He saw the ripe wheat waiting.
All golden in the sun,
And strong and stalwart reapers
Went by him, one by one.
"Oh, could I reap in harvest!"
His heart made bitter cry;
"I can do nothing, nothing,
So weak, alas! am L."

At eve, a fainting traveler
Sank down beside his door—
A cup of cool, sweet water
To quench his thirst he bore,
And when, refresh'd and strength
The traveler went his way;
Upon the poor man's threshold
A golden whent sheaf lay.

When came the Lord of harv He cried: "O Master kind! One sheaf have I to offer, And that I did not bind: I gave a cup of water To one athirst, and he Left at my door in going The sheaf I offer thee."

Titen said the Lord of harvest,
"Well pleased with this am I;
One of my angels left it
With thee as he passed by.
Thou mayest not Join the reapers
Upon the harvest plain,
But whose helps a brother,
Binds theaves of richest grain."

Were among the contestants.

watched the trial.

powder box."

est string.

the list was arranged for the prece-

"Yaas," growled Jack, throwing him

on the wonderful stories of romantic

Ail had fired at last save Stephen

The young man took his place, and

wouldn't hurt anybody, and you'd be

Stephen made no reply, but placing

inch from the centre!" shouted the

"It's an accident! He can't hit the

the bull's-eye. But without waiting to

hear the result, Stephen turned to re-

the side of his successful competitor.

"Don't ve dar do that ag'in!" he hiss-

ed between his shut jaws. "If ye do,

'twill be a hard day for yer. Now mark

what I tell yer! I ain't goin' to fool

lucky hit twice; now let that end it.

The voting man made no answer: but

I saw his cheek become a shade naler.

and his hand a trifle less steady as he

rammed home the bullet. Then, with

"Now don't ver make another mis-

take!" was Jack's last admonition, ac-

companied by a shake of the fist so

to feel like grasping the bully and

The third shot sped as the others

had done and then the young man

sprang to his feet, dropping his rifle to

the ground in a manner which showed

that patience had nearly ceased to be

his ruling virtue. Still, I could not an-

ticipate the scenes which were to fol

The last bullet had struck just out-

side the bull's eye, and after carefully

who had offered the prize, and kept the

measurements, stepped up, among the

"Mr. Ranney has made the best rec-

inches, so I give to him the flask ac

He reached forth the prize as he

spoke, but before the young man could

take it, Jack snatched it from the sur-

veyor's hand, and put it in his pocket.

No one anticipated such a movement

and it was some time before Tarbox

recovered his selfpossession so as to

"The flask belongs to Mr. Ranney,

Jack. "His shootin' war all accidental.

"You will, eh?" snarled the bully.

reach-or I'll smash you like a roast

fists about, but the young man did not move. Instead he received a blow upon the head which knocked away his

hat, and seemed to change his whole nature to that of a young lion. With

he said. "Please let him have it."

crowd now gathered and said .-

cording to agreement."

getting it."

close to the man's face that I begar

knee and leveled his rifle.

dragging him from the scene.

board next time!" cried Jack.

shorter than any of the others.

sharp report rang out.

Ranney, and Jack had much the short-

Seven years since, when I was quite the bull's eye, was to receive the flask. Jack Dunlaw and Stephen Ranney a young man-and gray is now silvering my hair—I had occasion to visit the far West in government employ, with been quite curious to see how these a party of surveyors. The nature of two persons would meet, but I noticed our errand, our numbers, and the elab- no change in the young man's deportorate preparations we had made ment. He spoke but little, and when against any hostile demonstrations, insured us from any molestation, save in a few rare instances; yet in that then folding his arms and leaning wild country it was impossible that we against the doorway, he carefully ould remain long without witnessing many scenes not familiar in lawabiding and cultivated districts. To be skill, and when three shots had been sure, we were not beyond the pale of fired, it was found that one of his bullaw-that is, there were certain officers, lets had struck within an inch of the widely scattered, who accasionally shot centre, while the other two were not down some drunken desperado, if his were not too numerous; but moved. beyond such heroic acts they seldom exercised the powers they were sup after carefully measuring the several posed to possess. Generally, each sep-shots.

arate community had a recognized "Ya leader, some man more muscular and self upon a bench; "I'll wait here till reckless than his fellows, and who by virtue of his qualities had a certain number of followers, who were ready to see that his will was the ruling power in that vicinity. Of course, such men were the real law-makers, and find the shooting no more accurate. Inthey were very seldom opposed or mo-

Such a one was Jack Dunlaw, Jack's writers, headquarters were at the station on the Overland Mail route, where we chanced to be located for a few weeks, while surveying in that vicinity, and we had a good opportunity to witness raised his rifle, which was considerably a most interesting incident in his experience, which transpired while we were there. In appearance he was for- Jack, with a wink to his admirers. midable enough, as we saw him on "You better have a pop-gun; that the morning after our arrival. Fully six feet six inches in height, with long just as likely tew hit the mark as ye arms and legs, slightly stooping, with will with that boy's plaything." a ponderous frame, immense masses of hafe and heard clothing in keeping his weapon in rest, bowed his cheek to with his general appearance, and neither over-cleanly nor attractive, a bowie knife and revolver thrust into his belt as he walked about the station, Jack was certainly the man to intimidate marker. "The best shot yet." any person of moderate nerves.

many years he had been recognized as the leading spirit in that vicinity, and from that position he had getting excited and angry. But Stephindependent of all restraint en reloaded his weapon in the most unsave his own will. He had a chosen concerned manner imaginable. As he band of followers, who were ready to was about to fire, Jack walked toward support him in any villainous under- the target to mark the effect of the taking. We were not long kept in shot. efore some of his peculiarities were brought to our notice.

The keeper of the station, Frank struck almost exactly in the centre of er in times past. Russell, was a medium-sized man, some forty years of age, who had recently to the place, bringing with him load his piece. a family, consisting of one daughter, his wife, and a young man who had been in his employ several years, and who was said to be the accepted lover of the daughter Cora. Stephen Ran ney was his name, a very quiet, gentlemanly-appearing young man, some five feet nine inches high, and weighing at a moderate estimate, a hundred and fifty pounds. He seldom spoke unless addressed, when his words were

On the morning following our arrival while the chief engineer of our lips tightly compressed, and eyes fixed corps was preparing the work for the day, the remainder of the party, after examining their instruments and putting everything in readiness for service, disposed ourselves about the station to smoke and wait for orders While wreathing ourselves in vapor in strode Jack Dunlaw, and demanded a dram of whiskey. The barkeeper produced the beverage, and who was already more than excited by the potations of vile liquor which he

had swallowed, turned it down with a gurgle. Just as he lowered the tin cup which served instead of a tumbler Cora Russell entered the room, look-

"Here, gal, give us a kiss!" Jack exclaimed, as he caught sight of her, Alarmed at his brutal manner, the girl turned to leave the room, but before she could do so the bully had caught and kissed her repeatedly, with his liquor-fumed and tobacco-stained

As she broke from his grasp and as caped at length, he turned to the bar again, and with some beastly remarks those of his admirers present laughing beartily us he left the place.

As the scene progressed I sprang the ruffian, but a surveyor pulled me back, and with a diffidence and cowardice of which I ever since have been shamed, I did not make a second

He only happened to hit whar he did, but he made no protest, only following his daughter from the room, and re-

can git !, or you either."

Tarbox bit his lip, and looked to the other members of the party, undecided how to act. Seeing his Ranney stepped forward and said,—
"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Tarbox No one seemed to resent this fearful

nault, which, perhaps, nowhere else in nitted to go unpunished; and in my or two we almost ceased to think

The third day after the above incling, and the day proved dark sloudy. Shortly after noon one of our party, anxious to see some specimens of the famed rifls shooting of the west,

them, so that now they stood upon equal ground. But what a contrast! Nine inches in height the bully towered above his antagonist, while in actual weight he was nearly twice his equal. There was no pariey nor hesitation. Finding himself weaponless, Jack rushed for the young man, and would have crushed him in a deadly grasp FRONTIER LIFE.

but the young man did not wait for the process. A quick, fierce blow, falling just where the other had fallen, staggered the rascal, and before he could see what had become of the man he supposed already in his grasp, a tremendous crack in the ear brought him again to the ground. Again he scrambled to his feet, and again he was knocked down, by a single reverberat ing blow. The fourth time he arose but before he could wipe the blood from his eyes sufficiently to distinguish became his bed. This time he did not rise immediate

feet again, and with a fearful curse he placed his hand where he expected to

Then he sought for his knife, but that,

taken the precaution of removing

find a revolver. But it was

It was patent to every one before dcuce, voluntarily took the last place, this stage of the encounter that he was over-matched for once, and at last that fact seemed to become clear to his own mind. Drawing the flask from Jack was one of the first to try his his pocket, he cast it upon the ground,

muttering savagely,—
"There's yer old flask! Take it, if yer want it so bad!"

Stephen stepped to the spot where more than half an inch further rethe coveted prize lay and picked it up, placing it beside his rifle. Then turn Four inchest the surveyor appounced ing again to the discomfited bully who had now risen to his feet, he thus addressed him .-

"Jack Duniaw, I am not done with you yet. A few days ago you brutally you beat that, some on yer, and when insulted Cora Russell. I could have yer dew yer kin take that ther little shot you dead, and I should have done it if I had not pitied you. Now you can The others fired in their several turns take your choice-go, and on your and our party was quite surprised to knees ask pardon, and then quit this place forever, or die where you stand! deed we began to look with disgust up-This quarrel is not of my seeking, and now you have begun it; take your choice. I give you three minutes to de-

A half dozen watches were produced, and the attention of our party was divided between their slowly moving bands and the excited group before us. At first it seemed as though Jack de-"Look here, youngster," growled sired to renew the fight. He looked around upon those who had been his confederates, but their sympathy had gone, and it was apparent that Stephen Ranney had in a moment become the hero of the occasion. Jack's eyes, too, were nearly closed from the energetic blows he had received, and his courage, the breech, and the next moment the any he had ever possessed, seemed to have gone entirely. "In the edge of the bull's-eve, half an

A nod, a watch closed and returned to the pocket of its owner, announced the expiration of the time. Not a change of muscle or expression passed over Stephen's features as he remark

I saw from his manner that he was "The time is up, Jack Dunlaw; will you live or die?"

Jack looked around once more and plainly asked,-"What do you say, boys?"

"Do as he tells yer," replied one who had been Jack's most devoted support-The last hope seemed to leave the

contemptible giant. In a voice weak and wavering, he said,-"I'll leave; that orter satisfy ye.

With a stride like that of an enraged "You will do what I said orelephant, Jack Dunlaw moved up to The sentence remained unspoken. Jack Dunlaw bowed his head, and walked meekly away to make the required apology, I did not follow, though many did. Five minutes later I saw him, the blood washed from his around no upstart like you. Ye've made face, walking slowly away into the forest. We did not see him again, nor did he return to that station to my knowledge.

The favor which Jack lost was transferred to Stephen, and a fine village, upon the target, he dropped upon one which has since grown up here, bears today the stamp of his quiet energy and courage.-Waverley Magazine.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The oldest graduates of Yale and Harvard are ministers.

A Japanese bride gives her wedding presents to her parents as a slight rec ompense for the trouble they have taken in bringing her up.

The power of an engine in India is ometimes given in elephant instead of horse-power, an elephant-power being equal to twenty-two horse-power.

measuring the three, Tom Tarbox, he Some enthusiastic Dundee (Scotland) anglers are about to convert a moras near the town into an artificial loch thirty-five acres in extent, so as to ord, his three shots measuring but two have Loch Leven trout near at home

An investigation of the Obi and Yenesel rivers, made under the auspices of the Russian government, has re-vealed the fact that these streams are navigable by ocean steamers for a distance of one thousand miles from their

mouths. A Chelsea (England) hospital mourning the loss of a bequest of \$6000 through a legal informality. The testator signed his will in his bedroom and the witnesses thoughtlessly carried it into another room before signing it,

thus making the document invalid. The most literary monarch in Europ is, without doubt, the young Victor manuel of Italy. He knows Eng lish, French and German as well as his native language and has even a ing acquaintance with that very difficult language, Russian. He spe as least three hours every day in his study busy with current literature of

Saco river, a dog has taken the place of the father of a fox family. The old fox was killed last fall, leaving a widow and four little foxes, and lately a span-iel dog, owned by Henry Cove, has

WANT BURIED TREASURE | erty of many Spanish and Basque fam-In a moment the ruffian was upon his BANDITS' BOOTY HIDDEN IN CA-HUGENA PASS.

too, was missing. The young man had Story of a Herder Who Saw Three Men Conceal Gold and Jewels-Misfortune or Death Has Been the Lot of All Who Have Held or Searched for the Prize.

A local attorney departed for San rancisco, says the Los Angeles Times to further the search for the alleged buried fortune in the foothills. If his arrangements come to a success ful issue, every foct of the Cahuenga pass will have a thorough inspection by treasure seekers.

Away back in 1865 Alonzo Otero was a herder on a dairy ranch in the neighborhood of Livermore Pass, near San Francisco. One day while Otero was pasturing his herd in one of the canone and was himself lazily reclining under the shade of a thick growing clump of low trees, he saw a party three men ride up and stop at several points and carefully gaze around, apparently trying to ascertain if they

The herdsman had no relish for meeting these three rough looking strangers alone, and as they were dis mounting he concealed himself still more securely in the thick growth and watched their proceedings.

Evidently satisfied that they were mobserved, the men proceeded to a small grove, and removing some packages from their saddles, dug a hole in the earth and buried the bundles. Then they made several marks on nearby trees and returning built a fire on the newly upturned earth, cooked their dinners, ate and remounted their horses and soon disappeared

from the canon. Otero remained concealed for several hours, but finally he ventured over to the recent camp and made a careful inspection. He drove his herd home early, and that night returned and unearthed the packages he had seen buried.

Report has it that the man found in the cache one package of American gold coin and two others containing watches and fine jewelery, among them some good sized diamonds. Otero scarcely knew whether to announce his great find or not; but he finally buried it again in another section of the canon.

Within a few days the people all about San Francisco were talking about the daring robbery which had taken place in one of the jewelry stores of that city. Masked and armed men had seized about \$20,000 worth of jewelry and about \$3000 in gold coin. A large reward was offered for their capture.

The herder was so frightened at the osition in which he found himself that he decided the best thing he could do was to leave the country, so had decided to return to his old home so on." Here in the Hudson valley in Mexico. He was a great favorite in winter one sees more cat tracks with his employer and the latter in than anything else. Set a trap for sisted that he remain at least several mink along the loneliest brook, or for months longer. "This Otero consented skunk in the farthest field, and you to do, and by the time he departed for are more likely to catch a cat. The bery had become an old story.

When Otero departed from the dairy ranch his mule carried in its pack the treasure from the canon, and eventually the herder arrived at Los Angeles While samped in the Cahe did so, placing it under a fresno tree. "One package jewelry 30 feet due west; the money 15 feet north of the fresno tree." This is the accurate description given by those who think they hold the key to the secret treasure, and which description they claim have had direct from the man who buried it.

After Otero's arrival in Los Angees he staved at the bacienda of Jesus Martinez whose home was on what is now Washington street. About the first thing Otero did in this city was to attend a lively Spanish fandango, where he overexerted himself, and the next day he fell ill of pneumonia. He remained Ill at the house of his friend Martinez until May, 1867, and in gratitude to his friend he told him of the buried treasure in the Cahuenga Pass and agreed that as soon as he was able the two should go to the pass and divide the stuff equally between them. Martinez hesitated about having anything to do with the money, as he shared the belief of many that such fortune was under the baleful influence of the "evil eye," and that death would rest its hand upon the holder of the riches; but desire for gold final-

ly overcame his scruples. The very day following Otero was taken with a relapse and he died before a priest could reach him to hear his confession and give him the last

fites of the church. All that Otero could say to Martinez in his exhausted condition in describing the place where the treasure was burled was: "Near where the road crosses the arroyo on the north side of the pass, under a fresno tree," and

giving the distances as related above. After the burial of Otero, Martines again had qualms about the influence of the "evil eye" on such riches, but he finally plucked up his courage, with Joe Correa, then a lad of 14 years, he made a search. Just before pass, and Martinez found his search fruitless. He determined to continue it, however, but within a week he, too, was a corpse, having died suddenly

from heart disease.

Jos Correa was in pos necret, but, like the dead man, he was in fear of the death-dealing "evil eye" and let the treasure alone. As he the cache, but without success. His

this story. About two years ago a Basque sheep herder; named Jean Baptiste Larigo, suddenly gave up his his work, came to the city, and after making many purchases at the stores, he visited one of the banks and secured drafts on France. He then departed for his native land, saving he had money enough. As he was leavhad found money in the Cahuenga Pass through the digging of his shepherd dog.

Just what has started the search for the remainder of the fortune at the present time does not appear, but the fact remains that members of the Basque and French colonies are certein that a proper and systematic search will turn to light the remaining two packages, said to contain \$20,000 worth of jewels and gold.

Laurent Etchepare, who was the proprietor of the Six Mile House, was active in planning for a search just before his douth occurred. Through the medium of Manuel Or-

donui, whose place of business is at the corner of Aliso and Alameda streets, the services of a man, noted for his "treasure-searching powers" lave been secured and he is now on his way to Los Angeles from Arizona. Meanwhile, there are old men in the local French and Basque colonies who point back to the deaths which have

strewn the course of those who attempted the fortune-finding business. and they shake their heads dubiously maturing.

MURDEROUS CATS.

Year.

They Kill Thousands of Birds Every It is with great pleasure that I see in different magazines and journals how many people are trying to protect the birds, especially the bluebirds and wrens. These two birds are among our best beloved birds. Both need man's assistance, especially so the bluebirds. As the English sparrow pushes farther and farther into the country, occupying all the former nesting places of the bluebird, and as old trees are cut down and orchards are trimmed and pruned, it becomes harder every year for bluebirds to find nesting sites. The bluebird and wren are characteristic of the American home. Every effort to save them from extinction is most praiseworthy. A great deal of the work of bird lovers, game protectors, bird magazines, legislation, etc., is brought to naught by the multitude of cats that swarm in the country. The other day a neighbor of mine said a friend of

his in New York wanted to send him a dozen quail for stocking purposes, "I replied," continued by neighbor, "that it was no use. At the next house they have seven cats, the next he announced to his employer that he live, another two, another 20 odd and rested for shooting a day out of season, and who speak of hunting as wanton slaughter, will rejoice in the number of birds, squirrels, rabbits, chipmunks, quail, etc., their cats kill

It has been carefully estimated that huenga Pass the man decided it was othe cats of New England alone kill safer to cache the treasure again, and 250,000 birds a year. But recently a neighbor came to me rejoicing in the fact that their cat had just killed a wren. Another neighbor brags of their cut and how she brings in a rabbit nearly every day. A cat that could kill a hermit thrush should have a medal and a pension. The la dies of the Audubon societies that cry out against wearing feathers in hats will keep a supply of cats that do more damage than all the milliners in the country. Every spring thousands of city families go to the country to spend the summer that at once get a brood of kittens. All summer they make delightful pets, being fed on cream and caressed and kissed by the children of the family. In fall these people return to the city, turning their pets adrift without a thought. It is cruel to the catsthose that escape starvation live on birds and game, bringing up broods

of wild cats the next year. It is a rule here among the quall hunters to shoot all cats on sight. If all the hunters of the country would take this up, great good no doubt would result. Dead falls, of the common "figure four" type, set under hedges, etc., would exterminate many cats. Poisoning is dangerous and not to be thought of .- John Burroughs in Outing.

Editing in Wyoming.

Editing a newspaper is a nice thing. f we publish jokes people say we are fossils. If we publish original matter they say we don't give them enough selecions they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church we are heathens. If we do go we are hypocrites. If we remain at the office we ought to be out looking for news items. If we go out then we are not attending to business. If we wear old clothes they laugh at us. If we wear good clothes they say we have a pull. Now, what are we to do? Just as likely as not some one will say that we stole this from an exchange. So we did. It's from the Wyoming "Derrick."—Dillon, Wyoming Doublejack.

Long distance telephone connection has at last been made from Chicago, Ill., via Kannas City, Mo., Denver, Colo., Ogden, Utah, and Butte, only thing now to prevent a man in Boston, Mass, from talking to a friend on the Pacific count is the fact

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN FLOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED. "IMITATORS OF GOD,"

The Rev. Dr. John Reid Answers the Somewhat Narrow Criticism That Christianity is Narrow in Its Spirit and

Christianity is Narrow in its Spirit and Contracting in its Effect.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Dr. John Reid, pastor of the Memorial Presbyterian Church, preached an eloquent sermon Sunday morning. His text was taken from Ephesians v:1: "Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children." Dr. Reid said:

The Revised Version gives a better and stronger translation: "Be ye therefore imitators of God, as beloved children." Imitators, as children. Being children of God, be ve imitators of God.

Trath is practically always achievement, superstructure, the keystone, a last stroke. There are what the metaphysicians call "immediate truth." that is, truth in connection with which our knowledge is intuitive, and where it comes in as the direct and undeniable testimony of the senses, but as a general thing, acquired truth is the result of work done, the issue of a battle which has been won. In other words, truth has to conquer before it can command. But in conflict or warfare of whatsoever kind, disquise is ever a worse foe to meet than denial. And I suppose that what is frequently affirmed is probably true; namely, that the Christian religion has always suffered more from those who, sometimes intentionally and sometimes unintentionally, have perverted and misreprensented it, than it has ever suffered from those who have even formally opposed it.

There, for instance, is the somewhat trite criticism that Christianity as a scheme is narrow in its spirit and contracting in its effect; under it as a system men do not attain the highest possible development, and, therefore, they cannot display the fairest and finest fiber of human character; it developes the passive and uninfluential, more than the puissant and productive, elements of our nature; it keeps its hand on life's brake to check and hold in, rather than on life's throttle valve to open and let go; it is in face a lion, but in flear a deer; the thou shalt nots outnumber the thou shalt, not on the seen, acceptance of what cannot be seen, acceptance of what cannot be known—thes ness of injuries, relinquishment of rights, submission to what cannot be seen, acceptance of what cannot be known—these are not among the heroic virtues. All this has been felt and expressed, not only by the superficial and scoffing, but by the respectful and thoughtful. And certainly it is all forceful. If it were true, it might be even fatal

Yet from the beginning to end this whole criticism that Christianity is narrow in its spirit and contracting in its effects moves on a misconception. Human life can never he hound by a lifeless process. It is of necessity linked to a living Person. And in Christianity, it is the Almighty God who is the standard. Men are everywhese exhorted and expected to ascertain His will, to keep His word, to lay hold of His strength, to walk in His light, and so to adorn His doctrine in all things. It is the example of God that is published as the pattern. It is the purity of God that is put forth as the test. It is the will of God that is prescribed as the law. It is the love of God that is presented as the motive power. It is the glory of God that is pointed to as the end. It is the approbation of God that is urged as the inspiration and the aweet reward. Likeness to Godhood—that is Christianity's ideal of manhood; likeness; not simply a representation but a reconduction, an image a Godhood—that is Christianity's ideal of manhood; likeness; not simply a representation, but a reproduction; an image; a likeness which has its place, not in a one-ness or community of life. In Him we live and move and have our being, said Paul, with all clearness and confidence. "For me to live is Christ," said the same great apostle to the Gentiles. Literally, for to me that is in my case in shife as I are me, that is, in my case, in so far as I am personally concerned, life is Christ. In my view and understanding of the term, life is but another name for Christ. Whatever of life, or of time, or of talent, or of strength I have, it is all His. "I lives yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." That man's great endeavor was, as near as pos-sible, to reproduce in his life the life of

is Master.
So here his exhortation to all others imitators of God, as by dren who were so impressed with the char-acteristics of their fathers that we could never hear their form of expression or see their modes of action without thinking of those from whom their opinions and con-duct had received direction and form. We say, chips of the eld block; the father ives again in the son. Just so the true life of the Christian is, potentially at least, simply a reproduction of the life of the "Imitators, as children of God." What-

ever the sentiments we may entertain re-garding the claims of aristocracy or the rights of democracy, we all make much of ancestry. The son of a lord may become a lord. The daughter of a queen is of the blood royal. Everywhere men believe in blood royal. Everywhere men believe in association. Family glory is a good introduction and a great help to any man who can lawfully point to it as his. The validity of that introduction is never questioned, the integrity of that help is never rejected, except where the man himself becomes personally deficient or personally deficient or personally deficient or personally descents for doubtless everywhere, when it comes to the purely practical side of things, "what is he?" is of far greater importance than "whence did he come?" A big fruit from a little tree is worth more than a little fruit from a hig tree, when it is fruit that the market is demanding. And what this intensely practical age demands is not so much ancestral trees as palatable fruit.

I confess that sometimes I have found it

trees as palatable fruit.

I confess that sometimes I have found it hard to preserve the proprieties when I have heard people hosating of ancestry. I have sometimes wondered what the ancestors would say if they suddenly saw the progeny. Paternity is not always easily recognizable in posterity. Neither in things material not in things moral does past possession ever pay for present poverty. There must be some water in the channel to make a river out of it, and it is always the present water volume of the always the present water volume of the stream that determines the real water value of the river.

"Oh, East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at
God's great judgment seat;
But there is neither East not West,
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face
Though they come from the ends of th
Earth."

Though they come from the ends of the Earth."

These are strong lines of Kipling; brave words, wise and true. When it comes to the solemn strife and stress of life, what weighs more than "whence." "Every man in his own soddle" and "every tub on its own bottom."

Nevertheless, all people are disposed to recognize the possibility of high honor in honore blo descent. But admit this to be true, and it carries its own serious claim along with it. It was the observation of one of the ancients that the burden of government is increased to princes by the virtues of their immediate predecessors. Commenting on the saying, Dr. Samnel Johnson, in one of his essays, remarked it as always dangerous to be placed in a state of unavoidable comparison with excellence, and that the danger is always greater when the excellence is consecuted by death. Privilege of ancestry means responsibility of heirship. Duly and morally considered, it can never be fordship. It is essentially stewardship. And "to whom much is given, of him shall much be required," is the law universally here applied. That is the principle underlying this whole matter. Children of God, as belowed shiften.

Whence am If It is the old question by whole every man is contranted as seen as its begins to draw lines of distinction by which every man is contranted as seen as

has a Father in God. After that God had apent much time and labor in fitting and furnishing the globe to be an abode. He said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." It is written, "So God created man in His own image; formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul,"—the masterpiece of divine ingenuity and power, in whom there is no premouition whatsoever of any ligher physical life. "Let them have dominion over the fish of the sa, and over the fowl of the air, and over the attle, and over all the sarth, and over every creening thing that creeneth upon the earth." Divinely authenticated on heart and on brain, a being of boundless aspirations, separated in moral and spiritual nature, as by an impassable guif, from all other animal orders, man is at the head

all other animal orders, man is at the head -rational, responsible, immortal. How often we speak that word "immor-tal!" Man does not die—

"There is no death. What seems " is transition;
This life of mortal breath Is but a suburb of the life elvaian, Whose portal we "ill death."

The good which a man does lives for-ever. And the good man lives in it. Au-gustine in his confessions. Calvin in his vindication. Watts and Wesley in the yindication. Watts and Wesley in the psalms and hymns and spiritual songs which Christendom's praises are still tuned. Robert Raikes, the publisher, at Henry Duncan, the divine—the one stathers the children and the other staurals the treasure of the nor. Through guards the treasures of the poor. Throughout all Germany, amid their restless lives out all Germany, amid their restless lives and the many temptations of their career, hundreds of young journeymen mechanics, who know not the name, still bless the hand of Clemens Perthes, the learned professor of Bonn, because he loid the foundations of the homes which open to them their hospitable doors. Yonder at Weimar, that "Necropolis of the poets of Germany," and hard by the grave of Goethe, who was the prince of them all, is the resting place of one whose fame was is the resting place of one whose fame was different indeed from theirs, but on whose tomb the epitaph runs: "Under this lintomb the chitabh runs: "Under this linden tree, freed from sin through Jesus Christ, liea John Falk. Let every strange child who visits this peaceful place diligently pray for him. And because he cared for little children, receive him, O Lord, Thy child, unto Thyself."

'Gone forever! ever? No-for since our dying race began, Ever, ever, and for ever was the leading light of man."

How are we to evoluin this? What i the philosophy of such power over the ra-ages of time? My dear friends, we ough to take some things out of the region of speculative or ecclesiastical doctrine, where speculative or ecclesiastical locations, where they seem sometimes to have been con-signed. We cannot contemplate immor-tality simply as a doctrine of the Bible, or a teaching of the church. It is more it is a vital power in the life. Given the is a vital power in the life. Given the Fatherhood of God and the immortality of man is the demonstration of hidman life.

Do you seek the strongest and clearest evidence of the existence of God? You take it with you wherever you go. You yourself are that evidence. "The argument from design?" You have it in your own body, the most wonderfully complete of all known oversitions. "The argument form design?"

own body, the most wonderfully complete of all known organisms. "The argument from being?" In the consciousness of your own dependence, you have a conviction not to be gainsaved of Him on whom you depend. Created as he is in God's image, man is an enitomé of all God's creation. He is a duodecimo universe. The human conl is a mirror which reflects God. tuman soil is a mirror which reflects tool.
It is true the image is marred and obscured; there is but little of the intuitive knowing; the traces of the inherent right-cousness are very ireble; the flow of the essential holiness is torpid and inert—the essential holiness is torput and inert—the image is a broken one; the picture is a moving picture; the lines in it are not straight; they are vibrate, but the likeness is there. To be a man to have some perceptible trace in God.

My dear friends, however broken and marred the image may be in any, Christ is able to restore it in all. And that verily is

able to restore it in all. And that verily is the whole aim of Christianity: to bring us back to what God first intended us to be. Believers in Christ are in Him created anew unto good works and have renewed in themselves the whole man after the image of God in knowledge and righteousness and true holiness.

God Dominates All

As the mountain of Fujiyama dominates the landscape in Japan, as the temple hills of Jerusalem commanded the scene far all around, so we believe God is to be exalted in this vast community, so as to dominate it all. The sense of God is not fading: it it all. The sense of God is not fading; it is increasing. To Him we lift up our eyes as unto the mountains. The church is to nourish this coasciousness of God, and to express it in lives of spiritual power. Oh, then, how one comes to love the church when once her real mission is seen. We are set to invite the world to come to its only true home. Wandering hearts, uneasy consciences, troubled souls, come to the home of homes, in God's great love and blessed service. Let the gates open wide that the multitudes may press juto and blessed service. Let the gates open wide, that the multitudes may press into the home of their hearts. Oh, church of God, let your faith be large and bright, that the world may come home. Erect no false barriers that God would dissom and more and more become a home to the children of men, through Jesus Christ, the Se

The Christian's Answer. This is the reply we Christians make to those who say that religion is mythical and that it retreats into some secret place where no mere intellectuality can whole of the control of the cont follow it. It surely is mystical in these intimate experiences of the soul, but does it
not come forth again and move through
the activities of human life; out in the
open world a chastened, beautified and
Christ-like spirit? This is our answer.
Conscious of sin and imperfections, this is
still our answer. God is our home. Slowly
we yield our stubborn natures to His constant pressure. His presence is our best
education. He is the great begautifier of
human life. Differ as we may in our erecda
and philosophies, this is the issue of religion, this is the product of fellowship with
Him, our Father, our God, our eternal refuge and home.

An Impressive Speciacle. An Impressive Spectacle.
When you stop to consider what the church of God is, the spectacle of hundreds of thousands, even millions, of souls wending their way to the places of worship throughout the land hocomes impressive. Why do they come? What is the permanent element in life that maintains this year interest? Changes occur among nations, institutions rise and fall, traditions wax and wane, creeds are made and used and use the continue to worship.

Lead a Simple Life. Be content to lead a simple life where God has placed you. Be obedient; bear your little daily crosses—you need them, and God gives them to you out of pure mercy.—Fenelon.

Orange rinds in their fresh state

make a fine flavoring. A good extract is prepared by boiling the yellow rind of a Mediterranean or a seedless California orange with enough water to thin syrup. Every particle of bitter inner white skin of the rind should be preied off and only the juicy yellow pes not keep indefinitely, will last as long as any mild syrup. Put this si-tract into wide-monthed bottles, leav-ing in the peelings. You may add fresh syrup and rinds from time to time, as you wish. When cutting up

Chug, chug, chug, chug; toot, toot, toot! Hear 'em sizz, see 'em whizz, watch 'em

Half a thousand devil carts comin' down the Pike, Motors workin' overtime, horses on a

from the west. Every fellow sure that he's in front of all the rest; Comin' from Schenectady, Birmingham and Butte. Chug, chug, chug, chug; toot, toot, toot !

Gears and sprockets, tanks and chains, cears and sprockets, tanks and chains,
eyilinders and brakes,
Ratchets, pistons, clutches, sprags, half
a hundred makes;
Sparkers, plugs and steering posts, batteries, and coils,
Bearings, generators, guards, lubricating oils;
Carbustons, coild, these, governors and

Carburetors, solid tires, governors and jacks. Cars that look like skeletons, cars that

look like hacks;
Some that gilde along like ghosts, some
that snort and shoot—
Chug, chug, chug, chug; toot, toot, toot! Tonneaus and mufflers, hoods and pumps, odometers and lamps, Foot throttles, cliuchers, goggies, masks, and something for the crimps. Transmitters and condensers, too, exhausts and rheostats.

Long coats that came from dear Parce, And so they come to do the Fair, this-band of auto men; The world has never seen the like, nor ever will again. Now stand aside and give 'em room to sizz and whizz and scoot— Chug, chug, chug, chug; toot, toot, toot! —St. Louis Republic,

ST FOR FUN

"Divorces are multiplying," "That's odd. I thought that their function was to divide."-Town Topics.

Downton-How did Binkers, the rich architect, become so poor? No ton-He built a house for himself .-New York Weekly. The Lady-That isn't the same

story you told me before. The Beggar-No, lady; you didn't believe the other one.-Philadelphia Telegraph. "A woman," remarked the bachelor boarder, "always reminds me of an egg." "The answer?" "You can never tell her age by her looks."-Chicago

News. Little Willie-Say, pa. what is a man whose wife is dead? Pa-A widower, my son. Little Willie-And if he marries again he's a widowas, isn't be, pa?

Artist-This mermaid is my masterpiece. Mrs. Gushly-Dear me! How did you ever get a model to pose in the water all that time without moving?-Detroit Free Press. The Bridegroom-You said you

were to-sive me a grand present on our wedding day. How about it? His Father-in-Law-Didn't I give you my daughter?-Philadelphia Bulletin. Hicks-Sussex seems to be 'in a highly prosperous condition, and yet

you told me he was only going on from hand to mouth. Wicks-That's Boston Transcript. "Smithers says he lights one cigar from another now, he smokes so

much." "I don't wonder, considering the kind of cigars he smokes," Why?" "Mutches would cost more." -Modern Society. "A man who is addicted to the tobacco habit," remarked the moralizer, "will do anything for a smoke."

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "he will even travel in a smokingcar,"-Chicago Daily News. Tess-What's the celebration Bess's house this evening? Jess-She's keeping her birthday. Tess-Well, it will be a great success if she only

keeps it as well as she keeps the date of her birth.-Philadelphia Press, Brown-Green sent a dollar to a man who advertised a method for beating the slot machines. Smith-Did he get the information? Brown-Yen; he received a card on which wan

printed, "Keep your money in your "These hot flashes through my head." remarked the pepper box, "are simply awful." "You have my sympathy," rejoined the salt cellar; "I'm not feeling very fresh myself." And To said the vinegar crust, "have a sour

stomach, as usual." "Did you tell my wife that I had made my will and left all my property to her?" asked the sick man. did," replied the lawyer, "What di she say?" inquired the invalid. "Oh," answered his legal advisor, glanced in the mirror and asked if I thought she would look well in black.

Question of Provincialism.

A senator of Missouri tells of the reply made by a Kansas City man, who was visiting New York city, to a man somewhat disposed to patronise the westerner. Said the latter; "We visited Missouri. It's a fine state, and I like the people. There's

only one fault in the inhabitants, and that is they are too provincial." At this the Missouri man became very angry.
"Let me tell you one thing!" he shouted. "Missourians may be provincial in some things, but in one, at

east, they're far less provincial than are the people of New York."
"Indeed?" queried the New York er, provokingly. "And in what

spect, pray?"
"In this respect, sir," respo the Missouri man. "No one in New York knows much about Missouri but every one in Missouri knows about New York,"-Philadelphia Pub

A young man was wheeling a has cart to deliver some goods at a lar house on the outskirts of Mailing.) met a local magnate, who sai

lie Ledger.