THE FRANKLIN PRESS.

## \* LOVE BLIND.

Chapter I. "I wish." Nora Desmond colored ever so slightly, "one of you would tell me what Mr. Le Strange is like!" Mrs. Desmond and Nancy Desmond looked at one another sharply, some-

thing like a warning glance passed be-"Like?" Mrs. Desmond repeated.

faintly. "Yes-like," Nora returned. "I know he's tall and big. I know he has a pleasant voice, a merry laugh; I know -her strange, pretty eyes grew shy, though they saw nothing, never bad seen anything since her fourth birthday-"he is the kindest man in the whole wide world; but I want to know what his face to like-that's natural, isn't it, since"-a triffe defiantly

-"since we are such good friends?" "Quite natural," Mrs. Desmond answered. "What would you like to know-the color of his eyes?"

Once more she looked at Nancy; the girl shrugged her shoulders, and made a helpless sort of gesture. "Of course," Nora said, "the color of

his eyes, his hair, what sort of a nose and mouth he has, whether he wears a mustache. I should like a word picture of him. You know," she sighed softly, "it's all the picture I can see." For some reason or other, both Mrs. and Miss Desmond looked relieved.

"John Le Strange has very good feat ures, indeed," Mrs. Desmond answered; 'a straight nose, a good mouth and really beautiful eyes. His hair is brown, with a natural wave in it. I don't think there's anyone in the world who could deny John has good features. As for the nature of the man, it's absolutely the sweetest I have ever

A very pretty smile crossed Nora's lips, a tender expression entered the

"The sweetest nature you have ever known," she repeated, "One couldn't have a nicer thing said than that. Looks are a great deal, of course-1 so love everything beautiful, but a lovely nature is even more than a lovely exterior. I-why, that's John's footstep: he's earlier than usual today.

John Le Strange boarded in the house of Mrs. Desmond; had lived in her house now for ten years, almost ever since the death of Terrence Des mond, leaving his widow not very well provided for.

A look of pleased expectancy shone upon the girl's face; then, as the footsteps passed the door, went slowly up-

, it died away. footfall sounds tired tonight." ore to herself than the oth-

"I dare say he's fagged out," she answered. "Men mostly are when they come home from their work. Why not go and ask him yourself, Nora? You're

A smile flashed into the girl's face. in her eyes, on her lips, dimpling her cheeks. She had been beautiful before; she was absolutely lovely now. "His favorite!" she repeated. "Mother, do you really think so? Of course, he pities me- everyone does; every-

one is kind to me-but, apart from that, do you really, really think I am his favorite-in spite of my blind-

Mrs. Desmond rose, cross the room, put her hand upon the girl's shoulder. "I don't think-I know," she returned. "He thinks more of you than he thinks of anyone in the wide, wide world! That's something to be proud of, Nora."

She rose slowly, her little hands tightly clasped. "Something to be very, very proud

of!" she returned. "But how wonderful that is, mother!" She moved across the room without stretching out her hands. No one who did not know would have supposed her

"She will marry him, of course." Nancy said, when she was out of hearing, "because she is blind; she never would if she could see!"

to be blind.

## Chapter II.

Just as quietly as she had gone from her mother's sitting room, mounted the stairs, knocked at the door, and, in answer to a quiet "Come uttered in a singularly beautiful voice, entered.

By a table, with the full glare of a lamp shining upon him, sat a man. So far as his features went, Mrs. Desmond's description had been accurate. The eyes that softened so wonderfully as he saw the girl were beautiful; for all that, the man was not pleasant to look upon. Smallpox of the most virulent type had scamed and scared his making what should have been

very fair almost terrible. "You, Nora!" he said, springing to his feet. "How good of you to come and see me!" He made use, without thought, of the ordinary words. "Come to this chair; it's the most comfortable in the room. You know that, don't

"And so you always give it to me John," she said. "I think you can't help being like that—the best invari ably for some one else. I wonder, soft fingers closed on his hand as he led her to a chair-"why you

are sad tonight-unhappy?" He started, ever so slightly. "How did you know?" he asked

"How wonderful you are, Nora!" She was sitting now; he standing close beside her, worshipping her with his beautiful eyen, feeling he would give the whole world, were it his, to take this dear, blind girl in his arms and kins her sweet lips.

given me a greater power of percept allipping away. Then the beauty of

¥ ...... \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* spoke: tion of some things than those who

> He hesitated a moment; then very slowly, half timidly, he sank upon his

knees. hungry lips almost kissed her hand, "I want something that I dare not ask for, and yet if it could be mine how I would love and cherish it! I want something—some one to work for, to make money for; some one to surround with adoration and comfort, but dare not-I dare not say to her I

paused. She stretched out her hand and laid it unfalteringly upon his

"Because she is blind, John?" He covered her hand with his-then

ove you, because-

he covered it with kisses. "No, no! A thousand times no!" he answered. "Oh, Nora, you know I love you—want you—you know your lindness makes you all the dearer to the passage—"she longed to see the me! But you don't know me as others know me-you have never seen me If-if you should give yourself to me you would be giving yourself to an unknown man. I think you care for

me-but---"There is no but," she interrupted. "I love you. As for knowing you, there is no one in the world I know so well. And today my mother has told me just what you are like-has so to speak, painted the picture of your every feature. I can look at you now with my mind's eye-I am so glad,

dear!" He put his arm round her: he drew er gently to him; he kissed her lips. "Little sweetheart!" he said. "Little wife to be! So your mother told you all? Are you sure you did not dislike

With her slender, sensitive fingers she touched his features, one by one,

smiling, but a little puzzled. "Quite," she answered; "and mother was right; your features are beautiful. Your skin is rough and rugged, different from mine-that is because you are a man, but you must not think"-one could scarcely believ? she

was not looking at the scarred "I love you for your be you just because I I I can't help it. A

with all my gret your g girl to you

would need all her life more care and cherishing. More than once he asked Mrs. Desond if it would not be better to undeceive the girl. She, however, was

surround her with every comfort. She

was more helpless than most women;

emphatic in her negative. You'll just spoil her life and her happiness if you do," she answered. What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve for; as every one knows, the blind in their hearts and souls worship at the shrine of beau-

ty more ardently than those who see. To her you are all that is desirable in every way; let that content you." And so, with the truth still untold, he two married, and in the whole wide world there was no happier wife than Nora Le Strange. Never once

did he let her feel her blindness; never did he tire of telling her of beautiful things, describing every place he took her to so vividly, with such care, that always she smiled and nodded as she ressed the hands she held. "I see—I see it all quite plainly!" she would say. "Oh, John, what a

beautiful place this world is! And what pair of seeing eyes you lend to me!" It was not until her little son was born that Nora craved passionately to see, if only for moment. Time at ter time, as she held the little creature. as she passed her fingers ever so gently across his downy head, his features, over and over again, John de scribed just what the little one was like-the most beautiful baby in the world. But for once, she seemed hardly satisfied.

"Oh, if I could only see him!" she "just once. John, I've wanted terribly sometimes to see you, though I know just what you are like. I want even more to see him, because he's you and me, and our dear love all rolled up in this sweet, warm bundle." It was just about this time that a stranger, meeting John, Nora and the beautiful child in a public conveyance looked at the girl's eyes with an interested, professional glance. A day later, having discovered where they lived

he called upon John Le Strange, "Your wife is blind," he said, after preliminary word or two. "I think, nowever, she was not blind

"No," he answered, "she was blind until her fourth year. Her blindness is the outcome of some juvenile

"And can, I believe, be cured," the foctor said, gently. John's heart gave a great leap

Nora's blindness cured! That would nean that she would see him; look upon the man she had believed beautiful-see how he had deceived herperhaps hate him! "Cured!" he repeated, and Dr. Win-

wondered why the man's scarred "Will you allow me to examine you wife's eyes?" the oculist said. "From have observed, I have little doubt that your wife may yet see." There was a struggle for a m

the man's nature conquered; he fetched Trembling, he stood by while the beautiful eyes were examined; slowly he sat down as the doctor gave his

"The operation would be painful," he said, "but I have no doubt what ever of its success." With a laugh of excitement, Nora

"Painful John? That won't matter; I can bear pain. Think of it, dear! shall see the sky, the flowers-see can see—a fuller sympathy. Tell me you, and the baby! Oh, John-John, what is wrong, John-why you are it's too good to be true! No. no-1 won't say that. John, how quiet you are!

> As the days passed on, and certain preparations for the operation were made, John grew more quiet than ever; a silent tragedy had come into happy life. Within another week his wife would see-would look at him, perhaps with aversion!

> "Will you tell her," he said to Mrs. Desmond, "before she sees-will you tell her? Directly the handages are removed, she will turn to me, and she von't know me. Will you prepare

Mrs. Desmond looked uncomfortable. "It's most unfortunate," she said, slowly. "Yes I mean it: I look upon this hope for Nora's sight as a great misfortune. She was perfectly happy, perfectly content. I know"-neither of hem heard a soft step coming along child, but, after all, her sense of touch s so delicate, she knows as well as I ing doctor had better have left things

The soft steps stopped outside the The blind girl stood and listened, her heart beating strangely. Sight a misfortune for her! Why-

She could not understand. "After all," Mrs. Desmond went on slowly, "she loves you dearly; she will grow used to your looks in time; even if she is shocked at first, it will wear off, and any one can see that it's your misfortune that you're not a handsome man; your features, as I have told Nora often, are beautiful. You ought to be a handsome man, and but for the smallpox marks you certainly would have been."

The blind girl, standing so motioness outside the door, shivered a little. shan't be able to bear it," John said. "Blind as she is, she worships beauty. What will she feel when she sees she is bound for life to me! I ought not to have married her; but when a man loves"-he made a hou ure "and I wanted to

u- touched the tiny face.

in his cot. With a half sob,

bent over him, kissed him-

A little later, with a quick,

just touching the banisters; listened

an instant, then went straight to the

room in which John sat. He glanced

up, and she went to him, kissed him

"John," she said, a tremble in her

now-"I can't face the operation!"

great deal, and then to see! To see,"

ne said the words bravely, "to see

She trembled from head to foot. Oh,

"Yes, I know," she answered. "I

have been my eyes-such good eyes,

John-and I'm not brave at bearing

"No, darling-no; but think, think

have wanted to, but after all

pain. You're not vexed with me?"

kissed the scared cheek, the beautiful

"I don't mind," she answered. "Why

should I, John, when the most beauti-

"Love, dearest!"-New York Week-

The Professor's Repast.

Professor Brieger, of the Berlin med

ical institute, was busily at work in

his laboratory, surrounded by a formid

able array of chemical and bacteriol-

ogical utensils. A distinguished for

eign physician called upon hun, and

watched his absorbing labor with in-terest. The professor's attention

seemed to be anxiously but still hope

fully, concentrated on a vessel which

was enveloped in smoke and steam. "Guess what I am boiling here in this

pot," said the professor. The visitor

began to enumerate the entire scale

micro-organism, "Micrococci?" o." "Sonococci?" "No." "Spiro

Occasionally a mine shaft is "sun!

spward," to use a paradoxical expres-

sion, for some special reason. The shaft is divided temporarily by brat-

tice work, the space on one side being filled with excavated rock, and form-ing a platform for the men.—Engi-

chaete?" "No." "What then?"

sages," replied Brieger.

ful thing in the world is blind?"

"The most beautiful thing?"

baby!"

to see—to see!

olind mother always?"

might see!"

GAS AND WATER.

ONE AS NECESSARY AS THE OTHER?

Citizens of Large Cities Say It Is.

New York, June 13 .- In the recent agitation here about the price of gas. the demand for lower rates was supported by the argument that every res dent is as dependent upon a supply of gas as upon a supply of good water.

It has come to pass that the day laborer uses gas as his only fuel for cooking, because of economy, and the rich man uses gas on account of its convenience. Gas for lighting, with modern improvements in burners, is cheaper, better and more satisfactory than any other kind of light. Gas sells at \$1.00 per thousand cubic feet in large cities, and from that to as high as \$3.00 in smaller towns.

The consumer of gas in the country uses Acetylene (pronounced a-sef-a lene), and each user makes his own gas and is independent of Gas and Electric Companies. Acetylene is a more perfect illuminant than the gas sold by the big gas companies in the cities, and the cost to the smallest user is about the equivalent of city gas at 85 cents per thousand.

Acetylene is the modern artificial light, the latest addition to the many inventions that have become daily necessities.

The light from an acetylene fiame is soft, steady and brilliant, and in quality is only rivated by the sun's rays. If water and a solid material known as Calcium Carbide are brought into contact, the immediate result is the making of this wonderful gas. The generation of acetylene is so simple that experience or even apparatus is not necessary to make it. If it is desired to make it for practical lighting, and to keep it for immediate use, then a small machine called an "Acetylene Generator" is employed. There are many responsible concerns making acetylene renerators. In practice this gas is distributed in small pipes throughout buildings, grounds or itire cities and towns in the san city gas. Acet only satis factory mea isolated buildings ry or The Indian suburbs : electric

SIWASH INDIANS.

Degenerate Lot of the Aleutian Islands.

W. E. Thomas, whose claims near Seward, Alaska, are in buch a favorable condition as to permit him to live in Seward with his family during the summer and take them back to Gary, S. D., winters, has been at the St. Charles botel for a week.

Seward is at the base of the finger that stretches out toward Siberia from northwestern Alaska and forms the Aleutian islands. Its climate is milder than Omaha or Kansas City, due to the warm waters of the ocean currents. Wagons are used all the year around, The only inhabitants in 1903 were a family of Siwash Indians, but it now numbers 9000 people. The Alaska Central railway, which will pierce the centre of the great peninsula and connect the ocean with the Yukon country is well under way from Seward, 4000 men working on it up in the mountains. The road will run spurs to the right and left, tapping the copper and other districts. The district back of Seward ships out \$2,000,000 in gold a year. Mr. Thomas says it is destined o become the capital of the territory in which it lies, including Skagway, Sitku and Juneau, the present capital, Alaska, will be divided, he says, into territories according to the judicial districts now in force, viz.: the Seward-Juneau district the Nome district and the Circle City, or Arctic, district,

"The Siwash Indians are a degenerate lot," says Mr. Thomas. "There is practically no family tie and diseases brought in by the white fishermen and the Chinese salmon packers have caused the death rate to exceed the birth rate. But the missions are working with considerable success to counteract this. The territory along the coast is divided among the several denominations, the Baptists taking so much-1000 square miles, say—the Presbyterians so much, and so on. Seward lies in the Baptists' sphere, and the nearest mission is on the island of Kodiak. | Cre Kodiak was formerly a Russian o vict post, and some of the there still have a mixture blood. It is these wh

the Rev. Mr. Co

in Pennsylvan

ing and

THE PULPIT.

AN FLOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. C. F. JEFFERSON.

Subject: Wanted: A New Vision of God. New York City. - In the famous Broadway Tabernacie the pastor, the Rev. Charles Edward Jefferson, D. D., on Sunday preached the following ser-mon entitled, "Wasted: A New Vision

of God:" The great word on the lips of the coming preacher will be "God." The name which is above every name has been too much neglected in these recent years, even by the men anointed

There have been reasons for this neglect. The evolutionary philosophy awakened a new and thrilling interest in man. Whence he came, how he started, what have been the of his climbing, these are the questions which have bewitched and absorbed us all. The phenomenal achievements of the last half century have worked toward the same result. Never has man been so wonderful as now, never has he done such mighty deeds. He is a miracle worker who says each evening, "I will do greater things to-morrow. His prowess, cunning and mastery are astounding, and to chant his praises has been our pastime and delight.

spired to fix our attention on him. He as come from the country to the city and he is in trouble. He has become the victim of all sorts of econ social forces, which have left him ying bleeding and half dead by the side of the road along which the strong have driven furiously to wealth and power. To lift the man who is down and place him on our beast and get him into the nearest inn is a trobem of vast dimensions, and has taken deal of our thought and time.

We have been caught in the com-plex of secondary causes, and have little inclination to consider the Cause underlies them all. To many minds God's presence has become din His personality vague and doubtful.
His holiness has been by many quite forgotten. In admiring or pflying the and into the gray matter of their

the majesty and authority of a king. We have too much followed the idea of Goethe and Carlyle, that Christianity is a religion of sorrow, and that its chief end is that of consolation This leads men like Mr. John Morley

This leads men like Mr. John Morley to call the gospel a "sovereign legend of pity," and to long for a wider Gospel of justice and progress.

Christianity is more than a legend of pity, it is a bugle blast calling men to battle. Jesus is more than the consoler of people in trouble, He is the anointed King of men. He announces his Kingship again and again in His His Kingship again and again in His discourses, and it is as Lord and Messiah that Peter presents Him to His countrymen on the Day of Pentecost. To submit to Him unconditionally is man's wisdom and peace. It is not the picture of the earthly Jesus with His hand upon a leper that this age needs most of all to see. We need to see the Son of God as John, the apostle, saw Him, with many crowns upon His

head, the universal Sovereign of the kingdoms of life. God's condescension will also be seen in Christ. The great words spoken in the upper chamber will be restudied, and upon many hearts they will fall with the emancipating charm of a fresh revelation. "Ye shall know I am in My Father, and ye in Me "If a man love Me he will keep My words, and My Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make Our abode with him." We do not snow God as He is until we have seen Him not only high and lifted up, sitting on a throne, but also as the apostle saw Him, standing as a suppliant, saying, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."

In Christ also we see God's indig-nation against sin. He is the holy prist. Though merciful, He says to orkers of iniquity—I never knew you. Christ. Though gracious, He says to transgressors of God's will-depart from Me ye cursed. Tender above all tenderness known to mortals. He paints pictures of loss and pain and doom so terrible that they have burned themLESSLESSNESS.

Now that they have got horseless rigs Frum here to Kalamazoo, An' telegraph that's wireless, An' amokeless powder, too,

There ought to be more lessless things It sort o' seems to me. Why can't we have a stingless wasp? Also a stingless bee?

Why can't we have sum schooliess towns?

An' workless work to do?

An' spankings that are slipperless?

An' queless orchards, too?

An' acheless stomachaches as well?

An' wetless hair, so w'en
We go down to the swimmin' hole
Ma won't know where we've b'en?

An' wen we get these lessless the 'Twill fill our hearts with Joy, An' then you'll never see again A hapless, joyless boy.

New York Press.

## JUST FOR FUN



Poet-I can't get a bit of fire in my lines today. Friend-Here's a match. -Chicago Record-Herald.

"Ol was at a wake last night." "Was Kelly there?" "Whoi, Kelly was the loife av th' wake; he was the corpse." -Puck.

Grocer-Be that an auto out in front o' the store thar, Ezry? Boy-I dunno, sir, I god such a cold I can't smell nothink .- Puck.

He-What would you do if I should attempt to kiss you? She-I would call for help. He-But I don't need any .- Philadelphia Record.

"What do you think of railway rebates?" said one citizen. "Any chance of our getting any?" "None whatever." Then, I'm against 'em."-Washington

Teacher-Now Johnny, if your papa caught one fish of three pounds, one of

ed runway nd straightens out

easy incline as it approaches the



voice, "dear John, don't be angry with me-I know you've been put to trouble -trouble and expense, but-I'm a cowof Death" the auto is raised to the ard, dear-the doctor said it would be painful; I can't"—she almost sobbed elevated platform by means of a wire cable. This is done to afford the spec-He held her from him for a mintators an opportunity to see the maute; no inkling of the truth entered chine and to study its construction. When the automobile has been placed his mind. Then he snatched her to his on its elevated pedestal the automoheart. Was he wicked, selfish, to be blifst ascends, takes her seat, grasps the levers and prepares for her thrill-"Not to face it!" he returned. "But ing flight. No unnecessary time is think, Nora, just a little pain, or even consumed in the preparations. The suspense is not prolonged. Almost before the crowd has nerved itself for the ordeal the word is given and the auto starts upon its thrilling jour-

For two-thirds of its course the automobile is running right side up. But at the top of the loop there is a vacant space forty-five feet across. Just before the machine gets here it is turned upside down by following the curve of the loop.

"I have thought;" she answered and I can't risk it. You must thank Across the yawning chasm the auto the doctor, and tell him I'm afraid. leaps. It is upside down. Mile. Mau-John, I don't seem selfish to you bericia is held in her seat by the same cause I won't bear pain-because I centrifugal force that keeps the auto must be your blind wife, and baby's up in position as it flies unsupported through space. Now the machine alights, still upside down, on the op-"No," he whispered. Was he selfish wicked, that so great a glow of joy posite side of the gap, quickly rights pervaded his whole being? "But, dearitself by following the curve of the est, to be blind all your life, when you incline and goes rushing earthward with the speed of an express train. She lifted her lips and kissed him-

Trousers and Jacket In Wood. The president of a large wholesale company in Van Buren street has recently received from a customer, who lives in Akron, Ohio, a curio consist. ing of a natural growth of maples ac farhioned as to resemble a pair of Mexican trousers and part of a close fitting jacket. The "trousers"

about long enough for a man six feet The Ohio customer has a farm n his home city. While exploring the woods a few weeks ago he discovered. a tree whose peculiarity startled hir Soon afterward he had the tree felled and, cutting out the unique section, sent it by freight to the Chicago firm.

Charles Barton, 82 years old, fagerstown, who was taken to the Maryland Penintentiary Wedn to serve a life sentence for the m der of Simon Talheim, is the oldest prisoner in the penitentiary, and if he lives two years will be the oldest man ever confined in that institution. Joseph Worthington, who was in the penitentiary on the charge of receiving stolen goods, was \$2 years old when he was discharged, but he was not as old as Barton when he was entenced, as he served seven ye There are now in the ine

The island of and 10,000 shee company. The time when the islands and coa nish all the meat Alaska wants cattle winter without any shelter and with only a little hay put up to feed on it is furing squalls and

Birds "Go to the Bad." Consul-General Bray reports from Melbourne, Australia, that the English starlings introduced from Great Britain for the destruction of insects, and protected by law, have changed their habits and have become a pest to

orchardists.

have increased to myriads, and have become so destructive to the fruit industry that the regulations framed for their protection have been repealed and steps are advocated for their The fruit destroyed by them includes

The few pairs brought into the state

peaches, pears, cherries, figs, apricots, plums, grapes, strawberries and ap-From many districts reports come that fruit-growing will have to be given up unless some radical steps are taken. Insect-eating birds, such as king-

fishers, diamond birds, tree swallows and tree creepers are driven out of their nesting places by starlings, and before long these birds will be driven out of the state.

That is a worse record even than the English sparrow has made in this country.

A New Niagara.

Last week there returned from South America to New Orleans a par-

ty of explorers which included scien tists from different institutions. With a score of natives they visited the Rio Leon territory, near the equator, and penetrated a part never before seen by white men.

Among the discoveries was a won derful cascade which rivals that of the Yosemite in height and Niagara in volime. It is crescent in form and has eight cataracts, divided from each other by islands smaller than those at Niagara. It is thought to be only question of a few years when these islands will be swept away and leave one vast estaract. The leader of the expedition Prof. Caracristi of New Or leans, had visited the region twice be fore, but did not go in so far on his previous journeys. This time he was employed by a company to learn whether the coal lands which he had covered were worth working. He reports the coal to be inferior and transportation too costly.-Philadel

The discovery on an Iowa farm of many relies, including human skulls and skeletons, of an Indian race of the existence of which there are no local traditions and no other evidences has interested and puzzled the historians and scientists of the region. Prof. Van Hyning, of the state Historical department, concludes that the graves are a splendid representation of the once thrifty and powerful nation of the Sloux and that the graves antodate the settlement of the white ter, are growing on some of the burial

of God in with God on It. 1 havoc with our ideas and the result is a flabbiness sibility and a laxness of conductave unless counteracted, will lead to rulu. The pessimism and hopeless-ness so prevalent to-day, even among professing Christains are the

result of a failure to grasp the funda-mental doctrine of God's omnipotence. Along with the doctrine of God's sovereignity will go the doctrine of His immanence. It is an old doctrine couched in fresh phrascology and with new light shot through it by modern science. The doctrine is written large across the pages of Scripture, and in every land and time the saints have known that God dwells in the hearts of men. In Him we live and move and have our being, as the apostle long ago declared. And centuries before Paul's day a Hebrew poet thrilled by the thought of God's o'nn potence

wrote the 139th Psalm.
That God is above all and through all, and in all, and that of Him and ough Him and to Him are all things is one of the commonplaces of the Bible; and whether we use the old phrase, "the indwelling God," or the phrase now most popular, "the imma-nent God," the thought needs to be emphasized and wrought into the con-sciousness of the Christians of our day that God is in His world and dwells in special fulness in the hearts of those

love and serve Him. Nor will the holiness of God be for-gotten. The decadence of the sense of sin has been caused by the blur-ring of the doctrine of God's holiness Holy Father v.s the title by which Jesus knew God, and it is thus that we must know Him if it is to be well with our souls. The forms in retribution was often preached in preceding generations were so grotesque and arbitrary that some of us have been ashamed to say it right out clear and strong, that God pun shes men for heir sins. In the coming day we are going to believe again that whats reap, that without boliness no man car see the Lord, that there is no peace unto the wicked, that the soul that sinneth dies in the act of its rinning, and that God is calling upon men everywhere to repent.

ing of the latest science need be ashamed or afraid to preach the most rigorous doctrine of retribution. "You preachers do not tell men often enough that every sin brings its inevitable punishment," is a sentence spoken to punishment," is a sentence spoken to me years ago by a physician. Behold the goodness and severity of God! This is the completing statement of the apostie, and the prophets who are re-deem the twentieth century will let the sentence stand without abridgment. With chies rotting at our doors and the wall of the damned ringing in our ears, and with an ancient empire erumbling to pieces before our eyes, crumbling to pieces before our eyes, it is not hard to believe that while God is ready always to forgive the penitent He will by no means spare

No man a quainted with the teach-

penitent He will by no means spare the guilty.

Behold your God! will be the stirring note of the coming message, and the only God who will stir the hearing of the people will be the God who is revealed in Jesus Carist. Christ is God manifert in the fiesh. He is the express image of His father. Through Him the reveinton of the Infinite heart has come. In seeing Him we see the Father, and we come to the Father only through Him. We do not see Carist as He is unless we see in Him

whipping I by the county sheriffs and their deputies "under authority of our sovereign Lord, King Geo. e." The site of

the jail is now occupied by a modern business building. The whip was made of strips of rawhide tightly wrapped and woven and terminating in two long lashes. The lash is about 28 inches in length and is attached to a handle of deer horn about 9 inches long. The handle is ornamented with crude carvings, of rings and diagonal lines run-

ning between. The late Jers Cullison, father of Obe Cullison, found it in the attic of the Colonial Court House, when that structure was torn down in 1841, and the relic was preserved in the Culli-

tion to the Historical Society. The whipping post was in use in York County under the provincial law from 1749, the year of the erection of the county, until 1776, when corporal nunishment of criminals was prohibited by the first constitution of the new commonwealth. Under the English law, criminals guilty of theft burglary, counterfelting, and wifebeating, after being convicted in open court, were sentenced to be tied to

the whipping post and whipped in public. In archives of the York County Court there are records showing that lifty persons were punished at the whipping post. One fellow, guilty of counterfeiting Spanish coins, in 1765. received thirty-nine lashes on the are back and was sold into servitude for two years because he could not pay a fine of £100.

Compass With a History. E. H. Doughton of Barre, Vt., has surveyor's compass which may the first ever made in America. was born on the Mayflower as vessel lay off the coast waiting a chance to make a landing. ompass is encased in hand ha ed brass and the needle is said point as true to-day as in the day of

bughs-Can you lend me a jail, recently has found it tow of to lar, old man? Markley—Don't talk the museum of the York County Aistorical Society. The whip was used Burroughs-Why don't 1? Markley-You mean, "Will you lend me a dollar?"-Philadelphia Press. Clarissa-Of course, I love you, Clar-

> dances with you? Clarence-I don't see any proof in that. Clarissa-But you would if you only knew how you dance.-Chicago Daily News. "After all," said the moralist, "the Almighty Dollar is man's greatest enemy. It-" "If that's so," interrupted old Roxley. "I guess that

ence. Haven't I just danced eight

for the enemies I've made."-Philadelphia Press. Alice-When I came in she was turning her rusty black silk inside out." Carrie-And no doubt singing, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will you dve?" She invariably sings something appro-

young wife of mine merely loves me

priate, no matter what she is doing .-Boston Transcript. Lady-For goodness sakes, Bridget, what kind of greens are these? Bridget-The spinage was fed to the cow by mistake, ma am, so . The guests o' them parlor palms. The guests by' mistake, ma'am, so I cooked up one But, Bridget! Those palms were ar-

tificial!-Detroit Free Press. "Ma," said Tommy Twaddles, looking up from his reading of "Terry the "what is a bootless at-Tenspot," tempt?" "It's the sort your father makes to get in without my hearing him when he comes home late from the club," answered Ma Twaddles, incisively." Pa dcesn't stop to remove 'em at the foot of the stairs now. He knows it's no use .- Cleveland Lee

We must educate everybody in our respective neighborhoods in order that tion and of appreciation. You may educate your son and daughter to the fullest extent possible, giving to them the learning of all the world and put them after their education in a cor munity where there are no other edu cated people, and they will fail to grow and develop as they would if they liveasily head and shoulders abo neighbors will never be very tall. If he is to surpass his neighbors and be really great, he must have neighbors there is in him until he is for so by the connectition of oths