## Mystery of the G. L. W. Railway.

By Solving It Peter Joyce Cleared Himself of the Suspicion of Murdering His Superior.

Peter Joyce had just been discharged | How harsh and rasping the voice from the employ of the G. L. W. Rail-

luctant for some reason to go out again

"I have seen many a man killed in

as I was passing under the railway

bridge at Elm street my horse shied at

something I could not see, and I had to

drive him back a little way, and come

on foot. I never knew him to act that

The men went away together after a

while, removing the body in an ambu-

hours, and Thompson, lifting some

fresh coals to the stove, heard a noise

at the window behind him. With a

cry of terror, he turned about to look

into the wild and panicstruck face of

Joyce, who had crept up behind the

shanty and was looking in to see

whether it was safe for him to enter.

But his clothing was shockingly

"Something chased me on the way

torn, his face and hands covered with

back through the yards over the tops

"What was it?" gasped the watch-

"It's Satan himself, Bill. It did not

"When I stopped it stopped, and

when I began to run it would run, too.

I crept under a train of boxcars, and

there it lost me. I could not see it,

"Merciful powers, Bill, it's time now

"She's coming through the yards

Lord, see the stream of fire, and

for No. 4. Hear it whistling in the

what does Wilson whistle that way

is answering him. Is it a fire?"

"Hear that Bill. The alarm whistle

The night was still intensely dark

and not a sign of fire could be seen as

shanty and looked out. But way

down the line they could hear the

shrill blasts sounding from the filer as

it passes through the outskirts of the

place, sounding like a human being

screaming in distress and mortal

place woke and Thompson was busy

as he ran to and from the freight office

"They all think it is a fire, Pete,"

he exclaimed as he came in at last,

dripping wet. "But the yards are as

black as coal; indeed, you can't see the

second line of freights from here. I

ne ar see it worse, beats a London fog.

"Isn't that schreeching awful, Pete?

When the long night came to an end

there was a curious crowd gathered

about the superintendent's office,

where a bulletin had just been issued.

At the sight of Thompson and Pete

approaching them, there was a sudden

hush and the men fell back so that

they could gain access to the bulletin,

and many eyes were watching the men

as they stood together on that morning

of fate, and waiting to see what they

"You read it, Bill," whispered Pete:

Thompson unconsciously held up his

and like a witness to the word as he

"Engineer Wilson of No. 4 killed in

his cab by some mysterious agency at

3.10 this morning. Train ditched, several killed and wounded. Engineer

evidently strangled. Further particu-

There were already whispers circu-

lating among the men that they would

road, and they suddenly began to leave

the place, while Thompson and Joyce

"Bill," said Joyce as they entered

the place, "I was the man that they

suspected, and I will be the one to

"Lord, Pete, don't do it," replied the

other in a panic. "Man alive, don't do it; Think of yourself, my lad!" "Thompson, tonight I shall go out alone to meet this terror! I don't want

any help; for like as not we would be

firing into one another during the night watch. This—this thing only

follows up one man at a time, it seems, and I shall go."

And so all day long the two men

wrestled with each other upon the mat

All day there was a strange quiet revailing about the yards, and at

There was not a sound to be heard except the puffing of the switching en-

man at his side.

went back to the shanty.

read out the words:

my eyes are sore and I can't read."

You can be sure that there is death

and destruction to pay somewhere

along the line."

distance? Have they struck it, too?

water tank, and there it lost me."

me all the time.

but I heard it breath.

in the way this man was.

way Company at Manassas Junction. There were several machine shops in the place connected with the road The company had been throwing off its men, but in the latter part of October, 1892, there was an unexpected in crease of work, which recalled many of the idle men to their posts and sent skyward the hopes of those who re-

Joyce was chuckling to himself over the railway surgeon came in and examined the body with a puzzled look. the situation when, on Oct. 21, he received a blue envelope. He took it mechanically from the paymaster's hand, stood in the doorway for a moment like a man who has been stunned from a sudden blow, and then, with an oath and some other word of which he was scarcely conscious, turned and left the place, not observ

he went down the tracks. It was quite dark when he went out stumbling over the rails like a drunken man in the rain and sleet which had begun falling an hour before. He was so full of anger and shame at the occurrence that he could scarcely sewhere he was going, and once he actually ran into the end of a flat car, rais

ing the strange glances sent after him

ing his arms only just in time to avoid a dangerous contact with the bumpers. He would not go home yet, to the dreary little room in the boarding house he called home. The rain and sleet were far better. He crept into a described coal shed and sat down upon the rough clinkers for an hour or more.

Mason had discharged him, and for what? Over and over again he re viewed the man's sharp voice, the quick, impetuous words, his own voice making some reply which he could not now remember. And then the glances of the men of which he was only too well aware as he started down the

But as he was stealing along like a hunted wolf between the lines of heavily loaded freights, he stumbled over something in his path, and the next instant he was kneeling above the body of the man he hated more

than any one else in the whole world. He managed to drag the body from the rails where it would have been left so that a passing train would decapitate it, and in less than five minutes afterward he burst into the shanty o one of the night watchmen, covered with perspiration his eyes rolling like

those of a man taken in a sudden fit. "The man, Thompson, the man!" he gasped as soon as he could find his

lason, the superintendent! at a sight!" lo you mean, Pete? Speak

out man! Accident, wreck, fire, Joyce staggered to his feet.

the shanty, dodging the shifting freight cars and moving engines with a reckand so made their way at last to th place where the body was lying.

over with a troubled face. "A bad job, Mr. Joyce," he began in

It was hard to speak the words, but Joyce understood, and in the dim light, amidst the falling bleet, he raised his hand solemnly. "Before God, William, I didn't!

would not have had the strength to do Thompson stood up and rubbed his hand across his eyes, as if trying to

think of something.

"Let's go back to the shanty, Pete There's no one there, and we can talk it over together." Once inside the hut the watchman bolted the door, pulled down the cur-

tain at the window and faced his mate

"What we have to do must be done quickly, Pete. Some one will surely be along before midnight." Again be looked over the tremling form of Joyce doubtfully. "I only wish I knew what to do with you, Pete, until the clouds roll by. It looks stormy for you now, my lad." With a sudden inspiration he went

to a little desk and wrote something on a sheet of paper with a pencil. "Here, Pete, take this. It's an order on the lower shops for a couple of

not work any longer for a haunted crowbars and a coal shovel. It is dated five o'clock, and if any one asks me about it I will say I sent you down there about quitting time, not knowing you had been turned off. "When you get there, for the love

of heaven patch up some kind of a story which will agree with mine that I will send them by the 'phone, and be reful what you say! If you-" He stopped and ran to the door

When he turned to Pete his face was

now! Here, crawl out of the window and I will shut it after you. Be quick Peter, run, man; run for your life!"

im, lit his pipe and was busy sweep ing the floor when the men rushed in At their first words he sank back in his chair, gasping and trembling.
"Where is he? Who did it? When

did it happen?" he asked. an that went back with him to the cene of the murder suspected that he and been there before that night. The men did not say much at first, but stood around the body examining it

poor fellow had lost his job until later. I would not wonder if he was talking to the men around the shops about something to do there."

"We understand that Joyce made

travelling across the rails!

In an instant he was in the open air, running swiftly alongside the course which the unexplainable terror was taking, with only a single line of

flat care between them.

Not a sound reached him, while his heart beat almost to sufficiation. Step by step he advanced, now stopping to look beneath the cars, now standing and listening at their sides.

At last he came to an opening in talked with him over the 'phone only long line of freights, and there, not a minute before you came in," he said. 50 feet distant and made visible in the "And another thing. Look at the long red marks on the man's throat. Pete's dim light which came from the lower shops, he saw the dreadful form, its eyes like coals of fire, standing upon hand could never fit those dents, not the ground on the other side of the The men drew aside and stood hesitrain, its great shaggy arm reaching tatingly in the doorway, evidently reacross the intervening space as if

The sound of his revolver seemed to wake all the echoes of the surrounding hills, and with a shrill scream, a rout of fury, the horror leaped into the air, over the top of the flat car directly

my day," he said, at last, "but I never before saw a man who had been killed at his bead. He ran through the opening between the cars, turned about and faced it again, as it raised itself for a second clutch at his throat. Again and again he fired directly into its eyes, and still tried with desperate energy to reach

> Even when he saw it at last begin to stagger and reel back against the side of the flat-cars, he drow the hatchet hanging in his belt and struck at it repeatedly, until it lay at last a shape-

less bulk at his feet. In the morning light it was dragged back to the company's offices and examined by the railway surgeon and other officials with utmost astonishment, it being pronounced to be som! form of great ape, neither a chimpanzee nor gorilla, which had doubtless escaped from a distant travelling show, ossibly breaking out from a boxcar in which it had been transported dur-

ing a night ride. of the flat cars," Joyce said. "I hid But the memory of its presence in once under the old plough near the the switching yards of the G. L. W. Rallway Company lasted for many a month, and for a long time afterward was difficult to find men who were willing at any wages to work on the make any noise, but it kept up with night force in the vicinity of the lower

shops.-New York Sun.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS. Australia wants 200,000 British wives, Canada wants 90,000, and the

It is not easy to explain why a white cat with blue eyes is deaf, but this seems to be a rule with few ex-

The biggest panorama ever painted was of London by Mr. Homer. It con ered 46,000 square feet and was ex-

The bears in Norway amuse them selves by climbing telegraph poles, and, squatting on the crossbeams, swaying themselves to and fro.

many cases the poles fall. A gentleman in London, who likes a half-tone picture of his residence on his visiting cards. Underneath the picture are these words: "My bouse.

Icebergs in the Arctic regions are neither so large nor so numerous as those seen in the Antarctic seas, but they are usually loftler and more beautiful, with spires and domes. When the sun shines on them, they look like The prince of Rampore has a pecul-

Come and visit me."

a daughter to the ruling house. He saues an edict when the daughter is orn that a sum of money be deducted from every state employe equal to one week's pay, which is expended in pay ing for the expenses in connection

iar method of celebrating the birth of

We had the "boxing kangaroo" rears ago.

Fitzsimmon, described as she "champion wrestler of America at his

own weight," engaged in a contest with Margot, a huge, grizzly bear, belonging to the Spessardy troupe of performing animals. was fastened to the "flies" with a rope, by which, presumably, control

was maintained over it by some one

in the wings in case matters looked Fitzsimmons opened matters clutching the animal round the neck He tugged and pushed and writhed and suddenly went down on his hands and knees. Two trainers stood close by, one with a whip and the other

The contest went on for about four ninutes. Then Fitzsimmons went down again. This time the bear sat edifying.—London Express.

It is not the rich and presumably self-indulgent woman alone who is ad ponished to mend her ways and mar The sentence extends to the workin fault. Even the factory girl, toiling for her daily bread, has been made the subject of censure as unjust as it few poor luxuries—the next shoes and pretty frock, which represent her share of aesthetic development? What if she does enjoy her independence, and the power to spend as she pleases

LIFE OF PLANT FROM SEED TO

FINISHED PRODUCT.

Stages of Curing the Leaf-Withering, Fermentation and Sorting-Unbroken Buds the Finest Grade-Refiring the Final Process. Well-cared-for tracts of level or

nountainous land are used in India for the cultivation of tea. The term "gardens" is used to denote these tracts, which vary in size from 100 acres in the hill districts of the lower Himalaya mountains to 1500 acres on the plains. The tea bush is raised from seed, which is now carefully planted soft, fertile soil. In the ear'y days of tea planting the seed was sometimes scattered broadcast from the back of an elephant. The young plants require a rich soil and a very moist heat in order to thrive well. When the plants have obtained a height of 12 inches they are transplanted. It is generally considered that a bush requires about 16 square feet of well-cultivated soil around it to gain the best results. The tea is planted in regular rows, either in squares or triangles. The triangular planting, which giving each bush exactly the same space from its neighbors, effects a saving of nearly 15 per cent space, as it is possible to plant 115 bushes in the same area that

would be occupied by 100 plants in rectangular planting. By the third year the plants should be from four to five feet high, and they are then pruned down to about 20 inches, so as to promote the growth of new branches and tender shoots and thus produce a larger number of new leaves. The methods of pruning vary greatly and in some cases the plants are pruned before they are taken from the nursery. The bush is so pruned and trained that instead of growing tall it is kept short and broad in order to furnish a greater plucking surface. When the young bushes have developed succulent shoots upon which there are four or five leaves they are said to have produced their "first bush" -that is, they have sprouted sufficient-

ly to pluck. During the rains successive "flushes" occur at intervals with 15 to 20 days, varying according to the soil, cultivation and climate. The top part of the shoot is the only portion that is plucked. It includes the bud and the first two or three leaves, according as fine, medium or coarse tea is wanted, for tea can only be made from the young and tender leaves, and

the younger and tenderer the leaf the better the quality of the tea. Plucking is performed by turning the thumb downward and nipping off the shoot between the thumb nail and the forefinger. It is done almost entirely by women and children, as it is comparatively easy work and does not require any physical strength. Each plucker carries a large open-mouth bamboo basket about two feet in diameter and three feet in length, tapering toward a rounded bottom. The leaf is thrown into this basket and protected by a covering from the rays of the sun, which would otherwise cause Late in the afternoon the leaf is brought to the factory, where it is carefully weighed and examined by the manager and his assistants and the several amounts entered in a book against each plucker's name. To earn a full day's pay a certain number of pounds of leaf must be brought in. This amount is deter-mined beforehand by the manager, and varies, as it depends upon the condition of the flush. Extra pay is given for whatever quantity is brought in above the required amount of the day, and in this way many good workers earn double pay during the height of the season. The rate of pay for the

extra work is always relatively higher than the regular wages in order to offer an inducement for hard work. The leaf is taken to the withering room after it has been weighed, and evenly spread upon wide trays. The men who spread the leaves work with remarkable dexterity, making a pound of the green leaf cover about one square yard. By morning the leaf is sufficiently withered to be rolled with out being broken, and is then taken to the rolling machine. The object of rolling is to liberate the juices of the leaf cell, and during the operation the leaf changes color from a bright green to a slightly yellowish tint. In former years the rolling was done by hand, and 80 pounds was a good day's work for one man; now the machine does about three times that amount in one hour. The rolled leaf is then taken to a cool, dark, moist room, where it is spread out on a cement floor, or in long trays, and covered with a wet cloth, where it is left to ferment or oxidize, which turns the leaf a dull, rusty color. This fermentation is a most important part of the preparation of the tea leaf, and upon the process depend the flavor and appearance There is no rule for the length of time of the operation, one garden's product requiring six hours, while another may take only two. After fermentation has proceeded far enough, the leaf is rolled again for a few minutes, when it is taken to the firing machine, and subjected to a blast of hot air, between 240 and 300 degrees Fahrenheit, for 20 minutes. This instantly stops fermen-tation and removes the moisture from the leaf, and causes it to curl up and blacken. It comes out of the machine three-fourths fired, and is then again

fired at a much lower temperature. It is now dry and crisp, and is the tea of commerce. During the process of curing it is estimated that about three-quarters of the weight of the green leaf

TEA GROWING IN INDIA. to the different qualities are as follows: The unbroken teas are divided into Flowery Orange Pekoe, Orange Pekoe, Pekoe, and Pekoe Souchong Thebroken teas include Broken Orange Pekoe, Broken Pekoe Souchong, Broken Pekoe, Fannings, and Dust. The division into these classes is not uniform among the different tea gardens, and as the names given to the various grades are more or less optional, some confusion arises when attempts at com parison are made. Just before it is packed into lead-lined chests containing 100 pounds, it is refired a short time to remove any traces of moisture gathered while being worked.

> LONELY TELEGRAPH LINES. Repairs in the Australian Desert-Say

vages and the Wires. A break occurred about three months ago in the telegraph line that extends up the Shire river from the Zambesi to Lake Nyasa. In such countries, where there is little civilization. weeks sometimes elapse before accidents to the telegraph can be repaired. On this route however the stations are

only about 50 miles apart and the line

is usually put in order within three or four days after the break occurs. Probably the line with the longest distance between repair stations is that which crosses the great Australian desert from Adelaide on the south to Port Darwin on the north side of the continent, 1700 miles. There are no human inhabitants in the desert.

except a few wandering blacks. The stations are about 200 miles apart. At each station there are usually two operators and four line repairers. They have no nearer neighbors than the occupants of the next station, and of course, the men lead a very lonely

Whenever a break occurs two men start from either of the stations between which the line has become un workable. They take with them camels, loaded with food and water, repair implements and a field telegraph apparatus.

At every ten miles each party taps the wire and communicates with its own station. So each moves on until one or the other finds and repairs the breakages.

Communication being restored, the news is conveyed to the other party and both retrace their steps to their quarters without having seen one another. They very seldom see a white man, except their own comrades.

Many persons have wondered how telegraph lipes can be protected from barbarous natives through whose terthey pass. This problem has been successfully solved both in Australia and in Africa, though the method in one continent differs from that

in the other. When the line was being stretched across Australia it was feared that the blacks would constantly interfere with the wire. The plan adopted has worked like a charm and the blacks have never touched the wires, though on several occasions they have attacked the stations and killed operat-

Every effort was made to fill the with awe of the wire. Their nerves and imagination were worked upon by telling every black who was met while the line was being built that the wire was the white fellow's devil and not a single native came within reach who was not treated to a gratuitous electric shock. There is not a black in Australia who is not con vinced that the white fellow's devil is omething to let severely alone. In Africa, on the other hand, every

ors and repairers.

chief of the tribes through whose land the telegraph lines extend is in the pay of one or another of the colonial governments. He receives a small nonthly subsidy, and is held responsi ble for the wire in his territory. The will of these chiefs is law, and

although many hundreds of miles of wire are now extended through various parts of barbarous Africa, only wo or three instances have occurred where the natives have interfered with it. In fact, the natives are used to some extent to keep the lines in order. -New York Sun.

The Lucky Golfer, A remarkable accident, with a touch of that humor which is showing itself ever in this wonderful game, took place in this country. Two well known players were engaged in a close con test. One of these, at an advanced hole of the match, was a little down Both had made equally good drives but a poor second shot had put the player who was behind with a high board fence between him and the hole The other man played, and placed his ball neatly on the green. He walked onward with all the confidence which comes from lying almost dead, while one's opponent is playing one more in denly he saw the other ball across the grass, and came to rost over the fence was almost impossible to do with any accuracy, but als opponent had played and made a poo shot. His ball, however, instead of striking the fence had passed neatly through a knot hole, and come to rest in a position which enabled him to putt out, winning the hole.—George

Danny Coogan, the new baseball oach engaged by the University of Coogan battery.

When Bayne died poor Danny was nearly heart-broken. Danny was very popular at the university, and pos-

he started out in life after college, His father had been giving him good

BISMARCK'S BITTERNESS.

His Story of Forced Resignation Strange Mixture of Eloquence

and Loquaciousness.

After describing his estate, the prince began speaking English—"so coachman, "may not understand us"and surprised me by his fluency, his command of idiomatic expressions, and his very slight accent. He began with these words, "Since I have been kicked out of office," which so aston ished me that I begged pardon for interrupting him and said: "Prince, that is an Americanism; where did you pick it up?" He answered that he did not remomber where, but the expression fitted his case exactly, for the manner of his dismissal was but the equivalent of an application of the toe of a boot. He then proceeded to tell the story of his forced resignation.

cutting sarcasm and bitter denunciation as followed for half an hour I had never heard before and never heard again. It was a strange mixture of eloquence and loquaciousness. Bismarck's voice seemed not as deep and strong as his stature led one to expect, but it had a pleasant sound. A most intense sense of the wrong and ingrat itude he claimed to have suffered made itself manifest. As an example of his unjust treatment, he recounted what he had done to unify the nation and to aggrandize the Hohenzollern dynasty. There was not only an unhesitating assertion of his own deserts as the founder of the German empire, but an almost sneering and even contemptuous depreciation of other performers in the historic drama of his time, including even the old Emperor William, the unfortunate Emperor Frederick, and the Empresses Augusta and Frederica. His language became a perfect diatribe when he referred to the present emperor and some of his ministers, whom he held responsible for his removal. His expressions regarding them were not only amazing but embarrassing to me, as I had close social relations with many of the ministerial objects of his "Some of those rogues I picked out of the very gutter," he once said. Fortunately, he did not stop for any word of assent, but went right on until his pent-up wrath was expended. As he remarked, when it was all spent:

this opportunity to speak without restraint to a gentleman who, I am sure will honor my confidence." Even were it not for this restriction some of the sayings I heard and noted down at the time were so extraordinary that, if they were repeated, their reality would probably and certainly the lese-majesty they involved would render it unsafe for me to venture again on German soil. From Henry Villard's "A Visit to Big

Medical Service of Japan.

The British Medical Journal says

marck," in the Century.

'If was quite a relief to me to have

the Japanese military medical arrangements are so extremely up-todate as to be scientifically comparable with those of any nation, while in point of generosity of the provision of medical officers, elasticity and adapta-Thus, while base hospitals, field hospi tals, dressing stations of three types bearer companies and hospital ships all find their place, each division of the army has a medical reserve which is mobilized simultaneously with it, and serves in the base or reserve hospitals.

The medical department also has its own independent transport, and every engineer, and general transport battalion has a medical staff attached to it of a very complete kind. . . . Be sides all these standing arrangements, the regulations provide for an automatic addition to the personnel of the hospitals in accordance with the number of patients present, without reference to headquarters. Moreover, so long as a military medical officer remains in chief command additions may be made from the civilian population; everything, too, is done to facilitate the co-operation of the Japanese Red Cross society. The Russian arrange ments are also good upon paper, and Russian military surgeons have an advantage over the majority of their European colleagues, inasmuch as that they habitually do the work of nearly

Seven Good Reasons.

Bishop Mallalieu, of the Methodist church was recently condemning the small salaries that congregations able to pay more sometimes give their pastors.

"I once knew a capital young man," said the bishop. "He was in the church. His salary was small, but he was hopeful and happy, for he was just married, and believed, as he had a right to do, in his ability. Some 12 or 15 years went by. I had lost sight of this young minister-forgotten him, as we do forget sometimes—when ) met him in Boston. He was dressed well, but not at all clerically. We "'What church?' said I.

"'Oh,' said he, 'no church—the wholesale bat business!' "But why did you leave Church?' I asked. "'For seven reasons,' said he.
"'What were they?' I asked.
"'A wife and six children!' he an-

A Korean Cinderella.

In Korea the people tell a Cinderella story that is much more ancient than that familiar to western people. The key of the latter story is the slipper, but not so theirs. Peach Blossom, the Korean Cinderella's name, was the family drudge. One day as the mother was starting off with the favorite daughter to a picnic she said to Peach Blossom: "You must not leave until you have hulled a bagful of rice and filled the broken crock with water." While sitting there bemeaning her hard lot she heard a twittering and fluttering of wings. Looking up she

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

DISCOURCE ENTITLED "ULTIMATE AMERICA."

Patriotic Address by the Rev. J. Alexander Jenkins, Pastor of Immanuel Con-gregational Church. This Country the

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—In Temple Israel the Rev. J. Alexander Jenkins, pastor of Immanuel Congregational Church, delivered an address to a large audience on "Ultimate America, the Spiritual Teacher of the Nations." He said among other things: It is a commonplace of the newer thinking that the evolutionary process culminates in the soul of man, the whole mighty movement being satisfactorily explained, according to the thinking of the theistic reolutionist, when matter endowed with ife and perfected through countless generations, has at last given to the mind of the human being the instrument for the elementary exercises of its endless life. The struggles of the ages are justified in the soul. The student of history is perplexed as he hears the groanings and witnesses the travailings of the nations through the centuries, and his natural and legitimate query, as he beholds the rise and fall of nations, where lies the goal of the peoples and what justifies the toils and agonies of the race? The answer to this inevitable question is this: Almighty God is leading the nations toward the goal of the highest life, and the struggles of the ages find justification in the birth of the world-soul. And if the fact that God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, so that he became a living soul is sufficient recompense for the bloody brute battles of the world's gray dawn, the thought that He will breathe a soul into the nations should likewise be deemed ample compensation for the gropings and grapplings of the aspirants for national permanency and supremacy.

The American colonists were not the feet men to fish the incidence of the propers.

ants for national permanency and spremacy.

The American colonists were not the first men to fight for independence, but the motives that produced the Declaration of Independence made their fight epoch marking as no other fight had ever been. Other nations had given up slavery, but no nation was ever before called upon to furnish so awful a proof of sincerity of motive in striking the shackles from the limbs of the enslaved. Other nations have had to deal with the problem of undesirable aliens, but no nation ever felt as feels America the imperativeness of a course of action based upon righteousness and justice. Other nations have seized the territory of the weak and helpless, but non has felt such deep, unselfish solicitude for a dependent people as has characterized our country in her dealings with a primitive people committed to her care as the outcome of her intervention in the intervents of humanity. Other nations have had to effect adjustments between employer and smallers have been deep the server of the permanent of the outcome of her intervention in the interests of humanity. Other nations have had to effect adjustments between employer and employe, but no nation has ever been called upon to effect such an adjustment when the conditions presented revealed so clearly the fact that a great principle of universal importance is involved. The settlement of the "labor problem" in democratic America means the settement for the world, for here the employer of the highest type, and the final result will be in keeping with the character of the contestants. So we are learning the lesson of deliberateness; and one of the most promising signs of the times is the tendency to deal with great questions cautiously and calmly. The result of this course will be that what the new America settles will stay settled. She will settle, and that for all time, the question of the rights of inferior peoples, the question as to the character of the education most to be desired, the question of the relation of employer to employed. America is to-day solving the accumulated problems of the ages. And God is willing that she should have time to complete her task.

In view of what has been said, it will

task.

In view of what has been said, it will strike us as a fact of solemn import that our country is preparing for her yet larger service through the slow, constant development of her religious consciousness. The existence and growth of this consciousness the superficial observer of our life and institutions might feel inclined to deny. Nevertheless, we are convinced that this most necessary condition for present and future leadership exists.

Where shall we seek for this religious consciousness? Shall we look for it in the

Where shall we seek for this religious consciousness? Shall we look for it in the institutions set apart as avowedly religious? No man has the right to scoff at organized religion. Our schools, our churches, our synagogues are, on the whole, true to their mission. But the truly effective religious consciouaness must be found in other places as well—in the editorial sanctum, in the political gathering, in the mart and the busy street. Let us find this consciousness in these places, no matter what its form, and we shall have as good a guarantee of the divine favor as though we had gazed upon overflowing houses di worship and listened to the eloquence of the elect. The religious spirit which makes for American pre-eminence may be discerned in many phases of the national life, but it is strikingly evident in the new social ideal. There are many, doubtless, who would not concede that the press of the country furnishes an evidence of growing national righteousness, but the fact remains, that in the newspapers of our land there is a distinct trend toward righteousness and god-liness.

the newspapers of our land there is a distinct trend toward righteousness and god-liness.

The truthfulness and force of our present contention will seem to many hard to reconcile with the well-known fact that in the United States the avowedly religious journals are steadily losing ground. But, even this fact, rightly interpreted, is not an evidence of national dera. The religious papers of today have a choice between degeneration are stubborn adherence to denominational shibboleths, fierce championship of exhausted dogmas and growing impatience with progressive interpretation of truth. The signs of evolution are the throwing overboard of useless issues, and the adoption of the leading features of the great "secular" papers. The great religious papers of the country to-day are such in name only. Were the contents of one of these papers rearranged and printed in newspaper form it would pag; as a newspaper, minus the newspaper's up-to-date freshness. In the secular press, on the other hand, there is steady progress and increasing vitality. The moral tone of the American people is reflected in the new journalism, and the fact that the citizens of the republic desire righteousness is patent to all who seek the underlying motives of journalistic enterprise of the highest type. And this fact is most significant when we remember that these great agencies of publicity, free discussion and education have a direct bearing upon the shaping of the ideals of the inflowing millions of our population. The spirit of the American journalism is communicated to the American journalism is communicated to the American journalism is communicated to the American peoples, and they in turn give it to their dependent fellows through the columns of their publications. We have no right to assume that papers published in feating tongues stand for Old World anarchy; we should, the rather, heartily concede the fact that these journals, printed in Italian, German, Hothers, Welsh and other isongages, constitute a great missionary agency for do

tions. As a nation we are buildly better house. We have found that i labor and blood to secure the site I edifice, that our material, cut froe forests of the Old World, is rough a seasoned; that sometimes our worke to enter unselfishly into the spirit enterprise. We at times discover, to we have not followed correctly the pthe great architect, and then it be necessary for us to humble oursely tearing down part of the structure, after all, the building grows, and it portions already begin to challenge the miration of the world. The critic, sits at the cabin door of monarchy of tocracy, begins with vague alarm that the teaking thatch of his abode wirsing mansion in the distance.

The nation's social ideal makes is

The nation's social ideal makes in able demands upon every citizen of the public. The world of to-day marve the matchless benefactions of our matchless benefactions of our matchless. public. The world of to-day marvels at the matchless benefactions of our men of wealth, and the nations are asking why it is that this unprecedented philanthropy is so peculiarly American. It is due to the imperative claims of our social ideal. Public sentiment demands, and men of wealth recognize the demand as just, that private wealth should be spent for the good of the nation at for the good of the race. The edue of the same pressure. He hears the people summoning him to the for truth. The true labor nizes the same atern call to serve the same good Book tells us that a Babel a mighty calamity befell the ract that there the speech of mankind became confused. In this land of ours Babel is reversed. The nations are here assembled to build the greater tower of truth, and the confusion of the Babel tongues gives place little by little to a new language, the language of love, spoken by the toiling millions, so that in a sweeter, grander sense than ever before it is to be true that the whole earth shall be "of one language and of one speech."

Thales of old, with so shadowy a con-

and of one speech."
Thales of old, with so shadowy a conception of God that we know not whether to classify him as atheist or as theist, yet strangely conceived of deity as creating the great world temple and so possessing the great world temple and so possessing it as to reveal in its every part the presence of the Creator. The world of our time may seem strangely indifferent to that presence of God which the seers of the race feel to be the most tremendous fact of life. But the world will not remain forever content with mere things. The forever content with mere things. The time is to come when the nations must feet the Divine Presence. When that time comes the cry of the peoples will be "Wherewith shall we come before the Lord." God grant that in that solemn day of the world's supreme need it may be granted unto us as the teacher of the nations to shout the great reply: "He hath showed you, O nations, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of you but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with your God."

TWIN STARS OF DRAMA.

Victorien Sardou and Sarah Bernhardt a Great Team. Perhaps it may be considered disrespectful to the shosts of William Shakespecre and Augustin Daly to say that Victorien Sardou and Sarah Bernhardt form the greatest theatrical combination that has ever flour-ished. But at any rate, Bernhards and Sardou are unequaled and unap-

hink of it Barah is well past 00; and Sardou is nearly 73, and yet between them they have been able once more to make themselves the supreme ensation of the boulevards. has gone wild over the divine Sarab's personation of the heroine of Sardou's new play, "La Sorciere." This is in five long acts of which the fourth is

proachable by any double team of

eir age now on earth.



the "big act." It shows the tortura chamber of the Holy Inquisition.
On the first night, after the fourth act, there were eight curtain calls But Sardou, who thus made his first matist, is said to have been very ner yous, and even during these eight calls, according to Edith Kenward the Paris correspondent of the New York Dramatic News, which reprinted the accompanying carleature mane, saying: "The rascula! won't catch me going through this or

Hobe Shaving Set.

