It isn't the gown, though you think it is It isn't philanthropy draweth the check, It's the girl.

It isn't the plume of the I arisian hat, It's the girl.

It's the girl.

It isn't the fear of the soow dawning sun That leaveth the cards ere the game of delicate in the giorious whirl of the It's the girl.

It isn't an idle whim stretcheth the neck, It's the girl.

It isn't the style—you may think it is it isn't the innermost love of the play.

It isn't the style—you may think it is it isn't that you have two fivers, I say, it's the girl.

It isn't theme length; that renteth the flat.
It isn't the plush of the opera box. That bringeth divorce of your purse from your rocks.

It isn't the girl.

It isn't the girl.

So would.

So would you the all-potent mainspring of man, So would you the all-potent mainspring of man.

It isn't that you of old 'addes are fond,

It isn't that Mamma is brunctte or bloude,

It isn't that Mamma is brunctte or bloude,

It isn't that you care to strike un with l'a
A brief centrersation on father-in-law—

It's the girl.

But if you would know who is ruler of him,

She wore no rings but her wedding

ring, and as she glanced down at her

a mockery it was to wear that. She

sank back again in the chair and

swayed herself to and fro; tonight her

heart felt breaking. She had learned to

love her husband before he went away,

but those two years of sickening anx-

iety had magnified her love till it had

grown beyond all bounds. It was like

the seed in the Bible parable that had

brought forth fruit a hundred-fold

There was a knock at her door. She

thought it was the maid whom she had

Mismissed returning for something, and

thout raising her head she said,

flamed up into he

looked up and saw He was looking unusually hi

difference, little guessing the passion

that he must in the absolute stillness

The little carriage clock ticked; a con

fell upon the hearth. She clenched

her hands together, but she dared no

"Mabel, I thought you would forgive

me for coming to your room so late,

cept my present when we were alone-

and we never are alone, are we? Not

for five minutes since I came back."

She got up and stood close beside

him to examine the necklace; her eyes

were clouded and a lump was rising in

her throat that almost choked her

She put out her hand and touched the

pearls with a little caressing touch for

the mere joy of knowing that he was

ince their ill-starred wedding day.

"Mab, will you let me put it on?"

vas afraid he would see her tears.

There was a tremor in his voice; she

"Yes." It was only a whisper. He moved to lay the fewel case on

the dressing table. She had turned and

faced the fire, and looking into the

giass above the mantelpiege she could see his figure reflected, and she watched

him take the necklace in his strong

brown hands and then press it to his lips, never realizing that she could see

him. Then he stepped back to the fire-

gently laid the pearls round her neck

han anything in earth or heaven, she

"Mabel!" only her name, but in it was the pent-up love of a lifetime.

look up. At last he spoke,

his voice. "Do you mind?"
"Mind? Oh, no."

velvet lining.

holding the case.

dared not look up.

and was

done in " The door

But if you would know who is ruler of him, Seek the girl.

—J. W. Folcy in the New York Times.

A Pearl Necklace.

By EDITH REDE BUCKLEY.

She was seated by her bedroom fire | She had denied him love, denied him deep in thought. The firelight glim- everything. Might he not have taken mered upon the rich folds of her white her at her word and put her out of his satin dress. Her elbow was on her life altogether? She had played with knee and her chin rested on her hand; edged tools, and her fingers were bleedshe was lost in thought, gazing absent- ing. She had juxgled with her own ly upon the red glowing coals as fate, and the car had passed over her though she wanted to look through self. "God help me if his love is dead." them and beyond them to some bright- She got up and paced round the room. er, happier life on the other side. And Tomorrow, this very morrow, she the bitterest part of the whole thing would beg for an interview and tell him was that it was her own fault from everything, and ask him if she had beginning to end. She hal been given come too late; beg him on her knees a far larger share of happiness than for a crumb of love, she to whom a rich falls to the lot of most people, and she feast had been offered. "And now," had thrown it away with her own she cried, "I would rather he struck me hand. She raised her eyes and gazed than ignore me; I would rather he around the luxurious room in which were cruel than any one else in the she sat; no thought and no money had | wide earth were kind. Oh, love is a been spared to make it as beautiful as | terrible thing when it comes like this." possible, all the thought and care of the husband who had idolized her and whose love she had thrown away on clenched white hand she thought what her wedding day.

It had been one of those misunderstudings and mistakes which have no real cause. She had been proud and wilful, had told him that all her love had been given to her cousin before she ever met him, and that her marriage, like hundreds of fashionable marriages every year, had been a "marriage of convenience." It was hardly fair news to a husband on his wedding day, but Arthur Davenant was a man who wanted love for love, and would accept her on no other terms. And so he had given her back her freedom, only begging her to stay under his roof and bear his name that the world Nati should know nothing of their story. Th They had passed a m

tion of a dearly loved wife. fearly a year they had lived together, outwardly as friends, but seeing nothing of each other except at meals or in the presence of guests The house was usually full and she made an ideal hostess. He always treated her with the utmost courtes, and consideration; and he bided his time. He was in parliament and managed his own estate-was, indeed, engrossed in his own life, she thought. and left no room for her! For so perlet her go she would have given all she had in the wide world to have him back. In her early girlhood she had solutely penniless and who went out to but I remembered it was your birthtry his luck in Virginia.

No actual engagement had ever exsted between them, and after he had been gone some years and any hope of thur Davenant had wooed her, and her parents urged her to accept him. He was a man few girls could have resisted, but her heart was so wrapped up in her cousin that she fancied she would never have any love to give. Arthur Davenant had found her cold to his wooing, but he had the confilence of an ardent lover that he would win her when she was his wife.

She was naturally very self-con-thined, and as the months went by he never guessed her secret that she was learning to love him with all the passion of her woman's life-a love be had been a mere girlish fancy. Kind courteous, and considerate as he was he was unapproachable. Doubtless he ceased to love her; other things had filled his mind. "Love is of man": life a thing apart," and it was over for learned to value the pearl she had spurned. The very sight of him as he at opposite to her at the table made request he never kissed her or even ched her save sometimes to shake ild he guess that the mere touch of his fingers made her thrill? She would She envied his little nephews and en when they came to stay and she young faces. Ah! if it had only been fferent, children of his own might have elimbed on his knee-her chil-

place, and standing behind her he very She was conscious that his warm hand trembled as it momentarily touched Two years before he had volunteered for the front. she often wondered how she lived through those years. He wrote to her kind, affectionate letters, little stiff, and he lingered a second in fastening it; she could never tell; she but no word of love; just the letters a brother would write to a sister; it was she who had forbidden everything else. the crisis of her life had come. Before And now she sat by her fire thinking, getting all the preparatory speeches that ahe had rebearsed, forgetting everything excepting that he was close beside her and that she loved him more One week ago he had come home fro ath Africa, brown and lean and care ips marked on his strong face. turned and threw her arms round his neck with one low sob, and laid her and she wondered jealously if some-hing else had marked his face, too. "Arthur—Arthur, can you ever for-give me? Can you ever believe me? Have I strained your love too far, my without observation. The house was ful of guests; many of them were his relatives who had come to welcome him me. She had not had five minutes pe with him since his return. Sho ried her face in both hands. "Yes,

"Mab, is this a dream?" His voice

tensity of his emotion.
"No," she whispered, "it is life. Oh. Arthur, Arthur, can I ever make you believe how I have learned to love you low I have been hungering for your ove all these years, how I love you a myriad times more than I can ever express? Arthur, can you? Tell me,

have I come too late?' He only folded his arms tightly ound her, drew her slender figure close to his breast, and whispered two words, only two, but they changed the whole world for her forever. wife," and then he laid his lips on hers. -London Tatler.

COLOR BLINDNESS.

Every One is Afflicted in This Way In Certain Senge.

Not long since the motormen on an elevated railroad were on the verge of a strike because the officers of the company insisted upon an examination of the men's eyes to determine wheth er or not any of the men were color-

The necessity of such examination s plain in the case of railway men and sailors, upon whose ability to distinguish green and red, the safety of hundreds or even thousands of persons often depends

Every one is color-blind in a certain ense; that is to say, no human eye is so perfect as to appreciate every shade of color in the solar spectrum, every difference in the number of ethereal vibrations which constitute color-impressions; and between the marvelous color-discrimination of Chevreul, who was once the director at the Gobelins works, and the chromatic dulness of another chemist, Dalton, who was the first to describe accurately this defect. from which he himself suffered, the gracutions of color-sense are infinite. An arbitrary line has therefore been established, separating those of socalled normal color-perception from the color-blind. This limit is the ability to distinguish the seven primary colors of the spectrum-violet, indigo. blue, green, yellow, orange and red.

The degree of color-sense is doubtless based primarily on the physical condition of the eye, but it is modifid greatly by education. Just as a person with perfect eyes may not be able to read because of never having been taught, so in a lesser degree, one with normal color-vision may lack the pow er of color-discrimination through want of education. To this is to be

face in his two hands and looked down FIXING UP MANUSCRIPTS alphabet. Some of the Virginia rec INTERESTING CORNER OF THE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Nice Work Done in Patching Up,

the building is a large shallow room such as draughtsmen use and occupied by five persons, two men and three They are repairers of manuscripts. Their skill has made it possible to use for purposes of research some of the priceless old manuscripts that have come into possession of the none of them have served the long apicate work. Mr. Berwick, the chief repairer, was detailed from the government printing office. He and his assistants now do such work as is done only at the Vatican. Some manuscript repairing is done in New York, but only here and in Rome, so far as is known, is such work being done con-

The repairers handled nearly 4000 deces last year ranging from the perfect document (requiring little attention beyond flattening, to the most delicate and exacting task of inlaying and re-enforcing. The old Virginia records obtained in the Jefferson Library and dating back to the Seventeenth century have been inlaid as rapidly as suitable contemporary paper could be obtained for them. One volume is completed and another is well in hand. The royal and vice-royal decrees ob tained from New Mexico, which have been described in this correspondence. have been repaired, mounted, and bound in two volumes, and some volumes of the Jackson, Thornton and

Tazewell paper have been finished. The ancient records from Guam, secured at the time of our

ds written as late as 1622 look more like Pall text than English. Few of the letters as formed by the keepers A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON B of the records of courts and the jourhals of the provincial councils, bear

writing, and are wholly meaningless to

The care, and the search for treas

ing their records to illuminate them

with side-lights on the characters of

the persons whose affairs they chron-

MYTHICAL ORIGIN OF JAPS.

A Legent that They Are Descended

One of the traditional accounts of

the origin of the Japanese empire

mentioned by the famous Jesuit trav-

eler, Pere de Charlevoix, refers to

the emigration of a Chinese colony

for as long a period as possible. For

the purpose of endeavoring

some specific agent be

From the Pick of All China.

any except an expert.

Mounting and Binding Old Records -Material for Study in Old Documents-Vandals in the Library.

ure through the bundles of manuscript Unless properly introduced, you will that come to the library is an entrano miss the most interesting feature of ing and absorbing occupation. Usualthe Library of Congress, writes the Washington correspondent of the New ly they are received still folded as in the days before envelopes, and without York Post. Behind a screen in the either alphabetical or chronological arreading room of the division of manurangement. Each paper is opened and scripts, where sit all day studious men care taken to note any enclosures poring over records of the past, is a Undated papers require special study door which opens on a narrow, spiral to determine, if possible, their proper staircase. If Mr. Lincoln, the assistlocation. Unsigned documents, drafts ant in charge, gives permission an enand copies must be identified, often tertaining hour awaits the visitor who climbs the stairs. At the very top of requiring a minute comparison of quaint old hand-writing, and names are sought and the relationship of flooded with the north light sought by manuscripts established. It is like artists. It is furnished with tables reading a well-constructed and exciting story; one never knows what is going to happen on the next page. The old diarists and keeners of records had some of Pepys' delightful frankness and love of detail. There are at times amazing personal flashes even in the dryest documents. It government. The curious thing is that seems hardly probable that in years o come the searcher of the records of prenticeship that one would think the past will find much to entertain necessary before undertaking such deland in the records of our present-day councils. When the land was new there was an absence of the dry formality that marks the records of the present day. The journal clerks of he old days did not hesitate in mak-

THE PULPIT.

THE REV. F. F. SHANNON. the faintest resemblance to modern

bublests The Thousandfold Man.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sunday morning, in Grace M. E. Church, the pastor, the Rev. Frederick F. Shannon, had for his subject "The Thousandfold Man. "One mun of you shall chose a thou sand; for the Lord your God, He ft i that fighteth for you, as He spake unto ou." Mr. Sl:annon said: World building is not so interestin

as man building. Some philosopher, held that tasks are interesting in proportion as they are difficult to perform.

If this be good logic, then swinging worlds into space must take secondary rank to building a man in time. We have no intimution that God had any stringing planets along the path of His power. Yet the centuries unite in the verdict that God has had much trouble in producing the divine style of manhood. Therefore, it is safe to conclude that God never undertook a vaster plan than to build a man. Worlds play out His pin the harmony of gravitation. Worlds play out His purposes spell out His plans in the law of ob lience. But man ofttimes thwarts those purposes and destroys those plans by setting his own will over against the will of God. Thus he wanders, a kind of lost human pleiad, through the space called time, always and ever coming to himself, but never wholly arrived. Yet man is God's buman world-

greater than any star-world twinkling in space, because he thinks, loves, feels and wills. Now, some men exercise these functions more largely than their fellows. Then we label them with that ancient degree called greatness. After conferring the de gree, we spend the rest of our lives musing over what such men did when they got together. They may have been great thinkers, great lighters, great talkers, great writers, or great friends. But in the last analysis, the greatness men adore is the adoration great men have given to God. This is why we never tire of studying the friendship of Moses and Joshua. They are two links in the golden chain which moors this old world to the throne of God. Napoleon said that his for handing His name and truth down the ages.

sandfold man, and the reason plied power. "One man of a thousand!" hardly knock

pocketbook. He lives for God. He talks for God. He gives for God. A JOKE ON SOMEBODY. Consider, also, one of the two reasons for the multiplied power of the thou-sandfold man: "For the Lord your

sandfold man: "For the Lord your God, He It is that fighteth for you." Any man is braver for the battle if he knows that God is his champion, He may have been ready to show the white flag, leave the field in defeat,

William was a bit near-sighted,
But you couldn't call him slow:
And he thought he knew his busin
When he sighted mistletoe.

Then he up and kissed the maiden.
Kissed her for an hour or two,
But she merely smiled demurely
As shy maidens often do.

steal away in disgrace. Then let him lay vital hold of the truth that God is

fighting for him. Instantly every in-gredient of cowardice will vanish from his nature. Something akin to omni-

potence begins to play along the nerve of his arm. The soul's battlesongs of

ting in our lives. We hear so much

o fmen fighting God's battles. And we

lesser truth obscure the greater—that God is fighting our battles. And do

we not sometimes get so busy fighting

God's battles that we forget that God

is fighting our battles, which is of much more importance. It may be

that God could get along without our reinforcements, after all. But if God's

troops fall to come up, a spiritual Wa-

terloo awaits us for certain. Let us make room for this neglected truth in

our creed. It will make us better sol-

is not in the habit of doing things as

man does them. Therefore, it is safe

to conclude that God does not fight for

methods are not man's methods, and

His weapons are not carnal weapons

Briefly, here are a few battlefields

where God has fought for you: On

the Judean plains shepherds are watching their flocks by night. Sud-

denly the heavens are musical with choirs of singing angels. Then one

great golden star, as if driven out of

in the blessings He rains upon you day by day. In your home, in your

business, in your society, in every

you. God's battlefields are smokeless,

We discover the second reason for

the multiplied power of the thousand-

fold man in the last clause of my text:

"As He spake unto you." It is Josh-

ua's way of telling us that God always keeps His engagements. "O." sars

some one, "he is talking about God's promises now-and they are old."

Yes, let us admit the promises are

old. But in growing old they have kept their youth. What sturdy young-

sters they are! We can't afford to rule them out on account of age. Most

of the best things in this world are

the ocean is old, the mountain is old,

millionaire. But, remember there are over 33,000 in God's Word that sing

the same tune. The thousandfold man makes much of the old promises, be-

God keeps a reward for the man who

The best evidence of your own salva-tion is your interest in that of others.

Broken Vace.

cause they have made much of him.

who does right.

the conchiman at the curb.

but they are victorious!

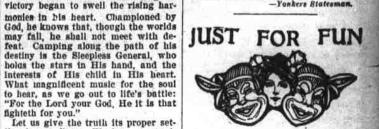
God fights

us after the manner of men,

rejoice that this is so. But let not the

fighteth for you.'

sandfold man.



ast week. Duell-Where did you go? Dyer-To the hospital.-Town and Country.

Little Willie-Say pa, what is meant by "courting danger?" Pa-Why, erany kind of courting, my son,-Chicago Daily News.

"Are you sure that this baby food is all right?" "Absolutely. Why, it contains an inexhaustible lack of nourishment."-Life.

diers of the cross. It is one of the silent forces which builds the thou-Diner-I've been waiting half an hour for that chicken I ordered! Waiter-You have an uncomm But some man says, "How does God mount of patience, sir.-Judy. fight for me? I want to know " God

Brother-You can't think how nervus I was when I proposed. Sister-You can't think how nervous she was until you did .- Town and Country.

Glies-Cleaver the butcher is a paradoxical chap. Miles—How's that? Giles-Why, everything he sells he gives a weigh,-Chicago Daily News. She-They

this t

signal the shepherds, trembles above -under rather peculiar circumstances. the manger. Coming to the spot, the find the babe wrapped in swa tory is a fable about which men are Sinosikwo ascended the throne of agreed. Rather say history is a stream China in the year 246 B. C., and at clothes. That was the beg flowing out from the Eternal Heart Sitting along its shores, like deathless once entered on a career of cruelty God's greatest battle for and tyranny. He was most anxious to sentinels, are the men God raised up battlefield was a p enjoy the privileges of his position

Our text asks for a consideration of

as a tead Great

manhood I

privilege

taken up, the glory of His ascending body throwing a shining splendor over is quite fatherly—they're his offspring, the track yours will go. In countless as it were." "Yes; but his fatherly inways, the Lord your God, He it is that fighteth for you! He fights for you terest leads to the hope that they'll all

be hung."-Philadelphia Ledger. "What! fifty cents for a box of "Exorstrawberries!" she exclaimed. bitant! Besides, they're half green. "I know, ma'am," replied the dealer, but they ain't enough in a box to hurt yer."-Phildadelphia Press.

The Preacher-I was surprised to see your husband get up and walk out of church while I was preaching! The Wife-Oh, don't think anything of that. You know he's troubled with somnambulism!-Yonkers Statesman.

"You wouldn't sell your vote, would you?" "No, suh," answered Mr. Eras-tus Pinkley. "But if a gemmen what's runnin' for office was to give me two dollahs, common gratitude would make me vote fob him."—Washington Star.

"I understand," began the large, scrappy-looking ward politician, "dat youse had a piece in your paper callin' me a thief." "You have been misinformed, sir," said the editor, calmly; "this paper publishes only news."-

Cleveland Leader. Mrs. Hiram Offen-How long were you in your last place? New Servant -Jist a month, ma'am. Mrs. Hiram Offen-Indeed? What was the trouble! New Servant-The trouble was that I

-Philadelphia Press. Mother-Oh, doctor! I'm so glad you've come. We have just had such a scare we thought at first that the baby had swallowed a five-dollar gold piece. Doctor-And you found out he hadn't? Mother-Yes; it was only a quarter.-Washington Life.

"Don't you want to do something to which you can point with pride when you get out of Congress?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum. "This ambition to point with pride has been the means of getting too many people out of Congress."-Washington Star.

Mrs. Caller-So Rhymer's baby is dead! What was the matter with it? Mrs. Neighbor-Writer's cramp. Caller—Oh, you must be mistaken, hirs. Neighbors—No, I'm not. The poor little fellow chewed up a poem his father had just written.-Chic Dally News.

Tibbles—How do you expect to hear what the party at the other end of the line says unless you hold the received to your ear? Baker—I don't want to hear. It's my wife I'm talking to, and it isn't often I get the chance to do all the talking and none of the listen-

"Did you enjoy 'Paraifal'?" asked Mrs. Wade Parker. "Not very much," answered Mrs. Justin. "And I don't think it would have been at all sucit?" "Yes, don't you know? First be all over the country making speed about "The Simple Life."—Clovels

me tonight, and there was a tender a result of disease/or in light in his eyes as he glanced down the abuse of alcohol or tobacco; bence at her quickly lowered head. He carthe need for frequent re-examinations ried a blue velvet case in his hand. He of the eyes of men whose color-sense took up his position with his back to is important, such as sailors railway the fireplace quite close to her, and mployes and motormen. are made by matching skeins of wool, utes-looked down on her bowed head, by naming the colors of pieces of buntthinking that it was bent in cold ining seen at a distance, and by interpreting lantern signals made under ate longing that was surging within conditions similar to those which surher heart. She wondered if he could round a rallway engineer in his achear her heart best; it seemed almost tual work.—Youth's Companion.

The longest article in the new see tion of the Oxford dictionary is on the erb "pass." It takes up 16 columns.

At a recent conference of the trade n Leicester the president of the Institute of Carriage Builders said that practically the whole of the wheel-making industry of England had been captured by America,

The National Union of Telephon Her voice sounded cold even to her-Operators, formed by English helloself, but she could scarcely control it from trembling. "It is so good of you to remember," she added lamely. girls, has won a great victory. The National Telephone company threatened with a strike, has consented to allow the members to wear colored combs and beads and shirt waists othrow of the most exquisite pearls with er than black. a diamond clasp lying on a pale blue

Few people know that other days of he week than the first are being observed as Sunday by some nation or other. The Greek observe Monday the Persians, Tuesday; the Assyrians Wednesday; the Egyptians, Thursday; the Turks, Friday; the Jews, Satur day, and the Christians Sunday. Thus a perpetual Sabbath is being celebrat-

More double stars have been discov ered and measured at the Lick observatory in California. The latest bulletin issued by the university con tains an account of another hundrenew double stars discovered and measured there. They are of the sam character as those previously discovered at the Lick observatory. Nearly all would be difficult objects to observe under conditions less favorable than obtained at Mt. Hamilton.

The National Society for the Pre vention of Cruelty to Children has a remarkable museum, where within glass case, is a collection of implements of torture. Straps of every de scription are there, sticks, clubs and ropes with the knots still in them that once held childish wrists fast There are also twisted hooks, bambo canes and a chain with a padlock by which an imbecile child was for years fastened to a post. Hanging by itself is a straw basket two feet long and a foot deep in which twins were found

celebrated at Klim, near Moscow. All the marriageable girls in the town lined up in the principal street, deck-ed out in their simple finery, many of them also having with them the stock of linen, household and per-sonal, which forms part of their dowried ranks of beauty as they moved toward the church and selected the girls of their choice. A formal visit to the parents to arrange details was then made in each case and a date

as the Virgin They will not be a dent until the repairs a

In repairing, each paper or collecment, but the general process is the same. The manuscript is first dampened gently with a sponge so that smoothed. The nicest care must be smoothed. Tthe nicest care must be taken to smooth no crease which was unnoticed by the writer, lest legibility be sacrificed. The manuscript is then dried between boards and submitted to heavy pressure. This prevents the reappearance of the original roughness The period of pressure necessary to secure a permanently smooth surface is about 24 hours. Where the quality of ink will not allow the manuscript to be dampened it takes a longer time.

The manuscript is now ready to be repaired. For this purpose paper of similar color and texture to that of the original must be obtained. In many cases, owing to the age of the manuscript, this is no easy task. Indeed, it is the hardest problem for the repairers to solve. They are constantly in search of old paper, and the government is always ready and anxious to buy when any is found. Handmade paper is necessary, and no bit of such paper is wasted. Sometim in collections of manuscript that come to the library several blank pages are found. These are eagerly seized upon and preserved. Pieces no larger than a twenty-five cent piece are saved as scrupulously as whole pages. In repatch that will match the watermarks of the original manuscript, so that after the work is completed 'le naked eye cannot discern where the new and old join. Some marvellous specimens

of the skill of the repairers are shown. After the manuscript is prepared a patch conforming in size to the hole in the original is cul, the edges of both hole and patch carefully bevelled and scraped, and the patch held in place with a thick flour paste. The manuscript is against submitted to heavy pressure. When dry the line of union between patch and paper is again delicately serred, and the first stage of the work of repair is com-

ply words which have been torn from the original manuscript it is protected against further loss. A covering of fine silk veiling (crepeline) is used. Formerly a thin tracing paper was used. This gave firmness to the manuscript, but impaired legibility. Crepeline was first used by the repairers at the Vatican, and was soon after-adopted in the library. This covering is passed on both sides of the manuscript, that the tendencies of the paper to ourl may be neutralised. When dry the manuscript is again pressed and mounted for filling.

ant which grew only in the islands which now form the Japanese empire. I ae plant in question was also reported to be one of so delicate structure and sensitive nature that if not plucked with pure hands and special precaution it would lose all its mysterious virtues before arriving within the lim its of the Chinese empire. It was suggested that 300 young men and the same number of girls-all of spotless physical health and moral purityshould be selected to proceed to Japan for the purpose of procuring a sufficient supply of the precious plant.

The suggestion was promptly acted The medical adviser patriotical ly volunteered to conduct the expertion himself, and the offer was acc The expedition embarked speedily as possible for the Jap islands, but not one of its me was ever seen within the bound

the Chinese empire again. The previously unoccupied Japan were rapidly populate race more fresh and vigorou and mind than the average ishabitants of the land of the Celestial's "tself! The medical chief of the expedition, of course, created himself king of the country and soon had a magnificent palace erected for his residence, which he called Kanjoku.

We are further told that the Japanese mention the historic fact in their annals; that they point out to visitors the spot on which the medical founder of their empire landed, and also show the ruins of a temple which was erect-

An Acceptance Card. The editor takes pleasure in stating that your story, entitled "The Buzz of of the Buzzard," is accepted for the "Surething Magazine." The acceptancce of an article, however, does not necessarily imply that it possesses merit. Any one of a number of reasons may lead to its acceptance—such, for instance, as a specious timeliness, the fact that it will exactly fit an empty space, any kind of notoriety at-tached to the writer's name, the possession by the magazine of a useless illustration, purchased by mistake, which, in an emergency, can be made to misiliustrate some of its incidents, or even temporary aberration on the part of the editor. The absence of criticism is kindly asked to be excused, owing to the vast number of manuscripts which the editor daily returus without reading at all. Check in payment Mr your story will, in all probability, be sent you some day; meanwaite, the editor would counsel

A southern planter was asking one of his colored servants about her wedding. "Yes, suh," she said, "it was jes the finest weddin' you ever see—six bridesmaids, flowers everywhere,

the beautiful virtue of patience.-Life.

'And I suppose Sarabo looked

a appreciation of their Frue din It is so with men, and it is so with the great objects in nature. Just so a great scatence like this, pregnant large thought, is not its treasure by a second or third reading. It is a thought centre round which the mind may revolve with in creasing profit.

meant by one man chasing a thousand Does it mean that one man, by his physical prowess, can drive a thousand men before him? You wonde at the folly of such a question. Still some people 're so fond of measurin life and men by the yardstick of physical bulk that its absurdity may moci them into a better view. Physical things never did run smoothly on a spiritual track; and they never will, because it is impossible. The thou-sandfold man, according to Joshua, is the man in league with God, housing God's purposes and co-operating with God's plans, awaiting God's signals and answering God's voices, watching God's strides in history and hearing God's truth, dropped in golden num-bers, from "the harp of God's eternal years." He is the man with his feet on he earth, his head among the stars, and his heart located in heaven. cause heaven is located in his heart. He is the son of yesterday, the man of to-day, the heif of to-morrow-grate-ful for yesterday's goodness, inspired by to-day's blessings, and rejoicing in to-morrow's hopes. And he is all this ecause he is in league with God, and knows it; because he is in love with God, and feels it; because he is living in obedience to God, and wills it. Moreover, the thousandfold man i

the largest doors of opportunity and achievement in the history of the world. One man and God—they are

love is old, music is old, father is old, mother is old, our dearest friends are old. But we are not ashamed of them are old. But they have grown old so gracefully that we ought to be proud to walk life's pathway, keeping step to their mighty music. What would we do without them? Certainly this world would be a very lonely place, if the old promises didn't now and then steal into our hearts and hush their fears. A man's spiritual exchequer is worth something when he knows it is backed by promises as changeless as God Himself. "I will never leave thee nor torsake thee." That promise alone is enough to make a man a spiritual

absolutely unconquerable. Grasping the tangled threads of history, they have ted them into one solid knot of divine purpose. And that purpose for ever stands the pledge of a better world and a nobler race. Do you wonder that even God can afford to wait for such a man? Then let you want for such a man? Then let your wonder give away before this mighty fact: God has to wait, so long as the world remains constituted as it is, for a mian to come forward and say, "Here am I—use me." God answers back, "I have to use you, because I haven't snything else to use." When a man comes out like that from the littleness of self into the largeness of God that of self into the largeness of God, tha moment he stands forth in God's uni moment he stands forth in God's universe a thousandfold man! Chasing a thousand becomes the business of his life. Chasing a thousand temptations, chasing a thousand temptations, chasing a thousand civic wrongs, chasing a thousand social evils! But does he stop there? Never! Chasing a thousand lost men toward God. chasing them into fellowship with Jesus Christ, chasing them into fellowship with Jesus Christ, chasing them up from their haunts of sin toward the splendor touched peaks of a pure and radiant manhood! That is the mission of the thousandfold man. And in these days the mission is crying as with the lips of God. Where is the man?

Furthermore, if history teaches one lesson it is this—God has His waits and pauses. And for what? Why, it some man to hay hold of His pures and carry them out. God has been waiting, and still walts, for men in the everyday walks of life to be true to Him. O, men, that means you and that means me! God calls a few men to carry on great reforms. He

been "one man of you" who has opene

When God takes our hand He asks us to take the hand of another. There is no comfort in Repose when its head is pillowed on an The circumference of influence depends upon the man at the centre of the circle. By the prayerful study of the Scrip-tures comes the knowledge of the divine will.

Many a parent has entered the gate of pearl because the hand of a little child was on the latch.—United Pres-