FRANKLIN, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1904.

A SONG FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

We tread, a better earth to-day
Than that the fathers knew;
A broader sky line rounds away
To realms of deeper blue.
More ample is the human right,
More true the human ken;
The law of God has been a light
To lead the lives of men. To lead the lives of men,

He led our generation on In mist of smoldering fire: To more than all the centuries gone The more than all the centuries go.

The marching years aspire.

Across the anward sweep of time
We strain our vision dan,
And all the ages roll and climb
To lose themselves in Him.

We gaze upon the seons past—
A blind and tumbling surge,
And slowly, from the weltering vast
Behold a low emerge.
The water seems to heave and sway
In chaos undenied,
Yet not a foam flake goes astray,
For He was wind and tide.

Oh, Purpose of the stumbling years, Oh, Wistful Need and Hope. Whereby in all the woven splicres The atoms yearn and grope; Flow through the wandering will of man A tide of slow decree, And merge our strivings in the plan That draws the world to Thee.

-Chicago Standard,

Three years afterward there came

"It's no use talking." he said.

"It's only five hundred dollars," said

"Who'd lend to me, I'd like to

But it had to be swallowed. There

"I didn't suppose Smith's folks lived

ing birds, the open piano, the low sat-

Yes-Mr. Smith was at home. He

had not yet gone to the store, and

he. "Of course we can lend you a

if not to help each other with. Oh.

yes. We've a snug little sum laid

up in the bank, and we live very com-

erable, but it never got us all these

vents patterns for the paper-hangers

"Fifty dollars a week!" exclaimed

In all his life he had never respect-

her; "of course you shall have it. I

owe you as much as that, I think,

your memory that last scene of our

parting. How defiant and insolent it

was to be sure!" and she laughed the

sweetest of mellow laughter, "But I

correct; a woman can work, without

"Perhaps she can," slowly and un-

"perhaps she can! But it didn't use to

willingly admitted Thomas Martin-

becoming a drudge."

Thomas Martin. "Why that's more-

year. Well, I never!"

"Eh?" said Mr. Martin.

fortably. My business? Yes it's tol-

in sofa all betokened no lack o

was no nelp for it.

ther's gister.

Mrs. Martin. "You might borrow it."

********************** ESTHER'S OPINION.

By HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

Mr. Martin had just come in to tea. I warn 'em, they need never come to It was one of those sultry summer me for help! Esther has treated me evenings when the leaves hang stir- with too much insolence for me even storm. to receive her again."

lessly on the trees, and dull electric fires blaze along the east, foreboders thing," said Mrs. Martin, apologeticalof a storm.

It had been very hot all day, the farm-hands had lagged at their work meaning," remarked Thomas Martin, on the lowiand meadow, and all the grimly compressing his lips. world's wheels seemed to revolve as if they were weighted. Mr. Martin was undaunted by the possibilities of ruin very tired, and withal, a little cross. predicted by Farmer Martin, for he Perhaps Mrs. Martin was tired, too.

She, poor soul, had been up since four to live, within three months. o'clock in the morning. She had washed, taken care of four cows' blik, here and cat humble pie," said Martin prepared three meals for the hungry vindictively. farmhands, been up in the quarry woods to search for a family of adventurous young turkey-chicks, sooth- be glad to have some cvil befall ed the sorrows of a teething baby, them!" and mended up the suit of clothes which Betsey Blim, the tailoress, had victously grinding his tech together. declared "not worth a needleful o' That girl needs a lot of humbling, thread!" because Thomas, her hus- and I hope she'll get it." band, had said that "willful waste was woeful want," and that there was a one of those terrible droughts that undeal of wear in the suit yet, if only do a farmer's life-work in a season, that was a stitch taken here and there, and swept away his prospects as an

But her cheeks were pink and her autumn wind sweeps a sere forest. eyes sparkling when Thomas came in. The cattle died, a pestilence broke out for all the heaviness of her heart and among the flock of sheep, which Thos. the dull pain in her back, for little Martin had just brought a high wind Esther had come home from boarding blew his best barn over, and diaster stared him in the face on every side.

Esther, the youngest sister of pll. the darling of the family-circle from can't meet this year's interest on the which Mrs. Martin came, the pet for mortgage. The place will have to go. whom they all had scraped and pinch- "Oh, Thomas!" grouned Mrs. Mared so that she, at least, might have a tin, who, poor soul, now lay all day on a hard wooden foruge, and groaned "Boston education."

And Esther sat in the window-seat, to see how woefully she was needed at grown into a blooming young woman, the halm. with bronze-brown bair lying in "I can't help it," said Martin. fluffy masses over her fair forchead, "Everything is against me." porcelain-blue eyes, and a dress all rimmed with ribbon bows.

"Look, Thomas!" cried Mrs. Martin, excitedly, "it's Essie! Essie come home know?" said Martin, remembering two days before we expected her!" with a sigh how he had hardened his

"Yes, I see," said Hr. Martin, in the face against every humble suppliant in cold, measured tones which always the golden days of his prosperity. dampened his wife's enthusiasm like "There's Eather's husband," sugso many drops of freezing water, gested Ruth. "I've heard that he is "How do you do, Esther? Ruth, what doing well in Boston. And, after all, are you putting cold chicken on the Esther's my own sister." table for? Corned-beef is plenty I Mr. Martin's features contracted in am sure. You had a great deal bet- to a hideous grinner. Of all the bitter save the chicken for the men's ter cups which circumstances had held breakfast. oppetites."

"Esther is fond of cold chicken."

whispered Mrs. Martin. "No one need want anything better than good corned-beef," judicially pro-nounced Mr. Martin. "Put the chicken as a neat maid led him across an oxback into the pantry, and the apple tagonal vestibule, floored with blackjelly with it. Good stewed gooseber- and-red marble, and fragrant with ries are relish enough for anybody. Howers, under the golden fringe of an We must economize in little things as antique portiere, into a large, tastewell as large ones if we don't want fully furnished room, where the singto end our days in the poor-house." And Mrs. Martin sorrowfully obeyed.

while Essie watched her brother-in- money law with large, grave eyes betokening Inward surprise.

At the end of a week, Mr. Martin presently he came in, waving welcom-

addressed his sister-in-law with seri- ings to the man who had married Es-"Well, Esther," sold he, "you've been here a week now."

"Yes," said Essie, "I've been here a thousand dollars. What is money for "A week is a good long visit," re-

marked Mr. Martin. "It's long enough for some things," said Easie.

"Mrs. Martin thinks she would like things," glancing at the soft arabesto have you stay," went on Mr. Mar- ques of the carpet, the graceful folds tion, after a pizzled glance at the blue, of the crimson silk curtains, and the shining eyes. "And although, of casel filled with proof engravings. course every one adds to the expense "That is my wife's doing." in a family like this, I've no objection

to giving you a home, provided you around him. are willing to earn it by hard work." "Stop!" cried Essie, jumping up. "I quiet satisfaction. "Essie is an arhaven't asked you for a home yet. tist, you know-a designer. She in-And I don't mean to. And you are only making me the offer because and upholsterers. They are glad to Doctor Dorian says Ruth will break pay her fifty dollars a week." down unless she has a strong maidservant to help her with the housework. But there is no money that fifty dollars is, I mean-than poor would hire me to make myself such a Ruth made by all her poultry for a drudge poor Ruth is."

"Holty-tolty!" said Mr. Martin Young woman, you don't consider whom you are talking to."

od Essie as her respected her now. "She has money laid up," said Ste "Yes, I do," said Essie, with phen Smith. "And if she's the woman phasis. "To a Bluebeard, to a stock. think she is, she won't grudge it to a stone, a man who is grinding his help her sister's husband in a pinch." wife's life out on the pitlless wheel of Gall and bitterness-gall and bitter oney-making. No, I wouldn't live ness! But, thought poor Martin, with as Ruth does, not if you would put me a sigh, how was Stephen to know all in a palace! that had come and gone?

"Humph!" said he. "Fine ideas you Essle's light step, on the passage have got at this fashionable boarding way, sounded at this instant; and she school of yours. Well, if you don't came in dressed in a picturesque brown linen blouse; her bair still like my offer, you're not obliged to accept it. Be a fine lady, if you please, shading her forehead, like a fringe of floss silk, after the old, graceful fashand see where it will land you." "Yes," she said, brightly, when her

By way of answer, Esie marched out of the room with all the dignity of a brother-in-law's errand was stated to royal princess. She only stopped in who was in the midst of a baking. Thomas, were it only to crase from "Poor darling," said she, "how I wish I could carry you off with me.

"Life is hard work, Essie, said Mrs. Martin, beginning to cry, in spite of herself; "and it's a woman's duty to insist upon it, still, that my theory was

"And I mean to help mine-when I have one," said Essie, blushing bright-

Mr. Martin shook his head. "If Stephen Smith is foolish en be so, in my mother's days." to marry that saucy gipsy, she'll lead him a pretty life," said he. "I wonder if she expects to sit on a satin sofa days, by the cruel necessities that drive all her days, with a rose in her hard, the wife of an American farmer to her

straw which saved him from figure tive drowning. He paid the interest, bought a new flock of merino sheep, and weathered the storm.

And the next year when Essie came to the farm to assist her sister, for the first time she found Ruth sitting on the plazza, and watching the little lambs play in the sunshine with listless, heavy eyes.

"Yes," said Ruth, "I can't work any more. But Thomas is very kind. He don't grudge the hired girl's wages, and he is always saying he wished he had taken more care of me in the old times. But it's too late now. You were right. Essie, when you said you wouldn't stay on here, and help with he housework."

"Yes," said Essie, fondling the thir hand which lay on the arm of the rocking-chair, "I think I was right." New York Weekly.

CHEWING GUM GETTING SCARCE Price of Schoolgirls' Delicacy in Ra

Form Soaring. According to men who make a bust "I am sure she did not mean anyness of going into the woods and picking spruce gum for sale in connection with gum of other kinds, the cost of gathering the lumps is increasing, and "Well, then," her words belied her the quantity that an active man can

gather in a day of hard work is decreasing every year, writes a Bangor But Stephen Smith was apparently (Me.) correspondent. The best gam-the largest and clear st lumps, sweet flavored and free married Esther and went to the city from pitch-is taken from medium to large trees that are in vigorous "I'll give 'em a year to come back Very old trees, those patriarchs of the woods that tower high above their neighbors and have ceas "Oh, Thomas, don't talk so!" said his wife. "One would think you would ed to grow, yield brittle gum, which "And so I should," said Martin

although it looks clear and good, crumbles in the mouth and leaves a ditter taste. Young spruces yield a pitchy gum, which requires years to become firm and fit to chew. Conse quently, the gum narvest must be obtained from the middle-aged trees and as these are felled in millions ev ery year by the lumbermen, the gum supply is gradually becoming less. A year ago good spruce gum wa

sold in Bangor at \$1.15 a pound. This year the jobbers gladly pay \$1.35 a pound. Twenty years ago the finest gum was plentiful here at 40 to 60 cents a pound, and a pound is sufficient to supply a girls' high school for a week. Fifteen cents an ounce s the retail price in Bangor.

The best gum turns lilac color when veil chewed.-Philadelphia Record.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The propellers of the fast auto boats revolve 1250 times a minute, giving a specil of 25 miles an hour.

Of all the money transactions in the country, 97 percent are carried through by cheek; only 3 percent by notes or

Every fire station in Berlin is equip ped with an oxygen apparatus for reviving persons overcome by smoke

Radium is the most remarkable subtance on earth. The energy that a ly dissiputed would raise 500 tons one

Of the 12,708 newspapers and peri odicals published in Germany, more than 27 percent are in other languages than German, 9 percent being in Eng-

Austin Smith of Clinton, N. Y., Is the oldest living college graduate in this country. He celebrated his 100th birthday recently and was graduated from Hamilton college in 1820

ery year the dentists use about \$500. 000 worth of gold and that the riches gold mines in a few centuries will be graveyards and cemeteries. There are upward of 80,000 inhab tants on the slopes and skirts of

A German statistician states that ev

Jesuvius. If it were not for the fer ilizing effect of the volcanic products not more than one-tenth of that num ber would be able to find means of Walnut is only employed in France in cabinet and carpenter's work. In

1902 the imports of wainut were 2453 tons and exports 5623 tons. During the last four years the imports have steadily declined, while exports have ncreased from 3660 tens in 1899 to 5623 tons in 1902. El Cafetal, a coffee trade journal pubished in New York, is authority for

the statement that the quantity of coffee yearly bought and sold in the world's trade is worth \$255,000,000 which probably corresponds to a net yield from over 1,800,000,000 coffee A leweler in Turin has made a tiny

oat of a single pearl. The hull is finely shaped, and might serve as model for a racing sloop, the sail of beaten gold, studded with diamonds and the binnacle light is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder and its stand is a slab of ivory. Its weight is less than an ounce, and it is said to have cost \$5000.

It is difficult in Germany for professional regue to enter a family as a domestic servant. There every servant has a character book in which the mistress must enter the dates of the coming and leaving of the servant. with her character while in the se vice. This the girl is obliged to take to the nearest police station and have it dated with the official stamp, thus preventing the manufacture of bogus rec ommendations.

Behind the Mark "So you're going to send his letter

back, are you?" asked the blonds. replied the brunette, with tears in her eyes. "But not until I have copied them all. They will make a splendid book, and I have a lovely title for them already—"The Letters of a Lazy Lover."—Cincinnati Times-

Agricultural implements to the valu

Essie's thousand dollar loan was the TORPEDOES IN WARFARE THEIR SUCCESS IN CHILI, BRAZIL

CHINA AND JAPAN.

Low Cost of the Destroyer Devices by Which Battleships Hope to Escape Destruction by the Swift Machine.

The Whitehead automobile torpedo may be regarded as the parent of almost all the automobile torpedoes which are now in use in the navies of the world, writes Sir William Laird Clouse in the London Telegraph. Our own service tornedoes, which are

made at Woolwich, at Portland, and at Leeds; the French service torpedoes, many of which are made at Toulon; the Russian service torpedoes, which are made in Russia; the German service torpedoes, which are made in Germany-all owe their existence to the original inention of Mr. Whitehead, an invention now more than a generation old; and although each national type differs somewhat from every other, each still bears a strong cousinly resemblance to the service torpedo which the firm of Whitehead makes today at Flume, on the Adriatic, for such powers as have no torpedo manufacturing plant of their own. Among these powers is Japan. It is true that the original White-

head was a weapon that traveled on the surface of the water only, while the modern automobile torpedo is essentially a submarine engine. Many years, nevertheless, have now elapsed since the marvellous weapon, by steady evolution, became extraordinarily perect and formidable, although it is but right to add that its improvement hys been continuing from first to last, and is not yet at a standstill. Strange to say, however the significance of the automobile torpedo as a factor in naval warfare is only now beginning to receive adequate recognition. The wearon has always had its enthusiastic champions of course, although until quite recently they have been the few. while its detractors have been in the majority. According to some, the torpedo was little better than a bogey; according to others, it was suitable for use only against vessels at anchor, or vessels, with incompetent, if not criminally careless crews on board;

plined races, especially if such ships chanced to be under way. It was admitted that the automobile torpedo had won success during the civil war in Chill, during the revolu-"but," said the wiseacres, "wait until one of the leading payal nowers is concerned, and then you will see that although the torpedo may be all very well against South Americans or Yellow Men, it won't work against civilized Europeans,"

according to yet others, it could never

be employed with advantage against

ships of the civilized and well-disci-

In spite of this sort of discourage ment, which reached them from within the various services as well as from without, torpedo officers have never ceased to study and develop their favorite weapon. They increased its speed from 10 to 12 to upwards of 30 miles an hour: they increased its range yards or more; they increased its explosive-carrying capacity from 30 to nearly 200 pounds; and they increased the accuracy of its submarine flight, both literal and vertical, until, even in a cross-running tideway, its precision could be depended upon. means of a device which is now being perfected in America the speed of the weapon can be increased to some 40 miles an hour up to 2000 yards. The process employed is a mere superheating of the compressed air as it is fed from the "flash," or reservoir, to the driving machinery; and it involves little additional expense. We know now what the Japanese, acting not against careless and ignorant Celestials, but against the finest officers and best shins of a leading European navy; has been able to do with this perfected engine of destruction. No one will ever again decry the power of the to-

And this terrible torpedo, in its most highly developed form, costs only about £400. A big battleship costs anything from a million to a million and a half sterling; yet, as events have shown, it may easily fall victim to its small and absurdly cheap foe Of course, I do not mean that the mere outlay of, say £400 is likely to be the sole expenditure involved in the crippling of a 13,000-ton Czarevitch. The torpedo, if used at sea, must be discharged from a vessel of some sort, by men who must inevitably run some risk. But the craft which are usually employed on torpedo work are small, costing, it may be, no more than from £15,000 to £60,000 apiece, and having but small crews. Thus, there may be on one side but £25,000 worth of material and 15 and 20 lives, and on the other a ship worth £1, 200,000, with 750 people on board; and, as we have seen the cheap little boat may spoil the career of the splendid machine Even if the big ship do her worst in

such a case, she can do nothing adequate. Let her sink half a dozen of her twopenny-halfpenny opponents and drown all their crews, she must still have run awful risks-risks which are quite out of proportion to the objects to be gained.

Is there, then, it will be asked, no way of safety for the big ship? Undoubtedly there is. The nose of the modern torpedo is furnished with a "cutter" which will shear a way through any ordinary steel net that may be hung round a ship for her protection: but there are nets-and our navy possesses them-which are cut-ter-proof, and, moreover, these nets, although at much inconvenience, can be kept hanging round the threatened speed through the water. Such devices, combined with the keeping of a good lookout by means of fast scouts, cy at gun practice by night as well as by day, a proper knowledge of the uses and limitations of the searchlights with which every modern vessel is provided, and the maintenance of perfect discipline in all circumstances, pedo boat of some of their terrors. Nevertheless, the Lenaco must always

the Japanese are understood to be in possession of a few automobile torpedoes of altogether exceptional sizehaving a diameter that is of as much as 24 inches, or six inches more than the biggest service torpedo of other nations. Whether any of these were with the fleet off Port Arthur is, how-

It will also be useful to add that at the opening of hostilities Russia may have had about 20 destroyers and 12 or 15 serviceable seagoing torpedo boats at or near the scene of action. At the same period Japan had at her disposal not fewer than 20 destroyers and 60 torpedo boats of various classes, all fit for work. Some of these can scarcely fall to play an important part later in the campaign.

Medical Disquisition on the Curativa Properties of Prolonged Sleeps.

As long ago as 1883 Dr. J. Leonard Corning of New York brought forward this plan of managing functional nervous disorders in a monograph entitled Brain Rest, a Disquisition on the Curative Properties of Prolonged Sleep," and in a sub-sequent edition, published in 1885, the whole matter of practical management was elaborated to the last detail, says the Medical Record. Dr. Corning observes that "as applied to the brain, rest implies Something totally different from that which is described by the term when used in connection with the muscle, joint or spinal cord. This radical difference is chiefly owing to the fact that the brain being an organ, of the intellectual processes, rest in so far as it concerns that organ, means nothing less than a cessation of mentali-, zation, with all thereby implied. It is impossible by a mere flat of the will to cause cessation of thought; the very idea embodies a contradiction, the period of unconscious repose must be greatly augmented when by overtaxation or inordinate mental strain the nerve cell has become devitalized, and is no longer able to hoard up a sufficient store of energy during the usual period of unconsciousness. It is in such cases that prolonged sleep, tionary fighting in Brazil, and during a sleep continued for 10, 15, or even the conflict between Japan and China; | 20 hours at a time, achieves the most striking results.

"As a rule," observes Dr. Corning, I am in the habit of secluding the subject in a darkened room, eventually for from 10 to 15 hours at a time, according to the amount of sleep it is desired should be had during the 24 hours. I do not, however, attempt great things in the way of sleep at first; but, on the contrary, the duration of the period of unconsciousness is progressively increased by the utilization or habit, hydrotherapy, appropriate food, and, in urgent cases, cases the period of sleep is prolonged to as much as 20 hours at a time, the patient being awakened and given small quantities of nourishment and then allowed to sleen again. He warns, moreover, against the evils accruing from attempts to keep in bed nervous, irritable persons while in a conscious condition. Such individuals should be told to lie down only on the appearance of drowsiness, which in intractable cases, may be brought on by the moderate use of sedatives, during the latter part of the day, and exceptionally by the exhibition of hypnotics before retiring. Recumbency, then, is purely incidental, the prolonged unconsciousness is all. In thus strenuously insisting on the radical difference between cerebral and ordinary corporeal rest, Dr. Corning has rendered a substantial and practical

Cupid's Strategy.

Two young men of the neighborhood were rivals for the hand of a pretty girl. One of them was poor and hand ome and the other was a slowwitted fellow with considerable money. The capitalistic one conceived the idea of buying off his rival. He offered him \$100 to go away and stay away for six months. The poor young man said he would consider that matter, and he did-in company with the girl. They agreed to take the money of the young

man, get married and go away together. The deal was completed and the poor young man got his money and started for Denver. But he stopped at the first station, where he was joined by his lady love and they were married by a justice of the peace. The rich young man consulted a lawyer and was told that he had no grounds for a suit; that the young man had kept his agreement by going away: that it wasn't stipulated that he should go alone. And the local-paper says the town is laughing at the thought of that honeymoon trip at the expense of a rival.-McCracken (Kan.) Enterprise.

Living for Ideals. That was a wise old clergyman who urged his brethren not to admit young men to the ministry unless they were evidently more broad minded and en in their faith than their elders, "We must allow," he said, "for the inevitable shrinkage." The same allowance is necessary in every life for the sure closing in of the real upor the ideals of youth, and the unavoid able narrowing of hops and aim that more idealism we start with, the more certain to receive, the more joyous life will turn out to be as we go on living. fact that its ideals are so shrunken as to be no longer a source of vitality, an in heroism, and in other ideal no sibilities, life is worth living, and we are strong to take our part in it. Liv. dull gray life and apathetic end."-

It may be worth while to add that 'A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE BY THE REV. W. T. BEST.

"fuded Leaver," the Subject of a Helpful Talk-The Endless Variety of Leaves-All Must Stand the Storms of Life CHASM FALLS, N. Y.—The following sermon, entitled "Faded Leaves," was preached here by the Rev. William T. Dest. He took as his text "We all do fade

membered distinctly its birth when we knelt together in the Watch-meeting and reconsecrated ourselves ato the Master. The thoughts of its youth revived those pleasant memories that can be anpreciated only by one living in the Adirondle's, But, oh, how changed everything appears to day! The same river glides by the door and the same mountains are out either side of the house, yet a c'oud of sadness hovers o'er me as I watch the leaves fall from the trees. "Ah! these are harbingers of approaching storms; the indisting that another summer's warmth and beauty is shout to be succeeded by the child desolation of winter."

It is so difficult for us to understand religious truths that God was obliged to draw them out in diagram upon the natural world. Therefore a minister may go to almost any branch of nature and find a sermon. "Go to the 'art." says the wise man Solomon. Consider the "Lillies of the field," says Christ. Bush and brook, beast and bird, day and night, the changes of the field, says Christ. Bush and brook, beast and bird, day and night, the changes of the field, says Christ. Bush and brook, beast and bird, day and night, the changes of the field, says Christ. Bush and brook, beast and bird, day and night, the changes of the wilder winds of aniuma, whirl up in our faces, and before our doors, seeming to say. "What about us." God has commissioned us to carry a message to man, and mingling with the direction of the prophet Isaiah, "We all do fade as a last." doors, seeming to say, "What about us?" God has commissioned us to carry a message to man, and mingling with the dirge of antumn, comes the sadder dirge of the Pronhet Isaiah, "We all do fade as a leaf." I. The Indiess Variety of Leaves.

very idea embodies a contradiction, for the will as physiologically understood is itself a product of very complicated intellection, and cannot, there fore, be regarded as a thing sui generis-a something without the pale of other psychical processes." Only during sleep is the ideal repose of the cerebral faculties realized. But while a physiological amount of sleep is sufficient to achieve this in health, sufficient to achieve this in health, old; yet the leaves they 'axe scattered with the scattered with the leaves they 'axe scattered with the leaves they are two leaves of leaves are two leaves of any class exactly alike. Then all species of leaves are two leaves of any class exactly alike. Then all species of leaves are two leaves of any class exactly alike. Then all species of leaves are two leaves of any class exactly alike. Then all species of leaves are two leaves of any class exactly alike. Then all species of leaves are two leaves of any class exactly alike. Then all species of leaves are two leaves of any class exactly alike. Then all species of leaves are two leaves of any class exactly alike. Then all species of leaves are two leaves of any class exactly alike. The all species of leaves are two leaves of any class exactly alike. The all species of leaves are two leaves of any class exactly alike. The all species of leaves are two leaves of any class exactly alike. The all species of leaves are two leaves of any class exactly alike. The all species of leaves are two leaves of any class exactly alike. The all species of leaves are two leaves o old; yet the leaves they ave scattered are but as a drop to the crean compared to the number that have fallen to the

to the number that have fallen to the earth.

"God hath made of one blood all nations of men," and though there are so many different races of mankind it is doubtful if there could be found two men of any race exactly alike. They differ as do the leaves. Expecially is this true from a religious standpoint for all men do not hold the same religious belief. The main thing, however, is for all to be long to Christ. Lot the fig leaf utter its voice of warning, the maple suggest its sweetness and the olive bring its message of peace; yet there are time in every life when naught can be found but the weeping willow.

Perishing, perishing! Hark how they call

Perishing, perishing! Hark, how they call Bring us you. Saviour, oh, tell us c.

Him!
We are so weary, so heavily laden,
And with long weeping our eyes have
grown dim.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the

ospel to every creature. II.Some Leaves Are Higher Up in This World Than Others, But All Must Stand the Storms of Life Alike and

Some people are determined to go up in Some people are determined down in his world, even if they go down in next. Men lose their health trying to next. Men lose their health trying to get wealth, and then lose their wealth trying get health. God has a place for every man in this world, whether it be in the ministry, at the work bench, or following the plow. Let each man find his right place and there be at his best for God. It is useless is a leaf at the lower part of the tree to lee trying to get to the top, but in each leaf in its proper place goes to make a perfect tree. For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office; so we, many members in one body, and all mem-bers have not the same office; so we, being many; are one body in Christ." Let us learn, therefore, in "whatsoever state we are therewith to be content," "run-ning with satience the race set before us," and we shall as surely hear the "well done" as the man with the greatest num-ber of talents. er of talents.

The millionaire can wear but ore and of clothes, sleep in one bed and eat but one meal at a time. In many respects his riches only increase his troubles, and it is a mistake to suppose that he is not subject to many of the disappointments common to men. On the other hand, let us not try to throw a romance about the poor man's lot. Poverty is hard, cruel, unrelenting. But as surely as the different cinds of weather are a necessity to the eaves, so surely are the storms of life necessary to our highest good; for

"If all were easy, if all were bright,
Where would the cross be?
Where would the night!
But in the hardness, God gives to you,
Chances of proving that you are true."

Death places the leaves all on the same level. Said a widowed lady, whose hus level. Said a widowed lady, whose husband fills drunkard's grave, as she stood by the grave of the wealthy saloon keeper who had taken his money: "Ah! you are on a level with my husband now." Yes, death places us all on a level. Where are now the vast armies of the Assyrians, Greciaus, Persians, Romans? As with the warriors with the present a swith the varrior so with the peaceful, as with ich so with the poor. Millions have go The boast of heraldry, the pomp

power, And all that beauty, all that wealth er-

III. The Decay of the Leaf is Sometimes Hastened by External Circum stances.

Hastened by External Circumstances.

It may be affected by insects, excessive moisture, excessive cold, etc., etc. Then often the leaf is plucked from the tree while in full bloom.

"The wicked shall not live out half their days." God gives every man so long to live, it be takes eare of his body (which is the temple of the Holy Ghost) he will probably live out his appointed days. Yet how often we see people called from time into eternity just at the moment when their brightest hopes are about to be realized. Mosee has led Israel through the wilderness. He has borne up under their marmurings and backelldings, and at times he has had to stand alone when it seemed as though his shoulders could not carry the care and responsibility placed upon them. Yet he has looked forward to this glad moment as the time when his character shall be vindicated and he shall lead the people, triumphantly lead the people into the Promised Laud. But now the command comes from hear can. "Moses, ascend Nebo to diel" Ahl shis tagedy surpassing anything Shake-spearean, yet it occurs almost every day. A vessel it wrecked at see, a train has imped the track, a hotel has taken fire and men and women just on the eve of realizing their highest ambitions are smatched from this into another world.

IV. The Leaves Fade in Concert Though They Fall One by One.
"One cannot count the number of plumes which those froats are plucking from the which those froats are plucking from the

statesmen, yea, men of every rank and condition, yet it is the great city of silence. Neither work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom are there. The multitude of nor wisdom are there. The multitude of the dying and the dead are as the autum-nal leaves drifting under our feet to-day. "One by one, one by , we shall soon, yes soon be there."

V. Let Us Proceed to Inquire, How Do the Leaves Fade?

the Leaves Fade?

1. They fade naturally. It is what constantly occurs. After the summer is gone and the fruits are fully ripe, they change their color, loss their interesting hue and drop in rapid succession to the ground. "Man that is born o, a woman hath but a short time to live, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and pages continued in any section." Best. He took as his text "We all do fade as a leaf."—Isa. 64:6.

Nature has oace more been disrobed for green foliage. "and the Storis in the heaven knoweth her appointed time and the Swallow" have gone to a warmer region. While looking from my study window, I notiged the leaves falling and the children playing among the dead leaves that lay upon the ground. I then began to think of the past year. I remembered distinctly its birth when we knelt together in the Watch-meeting and reconsecrated ourselves to the Master. The thoughts of its youth revived those pleasant memories that can be ampreciated only by one living in the Adirondarks, fair, oh, how changed everything appears to-day. The same river glides by the door and the same mountains are on door and the same mountains are on the same river glides by the door and the same mountains are on the same river glides by the door and the same mountains are on the same river glides by the story. I have been dying for many tabult when the same is the same river glides by the story. I have been dying for many tabult when the same is to live, all our tendencies are toward death, and it is one continual strates that we are more apt to e than the live of live, all our tendencies are toward death, and it is one continual strates that we are more apt to e than the same and the Swallow have death, and it is one continual strategy to live, all our tendencies are toward death, and it is one continual strates that we are more apt to e than the same and the same in the same in the same is a south time as the down may a south the same and the Swallow have are more apt to e than the same and the crane and the same and the Crane and the same and the Crane and the same river and the same in the same and the same in the same in the same and the same in the same in the same and the same in the

> how we shank at the thought of going to the ground. So with you and one, I rom 'ay to day we hardly notice the rhange, but the frosts have touched us.

> VI. There is a Greater Beauty and Glory Attached to the Leaf in Its Fading and Dying Condition Than at Any Time in Its Life.

Along the lake shores and river banks, and up the slopes of the mountains, "there is an inocscribable mingling of gold, and range, and crimson, and saffron, now so being into drab and marson, now faming into solferino and rearlet." In the morning the forests look as if they were transferred, "and in the evening hour as a the sunset had burst and cropped upon the leaves." Fome of the mour appear to be all on fire, as if they were submerged in the glory of the Lord, Said Rev. C. C. Townsend, as he etood by the parsonage gate and looked upon the seems: "lan't that beautiful? I must being my wife up very to see that foliage." How then while driving along the road we no-tice a try where the leaves have fadet at the first touch of the frost, all turning a russet become. "No one stops so study

out half their days, but pass away into Hut, thank God, such is not the death of the Christian, for, "the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." What a beautiful sight it is behold a father and mother in Israel who have spent their —Punch. ives in the service of Christ come or ross the river. Oh, what halo of glo there is about them! What words of peated joy and comfort proceed from the line, and how strangely near the He

cord. "Fade, fade, each earthly joy,

Jesus is Mine."

And the fading body flutters and falls downward as the leaf, while "the spirit returns to God who gave it." Oh, that in this sense, too, we may all fade with the beauty and glory of the leaf.

VII. The Leaves Fall Only to Rise Again It is one of the laws of nature that othing is really lost. Things change their ondition, but exist in another form. In he juice and sap and life of the tree the eaves will come up again. Next May outh wind will blow the resurrect South wind will blow the resurrection "trumpet and they will rise." So with our loved ones who sleep in Jesus. They shall not all sleep, but they shall be changed. "For if we believe that Jesus which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. For the Lord Himself shall descend for the contract which they will be shown with the voice. from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up toge...r with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

. In the Heavenly Jerusalem the Leaves Shall Never Fade. "Soon will the shadows of earth's life be past, Sorrow and partings be over at last;

Soon shall we meet in the Mansions of Day,' Meet where our loved ones can ne'er fade

away."

Then Ezekiel foretold the blessings of the Messiah's kingdom he spoke of them under the figure of trees growing on a bank whose leaves should not wither, but be for medicine. When John saw in apocalyntic vision the heavens opened, and the new Jerusalem descending down froy God out of heaven. He saw in the mids of the street and on either side of the river, the tree of life, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the na-

There the sun never sets and the leaves never fade, There the righteous forever shall shine In that I cantiful city of gold."

Alcoholism is extremely rare in the Ital an army. In 1901, the latest for igures are available, only twenty-five case

Her Experience In Bloomers.

As displaying the point of view of rarious civilizations, the experience of a French professional woman who wore bloomers as a matter of conrenience is interesting. She reated by the savage tribes deference and fear, stoned in Chicago arrested in Texas, and came near beerica. Judging by the strictest standards of chivalry, the savages seem to have behaved best in the matter .-Baltimore American.

The great need of the world, includ ing the literary world in large degree, the Chicago Chronicle states, is shake off the prevailing taste for grade, shall write out of fulness of

"FIRST BOY IN."

Shirt's in a knot an' is ain't on right?
Hair's p-plastered against my head?
Lips bub-bub blue an' my ingers white?
If uh, I reckon my eyes is red!
Teeth oh-chatter an' I l-look sick?

Wob-wob-wobble-in' with my chin?
Just g-got out o' th' cr-cr-crick.
Br-r-r-r! But I was th' first one int Say! Th' was me an' th' Gr-Green boys, Hicksey Murphy an' Bub-bill Brown— Fib-b-blut my teeth make a lot o'

thick; I sh-sh-shed to th' very skin, Then gr-r-r-r! I was in th' crick. Out ngain-but th' first one in!

Bub-bill ast me if it fel-felt cold. "No." I so said, "it's worm at 'nice."
Big a li-lie as I ever told—
Hor-hon-honest, it's worse 'n ice,
All th' others, they di-dived quick;
I got out on th' bank to grin.
Geel. They spattered there in th' crick!

Just th' same, I's th' first in, Ma called to me when I started out-Said to sta-stay on our own street. She'll want to know what I been aboutshe'll want to know what I been about— I'm going home to ge get some heat. Fee-teeth chatter, my hair is slick, Trem-trem-tremble-in' in my chin— say! It's dandy dow-down th' crick! Honest, I was th' first one in. —Chicago Tribune.

JUST FOR FUN



ts, next week's character.-Life. In the battle of life don't spend too much time manoeuvring for position-"Did she marry the young heir to

the estate?" "No, she married the attorney."-Cleveland Leader. Clara-What did you break off your engagement with Charlie for? Maud-

I felt as if I ought to be getting mar-

First Moth-Have you anything on hand tonight? Second Moth-Yes, I'm invited to a camphor ball.-Philadelphia Record. He (smilingly)-You remind me of

ily)-Indeed! How old, please?-Yonkers Statesman. "He has quite a delicate wit, I've heard." "I wouldn't say 'delicate,' ex-

an old friend of mine. She- (haught-

Philadelphia Ledger "They haven't been married long, have they?" "I guess not. She still thinks ger husband looks like Napoleon."-Chicago Record-Herald. Enthusiastic mediocrity often passes

for talent. A hot sausage is not more is more highly thought of .- Punch. "What's he going to call it?" "Porrait of a Lady." "But it doesn't look

like her at all!" "Then he might call it 'Portrait of Another Lady.' "-Life. Experiments having proved that water is a dangerous element in which-

Mack-"Do you think Emeline had r and I took to our beds after. she left, and she writes that she took to her bed as soon as she got home."

Mrs. Newlywed-"John, I think baby has swallowed my pearl necklace." Mr. Newlywed-"By George! You seem o be determined to bring that young one up with the tastes of a millionaire's child."-Judge.

"Great guns!" exclaimed the absent-

ed end of this cigar in my mouth." How fortunate you were in discovering it at once, dear," rejoined his "Young man," said Rev. Goodman, gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

"No danger," replied young Rakely,

'he hasn't any; worrying about me Ledger. "Wealth," said the putative young plutocrat, "is not worth striving for." How do you know?" flercely demanded the proletariat, "You don't have to strive for yours!" That only shows, gentlemen," he rejoiced, sadly, "that you don't know how reluctantly the

governor loosens up."--Chicago Trib-The conversation turned upon the alderman from the 'Steenth ward 'What do you suppose he's worth? asked the man with the patch over "Nobody knows," said the man with the cinnamon beard, "Some. times you can buy him for \$50, and at other times it takes \$500."-Chica

Multiplication of Bacifil.

In our laboratories, under suitable conditions of food and warmth, a bacillus splits in half an hour into two parts, each of which splits again in half an hour, and so on, and it has been estimated that a single bacillus if given similar conditions in nature, would, within a week, give rise to progeny numerous enough to fill the Atlantic ocean. Such overbalancing is largely prevented by the protogos, which feed upon the bacteria, increasing as they increase, and decrea as this food supply gives out. The protogoa, in turn, are eaten by these by others, and so on, the balance of nature being so delicate no form increases disproportio the locust plague, or the Califo fruit-tree scale, or the gypsy moth, nate,-Gary N. Calkins, in Century.

A curious sight on the coast of Java lles in length, where the filled with particles of mago In some places it is said that the face sand contains 80 percent of i it can be smelted, and a company