IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions From Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

"The Rev. Leighton Parks, D. D., ventures," says the Living Church (P. E.) of Chicago, "to speak of the great pastoral of a year ago in the following terms: 'A committee was appointed to draft this letter. * * * It was a little syndicate of Bishops putting forth their idea of the doctrine of the church. It was a complete and utter failure. If it had been established that that was the teaching of this church, it would have produced a convulsion in it.' All such attempts to belittle one of the most important and solemn documents ever addressed to churchmen in this country by their Bishops, are reduced to utter nullity by the fact, of which Dr. Parks ought not to have been ignorant, that the whole House of Bishops has now reiterated and reaffirmed it. It is too late now to talk about this great statement of the incarnation as the work of a mere 'committee,' 'a little syndicate of Bishops,' and the like, and to indulge in such language is to throw dust in people's eyes. Will the action of the House of Bishops in this matter produce a convulsion? Certainly not. All churchmen who have drawn their spiritual nourishment from the Bible and the prayer-book know that this is the doctrine of the church, this and nothing else. As to the faction which has for some time past been endeavoring to substitute another doctrine for that which they once believed, no form of words, however sound or strong, can probably be found which will give them any concern. When the convulsion comes it will be because the outraged sense of truth and righteousness can no longer brook the spectacle of men under vows, ordained to teach the doctrines of the church, presuming to substitute something which is not only contrary to those doctrines, but subversive of the Christian religion itself."

"We are not careful," says the New York Observer (Pres.), "to go about to invent theological novelties, as though the great body of evangelical believers through the centuries had remained in unfortunate error as to the main outlines of doctrine, awaiting the later illuminations of teachers now sprung up; nor do we hope for a more gracious grace than that which breathed forth from the soul of Him who walked the hills of Galilee with a gospel blessing in His hand. New forms of statement of some of the details of that time-tested truth may be offered which will eventually commend themselves to the enlightened conscience and finer sensibility of Christian people, but the novelty can only be in the form and not the substance. There is more to learn from the Word itself. Men have not thought as high and as deep as they might think into the mysteries of a divine grace and revelation, and men have certainly not lived and loved the ethics and moralities of the Bible with a perfect life and devotion. Progress is called for along Biblical lines. New applications of the divine truth and grace to the problems of the individual and of society may be effected, as some Edison or Tesla makes the already serviceable electricity to become still more completely the servant of mankind; but as for the spiritual forces themselves, these are as old as the predestinating purposings of Jehovah, and if in any way 'new,' are new in the same sense in which the earth in springtime is abloom with the growths of fair, fresh fruitages from the hidden roots of a past implanting."

"The progress of this movement which is called the higher criticism—though it involves very much more than any literary investigation—ought to be known," says the Interior (Pres.) of Chicago. "There is no use in suppressing the facts on the one hand, nor of exaggerating them on the other. It is one of those sliding movements which end in a surprise, though imperceptible to the general religious public most of the time. For example, in Chicago and vicinity there are about 900 divinity students. Of these 200 are under conservative instruction—in McCormick's Seminary. There are about 200 in each of the other great divinity schools, namely, the Baptist school of the University, the Congregational and the Methodist schools. There are about 100 in the Episcopal school. These 700 are under instruction, more or less pronounced, in the new Biblical theories. In New York City and in New England all the divinity schools are under that type of instruction. We cannot say that all the other non-Presbyterian schools in the Northern States are the same, though we suspect that they are. This is one of those movements which react—necessarily do, because they are abnormal. The more extreme the pull, the more extreme the return. So it is on either side of the line of the plummet."

"If we are to have real churches, we need a great deal of first-class pastoral work," remarks the Watchman (Bapt.) of Boston. "An individual member of a church is united to to the congregation by hooks of steel when a place is found for him in its activities in which he can exert his powers with efficiency. The popular conception of pastoral work, which makes it consist in attention to the sick and to inquirers and the distribution of social courtesies, needs to be vastly enlarged. True pastoral work is based on that insight of character which enables the pastor to fit men and women into the life of the church by assisting them to appropriate service in it. The crying evil of our modern church is the unutilized talents of its members. The young people's movement is simply an attempt to utilize the talents and services of one class in our congregations. When a church is a hive of wisely directed spiritual industry, it is bound together in all directions by the strongest ties. The things to which we have referred are in the minds of the people. The man with a gift of striking and dramatic speech who simply gathers a crowd and does not organize it into the life and work of the church, has had his day.

"Some of the newspapers are moved by the endeavor to obtain money for foreign missions to assert that the churches do not believe that the heathen are doomed to perdition, and to add that the study of comparative religions and the bringing together of various faiths, as at the Chicago Fair, have taught men that there is a great deal that is good in all the religions, and that people no longer allow the exclusive claims of the Bible and Christianity. There is some, and, we regret to say, too much truth in these declarations," observes the New York Christian Intelligencer (Ref.). "It is due to the neglect of the distinguishing truths of the Scriptures by the pulpit, yielding to the demands of a part of the pews, especially to a neglect of the holiness of the nature of God and the righteousness of His government, and to the substitution of a love which hardly rises above indulgence and sentimentalism— a love without holiness or righteousnes. There is lack of backbone and courage in some pulpits which is exceedingly injurious. As to the heathen it is enough to say that they are manifestly unfit for heaven. If heaven is a happy place it is a holy place. Happiness without holiness is impossible. The heathen are not holy, and are condemned by their own moral codes, as every man is. What is to make them holy and fit for heaven?"

"Is it not quite clear," says the New York Outlook, "that to follow Christ is something more than to subscribe a creed, share a public worship, or support by money or by service the institutions of religion? that it is more than what we sometimes call 'religion?' Is it not equally clear that it is something more than to go about doing good, as occasion offers, here and there, incidentally, in a busy life? It is deliberately to consecrate one's self to the cause of righteousness and truth in the world, cost what that consecration may; to engage in a life campaign against every form of iniquity—political, social, industrial, individual—wheresoever that campaign may lead and whatsoever it may involve. It is to determine to seek noble ends only by noble means; to make material civilization take its second and rightful place; to eschew sensational methods even for moral results; and, above all, never to compromise with evil in order to contend against evil, never to fight fire with fire, never to take the standard of one's age as one's own, even for the purpose of improving it. It is to challenge openly, publicly, fearlessly, every form of corruption, whether it be intrenched in high places, honored in church and buttressed by state, or whether it be embodied in popular prejudices and expressed in popular clamor. It means for the pulpit, to rebuke Pharisaism in its own pews; the press, to rebuke prejudices in its own party. It means for the politician, to prefer political defeat to dishonorable truckling; for the lawyer, to be a minister of justice, not a mere earner of fees; for the merchant, to dare bankruptcy but never to compromise with his conscience; for the manufacturer and mechanic, to hate adulteration and mechanical false pretense."

The Christian Register (Unit.) of Boston says: "Our Catholic contemporary, the Sacred Heart Review, seeks to apologize as well as it can for the Pope's injunction to Catholics of this country to refrain from participating in religious congresses where other denominations are represented. The Review says: 'Leo XIII., who has undoubtedly given the matter long and careful consideration, has evidently reached the conclusion that the advantages consequent from Catholic representation at such religious congresses do not compensate for the disadvantages attendant upon participation in them.' The Pope does not seem, however, to have considered the question whether the Catholics have anything to give. Certainly, a church of its historic importance and imposing organization should be able to contribute something. It looks as though the Pope were afraid to bring Roman Catholicism into fair comparison with other religions. But in this respect he is not worse than the Archbishop of Canterbury."

THE WEEKLY UNION—THE BEST weekly on the coast.

TOM'S SECOND MISSUS.

Betty Alty was dying. The neighbors had told her several times of late that they doubted she was goin' a long road, and the lengthened face of Tom, her Gaffer, appeared to indorse their prognostics; but Betty had never believed in her own critical condition until the doctor told her one day that she really was getting to the end of her tether.

"Well," said Betty, with a sigh, "th' A'mighty knows what's best fur us all. He couldn't ha' took me at a time when I'd ha' felt myself more ready to goo."

"Good old Betty!" said the doctor, admiringly.

"Ah," continued Betty, "pig's killed, yo' see, an' chickens is pretty nigh grown, and taters'll be got in a two-three days. There's nought mich left as wants seein' to. If it weren't fur th' thought o' th' Gaffer I'd be a'most fain to goo—this here cough shakes me to pieces very near— but eh, I cannot think whatever our Tom will do! Eh, doctor, yo'd never think how little sense he has fur a mon of his years! He's that careless and foolish-like I welly lose patience wi' him sometimes."

"Poor Tom," said the doctor, laughing and buttoning up his coat, "he'll be in a bad way I'm afraid when you're gone, Betty. He seems to be the kind of chap that wants a woman to take care of him."

"Eh, he is thot fur sure," agreed the wife, sorrowfully. "I dunnot raly know how the Gaffer's to live wi'out no missus."

"Why, he must take another missus, that's all! If you follow my advice, Betty, you'll pick him out a good one yourself before you go, and then you'll be sure he'll be well looked after."

Usually a joke like this would have been laughingly applauded; but Betty struck with the idea, answered in all seriousness—

"That 'ud be th' best, but I reckon it'll be hard enough to find wan as 'ull do fur him same's me. We mun do the best we can as how it is."

The doctor withdrew, laughing and rolling his shoulders, and Betty, left alone, closed her eyes and fell to planning arrangements for her own funeral. Her mind, however, again reverted to the less cheerful subject of Tom's future prospects, and her face puckered itself up into a thousand doleful wrinkles as she realized the difficulty of providing him with a suitable helpmate.

Presently Tom himself entered. He advanced slowly to his wife's bedside, contemplating her anxiously the while.

"How doesto find thysel' now?" he asked.

Betty's face assumed a certain melancholy importance.

"Doctor says I'm not long fur this world, Tom, he does indeed. 'Yo're very near the end o' yo're tether, Betty,' says he; so there isn't mich time to be lost i' getting ready, thou sees."

"Eh," said Tom, eying her very solemnly indeed. "Eh, Betty, I'm—I'm sorry, I am that."

"Well," said Betty, with a superior air, "We's all ha' t t' goo when we're time ccoms. I allus thought yo'd be first, Tom, and I'd planned to gi' yo' a nice funeral. But theer, it isn't the Lord's will. Thou'lt see as I'm laid out seemly—the best sheets is yonder o' th' top shelf o' the cupboard, an' I'd like to weer my little cap wi' th' lace borders. Yo' can boil th' big ham, an' have a nice dit o' cheese an' that, but no beer. Nay, I wunnot ha' no drinkin' at my buryin', an' so I tell thee."

"Well," said Tom, thoughtfully scraping his chin with his big forefinger, "I doubt folks'll be a bit disapp'inted like, they allus look fur a drop o' summat—'specially them as carry coffin, thou knows. I'd be loath to vex thee, but still I'd like everything gradely at thy buryin', owd lass.'

"Coom," conceded Betty, somewhat mollified, "thou can give bearers a mug each if thou likes then, but t'other folk mun do wi' coffee, an' thou'd happen best stick to coffee thysel'. 'Tud never do fur thee to fuddle thysel' on such a 'casion."

Tom looked a little blank, but he wisely forebore to discuss the point, and, after a moment's pause, observed, with a deep sigh, "that he doubted if he'd 'ave mich 'eart for coffee at sich a time."

"Whatever mun I do when thou'rt gone, missus, I'm sure I don't know," he added hopelessly.

Betty raised herself on her elbow.

"Tom, I've been bethinkin' mysel' and unbethinkin' mysel'. Thou'rt noan the mak' o' chap as could get on wi'out a woman to do fur thee. Why, thou 'ud clem sooner nor think o' gettin' thy mate fur thysel', and as for cleanin' up, thou 'ud never notice if th' place wur a foot deep in muck. Thou 'ud need a body allus at thy elbow."

"Well," said Tom, disconsolately, "I reckon I'll ha' to mak' shift wi' some mak' o' little lass as 'ull——"

"Little lass," interrupted the old woman indignantly. "That 'ud be a pretty to do! Set wan child to watch another. Same as blind leadin' blind."

"Ah, but," interpolated Tom mildly, "theer's none so mich work i' this little cote. Would thou have me pay out wage to a full-grown woman to set twiddlin' her thumbs i' th' ingle-nook wan half of her time?"

"Did thou ever see me twiddle my thumbs for so mich as a minute, Tummas Alty? There's work enough here if it's done as it should be, I can tell thee. But I never said thou wast to pay out wage. Nought o' th' kind. Thou mun get wed, mon, as soon as thou con at arter I'm putten under ground. Yigh, thou mnu tak' another missus, an' then thou'lt not have to pay nought, an' hoo'll happen bring thee a bit o' brass i'stead."

"Eh, Betty!" said the Gaffer, taken aback. "Whatever put sich a notion as that thy 'ead? I dunno want no missuses arter thou'rt gone, I'm sure I don't. I'd be a bonny bridegroom, jist upon sixty-four! Eh, the neighbors 'ud think me a gradely fool."

"Nay, nobry'd reckon it nought but nat'ral— a lone mon same's thee. An' what's sixty-four? Didn't owd Ned Turner get wed when he wur seventy-two an' his wife gone seventy? Hoo was his first love, they say, an' kept company wi' him a year an' more when the' was young folks. Then hoo went to service an' Ned took up wi' another lass. An' when they coom together again every wan said it was beautiful."

"Coom, if that's all," cried Tom, fired with a spirit of emulation, "theer was poor Ann Noris as I coorted afore I met thee. Hoo's a widow now, an' childer is all upgrown an' settled. Hoo'd be glad enough, I reckon, if we was to mak' it up again."

"Now, thot's downreet ondacent on thee, Tummas, to be bringing up Ann Norris to me now as I've wan foot i' the grave! Thou an' me has had mony a word afore about Ann Norris. A poor, sickly, ill-favored body hoo is too, and allus was, an' wan as never was good for much at ony time! If thou was to wed her yo'd both coom to th' union afore aught was long, fur sure!"

"Well, well, Betty, I did but name her, thou knows. I thought hoo'd happen to do fur me as well as another, an' both bein' widowed 't 'ud seemed more coomfortable like."

"Coomfortable!" ejaculated Betty ironically; "ah! 't 'ud be very coomfortable to hear t' owd body castin' up 'usband to thee fro' morn till neet! Hoo thought the world o' Joe, hoo did—eh, they was a proper pair o' dunderheads! An hoo'l be castin' him up at thee all roads."

"Coom then," said Tom, who was anxious to meet Betty's views if possible, "what says to to wan o' Gilbertson's daughters? They'n never been wed nor coorted neither as I've heerd on."

"Eh, Tom, Tom! Eh, dear o' me! However wilto mak' shift to get along i' this world? Why th' oldest o' Gilbertson's lasses is but wan-an'-twenty year owd."

"Ay, an' a bonny lass, too," remarked Tom, with a certain contemplative air; "straight as a dart, an' her mother's reet hond, they say:"

"An' doesto think hoo'll be like to tak' to thee wi' thy bald head an' all?" Here the old woman was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing, during which her husband regarded her with an expression of the utmost bewilderment and concern.

"Well, whatever mun I do?" he asked as she sank back exhausted on her pillows. "I'm nobbut fur doin' as thou reckons best, thou knows, an I cannot call to mind nobry else as would jus' suit."

"Theer's Margaret Heptonstall, isn't theer?" suggested Betty, with an oddly triumphant intonation. "Tom, I tell thee hoo's th' wife fur thee! a staid, sensible, thrifty body, wi a tidy bit saved. I fancy. Margaret 'ud mak' thee rarely coomfortable, Tummas."

Mr. Alty's face did not assume the rapture which might have been expected.

"Hoo's gettin' into years pretty well, isn't hoo?" he asked, doubtfully, "an' hoo's a terrible sharp tongue they say."

"No sharper than other folkses," retorted Betty. "If yo' speak civil to Margaret, hoo'll speak civil to you. Her and me was allus pretty thick, an' I never had nought to complain on. Hoo's a notable body, is Margaret, an' hoo mun be a good ten year younger than thysel', Tom. Eh, I can mind her fire-irons! Last time I went to see her they fairly glittered, they did, an' her table was scrubbed till yo' could eat off it, an' the tiles o' th' floor, I could welly see mysel' in 'em! Hoo'd keep this here parlor nice, fur sure, an' never let a bit o' rust coom nigh th' pots an' pans i' th' kitchen as I've allus took sich pride in."

Tom grunted.

"Hoo'd do fur thee," went on Betty enthusiastically; "eh, dear, it's a pleasure to think how coomfortable hoo'd mak' thee."

Tom's countenance still betrayed but moderate satisfaction.

"I'd rest easy i' th' ground if I knowed as Margaret was seein' to thee. Hoo's a wonderful hand at a pork-pie, Tom, and as fur sassages an' black puddin's, hers is reckoned th' best i' th' village."

"Say no moor," cried Tom, with sudden determination, "we's do it if thou'rt so set on't. Hoo isn't wan as I'd ha' thought o' pickin' fur myself, but if thou'rt satisfied all's reet."

"An' thou'll call round to Margaret's to-morrow wilto? an' ax her to step over here a bit. I'd like to put her in th' way a' things afore I go."

Mr. Alty assented; and the next day, donning his Sunday suit, but retaining his corduroy nether-garments—a costume eminently adapted to the solemn but business-like errand on which he was bent—he duly betook himself to the abode of poor Betty's prospective successor.

Margaret Hoptonstall, a tall, gaunt woman, with a frosty eye and an angular cast of feature, was standing with her back to the door and her bony arms plunged up to the elbows in soap-suds.

"Good arternoon," observed Tom, diffidently, his eyebrows climbing a little further up his forehead than usual. "Yo'll have heerd as our missus is down w' th' titus an' not expected to recover."

"Ah," returned Margaret, "I did hear summat o' th' kind. It'll be a bad job fur you, Mr. Alty, won't it? Dun yo' want me to lay her out or that?"

"Not exactly," returned Tom, dolefully, "hoo isn't dead yet, yo' see——"

"Eh, but's allus well to look for'ard an' not be leavin' things to the last."

"Hoo towd me to step round an' ax yo' to look in fur a two-three minutes. Hoo's awful anxious to see yo', an' hoo'd tak' it very kind o' yo' to coom."

Margaret's face clouded, and she she clacked her tongue against the roof of her mouth before replying.

"Well, if it hadn't ha' been washin' day, there'd ha' been no trouble about it, but I'm i' th' very thickest of my wark now. I'd ha' thought yo'r Betty 'ud ha' knowed Tuesday was busy day wi' me. Is it summit partic'lar?"

"Well, it is rather partic'lar," said Tom, while his eyebrows actually disappeared under his hat. "Hoo wouldn't ha' axed it, I'm sure, wi'out it wur thot. Hoo's awful troubled i' her mind, Margaret, and hoo allus thought a dale o' you."

Miss Heptonstall slowly withdrew her arms from the tub, wiped them, and pulled down her sleeves; then she went into the adjoining room, presently emerging, bonneted and shawled.

"I'll nobbut feed th' dumb things an' then I'm ready," she remarked.

Tom stood by while two large black cats were each provided with a saucer of milk, and a fat and ancient coolie dog invited to partake of an immense dish of porridge; after which Margaret sallied forth with a pailful of scraps for the hens.

"Yo' might give pigs their mate," she observed, nodding sideways at an overflowing bucket in the corner. It'll save time."

Tom looked ruefully at his Sunday coat and wondered what Betty would say; but he did not venture to protest, and neither was he possessed of sufficient enterprise to doff the garment in question before betaking him to his task.

At last they set off, Tom lagging comfortably behind, according to his invariable custom when escorting Betty. But, to his annoyance, Margaret accommodated her pace to his, and insisted on keeping abreast of him. She asked questions, too, which required answers, instead of keeping to the good old-establishd rule which prescribes an occasional placid remark on the one hand and a monosyllabic grunt on the other.

When they arrived at his cottage he ushered Miss Heptonstall to Betty's orders, straight into the sick-room. Betty was sitting up in bed, a flush on her hollow cheeks and her eyes unusually bright. She received her visitor solemnly and pointed to a chair.

"Sit yo' down, Margaret, do, and, Tom, dunnot thou be for leavin' us. Coom round here to cheer t'other side o' the bed."

Tom, who had been going out of the room, came back rather unwillingly, walked round the bed, and sat down, hitching up his trousers at the knees.

Betty thereupon, at great length and with much persuasive detail, broached her plan to Margaret, whose astonishment knew no bounds.

"Well, of all!" she began, when at last a pause in Betty's speech enabled her to put in a word. "Well, Betty! I never could ha' dreamed o' sich a thing! I never reckoned to change my condition at this time o' day, and I never did hold wi' men folks as how 'tis. Nay, nay, no men fur me, I've allus said!"

"Ah, but, see yo', Margaret," cried Betty warmly, "our Tom's not same 's other folks. Eh, he's that quiet and that good-natured I could never tell you. I scare know half my time whether he's in th' house or out o't."

Here Tom's countenance assumed an expression of gratified surprise, and he hitched up the knees of his trousers again.

"I welly believe theer never was sich a wan as our Tom! Never no drinkin' nor swearin' nor traipsin' off to th' town o' neets. Every penny of his wage he hands ower to me reg'lar, an' he'll wark—eh, dear! how thot man o' mine will wark! Never one minute idle."

Tom, rubbing his hands up and down on his knees, looked more and more elated and astonished. Really he had had no idea that Betty had such a high opinion of him.

"And see how coomfortable he'd mak' yo'. He's addlin' good wage—eighteen shillin' a week, yo' known—and he's saved a bit, an' he's wan o' th' owdest members o' the club."

Margaret, visibly moved, gazed at Tom with an appraising eye, he, meanwhile, endeavoring to appear wholly unconscious; but he thought within his own mind that Margaret would be very foolish if she did not at once close with the offer.

"Ah, Margaret, I tell yo," pursued Betty emphatically, "yo'll be a happy craitur if yo'll tak' aur Gaffer. Ony woman 'ud think hersel' lucky to git sich a chance."

"Coom," said Tom, grinning bashfully, "theer, missus, thot'll do! Thou't sayin' too mich."

"Nay, la, I couldna say too mich, nor half enough. Who's to say it if I dunnot? I ought to know, as has been wed to thee thirty year an' more."

"Thou has, owd lass, thou has," cried Tom, suddenly beginning to whimper. "Thirty year, eh! dear o' me. I dunno however I'm to tak' up wi' a new un."

He wiped his eyes with his coat cuff and began to sob.

"Get away wi' thou, wilto, leather-head," said Betty in an angry whisper; "thou'rt allus sp'ilin' everything! Out wi' thee to kitchen, an' set 'taters on to boil."

He shambled out and the two women continued to discuss the projected alliance, Margaret finally consenting to become, in due time, the second Mrs. Alty.

"It'll be a wonderful coomfort to my mind, Margaret," observed the present possessor of that title. "I know yo're jest sich a wan for scrubbin' an' cleaning as mysel'. "Yo'll keep steel bar on my fender bright, an' wash the chany careful; an' theer's a two-three silver spoons i' th' cupboard, but I never use them, yo' known."

Margaret nodded.

"I reckon I'll have a look round afore I go," she said. "Con I do anything for yo', Betty?"

"Nay, thank yo'; I have a drink here. Barley-water and milk, yo' see. I dunnot care for mich else. But stop an' have a bit o' dinner yoursel'. Theer's a nice bit o' cowd pork an' 'taters 'ull be ready afore aught's long."

"Well, I could do wi' a bit," replied Margaret.

A great snuffling and scratching at the bedroom door interrupted her, and she laughed.

"Why, here's poor Laddie! Eh, weren't it clever o' th' craitur to follow me here? It's wonderful, the sense he has!"

She opened the door as she spoke, and the collie rushed in, bouncing up against Betty's bed with his forepaws, and making muddy tracks on her sheets. She pushed him feebly away, with a little scream, at once angry and terrified.

"My word, Margaret, whatever are yo' thinkin' on? An' Tom— I do wonder at him, lettin' the brute in here! Th' mon hasn't a bit o' sense! Eh, Margaret, turn it out, do!"

"He'll noan hurt yo'," said Miss Heptonstall; "he' the good-naturedest beast alive, an' that knowin' yo'd think he'd talk sometimes. I'm fond of all wick things, but he's my favorite. Ah, when him and me's sat aside o' th' fire, I'd ax no better company. An' he sleeps under my bed o' neets, as quiet as a Christian."

"Under th' bed!" exclaimed Betty, deeply scandalized—"under th' bed! Did onybody ever hear o' sich a tale? My word, Marg'ret, yo'll ha' to give ower that mak' o' wark if yo' reckon to coom here! I'll noan ha' dogs an' sich like coomin' into my 'ouse, messin' about wi' their muddy paws and knockin' ower thing wi' their great tails! I never did howd wi' 'em, an' I'm noan goin' to have 'em about when I'm gone."

Margaret was either too good-tempered or too obtuse to make the obvious retort that, when she was installed as Tom's missus, Betty would no longer be in a position to object to any novelty she might wish to introduce. She sniffed a little instead of replying, and stalked into the kitchen, leaving the door ajar.

Betty lay back panting; the recent discussion had exhausted her, and her growing irritation was now almost more than she could bear. With dilated nostrils and parted lips she listened to the movements and conversation of the pair in the kitchen.

"Dun yo' allus ha' taters boiled i' their jackets?" she heard Margaret say. "I like 'em better peeled an' steamed mysel'!"

"Our missus reckons it's more wasteful," rejoined Tom.

"Not a bit, if it's done careful. An' they're a deal tastier. Boiled an' steamed yo' know, an' then browned a bit i' th' oo'n, eh, they're wonderful good."

"Very like they are," agreed Tom, and Betty felt unreasonably angry.

"Here' the pork," went on Margaret. "H'm! time to eat it; it's gettin' moldy."

"'Twas nobbut cooked day afore yesterday," cried Betty, but so feebly that no one heard her.

Margaret clattered about, peering into dishes and opening drawers. Betty writhed as she pictured the cold eyes prying into her treasures, the calculating fingers touching them.

"Hoo might ha' waited till I were dead," she said to herself.

"Here's a good few apples," Margaret observed presently. "They'll coom in nice fur sauce wi' that dry bit o' pork. I'll make it in a minute, see!"

"Nay, they apples is fur turnovers at the week end, yo' known," returned Alty. "When beef's done, an' we're put to fur a bit, it makes a change wi' a mouthful or two o' cheese. We never ha' sauce wi'out at Michaelmas and Christmas when we'n a goose."

"Well, I think cowd pork's poor mate fur onybody. I'll mak' yo' a bit o' sauce in a two-three minutes; yo'll fancy your dinner a deal more."

Tom made no further protest. Unprincipled Tom, was this the way he repaid Betty for all her long anxious years of thrift and saving?

As for Margaret, she was an extravagant hussy, a good-fur-nought, wi' her wasteful, wheedlin' ways! Certainly if Betty had known what she was, she would never have selected her as a mate for her Gaffer. But, indeed, the Gaffer was just as bad. If he had had the spirit of a mouse, he'd have stood up for Betty, and maintained that her ways were the best; and instead of that he would gobble up his sauce, for sure, and show that he enjoyed it! Betty felt more and more wrathful against Tom; oddly enough, even more than against Margaret.

"Well, all's ready now," observed Margaret, after a short interval.

"Pull up then," returned her host. "Help yo'rself, Miss Heptonstall."

"Ah, they were getting on very nicely, and never a thought to the poor, dying woman in the next room! Well, well, she'd soon be out o' their road now, but she did think Tom would have shown more feelin'."

"Yo'r table-cloth's pretty well worn out," observed the visitor presently; "theer's more darns than stuff. Is this yo'r Betty's mendin'?"

"Ah," said Tom.

"I allus use a finer thread mysel', but I've a beautiful lot o' new table-cloths. Wan on 'em 'ud be nice fur the funeral."

"Nay," put in Betty from the inner room, "I'll not ha' nought but my own stuff."

"Wasto callin', owd wench?" asked Tom mildly, but Betty had pulled the sheet over her face and did not respond.

She sobbed a little while she hid her face thus.

It was some time before she made up her mind to emerge, and when she did so, strange sounds met her ear. The couple in the next room were having words, and Tom's voice was uplifted indignantly.

"It's our missus's cheer, I tell yo'. I'll noan ha' the dog set in our missus's cheer."

"Goodness gracious! Wan cheer's no better than another. Laddie allus sets i' th' armchair at our place. He'll noan hurt it, an' thy missus'll never need it no more."

"Well, if hoo doesn't set in it, nobry else shall set in't," shouted Tom. "Theer now! I'll not have it."

"Why, then, I tell yo'. Mester Alty, if I'm to coom to this 'ouse I'll set in ony cheer I fancy, and do jest as I please! If I'm to coom to this 'ouse I'll come as missus, an' not tak' no words fro' nobry."

"Then yo' needn't coom!" shouted Tom. "I'll ha' noan o' yo'. I'll not ha' nobry settin' in our missus's place an' findin' fault wi' our missus's ways! An' yo' con goo as soon as yo'n a mind to—yo' an' yon ill-favored cur o' yours! I'll be fain to see th' last on yo'."

The plates and glasses jingled as he struck the table with his fist; there was a scraping back of chairs, and hasty footfalls sounded on the tiled floor.

"I'm fain to goo, then," cried Margaret shrilly; "but dunnot yo' coom axin' me back—thot's all."

"Nay," said Tom. "I wunno."

The house door banged, and the Gaffer, rushing into Betty's room, sank down upon the bed and burst into tears.

"Eh, missus," he sobbed plaintively, "I cannot thooak it—nay, I cannot! Eh, thou may barge at me as mich as thou likes. Hoo's gone, an' I'm glad on't! Eh, I thought I'd ha' choked wi' that sauce o' hers! Nay, lass, I cannot do wi' a strange woman arter all they years as thou an' me's been wed! I dunnot want nobry but thee."

A tremulous smile crept over Betty's old face, and she stretched out a shaking hand, which Tom grasped fervently.

"But whatever wilto do when I'm gone?" she asked after a moment.

"I dunno," responded Tom, still clutching her hand; "but I'll never have another missus—I know thot. I'd a dale sooner go to th' union."

"Eh, mon, I couldna rest i' me grave if wert i' th' union."

"Why, then, thou mun not goo to thy grave, owd lass—thou munnot truly! Eh, Betty, couldn't thou make shift to live a bit longer? Happen I'm noan so long fur this world mysel'. I'd a deal sooner we went together."

Betty looked wistfully at him.

"If it were th' A'mighty's will," she said. "Eh, well, I'll try to howd on fur a bit."

Betty's efforts were crowned with success. This little drama took place more than two years ago, and she is not dead yet.—M. E. Francis, in Longman's Magazine.

(For the Record-Union.)

SUNSET AT "VINE-HILL."

Into the gold of day's departing glory
The blue hills rise,
And mountain peaks, with age on ages hoary,
Up to the skies
Rear their proud heights, infinitude proclaiming,
Kissed by the setting sun.
The red light fades, the golden rays are waning,
The day is done.

—ABBIE GERRISH-GENUNG.

Every ancient hero and god had a flower specially consecrated to his honor.

REV. MRS. COLLMAN.

Her Father, Her Boy and Herself Praise Paine's Celery Compound.

Women preachers, as well as women lawyers, women voters, women bicyclists and women in business are making it more and more apparent that "the gentler sex" is not necessarily "the weaker sex," morally, mentally or physically.

Rev. Mrs. Lydia Collman is an example of the womanly woman whose influence for good in the community is on a par with that of the manly man.

She is not one of that silly class of persons who, broken down in health by mental or bodily strain not quite sick enough to be abed, put off thinking seriously of getting well.

Improperly nourished nerves and poor blood soon pile up a desperate number of disorders.

On the other hand, when reduced health and spirits are early recognized and courageously taken in hand at once, when Paine's celery compound is used to restore the integrity of the nerves and blood no further trouble is to be feared.

Paine's celery compound at once corrects any unhealthy condition of the nervous system. It forwards the richest possible elements of growth to every nerve cell and the remotest nerve thread throughout the body.

Paine's celery compound positively and permanently cures every form of nervous debility and exhaustion—melancholia, hysteria, headaches, dyspepsia, neuralgia and disordered heart and liver.

The great number of enthusiastic, unstudied testimonials from men and women living in widely separated States is one of the best evidences of how Paine's celery compound is regarded all over the country.

Woman's peculiar life brings a languor and listlessness that are best met by Paine's celery compound. The dispirited condition, the backaches, the neuralgic headaches, the sleeplessness and nervous debility, that so frequently attack women when their blood is robbed of its vitality is soon dispelled when Paine's celery compound is used.

Mrs. Collman, writing October 30th from her home, 157 Scott street, Wilkesbarre, Penn., says:

"Fully appreciating the benefits from the use of Paine's celery compound I recommend it to others. Suffering from sleeplessness and nervous debility, I was persuaded to use this truly greatest of remedies. Although I can have every medicine from my brothers, the druggists here, I gave Paine's celery compound a trial, and must confess only to my benefit. My only boy, 4 years old, was also treated with it, and his nervousness has disappeared. My father, Rev. C. Kuehn, with whom I live, thinks a great deal of Paine's celery compound. I shall always keep it in the house."

There are untold numbers of women who are working and worrying enough to drive them into their graves if Paine's celery compound were not always in their homes to strengthen and restore their brains and nerves when there was great need of it.

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THIS IS ONE OF THE many advantages gained in using Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt. Even to the sensitive flesh of woman it offers no inconvenience — no blistering sensations, such as are experienced in all the old-style appliances. There is not the unpleasant shock of the battery, but the warming, vitalizing stimulant as it absorbs into the Nervous System and builds up the new strength in all weakened organs. The simple turn of a screw makes the current milder or stronger while the Belt is on the body. Its even, life-giving powers are always felt by the wearer, but never shock nor burn. A pleasant, effective remedy for weakness in men or women, it offers no objectionable features that would prevent its use as a modern health giver. Applied on retiring, it is worn all night and removed in the morning, leaving the system charged with the animal magnetism which restores all wasted vital power. It induces restful slumber and cures sleeplessness and the many nervous disorders arising from a depleted vital force.

A neat pamphlet, with full information, can be had free upon application. It gives full information and price list. Address

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FOR PUBLIC SAFETY.

Insulated Electric Light Poles in Boston.

The Massachusetts Legislature passed a law last April requiring all posts and poles used in the transmission of electricity to be insulated in such a manner as to protect employes and the police from accidents. The Commissioner of Wires was empowered to enforce the law, and was made the sole judge of proper insulation. The number of poles and posts carrying electric wires in the city of Boston is nearly 14,000, of which the lamp department has 2,478 for the lighting of the streets. So that if, according to the new law of the State, new poles had to be bought, probably with iron bases, it would mean, by the time they were delivered on the ground and set up, an expenditure of something like $75,000, not reckoning the cost of removing the old poles. To meet this contingency the City Superintendent of Lamps devised a pole of wrought iron pipe, twenty feet high, with two divisions. The ten feet of space between the first joint and the top is covered with a fiber jacket of wood pulp and other insulating materials. Around it are clamped the iron steps for climbing, no bolt being allowed to enter the insulating compound. At the top of the pole, going into it two feet, and projecting above it nine inches, is a wooden plug, to which are bolted two iron rod braces, which support the hood of the arc lamp. This plug is treated chemically so as to make it absolutely non-conducting. After a long and severe test at Brookline, the insulation of this device was found to be unimpaired, and, pending a working test, it is believed that the perfectly insulated electric pole has at last been found.

Ladies take Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters generally when they feel low-spirited. It brightens them up immediately.

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