"Take my advice, brother, and let your pets go to grass. Got a sensible

your pels to grass. Get a sensible little wife to make your home pleas-ant in place of your mice and wood-chucks, and my word for it, you will meyer be sorry. Such a pet as this now, and Gideon's brother picked up a little curly headed 4-year-old as he made from the first such a fally not as

"You and I can never think allke or that subject, brother," replied Gideon, rather contemptuously, as he took up the reins, and gave his horse a cut with a whip, which put the ancient ast in a lazy trot. The hens cack led their adieus, and the wagon was soon out of sight of the group assemthe porch to witness the de of their eccentric relative.

"He will never marry-nothing surer than that, and all, I suppose, because Linda Pratt filted bim so shabbily match for herself, I've been told, though what has become of her I'm sure I don't know. Linds wasn't so brane, though, after all, Som busybody stirred up a breeze between them, the girl slighted Gid, and he went off in a huff, and the engagement was broken."
Thus murmured Gideon's brother, as

with little curly head still in his arms, retreated into the house. Edeon drove away, forgetful of the his brother had broached, his

aturally enough filled with of the pets which had been digule. Never before had the old housekeeper had no or dislike for his guinea pigs, by keeping them on short along in his steady-go-easy master would turn to look safety of the coop in the back part of the wagon, peering in now and then to see how the fowis were deport-

awake anything like a wish in his bachelor's heart, and that was when he turned to take a parting view of the happy home circle he was leaving -the father standing in the midst of his children, with the little one laughing and crowing in his arms, and the mother bright and smiling by his side. Then he, too, thought of Linda Pratt, and of the long ago days when she was his promised bride. Then, with a half-suppressed sigh for the memory of what might have been, and with a hasty dash of the hand across the istened eye, he dismissed the sub-

Gideon had got over half his home-ward journey, when a couple of gay young men, driving a pair of fast horses, approached him from behind. The worthy bachelor was unconscious of their proximity, so absorbed was he in his own thoughts, until fercibly apin all own thoughts, until fercibly ap-prised of it by a concussion in the rear, occasioned by the tongue of the young men's wagon coming in con-tact with the box of his.

"Well, you'd better run over a body and be done with it," said Gidoon,

"Didn't see you in time to stop, uncle, 'pon bruor," answered the driver, with comic gravity, then, with a wink at his companion, he turned out of the road in order to pass the slow-going vehicle of Gideon; but the old horse, seeming not to relish the implied reproach, pricked up his ears, stretched his giraffe-like nock, and was off like a shor.

Gitton looked more perplexed than over. What was there in the indy's voice and eyes that puzzled him so? And the childs How its dimpled cheeks and rosy mouth sent his thoughts far back in the past. He len his horse, which all this while but been standing tile a tin pedder's in the middle of the road, to the stable, then came back to watch his downings till night should restore them to his hopping.

het a bank note, while the last a componsation to his home to he hospitality, as well as the in hospitality, as well as the in hospitality, as well as the in

noy? Several books were a helf. He took one down intending place the bill therein in the for a bookmark, and leave it on the le. Something written on the fif caused him to start, and flus

in his own handwriting. How well he remembered giving such a book to his betreibed. This must be the very fine; but how did it come into the

was still at work on the render wish to follow his thither, or will it suffice to say that

more engaged to the sweethcart of his youth, the pretty widow, Linda Pratt Holmes?
Gideon did not think of his hens

any of his many pets again that all though he isy awake till the sun gan to streak the east with lines light. Mortal never had a light Never starving hunter looked with more eggr eyer for the game by which he hoped to appears his hunger than did Gideon Marshall for his missing hens. When he reached the little valheart than Gideon carried to his he next day. The old housekeeper ley where stood the red mill, his eyes wandered from side to side in anxious dered much when the mice and gu pigs, the woodchucks and crows appeared, and her wooder incre when Gideon brought his wife and children home. To use her own we pretty white cottage, surrounded by fruit trees and flowering shrubs, waich "she was thunderstruck, but pr were just beginning to put forth their leaves. A lady, comely and dark-haired, though past the rosy bloom of early womanhood, was standing before the door, admiring a row of beautiful white hour white hour properties. glad on't to think her boy was with a sensible streak once life.!!

Then the brother, with his white hens which had mysteriously made their appearance on the pramises, and were quietly pluming themselves on the front fence.

Gideou saw neither the lady nor the dimple-cheeked child which played near her on the young grass. He had came down to offer congratulat and the old bouse was made m the ring of childish voices, ar there came another, with hair the counterpart dideo happiness the light stranger's rendered comp found his bens, and now mind was wonderfully perployed arive to catch them; for, to do his own words, they were as "wild as ly.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS. The bridge which crosses an

hawks," and quite at fond of their lib-Yellow Sea at Sangung, which He took an ear of corn from his or 5 1 miles. This enormous stretc pocket, and shelling it on the ground, is symparted on rather more than 20 called to them in every conceivable pilled to stone. way to come and eat; but the hens

were either too stupid to understand or too wise to heed, and so kept their testement house in Paris, a pood dashed upstairs, and in a few minus returned with a doll in its mout This doll was then joyfully selsed i At length Gideon became convinced that there was no way but to run them an eight-year-old daughter of temant. down one at a time-no very easy feat to accomplish, considering that they would have all the time a locomotive

The first artificer ever ennobl power in reserve, and could fly or pur his work was Henry de Vic, a as their need or fancy properted. Acting on this convection, he crept cautiously forward and made a lunge at

clock for Charles V. king of Priclock for Charles V. king of Frain 1870. The clock weighed pounds. De Vic also received a the nearest, sufficiently dexterous enough to secure a handful of feathers, while the hens fluttered in concert

from the fence and struck out in dif-ferent directions.

Gideon was over the fence in a trice, Malla, One of these whose Multa. One of these, whose and in lively pursuit of the refractory and bones showed that they belo fowls.

Asound the house he followed the hindmost, and into a neat, newly-made garden, over the smooth, even beds of to a full grown specimen, was than 2 feet 6 inches in height, could not have weighed over 60 per when in the flesh. which he trampled without compunc-

tion. Round and round he ran, and Perliaps the most remarkable leaped and jumped until the hen, as in the British army system of red tap if desirous of a wider field of action, are the headings under which various personal necessities are classed, instance, a soldier must purcha brush and comb under the hea plowed field. This Gideon found less adapted for a race than the garden. for with every step he sank anklefor with every step he sank ankle-deep in the mellow loam. After mak-ing the circuit of the field, the hea ing the circuit of the field, the hen flew into the top of a peach tree, in which her fellows were already con-

gregated. Her safe arrival was the occasion of a prolonged and trium-umphant crow from the receive tan-talising enough to Gideon, who came world, and its range would be as great as that of the dog if it extended far-ther sorth and south; but it is found north of the Arctic circle only in Norway and Sweden, and is as yet lacking in the southern part of South America, except where the Scotch have settled in Patagonia. Travelers throughout the most of Africa and Inand wondered why some one had not come out to remonstrate against his devastating flourishes over the beds. dia and in many little known parts of the world can usually add chickens, to their food resources without difficulty; but there are some large islands, like New Guines, where the hen is not found, and more than half of Australia is destitute of this animal.

ing his head vigorously to conx therefrom some plan by which his dorkings might be secured. He did not see the dark eyes which watched him so cori-ously from a back window, nor the mischievous smile that lurked around the lady's mouth as she with execution. The mule is more generally distrib-uted over South America than any other of the continents, being found other of the continents, being found there everywhere excepting along a part of the hot damp coast between Pernambuco and Rio Janeiro; and he is practically unknown in the Guianaa, the Amazon basin and Terra del Fuego. His home covers perhaps a fifth as much area as that of the horse. There are few mules around our Great Lakes, excepting along their southern shores, but from the lakes the animal extends aouthward to the Straits of Magellan. His home is all temperate and hot countries is practically coextensive with that of the horse, but it does not extend nearly as far north as the horse's range, and he is not found in the deserts. son. "Maybe the woman can contrive a way to do it. I've heard say women have sharper wits than we."

"Madam," said Gideon, as he approached the cottage and made his most polite bow, "I crave your assistance, or, rather, your advice, about catching those hem in the tree youwait till night, when they were gone to rocst, and when Gideon demurred on account of the lonely way he had to go, she told him he would be welcome to stay over night.

A Joke From the Sench.

Notwithstanding his twenty-two years of service on the bench, Lord Justice Mathow still presurves that elasticity of spirit and love of a joke which has distinguished him all through his career. One of his remarks yestorday created great merriment in the Court of Appeal. A learned king's council was arguing the question as to what is an "section," and was putting instances of what he considered sould properly come within that term, and what, an the other hand, would not "Suppose," said he, "come one ware to hit me in the fre and my eye became black in consec-

W AN IMMENSE INDUSTRY

HAS DEVELOPED IN CALIDANIA. Har Advantages for the Gulture of se Grape Are Due to Cilmatic Con-

The venerable age of the vineyards pe is a native of Ar America wes discovered that it was

country Vinciana. At the present coast to the unity and from the Can-

The grape erop that is sent to the market for table use and home conmption has become the least imporriticulturalist. The grape may be grown for raisins, wine or the table.

Different parts of the country, of course, are better adapted to one variety than another, as the climatic conbe taken up. Almost all the raising used in the United States are raised California, if there is any home industry that is completely monopo-lized by one state it is the production of reising, we a ported and tame

The raisin producing section of Calffernis, according to deorge G. Hus-mann, expert in charge of the Viticul-tural investigations, bureau of plant industry, comprises ten counties resno, Kern, Kings, Madelra, Merced. Orange, San Gernardino, San Diego, Tulare and Yola. The profits, according to this same expert, average but to \$500 per acre, "a fair average but ing to this same expert, are from ket is controlled absolutely by Controlled abs alities, who consume four pounds per

capita, California would still be equal

quantity. In California raisin production iterally and truly a natural monopoly, and depends entirely on the climate. In the first place, the soil is suitable, the land level, and therefore easy of cultivation, and the climate perfectthat is, for raisin curing. The average temperature during July and August is about 85 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. The pights are always much cooler than the days, and the coldest winter weather is 18 degrees above zero. The important characteristic, however, is that the summers are practically rainless and the nights are so free from moisture "that a piece of tissue paper after lying out all night is crisp and stiff next morning without a particle of moisture showing." It is this dry rainlessness

safe

government weather predictions late in the season, and if rain is indicated they hold their services at from 50 to in the season, and if rain is indicated they hold their services at from 50 to 75 cents a hour. It is simply impossible to get cheap labor in such emergencies, and the growers have to pay the piper. The entire labor question is a serious one with the grower. Chinese and Japanese labor practically controls the business, and they domand \$2 to \$3.50 per day and even \$4

for picking grapes.

After a vineyard comes into bearing, provided, of course, it is of a suitable variety, raisin production is very ment being accomplished by merely placing an empty tray top side down over the full one, and then turning both over. After drying for from tenboth over. After drying for from tendays to three weeks, depending on the grape, and date of ripening, the raisins are stored in "sweat boxes" until they go into the hands of the packer. In order to prolong the work over a more convenient period, some of the larger growers have curing horses where the finishing touches are put on the grapes as they are required. The raisin product of Unlifornia now amounts to shout 100,000,000 gounds per annum, and it takes from three to four pounds of grapes to make one pound of raisins.

Monadopek atil in the real transfer of the monitor Monadopek, a si time ago regarded as a practically neless hulk, and talked of as before the contability of the con

CHOP SUEY S

mer Driding.
"The chop way sunder is the Desent drink," said the white-clothed youth behind the white marble par of the sends the water place. "Fil mix you one for a sample."

Since chop sucy, the solid, is made of onices, young hamboo, pork, celery and chicken blood, the inquisitor hea-

LIN. N. C. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1903.

in hue. It is, in fact, black—black as

The years man then made successful to make the made to make the made to district the figs, chocolate and soda water. The drink, when it was finished, looked the matter efferteement int.

coffee this year," the altendant said. tain agreeable flavors that I can't spe-cify unless I am paid for the informa-tion. This drink, like iced tea, cools and exhibitarates

"Mint sangures is a refreshing drink that you can make at home if you have a siphon. You put in a glass a handful of mint leaves and a handful of shaved ice. Then with a musher, you mash the leaves to a pulp. Now you add some sort of fruit syrup that you likevanilla for instance—and you fill the insa from your siphon with seltzer. gluss from your siphon with selter.
This mixture you shake in a metal shaker and strain, adding, at the moment of sorving a straw, a cherry and a bunch of fresh mint that protrudes from the glass like a bouquet.

"Here is a new idea for you in the bunch of the country of the whole rime."

The strain a string of the whole rime is no string a string a half-inch wide and

way so that one end clings to the rim, and the other end rests on the bottom. Then serve the ginger ale with the peeling upright in it.

"Parfait amour, farmer's mead, golden slipper and a dozen other rinks are new this summer. Each of them is complicated and not, candidly, very good."—Philadelphia Record.

SIR WALTER ON GHOSTS.

"I Do Not Belleye My Own Experience Would Convert Me." One of the letters written by Str Walter Scott to his valued friend Mrs. Hughes, published in the Century, says, among some personal chat: Dear Mrs. Hughes - . . . Your recollection is very vivid, & I doubt not

of legal testimony; the recollection of our childhood on such a topic as that of gaosts & goblins is apt to be strangely mixed with exaggerations, a sort of embro'dery which your fancy is so apt to lend such strong coloring conversion of his grapes into has wisely I think introduced a precocasionally late in November rainsome damage to partially dried raisins and grapes. In Mr. Husmann's article of The Rain Industry in the new Year Book he states that the many Japanese laborers watch the government weather predictions late in the state of the s story is never told the same way, though there is a kind of general resemblance. . . I do not believe my own experience would convert me; though I might tremble I would reverse the part played by the devils and certainly not believe. I wish you would write down Mrs. Ricketts story for picking grapes.

After a vineyard comes into bearing, provided, of course, it is of a suitable variety, raisin production is very simple in the California district, where the sun does most of the work. The grapes begin to ripen about the middle of August and later varieties continue on into November. The bunches are cut from the vines and piaced on shallow trays. These measure two feet wide, three feet long and "one inch" high. On the trays the grapes are piled and allowed to sundry, being turned from time to time, this movement being accomplished by merely writer of such goodly matters that

*Dograess familiar to my slaughterous thoughts Cannot e'en startle me."

As the result of a remarkable dream, Valentine Marx persuaded a surgeon to perform an operation on him, and true to his dream his voice

was restored.
Since 1899 he has been unable to speak above a faint whisper, and that with dimenity. He was told that pushible cause of failure was the presence in the last tune of a bullet which he received at the battle of Stone River.

IRSE ON "THE GROUND OF CHRISTIAN CERTAINTY."

to Nesutiful Language of the Assur-ances of Divine Mercy Which Bucy the Hearts of Bellovers.

the Hearts of Believers.

Geran Grove, N. J.—Ne rig.16,000 people filled the Anditerium here stunday morning to listen to the Rev. Reginsid John Campbell, pastor of the City Tumple, London, His subject was "The Ground of Christian Certainty." He said:

Lify text, or rather, my two texts, will be found, one in the third chapter and four-texts which the same love the brething. He that lovels not his brother shields for death." We love Him because the first loved us.

The thought is not one of simple gratitude. The text teaches us hat the pover of foring comes from the fact that God is love. The writer of the fourth gospel, whether he was or was not the Aposter John, was probable one of the greatest theologians that ever lived, because his spiritual insight is so procused, and the inwardness of his master mind so complete. The writer of the fourth gospel, whether he was or was mot the Aposter John, was probable one of the greatest theologians that ever lived, because his spiritual insight is so procused, and the inwardness of his master mind so complete. The writer of the fourth Gospel is plainly the writer of the south Gospel was underested the Complete The writer of the south Gospel is plainly the writer of the south Herman Christian experience the fourteenth chapter of St. John. In this the disciple week forth what we begiese to be the profoundest and most beautiful truth concerning the relationship of the santified goul to the Redeemer. What a beautiful phrase is this: The disciple whom Jesus loved. The writer of the fourth gospel is plainly the writer of the fourth gospel is plainly the writer of

they came to Christ and and. "Master, shall we command fee to chem down from heaven and consume these adversaries, yours and ourse" And Carist replied. "Ye know not yet what apin ye are of." Again, the mother of Ja fia and John Capes the Master and way. "Master, grant that the consent his way to get the one on Thy right hand and they do the come on Thy right hand and they thought, and they all thought that the kingdom was to be an earthly one; that those who stood nerrest Him would occupy the places of greatest bomor in His kingdom. Without rebuking them the Master turned to the two men and said: "Are you able it drink of the cup whereof I shall drink, and to be bantized with the baptism whereof I am baptized." Then said the Master. "Ye shall indeed drink of M" cup, and be baptized with the baptism whereof I am baptized."

The other disciples were much displeased with James and John. They could have a master knew at once coming as a Master of the truth He very well knew—what was in their hearts. The one was seeking the crown that was corruptible, and that fadeth away; the other was to live in history as the apostic of love. What a long way John must have traveled before this passionate, ambitious man was able to deserve this title, "the Apostle of Love." John gave the greater part of his young life to the preaching of the gospel of love. Toward the close of that long and wonderful care the beloved disciple was carried on Sunday morning to the congregation of the faithful. It was his last appearance at any earthly gathering. His parting benediction to the little flook comes down to us through the history of the ages! Little flook comes down to us through the history of the ages! Little flook comes down to us through the history of the ages! Little flook comes down to us through the history of the ages! Little flook comes down to us through the history of the ages! Little flook comes down to us through the history of the ages! Little flook comes down to us through the history of the ages! Little flook comes down

to us through the history of the ages: "Little children, love one mother."
We know that often the words of our text were on the lips of the Apostle John: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." And again, the histor experience which makes possible the other, "we love the brethren occause Christ first loved us."

brethren." And again, the hished experience with a market possible the other, we love the brethren occause Christ first loved as."

This is not the only experience of the kind. Some of you might be inclined to any: This is all well enough in its place to talk about the Apostle John as being the avoulte of love." But we are not John. There are nome other people who deserve the title. What about Peter, the impulsive fisherman! Peter was undoubtedly impulsive and selfish and not without his ambition, too. Listen to the conversation in the upper room. After the Master has performed the foot washing He begins to prepare His disciples for His counting in He mays: "Ye shall all be confounded because of Me this night." And Peter replies: "Though all should betray Thee, yet will not!." What he meant to say was thin "You have made a great deal of this man, who is allowed to lie on Your breast. Perhaps if a crisis came he might not be as much use as I would. If these should betray Thee, yet will not!." The time came when John atmitted Peter to Pilate's hall. John atood silently by, ready perhaps to die for his Master. Peter was hiding somewhere in terror because of the dewn and Christ was dving. And then Pilate's hall. John stood sliently by, ready perhaps to die for his Master. Peter was hiding somewhere in terror because of the Jews and Christ was dying. And then alter the resurcestion Christ came to him in secret. Peter wept out his penitince and the Master lifted him up again. Three times he was asked, "Simon, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thon Me." Peter an awared, "Lord. Thou knowest that I love Thee." The last time, grieved because of the question, he replied, with deep emotion, expressive only of the love in his heart, "Lord. Thou knowest tall things, Thou knowest that I love Thee." When was given to this fisherman the grand promise. "Ye are of Christ." And the su awar of Christ was, "If I will that ye strive and achieve and he stand and wait, what is that to thee, follow thou Me." Those two men, not long since rivals, came together to witness for the Master. Peter does the talking and John is silent. Both are prepared to suffer in the name of Jesus Christ of ... agareth.

The grand certainty in the heart of every one of these men was that they had passed from death unto life, through being made capable of loving. And they were capable of loving because they loved the brethren. Now, brethren, in every age, since John wrote these words for us, the same thing has held true. The ground of Christian certainty has been through the love of God. There is no other ground of certainty long.

And the witnesspy, the spirit is seen in nothing more than fills: their those who are the some of God show it in their demeanor.

The love of Jeana, what it is, none by.

"Ob, love, could you and I with Him conapire.

To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire:

Would not we shatter it to bits—and them
Remold it nester to the heart's decire."

It is because of this mood that I have
found in America and England that people
have asked the guestion. How shall we be
sure of God? Where is spiritual certainty? One man once said to me, "II you
were master of the community. I think I
could trust you. I don't think you could
wish me have. Can't you make me sure
of the twe of God. Oh, make me sure
of the twe of God. Oh, make me sure
of the twe of God. Oh, make me sure
of the twe of God. Oh, make me sure
of the twe of God. Oh, make me sure
of the twe of God. Oh, make me sure
of the twe of God. Oh, make me sure
of the twe of God. Oh, make me sure
of the twe of God. Oh, make me sure
of the vectory of Christi"

Now, brethren listen to me: first of all,
clear the ground by this reflection, that
the only real communion, the only spiritual experience that is worth having is not
that which can be demontrated by figures, and you will have to
begin where they did—in the upper room.
A man must had Cherje for himself. You
soul should be for reflection in the
off the Mand. The only real communion,
of the onl

Weary Willie-What made poor ole Walker fall in a fit while he was talkin' on dat telephone? Dusty Rhoades

there. He was asked to call upon a poor man in Dundee who had been bedridden for a long time. Mr. Moody went to take a blessing, but instead got one. The man had been standing under are blessing of Calvary; it was no shock to him to be told that the world seemed to be upside down, and the mian would have had a poor time of it if they had spoken to him of his sufferings. When Mr. Moody left the chamber he said: "I guess when the angels pass over Dunnet, thoy will stop at that house for refreshments." Do you see, brethree Do vop see?

Men like Peter and John who have been admitted to the fellowship of the cross do not doubt the love of God. Peace and pain, joy and sorrow, are not exclusive. The latter prepares the way for the former.

I once heard "Gypay" Smith toll a story about his own little sons who had played truant, and in trying to be atern he had sent them to bed, and they were not to have any supper, if you please. He passed the rest of the evening tiptoeing about listening and wondering what the effect of the punishment would be. Finally, not hearing any sound, he made his way to the bed chamber. As he leaned over the bed one of the little fellow solbed out, "Father, will you forgive me?" "Yes, my son; yes, yes, I will forgive you, for I love you." "Then, father, take me down to supper." We know the great Father because we have looked into the face of the Son.

The Life That Counts.

The life that counts is a life on a high level, yet full of helpful healing sympathy for all life on its lowest levels. It is the first debt which we over to our fellow men in this age. The man who has faith accepts the uncertainty of life as the consequence of its larger significance; he cannot interpret it, because it means so much; he cannot trace its lines taxough to the end, because it has no end; it tuns into God's cturnity. Something better is coming out of it than worldly fame or wealth or power. He is not making himself. God is making him, and that after a model which eye hath not seen. He can toll away at his work, not knowing whether he is to see its realize usw or not, but the wind that it is see its realize usw or not, but the man of the price of the life is a satisfaction in being appreciated, in feeling that others as knowledge our worth or our power, and in gaining that prices from the world that is food to so many of us, but the man or woman whose lives are not on the highest plane are those who take no their burdens without flinching, or without propect of reward, who do not look for the plaudits of pit and gallery; are unconcerned as to the audience so long as they play their part well, and is faith and patience, live the life where they belong even though their heavens fall.—Annie L. Juck.

The mind will be like the stuff it feeds

YOUR HOUSE.

A southern or eastern window in your bathroom makes the morains tip more enjoyable in winter.

A garden or porch not too far from the kitchen makes the sarving of afferdinner coffee an al freeze delight.

Woman's industries in house-building is shown by the number of classes witch each attractive plan bossis. It's a wonder more of the half-timbered effects are not adopted for country and substrain houses.

It your house be of red orick make hapte to cover it with Boston ty. YOUR HOUSE.

A BROKEN REVERIE.

porch that is brown asseded for two man whom the gods have been kin. Whose heart leaps for joy in his a sylph-like and heavenly creature. In gauny majorinis dressed: The lows songs of thousands of in A down in the cars of the obay, have an the ravishing maiden. A bits on the ravishing maiden.

A bits on the ravishing maiden.

And the sounds of a sigh and a siap.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

HUMOROUS.

First Old Mald-Do you think that love is blind, dear Angelina? Second Old Maid—Alas! dear Abagail, I know

on-I hear that Rawlins is a great hunter. Davids-Don't you beleve it; he can't even shoot the

Jack-And if I stole a kins, darling, would you protest? Ernie-Well, you may be sure I wouldn't say "Stop,

Nell-Maude is quite up to date fa her conversation, isn't she? Belle-Yes; she's a master of the English Rollingstone Nomoss-If you had a

million dollars wot would you do? Tatterdon Torn-Wish I had another mil lion, I s'pose,

Ostend-Paw, why is it they put nost gas metres in the cellar? Paw-Because, my son, few gas metres are on the level. "There is no such thing as an effec

without a cause," remarked the Wise Guy. "How about when a woman changes her mind?" inquired the Sim ple Mug.

Mrs. Muggins-Yes, my busband lets me do exactly as I please. Mrs. Bug-gins—How nice. But what about him? Mrs. Muserins—Oh, he don co. De Sinythe—I have just set? 920

two souls with but a single thought. De Jaynes-What! that's nothing; the other day I saw a whole flock of dudes who didn't have that many. "Young man," remarked the selfmade person. "I began life without a cent to my name." "That's nothing," replied the flippant youth, "I didn't even have a name when I was born."

Central booked him onto a bathhouse by mistake, an' he heard people washin. First Life Guard-How much did he give you for saving his wife? Second Ditto-Fifty dollars. First-He must have been fond of her. Second-Oh, I

don't know. She had a lot of diamond rings on. "I wonder if there is any room in the literary field?" said the youth who thought he was cut out to write nov-"If thar ain't," snapped the hustling old farmer, "there's room in the

cornfield. Here's a hoe!" They were sitting on the beach. "Let us make love," he whispered, "so that we may have something by which to remember the seashore when we are far away." "Ah," she said softly, "I suppose you'd call this a souvenir spoon."

Gritty George-Yer look pretty well used up, pard. Timothy Tice—Yes; I went up dividy in de wayslue coltage somebody fou me be keeping "open house." Gritty —Was de information correct? Timo thy Ties-Yes; she was keeping an open doghouse.

Two Mosquito Varns. Mosquitoes stopped a 700-horsepower engine is the plant of the Pittsburg Reduction company at Alta Sita, a suburb of East St. Louis. For several days the engine had not run smoothly, but Engineer Robinson could not locate the trouble. Raising steam to an unusual pressure had no apparent effect, and finally the big drive wheel stopped dead. Renewed examination showed that mosquitoes, attracted possibly by the oil on the gine had been mashed to death on the crossheads and along the piston runs until they formed a gummy mass that

even steam pressure could not over-come. The factory now has screens. One of the worst plagues of mosqui-toes ever suffered by ranches in the France River valley now besits that district. This summer the river from ed the lowlands, leaving pools from which were bred millions of big, flerce mosquitoes that have attacked and killed hons. At Mount Lehman, a large district protected by a dike, the plague of mesquiloes is so bad that life is a burden to those compelled to labor in the open air.—Chicago Rec-ord-Herald.

Much has been said of the hi seeks to decide what to call her by finally settling upon Autoinette," who then called the obtid Tony short? In the same family is a f inine Billy (Wilhelmina), an un-tunate who is known as Fet (ch lened Featherstone Herbert Frederi and a girl who was baptized Hope and a girl who was captused rhops two reasons, first because it was same that seemed impossible to a braviate and secondly because her a ter's name was Charity. As He gree out of babyhood the incorrigit insolitous family set its with to we and evolved the suphonious name. Honey for her, (They at Jens did loppy for her. (They at le