THE VERDICT.

Puck, a-sitting on the hill,
Spied two lovers by the rill,
Doing things that lovers do
When their love is fond and true;
Just a pressure of the hand,
Flash of eyes—an you understand.
Glancing toward the couple, he
Cried: "What fools these mortals be!"

Later on he spied a pair—
Strephon strong, and Phyllis fair;
Deep affection in each heart,
Yet their ways ran far apart!
He'd no courage for the test,
She deemed coldness for the best.
Puck observed impatiently:
"Oh, what fools these mortals be!"

I don't know what can be done
For to please this jeering one.
If we do, or if we don't;
If we fail, or if we won't;
Spite of how we play the game,
Still the verdict is the same.
Hard to such a fate to bow—
Guess we're all fools, anyhow!
—John Kendrick Bangs, in Ainslee's.

Of All Sad Words

By Genevieve Marie Boice.

Twilight, long wavering shadows, darkness and night had drawn her starry curtains over the mountain of Inverness. Up from the valley, far beyond the blue-ridged hills, swept the glorious white moon with her long train of radiant courtiers, casting wonderful silver filigree over the thick foliage of the grand old oaks and tall slender pines, lonely sentinels on the mountainside, sailing up, up, until she rested over the wooded heights of Inverness.

The swift, sharp clatter of a horse's hoofs rang out on the summer night; now slow and cautious as a dangerous bend in the mountain was reached, now fast and brave as the road ran evenly along.

But the black horse and its rider were not the only ones abroad that night in the mountains. Up a narrow rocky path to an overhanging cliff, where one would scarcely imagine a bird could stand in safety, a girl, dark haired and slender, climbed with ease and grace and shading her eyes with her hand gazed far down the steep incline.

For a short distance nothing was visible but the winding silver road and the moonlit woods, but further down the black horse and its rider sped along in a cloud of dust.

The girl stood for an instant, pensive, thoughtful, poised like a great white bird on the mountain's peak, then with that graceful carelessness inherited by every child of the mountain, she descended the rocky path, leaping lightly from crag to crag and running swiftly until she reached the tiny veranda of her home, breathless but strangely happy, for it was to her the black horse was bringing its rider, she a child of the mountain, by a descendant of an old and noble race. Another moment and the horse of midnight hue stood at the foot of the garden.

From her retreat on the veranda Irene Valdemar watched its rider alight and come swiftly up the path, and although she appeared to be unaware of his presence, her eyes, deep and dark as a starless night, apparently fixed on the silver crested peaks of the mountain, she was in reality admiring the dark handsom Southerner, Richard Lee, who had so strangely come into her life.

A hunting expedition in the mountains, losing his way in the thick wood and seeking shelter at the Valdemar cabin was the beginning of their acquaintance, and Richard Lee suddenly discovered that the mountains in the springtime wert far more beautiful than the gay, stifling city, and he had lingered in the valley of Inverness, riding every evening on his horse that rivalled the darkness of the night up the steep incline to the home of the fair Irene.

Tonight she waited for him just as she had waited so often since the eventful evening that the dark, handsome stranger had knocked lightly at the door seeking the hospitality that is so freely offered in the mountains. Many castles in the air had the fancy of the little mountain girl reared since then, and always in her dreams she was Irene the princess, and Richard her adoring prince.

But tonight there was something wrong, something she could not define in her usual happy, careless spirit. A grim sense of foreboding seemed to have enveloped them both, and they sat for many minutes, neither speaking, both busy with their own thoughts.

The night had all the still calm beauty of a dream, the air was heavy with the breath of honeysuckle, the little valley, where according to an old legend the fairies danced at midnight in the moon's white light, appeared as a floor of silver, and the night rang with the sweet faraway echo of bird symphony in the moonlit woods.

Richard was the first to break the silence. He drew a tiny lavender note from his pocket and tapped it lightly. "I must return," he said briefly, and then stopped as if expecting the girl to question him further.

But the pride of a hundred Valdemars had risen at the sight of the lavender note. He was returning at the command of the writer of that note, she determined, probably some night to amuse the same high-bred lady with the tale of his summer adventure, the simple child of the mountain who dared to dream that one day the lordly Richard Lee might make her his bride and take her to his beautiful home in the city, thus becoming a part of the world stretching far beyond the endless purple mountains. But that was over and done with now; never by look or word must he know that she cared. She owed that to the fierce warlike pride of the Valdemars, who for centuries had reigned in the mountains of Inverness.

"I shall miss the mountains," he began rather weakly, "and—"

"Yes?" she interrupted. The voice was careless, indifferent, every trace of feeling carefully masked on the lovely face, clear and pale as an exquisite cameo.

He stared sharply at her for a moment, striving to pierce the disguise, if disguise there were. She bore the scrutiny well. Never would the lady of the lavender note curve her perfect lips in scorn at the presumption of a mountain girl to aspire to his love.

"Then you do not care?"

For an instant the abruptness of the question caused her to nearly lose the self-control she had battled for so bravely, but again the pride of the Valdemars rose up fierce and warlike.

"For a summer friendship," she returned coldly. Then, almost harshly, "No."

Again his eyes, stern, thoughtful, gray, sought her face, striving to batter down the barriers of her pride, but the heavy lashes fell over the clear, unshadowed eyes, hiding the fires that blazed in their midnight depths.

The simple India muslin of her gown might have been shimmering satin, the beads twisted around the slender white column of her throat priceless diamonds, the mountain laurel twined in the heavy dark waves of her hair a coronet worth a king's ransom, and Irene Valdemar might have been a reigning empress, so regally haughty and beautiful she appeared as she gave him her hand in silent farewell.

It all seemed a part of an unhappy dream as she watched him go swiftly down the path. Without a backward glance he leaped to his horse, and horse and rider went dashing down the mountain and out of her life forever.

Late in the autumn fires blazed all over the mountain of Inverness, burning the leaves and brush that had accumulated. A rough mountaineer, finding a tiny lavender note among a pile of leaves, picked it up and glanced at it carelessly. "Richard, dear," it read, "mother is very ill. Come immediately. Helen."

The note had no significance for the mountaineer and he tossed it back amid the flaming leaves. For an instant it quivered like a thing alive, then burst into flame and lay in a heap of ashes, a tiny memorial to the saddest of all sad words, "It might have been."—Boston Post.

THE CHICKEN AND THE CAR.

Not to Speak of the Pony, the Poodle, the Collie, Etc.

A sort of house that Jack built motor case is reported in the Green Bag. It says that as a motor car was passing quietly through a village in New England a chicken pursued by a cat suddenly crossed the road just in front of the automobile.

The sudden dash of the chicken and cat startled a pony, driven by two little girls, one of whom had a poodle in her lap. The poodle jumped out to give chase to the cat and fell on the road right in front of the car, causing its driver to pull up suddenly.

Just as this happened a collie travelling with its mistress in the car leaped out and chased the poodle, which frightened the pony so that it bolted toward the car. Seeing this, the chauffeur drove toward the gutter, but as the dogs were fighting there had to take another course, colliding finally with a stone wall and totally wrecking the machine.

The owner of the car brought an action for damages against the owner of the chicken, claiming that it was responsible for the damage. In giving judgment the Court argued that there was no doubt as to the chicken having been the proximate cause of the accident, for had it not crossed the road the cat would not have scared the pony; had the pony not been scared the poodle would not have got out of the pony trap; had the poodle not done so the automobile would not have stopped and the collie and the poodle would not have been in the gutter; had the collie and poodle not been in the gutter the cat would not have hung round to see things through; had the cat not remained on the scene the chicken would not have been trying to scale the wall, and had the chicken not been trying to do this the chauffeur would have kept his nerve and saved the machine from accident.

Yet though the chicken caused the accident the chicken's act was not in itself violent or dangerous. This chicken would doubtless have made a tender broiler; it was gentle and inoffensive, and not being fera naturae its destruction of the automobile was unconscious and free from malice. Therefore the chicken not having exceeded its common law rights the action could not be maintained, and judgment was accordingly entered for the defendant.

A Problem in Mathematics.

The town of Sturgis in Mississippi is the only round square town in existence. By legal enactment the circle has been squared, and the mathematician may now proceed to calculate the area of a square circle. In the laws of Mississippi for the year 1886, on page 682, is found the following:

"An Act to incorporate the town of Sturgis, in Oktibbeha county, Mississippi.

"Section one. Be it enacted by the Legislature of the state of Mississippi that the town of Sturgis, in the county of Oktibbeha, is hereby incorporated, and that the corporate limits of said town shall be as follows: Beginning at the quarter stake in front of Caleb Hannah's residence, and running six hundred yards every direction, making said corporate limits twelve hundred yards square."

Thus the circle is squared by the solemn declaration of the law.—Youth's Companion.

Divided.

Man, foreseeing nothing, invented in due season the spade.

"Now what shall we call it?" quoth he.

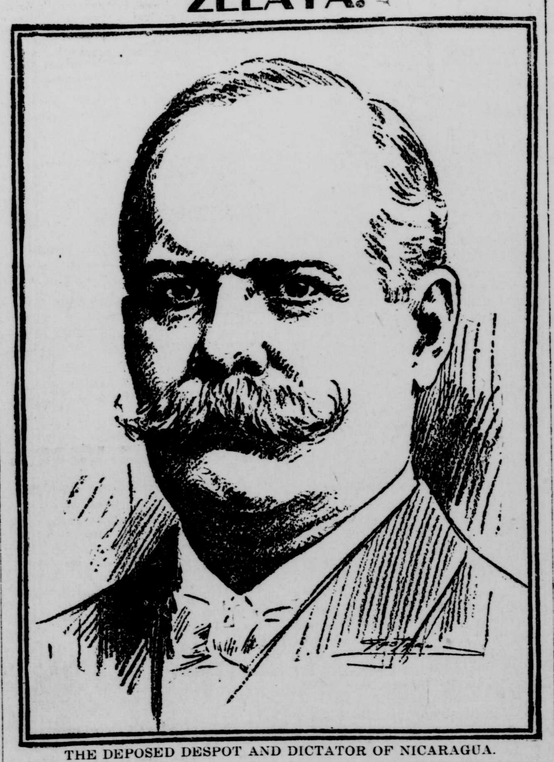
Art was for calling it a spade, but Decency recoiled.

"Never!" shrieked Decency. "Any thing but that!"

And man, thenceforward though not knowing why, was uncomfortably divided between two counsels.—Puck.

London's underground tubes have a total length of 145 miles.

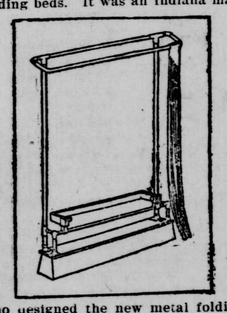
ZELAYA.



THE DEPOSED DESPOT AND DICTATOR OF NICARAGUA.

Metal Folding Bed.

In view of the popularity of the metal bed, it was only a question of time when there should be metal folding beds. It was an Indiana man



who designed the new metal folding bed.

This bed consists of a bed on which the framework stands upright when not in use for sleeping purposes. A curtain hangs from the raised foot and not only conceals the furniture, but provides a sort of screen behind which clothing may be hung on the wall, if space is much needed. The whole is held in an upright position by clamps which engage the fulcrum rod and the standards.

By loosening these clamps the bed is released and may be let down to the floor, a cross-bar at the foot keeping it the proper height. The bed is pivoted to the base at its head and the base acts as a support for this end. It will be readily noted that one of these metal folding beds has the advantage of being easy to keep clean and there is no danger of a powerful spring closing it as you lie sleeping.—Boston Post.

A Quaint Indorsement.

J. Pierpont Morgan at the recent diocesan convention in New York amused a group of clergymen with a story of a minister.

"He was as ignorant, this good man, of financial matters," said Mr. Morgan, "as the average financier is ignorant of matters ecclesiastical.

"He once received a check — the first he ever got in his life—and took it to a bank for payment.

"'But you must indorse the check, said the paying teller, returning it through his little window.

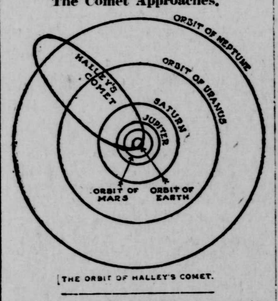
"'Indorse it?' said the old minister in a puzzled tone.

"'Yes, of course. It must be indorsed on the back.'

"'I see,' said the minister. And turning the check over, he wrote across the back of it:

"'I heartily indorse this check.'"
—Washington Star.

The Comet Approaches.



THE ORBIT OF HALLEY'S COMET.

When New York City gets its water from the Catskills, the longest flow will be from a point 130 miles from the City Hall.

HOW THE UNITED STATES MERCHANT MARINE SHRUNK.

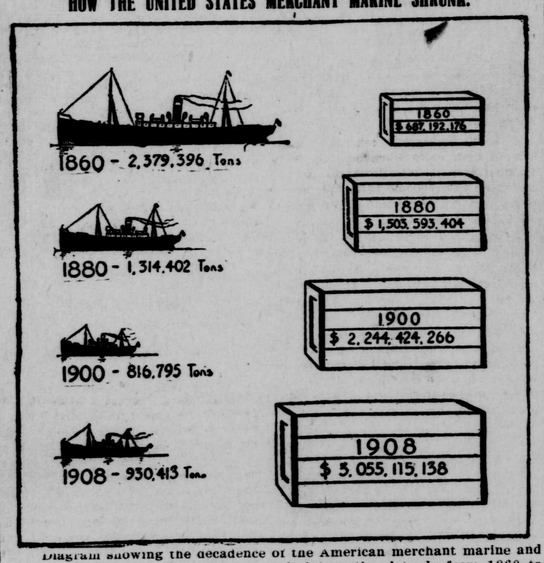


Diagram showing the decadence of the American merchant marine and the remarkable growth of this country's international trade from 1860 to 1908. The figures, officially supplied by the Government, show that the United States' enormous foreign trade is now transported in foreign bottoms and to the pecuniary profit of rival nations.

Pocket in Hat.

An ingenious and useful invention is the article holder for hats devised by a Pittsburg man. This is a case much like the crown of the hat and is convenient for carrying papers, cigars

or any of the other little things usually carried in the ordinary card case, which fits inside the pockets. An arched wire frame fits inside the perspiration band of the hat and rises into the crown, not touching the top. The framework has a yoke, to which the case is attached, and the springy support prevents the contents of the case from being bruised, bent or crushed in any way. Though this device is useful for any one, it is particularly convenient for policemen or other men whose pockets are hard to reach. Under the necessity of keeping his coat buttoned, a policeman will find it very handy to get at his reference book or to stow away a cigar an acquaintance gives him by merely taking off his helmet.

The first process of making soda on an extensive scale was discovered by Nicholas Leblanc, a French chemist, in 1791.

Of the 361 sorts of birds found in Great Britain only 140 are residents all the year around.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Bavarian Cream.

Soak half a package of gelatin for 2 hours in half a cup of cold water. Wash 1 quart of strawberries, add 1 large cup of sugar and let stand 11 hour. Whip 1 pint of cream to a froth. Strain the juice from berries, pressing through as much as possible without the seeds. Pour on the gelatin one-half a cup of boiling water and when it is dissolved strain it into the strawberry juice.

Place the dish in a pan of ice water and beat until it is as thick and soft as custard, then stir in the whipped cream. Turn in a mold and set away to harden. Serve plain or with whipped cream around it and decorate the top with a few berries. This can also be made with raspberries or blackberries. Always use the kind of gelatin where there isn't any danger of curdling the cream. This makes nearly 2 quarts, so can be halved for small family.—New York World.

Almond Cake.

One pound granulated sugar, 1 pound ground almonrs, 12 eggs, 1-2 teaspoon of almond extract, 1 teaspoon of cream tartar, 3 dried lady fingers, rolled. Add sugar gradually to yolks and beat 15 minutes, whip whites with cream of tartar until stiff, then add the yolks and whip 3 minutes. Add extract, lady fingers and ground almonds, beat until blended, then bake in tube mould. This cake must be baked slowly and watched constantly. When cold cover with the following icing: Whip the whites of two eggs, until frothy, then mix in 3 tablespoons of confectioners' sugar; beat 3 minutes, add 3 tablespoons more and 1-2 teaspoon of cream of tartar and 1 tablespoon lemon juice, beat 3 minutes. Now continue to add sugar, 3 spoonfuls at a time, until 1 cupful has been used, then beat until a knife cut through the centre will leave a distinct division. Apply rapidly and smoothly to top and sides of cake.—Boston Post.

A Kentucky Dinner.

In Lexington, Ky., where the old regime still exists in all its lavishness, a lady whose house is furnished with heirlooms gave a dinner party to a New York millionaire and his wife.

The Blue Grass lady had once heard her Northern friends say that the best food they had ever eaten was in Kentucky, and it was nothing more difficult than corn pones, jowl and greens and buttermilk. The beautiful dinner at which the millionaire and his wife were guests of honor will long be remembered by those who went to it.

The hospitable board was set with Venetian glass, which belonged to the past annals of that fine old family. In the centre was an epergne of the same piled with fruits, red apples, grapes, both black and white, peaches and pears. At the four corners were Venetian candelabra, and the beautiful glasses and decanters added a richness of color that was nothing less than dazzling. The dinner was wonderful, too, as the dinners always are at this famous house. Music played somewhere in the distance, there was much talk and laughter, and the Northerners were enchanted; but there was to be a surprise, for at the third course where an entree would usually be served there was handed a great silver dish of jowl and greens. Little crisp corn pones came with it and a crystal pitcher filled with buttermilk added the finishing touch. And this was the piece de resistance truly, for every member of that dinner party took a second helping.—New York World.

Hints.

Lemon juice and loaf sugar is good for hoarseness.

Lemon juice and olive oil is far superior to vinegar for a salad dressing—equal parts used for blending.

A tablespoonful of black pepper stirred into the first suds in which cottons are washed will prevent colors from running.

When working on silk keep a piece of sand paper on the table, rubbing your hands lightly over it when they stick to the silk.

Five cents' worth of sugar of lead crystals dissolved in a pailful of water makes a solution which fixes the tone of pinks, blues and lavenders. The fabrics should remain in the sugar of lead bath half an hour or so before going to the suds.

An excellent paste for cleansing silver and gold is made by mixing wood alcohol and French whiting into a paste. A few drops of amonia may be added if desired. It is rubbed on and rubbed off when dry with soft cloths, polishing with chamois.

For a delectable salad, remove the stones from a pint of ripe olives, add a stalk of tender celery cut in bits, one or two tart apples cut in cubes, and a cupful of broken English walnut meats. Serve on lettuce leaves with French dressing or mayonnaise.

When shoes are removed take a moment to put them on the trees, and they will keep their shape twice as long. Watch the heels that they do not run over. Nothing looks more careless than boots run over at the heels. It also fatigues one to walk in them.

When toast is burned in the making of it or cakes are scorched when baking, there is nothing better for removing the burnt crust than a fine grater, either nutmeg or fine lemon grater. This method is very much better than a knife, as it takes the burned part away more evenly and there is far less danger of breaking the toast or cake.

Any salmon left over may be converted into this popular dish. Free the fish from skin and bone. Make a sauce by bringing to the boiling point half a cupful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, three cloves, a piece of stick cinnamon, a teaspoonful of salt, an a pinch of paprika. As soon as it boils pour it over the cold salmon and set away to cool. It will keep a week or more.

The Sunday=School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR FEBRUARY 6.

Subject: Almsgiving and Prayer, Matt. 6:1-15—Commit to Memory Verse 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men, to be seen of them." Matt. 6:1, R. V.

TIME.—Midsummer A. D. 28.

PLACE.—Horns of Hattin.

EXPOSITION—I. How to Give Alms, 1-4. We should avoid doing our righteousness to be seen of men. If we do it to be seen of men, it will be seen of men and we will have our only reward in their praise, the higher reward from our Father who is in heaven will not be ours. This does not necessarily forbid all gifts in public (1 Cor. 16:1, 2). Our Lord Himself commended a gift made in public (Luke 21:1-4). But while the gift may be in public, the object should not be to be seen of men. God knows the gift of which no man knows. He seeth in secret (v. 4; cf. Heb. 4:13). We should avoid to the uttermost all ostentation in our giving (v. 5). We need not fear that our alms will not be rewarded. We may not have a reward here, but we shall hereafter (Matt. 25:31, 32, 37-40; Mark 10: 21; Acts 10:1-4). The best reward is in the very giving itself (Acts 20: 35). The reward will be in proportion to the bountifulness of our giving (2 Cor. 9:6). The reward that God gives for well doing is a legitimate motive (cf. Heb. 11:6, 26), but it is not the supreme motive for the Christian (2 Cor. 5:14; 1 Cor. 10: 31).

II. How to Pray, 5-15. Hypocrites love to pray in such a way that their prayers shall be noticed. The race is not dead yet. Many a man who prays in public has more thought of what the audience will think of his prayers than of how they will affect God. To be seen of men is the hypocrite's motto, to be heard of God is the true believer's aim. Our Lord by His words here does not condemn all public prayer (cf. John 6:11). What He does condemn is that kind of praying in public that seeks the notice and admiration of men. Those who pray in that way receive their full reward in the notice they get. That sort of reward is not worth much. The choicest place of prayer is in the inner chamber with the door shut, shut in with the Father, the world shut out. There are times when publicity in prayer is a duty (Dan. 6:10), but it is a bad sign when a man prays more in public than he does in private. Our prayer should be to "our Father" (v. 6). He is in the secret place; while He is everywhere, it is in the secret place that He especially manifests Himself. He sees in secret. The prayer offered in secret He recompenses openly. He recompenses it by giving what we ask (Matt. 7:7; 1 John 5:14, 15), and by giving far more than we ask (Eph. 3:20). We should not babble in prayer, multiplying words for the mere sake of words. This does not forbid the repetition that comes from intense earnestness (Matt. 26:44), that is "meaningfull;" it does condemn the use of words that are meaningless. We have an illustration of vain repetitions in 1 Kings 18:26. There is no need of using many words; our Father knows our every need before we pray; but He would have us utter it to Him that we may realize it too, and that we may realize Who it is supplies the need. In verses 9-11 Jesus gives us a model prayer. Not that we are always to use these words, but we are to pray according to this plan. The characteristics of this model prayer are: First, it is offered to our Father in heaven; second, that it seeks first of all His glory, His kingdom and His will; third, that it is brief; fourth, it is to the point; fifth, that it is humble, the expression of one who realizes his own proneness to sin. This ought not to be called the "Lord's Prayer." The "Lord's Prayer" is found in John 17. This is the disciple's prayer, taught him by his Lord. God is to be addressed as "Father;" the thought of the Fatherhood of God lies at the very foundation of the Christian doctrine of prayer. God is everywhere, but the chief place of His manifestation is in heaven (cf. Ps. 115:3; Is. 66:1; John 16:28; Acts 1:9; Mark 1:11; John 12:28). God's kingdom is coming when the King comes (Rev. 11:15). One of the sweetest prayers a true child of God can offer is, "Thy will be done." No one has a right to offer it who is not making God's will the absolute rule of his life. We can ourselves answer this prayer in so far as we do God's will in everything. The time is coming when God's will will be done on earth as perfectly as it is now done in heaven. It is right to pray for temporal things. We should seek from God so much food as we need for the present moment. We should live a day at a time (v. 11). The only one who can properly ask God to forgive him his sins is the one who is forgiving those who sin against him. For one who is not forgiving others to offer this prayer is for him to ask God to damn him. God in His infinite wisdom may bring us into the place of temptation for our highest good, but any one who has a realization of his own weakness will cry to God not to bring him into temptation. This prayer is utterly opposed to that spirit that rushes into places of unnecessary temptation (cf. 1 Cor. 10:12). There is an "Evil one," and we need to be always on our guard against his wiles (cf. 1 Pet. 5:8; Eph. 6:11, 12).

The Reason Men Have Clubs.

If, as is most probable, you are not, the wretched man, for the sake of peace, must—well, prevaricate; and if you really are, for pity's sake let him keep the knowledge of such a calamity to himself. The meekest of men object to being catechised, asked where he has been, and where he is going. Is it any wonder that men invented clubs, to have at once a refuge and a subterfuge?

If you have so treated a man that he realizes you are interested in his concerns, and knows that the absence of questioning on your part arises not from indifference, but from trust, he will tell you all his affairs; but, compared with a man who finds his wife inquisitive, an oyster is communicative!

An annoying and ridiculous question to ask a busy man on his return from his day's work is, "Have you missed me, darling?" Of course he has not. He has been working for you instead.—Home Chat.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6

How to Watch—Mark 13: 33-37; Col. 4: 2.

Mark 13: 33-37. Jesus often referred to his coming again (see Matt. 24: 30-37; 25: 31; Acts 1: 11). We do not need to discuss the questions which group themselves about the Second Advent, but it is perfectly certain that here is more than one coming of our Lord. He came from death in the resurrection; he came according to his promise in the person of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. He came in judgment upon Jerusalem when it fell. In our own lives there are repeated advents of the Christ. Whenever a crisis comes he comes. He comes to help us meet it, and to use it as the door into a higher life. At the last he will come to judge the world. And so, in some sense or other, it is always proper to say one to another, "The Lord is at hand."

But the coming of Christ is not only sure. It is usually unexpected and unannounced. He expressly declared that no one knew the time of his coming to judge the world, but he put the largest possible emphasis on the fact that he would come. The same is true of every other coming into our lives. And so for every Christian there is the constant duty of watchfulness and expectation. He is to look always for his Lord.

Col. 4: 2. Prayer and watchfulness are properly united. To continue in prayer is to be in the spirit of fellowship with Jesus Christ. There will be no anxious, fearful watching when one is constantly in communion with his Lord, but that fellowship will often be so intimate and real that no new manifestation of it can take a Christian unawares. For that reason he can watch in prayer, with thanksgiving.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

FEBRUARY SIXTH

The Model Christian Endeavor. John 15: 1-8. (Christian Endeavor Day.)

A Junior model. 1 Sam. 3: 1-10.

An Intermediate model. Luke 2: 41-52.

A Young People's model. Dan. 1: 8-17.

A model in character. Luke 4: 1-13.

A model in faith. Heb. 13: 7-14.

A model in works. Jas. 1: 26, 27.

We must be clean in heart before we can be Endeavorers for Christ in our lives. No one can work for Christ and Satan.

We are to bear much fruit. A halfway Endeavorer is no Endeavorer.

We trust in prayer because the Word, with all its promises, is in us and not outside of us.

Thoughts.

The model Christian Endeavorer never thinks of himself as a model, but the reverse; he thinks of Christ as the only Model.

Christian Endeavor wins its victories because of its enthusiasm. It acts with a will as well as with a hand and a voice.

Christian Endeavor does not avoid the difficult and the novel, but seeks them. What checks weaker endeavor invites Christian endeavor.

Christian Endeavor is trustful. It dares to undertake hard things because it has a practical belief in God's omnipotence and omnipresence.

Illustrations.

William Carey's mottoes were Christian Endeavor ones: "Attempt great things for God; expect great things from God."

Christian Endeavor was started on a hilltop in New England, and ever since it has been a city set on a hill, its light has not been hidden.

Christian Endeavor, like the knights of old, has set up a standard, and has rallied the hosts of young people to it.

ON COURAGE.

More men have suffered through ignoble fear than through all the maladies of earth; more have sinned through fear than through temptation; more have fallen into treachery and shame through fear than through all the desires and passions of the heart. And yet one may be rid of fear without special cleverness or skill or saintliness—only by applying will. A man cannot will not to suffer, or want, or die, but he can will not to be afraid.

Belief, submission and love—these may not be in each man's reach, but courage is. None so ailing, so anxious, so desperate, but he can repudiate self-pity and shake off fear, hold up his head and make strong his heart. He may will a million dollars and go penniless, but when he wills endurance, lo! it is there!

And once one has faced suffering courageously, strength pours in on every side. The ruddy sun that warms man, the stars that watch his sleep, encourage him. The triumphant winds that sweep down from the sky, the glad, bright sea that buffets him, flashes salt and terrible laughter. All the elemental powers, the forests, and the very stones of the mountains communicate patient endurance. Always life itself can impart strength to encounter life. Who has not, in his daily walk, been fortified by the patient kindness of some shop-woman; the delicate, hard-earned mirth of a lonely widow; the warm, bright self-forgetfulness of the broken-hearted? And of the rarer and diviner manifestations who shall speak? Of the overworked and overburdened who daily pick up all their kindred's and their neighbors' burdens to add to their own; of those under sentence of death who smile along their uncomplaining way; of the weary and the needy who passionately give up their lives to some ideal of liberty or devotion. Unknowing, such carry strength in the very folds of their garments as we brush them by in the street.—Harper's Weekly.

THE REASON.

"I am tired of being made the goat."

"Then why don't you stop butting in?"—Baltimore American.

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