THE OLD WAY.

By Mathew White, Jr.

London. June 23.-The brig Cilo, t whence he had gone away, at the end of four years, on his wedding journey from Zanzibar, brings intelligence Gwen recalled now as she hurried which if true, will be of deep import to the members of the Geographical from room to room in search of that time table, how stern his father had society. The news concerns Arthur Marquand, who went out to Africa been with him for his haste, a sternwith the Jarvis Hook expedition ten ness that, more than anything else, years ago, was lost in the jungle and had fired Arthur with the determihas never been heard from since. The tion and show the world that it was Cilo's captain declares that Marquand | not all of life to do simply the bidding has been held in captivity by a tribe of the woman he loved. For Rose had of Somalis and succeeded not long bitterly opposed his going. And this fact had added poignancy to her grief since in escaping. Capt. Davidson's incomes through several -the memory that she may have part hands, but as near as can be made out ed with him without giving him a heartfelt "Godspeed" for his journey. Marquand, if it was he, made his way to the coast and constructed a rude His disappearance she had come to craft, on which he fearlessly embarked loo!; upon as her punishment. amid the breakers and was picked up At last the time table was found, and by some vessel, name and destination the afternoon was spent by the two in unknown. Of course a report of this poring over it and driving back and sort is very vague, and the only reaforth to the station to see if any tele son for supposing the man to be Margram had come. But even the absence of messages inspired Rose with requand is that this person was a white newed hone. She was possessed with a man and came from a point somewhere near the scene of Marquand's disapstrange, unaccountable premonition that she would see her husband that pearance. The arrival of ships from Southeast Africa at both English and day.

"He wants to surprise me," she told

Gwen "He will be here on that last

train tonight. The ship may have

been detained at Quarantine, you

Gwendolin trembled for her. What

ment bring? They had already sent

dispatches to "Captain Stevens" and

"There is no answer," she said, "be-

cause we had nothing but the names

to which to send messages. Arthur

will come on the nine-twenty tonight."

ion in the carriage to meet the train

the time, then the the station agent

came out and told them a freight

express probably till past midnight.

Gwendolin-"at least till you hear him

"Well, you may stay a little while,

Gwen. Then I shall send you to bed,

and let the servants so too It-it

will be like the old days to meet him

here in this room where we used to

sit and talk before we knew it was

love that drew us to each other. I

suppose, though, he will be greatly

changed-outwardly. Think of that

captivity among savages! Oh, Arthur,

my husband, what you must have suf-

you now. Hark, what is that, Gwen?"

otice the clouds as we drove home?

with the carriage, and I can go with

"No, no, dear," entreated Gwendolin

It's only a shower. See, the moon is

mt again." and she went to the win-

"Beautiful!" murmured Rose, as she

ame over to stand beside her. "Go to

hed now Gwen. This is just the sort

of night it was when Arthur told me

ne loved me. There, I will turn out

the lamp and have the moonlight for

company. Let them all go to bed. I

With many misgivings Gwendolin

obeyed. Rose had reached a state

where she dared not cross her. But

"If Arthur had come on that ship

Rose would surely have heard of it by

this time," Gwendolin told herself; and

when she reached her room she did not

prepare for bed, but took up a book,

which she did not open, and sat down

When Gwendolin had gone Rose

calked back to the window, and lean-

ing her head against one of the heavy

curtains, looked out over the smooth

awn towards the gateway. All was

still, save for a faint drip of water

from the piazza roof. The odor of

roses was borne in from the bush just

utside; the moonlight, stealing in with

t seemed to revel in the luxuriousness

of the apartment it had found. Ten

strokes from the tall clock in the cor-

per caused the figure in the window to

start suddenly and then to give a little

sigh, as another searching glance over

awn and graveled driveway failed to

She left the window and walke

slowly back to a large easy chair near

the center table. She sank into this,

and with her eyes on the clock listened

The big clock ticked the minutes

way, otherwise there is naught to dis-

Suddenly the stillness is shattered by

he whistle of a locomotive. The

roman who has so patiently waited

starts up with a tremor running

"He will be here in a few minute

low," she tells herself, and wonders

She forces herself to sit still for fiv

minutes longer, then rises and hurries

out into the hall to open the front door

But just as she reaches it she hears

Turning quickly she sees a figure framed by the library window. The

autters are still standing open to

He has come in the old way to su

A few quick steps take her back in

the library. A low, glad cry of "Ar-thur!" escapes her lips. She is about to fling herself into his arms, when he

makes a dash forward and seizes her

arrel of a revolver against her for head finishes the sentence.

The voice falls on the woman's neart like the knell of doom-not for

the threat which the words convey,

wrist in a grip of iron. ' '
"One whimper and——" The

ound in the room she has left.

that she has the calmness to frame

through her nerves.

onnected thought.

the moonlight in.

prise me."

urb the brooding quiet of the night.

eveal the longed for apparition.

will wait for Arthur here."

what would the morning see?

to think and listen and plan.

dow and flung open the shutters.

"Then I must have John go back

Gwendolin went with her to the sta-

happy!"

Rose's confidence.

Oh, my dear, my dear, I am so

Arthur Marquand was a native of Massachusetts and was the youngest member of the Jarvis Hook expedition. being only twenty-three when he sailed with it. It will be remembered that the expedition returned four years later with some important data for the Geographical society and with the loss of five men out of the original sixteen. four of them by fever and one-this

American ports will be attended with

unusual interest during the next few

Marquand-by disappearance. The foregoing item, printed among the foreign dispatches in a Boston paper, was read with varying degrees of interest by those under whose notice it came. But as it was not tucked away at the bottom of the column, seemingly in the capacity of a "filler," it did not make a very deep impression

on the general public. But there was one home where it was read with eyes that seemed to devour the words as a famished man devours bread. This home was a stately man sion in a Massachusetts town; the reader was a woman past her youth. but still beautiful. Around her were all the accessories of comfort and luxury that wealth could supply; but her gown was somber and on her face, faintly perceptible even through its lines of beauty, were traces of suffer

She was sitting at a dainty breakfast table. She had picked up the paper languidly as if impelled to glance over it by custom rather than dearre. It was by the purest chance that she had

When she had read it through with bosom heaving and fingers that had suddenly become so nervous that the sheet slipped from them and fell with a rattling of paper to the floor, her lips parted and she gave one cry:

"Arthur!" Her companion at the table was : woman several years younger than her self. While waiting for the hostess to give the signal to rise she had been idly toying with her coffee spoon and watching two coquetting robins through the window. Now she rose hastily and ran around to kneel beside her friend and peer with terror-stricken eyes into the face that had grown

suddenly pale. "Rose! Rose!" she called. "What is it? What has happened?"

The other opened her eyes, stretches out her arms, and as the younger woman allowed herself to be folded into their embrace for an instant, the first exclaimed:

"Oh, Arthur is alive. I know it is he. I always knew that he was no dead, that he would come back!" Rose Marquand leaned over and picked up the newspaper. Her hands were trembling. She could not find the place. Then she gave it up and folding Gwendolin in her arms once more pro ceeded to laugh and cry in the fashion most women have when their emotions

are deeply roused. For Rose was Arthur Marquand's wife, true to him during all these years of separation and silence, a silence that perchance some women would have construed as synonymous with death. But Gwendolin's eyes were not blind ed by lovelight. Rose was her oldest friend; they had been schoolgirls together, and she had recently come to make a long visit to the lonely woman who had refused to be wholly comforted for her loss. Now, when Gwendolin had read the item and knew the very slender basis on which the hope of Arthur's return rested, she felt that in some way she must contrive to prevent the wife from building too lofty

superstructure on this frail foundation. But she might as well have attempt ed to extinguish the source of the sur shine that was pouring in at the win-Rose was already excitedly turning the paper this way and that in

search of the marine news. "Look, look here, Gwen!" she eried after a moment, pointing triumphantly to a single line in diminutive type.

It was under the heading "Port of New York" and read simply: "Bark Juno (Ba.), Stevens, Zanzi

bar, April 11, with Ivory to C. F. Grote; vessel to master."

"Don't you see, Gwen!" cried the appy woman. "He may have come happy woman. on the Juno. I may get a telegram minute. He may be here this very Quick, Gwen, find a time table; in the library or up in my room, any where, somewhere. I must see what is first train he could take to bring

By this time Gwendolin herself be gan to be infected with hope. Oh, if and her womanhood had budded with dee of such perfect happiness and For if ever a love match was and Arthur Marquand. Rose lived with her parents in this very ho

but for the hopes deceived which it mphasizes. It is not Arthur! In an instant the whole fabric of her fond magining falls in ruins at her feet. Her husband is not coming back to her; he does not live; it is all a deusion for which this rude awakening s but a fitting climax!

She opens her lips to cry out, not for aid, but in very agony of disappointment. But before a sound can ome forth a hand is placed over her nouth, the grasp in which is held ightens and the same brutal voice bids er be silent or die.

But Rose is not afraid of death. Inleed, what has she to live for now? How can she steel herself once more to endure existence without him who was its end and aim to her? If this hateful hand were only once removed he would scream out in very defiance of its owner. Then he would kill her, and-then there would be no more dis appointment for her.

All these thoughts flashed through Rose Marquand's brain in a second of Then she began to struggle with all the strength of one made desperate. One hand was necessary to keep her mute, the man was hampered in his ability to hold her, and in an instant later she writhed away from the palm across her lips. One piercing shout she sent up, but the robber's other was still about her, the arm that held the pistol.

She saw this presented now at her orehead, as she fell crouching on the floor; saw in the moonlight the look of demoniacal determination with which the man placed his finger on the trigger. But she thought of Arthur and felt no fear.

Then there was a report, a flashing of something that was not smoke nor fire, before her eyes, a rush of people consequences might not disappoint into the room, lights, and-Arthur bending over her, really Arthur this time, look not so very unlike his old

"C. F. Grote," asking if Arthur Marself. "And is this heaven, dear?" she quand had come on the Juno. But whispered, from the shelter of his there was still no reply to either. And yet this diminished not one whit

arms "No, Rose, not with such as that so near at hand," he replied, with a glance at the form of the burglar lying on the floor, with the coachman and gardener binding him to helplessness. "Then you did come on the Juno," Rose went on. "You wanted to sur-

prise me, and if--" they waited for fifteen minutes beyond She shuddered and would have buried her face in her hands, but Arthur took it tenderly between both of wreck on the road would delay the his, and a sweeter happiness than ever "I shall sit up till he comes." Rose thrilled her as she realized that it was her husband who had come in "the announced, when they had reached old way," after all, just in time to knock the villain's pistol up and "Then let me stay with you," pleaded her life, thus making it his me eservedly even than of yore.

QUAINT AND CURIOU It is said that over \$1,000,00 of diamonds are stolen from mond mines in South Africa

A parade was nila, and among the civic bodies that marched were the official rat catchers. They all carried their rat traps in fered! But it will all be made up to their hands.

There is a belief among the South Sea islanders that no man can enter paradise who has lost a limb. For this reason it sometimes happens that a man will choose to die rather than

submit to amputation. The Krupp company at Essen, Germany, is making field guns of paper now, and it is said that they are about half the weight of the steel guns, and are nearly as powerful, and have nearly the same length of life.

duction of rubber in a commercial sense has been established in Hawaii. Six years ago a rubber plantation was started at Nahiku, but little had been heard of the venture until recently. Now the trees have been found in a condition to produce rubber, and the work of gathering sap probably will

A new vegetable has been introduced into France by M. Labergerie, and M. G. Bonnier has reported on it to the Academy of Science. It is a species of wild potato which grows where there plenty of moisture, while the ordinary potato does better in dry soil. The plant is a native of Uruguay, and the species which M. Labergerie is cultivating is known as the Solanum Commetani, and will yield more than ninety thousand pounds an acre on ground which suits it.

Richard Strutt, a son of Lord Rayleigh, has invented a clock that will run for two thousand years. The motive power is a small piece of gold leaf. which is electrified by means of a very small quantity of radium sait. The gold leaf bends away from the metal substance and keeps moving under this influence until it touches the side of the containing vessel. At the moment of cofitact it loses its electrical charge and then springs back and is again electrified, and the process is repeated. It is thought that a thoroughly reliable clock could be made with the use of radium salt for \$1000.

Tyranny Comes High, All told, Russia has 65 grand dukes counting the members of the imperial amily; the czar's uncles and brother

receive an annual pension of 4,000,000 rubles each. From the day of his birth a grane duke's child becomes entitled to an annual pension—1,000,000 rubles if a boy, 500,000 rubles if a girl. The revenue of the existing grand dukes exempt from all taxation amounts to

grand total of fourteen millions. To nationalize the country would nean the wiping out of the entire debt of Russia and relieve the country of all taxation for a year, without dim

nishing the normal expenditures.

When the Czar Nicholas married the danseuse Kezcesinskala, who was charged with amusing his leisure moments, received as a present 4,000,-Paris.

A harpsichord maker, Cristofori, in the employ of the Duke of Tuscany, in 1711, made the first successful piano.

INDIANS AND THE BOW. WONDERFUL STORIES OF THEIR SKILL AS MARKSMEN.

They Frequently Sent Their Arrows Completely Through the Bodies of Animals at Which They Shot-Wounded Spaniards Through Their Armor.

A correspondent who signs himself "Early Settler" recently came out in an eastern Kansas newspaper with a communication which purported to be a narrative of personal pioneer experiences and observations, but which was for the most part, if not wholly, an effusion of fanciful ideas. For instance, among other equally misleading state ments, was the following:

"The prevailing idea regarding the effectiveness of the Indian with his bow and arrow is extremely erroneous. In the early days in Kansas I have seen a band of Indians armed with bows and arrows surround a buffalo and literally fill his hide with arrows indeed to the extent that he presented the appearance of a mammoth porcupine. But none of these arrows seemed to penetrate to a sufficient depth to kill the beast or even disable him to any perceptible degree, and he was not conquered until he was actually overcome from exhaustion of the chase.

I shall not accuse this "Early Settler" or being an anonymous Ananias. for it may be that he has a very vivid imagination, or else a defective memory; nor could it have been that the particular tribe of Indians to which he refers was so exceedingly deficient in the art of archery. This art was the one above all others that was thoroughly mastered by the American Indian as a race. The youthful mind was, from the start, imbued with the importance and necessity of this particular accomplishment, and to "teach the young idea how to shoot" with the bow and arrow was the elementary

principle of the aboriginal education. "So great," says Dorsey, "was their skill in archery that they frequently sent their arrows completely through the bodies of animals at which they Major John Dougherty heard that in some instances the arrows were sent with such force that they not only passed entirely through the bodies of the buffaloes, but even went flying through the air or fell to the ground beyond the animals. Another author-

ity says: "From his horse at full gallop the Indian will shoot 15 or 20 arrows a minute at flying buffaloes, all with sure aim and deadly effect." Washon Irving says that frequently a lo cow was killed on the spot by le arrow; and Capt. Bonneville, istance, saw an Indian shoot

completely through the body that it struck in the beyond. During the famous no of the Grand Duke Alexis, of Rusals, on the western plains, Two-Lance, an Indian chief, sent an arrow clear through a bison, the Dake retaining it as a souvenir of his hunt. Francis Parkman carried home a similar souvenir from the plains. In his "California and Oregon Trail" he describes a big to make coffee demi tasse, buffalo hunt in which the Indians took part. He tells about seeing an Indian alighting from his horse by the side of a buffalo cow he had killed. "Riding up to him," says Parkman, ...[

found him in the act of drawing out an arrow which, with the exception of the notch at the end, had entirely disappeared in the animal. I asked him to give it to me, and I still retain it as a proof, though by no means the most striking one that could be offered, of the force and dexterity with which the Indians discharge their arrows." Charles Augustus Murray, while travelling in the west in the early '20s. saw the Indians on the plains send their arrows into the buffaloes to the feathers, and in some instances even bury-

ing a portion of the feathers in the A Cant Williams of Missouri, in his fournal of an expedition on the plains in 1807, published by David H. Coyner in Cincinnati, in 1847, describes a buffalo hunt by the Kansas Indians, in which he says: "A single arrow in several instances would despatch a large bull, and when the carcass was opened by the Indians to get the arrows they were found to have passed from the flank obliquely through the body and lodged against some of the bones on the other side. It is common for an arrow to pass completely through the body when not striking a bone." The Rev. Samuel Allis, a missionary among the western Indians, who often accompanied them on their buffalo hunts, says: 'They often make a charge on a herd of 1900 or 1200, killing 400 or 500 at one surround. An Indian knows when he shoots a buffalo in the heart; he often does it at the first shot."

Buell's "History of the Plains" says: "The bow is the natural weapon of the wild tribes of the west. At short distances it is a terribly effective arm and the Indian expert can seize five to ten arrows in his left hand and de spatch them with such rapidity that the last one will be on its flight before the first one touches the ground. In close quarters they prefer to rely on it to depending on the rifle, as it can be of deadly force at from 30 to 40 yards, and creating a bad wound at a much greater distance. In buffalo hunting where the horseman can approach near, it is invaluable and economic, and is often buried to the feathers." In the chronicles of the Coronado ex pedition we find it stated of the plains Indians that in war and the chase they used the bow and arrow with great skill. On one occasion an Indian was seen to shoot a buffalo bull right through both shoulders with an ar-row, "which," the narrator added row, "which," the narrator added "would be a good shot for a musket." Cabeca de Vaca, the early Spanish ex-1542, says of the Indians whom he en-countered in this country : "They are thick as the arm and of 11 or 12 palms in length, which they discharge at 200 paces with so great exactness that

they never miss."

In one conflict some of De Vaca's men were wounded. "We found tham," he declares, "traversed from side to side by arrows, and although some had on good armor, it did not afford sufficient

Some of his men that day swore that as the lower part of the leg, pierced through from side to side by arrows and De Vaca himself saw "an arrow that had entered the foot of an elm the depth of a palm." "The buffalo or bear could not withstand the fatal ef fect of these well-directed shafts," he concludes.—Kansas City Journal.

THE HE-SAID GIRL

sometimes Nature Makes a Fine Wo man of Her, But Rarely.

Did you ever notice a group of little girls between the ages of 14 and 18 chatting away in a corner? The next time you sit near such a group listen and hear if about every tenth word is about what "he said." If it is, you have found some more of the "he-sald" girls, and they are not the nicest lit tle girls in the world. The "he-said" girls are likely to loiter down town after school too late to help their mothers with the afternoon work. They are likely to wear a little better clothes than their fathers can afford, so that the neighbors wonder what their mothers can be thinking about. The "he-said" girls also too often think more of the boys than of their books, and frequently fail to get through school. They are in for a good time, and have nothing in their

heads but hairpins and two-steps. Sometimes nature takes a girl out of the "he-said" family and makes a fine woman of her, but generally she gets to going out to partles and 's developed before her time, and either marries and fades at 20, or hangs on after all the other girls are married off and takes generation after generation of young boys to raise by hand, and becomes known as "grandma" in the crowd.

There is nothing so sweet as a simple, frank, open-hearted girl. But the boy-struck girl is an abomination. The whole matter rests with the girl's mother. She can either bring up one of the "he-said" girls or she can have a daughter to be proud of .- Emporia

Seeking Information.

A Kansas City newspaper man, re cently married, drifted into one of the big hotels and asked for the chef. The clerk told him that worthy would be down in a few minutes, and asked him if there was anything special that he wanted.

"Oh, no," was the answer. "I just wanted to ask him how to cook beefsteak with mushroom sauce. My wife don't know how to do it, and I thought I'd find out something about it my-

self if I could." The clerk expressed an opinion that the chef's advice would be useful in that case, and asked the newly married man if his wife could prepare eclairs au confitur or goose livers bruchette, bordelo se sauce. The newly made benedict admitted that he didn't think she knew anything about these, or several more dishes which the clerk enumerated, and even expressed some doubt as to her ability

and the seeker after culinary wisdom finally decided that the remedying of the defects in his knowledge along that line would take more time than he had to spare and that he would come around and get a few recipes some time when he had half a day off. -Kansas City Journal.

Michigan Fish Story. Among the many members of the Ananias club proficient in telling fish stories it would seem that the palm should go to a Three Rivers resident. though he claims that this story is no fabrication of the imagination, but an actual occurrence. The mystery had its origin in one of the fishing shanties on the Emery mill pond, from which a veteran fisherman was seen to emerge with an immense string of fish, when his companions in sport had been unsuccessful for many days with spear and line. The old vet. was a little muleish about giving his secret up. It was simply anise oil, the same old anise that has been used from time immemorial to put crying babies to sleep. The bait was satur ated with the oil and the line fastened to a stick across a hole in the ice. A large fish bit, and becoming saturated with the oil, hung on, an the seductive bait attracted other fish that caught on to its tail, followed by silly others, each catching on the last one's tail. The line also became sat urated with the oil and is still attracting and putting to sleep specimens of finny tribe, and all the old man has to de now is to go out to his shanty and pull up his line when he wants a mess of fish.—Detroit News.

A Poet's Declining Years. Swinburne, the poet, spends his de elining years in tranquil pursuit of the simple life, although it is doubtful whether the book or the fad has eve disturbed his peaceful retreat. friend says of him that he lives in possession of his needs. on all sides by the best books, enjoy ing the close companionship of the truest friend ever given to a man of genius, and finding in a long walk at ostman's pace a full satisfaction for he body's craving after exercise, he lives through the twilight of his days in a greater security and under the spell of a deeper peace than he knew in the bolsterous dawn of his life."-Chicago Journal.

Profitable Inventions. No one class of inventions has beo profitable both to the manufacture and the inventor as musical instru and the inventor as musical instru-ments and appliances for same. Num-erous improvements to the plano have been a source of large fortunes, and various devices are at present being continuously applied. Radically new instruments possessing real merit are the inventions needed in this line. The public is always ready to adopt al-most anything new in both wind and stringed instruments,-Inventor.

hohal has sent a petition to Go

THE PULPIT.

SCHO ARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. DR. JOHN LOVE, JR.

ninect: The Mystle Stone.

Asbury Park, N. J.-The Rev. Dr. John Love, Jr., preached on "The Mys-tic Stone and the Broken Image" in the First Baptist Church here. He took as his text David 11:34: "A stone cut out without hands which smote the im-

ge." Dr. Love said: In the poem called "Giles Corey" the great author has said: "Do you believe in dreams? Why, yes and no. When they come true, then I believe in them, when they come false I don't believe in them." This is doubtless a fair exession of our own feelings concernng these mysterious visitors in our unconscious hours. Whatever harmony there may be between them and events which thereafter transpire we In the Old Testament economy, how-

ver, dreams were a recognized method divine communication with mankind. Not only were Abimeloch and Jacob, Joseph and Solomon thus addressed from heaven, but the prophets received revelations in and through them, designed for the warning, the comfort and the instruction of the race. Few dreams narrated in sacred writ are of such profound interest as the one of which our text makes mention. In the second year of his reign "Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, dreamed dreams wherewith his spirit was troubled and his sleep brake from So profound was the impression made upon him, so agitated his mind on awakening, that he commanded the presence of magicians, astrologers and reerers, who were supposed to possess the powers of interpretation. The dream of the king had, however, so far gone from him when the wise men entered into his presence that he could give them no hint of its nature. Not even the bare outline remained, only the sense of terror and the fear of im-pending ill. With the cruelty peculiar to himself he demanded that they ould at once reproduce the dream by their mystic arts and give the correct interpretation. Protest was in vain, and in the heat of his passion he voiced the decree of death on all the wise men of the kingdom.

Daniel, the prophet, captive at the time in Babylon, learning of the mani-festo of the king, petitioned for an extension of time and promised the sought for interpretation. It was an awful crisis, but from the quartet of Daniel and his three companions went up a cry that reached the very heart of God and won the secret that nullified an infamous decree. Within the appointed time the prophet is ready for the presence chamber of the king. An ambassador from heaven, he brings in clear outline, by his vivid description, the mystical image which had disturbed the slumbers of Nebuchadnezzar, and then interprets its significance as may be traced in the second chapter of the book of Daniel, verses 31 to 30. By the "head of gold" was represented the kingdom of Babylon, the domain of Nebuchednezzar for forty-five years The "breast and arms of silver" signified the kingdom in which the Medes and Persians held sway, and was known as the Medo-Persian reign, inaugurated by Darius, the Mede, and Cyrus, the Persian, between whom an brass" was the Grecian

founded by Alexander the Great on his victory over the last of the Persian emperors. The joy of his conquest, how boasting that he had conquered the "there was not another world to con-

The fourth kingdom symbolized, in the image, by "the legs and feet of iron," is commonly believed to be the Roman kingdom. Toward its close it became weak and disintegrated, branching out into ten kingdoms, represented by the ten toes of the image. It could hardly be shown by an appeal to tory how exactly all the events and the succession of events symbolized in the spectral image came to pass, but we concentrate our attention on the significance of the "mystic stone." by some unseen agency and in some ecountable manner was seen to be detached from the mountain near by and to smite the image upon the fee breaking into pieces the iron and the clay of which they were composed. Nor was this all, for the stone which had smitten the Image seemed to be come a vast mountain which filled the whole earth. That the reference is to vivid prophecy of its power and growth there can be no doubt, and yet the vision and its interpretation date back to 606 B. C. There is to be noticed first, the assurance of the establish ment of a divine kingdom in the world Not only have we the symbolism of the mystic stone, but the definite language prophecy, for in his memorable in terview with the king, Daniel declared "In the days of these God of Heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed." Similar and confirmative prophecies might easily be culled from the sacred record. Many pires in the world have owed chefr origin, or at least their eminence, to successes in war. Britain owes its prestige to Waterloo, Germany to Sedan, the United States to Gettysburg, Japan to Mukden. Power has been purchased at the point of the sword and sustained often through tyranny and cruelty. The strength of the powers of nations has been guaged by the roster of their armies and navies.

senals, fleets and military stores have been their pride and boast. Not so with the kingdom whose design, code and symbols date from all eternity. It is spiritual and not martial. It hath weapons before which strongholds crumble, but they are not carnal. It wins triumphs, but on silent, bloodless battle fields. Not in the catalogue of nations does this kingdom claim a place. Alone it stands, without peer or counterpart. It bears the name and owns the sway of the Omnipotent. It was not to enter into conflict with existing government. It was to be devotional, not political. The cross was to be its sacred symbol, not a crown Its laws were to be transcribed not in ponderous statute books, not in legis ive enactments, but in that precio book whose very name even has be come an inspiration and a benediction—the Bible. Throughout the Scripturer is set forth in terms unmistakable the divine character of the new kingdom and when at length the Messiah had entered upon His holy mission He disappointed the common expectation in His announcement, "My kingdom is not of this world." Again and again might He have assumed the symbols of royalty and won an enthusial de following. Indeed, He was compelled to resist the passionate ardor of the people at times, who longed for a crowned head and a deliverer.

Persistant was His emphasis upon whitinal truth. He demanded a piety with the passion of the companion of the people at times, who longed for a crowned head and a deliverer. book whose very name even has be

longer robes, but by surrender and loy-alty to God. "No religion but that of Christ has disclosed the innermost nature of God, none but this has laid bare in its peculiar centre moral nature of man." and dishonored was driven from "Paradise Lost." The grand design of the Kingdom of Christ is to bring him into such fellowship with God as that he may be an heir of "Paradise Regained." At Athens were two temples, "a temple of Virtue and a temple of Honor." Only through the former could the lat-

ter be entered. Only through the invisible Kingdom Only through the invisione Kingdom of God on earth—the "Kingdom of Grace"—can we hope for admission at length into the "Kingdom of the Redeemed"—the "Temple of Glory." The subjects of this empire must be in harmony with and breathe the spirit of the King. We are reminded secndly of the small beginnings of the Kingdom of the Messiah.

The "stone cut out of the mountain

without hands" was diminutive at first as compared with its subsequent appearance. This is indeed the law of nature. The trees which fill our for-ests were once but tender saplings—the men of the next generation are to-day but weakly children. Christianity was indeed complete at the beginning. From its very nature it must have been. An imperfect system would have been a witness against itself. In all these nineteen centuries not a single principle of truth has been added. It was Christ's gift to the world. A mine to be worked-a very bonanza. A system to be studied—n very thesaurus of truth. Christ in His doctrine was its teacher. In His matchless character its grand exponent. Each Christian is a matriculate in the preparatory school and when the term time of life shall end will receive a certificate into the University of Heaven. Laws are being constantly changed in order that they may be adapted to the varying condi-tions of mankind. Amendments to the Constitution have been added one by one. Statutes are subject to frequen revision. Provisions that have proved infudicious have been struck out ssary modifications and additions have ften been made. Can anything be udded to the system of religion which esus introduced into the world? he "Sermon on the Mount" ever been aproved? Can it be? As well atempt to add to the radiance of the idday sun or the majesty of the heav-The necessity of change yould imply weakness, crudeness, imperfect knowledge. "I am the Lord, I change not," and Christianity is the reed of Jehovali-the system who said, "I am the truth." Who shall say that Christianity can ever need

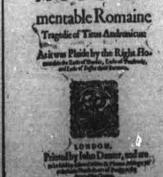
To what age of the world, to wha nation, to what government, to what human conditions has it not been adapted? Still, in its beginning, it seemed of small and weak proportion From a human standpoint, what could appear more uncompromising? It seemed like a Lilliput arraying itself against a host of giants. We are so constituted that we look for causes which shall seem adequate to given effects. Who in the first century could have conceived as ever possible the scenes which in these latter days greet our eyes and the facts which thrust themselves upon our attention? Christ Himself was a poor and obscure Nazarene peasant, without prestige or immediate pedigree of note. His disciples were, with few exceptions, lacking in culture and of but limited influence. The new religion had in it nothing to alliance had been formed. The third | win the opulent or the influential. It but combatted their strongest prefudices. It brought not "peace, but a sword." Judged by ordinary stand Judged by ordinary standards, it seemed doomed to failure. We need not turn to the grand treatises of the Butlers, the Paleys, the Dwights, resistless as their arguments seem; the sublime history of Christianity during these nineteen centuries offers a might-ier and more eloquent plea for its divine origin and character, a perfect Gibraltar, against which all the shafts of infidelity seem but paper peliets. But as we turn again to the inspired narrative of the dream of the Buby ionian king, we read that after the image was smitten and the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver and the gold broken in pieces, becoming like the chaff of the summer threshing floor.

the stone which destroyed the image became a great mountain and filled the whole earth. Thus in mystle symbolism was the truth revealed that the kingdom, which at length Jehovah should set up, was are we limited in this view to the language of symbols. "Ask of Me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea. Thus David and Isaiah, peering through the perspective of coming years, beheld the wondrous ascendency of the kingdom of Immanuel. What appeared to these prophets of the older ime in vision appears to us translated into history, glorious with the grand achievements Christianity has wrought. Magnificent victories have followed to banners. Territory after territory has been added to its dominions. Desnits tives have met, the flery persecutions not limited to the period of its intro duction, but blighting the records of ten centuries, and, judeed, times lon been phenomenal; aye, more than that divine. Palestine has become the moral centre of the world. The prayer which Jesus has taught, "Thy kin come," is being graciously answered Judging from the history of Christian ity and reasoning from analogy, had we not the promises of the Sacred Word we should be compelled to anticipate the ultimate triumphs of "The Redeemer's cause."

Fina Stire Curio Hunters. The maique first quarto edition of "Titus Andronicus," the title page. The first quarto of Shakespeare's

THE

MOST LA.



A FRIENDLY WARNING

Attile Maid of Tokio,
Tell us truly; is it so?
Does the verb "to civilize"
Bring a sparkle to your eyes?
Do you share your brother's scal?
Do you share your brother's scal?
Do you share your brother's scal?
Ho you like ambition feel?
Walle the World, from sun to sun,
Talks of what Japan has done,
Are you your part glad to play?
Would you, if you had your way?
Think what civilization means,
Ere N subtily intervenes
"Twixt your peace of mind and you.
If, my dear, you only knew.
You would let the whole thing go,
Little Maid of Tokio.

Little Maid of Tokto Little Maid of Tokio,
Pinioned fast in fashion's throe
Would you be, if civilized.
Robes your Enstern taste devised,
Cut and patiern, plan and all,
into quick disuse would fall.
Though they suited-best your style,
Each would lose its place, the while
You to be the slave would grow
Of Paris modes and Western show;
Ruff and tuck and frill and flare
And Ob! they'd make you change your hair!
"Hitch your wagon to a star."
But leave your fashions as they are.
Squeich the dress reforming foe,
Little Maid of Tokio.

JUST FOR FUN

Nettle-Martha says she has her hair done up by a maid. Edith-That is, she does it up herself. She's an

old maid, you know New Missionary-Can you tell me what has become of my predecessor? Cannibal Chief-He made a trip into the interior.-Washington Life.

"What are you going to do with your new magazine?" "Get a corner on all the anti-trust literature." "And then what?" "Shove up the price of the magazine."-Washington Star. Bacon-The end men in the min-

strels get the most money, I believe. Egbert-Is that so? Well, in all other kinds of business the middlemen Has get all the money Yonkers States man.

Mrs. Hicks-John, I'm sure there's burglar down in the dining room. Mr. Hicks (sleepily)-Good! If we keep quiet maybe he'll take away that chafing dish of yours .- Philadelphia Press. Dumley-Morris said I had no more,

sense than a yellow dog. I consider that an insult. Wickle-So it is. There's no reason to suppose a yellow dog has less sense than any other colored dog. Passenger-Seems to me it takes

you a long while to run six miles on this railroad. Conductor-Yes, that's the beauty of it. It gives the passengers plenty of time to read their morning paper. "Ma," said Mrs. Malaprop's little

boy, "what is 'antimony'?" that's not nice to talk about," replied Mrs. Malaprop. "It's what a lady gets when she's divorced from her husband."-Philadelphia Ledger. Bosh-Is Blank on the stage? Josh -No. Bosh-Why, yes he is! He

told me that he made his first appearance two years ago. Josh-Umhuh! He made his last appearance on the same night.—Detroit Free Press. Mrs. Snubbins-I wouldn't trust my husband to pick out the help. I don't

want a better looking girl in the kitchen than I am. Mrs. Wicklow-And Mr. Snubbins does? Well, you can't blame him, can you, now Irish Attendant (examining sick ostrich)-Faith, I believe he's swalowed a monkey! I can see it down

his throat. The Ostrich-Oh, get out! I swallowed a piece of looking glass. That's your reflection.-Puck. "Teachers," said the educational cynic, "are divided into two classes: Those who quit because they don't know enough to teach, and those who keep on because they don't know

enough to quit.—Baltimore American. "Yes, he proposed to her in a rather gruesome way." "Why, I understood he merely asked her to share his fortune?" "No, he asked her to share his lot. They were walking in the cemetery at the time."-Philadelphia Led-

Miss Hoamley-I think of taking up automobiling. Miss Pepprey-Good dea! It certainly would be becoming to you. Miss Hoamley-Becoming? Miss Pepprey-Yes, dear, you wear a mask in an auto.—Philadelphia

Helen-How is Jack Newlywed getting along with that rich girl he eloped with? Ethel-Dreadfully! She s suing him for non-support, and won't let him even have money enough to pay his lawyer's fees.-

"I didn't know your father was a seafaring man." "He isn't." "But he said he worked on a revenue cutter." 'And so he does. But he means that he operates a sausage machine for the beef trust."-Cincinnati Commercial-La Montt-Now in Holland I have

seen washing going on in the att That is something you don't en in America. La Moyne—Oh, yes, you do La Montt-What street did you ever see washing it? La Moyne-Wall Street.-Chicago Daily News. Scrybbler-It's the moast remark-

able thing, doan't ye knaow, that when I'm feeling the worst I write me vewy clevahest things. Ground To judge by your writings, then, you must have a mighty good run o' general health.-Baltimore American. Uncle George-But don't you think

t wrong to fib about your age? Nancy-On the contrary, I hold it to be a duty. If you tell the truth, everybody will add two or three years t your statement; so it is only to one's self to knock off a few

Baater-Married life isn't what I used to be. Sisson-You're rithere. Since the kitchen stove been supplanted by a gas rai there's no such thing as lying in in the morning, soothed by the sweet thought that your wife is at work ouilding the fire.

Little Bo Peep had lost her ah and didn't know where to find amb?" was asked.

Lost and Found.

arted out to uncover the alina