

A Tale.....
of the.....
Anglo-Indian
Secret Service

By.....
Henry.....
Seton.....
Merriman.....

YOUNG MISTLEY

CHAPTER XXX. 18

Continued.

"Then," said the Englishman, "you have changed?"

"Yes, I have changed."

"I am sorry for it."

"Why?"

"Because," said Charlie, "it brings you into contact with such men as Monsieur Jacob."

Marie Bakovitch looked up sharply, but he avoided meeting her eyes.

"What do you know of Monsieur Jacob?"

Charlie shrugged his broad shoulders contemptuously.

"Nothing, mademoiselle."

"But you hate him?"

"Well—scarcely. I have never had the necessary energy to hate any one yet. I do not like him."

"It is of Jacob," continued the girl, "that I have to tell. It is against him that I must ask your help. Remember, I do not ask it for myself—I for I do not fear him. It is for Lena Wright."

Marie Bakovitch looked up somewhat suddenly. She met her companion's eyes, calm, impassive, inscrutable as usual, fixed upon her face.

"Yes," he said, "go on."

"He is connected with several secret societies, political and otherwise. Notably the Brotherhood of Liberty, of which he pretends to be the London chief. For some months he has been scheming to obtain money from Lena Wright for the purpose of the Brotherhood."

"I thought money would be somewhere."

"Yes, all Jacob's plots are connected with money sooner or later. He heard from sources unknown to me that she will be comparatively rich some day, and he has been endeavoring to persuade her to borrow this money. It is a large sum."

"You have not told me what hold he has over her."

"He has represented that the Brotherhood has agencies and connections all over the world, and by these means he could with the aid of a certain sum of ready money obtain immediate information as to the safety, or otherwise, of your brother Winard—She—I think—she—"

"Yes," said Charlie, gravely, "I understand. But how did he get to know of this? He has surely had no opportunity—"

He stood there motionless and strong as ever man was created, but there passed across his face a momentary twinge of real physical pain. Suddenly he roused himself with an effort, and said with a practical, matter-of-fact energy:

"Mademoiselle, we must waste no time. I am deeply grateful—more grateful than ever I can hope to express—for the confidence that you have placed in me. You said just now that Jacob pretends to be the London chief of this Brotherhood; have you doubts about the truth of his assertions?"

"Yes. I know that such a society exists, and that its headquarters are in Rotterdam; but I believe Jacob is no member of it. He has represented himself to be its chief simply for the purpose of obtaining money. He has, in fact, deceived us all."

"Thank you. May I ask when you next assemble?"

"To-morrow afternoon in this room; and Miss Wright is to be present as a probationary member. Three o'clock is the hour."

"To-morrow at three. Thank you. You may leave everything to me, mademoiselle. I have a friend—Laurence Lowe—who is a journalist of some repute. He will doubtless know about this Brotherhood of Liberty—the real one, I mean. I will endeavor to do everything in as quiet and seaman-like a manner as I can, and I will see you to-morrow afternoon."

CHAP. XXXI.

The Brotherhood.

Lena's singing lesson the following afternoon was interrupted by the arrival of Monsieur Jacob. This gentleman was accompanied by his friend, Mr. Ryan, a keen-eyed individual, who was ever ready to espouse the cause of the oppressed of every nationality, provided there was money to be made and little risk attaching. Presently a feeble-minded English lady of uncertain age, and immediately behind her a mild-mannered German gentleman of short sight and unkempt hair.

This was the first time Lena had met the members of the Brotherhood of Liberty, and she was divided between an inclination to laugh and a desire to run away. But everybody was desperately serious. Monsieur Jacob was suave and gentlemanly as usual, but not entirely at his ease. His hold over the Baroness de Nantille, as she was still called, had never been very secure, and he instinctively felt that it was slipping from him day by day. However, the man was possessed of a certain superficial courage—a type of bravery which shines in the presence of women, but goes no distance among men.

There was just enough mystery in the proceedings to content the English maiden lady and the short-sighted Teuton without unnecessarily aggravating the Baroness.

"I have considered it necessary," he said, "to call the London Branch of this Brotherhood together, for the purpose of deciding a question of some importance. It is usual for myself and Secretary Ryan to decide such minor questions as may arise, but we feel that this is beyond our jurisdiction."

Here Monsieur Jacob paused, and

CHAPTER XXXII.

Confession.

Charles Mistley never gave Lena the full account of his discovery of Jacob's little plot. It is so easy to put off an explanation till a more convenient occasion, which somehow never arises. From Lowe she could learn nothing—explanations were not his forte.

And so the subject was shelved, partly with deliberate intention on the part of the young sailor, partly by the advent of a more momentous question. Jacob disappeared, and never returned into Lena's life to wake up memories best left to sleep. Marie Bakovitch left England with Ivan Meyr. Some years later Mrs. Mistley heard of her in Paris, recognizing the beautiful Russian girl in a vivacious French description of the "ravishing" wife of a rising young artist.

On the day completing the eighteenth month after Winard's departure there was a dinner party at the house in Seymour street. Any disinterested and experienced matron, watching the arrival of the guests from behind the laths of a Venetian blind, would unhesitatingly have prophesied a slow and wearisome evening for the guests at this entertainment. There were no ladies—except Mrs. Mistley and Lena and her mother.

The only young man was Charles Mistley, and he was handicapped by the presence of half a dozen veterans—white-haired old warriors, who were desperately attentive and vastly gallant to the ladies, more especially to Lena; sturdy old rolling stones, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes little calculated to entertain the fair. These old stagers, however, did weighty justice to the delicacies set before them, and were mightily pleased with the manner in which they each and severally entertained the ladies.

Mrs. Wright led the way to the drawing room at the first opportunity, and the old fellows were left to pull down their waistcoats with a grave sense of satisfaction at the skillful manner in which they had kept up the spirits of the assembly.

When they at length trooped into the drawing room, they found the two elder ladies sitting together near the fireplace, while Lena stood in the narrow window, taking advantage of the last rays of daylight to complete some dainty piece of needlework. Charles Mistley lounged across the room, and occupied in a masterly manner the remainder of that window.

The fading light of the sunset was fully reflected on Lena's face as she stood in the recess of the tall window, working deftly. Charlie, leaning against the wall opposite her, was looking at her absently. One would hardly have thought that he was noting the little painful droop of her eyelids when she ceased speaking. He had not the reputation of a keen observer.

His reflections were interrupted by the advent of Adonis, who solemnly crossed the room at this moment to pay his respects. He stooped and caressed the dog's rough head for some moments; then, without raising his eyes, he said:

"Lena."

"Yes."

The girl looked up from her work with her ready smile, which had of late grown almost mechanical.

"At last—at last I am going to do something."

"To do something?" she repeated, with ready interest.

"To-day is Tuesday," he replied; "on Friday I start for Central Asia. I am going to seek Win."

She grew very pale; the color even left her lips. Charlie continued to gaze out of the window.

"And I will keep you posted up as to my whereabouts. If I miss him—if we pass each other on the way—you should be able to stop me somewhere; the colonel is arranging all that. But, after all, if I wander about there, say, for a year or so, it does not matter much. A year more or less out of an idle life is of no great consequence."

He stopped, and looked down at her with his lazy, placid smile. Presently she looked up and met his eyes.

(To be continued.)

Newspapers Part of Government.

Judge Sulzberger, of the Philadelphia Court of Pleas, in resisting the desire of the grand jury to indict a street-cleaning contractor, announced the doctrine that the newspapers are a fundamental part of the government. "If a member of a grand jury has any criticism to make of administrative matters," he said, "he should go to a newspaper with them, and not endeavor to transfer the grand jury into a machine for investigations on its own account."

He said that the constitution recognizes the press as a critical agent, and that it is their duty to find out evils and bring them to the attention of the proper authorities.

As the Librettist Likes It.

I hear that Mr. E. ndon Thomas is touring with his play "Charley's Aunt." I remember seeing the work when it was tried in town for a few nights in December, 1892. There seems to me no reason why this piece, if provided with additional dialogue by Charles Brookfield, George Grossmith, Jr., and Cosmo Hamilton, music by Lionel Monckton, Ivan Caryll, Paul Rubens, and Frank Tours, and, of course, supplementary lyrics by Adrian Ross, should not, in time, meet with some slight measure of popular success.—Pall Mall Gazette.

King Despised Bachelors.

King Christian was one of the greatest anti-bachelor enthusiasts who ever lived. He had no use for bachelors. Everybody over thirty years old he besought to get married. It is related that one bachelor was pressed so hard by King Christian on this point that he fled to the West Indies to keep from being persuaded.

Wood in building is used much more sparingly in France than in America; hence danger from fire is less.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Polar seas are in every case shallower than tropical.

The Edinburgh folks prefer American hand saws to all others.

There are in the world eleven cities with over one million inhabitants.

In the matter of train speed Austria, Italy and Spain are at the bottom of the list.

An Ohio man claimed to have "chewed" 90,000 ounces of tobacco in sixty-two years.

The telephone girl in France does not say "hello." She says "J'ecoute," which means as much.

Eighty-five women bootblacks are numbered among the industrial workers of the United States.

The railroad bridges at Pittsburg handle more traffic than those of any other city in this country.

Fishes have no eyelids, and, necessarily, sleep with their eyes open; they swallow their food whole. Frogs, toads and serpents never take food, except that which they are certain is alive.

Resembling in appearance and action a jackrabbit is a Nebraska calf, according to all accounts. It has no tail, and its hind legs are longer than its front ones. It gets over the ground in leaps.

The first railroad operated in Morocco was lately opened for traffic. It is one mile and a quarter in length, and its reason for existence is the hauling of stone from a quarry to the harbor of Tangier, where German capitalists are making improvements.

The dreaded nun butterfly is appearing everywhere in Bohemia, threatening the devastation of the forests. The neighboring woods of Saxony and Silesia are also threatened. The ministry of agriculture has named a commission to investigate.

"Blizzard" is an American word. The date and circumstances of its origin are obscure. Though it was first commonly used by the American newspapers as a good word for a snow squall in the winter of 1880-1881, it is said to have been known to the West in that sense nearly twenty years earlier.

How the Buffalo Died.

It was up and down the Red River that Henry passed during the years of his trading at Fort Pembian, and it was C. N. Bell, we believe, who, in papers read before the Historical Society of Manitoba, first brought to notice the extraordinarily interesting Henry Journal, which was later elaborated by Dr. Coues.

Here was a land which at certain seasons was run over by the buffalo in such numbers that the grass was worn off it, the willows and the underbrush trampled to powder, and the traces worn smooth and polished by the rubbing of the great brutes. A tributary of the Red River was called the Scratching River. On these streams as on others in the West there was always wholesale destruction of the buffalo in the spring when the ice went out. As Henry says, "It really is astonishing what quantities must have perished, as they formed one continued line in the middle of the river for the parts of two days and nights. One of my men found an entire herd of buffalo that had fallen through the ice in Park River and drowned. They were still sticking in the ice." A month later he writes: "Buffalo still drifting down stream. It is most intolerable the stench arising from the vast amount of drowned buffalo that lay across the banks of the river in every direction, above and below, and of which we can see no end. They tell me it passes all imagination the great number of buffalo that are lying along the beach and on the banks above. I am informed that almost every spring it is the same, but not always in such immense numbers as this."—Forest and Stream.

Origin of Names.

It is appropriate for the historian to recall that the original Spanish name of the now stricken city was "Mission de los Dolores de Nuestra Padre San Francisco de Asis" (mission of the Sorrows of Our Father, St. Francis of Assisi), just as Santa Fe's full name, as translated into English is "The True City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis." In one case the short cut Americans took the name of the saint, and the other its chief spiritual possession. But the griefs, or sorrows, of St. Francis, perpetuated in one of the principal streets of San Francisco, as well as in the famous old mission itself, are peculiarly suggestive at this time.—Boston Transcript.

Teeth in Wrong Place.

James Knarr, a farmer of Paluski County, was husking corn in a field last November when he suffered an attack of violent coughing. When it passed a moment later he noticed that his new set of false teeth had departed, whither he knew not, but he had a suspicion that he swallowed them.

However, a young heifer expired on his farm to-day, evidently as the result of starvation. It had eaten nothing in weeks. Examination of its stomach disclosed the missing store teeth.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Feminine Purse in Oklahoma.

Even the dubious squaw has learned the usefulness of the feminine stocking. Mrs. Chien, an Apache Indian woman at Lawton, was concealing a pint of firewater in her stocking when detected by a policeman. The policeman was a rude knave and grabbed the whisky.—Kansas City Times.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

How Alcohol Works in the Body and on the Mind—A Scientific Statement of the Harmful Effects Produced.

An important scientific statement of the effects produced by alcoholic liquors is quoted by J. G. Wolley, in the New Voice. It was made by an eminent physiologist in an address delivered to the Australian Intercolonial Medical Congress, which is as follows:

The explanation of the hold that alcohol as a beverage has upon all civilized nations is to be found in the study and appreciation of its physiological action in the body; not primarily in the vicious tendencies of men, nor in the craving for some form of narcotization, nor in the mental and physical stress under present day civilization.

The craving for alcohol, in spite of the ravages it produces in the human body, in the family circle, and in society, is the direct outcome of its own properties as a nerve paralyzant when taken into the system, and alcohol must, therefore, be held primarily responsible for the human sacrifice associated with its use.

The first effect of alcohol in the empty stomach is to dilate the blood vessels of the mucosa, producing a feeling of local warmth. The next is a reflex action on the vasomotor centre in the brain, leading to paralysis of the muscular coats of the capillary vessels, and accompanied by a feeling of superficial warmth.

At this stage the pulse is quickened, chiefly because of the diminished blood tension, and therefore of the resistance in the vessels. The cutaneous vascular dilation, though giving a feeling of increased radiation of heat, and therefore of a diminution in the body temperature.

The presence in the brain of an increased blood supply is stimulating the mental faculties to greater activity, and the quickened cerebral circulation is conveying the alcohol in its unchanged state more rapidly to the brain centres.

The specific action of the poison now commences—viz., "paralysis affecting the nerve centres in the inverse order of their development."

The highest brain centres are the latest developed, and these are paralyzed first and most.

With the progressive paralysis now initiated there still goes on the hyperactivity by the increased blood supply of all the centres below, so that with the complete loss of power of the higher tier of brain cells there is the accompanying over-activity of all the tiers below.

The highest tier of nerve cells, developed last and therefore most unstable, has to do with self-control.

The highest pinnacle of a man's moral nature is the power to control or inhibit the suggestions or inclinations of his lower self.

It is this power of inhibition or self-control that is the first paralyzed by alcohol, and the paralysis is apparent at the earliest stage of alcoholic ingestion. A man who has just come under the influence of a moderate quantity of alcohol is at once no longer in his reserve, his self-restraint, his discretion.

Later in the stage of intoxication the next tier of brain cells goes, while the first tier remains functionless throughout, still more and more saturated with its poison. His moral judgment becomes dulled, and more of his self-control is given up.

Another tier is paralyzed and some motor centres are thrown into harm's way with the law that the nerve cells are made functionless in the inverse order of development, the highest and last developed suffering first and most.

During all this time all the lower centres (including those governing the animal passions) are in a state of over-activity.

Another tier goes, and the mind is blank. Paralysis of all the higher centres is complete; the victim becomes insensible; the muscular power of the limbs gives away, and profound anaesthesia results.

If the alcoholic dose has been large, and still another tier paralyzed, the respiratory function is lost, and the heart whose centre is first developed, is the next to beat.

Thus at the stage of complete intoxication all the higher centres—moral, mental and motor—are paralyzed; the nerves centres are bathed in blood saturated with alcohol, and surcharged with waste products, which the exhausted circulatory system and reduced vitality are not able to eliminate.

It Rot and Ruins.

A bartender plaintively bewailed the necessity of having to rub concealed drops of sticky beer off the bar. "But if I let them remain," he said, in tones of one seeking compassion, "they rot the wood."

"They rot the wood, do they?" fiercely repeated the beer bibber. "Then, what in the name of common sense do you do with your stomach?" "It is beyond me to tell," replied the manipulator of drinks. "Of one thing I am confident, and that is, that man's stomach is made of cast iron. Elsewise how could he withstand the amount of fluid that he pours into it? Let me show you something. He placed a piece of raw meat on the counter and dropped it into a small measure of imported liquor. In five minutes the meat had parted into little pieces, as though hacked by a dull knife.

It is not surprising that beer drinkers are held by life insurance companies to be extra hazardous risks.—Arkansas Searchlight.

A Bombshell.

Governor Folk has thrown another bombshell into the ranks of the liquor politicians of his State in a declaration that every liquor club in St. Louis should take out a regular saloon license.

Not a Respectable Business.

A poor Irishman, who applied for a license to sell ardent spirits, being questioned as to his fitness for the trust, replied, "Ah! sure, it is not much of a character a man needs to sell rum."

Root of Most Crime.

"When I come to look through the court calendar, and when I see the number of crimes which have been committed under the influence of drink, I cannot help saying a word or two on that subject. Every day I live, the more I think of the matter, the more firmly do I come to the conclusion that the root of almost all crime is drink," declares Judge Hawkins.

Local option is in force in a majority of Alabama counties and parts of others as well.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR MARCH 10 BY THE REV. I. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: Isaac a Lover of Peace, Gen. 26:12-25—Golden Text, Matt. 5:9—Memory Verses, 16-17—Commentary.

Our attention shifts now from Abraham to Isaac the child of the old age of Abraham and Sarai, to Isaac the man of peace. With the circumstance of Rebekah Isaac is permitted by Abimelech to sow in the land. His sowing is blessed of the Lord with an unusual harvest. His wealth increases from year to year until he is the envy of the Philistines. Matters wax so warm that after a season Isaac is asked by Abimelech to leave Gerar. So Isaac goes into the valley of Gerar. In that region he gets into trouble with the herdsmen of Gerar. Whenever, after the fashion of the country and the example of his father, Isaac digs a well for the satisfaction of the wants of his flocks and retainers, these herdsmen, jealously, engage the servants of Isaac in open conflict. Twice the herdsmen that are of the company of Isaac dig wells only to be compelled for the sake of peace to abandon them to their foes. At last, however, Isaac is able to finish a well over which there is no dissension. This well he calls Rehoboth (Room) for saith he, "Jehovah hath made room for us and we shall be fruitful."

From the well Rehoboth Isaac journeys to Beersheba. Here God appears to him. He erects an altar, pitches his tent, and digges a well. The lesson shows us that the blessings of Jehovah wait upon the temporal concerns of those who fear Him; that it is hard for some people to regard the prosperity of their neighbors without jealous thoughts arising in their minds; that nothing is lost by refusing to fight over matters that may, very easily, be made subjects for contention; that the blessings of a righteous father fall upon a good son; that Abraham overshadowed Isaac to such an extent that Isaac seems merely to bask in the greatness of his father.

The first three verses of our lesson show us that God is intimately concerned with the material prosperity of His children. Isaac fears God and the Lord greats him with material prosperity as well as spiritual happiness. And this is simply the logical outworking of the laws of the kingdom of God. If godliness is at the basis of all prosperity then the good man and the good nation should prosper. And when society is godly there is material riches for all. The godlier the land, the better off its inhabitants.

The last six words of verse 14 point the second lesson for us. And when any man or any people becomes saturated with the evil venom of jealousy then trouble comes quickly.

Verse 22 indicates that Isaac proved the truth that nothing is to be lost and that much is to be gained by not engaging in conflict over disputed matters. It is hard to fight with a man who will not defend himself.

The assurances of God given to Isaac in the twenty-third verse are an evidence that the Divine favor that is bestowed upon a godly father will descend in no unreal fashion upon a godly son. Abraham loved God and to follow His commands. Isaac did likewise. And for that reason the promise made unto Abraham was given to Isaac also.

The last lesson that we may consider here is that of the overshadowing of Isaac by the memory of Abraham. Isaac is a man of peace, he is a man of immense power in his own land. But it does seem as though in many instances he was not the slavish imitator of his mighty father. In fact, stories that are told of Isaac have their parallels in the stories that are related concerning Abraham. For Abraham's sake God blesses him. After the manner of his father he tills and toils and grows rich. Like Abraham he digs wells, builds altars, calls upon the name of Jehovah. To be sure, imitation of his father in these things was not enough. Abraham was as good a man as he was great in his day and generation. But it does seem as though with the example of his mighty ancestor before him, the favor of God upon him, his own capacity for righteousness, Isaac might have done something more distinctive. He is overshadowed by the magnitude of the character of his father.

These few notes are offered:

Vs. 12, "Sowed." This is the first mention of sowing. Before this we have seed, seed-time and harvest.

Vs. 19, "Springing." Better, "living."

Vs. 20, "Seek." Heb. for "contention."

Vs. 21, "Sinah." Heb. "enmity."

Vs. 22, "Rehoboth." Heb. "broad places."

The Children's Safeguard.

The cornerstone of our nation is religious liberty. The cornerstone of the home is the family altar. The greatest safeguard we can throw around our children is to establish and keep up the family altar in our homes.—Raim's Horn.

A Delusion.

Some men seem to think that slaying up the creeds will be accepted as a substitute for deeds.—Raim's Horn.

Chinese Railroads Appreciated.

The advantages of railways, which ignorance declined to have a few years ago, are now being fully appreciated by the merchant and the traveling public generally in China. Where lines are at present working they are utilized to the full by both goods and passengers, and the owner of produce is able to bring or send his goods to a market instead of, as hitherto, disposing of them to an up-country agent, who had his additional profit to make out of the transaction.

Business Activity in Turkey.

In spite of the depression caused by the failure of the harvest in Macedonia, great activity in building operations prevails in Salonica, Turkey, reports the Austro-Hungarian Consul there. Active demand exists for hardware, timber, planks and iron girders. The commercial quarters, extending and the trade of the surrounding districts is becoming more and more centralized at Salonica.

London's Use of Gas.

London's gas consumption is over 6000 feet per year per head.

The Sunday Breakfast Table

HEAVEN'S CHOIR.

Angels, from the realm of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
And with meads now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations;
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord is sending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sinners, wring with true repentance,
Doomed, for guilt, to endless pain,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

—James Montgomery.

Bringing Out the Best in Us.

Whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things.—Philippians, IV. 8.

These words are an appeal to the best in human nature. In every man there is an angel and a demon; tendencies toward right, inclinations toward the wrong. There is no man so thoroughly bad that some good may not be found in him. There is no man so truly good that he is without imperfections. Every once in a while we say of a man there is no good in him whatsoever. But that judgment is rather an expression of our attitude toward him, than a real estimate of his character. A Christian card was in circulation last year which read, "There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it does not behoove any of us to talk about the rest of us."

We frequently talk about the fixity of character; but with almost every passing hour our conduct is undergoing change. The mechanism of thought, feeling, purpose, is one of stupendous variability. One hour we are under the influence of one set of emotions; the next hour these emotions are succeeded by an entirely different group of sensations.

There is an unrealized self in every man. Now and then we catch glimpses of our better life. They come to us in stray, sacred moments as prospects caught a few times from some lofty mountain altitude—the vision of that other being, that better self buried down deep within us, for a larger, truer, nobler, diviner life.

Two young men came to this city from a Western town. One of them had felt the narrow limitations of his boyhood. He thought, well, as a man passes through this world, but once and he will be a long time dead, he might as well have his fling and see what there is in life. So he shunned the good people. He had seen enough of them at home. He visited the haunts of sin. Well, he has had his fling. His face and his eyes tell the tale.

The other young man came with the determination not only to make the best of his opportunities; but also, as Jean Paul Richter said, "to make as much out of himself as it is possible to make out of the stuff." He put himself in touch with the best associations; yes, he went to the church, and was encouraged in his purpose. The passing years have witnessed not only his growth in manhood. He paid attention to what was best. The difference between these two young men consisted simply in the different voices to which they responded. One responded to the highest, the other to the lowest; One endeavored to bring out the best, the other stifled and smothered the best.

My appeal to every young man who reads these words is to try to make the best of his opportunities, to hold you down to your lower self. Bring out the angel that is within you. Every honest effort toward the things which are true and honest and just and pure and lovely and of good report is so much gained toward the imprisoned ideal within.—Rev. William C. Stinson, D. D., Bloomingdale Reformatory, Church Street, East Avenue and 106th Street, New York City, in the Sunday Herald.

A Personal Thought.

Let me remember that the kindling of the light is only part of the work that needs to be done. The other part is the sustaining and nourishing of the light when kindled, and if the first part is God's, the second part is mine. Much secret fellowship with God, much prayerful intercourse with Him, nothing else than this will maintain my light. I must watch, therefore, lest my indolence, or neglect, or worldliness, my every common life, a flicker and constant thing, and so my candle burn too low to be of any use.—G. H. Knight.

The Doctrine of the Holy Ghost.

He is the effectively present deity. He is God continually in the midst of men and touching their daily lives. He is the God of perennial and daily aspiration, the comforter to whom we look in the most pressing need of comfort, who will ever be ready to "satisfy our every common life" with mankind. The doctrine of the Holy Ghost is a continual protest against every recurring tendency to separate God from the current world.—Phillips Brooks.

Noted Pictures Condemned.

Omaha (Neb.) courts have decided that a work of art by famous painters, including Van Dyke, Rubens and Vander Werff are improper and that reproductions of them cannot be sold in Omaha stores. For persisting in their sale John Greenberg was fined and warned that for the next offense he would be sent to jail. Greenberg had on sale copies of "Fall from Paradise," the original of which is in the Dresden Art Gallery; Van Dyke's "Diana and the Golden Reign of Jupiter," Vander Werff's "Magdalena," and others of that class.