

THE IDEAL CITY.

What makes the city great and strong? Not architecture's graceful strength...

The Way Beyond.

By Mary Stewart Cutting.

"Now don't give me anything for a birthday present, Elliott," would a great deal rather put the money into something for the house...

"I am not giving birthday presents to Bridget," said Mr. Garrison, resolutely. "Let the house go. If you want things for it, why, I'll get them."

"Oh, but it is so expensive!" murmured Mrs. Garrison, flushing, however, a little at the thought...

"Nan Garrison was a woman with soft eyes and a gentle manner which covered tenacity of will, as her husband well knew. If he gave her a birthday of his choice it would have to be with her consent."

"There had indeed been a peacefulness about domestic life lately that was almost poisonous. There had been no great strain about money, the cook and the nurse-maid had an air of permanence; the sewing was well in hand, the children were healthy and unusual good, and her husband affectionate and considerate."

"Garrison home already!" she the maid in astonishment, as entered the house. She heard his from above, unaturally loud, "m'am."

and went on carelessly, "Oh, I don't know. I just thought I'd come." He gave her a quick, curious look, and then put out a detaining hand as she was moving away.

"Where are you going?" "I want to tell Bridget that she can put the roast in the oven; we have dinner early."

"Yes, I must. And there's something—something I want to say to you—that I ought to have said before."

"No, no!" she protested, with a quick pain. "Yes, I must. And there's something—something I want to say to you—that I ought to have said before."

"I don't believe I want anything for the house, after all. I don't care if you really want to—my going to buy a new fur piece instead!"

Corean currency exists in various grades—first, government nickles; second, first class counterfeits; third, medium counterfeits; fourth, counterfeits that pass only after dark.

The longest bridge in the world is that crossing the Danube, at Czeranovoda, with a length of 12,705 feet, followed next by the Galveston bay bridge in Texas, with 11,197 feet.

ORCHARD and GARDEN

Good Cleaning Time. Now is a most excellent time of the year to give the garden a good cleaning. Rake up all the old rubbish and burn it.

Warm Food for Cows. The average dairy cow does not require warm mashes of any kind and it is generally considered best to let the animal do her own grinding of grain in its usual state, though there can be no objection to the occasional mash nor to any mixed grain mow-stead and fed quite warm, but simply as an appetizer and a change from the regular rations.

Little Known Vegetables. The American garden is not as well supplied with a variety of vegetables as it should be. There are many choices that are practically unknown here, though they might easily be grown.

Turnip-rooted chervil resembles a short carrot or parsnip. The flesh is meaty and somewhat like the sweet potato in flavor. It is distinct from the kind grown for its top and used for garnishing. If fresh seed is sown in the fall or early spring, chervil is not difficult to grow. It succeeds everywhere. Frosts improve it.

Carriage Horses and Roadsters. A noted horseman of the West contributes an excellent article to the Rider and Driver from which we take the following: The natural instincts of the American people naturally incline them to the admiration of a great horse of any class, but well grown, but have a strong core, which must be removed before cooking. The seeds are sown in autumn or early spring. Roots will be left out all winter.

Not a Wholesome Place. When Mr. and Mrs. Grant removed from the big city and purchased a home in a country village one of their first visits was to the cemetery. "We want to see the old place," Mr. Grant remarked, "and life is uncertain so we had better attend to it during this dry spell while the walking is good."

At the last anniversary of the late school, Bishop Tr... we need will be faithful and... to Nazareth. Some were circumspect. And there were scientific doctrines which do not to able later in the south, but that the daily round of more or less...

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY LUNDA SERMON BY THE REV. L. S. TAYLOR. Subject: "Square Deal in Religion."

Brooklyn, N. Y.—As the subject of his sermon Sunday the Rev. Livingston L. Taylor, pastor of the Puritan Congregational Church, spoke on "The Square Deal in Religion." He took two texts: Proverbs xlii:22; "The deal truly are the Lord's delight," and Psalm xl:7: "The righteous Lord loveth righteousness." Mr. Taylor said: "The kingdom of heaven is a square deal on earth. From the right visions of the shepherds to the dry dreams of St. John it is peace and good will on earth, among men, which the hosts of God are best bestirring themselves to promote. And He who came from heaven lived brother to all men, that they might ever after dwell as brethren here. But there can be no kingdom of brotherly men on earth with any other throne more than that of a fatherly God in heaven. The square deal has its vertical lines as well as its horizontal. The horizon never limited Christ's vision. He lived for the day when man would treat his brother as a man, and not as a creature of fear from any other man. The thinking world is coming around more and more to Christ's estimate of religion, and that is the square deal. It is not a religion to be lived in, but a religion to be lived with. It has always been hard to get a square deal for religion, but it has always been hard to maintain a square deal in presenting the claims of religion. It has always been hard to keep a square deal at the heart of religion. Religion must be borne in mind by us all as we enter upon the special religious activities and privileges of the Lenten season.

The square deal in religion involves a square deal at the heart of religion. The doctrine should be the righteousness of God, the righteous dealing of God with men, a square deal and nothing less for all men, a square deal and nothing more for the 'rich' than for the 'poor.' God does not give us by doing anything wrong. He is continually declaring God's righteousness in His way of saving men, that He is at once 'just and the justifier of every man that believeth in Him.' Paul proclaims the triumph of the square deal in Christ. In Him 'mercy and truth are kissed each other.' All that God offers to us in Christ He has a right to offer. He comes before the bar of our conscience with His great gospel of forgiveness. If it is not ratified there, we never give us peace. It is not the less sensitive consciences which have borne the most unequalled testimony to the peace which God gives in Christ Jesus. But there should be nothing to settle upon our conscience and our doctrine of salvation. We are not saved by dishonest bookkeeping. Nothing is credited to us which does not belong to us in God's sight. Every item which justifies God in His mercy toward us may not appear. But no scheme that could not pass muster with us in our dealing with men can represent the redemptive dealings of God toward sinners. The man who finds peace with God through Jesus Christ just believes that he is better safeguarding of righteousness.

Living to escape trouble is a poor kind of existence. The smoky animals of the forests and mountains have to find a large share of their attention to avoiding catastrophe, but man was made for another kind of life. How are you a man called out to his friend in passing. "I can't complain!" was the ready answer. "Poor fellow! The best that he could say was that he was successfully dodging disaster for the moment. It is the present moment ought to make the highest point of joyous accomplishment our lives have yet known. God means that it should. We have more to be thankful for today than ever before since we or the world came into being. Even our unconscious habits of speech will indicate this if we are living abundantly.

MISTAKE TAUGHT HIM LESSON Ever After He Knew Proper Answer to One Question. The Hon. W. W. Stetson, of Auburn, Me., state superintendent of public schools, convulsed an audience of Maine "schoolmarm" at Newport one day recently by telling the following story of his early school life: "I distinctly remember my first day in school. It was also my brother's first day, and we occupied seats across the aisle from each other. It was in the afternoon when the young and pretty teacher came to my seat, placed her hand on my shoulder and asked, 'Don't you like me?' She didn't

The Pretty School Teacher. say 'like,' exactly, but it was a similar word spelled with four letters. I was almost scared to death, but I looked up at her and replied, 'No, m'am.' "She then went to my brother, directly across the aisle, and asked him the same question, to which he replied, 'Yes, m'am.' You may well imagine which of us got the rebuke from the pudding during that term of school. All that I got I pounded out of my brother. I forthwith made up my mind that whenever that question was asked me again I would always reply, 'Yes, m'am.'"

Railroad Man's Travels. W. E. Johnston is believed to hold the record for long distance traveling among railroad men. Johnston has made 213 trips between here and Washington, D. C., via St. Paul and New Orleans, and a round-trip competition shows that in making his 213 round trips he has travelled a distance of 1,135,777 miles, equal to more than forty-five times around the globe. An interesting feature of Johnston's long and continued journey by rail is that he has never met with an accident. —San Francisco Chronicle.

WHEN.

Their's making fun of father. No work he does, they say. They laugh when father carries the duck. In an unfeeling way. They show his every shadow. With grievous discontent. And never say a word about why father pays the rent.

"When father tells a story?" "They all around and hear. When father does not anything. He's just supposed to nod along. Nobody seems to notice him. When father pays the rent. —Washington Star.

They say there's even in some of the observed. They say that's the right place. Chicago Tribune. Citizen—What do you fellows have for a murderer. Jurymen—Ge! The why? —Cleveland Leader.

"Step lively!" "Not on your life, grouch passenger. That I'd walk car." —Philadelphia Press. "Are you one of nesses?" inquired I. "am," answered the been on the stand. —old 'em a day. Star.

"You're not as strict with that youngster of yours as you used to be." "No, for economy's sake. Every month I slipped and buy myself a new pair of unders and a new pair of pants." —Philadelphia Press. "An elephant must be a pretty expensive animal?" "Yes, I wish I had enough money to buy one." "What do you want with an elephant?" "I don't merely expressed a wish for the money." —Philadelphia Press.

Tyranny of Bachelors. There is, however, one article of men's dress in defense of which there is nothing to be said. What makes men so often late for a dinner party? What leads to the omission of more "words" which provokes more ebullitions of irritability than probably anything else in the world—excluding always a herd of pigs to drive, but we are not all pig-drivers. Is it not the starched shirt, with its front and cuffs hard, like a coat of mail? And yet into its intricacies delicate little studs and sleeve links have to be introduced before the buckles which can be considered presentable in society. A woman transforms herself, hair, footgear, everything, decks herself in jewels and in lustrous raiment, and meanwhile her lord and master, man, the one rational being, is struggling, apoplectic, with his shirt front. Ah! what battles have been fought by distracted bachelors! What tortures have been undergone by sensitive women! When first confronted with the man they love, whom they had fondly deemed incapable of a swear word, not like Laocoon contending against embracing serpents, but contending with a shirt front, into which he has unwarily introduced his head, and which has been sent seething buttoned up from the laundry.—London Chronicle.

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