THE FRANKLIN PRESS.

VOLUME XX.

have won as wick as we, have lost as strong as we, have died as brave as we, arce-score years and ten I grief and joy - and then Eternity!

Men have lored the same as we, Men have harbored hats as we. We have longed for crest as we-Three-score years and ten With hats and love - and then Eternity :

FRANKLIN N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1905.

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RUFE'S OCCUPATION.

the disciples, those three close friends, Peter and James and John, whom He took with Him into the Garden of Gethremane on the night of His be-irayal. He said to them as the bur-Some folks don't have no special slift. They hafter dig eround an' shift. An dew the best they kin. an' say. "I wish tew goodness 'twan't this way." But Rufus Jinkins. I recall. He wasn't built that way at all He had a glit that's some renowned. The gift of settin' round. den of sorrow pressed upon Him: 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto

death; tarry ye here and watch with Me.' And then He went away a lit-He'd set an' set an' set an' set, An' when you'd spose at he might get Some tirred of it, he'd set some more Tpon a box in fertine' store ; An' ex for whittile', want, I say He was a whittler, anywy. Un sharpin's covered up the ground, While he was settin' round.

The drought might come his crops knock. But Rufus didn't feel the shock; His honks might come his act the statu-Dut still he did his settin' sci; A food might come his act the same. An' then his critters all was drowned He jest kept settin' round.

Ole Death gripped Rufe ferevermore-He found him settin' in the store-An' where he went course I don't kpowr I might be high, it might be low: But ef ws foller-me an' yew-I'd like ter bet a plunk or tew That Rufus ill at hast be found Jest merely settin' round. -San Francisco Call,

ever

One

knows It



Emerson-Aren't you mistaken, mamma, in regard to the location of my mind?-Life.

Mrs Whittier Lowell-14 disobeying me, Emerson, you were doing wrong, and I am punishing yop to impress it upon your mind!

The Artist-What effect do you think war between Norway and Sweden would have on the world at large? The Editor-I'm afraid there would be universal strike of linotype operators and proofreaders.-Puck.

Governess (looking over geography papers)-What's this? "The people of Lancashire are very stupid!" Where in the world did you get that idea from? Pupil-Out of the book. It says that Lancashire is remarkable for its dense population-Punch.

Newitt-No; of course Batcheller doesn't keep house. He just has apartments at his club. Wrounds-He doesn't know what life is. Why, half the fun of going to your club is lost unless you've got a home to stay away from.-Philadelphia Press.

"Do you not love," said the Cadaverous Boarder, "to explore to Unknowable? To wring from Chaos the secret of its Indwelling Entity?" "You just bet I do!" answered the stenographer, smiling sweetly. "Will you please pass the hash?"-Cleveland Leader. *

Miss Hiram Offen-Insert this advertisement for a girl, but, for goodness' sake! don't put "Help Wanted" over Clerk-No. Mrs. Hiram Offen-No. that implies that I expect to do most of the work myself. The last girl I got this way held me to that --- Philadelphia Press.

The man behind the white apron indignantly asserted himself. "I won't rdered around as if I wa

Men have found to win the prize, Men have atmost touched the shless But she wealth or grandeur criss : "Three-score years and ten With wealth or fame- and then Eternity !" at it since this morning."

Men have fought their base des Men have guenched it eir passi Jien have called on what inspi Three-score years and ten With soul score and then Eternity ! -Robert J. Burdette

not answer now," he said, "I can wait,

But she seemed not to hear him

"There's a thing," she said, "that's

bothering me. I hardly know how to

tell you. It-it will seem so silly if

there's nothing in it. But I must

know for certain. Has it ever struck

else?" She looked at him searchingly,

She was trying to catch him; she

had a suspicion, a doubt. Hamberton

"Yes." She was watching his face

eagerly. "But-she's in society."

was surprised, but he had his features

admirably under control.

of course."

"ls large."

The Real Lady Hermione.

By V. H. Friedlaender.

AND THEN-ETERNITY!

The grassy slope halfway down the | For a moment there was slience cliff inclined at exactly the right an- Then she turned to him slowly, and gle. They leaned comfortably back her voice sounded tired and weak. "I -don't-know," she said, hesitatingly. and watched the sea. "I think," said the girl, softly, "it's "It's so difficult to-" He nodded as she paused. Of course, perfectl / wonderful." "The sea?" he inquired. she was thinking of her people, of the difficulties that would be raised. "Do

She half turned her head toward him and smiled. "Me?" he hazarded, hopefully. "Perfectly wonderful," she explained "that no one else has chosen to come

and sit here this morning." He pulled his hat further over his eyes.

"That wasn't," he remarked, "what you were going to say; but no matter. you that I am at all like-some one Did you observe that I carried a large flat packet with me this morning?" She nodded without interest.

"And that there is a wooden post

on the cliff above us?" "Yog."

"Some one I know?" he asked, with interest. "The packet," he explained lasily, "was a placard marked 'Private,' and "No; at least-you live in London-I nailed it to the post." you may have seen her-" "London," he protested, smilingly,

She laughed appreciatively. "Delighted." she said. "First, you lull one into the belief that your remark is going to be pointless, and then-well,

the point suddenly pricks. Not that it "Really ?" He exhibited just the right wasn't a silly thing to do. No one shade of amused surprise. "Is the likewill take any notice of your 'By orness very striking?' She put out her hand for an illus-

"They'll think it's Lord Glanmore's trated weekly paper that lay on the -till this afternoon, when the agent grass beside her, but her eyes never will enlighten them," he said placidleft his face.

She laughed again. "But about your points," she reflected; "I must try and learn your trick of bringing them

"It is the little trade that I have learned," he misquoted, modestly. "That you are learning," she corrected. "A dramatist can't have learned all his trade at the age of-at your

age. "That I am learning then," he agreed, politely.

She smiled. "You're vastly agreeable this morning." "As I always endeavor to be," he

ooked at him keenly. He way his hand to push his hat of

"Don't move," she commanded uickly; "I'm going to draw you." "Yery well." His hand dropped to

"You can judge for yourself," she she said, slowly. "There's a portrait of her in this week's 'Whirligig.' " He took it from her without undue eagerness.

"Ah!" he said, and looked up to compare the likeness with her face. "It's marvellous. But for the name below I could have sworn it was you." "Yes, it's rather odd, I suppose," she agreed, indifferently, "though, of course, I've got used to it. But I want-

ed to tell you. You see, if you had ever seen Lady Hermione Forbes in town, you might, quite naturally, have

thought that I was she, masquerading down here as the daughter of a poor artist. And if I had allowed you to remain unenlightened-" She did

not finish the sentence. "Thank you for telling me," he said, you care enough-" She flung him her hands passionategravely; "but, you see, I never did see adv Hermio

CRUISE IN He held it out to her. "It's the first MISHAPS OF THE ONE OF TH act of a new play. I've been working UNLUCH BENNINGTON. -She fell upon it with a little cry of delight. "I'm so glad-glad-glad!" she pard of Her at Hono-Cholera Got

said. "I'm going to read it now and lulu and for Three Months the Rest of the World Treated Her as a Leper They sat down on a bank, "What a -A Grim Chibition by Sharks and lessing there's a moon, she said, cona Big Drur When Quarantine Was

Hamberton nodded, with his head Lifted. turned away. She noticed his position, and it helped her to go on waiting. It "The Benn acton was never what you call a lu y ship," said a man who used to be, the navy, "and the exwas proof positive that he was in sackcloth and ashes. Never, otherwise plosion of her bollers was the climax of a rather checkered history. I made would be have denied himself the reward of watching her face an she one cruise aboard of her, on the Pa cific "Thank you," she said, when she station, too, and that cruise had finished, and there was a note of doesn't stick in my mind with any

ing sight of something white in his

entedly.

you do it?"

turned to pain.

did not come.

voice.

-sorry."

inpunished?"

"Before said, quickly

quietly.

but mast you r

"Before I had

the man one-loves?"

ing things over.

Eleanor?" he asked.

"What was it you knew

her eyes were full of tears.

exultation in her voice. "I knew you pleasant recollections worth mention ing. could do it. It's got what the others all lack-the human note. What made "That was the cruise when she took

the Aslatic cholers on board down at He looked at her desperately. "I Honolulu, back in 1895. That was a love you, Eleanor. You made me do mean business. Not that the ship was swept by the cholera, for she wasn't. But the plugging around She seemed to shrink away from quarantine that she had to do-all' hands in sight of land for three him, and the exultation in her eyes "Ah, don't," she said; "please don't," months, and not a chance to get and made a movement to go. was a job that I wouldn't go ashore-"If you wouldn't mind," he pleaded, through again for quadruple sea pay. "Only one hand died of the disease, "waiting just another minute-l've got something that has to be said. To-moran apprentice; but the authorities of row-I may be a coward as well as a Hawali and all the ships that drifted knave. Will you wait? It won't take in and out of Honolulu and all the a minute to tell. And-and I shall nevrest of the Hawaiian ports made a er dare to ask you anything again." leper of us, all the same, on account A stillness came into her attitude of that one boy's death, and we all felt as if while might just as well be on nd eager expectancy into her eyes. "Yes," she said. "I'll wait. Tell me." the Island of Molokal, where they put

"I've behaved like a sweep," he said. the Kanaka lepers. "I've deceived you; I've lied to you, I "The cholera got on board the Benhated work and I wanted to marry nington that time in a peculiar way. money-to marry you for your money. It all came about through the ship-And I was sure all the time that you ment of a cargo of Chinese coolies for were Lady Hermione Forbes; sure

the Hawaiian sugar plantations to when I asked you to marry me; sure Honolulu on the steamer Belgic. when you showed me her portrait. It "On the way down to Honolulu was only when I read what was becholera broke out among them, but low the portrait that my eyes were

the death, were put down to pneu-monia and nothing was said about opened. That's all, I think." He waited for her words of biting cholera. The coolies were landed at scorn or contemptuous dismissal. They Honolulu and were all huddled in the Chinese quarter. "Quite all?" she asked, in a low "Through that quarter runs a creek,

The Chinks washed their clothes in "Quite; except, of course, that I am that creek, and it was the creek that carried the Asiatic plague on board She turned to him. "I accept your the Bennington. The way it hapapology," she said. "It's rather mag-nanimous of me, isn't it"-she smiled pened was this:

"The ship was anchored not very 'seeing that you are getting off quite far from the mouth of the creek. The weather was pretty hot, and the men "Unpunished!" he burst out. "Unfor'ard of the Bennington were perpunished, when I love you, and-" He mitted to swim after knock-off every roke off short. "I beg your pardon." evening. They went in one evening "I'm awfully glad," she said, "that you told me before -" She hesitated. after the cholera had broken out in Honoluli, and the start franks swim picked up the serve for us. "It was a boy named Goebel, from d me: lly; but-

Georgetown D. C., who swallowed the she ended microbe, on maybe a bunch of mi-crobes, that flowed into the harbor "What?" He stood up with a jerk. water from the Chinese creek. That The next moment he had seen that evening while he was on watch he to grab at his middle. They began "Eleanor," he cried, "what have I found him with a ghastly look in his done? Forgive me. I didn't dream face and pretty nigh all gone, and carried him aft to the sick bay. He lived until about midnight, when he

if waiting, and they didn't go off until the body went ashore in the CHOLERA SHIP steam cutter.

"I am not one of the old navy flatfeet, and I haven't got any supersti-tions in me worth speaking of. But what I am telling you is the strict fact.

"Well, after the boy's body was put away in the Honolulu ground the Ben-nington was told to sheer off. She was put under indefinite guarantine. "From then on we had to do slouch-

ing around all sorts of Hawaiian ports, looking for a bit of comfort or cheer, and getting none anywhere. First, we dropped into the roads in front of Lahaina, on the Island of Maul. Being badly in need of some fresh provisions, the steam cutter was sent ashore one morning with the stewards with the idea of dickering with the Lahainaites from a distance.

"The steam cutter hadn't got within velling distance of the Lahaina land ing place before a whole bunch of Kanakas, led by a few whites, were seen lined up there with shotguns in their hands. Our shin was a blooming leper in their sight, you see, and they weren't going to let any steam cutter of ours gets within megaphoning distance of the Labaina dock. "We got no provisions at Lahaina,

nor anywhere else. We lolled around there for a long time, eating junk and cracker hash and pretty blue, and then we slunk up to the rough waters in front of Hanalei, on the Island of Lanai, where we rolled and tossed for a space. "After that we crawled down to

Hllo, the town on the main island of Hawail, where, after watching us and inspecting us and feeling of us suspiciously for a long time they finally said that we were all right and could land. That was the end of the miserable experience.

"The crew for'ard got their longedfor beach liberty in watches, the starboard watch first. Now, there isn't any need to condone it, for it was only natural, seeing that the crew had been cooped up on board ship so long, but I want to go on record as saying that the shore liberty in Hilo of those two watches of the Bennington's crew that time constituted the most whop ping bluejacket drunk that I've even seen in any quarter of the world, and I've seen some powerful and amazing bluejacket drunks up and down the

earth, in my time. "The Hilo authorities swore in slews and slathers of Kanaka deputies with the idea of curbing the situation, but the relaxed and joyous Bennington chased those Kanakas halfjust way to the top of the volcano of Mauna Loa, which is about 15,000 feet high, and up there they stayed till all hands of the Bennington crew were yanked off to the ship by the marine. gnard and the ship pulled back to

Henolulu. "But it was a bad piece of a cruise, and the Bennington was a naturalborn sad one. At that, the little old hooker deserved something better than to be tossed up by a set of punk boilers, and it kind o' hurt to hear about her going that way."-New York

THE PULPIT. SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

ilinstration of this in His treatment of

Subject : The Compassion of Christ.

the by Himself and fell on His face in Brooklyn, N. Y.-Dr. Louis Albert Banks, at one time pastor of the Han-son Place M. E. Church, where he was prayer, and after a time He came back wishing the comfort of the association with His friends. And behold, they most successful, preached there Suc-day morning on "The Christ Who is Touched With the Feeling of Our Inwere all usieep. They aroused at His step, and Jesus said to Peter, 'What' could ye not watch with Me one hour? formities." The text was from He-brews iv:15. "We have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infimities, but was Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation. Then Jesus, is the ten-derness of His great heart, feeling sympathy and compassion toward in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin." Dr. Banks said:

them, begins to apologize for them and explain to them their weakness. 'The "The last part of this text explains the first. Christ is in sensitive touch with us in the temptations and trials spirit indeed is willing.' He says, 'but the flesh is weak.' Was there greater tenderness than that? can easily imagine the sarcasm of Napoleon or Frederick the Great on an occasion like that. But could anything more clearly illustrate the ten-derness of Christ in distinguishing between our weakness and willful wron doing? We may be sure that Christ will never misjudge us if we are do-ing the best we can. He knows it and appreciates it to its full value He sees every battle we make, even when we are defeated, and knows the motive behind every blow that is struck in ills name. He will never reject or look with indifference or contempt on any effort we make to serve WAS Him because of our infirmities which make us to blush. What we speak in

bread thrown away from a wegon where some teamster had eaten his anon as he goes, that those who come after may see the traces of his hay luuch, and rescued it from a dog, and ing been there, and may know that they have not lost the trail. So when sat down and ate it gratefully, and washed it down with a drink from the town pump.' Then the tears came into the big man's eye and one rolled we are journeying through the murky

of life because He has personally ex-perienced them. He is not a stranger standing off on the ramparts of heav-en, looking down, though it be ever so benevolently, upon sorrows and dif-ficulties which He has never personally known. Such compassion could not mean much to us. But Jesus Christ perfected Himself as the captain of our salvation through suffering For three and thirty years He were our flesh, and tasted our grief, and He is touched with the feeling of our in-firmities. How much that ought to mean to us. When we are in any trial or trouble, and we need comfort, it is not to the most joyous and happy, who have never known what sorr to whom we go for sympathy.

"Some rears ago I was surprised to receive from a very rich man in a city words are not the only prayers Christ hears, but every secret aspiration and longing for goodness or for helpful where I was then pastor a check for a large sum of money which he said he wished me to use among the poor service is a prayer which He hears and answers. There is no eloquence of human lips that can compare with the in my part of the city, and especially among children who were having a among children who were having a hard time of it. I followed his direct penitential tears shed in secret, springing from sincere meditation upon our duty to God, and heartfelt longing that tions and gave him an account of how we may render Blu truer service. portions of it were used. Still other sums followed until I was very much "Second-Jesus, knowing our infirm-Ities, will not abow us to be burdened heavier than we are able to bear. He interested in the matter, and won dered not a little at the cause of it will not allow us to be tempted in such a way that there is no escape for After it had gone on for nearly a yea I received a letter from him inviting me to take lunch with him at a hotel When we met he said: 'I suppose you have woudered at my sending this money to you, an entire stranger to me, and at my being so much interest-ed in the children of the poor in your section of the city. But this is how it comes. My father died when I was a very little boy. My mother was left a widow with a large family of children, all of whom were too small to be of much help. She had to work very hard, but work as hard as she could, she was unable to procure enough food and clothing to give u comfort all the time. For two or three years I knew what it was to be hungry. Many a night I have cried myself to sleep in silence lest my mother should hear and it should make fort and defend us. We shall go no her feel had, because I was so hungry path so lonely or uncertain but we I could not keep back the tears, and may flud marks to show us, if we really seek for them, that Christ has knew she had no bread to give me. You would scarcely believe it,' continned the millionaire, 'looking at me now and knowing what you do of me been over the way first. Alexander Maclaren recalls the customs of plothat on more than one occasion I have run and snatched aust of peers in trackless lands how who one friend passes through pathless forests he breaks a brauch ever and

us. He will not permit us to be loadd, unless we bring it on ourselves by our own sin, with unnecessary fronbles. His measure about burdens is infinitely trader: 'Come unto Me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I wilf give you rest. Take my voke upon you, and learn of Me; for am meek and lowly in neart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.' "And in regard to temptation, we have the grace shall be sufficient for us, and that in every temptation He will make a way for our escape, so that both in our sorrows and in our danger Christ, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, stands ready to com-

his side and there was a pause "Ap you sure," he demurred, anxiously, after a minute, "that you can draw my patrician nose from memory?"

"Oh, don't be uneasy," she said, frankly. "I don't want your patrician nose-nor your face at all." "My clothes," he suggested, with swer?

gratification, "were made"-"It isn't your clothes, either,"

broke in. "It's your attitude." "Ah. My attitude suggests?" "The incarnation of Sloth," she said,

calmly. He sat up suddenly and pushed back his hat. His face was a dull red. "Oh," she murmured, regretfully, looking out to sea, "how tactless of you! You'll never recover that posttion.

opened his lips for a sharp tort; then thought better of it. "I'll try," he said, shortly, and lay

back again, pulling his hat over his eyes.

For ten minutes the sound of pen cll and india rubber alone disturbed the allence. Hamberton had much to think of. The next half-hour would decide whether his life was to be one of easy idleness or of unwilling labor. He was anxious to know, but he realized to a nicety when he ought to ing in the Mediterranean with a few speak. In a little while she would begin to be sorry that she had hurt him:

that would be the moment. an abject fool he had been, and how His lips curved in a smile as he had let his imagination run rlot thought over the position. A fortune There was no disguiate, no concenthunter-he, without shame, admitted ment, no spice of the unusual. The himself that he-was-but he had artist's daughter was-the artist's asked for little beyond the fortune. daughter, and Lady Hermione Forbes That Fate should send it through a was cruising in the Mediterranean. He young, pretty and titled girl and laughed savagely, and tried to readwithal, add a spice of the unjust his ideas. What was the next usual to flavor the whole was, he acthing to be done? He rose slowly to his feet and stood still. He must get knowledged, generous. For the girl who had spent a month in the same back to London, he supposed, as quick-ly as possible. And Eleanor? The village with him-she at the hours of her old nurse, he at the inn-calling r who was really Eleanor? What about her? Was he to say any-Eleanor March, was, as he thing to her before he went? Someed to know, none other than thing rose in his throat and seemed. Lady Hermione Forbes, possessor in her own right of an income of someto stick there. He began to realize that thing over fifteen thousand pounds, he was the victim of unusual sensa-The knowledge had reached him tions. It was characteristic of the through the pages of a magazine be dramatist in him that he should pauge found at the inn, where his eys

to analyze them. had been caught by a very excellent "Somebow," he reflected, incredulikeness of the girl. His conscience reproached him a triffe, but ho lously, "I don't seem to want to go. I want-I want Eleanor. Yes, that's it. thed it. He genuinely liked her; I believe-I really believe I don't card he would be very good to her. about anything else." He drew a deep The sound of tearing paper broke To have lost control of his breath.

feelings was indeed, a new sensation. "It's no good." she said, impatiently "I want her-just her-to live for or "I can't get it. You can sit up; anddie for, or even"-with sudden energy and why don't you talk?" "His eyes smiled. It was the he dashed up the path-"Great Scott! olive this must be the real thing-even to branch for which he had been waitwork for!"

want to talk," he said. "But I'm not sure whether this is the

the looked at him reflectively. you are," she said. "You know that I'm always nicest after being nastlest. Oh, it's not elever of you," she added, hast-

"It isn't fair to lie in wait for me ike this," she said. He made none of the laughing ex-"nearly every one's made that "It's disgustingly hard to take you ," he observed. She looked at him oddly, "fs it?" to that usually came so easily to

"I'm sorry," he said, humbly, "I didn't think you'd mind--for once." She looked at him doubtfully. "What have you got there?" she saked, catchanor." he said, "it's only four nt to my. Will you marry

There was the barest suggestion of a pause before the last two words-as a salve to his conscience. "Ah," she said, in a colorless sort of voice, "then I needn't have troubled

to tell you." "So, now," he urged, gently, "does it make any difference to your an-

that?' "Oh," she said, breathlessly, "I don't know. It all depends on-on you." And, before he had time to give even guess at her meaning, she had fled up the steep path to the village. praved to die afterwards!" He was vaguely disturbed. There

was something that he did not under stand, he, who prided himself on seeing farther than the average, and he picked up the paper abe had left behind, instinctly conscious that the explanation lay there.

But the beautiful, mobile face told him nothing. His eyes dropped to the paragraph below: Lady Hermione Forbes, whose

cortrait we give agove, though one of what made you see?" the most beautiful and popular girls in society, is by no means as fond of town life as most of her contemporaries. This year she has grown tired he asked, humbly. of the whirl of galety even sooner than usual, and is at present passing her time in her favorite pursuit, cruisfriends of similar tastes.

turned, smiling. "Eleanor," he said, earnestly, "I want to work. Somehow, you've made everything different. You won't laugh if I say I think you've made me dif-His eyes were opened at last. What

ferent since this morning, and I want -good Heavens, how badly I want to forget the man I was up to this morn ing!' "I was always waiting," she said,

softly, "for the man you were going to be."

There was a pause.

"And if," she suggested, tenderly your work should bring us wealth?" He straightened himself. "Still I hould work," he said; "you've taught me to despise drones." A great gladness shone in her eves

"That copy of 'The Whirligig.' " she said, irrelevantly, "was one I had printed specially for myself. I had that little bit about the cruise in the Mediterranean put in."

He looked astonished. "Why, Elean or?"

> "Oh, don't you see?"-Her voice was eis PrW.

He stared at her silently. "Eleanor! he said at last. She made room for him beside he on the bank. "I'm tired," she 'said, thoughtfully, "of being called Eleanor, 'lo' is nice and short for Hermion

-The Sketch. Italy's Queen a Poet.

A German firm is preparing to issu

a volume of poems written by Queen Helen of Italy. This book will make Eleanor never let a fine evening pass its appearance in the near future. The ems are said to reveal the fact without walking up the lane till the sea came in view. This night was no exception, although her heart was very that the Queen possesses the highest poetic talent. 'One poem emlitied 'War" has a direct bearing upon the She did not expect to find famberton waiting for her, and she iid not hide her displeasure. present conflict in the Far East. The verses were written in the Queen's an-tive tongue (Montenegrin) and have been translated into German.-Chicage

The first rat, it is said, origina

Norway. Now Norway has produce a new kind of rat-one that carrie its young in a pouch, jost like a has

- C - 6

passed out, dead from as had a case "I cared," she cried, between laughof the Asiatic thing as ever climbed ter and tears. "I cared so much that the side of a ship.

couldn't tell you I knew, because "It was mighty curious to watch the then I should have despised you; an effect of that news upon the men for'how is it possible to live, despising ard. It gave us a fine chance to mark a dead line of cleavage between the "Loves?" he echoed, in an awestruck game, or, rather, the self-contained whisper; "loves? Eleanor! in spite of men, and the natural-born cowards. "When all hands were piped, the "Not in spite of, but because men who were there with what you Don't you see, you've told me, and that might call the nerve turned out same as usual, lashed and stowed their was what I was waiting for. If I had had to tell you-oh, I should have hammocks, and turned to without any chaw among themselves or any cast-There was a pause. He was thinking of glances aft. The boy was dead,

> and of the Aslatic cholera. Well, what before "The cholera had a swell chance to

"Everything. That you had seen sweep the ship and make her a charthat magazine at the inn-I left it nel. Sure, but what of that, too? there: that you thought I was Lady

"That was the way the decent, self-Hermione; that you didn't believe anycontrolled men of the crew, for'ard, thing I told you about myself. So I viewed the matter, from their dethought, if I left that copy of "The meanor. So they did their early stunts, and ate their breakfasts, and Whirligig' for you to see you would have to believe. I suppose that was lit their pipes when the smoking lamp was aglow, and smoked in silence. He nodded, flushing, "Can you learn Talking wasn't going to help anybody to trust me, do you think, Eleanor?" or anything, and they knew it.

"But the Hly-livers of the crew for'-"Can you learn to work?" she re ard-and I am bound to say that there were few Americans among themtook it in another way. They turned out shaking and muttering and exchanging looks with each other, and blamed if some of them didn't appear to be almost afraid to go as far aft as the hammock nettings on the main deck to stow their sleeping bags, they

were in such an inward panic. "Well, the skipper of the ship-Commander Pigman he was, and no better one ever ate in a one-handed mess-had the crew called to quan ters a bit shead of time that morning, and he made us a little talk. He didn't try to minimize the wicked-ness of cholera, but he said that there wasn't any danger. He described the preliminary symptoms of cholera, and said that if any of the men felt any of those symptoms during the day they should immediately report aft to the sick bay and have the surgeon look them over. Then he dismiss

the men from quarters. "I give you my word that quarters hadn't been over five minutes before a lot of the cowards were feeling their stomachs and edging aft toward the sick bay. There wasn't any more the matter with them than there with me at the present minute of talk-ing, but their imaginations had them funked.

"And, right here, I want to put in a word about a thing that has been of-ten called a sailors' expersitition-about the sharks hanging about a ship

when there is death on board. "There are plenty of sharks in Hon-Julu harbor, and you can see their wicked fins shooting along almost any time you raise your eyes from the deck. But they don't group themselves by schools in that barbor, and up to the time that our boy Goebel had cashed in never more than one or two at the outside had crept aro

"Now, I don't profees to explain und I am only stating a fact, but th mounting, while young Goebel's bo was on board-he was carried ashe

Sun.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A Sheffield (England) firm has on view in its window a pocketknife possessing 75 blades. Each blade has a local scene engraved upon it.

The true worth of a girl in Albanla is sometimes readily estimated. When she desires to marry she collects all her money and mounts it on her head, so that observers may note her financial value.

James Carey Walker of Baltimore, a blind student for the ministry, has performed a remarkable feat of re ducing to the point system eleven chapters of the Book of St. John, and Hadley and Allen's Greek grammar in Greek letters.

The Mundesley (England) parish council, which struck out a new line in municipalization by starting a poultry farm, has realized profits on the first year's working which are equal to a reduction in the parish taxes of

a cent and a fifth on the dollar. Organ grinders in Vervieres, Bel

gium, are by law compelled to appear every morning before the police superintendent and play their instruments. The organs which chance to be out of tune must be set in order before a license to play on the streets will be granted.

> A lazy fellow in Topeka, who has a large family, thinks of immigrating to Panama, provided that he can get a job on the canal. Children there live on wild fruit and wear nothing This saves grocery bills, washing and mending. Besides, liquor is sold in every grocery store.

> > 'Twasn't His Name,

An officious individual, who probably had in mind the ordinance of Councils requiring all vending carts and wagons to bear the owner's name and license number, seemed to be greatly concerned recently on beholding a vehicle on South Penn Square which bore only a few undecipherable hieroglyphics where the name should have been. Approaching the driver, he pointed to the faded lettering and remarked: "My good fellow, do you know that your name is obliterated Whoa! What's that?" queried the teamster, puiling up. "I said your name is obliterated." "You're away off," retoried the driver; "my name is O'Brien. Git en!"--Philadelphia Re-

cord. More Liberal,

The Rev. Dr. Fourthly had delivered a discourse on maternal influence, At the close of his sermon the cider-iy member of his flock who had list-ened in grim silence and with evident marks of disapproval on her stern

"I should like to say a few words in reply, domior," she said, "if you have no objection." "St. Paul said it was a sh "St. Paul said it was a sh comen to speak in church," a br. Fourthly, "but in my hum be was proof, on the

out on his cheek as he said: 'Now you know, why I have so much sympathy for the poor children. It makes m shiver on a cold night when I think of the boys and girls who have not clothing enough to keep them warm For I have been in their place, and know how it feels. I know how a bes feels when he is hungry and cold, and God helping me, I shall never lose a

chance to help a boy or a girl that is in a hard place.' "As I listened to this big-hearted man there came into my mind the Scripture we are studying. He was able to sympathize with and comfor others, because he had a fellow feel ing with their infirmities and their SOTTOWS.

"So, no one could be a Savior for us who had not suffered. No one could have compassion on us in our weak-nesses who had not himself been tempted and tried as by fire. Only man who has been hungry, and has not known where to lay times, knows how to sympathize with others who are in similar experience Only he who has been in the wilder ness with the devil, tempted on every side, struggling for his life, knows how to sympathize and have true com-passion with tempted men and women to-day. Only He who has been crowned with thorns, who has been spit upon and whipped with the scourge, who has faluted under His cross, knows real compassion, knows how to be touched with the feeling of people who are lashed by cruel misfortune and who are fainting under burdens too heavy for their shoulders. But Jesus Christ meets all these requirements.

He knows all about it "The incarnation of Jesus was no sham. He wore our humanity com-pletely, and there never was a more perfectly sensitive human nature, on more tender and exquisite in human feelings than that of Jesus Christ. As has been well said, Christ affected none of that hard indifference in which some ancient philosophers vain ly gloried. He felt as a man, and He sympathized with the feelings of others. On different occasions we ar-informed that He was troubled in spirit, that He groaned, and that He wept. The story of His agony in the Garden of Gethaemane exhibits a striking picture of the sensations of innocent nature oppressed with an-guish. It discovers all the conflict be-tween the dread of suffering on the one hand, and the sense of duty on the tween the areast of suffering of the one hand, and the sense of duty but the other; the man struggling for a while with human weakness, and in the end rising superior and winning victory. We hear the Savior say. Tather, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me.' There is the dread of suffering natural'on all our lips, but the next moment we hear Obrist maying. 'Ner-ertheless, not as I will, but as Thon will. Thy will be done.' So our Watter was touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grie: His whole life was an experience o the ordinary frials and provocation that lead to evil, and these views som-times aggravated into the most in tense temptations. He was made the harget of all the arrows of Satan. But though He was tempted in all points like an we are. He came of ristorious and withert are

though He was tempted in an points like an we are. He came of victorious and without size. "These reflections bring up to ap-perfect as a friend and Savier for up in the weaknesses and infimities with which our lives in this world are fa-villar. We may confort ourselves er. We may comfort ourastre-the assurance of several very sine reflections, inst -Uffrist, being touched with

night, and the dark woods of affliction and sorrow, It is a precious thing to find here and there a broken branch or a leafy stem beat down with the tread of Christ's foot and the kindly houghtfulness of His hand as He passed, and to remember that the nath as you are."-Chicago Tribune. ic trod He has hallowed, and that there are lingering fragrances and hidden strengths in the remembrance that He was tempted in all points like

as we are, bearing grief for us, bear-ing grief with us, bearing grief like us, Third-As angels comforted Jesus in His sorrows, so He will succor us in our trials and weaknesses. How tenderly Jesus prayed for us before He offered Himself upon the cross as au atonement for our sins! In that ender prayer in which He expressly states that it was not only for His dis-

direct promise that His

ciples, but for all who should believe on Him through their words to the end of the world and therefore inluces us, the Envior prays: 'Now I am to more in the world; but these are in he world. Holy Father! Thine they were, and Thou gavest them Me. Keep them through Thine own Sameilfy them through Thy truth. ween them from the evil one, that they nay be where I am, and may bel the glory which Thou hast given Me." How tender Christ was to people in mr. places during His earthly mmstry! Recall His journey to visi Martha and Mary when their brothe visi Lazarus was' dead. Remember the kindners to the poor woman who touched His garments as the crowd presad about Him. Remember the woman who brought her box of

recious olutiment as He sat at the east in the house of Simon, who we His feet with her tears and wipe them with the hairs of her head. In all these, and in multitudes of other rases how conspictions the tenderness and sensitive compassion of Jesus Christ in comforting those who are tried and troubled. Surely there could be nothing more attractive to us. Nothing which could more perfectly appeal to our confidence and to our faith than the character and the story of Jesus our Savior as set forth in the Word of God."

Narrow Way Esslest.

It is easier to take the unrow than he broad way. If you go to destruc-ion you must leap over the Bible, over the Church of Christ, over the prayers of parents and friends. You must leap over the love of the Savior Himself.-Evan Roberts.

DIAMONDS WHILE YOU WAIT.

Valuable Crystals Made In Laboratory of Prof. Moissan. The art of making diam

been given a step forward throu study of the diamond-bearing met ad-bearing meteoric iron of Canon Diablo. In a section this famous meteorite Prof. Molar has found numerous diamonds-b has found numerous diamonas with black and transparent-together with graphite and phosphorus and sulphur combined with iron. He has also made experiments to determine the effect of silicon, sulphur, and phos-phorus. Iron was funed with a large nerus. Iron was fused with a lat furnace. A soon as the man

on had become saturated with esr-on-partly from the sugar-a small roportion of iron sniphide was intro-need, and the crucible was plunged S AD C m the

he exclaimed. "I'm as good as you It's no disgrace to be a walter! "Maybe not," said the dyspeptic guest, "but it's a disgrace to be such a waiter

Mr. Kornersloon-I've half a mind to start for Dawson City, Sarah, Here's a fellow went up there six months ago, and has just got home with \$15,000 in his pocket. Mrs. Kornersloon-But that would never do for you, John. You can't even get home Saturday nights with your little fifteen dollars: -Judge.

"Why do you put that young man forward so prominently?" asked the politician. "Do you think he is qualified to be a leader in public affairs?" "No." answered Senator Sorghum, "Sometimes a man goes to the front under the impression that he is a leader, when he is merely a cowcatcher, to keep the track clear and receive the bumps."-Washington Star. "Pardon me, sir;" said the waiter to the diner who was about to "but haven't you forgotten something sir?" "Well, if I have you may keep if for your honesty," growled the man who belonged to the Anti-tippers' club, "Thank you, sir," answered the waiter. "You left this pocketbook on your chair-alipped out of your pocket, I suppose. Again I thank you, sir."-Chicago Daily News.

A Violin Trick in Paris.

Enjoying the cool of the evening 1 front of his sausages, a pork butcher of the Latin Quarter was spoken to by a pitcous Italian boy with a violin Mother and sister were supperless in their garret, and not a sou had the poor little musician made that day. If he left his violin as a pledge, would not the pork butcher let him have a the boy, handing over his instrument, went off with a plentiful supper. The next day a well-dressed man, happening to look in at the shop, saw the violin, examined it, and started back in surprise. Did the pork butcher know what a treasure he had? It was a Stradivarius, worth any amo Having heard the story of the Italian boy, the amateur proposed that tradesman should buy the instru If he mot it for 150f. it would be dirt cheap, and the amateur hims sell it for him afterward for 10 that amount. The boy came to pay for his sausages and claim the violin. "Sell it!" he exclaimed, when naked by the pork butcher; "never, for it was his only treasure left him by his grandfather, to whose grandfathe had belonged before that." At however, having gone home to con his mother, he agreed, and, emb eyes, parted with it for £4. T ore hutcher took the violin to a

Superstitiout.

11d.

"Mother, what sort of a sine is a you dream that you are me

r, who pronounced it to be worth ?