## \* When Carolyn Came Home.

By NELLIE E. C. SCOTT.

"It seems funny to think of you as married and settled in a home of your own, Kate, after mothering the brood of us," remarked Carolyn Mason to her sister. She bent over a vase-

one of the wedding presents. Frank's wife gave me that. Was-n't it a shame, Caddie, that you had to go and be sick just at the time of the

"I know it, dear. It did seem almost too much for human endurance. But if it hadn't happened I shouldn't now be here for this splendld little visit, having the fun of taking inventory of your possessions. is this the end of the wedding presents? Isn't there

a single one more?" Something in her sister's tone caused the bride to glance up quickly. "What do you mean by one more?"

"I was wondering if there wasn't anything from-father," replied Caro-

lyn. Her voice faltered slightly over the last word. "Oh, that was it, was it? Well, my

dear, you may save your eyesight. There is nothing from father." "I'm so sorry!" said Carolyn. didn't like to write and ask you, and I

had hoped you forgot to mention it." Kate laughed unpleasantly, "Oh, i should not have forgotten it!" she "No, he served me as he did the boys-and you; let me go without a kind word or one of regret. And why? Just because Bert didn't suit him. As if there's a man on earth, or a woman, either, who could do that!

"I thought he'd surely like Jessie, when Frank married her," "Yes: where could you find a nicer

girl? And Dick's wife, too. But because they were not his own particular choice! And what was your unpardonable sin? Just because you-

"Don't, Kit!" cried the girl, in distress. "What's the use of going all over the ground again?" Your voice was your one great tal-

ent. And he shut his door against his own child because he chose to cultivate it when the opportunity came! "Kate, I be, of you!" cried Carolyn.

"How does he get along?" she broke off, suaden.y. "He is all alone. Dick told me he

called there the other evening. Father was eating his supper-a poor, picked-up meal-but his grim spirit would allow him to make no concessions. He permitted himself neither apology nor comment in asking Dick to join him. Did I tell you that Bert and I asked

father to make his home with us when we were married? We did; but he rea contemptudis way that my mind right there that L/should make the next ad-Well the other night Dick said it made him positively ache to see the state of the house. But what could he do? What can anybody do?" and Kate's voice softened a little. no care whatever! He's still our father, and I miss the care I've taken of him for nearly twenty years.'

A long silence fell which Carolyn broke when she could trust her voice:

"I'm going up there tomorrow,

"You're going up there! What good will it do? You'll just bring away unpleasant memory, and we Masons have

"Oh, do you think I'd let him see me, after what he said when I went away at work. You know Bert said this morning that father was cutting bushes off in the alder meadow. I'll clean up the house and get one good supper ready for him, poor old man!

It was with anything but a light heart that Carolyn found herself travelling the familiar way that led to-"home"-what a mockery the the wayside, not a stone in the path but had been familiar to her ever since the happy day when her mother had watched her from the doorway the first time she went to scool. And now! She drew the floating

vell down over her face as she approached the neighboring farmhouses, partly to hide the tears that dropped partly in the hope of keeping her iden tity from prying eyes.

But just as she passed the lane that led to the house of Miss J. Abigail Hemingway, and saw that sharp-eved and shrill-voiced spinster at the window, she relt that her poor little attempt at disguise was futile, and that the neighborhood would learn of her return to her father's house before

Miss Abigail slept that night. Carolyn kept her eyes to the front however, pretending not to hear the neighborly hall that Miss Hemingway sent after her, "I guess I'm old enough to know my own business, and to do it without any of what Dick calls foreign influence," she assured herself, as she opened her father's gate and stepped into the neglected door-

That old John Mason was a man" was conceded by all his neigh-His children, one after another, had felt his heavy hand, all e-cept little Carolyn, the baby and pet of the ily, who had found the one tender spot in the man's rough nature.

Even between the two few endeaments had ever passed; but the layof the father's work-worn hand

make the child happy for days. as she grew older, and especially her mother's death, when the older children, oftentimes for slight cause, Carolyn, in a tremor sight cause, Carolyn, in a tremor sight cause for brother or sister, would creep to her father's side and slip her hand to his. As if there were magic in er touch, it never falled of effect.

not only aroused the most of sensation in the neighbor-out changed in a day the happy makin that had existed between

Carolyn was the leading soprano in the choir of the church, and when in Christmas carol or Easter nymn her voice rose clear and high, those few travelled ones who had been as far as Boston or New York loyally declared that she could hold her own against

any celebrity. One summer a famous singer came to the village and heard Carolyn's voice. She took Carolyn away with her, placed her under the best tutors, and was training her for success.

But Carolyn's father had not seen or written to her since the day she had left home.

She found the key in that time-hon ored hiding-place—under the doormat, she thought Kate's description of the place had prepared her fo what she should find; but the sight of the kitchen, once a marvel of neatness, depressed her. But she had not forgotten how to work. Resolutely she turned back her sleeves, and put on the big apron she had brought with her. Then she built a fire in the

stove and began. Soiled dishes were everywhere; and when these were washed it was impossible to put them back upon the dirty saelf-papers in the pantry. So taking some old newspapers from a pile on the lounge, she sat down on the doorstep and clipped their edges into each other. Carolyn spoke first. fanciful patterns, as she had used to

do long ago. The chickens came timidly toward her, and she could see in their varied hues traces of their descent from favorites of her time: A pair of flery eyes surveyed her from a dark corner of the wood-shed, and in a delightfully unexpected answer to her tentative call, old Margery Daw, the cat, came purring and rubbing about her knees, After that Carolyn felt herself less an

There was one bright spot in this benighted house-the washing was "put out," evidently, for there was plenty of clean linen. So when the rag carpets had been thoroughly swept and everything dusted, the table newly set and the stove made to shine, Carolyn felt that an article she had recently read, ofn "The Charm of an Old-Fashloned New England Kitchen," might bave been written of hers. Of hers? Well, she was proud of it, anyway.

The September afternoon grew chill as the sun descended, and she put more wood on the fire and began preparatons for supper. Red and yellow peaches bending the trees in the yard reminded her how fond of peach shortcake her father used to be. In a few minutes a pan of dough was baking in the oven, and Carolyn was slicing peaches to put between the layers.

All else was done. A loaf of feath er cake stood steaming on the table beside a platter of ham and potatoes She covered this over on the table, not daring to leave it in the oven, lest her "That's the pity of it. Father's get- father should not find it. And now the shortcake, crown of the feast, took its place beside the other things. It was six o'clock. Carolyn, having rolled her apron in a paper, pushed the teapot to the back of the stove and while ready for instant flight, watched the lane intently.

A figure came slowly into view over the little hill back of the house. This was what the girl had waited for, and she followed its every movement with her heart in her eyes.

Farther and farther back from the vindow she drew, that he might not see her, but she missed not a single detail. She noted, with a quick catching of the breath, how gray his hair had grown. Why, father—her father-was getting to be an old man! Kate had told her so, to be sure, but the statement had not impressed her ike the actuality. Her father's eyes had been keen and piercing. The most noticeable thing about them now vas the utter weariness in them.

He hung up the scythe in the apple tree, and half way up to the house, a f too tired to go a step farther, dropped down upon the choppingblock and put his head between his

At that moment the world held no aonor that Carolyn would not have sacrificed for the right to go to her father and slip her hand into his, as when she was a child. But the memory of the words spoken three year efore came back to her:

"Remember, if you leave me to go with that woman, you are no longer child of mine!" The girl tiptoed to the door leading

into the hall.

With her hand on the door-knob, Carolyn turned for a parting look at the familiar room, which had never seemed cozier, even in her mother's time. She would try always to renember it like this, and to forge how soon it must return to the state in which she had found it.

Outside in the hall, she closed the foor behind her. Then she heard her father's step in the kitchen, and the sound held her irresistibly. She mus see what he would do!

A light of ground glass, traced in conventional design, had been placed in the door between kitchen and hall and through the polished petals of a her father. He was standing in the middle of the floor, gazing with amaze-ment round him, and the thought came to Carolyn, "He will search to find who did it!"

But her father made no search What was to Carolyn a terrible sound half-groan, half-cry—broke from his lips. He threw himself down in the chair at the table, and buried his face in his outflung arms.

to be met on the very threshold by the last person in the world she wished to see Miss J. Abigail Hemingway!
"Why, my dear girl!" cried Miss Hemingway, in her plareing, high-pitched voice. "I just knew it was you, and told Sirier Eunice so when I saw you passin. Bays I. There's Carolyn Misson come muss amin as

one to look after him.' Says

Carolyn was not listening. She was thinking that her father could not possibly escape hearing the noise, and that he would presently come to see what it was all about. Carolyn was act of running away from her father's house. But could her pride bear order her away in the presence of this prying woman?

A shuffing footstep heralded the approach of the householder. He came round the house from the back, and viewed the pair without apparent emotion. He nodded a stiff "Good evenin'!" to Miss Abigail, and shot one questioning glance at his daughter,

but did not speak to her. They might call John Mason a hard man, but no one had ever accused him of being a dull one. He saw the appeal, unconscious though it was, in Carolyn's eyes, and recognized the cause. John Mason, as well as his daughter, was proud, and blood thicker than water. Turning to the older weman he asked, politely enough, "Was ye comin' in, Miss Abby? Anything I can do for ye?"

"No. oh, no. thank ve. Mr. Mason! I just happened to see Carolyn as she ome by this afternoon, and thought I'd be the first one to run over and welcome her, that's all."

"I'm obliged to ye. Better come in, then, Carolyn, if Miss Hemin'way won't, before the supper gets cold." Inside, inther and daughter faced

"Thank you, father, for not sham ing me before her" she said tremblingly. "I am visiting Kate, and when she told me you had no one keeping house for you, I came up to straighten things out a little, for once, should have been away now but for meeting that woman at the door. I'm going now. Good-by!"

Instead of answering, her father came nearer, and help out both hands with an imploring gesture. "Caddle"-he spoke the childish

name huskily-"Caddie, I'm an old, broken man. Couldn't you stay with me the little while I'll need you?" Then Carolyn found herself where

she had not been since she was a child-where she had never expected to be again-in her father's arms.-Youth's Companion.

KING EDWARD'S SILK HAT.

Of an Exclusive Design to Be Seen of None but the Royal Head. Before leaving England the king gave an order for about a score of different kinds of hats and caps, to be prepared for His Majesty's use

during the forthcoming season. "Silks" preponderated, although almost every variety of head covering was comprehended in the order, from a soft iron gray colored "Austrian" to a motor cap with a flat, spherical crown provided with a ventilating arrangement which, if not actually designed by His Majesty, was evolved

under his personal direction. The style of silk hat chosen this year by the king will be seen on none ot the royal head. The hat will have a broader brim with a well accentuated curl, a deeper crown and a little more bell than the hats which even His Majesty's best dressed subjects will wear. The king is the possessor of what is known to hatters as "a good head." Those whom nature has not favored in this important particular may be interested to learn that His Majesty takes a 7 1-8.

"Even if it were possible for an ordinary citizen to obtain the king's shape of silk hat," remarked an exroyal valet, "the probability is that he could not wear it. Not one man in 10,000 could wear it satisfactorily, for it is built on special 'lines' with careful regard of shoulders, the configuration of the face and appearance generally. Moreover, its shape gives the idea that the hat is unusually large and yet when on the king's head there is no smarter or more perfect fitting headgear.

"The king is very particular—alost exacting if I may say so-in the matter of hats. This applies to bowlers' as well as to the more ceremon

QUAINT AND CURIOUS. #

A three-minute chat between Par and London by telephone, costs \$2.

"insect bell." It is a black beetle which emits harmonious sounds like

Only 24 white elephants have be captured since the beginning of the Christian era. This is the declaration

of a noted elephant catcher of India. In the kitchen of a house recently unearthed at Pompell was found a fireplace with a kettle on its grate just as it was left by some Pompellan housewife over 1800 years ago.

Greece is overrun by well-educate men who do not know how to earn a living. The country swarms with docyers who have no briefs, while labor ers who till the soil are at a premium

which moths and butterflies are reared for sale. It is planted with trees and shrubs for the purpose. Forty thou sand caterpillars are always on hand and orders can be filled at any time

tective who recently died, invented for

She Hated to Tell ner Age. Judge—How old are you? Lady Witness—I can't rememb

one, for her father certainly needs AFTER INLAND RECRUITS station and a like amount on a training vessel. The apprentices have been A SERMON FOR SUNDAY HAVAL TRAINING STATION TO BE

> ESTABLISHED ON GREAT LAKES. Best Men from the Interior-To Be Given a Regular Schooling Before

Being Assigned to a Berth on the Salty Ocean-May Cost a Quarter of a Million. The United States government is preparing to spend a quarter of a million dollars on the establishment of

a training school on the Great Lakes, announces the Philadelphia Record. Strange would it be were there not the makings of many a tiptop bluejacket among the young men who reside in the eight states which border on the Great Lakes. They grow up under the progressive influence of this remarkable marine highway, 1000 miles in length and holding one-third of the fresh water on the globe, and past their doors, so to speak, sails the greatest ficet flying the American flag and carrying a commerce several times as great as that which passes through the Suez canal, and bigger than the combined traffic of the ports of New York and London. Fascinated by such a glimpse of joys on the wave, the strong, intangible magnetism of work before the most each year lures many a boy to the berth of a fresh water sailor, and small wonder, therefore, that when Uncle Sam held out to these restless, red-blooded young Yankees the prospect of actually seeing the world, mid all the spectacular pomp of our navy, they flocked to his stand-

ard with enthusiasm. When the officers of the United States navy found that these cleareyed, strong-limbed giants from the interlor, many of them country boys wha had never seen salt water, made the best recruits the service had ever known, they speedily conceived the idea of establishing a naval training station on the unsalted seas. A new incubator for jackles had to be established somewhere to meet the growing demands of the navy, and what better place than this mid-continent maritime realm, with its traditions of Perry's victory, and so it is planned to expend the sum of \$250,000 in providing on the Great Lakes a naval training station that will be equal in every respect, if not superior, to those at Newport, R.

, and San Francisco, Cal. With the new naval preparatory school in full swing attention will perforce be turned to the provision of raining ships on the Great Lakes, for ultimately it is desired to turn out at this lake station bluelackets with so full and practical a knowledge of seamanship assigned direct to cruising men-of-war, ocean-going vessels. To be sure it will under such circumstances require a short time for these newcomers to get their "sea legs," for be it known ability to ride the short. choppy waves of the Great Lakes is no guarantee against seasickness under the influence of the long, rolling swell of the ocean, but this inconveni-

ence will be minor and temporary. Inasmuch as there is a treaty between the United States and Great Britain which prohibits either nation rom maintaining more than one war able that the embryo jackies will have to put up for the time being with the antiquated old gunboat Michigan, which is now the sole representative of Uncle Sam's naval sovereignty on the inland seas. The Michigan, which is an iron and wooden craft, is one of the oldest steam vessels in the United States government. She is a schoonerrigged vessel, 163 feet in length, 27 feet breadth, draws 9 feet of water, and displaces 685 tons. Her engines have only 365 horse power, and her best gait is little better than 11 miles an hour. She carries a crew of 90 men. and has an armament consisting of six 6-pounder guns, two one-pounders.

and two Gatling guns. The problem of floating training grounds may also be solved by calling into requisition several of the convert ed yachts now in the navy, such as the Hawk, which is now stationed on Lake Erie for the use of the Ohio naval militia. However, in the case of such vessels the batteries would have to be emoved, which would prevent instruction in gunnery being given. In the end probably the treaty will be modified so that Uncle Sam may increase his fresh water naval fleet, or else the Michigan will be replaced by an up-todate cruiser. The latter is the more probable now that Canada is building for lake service a fast steel cruiser which will be capable of steaming at speed of more than 18 miles an hour. and will carry several powerful rapid-

fire guns.

The principal product of the new na val training station on the lakes will be what are known in the navy as landsmen. In all probability there will also be classes for apprentices, as the more exclusive and more highly specialized recruits are termed, but most of the graduates from the fresh water institution will be landsmen. This is in accordance with the needs of the navy where the landsmed outnumber the apprentices two to one, making it necessary to replenish the supply in guish between the two classes of recruits it may be pointed out that ap-prentices are soccepted only between the ages of 14 and 17 years, and in most instances are bound over to the service of the government during miminors at the time of enlistment, but there is no such imperative secessity for the qualification of youth since they are accepted when over 18 years of

curriculum at the new lake station will show less difference between the courses of instruction for landamen and apprentices than has heretofore been manifest in our navy. Prior to the Spanish-American war Uncle Sam's naval officers scarcely thought it worth while to give landamen any preliminary instruction prior to plung-

receiving six months' practical train ing on the shore and six months affoat, and it is planned to have landsmen at the new lake station have the benefit of a like amount. The boy who enters upon a career at

Uncle Sam's fresh water headquarters for the making of naval seamen will have a mighty busy time of it from the minute he takes up his new vocation. He will be furnished upon arrival with a uniform and equipment of bedding, and will be expected to learn to care for himself and keep his clothing in the pink of condition. Almost from the start he will have a chance to familiarize himself with the small arms drill, and will be taught to load and aim a four or five-inch gun. Then they will make trips in tugs or yachts, upon which they will be taught to

steer, to heave the lead, to get under way, and to anchor. At the lake station there will be continuance in the fullest degree of Uncle Sam's policy of making the enrank as the best paid, best clothed and best fed payal sailors in the world. The meals which will be served will be made up of such wholesome dishes as roast beef, potatoes, stewed corn, bread, milk, coffee and ginger anaps. In order, too, that the boys shall have no possible ground for dissatisfaction, it has been arranged to give each one o fthem 15 days' leave of absence at the close of the training period in order that he may visit his home and in the full glory of his spick and span new naval toggery lord it over his envious and less fortunate chums ere he takes up his new duties on one of the nation's cruising men-of-war.

## THE ANGORA IN MISSOURI.

How It Has Made Slue Grass Meadov Out of "No 'Count" Lands.

"Many counties in southwestern Missouri are rapidly changing from largely brush wastes into good grazing ands, and if I am not badly mistaken few years more will see the last of the 'no 'count' lands of that part of the state," says G. A. Keener, who recently made a comprehensive trip through the different counties of the southwestern part of Missouri, and knows whereof he speaks, according to Wool Markets and Sheep.

"A traveler who has not been over the ground down there for three or four years will will not be able to recognize the country now. The vast tracts of idle land formerly covered with nothing but brush and dead stubble are now mostly covered with the finest kind of blue grass and supporting cattle and other forms of live stock where a few years ago animal life could find absolutely no sustenance. This has all come about through the efforts of the farmers, who during the past two years have been purchas ing goats in other sections of the country and have placed them on the brush lands, trusting the little workers would economically clear the ground of the accumulation of twigs and other dead vegetation. Now goats are perhaps the most numerous class of live stock in that part of the country, and they have done the work expected of them. for thousands upon thousands of acres of land have been redeemed and are now covered by magnificent grasses and inhabited by cattle and swine. I saw one tract of 2600 acres that had been cleared off during the past year. To save my life I could not have told the land from a Kentucky blue grass farm. Several thousand goats were required to accomplish the work of clearing this immense farm Most of the cleared tracts are of smallquarter or half section. In the aggre gate, however, they form thousands of acres, all of which will doubtless be devoted to cattle growing in the years

"This transformation in so short s time is almost miraculous and will mean a great deal for the southwest as it throws open section after section of good grass lands for the grazing and breeding of cattle and will result in a strong impetus being given the cattle Farmers who have heretofore not been able to handle cattle for the reason that they have had no feed to spare for such a purpose and no grazing lands will now be in a position to keep on hand from one to two or three car loads, and the owners of bigger tracts will as easily handle several hundre where formerly they had not engaged in the catle business at all. The success of the goat brush cleaning experother counties will result in landown ers throughout the whole southern Arkansas endeavoring to do away with the old brush fields and to convert the lands into grass tracts for the grazing

Jocko, the king-pin performer lerr Geisler's troupe of performing monkeys, made the acquaintance of Prof. Rumley's big performing seal eft the clever little monkey sadder, but considerably wiser. At feeding time Herr Geisler inadvertently left the door of the monkey cage, and the monkeys stood not on the or-der of their going, but in a flash were swarming over every available space

in the huge menageric.

It was only after an hour's hard work that the keepers managed to get their charges together, with the exception of little focks, who would hang by his tall and grin just out or

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED

DOES GOD CARE ? The Rev. Mobert MacDonald Declares That the Greatest Discovery of the Twentieth Century Will Be the Dis-

BROOKLYN, N. Y. — "Does God Care?"
was the subject of the sermon Sunday
morning by the Rev. Robert MacDonald,
pastor of the Washington Avenue Baptist
Church. He took his text from I. Peter
v.7: "Casting all your care upon Him, for
He careth for you." Mr. MacDonald said:
"The greatest discovery of the twentieth century will be the discovery of God,
and then it will be seen that God does not
care." Such is the latest assumption of
science, if a certain learned professor of
one of our largest universities is deemed a
trustworthy interpreter. He wisely drew
the line between Christianity and infidelity as between believing that God cared
for us and that He did not care, and
stated that the leading scientists were infide.s.

at a that the leading scientists were infide.s.

Leat such statements upset or weaken the faith of some of us, let us see what the weight of probability is for the realizing of these presumptive prophecies. Let it at the very start he remembered that any more definite scientific discovery of God than we now have is unlikely. And this is said, not because we now possess so much, but that we are possessed of so little. Science will doubtless discover more about God. Shame upon our developing intelligence if it does not. Every discovery is that, But that is a very different thing from discovery of God. His handiwork will be more clearly traced, the working of His purposes more definitely realized; but I think we can trust the Infinite One to as successfully outwit the realized; but I think we can trust the Infinite One to as successfully outwit the scientific inquisitiveness of the twentieth century as of any that has soul. I am confident that 1960 years hence the exclamation of the human mind will be about as it is now—"Who can by searching out find God!" One of infinite retreats is not going to be taken by surprise. The secret of His presence will ever clude the discoveries of man. The mystery of His preson shall still remain inviolate.

Why do I speak as though God were antagonistic to human discovery? Becamar,

Way do I speak as though God were antagonistic to human discovery? Because, friends, this learned prophet whose statements we are considering sees the only lack to the discovery of God to be the present incompleteness of human knowledge and the present paucity of scientific means, both of which will be remedied, he is sure, before the present century closes. I speak as I do because I do not like to have Him whom we honor as Creator and I speak as I do because I do not like to have Him whom we honor as Creator and Father stripped of His mystery and robbed of His volitional power and referred to as you would to an impersonal, objective fact of creation. We discover stars and continents and seas and laws and a good many other things, but it does seem to me that God Himself will have something to say about the discovery of Himself. Moreover, I have we right to helicat that God about the discovery of Himself. More-over, I have no right to believe that God will ever-be discovered by any man save by Him whom God has discovered. He only finds God whom God has found. I only finds God whom God has found. I am striving to maintain the integrity of the divine revelation as over against that of human investigation. We must take God on His own terms, rather than on ours. Therefore, he only discovers God to whom God has revealed. If, to whom God permits such discovers, need not fear that any future discovery to he fear that any future discovery of he have through Jesus Christ. Science is mighty, but not almighty. Not more mighty than God. We welcome it in the realm of well defined data, in the realm of demonstra-God. We welcome it in the realm of well defined data, in the realm of demonstration and proof. But its advocates need to learn that the Eternal transcends its scrutiny and the Supernatural bends not to its demands. Reassure your heart that if you are so fortunate as to be a habitant of the realm bounded by the Christian religion the essence of your faith cannot be harmed. Faith's form, as also the form of revelation, will be scientifically questioned and repaired. Faith's content examined and modified perchance, but its essence, that spiritual thing we call the divine grace, that precious consciousness of His care for you, and that you are living in the

We are told that when this improb-able, to our thinking impossible, dis-covery occurs it will be found that God does not care. All present evidences of His care are ignored. Facts, upon which are stamped indelibly God's kindly im-print, are seept aside, facts as stubborn as the immove bility of the mountains, and the existence o. the ocean and the shi

of the sun.

There is, for instance, that stubborn thing called conscience to be dealt with. That stands out as a very Gibraltar of protest against the assertion that God does not care. In all the history of mortals conscience has been regarded as God's handwriting on the wall, telling man he must do the right and must not do the wrong. True, it does not tell him what is right and what is wrong. That is a thing of fluctuating standard. Always difference of opimon about that, because deence of opinion about that, because destances, moral and religious ideals. Thus it is that the truest standard for the enlightenment of conscience is Christianity. Christian ethics, springing from the Sermon on the Mount, is universally recognized man's truest and highest standard of spilightenment.

of enlightenment.

But on what higher authority rests this sense of "oughtness" as to the doing of right and wrong? God demands it, we say. The Creator has a right to impose terms upon His creation. We recognize our obligation to Him. Yes, but because the moral sense rests upon an intuition of God's perfect morality. We could not feel any obligation to God unless we felt Him worthy of that obligation. We believe Him to embody the ideal and perfect morality. His sense of obligation to us, then, is the sanction of our sense of obligation to Him. It is precious to read that we love Him because He first loved us." It is as true that we are under obligation to Him sciour Jer of our demerit, insignificance, dependence, see all divine favor to be an emanation of His love. The Creater must make provision for His created. The necessity of His.own nature demands it. The divine Father, as well as the human father, must support His child. Conscience in us sevience of God's care. And it is expense of God's care. must support His child. Conscience in us is evidence that can never be explained away. So long as humanity endures conscience will advocate right and denounce wrong, and just so long must man believe in God's care. Does God care? Our very constitution thunders Yes. No valid discovery of God in the future can be expected to overthrow the overwhelming weight of this evidence. Verily, God hath not left Himself without a witness. We need not lear any future discovery, however supposedly scientific, to offset this constitutional evidence. Whatever the evidence that God does not

its quenching. Nakedness instinctively leads to the necessary coverings for its its quenching. Nakedness instinctively leads to the necessary coverings for its protection, even though beasts are slain, cotton, flax and wool grown to accommodate it. So with all the hungers of rational being, social, intellectual, moral, religious. They all are evidence of reality somewhere answering to them. None of these is more fundamental and imperative than the religious, that which demands God's care. A most pathetic manifesting of this longing is ided worship. The heatien, God's ignorant children, like ours, demand object lessons that can be apprehended by the senses. To make God in their image is the nearest they can get to the sublime consciousness that they are made in His. Better, it seems to us, no God than a wooden one. A spirit of negation and in difference would save them so much useless sacrifice and cruel practices and bar-

di Terence would save them so much use-less sacrifice and cruel practices and bar-barous acts of superstition by way of sup-posed atonement. But whether better or worse atheism is not a constituent charac-teristic of man. Strange, is it not, that it is never innate, but always an acquared ac-complishment, always the sad result of culture else of sin. By nature, and that means by right, God is always the rightful occupant of the throne. But as our self-importance grows, as we become con-scious y great in thought and achievement we become al a great in arrogance, as is all science falsely so called, and the-King is asked to vacate the throne, and God is not even bowed out of the universe, but is asked to vacate the throne, and dod is not even bowed out of the universe, but heartlessly banished. Oh, no, denial is not better than affirmation of God, however superstitutely that affirmation\_express itself. It is evidence of God's care much

needed to offset a threatened evidence that needed to offset a threatened evidence that He has not interest in the human rice. Notice the two possible results to which these religious instincts lead. They are the receptacle into which Christianity fits. Without them the Gospel of Jesus has no appeal. They cry out for God. Christianity introduces God to them. They want an assurance of God's care. Christianity assures them God cares for men to the uttermost, even enough to die for them. Creation thus prepares for revelation, and welcomes its beneficent approach. tion, and welcomes its beneficent approach.

There is another result that shows the helpfulness of the religious instinct univer-

helpfulness of the religious instinct universal among men. It is the sorrow that possesses us when we are told it is all a delusion. The moment you convince man there is no God, or, if there is, that He is indifferent to man's welfare, that moment the face loses its complacency, the beart its assurance, the spirit its buoyancy. The mina its sense of satisfaction. Doubt, disappointment, despair set in. Little to live for, nothing to life for is the cry that will not be comforted. A sholid indifference results that crushes out the heart's music, else wild despair that dethrones reason. results that crustes out the heart smaller, else wild despair that dethrones reason and inflicts self injury. Let me make a prophecy more dismal in its out ook than that one we are considering of a future discovery that God does not care, a prophecy that if ever that dark day dawns are because its in detarts. poor humanity in despair will in an hour fall back from all hopefulness, aspiration, joyousness, and by one despairing plunge reverse the life satisfactions of a thousand Greatest of all these is the presence and

Greatest of all these is the presence and worth of Christianity to be accounted for. Christianity is a very unyielding fact. It has become too deep y noted in the earth to be waived aside and crowded out by any discovery, however authentic, that would invalidate its claims. It has been confronted for centuries with conflicting beliefs and scientific evidence against its interestity. The more it is approach the more fronted for centuries with conflicting of beines and scientific evidence against its integrity. The more it is opposed the more fearlessly it asserts itre?; comforting the heart, lighting the dark mind, inspiring an emilorcing the spirit. A fact so helpful to the property of the consist when were in early conceivable necessity when were in eading strength, even when suffer tryydom at the stake, in the amps in heathen lands, in the stake, in the amps in heathen lands, in the stake, in the amps in the stake, in the stake, in the stake in the stake, in the stake in the stak tianity not only embodies God's care, it enshrines God's heart. And the surest gainst God's interest in us, however cientific, to the man who has seen the again, the peace of mind that results from belief that God cares for us enough to share His eternal home with us by and by is evidence that will die hard, if it ever die at all, before any external evidence that this world is all, and that our brief, storm-tossed existence is forever hushed in death's long sleep. A man said to me dur-ing the week, "It pays to be religious, even though it be discovered at the last that there is no eternal life." The idea was having, whatever the future may reveal. When the divine spark that we call the spiritual life once electrifies the heart, stimulating new loves, imparting new ideals, revealing God's love and Christ's mastership, all of which produce blessings of satisfaction and ioy unspeaksble, all external evidence to the contrary weighs little with that man's belief. And that is exactly what Christianity does. It imparts life. As Harnack puts it, "It is external life in the midst of time, under the very eye, and in the very strength of God." As Jesus puts it, "I am come that ye might have life." Lie is a difficult thing to argue against, and even to prove the fallacy of when men possess it and are resping manifold blessings from its presence each day.

This is why we affirmed that God must

This is why we affirmed that God must be discovered through internal revelation, rather than through external investigation. and subdue man before man can reasonably expect to grapple with and conquer God. Man's attitude is, Let me understand and I will reverence; let me know and I will love. God's attitude is, You must reverence that you may understand; you must love that you may know. Man's attitude is as yet in prospect, only the dim hope of the scientific few. God's attitude is daily being verified and proven to the world's sin sick, sortow filled multitudes. All valid external discovery of the future will, I think, be along the line of and in harmony with revelation. Even now there are scientific evidences in this direction. Immortality is being scientifically proven, not the fallacy of it. Much assertions of Christianity's content and assertions may be expected from scienting verification of Christianity's contest and assertions may be expected from scientist research. God's universe is one. His creation unified and harmonious throughout, all true discovery must confirm this, that consistency result. Apostolic testimony is good enough and preferable to, all prophetic scientifis negation. We behave return the property of the property of

THE OLD GIG.

Beyond the crumbling stable wall Here in this sunny afternoon, Where weaving spiders rise and fall And crickets chirp their ceaseless

I spy the outlines of a wheel And thrashing through the for

maze,
The clinging brambles soon revesi—
The quaint old gig of by-gone days

Oh, faithful gig of time ago
Your tires totter and careeur
And through your shafts the grasses grow; Like harness are the brambles green; But once again you're off to town
Behind old Lucy's ancy heels,
And I (in dream) barefooted brown
Climb up behind your creaking
wheels,

-Victor A. Hermann, in Puck

## IUST FOR FUN



the clerk funny stories? He-No, but we don't dare undeceive him.-Town fortune told. She-You needn't go to the trouble. As you have proposed to me, papa will see all about that -

'My husband cares only for money. He has no finer sentiments whatever." "No?" "Not one. Why, I can cry for hours without getting a cent out of him."-Judge.

"With your daughter as my wife, sir, I can conquer the world." that isn't the question. Can you make enough money to keep yourself in Phillie-A poor woman was found

hanging in a back yard this morning. Penn-Did she commit suicide? Phillie-No, she was a washerwoman .-Philadelphia Telegraph. Tom-I'm glad I'm not the czar's valet. Dick-Why? Tom-Look what a

job he has to keep the Japanese can-

non balls combed out of the czar's fur overcoats.-Cincinnati Tribune. Elderly Party (who fancies herself young)-Ah, Mildred, you and I must one day lose our youth and beauty. Mildred-Oh, you mustn't be downhearted. You have worn so wonderfully well!-Puck.

Ernie-Papa asked him if he was aware of the seriousness in sitting in a dark parlor. Ida-What did ne say? Ernie-He said: "You bet! year and I don't know when that girl might propose."-Chicago News. "The train I was on this morning." said little Elsie's papa, "struck a poor

gracious!" exclaimed the little girl, "I suppose the milk poured right out all ver the ground."—Philadelphia Press. "What do you think of that actor who undertook to trounce a dramatic critic who had ridiculed him?" I think" answered the man who never

has a good word for anyone, that in all Washington Star. complain about the ingratitude of republics?" "Certainly not," answered Senator Sorghum. "I haven't the slightest hesitancy in declaring that

this republic has simply paid me for everything I ever did for it." "I want you to understand," re marked the indignant young broker, "that I am no ignoramus, I went through college, sir, and have my sheepskins to show for it." "So!" said the senior of the firm; "well, I didn't go through college, but I have taken several sheepskins to show since the fleece and all. See?"-Cincinnati

Times-Star.

Queen Wilhelmins of Holland has gone into the dairy business, and is now making money by selling milk and butter. Her first step in this direction was when she induced her hus band, Prince Henry, to buy several cows, which were placed on the rich lands surrounding the castle of Loo. The cows prospered exceedingly, and the Queen was so well pleased with the success of her experiment that she instructed the managers of her estates to make a tour of the stock farms and purchase the best animals that could obtained in Holland. This they did, and sent the herd to the castle at Loo. A dairy was established in nection with the royal estate, and now butter and milk are sold in large quan titles from the Queen's establishment. She herself devotes considerable time to directing and inspecting the work of the dairy, and it has b her most absorbing hobby. She de termined that the dairy should not only be self-supporting but profitable, and she is now realizing a n sum for pin money from

An instance of the absurdity some of the notions held by om cestors was the notion that the lng of the church bells had a cou acting effect in a thunderstor was supposed that the vibra tion caused by the sound of a on a cloud charged with el may cause it to discharge its