HOW AGGIE MAY WASHED HER SOUL.

A Human Little Tale of a Sensitive Child, Which Contains a Warning to Overzealous Parents.

By GRACE SALINGER.

Again the complication of circum-

a little hole right back of the forehead

painful, and at heart Aggle May was

coward. She decided that to crop the

golden tresses might be efficacious

After that she would go down and hold

her head in the brook all day. Maybe

the water would soak in. She started

back to the house. Obviously the first

thing to do was to get a pair of sels-

Aggie May crept softly into her

mother's room. It was empty, with

her work-basket lying just within Aggis

May's reach. She turned back to the

orchard triumphantly. By night her

Without regret, without remorse, Ag-

gie May snipped diligently at her gol-

den curls-the pride of her mother's

heart, the pest of her own. If soul-

washing included the joy of ridding

one's self of long hair that would tan-

gle, and would attract little boys like

files to molasses, she submitted cheer-

fully to the sacrifice. Nevertheless, it

was a very hard task to accomplish,

and Aggie May pricked her scalp many

times during the process. But at last

she laid down her shears triumphant,

triumphant, while at her feet lay a lit-

tle gleaming mass like tangled sun-

woods Aggie May sped. The brook was

of quiet trees the child ran swiftly,

now in one direction, now another, un-

til in a maze of bark and trunk she

stood, a great fear rising in her heart,

How long she had wandered about

she could not tell, but the woods were

solemn stillness and a brooding dark-

ness that lent new strength to the

forest was beginning to pierce her

thin cotton dress. She wanted her

supper and she wanted her mamma.

But she went on determinedly. The

Mrs. Sangster stood at the door,

shading her eyes with her hand. "What

can make the child so late?" she said.

Her sister glanced up from her work.

Perhaps she has gone to meet her

father," she suggested.

There was a silence, finally broken

by Mrs. Sangster. "I haven't seen her

Mag smiled as she suddenly remem-

saw of her she was making for the or-

"To clean what?" asked Mrs. Sang-

"Her soul," repeated the younger wo

man. "She asked me if I saw anything

She started down the path, and her

sister rose, and reluctantly followed.

She wanted to finish her sewing. The

child was probably all right, and was

doubtless playing somewhere about in

the yard. It was tiresome of Flo to

Mrs. Sangster answered only two

words. "Aggla-May."
"Where?" He caught her roughly

by the arm, and she turned a white

face toward him. "Gone," she whispered, and their

eyes met. Even Mag felt an electric

shock of horror, and wished she had

not been quite so hopeless about the

The three hurried to the spot, half

expecting to find her at play. It was Aggie May's favorite spot to retire to play, to think or to pout. All the great crises of her life had been en-acted here. But her swing hung limp

a plorcing cly.
"Look!" she said. At her feet lay
"Look!" she said. heap of golden curis, and beside

make such a fuss.

sugar.

chard to clean her soul."

"No" she said: "the last I

since nearly three o'clock, have you?"

II.

Where was she?

brook must be found.

sors and some soap.

soul should be clean.

Out there in the garden and beyond everything spoke of the goodness of God. It was only here in this room, that a blackness brooded—the black Nature seemed holding her breath while a hot sun shone relentlessly upon a sleeping farri-yard. The hush words on a child's brow shining of a summer afternoon had settled over the meadows and over the orthrough from a child's soul, which must be cleaned. With a little quick chard. In the garden the incessant breath of determination she raised her buzzing of the bees seemed to mingle with the very stillness and to become small clenched fist in defiance. Of what! An unseen relentless foe that hedged her in. Her mind was made part of it. Even the cows, tired of the laisies and the buttercups, had sought up. She should defy God. She would the shelter of the spreading trees, and wash her soul lay chewing their cud, their great eyes looking into space with almost imbe-She ran quickly down the path, cile tranquillity. Peace, hie an invisacross the meadow, into the orchard. Beneath the apple-tree Aggle May ible, yet eloquent, presence, had setgave way to the full horror of her mis-

tled over everything.

That is, over everything save the ery and despair. How could she reach slight figure of Aggie May, flung in an her soul? Her hands moved restlessly over her chubby body. Where was her abandon of misery beneath the apple tree. Her small frame shook convulsoul? She had cartainly heard it mensively with heavy sobs as they follow tioned before, but no one had ever lo ed ore another with tumbling rapidity. cated it exactly. It couldn't be in her stomach, she knew that because hadn't Ales! Aggie May was learning the bitter lesson of repentance. She was ex-Aunt Mar sald the blackness shone periencing her first great emotionthrough on her forehead? Certainly! born of a series of emotions—for in her grief was mingled remorse, horror, Of course! How stupid she was! It was in her head, underneath her hair despair, misery and wide-eyed fear. A But how was she to get at it? fear of something, she knew not what; stances appalled her. Clearly the first a complex element which had never before entered Aggle May's varied exthing to do however, was to cut off her hair. After that she might scratch periences of six years.

Aggie May had committed a terrible crime, and now she was reaping the and get it out. The operation sounded harvest. She knew it, because her mother has told her so, and whoever heard of a mother telling a lie. If only Aunt Mag had said it she thought there might have been a mistake, but her mother-pever!

And how she had said it! Aggie May's sobs gained new force as she recalled her mother's cold face when she had said, "Aggie May, what have

And Aggie May could feel again the sickening horror of detection. She surreptitiously put forth a small red tongue, which swiftly made the circle about two full rosy lips to gather in all telltale crumbs. And then, secure in her belief that she had well covered her tracks, she had answered unbiushingly, "Nothing."

Aggie May's tongue was short, and sugar has such an unpleasant way of sticking to fat baby hands and fat

Aggie May's mamma's face grew harder still as she uttered these awful "Aggie May, you will never go to heaven. You are no child of mine. You have violated every one of the Lord's commandments. He has told you not to steal, yet you have done it: he has said you must not lie, yet you are doing it. Do you think he is Ging to forgive you? No! He has punished you already. Come here."

In fear and trembling awe Aggle May stepped to her mother's side, Mrs. Sanguter deliberately traced the outline of a word on the child's brow. "Listen," she said; "this is what in written there. S-U-G-A-R. That spells 'gugar.' Aggie May, you have been

stealing sugar?" Aggle May stood confounded by the occult wisdom of her mother and a Supreme Delty. Her little childish soul thrilled with the horror and mys tery of something she did not understand. Why this suddenly fallen thunderbolt, this swift retribution almed by an unseen hand?

She had taken sugar before, butbut—she had never been detected quite in the act. She thought that must be tt Cod hadn't discovered her before. It had only been her mother; and he mother wouldn't do anything so terrible as to write awful words on her brow. She remembered now how her mother had said she was ashamed to let God know what a wicked child she was. Yes, undoubtedly that must have been it. But this conviction did not come suddenly to Aggie May. She saw it all much later through eyes blinded by tears beneath the apple-tree. Just then her mother's voice continued:

"All your life you will have that word written on your forehead. And as you grow older it will probably deepen," she added, sadly. Certainly Aggie May's mother realized the fearful extent of the calamity. Then she turned and cruelly left the room.

on her forehead, and I said sugar. She seemed quite awed, and wanted to Aggle May stood in a dazed stupor know if she could wash it off. I said it for a moment, then she hastily climbed was on her soul, and she went out to on a chair to look into the glr s. She clean it, I fancy. I guess she's all would convince herself of what was right," she ended, lightly. there. But her baby eyes could see But the mother was not satisfied. nothing. She rubbed her brow thoughtfully with a fat foreinger, but Suddenly she caught sight of a figure moving across the meadow, "No." she the smooth velvet skin felt as usual to said; "there's comes Abe alone, Mag. the touch. Then Aggle May admitted something has happened to Aggie in her own mind that she was puzzled.

It was at this juncture that unt Mag came in, and unconsciously settled everything. She found Aggie May with very sugary mouth and tearful eyes before the mirror In a minute her own keen eyes had grasped the situa-

"Aunt Mag, "sald Aggie May, "what do you see on my forehead?"
Aunt Mag looked straight at Aggle's

May's month, and then she said, "Sug-Aggie May's eyes grew dark with

horror. "In it written in very hig and black letters?" one asked. "Very big and black," answered her

"Don't you fink it will ever come

gar. 'Since when have you missed her?' ff?" queried Aggie May anxiously. "I should say not," answered her asked the father, a tremor in his aunt, "it's so black." Mrs. Sangster shook her head. "I last saw her under the apple tree at about three, I should say," answered

Aggie May shivered. She slowly climbed down from her chair, her tat legs bardly bearing the weight of Lar "Oh. Aunt Mag," she pleaded, tear-

fully, "the dirt on my finger comes of when I washed it yesterday, Dou't sea recken I can wash this off?" "I don't knew," said her Aunt Mag. houghtfully. "This is not your fings," ron know; it's your soul." "But you said it was my forchess,"

"Oh, Aggie May, Aggie May, where are you?" she called, wildly. Mr. Sangater said nothing. He stooped, and gathered up the handful

"Closics " blattend the mathe

of golden hair, and crammed it in his pocket. Then he turned to his wife or gotten har, and crammen it is not pocket. Then he turned to his wife, "I think, Flo," he said, gently, "you had better go home. I'll look for the child." There was a curious white line about his mouth.
"Whet! Go home when my child is

perhaps dying?" 'Then, my dear, come quickly, for think we are needed."

They crossed the meadow. In the pen space it was still broad daylight, out in the forest beyond the shadows were already black.

"Mag," said Mr. Sangster, suddenly turning to his sister-in-law, "run and ouse the men, and get lanterns. We'll search the woods."

Mrs. Sangster shivered with fear

not for herself, but for her baby-bu the two pushed rapidly on. Only to catch the fugitives before nightfall. for they had no doubt that the child had been kidnapped.

Suddenly the man stopped. In the fading light something white hung to an outreaching bush. It was a scrap of Aggie May's calico apron.

Mrs. Sangster caught it and kisses t. Again Mr. Sangater stopped. This time it was an open space of ground under the trees, where no grass seemed growing. He sank on his knees, his ace close to earth. It was the faint outline of a child's footprints that he saw. He searched in vain. There were none beside them.

He turned to his wife. "It looks like she was alone," he said.

"What would she be doing in the oods alone?" she asked. Then she suddenly stopped. Across her mind fleshed the conversation Mag had re peated to her. She had gone outside probably to wash off the sugar. "The brook!" she gasped, and they hurried orward. They reached its banks, but all was

eaceful and serene. The water gur gled and laughed in an abandon of glee; the current swept on until a sudden curve in its course lost it to

Meanwhile Aggie May's little feet sped fast and faster. The shadows thickened. How quickly they fell amid the dense growth of the forest. Ghosts and goblins loomed fantastically behind each tree. A sharp crackling sound overhead made her crouch and hold her breath in terror. It was a dead branch falling at her feet. With a nameless fear that choked her she hastened on. Now she was speeding through a wilderness of ferns, now down flat on the ground, with the sting of cold, moist earth in her face. Now she was running, flying past crackling branches that stretched out like black arms to held her.

"Hark! What was that?" A dragon was hissing close beside her. brums.
Through the orchard, over the mead-ow, into the cool darkness of the sprang up and staggered on. Again an awful sound. She crouched behind a tree to listen. Tinkle, tinkle. It deep in the heart of the forest, and she was like the ringing of fairy bells had never been there alone before, but or the murmur of water over a bed she knew theway. Under the dimaisles of pebbles. It grew louder with every all the time. Suddenly the trees be came less dense, and the light grew brighter as she neared the open space She stood in wonder. It was not the fairles, after all. bue had reached the

brook. growing strangely still and black with She knelt down beside it. She tool from her pocket the soap, and rubbed it carefully on the spot just behind child's fast-failing limbs. She was her forehead. Her mamma would be hungry and the chill breath of the glad to see her without that black word on her brow. The little shorn head cent low over the swiftly moving stream, and she caught the reflection of earth and sky in its dancing ripples. Suddenly she recled, the earth slinned away, she felt the cold water grip her, and then with a cry she plur ged head foremost into the cur

rent. Some instinct of motherhood guide Mrs. Sangster's foctsteps. The cound of Aggie May's voice reached her fainty at first, then louder, until it resounded through the stillness in franic echoes. Following the sound, she plunged ahead, and arrived just in time to see a small hand flung out wildly from the middle of the brook, hen speed onward.

It was not an heroic task to ste in and rescue the fallen child. Mr. Sangster waded to the middle of the stream, and in a moment Aggie May was in her mother's arms.

Behind them, in the forest, lights vere gleaming like fireflies, and the rched dome of the forest rang with shouts of Aggle May's name. She lay very white and scared, while the water trickled down in little rivulets from her limp arms and legs. Aggie flung a dripping arm about he mother's neck. "It was very cold." she said, nestling closer in the protecting arms, "and the water getted in my froat, but I fink it must have comed off. They ain't no sugar on my soul

now, is they, mamma?".

And Mrs. Sangster, with choking voice, answered, "No, dear; your soul s very white now,"

Aggie May clapped her hands joy ously. "I knowed it," she said. Ther a quick shadow passed over her face. she said, " 'cause I wasn't in the brook very long."--Woman's Home Companion.

Chamberlain as a Dancing Man-That the ex-Colonial Secretary can waltz, says the London Tatler, will be a surprise to most people, as would fancy dancing is an accomp ment altogether too frivolous for he Chamberlain to shine in Two year ago, however, Mr. Chamberlain who taying with Lord and Lady He staying with Lord and Lady Heatchamp attended a ball given by the
then mayor of Birmingham, Mr.
Chamberiain denced several items on
the program, including three waitzes
and a set of lancers, but did not altempt the polks. This is probably
the only occasion in the past 20 years
that Mr. Chamberiain has taken anactive part in the ball room. nd motiouless.

Mr. Sangster turned to go, but his rife suddenty called him back with

ALUMINUM INDUSTRY.

MANIFOLD USES OF THIS RE MARKABLE METAL.

for Three-Quarters of a Century It Was a Scientific Curiosity-At Last a Process Was Found Both Simple

The history of the metal aluminum and its use in the arts is peculiarly illustrative of the method of industrial development, aided and fostered by scientific research, says the New York Evening Post. For three-quarters of century the metal was a scientific curiosity, but the appearance of a de-mand for it resulted in the almost mmediate perfection of methods for its extraction, whereby its cost was so reduced as to make it available for

As long ago as 1807, Sir Humphrey Davy conjectured the existence of metallic element as a component of clays and alumina. In 1828 a German chemist, Wohler, actually separated discovered its remarkable physical properties of lightness toughness and luctility. But for more than 60 years no use was found for aluminum, beyond an cocasional employment of very small quantities in the construction of scientific apparatus. At the centennial exposition in 1876 a surveyor's transit made of aluminum was exhibited, but its remai able lightness was even less astonishing than the value placed upon it—aluminum was then about six times as expensive as

silver. Naturally, in the progress of engineering and invention that distinguished the last quarter of the 19th century, the attention of inventors and constructors was attrac.ed to the new metal, and it was freely predicted that much use would be made of it, if its cost could be reduced so that it might compete with cheaper materials of struction. Weighing only about onethird as much as an equal bulk of brass or copper, it resists most acids, has a white lustre, is an excellent conductor of electricity, and is possessed

of many other desirable qualities. Here, then, was the incentive to inventors, and many chemists set out to discover a method for the economical extraction of aluminum. Its ores exist in great abundance, common clay containing a large proportion of the metal; but of all substances these very ores seemed most refractory and east amenable to chemical treatment. A number of processes of a purely chemical nature were devised but none of them reduced the cost of procould compete with steel and brass as an element of construction. At last a process was found that is

both simple and cheap. It was discovered that cryolite, a mineral found in great quantity in Greenland, and consisting almost wholly of aluminum fluoride, was easily melted, and that in its fluid state it dissolved crude alumina as readily as water dissolves sugar. A powerful current of electricd through this molten mix ture was found to extract the metallic aluminum, and the process was also seen to be regenerative; that is, the cryolite is not consumed, but is used over and over, the molten bath being supplied from time to time with erude alumina. This material exists in nature as a mineral, named bauxite. after the town Les Baux, near Aries, in the south of France, where deposits of it are found. Vast beds of it exist also in Arkansas and elsewhere in this country.

The smelting process is of the simplest. In an iron vat, about the size and shape of an ordinary bath-tub, is melted a charge of cryonte, a gas furnace supplying the necessary heat. When the charge is melted, powdered bauxite is stirred in, and an electric current is turned on between cast-iron electrodes immersed in the mixture. The electric current furnishes enough heat to keep the mass melted, and the liquid aluminum collects at the bottom of the bath, whence it is tapped off from time to time. Once started, the process is continuous until the dirt and impurities collected in the vat re-

quire it to be drained and recharged. Aluminum, extracted by this process at Niagara Falls, at Kensington, Pa. at Foyers, in Scotland, and at numer ous establishments on the continent of Europe, took its place in the arts immediately. As an element of construction, however, it did not meet the expectations of its earlier advocates. It was found to be difficult to work, gumming the teeth of files and stoutly resisting cutting and drilling tools on account of its toughness. But new uses at once developed. The German army investigated it, and found that helmets of aluminum, as light as felt, would turn the glancing impact of a builet. Its military uses are almost innumerable. Besides helmets, but-tons, cooking utensils, canteens, cartridge cases and ciles, sword and bayonet scabbards—in abort, almost all-metallic accourrements—are now made of it. The French government built a torpedo-boat of it, but sea water at-tacks the metal, and it is not believed tacks the metal, and it is not believed that it will find much use in marine work. Notwithstanding, the blocks, cleats and some other metallic parts of racing yachts have been made of it. It has been used as a substitute for linguister as a roofing material. Makers of photographic apparatus and optical goods use it largely, and it is rapidly displacing tin as a material for bottle caps, boxes for druggists. souvenirs, medula and tokens, and tol let articles, such as combs.

ford, Conn., where 2000 horse-power for lighting purposes is transmitted 11 intles from a waterfall at Tariffville. The electric lights at the Pan-American exposition in Buffalo were fed from Niagara Fulls, 20 miles away,

Steel making also absorbs large quantities of aluminum, the metal being used as a deoxidising agent in the Bessemer and Sigmens-Martin processes. At present the annual product in the United States is about 7,150,000 pounds, and increasing rapidly, the selling price of the metal being so low that, bulk for bulk, it is the cheapest metal produced, except iron, steel and zinc. As an example of an industry en-tirely developed by scientific research, aluminum production is of deep interest. The career of the metal as an industrial factor is evidently just

A TRIBUTE TO THE DOG.

One of the Things That Gave Senator

Vest Fame as an Orator. Vest was a great debater and an eloquent orator who was at his best in extempore speech. His plea before the fury in a case wherein one man sued another for damages inflicted by a dog's bite is famous: "Gentlemen of the jury, the best

friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that man has he may lose. It files away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of illconsidered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

"The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him the one that never proves ungrateful, or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in death and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives flercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its fourneys through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger,

fight against his enemies. "And when the last scene of all comes and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."-Kansas City Journal.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Some enthusiastic Dundee (Scotland) anglers are about to convert a moress near the town into an artificial loch 35 acres in extent, so as to have Loch Leven trout near at home

Within half an hour o fthe death of one of a pair of twin boys at Leices ter, England, the other one died through, the doctor said, a certain curious sympathy which exists be tween twins.

The South McAlester (Indian Territory) News relates that a negro criminal in the Chocktaw nation was so badly scared by being arrested that he turned an ashen gray, and has never recovered his proper col-

Lord Wolseley owns the costliest

sword in Great Britain. It was a gift to him and is valued at \$10,000 but there is many an old bolo which has done more execution in hewing down bushes and men than the diamond-studded blade of the British general.

the signs of the time a recent announcement regarding Hugo Zu Hohenlohe-Ochringen, the first German prince who has turned merchant. With a merchant named Schode he has formed a company, with a capital of \$75,000, for using oil to lay the dust in roads.

The most literary monarch in Europe is, without doubt, the young Victor Emmanuel of Italy. He knows English, French and German as well as his native language and has even a reading acquaintance with that very difficult language, Russian. He spends at least three hours every day in his study busy with current literature of

Cats, large and small, make the most careful tollet of any class of animals, excepting some of the opos-sums. The does and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same man-ner as the cat, wetting the dark, rub-ber-like ball of the fore foot and inner toe and passing it over the face and behind the cars. The foot is thus at the same time a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body.

The English newspapers report a ew application in Australia of the thouse of the coin in the slot locking stating that if a stamp can-

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY know whom I have believed." Not till

your rest. It is because you are trying to bear the burden and build the house yourselves, to keep the city yourselves, that you have the anxious hours. It is because you will plan too far ahead instead of letting each day bear its own burden; because you will plan too far ahead instead of letting cach day bear its own burden; because you will ake what is to become of you and your children if such and such an event takes place; because you will take the future into your own hands instead of leaving it to Jesus.

But why should we not have faith in God? If we had, many of us, would not we sleep? If, once for all, you have intrusted your soul to His keening you are sure that all things will go well; that nothing can go amise; that flod will keep you, angels will guide your footsteps and the Holy Spirit will dwell within you from hour to hour. You will then lay your bead down upon your pllow and ruse again, with the morning light, refreshed.

After trying to explain away our weary hours of steeplesaness on the haars of physical infirmity, we have to confess that the real source is found in the things that prey on our minds by day and break our rest at night, and mixed with those anxious thoughts there are the thoughts that will intrude themselves of a more serious character. In the still, wakeful hours, even the most heedless one is forced occasionally to think of Him before whom we must savely appear and give account of ourselves. It is impossible, then, quite to suppress a question as to where the noal will be when the body shall be down in its little bed, when all earthly things have faded from us. But if you can truly trust that it is well with you, that amid your deep unworthiness you are simply believing on your Saviour and are attributed from the hourself of the provider for the true foot will never want; if you have once for all learned whether awake or asieep that you are the Lord's and that you shall be down in its little bed, when all earthly thing have faded from us. But if you can laway feet in the su

A SERRION FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITIED.

**SUREP AS GOO'S GIT.*

The Best. T. A. Nelson, D. D. Delivers a filtering Address on the "subject."

**Sure of Christ by which we are spid to explain the mystery of Christ by which we are spid to explain the mystery of Christ by which we are spid to explain the mystery of Christ by which we are spid to explain the mystery of Christ by which we are spid to explain the mystery of Christ with the total most of the tendent of the

for equalities nor our country nor our party may we condone ain or faisehood or meanu-ses. If a prophetess, a chosen measurement of God, could go wrong, how easily may we. Dean Hodges is just publishing a book on "The Human Nature of the saints!" A companion volume might be "The Jalse Judgments of Christian People. Bias is almost irresistible. What helps on that which we much care for we are api to praise without looking too closely at its moral quality. So doing, we close our insight, extinguish the light of God hindled within us, and by and by we may find carselves walking in darkness rather than light, perishing, perhaps, as Balanu perished among the enemies of the Lord.

He Completely Satisfies.

God is love! God is light! This ancient

God is love! God is light! This ancien message is also the most recent report o our own personal experience. Oh, God is bur home indeed! We can no more de

our home indeed! We can no more describ; this consciousness to a man who has never possessed it than we can make a foundling from a workhouse understand the sayaterious joys of an earthly Christian hoge. Yes, we are at home with God. He satisfies! He satisfies! It is He who gives the completing touch to thought, to work, to pleasure and to life. Without Him our intellectual ladder has neither foundation to stand upon below nor rest to lean against above. Without Him our purposes miss their best fruition and our joys their perfume. He it our nome indeed, and we know the unnistakable sign when we feel the outstretched love of our Father bending over v4.

God's Overture to Un.

God's Overture to Us.

Jehovals is the unchanging God. To-day He answers our longing desires, saying. There is a place beside Me. He would not keep us at a distance, but always woos us to nearness. That place is the place of understanding. You must see the picture at its right angle if you would know its meaning. So it is in idc. History and experience have their dark problems. The stained glass window is a mystery when seen fram within by artificial light. But when the sunlight atreams through and transfigures it, we read its meaning. So God would let His light fall upon our past experiences, and reveal His purposes working through their ever-changing vicinal tudes. It is also the place of His presence. Jacob is much slower to leave Bethel than he was to run into it. The thought of Essu filled him with fear. But he new "the place beside God," and sath. The Lord is in this place." The experiences of life may not after, but they are vastly different when we are conscious of God's presence smid them. It is the place of transfiguration. The unbroken calm of God's peace, and the assurance of othernal security and success take possession of the soul and the outer life responds to this inner possession. This reserved place and waiting blessian is God's overture to us at the threshold of another year. May His Spent help us to stand beside Him and accept this unspeakable gift.

Two or three bunches new carrota. Cut off the tops and cash them, using sufficient to well fill a pint measure; hell them in barely enough salted water to cover until tender, drop fate cold water for a moment, and quickly alip off the skins. Prepare two thirds folis of the water in which the carrons were cooked. Out each carrot into three or four pieces, arrange in a but-tered dish, pour over the sauce, sprinhle with butter crambs and bake in a bot oven til herwied.

A HAY FEVER ROMANCE.

Will you be mine?" the lover cried— (They sat beneath a maple tree.) and bashfully the unid replied, "Ob, Archibaid! Kerchig! Kerchee!"

"Oh, say," beseeched the ordent awain,
"If you will share my cottage anug?"
The damael bent her head again
And coyly whispered, "Woof-ker-

"I love you, too," she cried, "my own! And I will share your humble roof." The youth replied in burning tone, "Oh, ecstay! Kerchug! Ah-whoof!" The birds looked down upon the scene,
The asters nodded in the breeze:
And so they plighted troth, I ween,
And sealed it with a mighty sneeze.
—Philadelphia Bulletis.

JUST FOR FUN



Barnes-Was Bentley seriously turt? Howes-Very seriously; was it on the funny bone. Harding-Is Boulder a man to be

rusted? Stanley-Why, that's the ony way you can sell him anything. "Is your wife economic?" "Very. She can fix over a \$10 hat for \$15 so it will look fust as good as a new

one."-Puck. Mrs. Fondmar-Don't you think paby grows more like me every day? Fondmar-Yes, dear, especially so since she began to talk.-Life.

" I want to get a divorce," she told the lawyer. "What has your husband been doing?" he asked. "Nothing." she replied.-Cleveland Leader.

"Poor old Versley died last night." "Indeed?" "Yes, he turned over and died without a struggle." "Well, he died easier than he lived, then."-New Orleans Picayune.

Harry-How is it you're not carrying a cane these days? Theodore-My dear boy, I don't feel equal to it. It's as much as I can do to walk without it, don't you know.

Kate-I suppose you consider yourself handsome? Grace-Oh, dear, no: but then it's just like me to think differently from everybody else. I am so eccentric, you know.

Hilda-I wonder why it is that sailor men are so profane? Uncle Honry-Why, don't you know? They learn it of the parrots in foreign ands. Hilda-There! I might have known.

Uncle John-Don't you think it rather extravagant in you to smoke such expensive cigars? Richard-It would be if I didn't make it up by economy in another direction-my wife's hats and gowns,

Dingus-Old fellow, it is the same old story. I'm in need of a little financial succor. Shadbolt-You'll have unt further. I am not th financial sucker I used to be .- Chicago Tribune.

Fuddy-Dr. Pellets has had a long experience, but he never doctors himself. When he is under the weather, he invariable calls in another physician. Duddy-Apparently he draws the line at suicide.

"Don't you think he lacks aplomb?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "Well," replied her hostess, "I don't know, but at the dinner the other night it did seem to be as though he couldn't get enough peaches."-Chicago Record Herald.

Pannie-And what did you say when he said you were the first girlhe had ever proposed to? Blanche--I told him he was the first man who had ever proposed to me. And, do you know, I don't think he felt a bit fattered. Funny, isn't it?

Bickers-Hello, Welby! you didn't have to undergo an operation for appendicitis, after all? Welby-No: the doctors discovered that I was too poor to pay for it. So I had to get well without it. The fact is, there's no chance for a poor man in this world Giffie-What's your experience with street-car hogs? Spinks I mad one

move up and give me the end this summer. Giffle-Merely from politeness? Spinks-No; I think rather from prudence. You see, there was a shower beginning.—Philadel phia Bulletin. "Anyway," said the Cheerful Id as he looked over the Tired Citizen's

shoulders at the picture of an Igorrotti dog feast, "that's one part of the canine they don't seem to far What's that?" asked the Tires Cl sen, accommodatingly. "The panin replied the Cheerful Idiot, with los

Big gallinipper mosquitoes, seem to have can openers in pince stingers, are attacking chickens the East End, and they are said ready to have killed 22 fowls by Mrs. Bridget Owens of Ful-street. All of the chickens were tacked while roosting. The mood toes seem to descend toward the evening or after darkness and tack animals of all kinds. It thought that they breed in narshy places, but fly high m

the time.

The usual point of attach is comb. Chickens which were in shape when they went to roow night come limping from their her many the companion of the c