Noe think they have an saidity.

Preservatives of borax fail

To shake our mental discidity.

We know they are security
Agatust microbic impurities.

But tremble lest we may be filled

with undigasted securities.

—Chicago Tribune.

HUMOROUS.

Blobbs-How did you enjoy your

THE SPINNING WHEEL BONG.

By JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

fellow has mononlight to ables in beginning.

Jose by the window young filless is aptending and on the fire, but billed grandmother, stilling, a crossing, and monthless, and drowelly knitting.

Ellows, achors, I hear comeons tapping.

"Its the try, darr mother, anging the sines flapping."

"Its the record man of art, anging the sines flapping."

"Its the sound, moth r. denr. of the ausmor wind dylan."

serelly, the rily, notific whirring,
winds the wheel aping the real, while the foot's mirring;
prightly, and lightly, and stilly ringing.

Irrile the synce voice of the young maiden singing.

he has little birds chirpling the bolly boah under, "hast makes you be showing and moving your shoulds, i singing all wrong that old song of The Coc. of "he coc. of the coc. deriving it the growth whitering, the foot's eliring; wings the wheel, spice the root, while the foot's eliring; prigotly, and lightly, and airly ringing.

Aritis the swent voice of the young maiden singing.

it it sung, not one solitary en- of students the world had ever seen, or get it sung, not one solitary engagement through all those awful weeks. Only the clothes I was wearing left! Not a friend in the whole world to could turn to for help—bread and water for a week—then water without the bread, with the Frenchman's expectation of the second data with the second to remain one of those untold the bread, with the Frenchman's expectation of the second data was weak from illustrations of the second data was second to remain one of those untold the bread, with the present had I see the second data was weak from the second data was second data was a second data was second d dream witcheries which thrall most successful to the follow; no sconer had I that the horse to live on one straw by than the brute spited me and their thoughts to cloudland. He could not I didn't die! No, here I am, unmately, alive. I've been under the following or end, though he tried each note in the gamut; but he felt it, he had dreamed it; some day—tod late, perhaps, to make use of it in this world—the world world—the world—the world—the world world—the world world—the world world—the world world—the world world—the world—the world world—the worl

fate once, and like contribution to the surface. I shall ous beauty.

Song after song, tune after tune, he painfully evolved, only to throw them aside with a cry of despair when finat kind. Shall I rise the aside a through the casual ward lahed. "Mec menplace, how evenly on the dead lev-ei! and only 24 hours left before the r gave a grunt which MS. must be posted. I am like a been satisfaction or drowning man who sees the life belt sing the invalid was hanging just only out of his reach. The

dispute on registing the favaild was conscious, better, then dived back to the kitchen, emerging therefrom a little later with a basin of very weak atong and a piece of bread, which she set down with a clatter on a small table near the bed with the remark:

"You can feed yourcall again now; the time it's wasted every day a-looking after you no money could ever pay for."

"I'm sure I'm very grateful." was the shamed reply. "Have I been ill long?"

"Mor'n two weeks," ungraciously, "as mealing that the talk o' smallpox about."

Coin started violently.

"But it can't be that—there is no rash"—

"But it can't be that—there is no rash"—

"Good thing for you it wasn't," was the sharp retort. "It's delirium, the doctor says. You've been a-playing that ill-ere plano to death, but there all' is not something that wine it's all noise an' no meat in plano. Never no more musiciann take my rooms, and out you go just as soon we was you can set foot to the ground."

"I must owe you an awful lot," he marmured, brokenje, "I see melicine, and food, and wins beeddes the rent;" work, and the marmured, brokenje, "I see melicine, and food, and wins beeddes the rent;" work, and the melicity; the world; my count and body."—

"I must owe you an awful lot," he marmured, brokenje, "I see melicine, and food, and wins beeddes the rent;" work, and the melicity; "I see melicine, as the chart has been melicine, and food, and wins beeddes the rent;" at an election of seach other rent; into something that work, and the melicine, and food, and wins beeddes the rent; the world in the melicine, and food, and wins beeddes the rent; the world in the lower of the melicine, and food, and wins beeddes the rent; the world was a certain notes, that it is print to his feet and almost cortain notes, blust it that." A long pause, then he said deliberately, resolutely, though his face was white as now, "I had one other dream, too," he fail the melicity in the melic

marmured, brokenly. "I see medicino, and food, and wine health to work, and the melody fitted the words, and must be a kind of pantomine fairy disgulated an—an"—
"Don't you go posing your fun at pec," she broke in shrilly. "I'm a poor hard working honest woman. Fairy in any of the very ideal What you've had you've paid for, or, it glands to This is the golden hour of life; The struggle and the task are done. This you've had you've paid for, or, it glands to This is the factors of the word in the melody fitted the words, and the melody fitted the words, and the generous strife, This is the golden hour of life; The struggle and the task are done. This you've paid for, or, it glands to the melody fitted the words, and the melody fitted the words.

"Mechanical! wooden! Correct harony? Yes, but oh, ye gods, how com-

milf for it. He had done it almost in his delivium, but as beath and strength featured every hour, so did his moral sense of right and wrong.

He was a thief.

The letter with the good saws exists to dream London stile, one of those tiny. Ill-furnished rooms which shelter broken hearts and hide blighted hoped from the mock of the world.

Colls Stuart had won the prize for his superb setting of the classic ode he held the check is his hand for £250, with the formal offer of the post he had craved, with more than formal appreciation of his work, for the famous Signor-Tiorno pronounced it worthy of the highest praise.

Colls threw the letter down in bitter contempt. Stolen honory—a viant's robe," he mutaced, "only, thank heaven, there is still time to make restitution. I will take it there outgut—now, it may be to them what it was to mowning it would have been to me if it were honestly mine. Perhaps the melody was here—that beautiful dark cyde girl I used to see gasting up and down to the second floor back—perhaps it was the old foreigner's I saw with her just before I was taken ill—they will gity and forgive, the temptation was so great."

But they also had left Mrs. Wilcox's but they also had left Mrs. Wilcox's but he knows also that the vigor is blended to the proper in it, but the years to the left will be revery mornily earnest man is acquisited with. He knows that its conditions are aftern, that there is vigor in it, but he knows also that the vigor is bended to be those the old they give is bended to be the world with the knows also that the vigor is bended to be the world with the knows also that the vigor is bended to be the second floor back—perhaps it was the old foreigner's I saw with her vigor is bended to be the wind the proper is the promise of the perhaps the method of the world with the assurance that give to his proper is it, but he knows also that the vigor is bended to be the second floor back—perhaps it was the old foreigner's I saw with her vigor is bended to be the second floor the promise i

vanished, and I could not catch hold of it-it seemed still in my soul, but olusive, like a shadow which cannot be grasped—then—then ope night I heard it played in another room. I heard it hummed and strummed, not the har-mony but the ghoat of the melody, and my delirium was not over. I entreat you to believe it was not the true Colin you to believe it was not the true Colin Stuart, but some remnant of the fever flend who did it. I stole the melody and elaborated it, harmonized it, as I had heard it played in my dreama, and I sent it in as my own; it won the prize—it is here—yours, not mine."—
"No," sald Nina Glacomo, sortly laying a detaining hand to stay the retreat he tried to make. "It was always."

treat he tried to make, "It was always yours, Mr. Stuart; even in your fever the ruling passion of your life came out; there were many hours when you were alone, untended, and you used to dream music-which drove one into ecstacy to hear, better, far more beautiful than I had ever heard you play

of each other's lives—the good luck had come at last!—Tit-Bits.

Waived the Responsibility.

He hated it, but one hot morning recently, to please his wife, and shortly after they were married, this West Palladelphis man went shopping. He would, however, so no further than the door. At one store the wife remained so long that the husband lost his patience and his temper, When she did come out he said:

"What do you mean, keeping me

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY | not the very best there is in it. In the

broken to shivens, even as I received of My Father." Here are words attributed to Jeans which note of us would like to think of Him as speaking. We could not find in Jesus any promise of authority over nations to role them with a rod of iron, as the vessels of a potter are broken to shivers; nor do we think of Him as claiming to have received such from His Father. That is not our way of thinking of Christ to-day. Then how did John come to bear Christ say that? Because John had been reared in the atmosphere and fed upon the sentiments of Pealm ii. His Jewish toachers has taught him to regard Pralm ii as Messianic. And what was the Messiah to do? The Lord said to Him, "Ask of Me and I will give thee the nations for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt death them to pieces like a potter's vessel." Some Jews sometimes believed that that was one of the things the Messiah would do. When a Jew came to believe that Jesus was the Messiah you would think that he would at least throw off that old notion. Jesus had sid, "Come unto Me all ve that labor and are heavy laden," etc. "I am meck of heart, lowly." "Blessed are the meek." etc. "Other cheek," etc. The general character and Esching of Jesus was the very opposite of the Pealm ii conception of Messiah. Yet the Jew who believe that Jesus was representing Jesus. This is not very surprising when you remember that Christians seven yet take the Pealm ii to refer to Jesus. Nothing could be more unlike Jesus was representing Jesus. This is not very surprising when you remember that Christians of Macareth than the description of the Messiah in Pealm ii. It is high time to protest, as Cheyne does, against the habit of "Inding Christ" in passages "unrelated to Christ and His relixion." "I fear." says Canon Cheyne, "that our unniting ated adoption of the Pealter as it stands may countered that spirit of love

canty of life with God, with Christ and with all the pood: "He shall sit with Me on My throne," etc.

Oh, you who are fighting sin, take courage; with every triumph you are mounting the steps of the throne of God, and ever naming the time when your life shall be fixed in the truth which knows no turning, and the righteousness which is forever.

Lay bold on the thought of God as your Helper, and believe that if you work with Him all will be well. I invite you to no superficial optimism that has never acunded the depths of life's wos, nor seen into the hearts of its transdy. There is no power and no healing in that. I heard it once given out from a Christian piatform. It denumed gleominess of every kind: it declared that all things were going on acceedingly well; even the alms were not so bad as some made out, and the war in fouth Africa—well, it would come to an end some time.

So much of this was dealt out that I felt-that such optimism was the shallowess of lies, and that to ventilate it in the name of Christianity was to forget the tracedy of Gethermane and to hot out the memory of the cross. No, no; If you are to be a serious man, in earnest for the highest endas of life, for yourself and for society, you have a hattle to fight; a hard, atern battle; a hundred things are verying with the world, which you must help to put right. Look the evil in the face and do not call it light. But when yoh have done that is the begunning, that is also the cod, and let it, therefore, be our "Hopes sun will pierce"

The thickest cloud sarth ever strutched. That alter has thall come that light.

MUCH OF THE WORK IS STILL DONE BY HAND.

The Materials Most Generally Used

Lorally to goodness is the way of blessedness. There is no happeness like that which comes from simple rootness.

What does the victor find! He finds the diasem reserves from which he may draw musteraines and power to his own surprise and that of the world. To him that over consett I will give to eat of the hidden room was before and susternance hidden from way before and sultimate a truegle you find the soul susternance hidden from way before and sultimate a truegle you find the soul susternance hidden from way before and sultimate a truegle you find the soul susternance hidden from way before and sultimate the world. New confidences, new assurances, new faiths arise in the soul; new visions break upon it, new voices smeak to it and in the remaining lies the beauty and utility of its inner solitudes, and the man text by and by to understand what Paul meant when he socke of being "atcreathmed with might in the liner man." The truly carnest man who persures in the life of the good it constantly surprised at the reserve of nower upon which he draws. Red seas which looked as if they meant sectain death have been safely crossed, and the cotter side.

Diffenities which seemed insurmountable have been safely crossed, and the other side.

Diffenities which seemed insurmountable have been safely crossed, and the cotter side.

Diffenities which seemed insurmountable have been safely crossed, and the cotter side.

Diffenities which seemed insurmountable have been safely crossed, and the cotter side.

threads are tien together and cauget over a hook and back he goes to be-

gin the same work over again. Experience teaches the spinner just how fast to walk so that the yarn may be evenly twisted, while he also calls instructions to the boy at the wheel, who turns fast or slow, as the occasion requires. When a quantity of the yarn is finished then begins the uniting of it into strands, and much the same pro-cess is followed, for three or more threads are twisted into one, but always the twist given to the strand is in the opposite direction from that given to the yarn, and if the strands are laid up into a rope the direction is reversed again, so that a right hand and a left hand twist alternate, which keeps the finlahed rope from kinking up on unwinding. The yarn is put into a tank of hot tar and subsequently through a nipping apparatus, which re-moves the superfluous dressing. The tar tends to protect the fibre from moisture and friction. There are wheels turned by horse power in some ropewalks and these are used in layropewalks and these are used in laying up the large cables containing hundreds of strands and used for heavy vaive packing. The use of the hemp string for many purposes has been superseded by metal ties, and especially is this true of the cotton bale tie, whose place has been taken by the flat steel band with buckie. In case of fire, which is the dreaded enemy of cotton handlers, the hemp tie burned off first and left the released cotton at the mercy of the flames, while the metal bands hold the cotton in compact, slow-burning squares; and so give it a

mercy of the names, while the metalbands hold the cotton in compact, slowburning squeres, and so give it a
chance for its life.

The processes by which the various
fibres are made into rope are essentially the same, since they all come to the
factories in bales, are opened up, spun
into yarn, formed into atrands and
laid up into rope. In the making of
manila cordago the fibre is opened up
and passed through a machine consisting of corrugated iron rollers, which,
with the addition of a sprinkling of
oil, action and rander the stuff more
pliable. Then it is run through machines when the fibres are straightened and combed and shaped into loose
rolls, and these are combined and
stretched before being sent to the
spinning issue, which twists them into yarn and winds it onto 'cobbline.'
These hobbins are sent to the rope
machine called the former, where a
number of the yarns are twisted into

HOW ROPES ARE MADE.

The particular state of the pa which he rests his yarn to keep it off the would generally spend his time in the would generally spend his time in watching passing ships or salling chips

"Was she willing to pay so much for such an insignificant husband," asked the thoughtless girl. "Oh, dear

When older grown, he attended the primary, intermediate and grammar schools, and later, the high schools are later to the later than the later t studious, only an ordinary bupil in grammar, reading, spelling, or history, but bright in physical geography, algebra, geometry and chemistry, and re-markably keen in natural philosophy. At this time he was tall for his age, thin, rather slender, somewhat loosely built and had a noticeable forward inclination of the head which became more and more pronounced from a ha-bit he had of closely watching rivals in his many boat races, craning his neck in order to see them from under the

on an average, and encouraged her children, some of whom were blind, in all ways possible. "My mother," said John B. Herreshoff to the writer in 1899, "Is 88, and still enjoys good health. If I have one thing more than another to be thankful for, it is her care in childhood and her sympathy through life. She is one of the best of mothers, and I feel that I owe her a debt I can never repay." She has since died.—Walter Wellesley in Sucthe party of the spile Later

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

An electrical gridiron has been de-vised to kill files. It stands vertically, and the moment a fly alights upon it death ensues from electric shock. The dead fly drops onto a normantal shelf inderneath.

impo, or some lubricant, to obviate the wear of friction, and in many of the ropes the outside is given a final freatment by singeing off the protrading fibres, offing or sising the surface and polishing it with revolving brushes of cocoanut fibre. If tarring is done at all, it is done when the fibre is in the yarn stage, but for the tough, water-resisting sical and manilis the practice is not much followed. The largest fibre cables are used about railroads for the shifting cars by means of running switches and about boats for deep sea towing lines and shore hawsers, although in the latter uses steel cables are often substituted. Much heavy ma-Mrs. McCall—So your dear old uncle has gone to heaven. Willie—We don't know yet. His will won't be road till after the funeral. Wigs That parenologist claims that he can even tell what sort of wife a man has. Wagg-By the bumps on drive, either of manila or cotton, and the larger strongly woven cables are fitted over drams with V-shaped cor-rugations. Bolt rope is a tightly twisted manila cord for sewing about the edge of sails, and for the sailors' his head, I suppose. ocean voyage? You know you expected to be seasick. Slobbe—Well, toings came up to my expectations. use are ropes of various kinds and sizes, and they make an intricate web, about which he climbs like a nimble

"Was she willing to pay so much

Fear Our Greatest Enemy. Thought's most deadly instrument for marring human lives is fear, says Success. It demoralizes character, de-stroys ambitton, induces or causes discase, paralyses happiness in self and others and prevents achievement. It is all evil. Physiologists now well know that it impoverabes the blood by interfering with assimilation and cutting of nutrition. It lowers mental and physical vitality and weakens evhis many boat races, craning his neck in order to see them from under the boom.

Mr. Bicknell says that the mother of the young Herreshofts, although a very busy woman, managed to visit the high school two or three times a week, on an average, and species of the same house with it.

The most extensive of the same house with it.

dwell in the same house with it.

"The most extensive of all the morbid mental conditions which reflect themselves so disastrously on the numerously of the numerously of the numerously of the numerously of mental numerously of the numerously of t

"Fear is like carbonic acid pumped into one's atmosphere." Horace Fistener: "It dames moral and apiritual asphysicitin sometimes death—death to end death to tissue and death to growth."