

THE TEA-KETTLE'S SONG.

Queen am I of stove and range—
Tea, he, he, tea, he, he,
Disregarding fashion's change,
I sing always merrily
My one lively, time-worn air,
Known to people everywhere—
Tune without a trill or other
Thing to make a lot of bother.
Simple is my taste, and three
Notes compose my Tea, he, he!

What are gems, though richly set—
Tea, he, he, tea, he, he,
To the vapor coronet
That is ever crowning me?
Beauty pays me tribute too,
Softest eyes of black and blue
Watch me often, and they beam
Through my curling wreaths of steam
While is made the fragrant tea
To my bubbling, Tea, he, he!

Though mine seems a merry state—
Tea, he, he, tea, he, he,
Pray do not associate
Me with sheer frivolity;
For I gave to men the notion
How to steam across the ocean,
And the engine's secret hid
Underneath my dancing lid.
Wise, yet merry, folks may be,
So I sing my Tea, he, he!

—Jane Ellis Joy, in Ladies' World.

THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

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CHAPTER X.

The case of Neil vs. Meredith was docketed for the opening of court in the morning; but unfinished business brought over from the day before promised some delay, not a little to the relief of Donald Bartels, whose client was unaccountably missing at the appointed hour. Brigham had also failed to appear, as well as the other witnesses whom Neil had promised; but this, vexatious as it was, could not rouse the same degree of surprise and concern as did the defection of Neil himself. An ugly suspicion had crept into the lawyer's mind, to be dismissed at first as hardly tenable, but insidiously growing into conviction as he furtively eyed the Grubstake people grouped together at the other side of the room. Did Neil's nonappearance, no less than that of the others, mean some devilry of their contriving?

Col. Meredith sat unconcernedly reading a morning paper, his chair somewhat withdrawn from his neighbors. The colonel generally was distinguished by this little air of aloofness; rarely was he to be seen in any attitude of friendly hobnobbing with anybody. It seemed a part of his natural reserve of character, no less than the outgrowth of his profound indifference toward all humankind, that for his comfort he must demand the widest possible allotment of elbow room. At a respectful distance from his employer, whose impassive nonchalance he seemed unsuccessfully trying to imitate, sat the manager of the mine, at intervals addressing whispered remarks to the attorney who had come up from Denver to appear for the defendant in the case. This last gentleman, eminent for his skill in handling criminal cases of more or less shady character, enjoyed almost a greater measure of fame in certain circles for his zeal in the work of the Sunday school. Donald Bartels regarded him as an arrant sneak and hypocrite, despising him no more for the slyster methods he felt warranted in crediting to him than for the cloak of sanctimony he assumed for their disguise. Keen dislike for the man and desire to down him on general principles had added peculiar zest to the present encounter, which proportionately enhanced Bartels' exasperation at finding himself thus handicapped at the outset by lack of both client and witnesses.

The great clock high up on the wall at one side of the room marked the hour of ten, and Harvey Neil was still derelict. The case before the court was plainly drawing to a close. The witness in the chair was the last to be heard, and the judge was furtively fingering the notes on his desk, preparatory to delivering his charge to the jury. It happened that Carlton, Bartels' partner, was attorney for the defendant in that case, and before this the unhappy attorney had hastily scribbled a note explaining his plight, and begging that Carlton would consume all the time possible in his closing speech to the jury. Their only hope now lay in delaying the hearing of the Mascot-Grubstake case until the plaintiff should be heard from.

A clerk, who had been below anxiously looking out for the absentees, slipped into the chair at Bartels' side. "Looks mighty queer," he superfluously observed. "I have sent men to look them all up; but there's hardly a chance in a thousand of getting them here on time now, I should say. What's to be done?" "We must demand a continuance, I suppose; though Heaven knows what good it will do," returned Bartels, impatiently. "Who went after Neil?"

"Martin, from Young's corral. You know how he can ride, and I told him he must just hit the high places this time. But what on earth can it mean?"

Mr. Criley, the Denver attorney, was crossing the room with a deprecating, tiptoe tread, stooping a little, as though in excess of meekness. He had given Bartels ceremonious greeting earlier in the day; but now he came with more sociable intention, the smile that twisted his thin lips producing a curious effect of whining ugliness upon his cadaverous, smoothly-shaven face.

"It rather looks as though there might be a chance for us presently," he observed, clasping his bloodless hands together in a gesture, which, for some reason not altogether clear, seems to be rather commonly cultivated by orators accustomed to address themselves to Sunday school audiences. "You fellows up here in the country are in a lull, let me tell you; he went on in a whining whisper. "In all our Denver courts we are away behind with our cases and losing all the time. It is rather the worst in La Rue's just now; he has been hearing divorce cases right

along, and where a woman is concerned—well, you know La Rue. Your Bennett here is made of sterner stuff. Ah, what is that he says?" pausing as the judge addressed a few terse sentences to the attorneys in the case before him. "He limits them to five minutes apiece for their closing arguments!—that's business!" in a tone of cordial approval. "No shilly-shally nonsense about him. I believe there is not a judge on the bench in Colorado who is his equal in all-around ability. He ought to be made attorney-general."

"It is hinted that he is rather of that opinion himself," returned Bartels, impatiently. Carlton had made a noble effort to gain more than the allotted five minutes, but the judge was inexorable. Too much time already had been consumed on the case, he curtly said. Other parties were waiting, parties from a distance who might be put to serious inconvenience by delay; he felt himself obliged to hasten matters. "That's business!" declared Mr. Criley again, his pale blue eyes beaming satisfaction. "But, by the way, Mr. Bartels, is your client present? I am not sure that I know the gentleman even by sight."

"He's not here," answered Bartels, shortly. "Do you mean that he has not yet arrived?" the tone expressing the most profound astonishment. "But of course he will be in presently. It will make no difference in opening the case."

"I am afraid it will make all the difference in the world," sharply retorted the attorney for the delinquent plaintiff. Mr. Criley was punctiliously mindful of the Biblical injunction in respect to soft answers, but without always achieving the proper Biblical result. So far from turning away wrath, his whining gentleness always roused in Donald Bartels a fever of antagonism. "If he does not get here before the case is called, I shall, of course ask for a continuance."

"But, my dear sir, that will work great hardship to us," protested the other, almost forgetting to be sanctimonious in the excitement of this idea. "Here is my client come on from New York especially for this case; here am I up from Denver at a cost of great personal inconvenience; here are our witnesses, ready and waiting. We are prepared to go on with the trial, and shall certainly protest against any delay."

"And I shall most certainly protest against trying the case until I am given time to find out what has befallen my client!" returned Bartels, hotly. "If parties interested in keeping him from appearing in court have been up to any monkey business—"

"Oh, my dear, dear sir!" interrupted Criley, in a tone of righteous grief and protest.

The closing words had been spoken in the case before the court, and with an air of relief the jury was filing out of the room. Bartels' clerk appeared again, breathlessly beckoning him one side.

"I've just got onto a man from Tomtown who says he saw Neil drinking beer at the Busted Prospector saloon early last evening," he hurriedly explained. "You don't suppose—"

"No, I don't," retorted Bartels, angrily. "Neil is a gentleman. He may have drunk a glass of beer last evening, but I can swear that he did not take enough to keep him away from court today. Of course, there's a possibility that the beer may have been doctored, though. Was Brigham drinking with him?"

"Oh, Brigham—no; he hit the road for somewhere yesterday morning. Gave it out cold that he was going to Alaska—which makes it more than likely that he's bound for Mexico."

The pair were joined by Carlton, alert and anxious. "What does it mean?" he excitedly demanded. "Where's Neil?"

"Simply non est; and I'm afraid it means that there's the devil to pay," Bartels gloomily explained.

Bartels concerned in the last suit drifted away in groups of twos and threes, some to sit dejectedly whispering together in the back of the room, others to nervously pace the corridor outside until the verdict should be known. Certain of the loungers in the chairs allotted to visitors, surmising that no salacious details need be looked for in the Mascot-Grubstake case, lazily betook themselves elsewhere in search of fresh excitement; while certain others, perceiving Neil's defection, and now comprehending the pressing need of his presence, hurried outside to stare up the street in fruitless quest of him, interestedly discussing among themselves what it might mean. The judge leaned down at one side of his desk to discuss some matter with a pretty typewriter girl who had come out of an inner room. He had the strong, ruddy physique of one who enjoys a good appetite and a sound digestion, the somewhat sensual lines of his mouth softened by a heavy, iron-gray mustache, to which his barber had imparted a youthful curl at the ends. A deep dimple was in his chin, and as he smiled—and he smiled a good deal in his talk with the pretty typewriter—there appeared a dimple to match in either cheek. He was a man whom the majority of women would have admired, while few men would have hesitated to pronounce him a rare good fellow if they met him with that smile upon his face; but the expression changed as the young woman vanished through the door at the end of the room, and the judge straightened himself up in renewed consciousness of his office, his keen, gray eyes betokening no consciousness of anything amiss as he opened his trial docket and quietly turned the leaves unconcernedly reading, as though for his own information: "Neil versus Meredith. Bartels and Carlton for plaintiff; Criley for defendant." Are you ready, gentlemen?"

Donald Bartels was stepping forward to address the court when the clerk, who had been out foraging for fresh tidings, hurriedly entered, whispering a few words in his employer's ears. Bartels was very grave as he turned back, facing the judge.

"Your honor," he began, his voice

vibrant with excitement, "I have to move for a continuance in this case on the ground that our client is absent, and we have reason to believe it willfully and maliciously detained by parties having an interest in withholding his testimony from this suit. I have just ascertained that Mr. Neil disappeared from his room last night, after having ordered his horse for seven o'clock this morning, with the avowed intention of making an early start to be here before the opening of court. A man was seen going toward his cabin after he had retired for the night; but so far as can be ascertained, nothing has been seen of Mr. Neil himself since that hour. Parties are now searching all the Silver Trail country to get some trace of him, and he may be found within the hour; but, pending his arrival, and in view of the fact that two of our principal witnesses are likewise unaccountably missing, I must beg for a continuance of this case."

But Mr. Criley, of Denver, was upon his feet on the instant, excitedly protesting. "Your honor," he cried, "I must protest against any delay in trying this case, as working unnecessary hardship to my client and others concerned. My client has come on from New York for the express purpose of being present at this time. He has in contemplation a trip to Europe which cannot be delayed without involving possibilities of grave loss to him, while several of our witnesses are from a distance, brought together at this time with more or less difficulty. In respect to Mr. Neil's disappearance, while from some points of view it may be regarded as peculiar at this juncture, yet I venture to suggest that the gentleman was undoubtedly cognizant of the fact that the case was set for this morning, and if he is not here it may be certainly within the range of possibility that he has reasons of his own for absents himself. We would most respectfully call the attention of the court to the fact that no sufficient grounds have been presented for granting a continuance. Talk of malicious detention, hints and innuendoes, cannot be offered as valid reason for delay. On our side we are ready to proceed, and on behalf of my client I most emphatically protest against the granting of any continuance."

The judge looked deliberately from one attorney to the other, absently playing with a paper knife. "Did Mr. Neil understand that the case was set for this morning?" he asked, coldly glancing at Donald Bartels.

"He did, your honor; and when he left my office at four o'clock yesterday afternoon, he expressed his intention of being here, while, as before stated, his purpose was further shown in ordering his horse to be ready for him."

The judge glanced rather listlessly toward the clock at the side of the room.



"Your honor, I have to move for a continuance of this case."

"I do not see any sufficient grounds for a continuance," he imperturbably decided, after a moment, taking up the paper knife once more and attentively examining the pattern of its handle. "Your client was aware that the case was set for trial this morning; if he disappeared from his room last night, it would seem that he went voluntarily—at least you have made no showing of violence or coercion. Surmises and suggestion are not to be accepted as evidence. Gentlemen, we will proceed with the case."

Bartels' fair face flushed an angry red, but comprehending the uselessness of further appeal, he resumed his seat in silence. "Just as I told you," muttered Carlton in his ear. "They've got Bennett on their side fast enough. Your only show now is to kill time the best you can and trust in Providence for Neil to show up at the eleventh hour. I'm going down to stir up the sheriff and see what he is good for—if he has not gone already."

And accepting his partner's view of the case, Bartels grimly gave himself to the task of consuming time. He addressed himself to the impeding of a jury with a drawing hesitancy, which, to the few among them who were strangers to him, fairly suggested an impediment in his speech. Had he been called to cope with hopeless idocy, he could not have been more minutely painstaking in his deliberate explanation of the grounds upon which that suit was brought; he reiterated with tireless suavity; by no possible chance could any misunderstanding have lingered in the mind of the dullest. He wavered uncertainly in respect to his challenges; frequently he was interrupted by a small, nervous cough, impelling him to begin anew almost completed sentences, while his questions were put in such searching, impressive fashion that the unhappy company seized for that form of vicarious atonement ordained by the law felt as though tacitly accused, and in some instances almost convicted of unholy league with the defendant in the case. But with all his dragging methods, Mr. Criley with business-like directness doing all that he might to make up the lost time, when court adjourned at noon the jury of six impelled and sworn to well and truly try the issues joined between the plaintiff and the defendant, and a true verdict render according to the evidence.

"Well, it might be worse," Carlton exclaimed in gloomy gratulation as they walked down the street together. "You can easily use up a couple of hours with your opening speech, and get away with the rest of the afternoon with what witnesses you've got, while if worst comes to worst, you can of course demand a non-suit. But it beats the deuce! I can't think what it means."

"I wish I were as sure of seeing the whole Grubstake outfit indicted before a grand jury as I am that they are at the bottom of it," morosely returned Bartels.

"But this would seem almost more than even Meredith would dare undertake—assuming that Neil has been abducted or anything like that," protested Carlton doubtfully. "However, I think I'll ride up myself this afternoon and take a look around. I may be able to stumble onto some clew."

"If you don't—Heaven help us!" ejaculated the other with disheartened fervor.

News of Neil's disappearance had by this time become noised about the street, stirring up such excitement as had not been known in Orodelphia for many a day. That he should voluntarily absent himself on such an occasion seemed almost out of the question; but there were a few who found the most reasonable solution of the mystery in the beer which Neil was reported to have drunk in the Tomtown saloon the evening before, the mischievous character of the liquors dispensed in that establishment being vouched for by many of sorry experience. Others leaned to the opinion, expressed in more cautious tones, that Col. Randolph Meredith, if he would, might have told somewhat of his adversary's whereabouts, while a smaller number, yet more chary of expressing their minds, directed suspicion toward the Mipers' union. The theory of accident through an inadvertence on his own part was generally dismissed as untenable, Harvey Neil being credited with abundant capacity for taking care of himself under all ordinary circumstances; while even more preposterous appeared the suggestion hazarded by one or two excited imaginations that of defeat at finding his principal witness flown, had simply "thrown up the sponge" and remained away from court of his own accord. Not a theory was advanced which might not be beaten down by another, that in turn to be proved equally unstable; but that there must have been foul play of some sort was generally accepted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BOOK LOVER.

Witty Retort of a Priest to a Vulgar and Ostentatious Parishioner.

Concerning the celebrated Father Darcy, probably the greatest wit of that witty nation, Ireland, it is related that he once visited the palatial mansion of a perfect specimen of the nouveau riches who lived in the neighborhood of Dub'in at the invitation of its pompous owner. He was shown all over the house, his host taking great pains, as is habitual in such cases, to keep the witty and observant priest well informed as to the cost of all the beautiful things he was shown. Finally, after making the complete tour of the chateau, the library was reached, its tremendous shelves groaning under the weight of thousands upon thousands of volumes, resplendent in the most magnificent bindings. Here they seated themselves, and the host said, with a sigh of snobbish exaltation:

"Well, father, I have brought you here last because this is my favorite room. The other rooms may give pleasure to my wife and my daughters, but this is my place—right here among these books, who are my friends. And these here on the desk (pointing to a score of ultra-looking volumes), are what I may call my intimate friends."

Father Darcy got up and examined one of them, when a broad grin spread over his good-natured face, as he said:

"Well, it's glad I am to see that you never cut your intimate friends."—Milwaukee Journal.

All Satisfied.

A nun stood within her lighted room so that her shadow fell across the uncurtained window. The dark shadow was motionless, for the nun was praying, while outside the world went by. A pair of lovers glanced upward as they passed, and sighed compassionately. A mother, who had halted for an instant with her face turned toward the window, hastened on in great content. A gray, bent, old woman, who had nothing in the world but half a dozen graves, as she peeped up at the shadow felt the bitterness die out of her heart. Meanwhile the nun, who was neither in nor out of the world, was thanking the Holy Mother that she, herself, was not as those who passed outside.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Afraid He Might Overleep.

Little things illustrate certain Englishmen's knowledge of American geography very picturesquely. An Englishman who had taken the Pacific express at Philadelphia called out on going to bed before the train started:

"Portah! Portah!"

The porter came. "What is it, sir?" he said.

"Please wake me up when we get to San Francisco, you know," said the Englishman.—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

The Russian Press.

First Russian (laying down a native newspaper)—This paper isn't quite so insufferably dull as usual.

Second Russian—No. It is almost interesting. If that editor isn't careful he'll get sent to Siberia.—N. Y. Weekly.

Patient, hopeful waiting is hard work when it is the only work possible to us in an emergency. But patient waiting is in its time the highest duty of a faithful soul.—H. Clay Trumbull.

WONDERFUL INVENTION.

The Marconi System of Telegraphing Without Wires.

There is great interest throughout Europe in the approaching experiments in the transmission of telegraphic messages through the air, without wires, from St. Paul's cathedral in London to the Eiffel tower in Paris. The discoverer of this system of wireless telegraphing is Guglielmo Marconi, an Italian only 23 years old. It is declared by some that this will prove one of the most important inventions of the century when perfected, for it will save half the cost and half the difficulties of telegraph lines, and thus make possible the introduc-



GUGLIELMO MARCONI.
(Discoverer of a New System of Wireless Telegraphy.)

tion of electrical communication to many parts of the earth now shut off by expense or by stretches of impassable territory.

The importance attached to young Marconi's invention is shown by the fact that the Italian government has been experimenting at a cost of \$600 a day for weeks, and has secured patent rights for Italy, all other rights being owned by Marconi and associates in his company, which has already paid him over \$60,000. Experiments made by the German government are laughed at by German scientists, but in Berlin itself Prof. Slaby carried out the most successful experiments by passing a current, without wires, through brick walls and other obstructions believed to be insurmountable by his skeptical colleagues. He had been present at experiments carried on by Preece, the chief engineer of the government telegraphs in Great Britain, in London, and had made his own instruments, and is now carrying on public experiments daily to show that no known body has any effect on the passage of the current from sending direct to receiver. Most of Europe's great scientists give the boy as much credit for the discovery of the value of the vertical wire in connection with existing radiators and coherers as they would give him if he had created the whole electrical scheme utilized in new instruments.

WILLIAM L. DISTIN.

Illinois Politician Appointed Surveyor General of Alaska.

The president has appointed William L. Distin, of Quincy, Ill., surveyor-general of Alaska in place of Gilbert B. Pray, declined. Col. Distin promptly accepted, and his commission was handed to him. He will lose no time in starting for Alaska. The position to which he has been appointed is an important one. To it is attached a salary of \$2,000 a year and a considerable sum yearly in fees. The office has a general jurisdiction over the territory. He has also a number of deputies whom he is permitted to appoint. Col. Distin is one of the foremost politicians in Illinois. He bottled in the republican cause in a place and at a time when work in that direction was hazardous. The new surveyor-general of Alaska bears a striking



COL. W. L. DISTIN.
(Just Appointed Surveyor General of Alaska.)

resemblance to President McKinley. When the president was nominated at St. Louis the delegates in the center of the auditorium carried the Illinois man on their shoulders to the platform, where his head was covered with an enormous Napoleon chapeau. Col. Distin is prominent and popular in grand army circles and is well known to many members of the national guard in Illinois.

New England at the Head.

Mr. Muihall, the British statistician, states that no country can vie with New England in the matter of manufactures, the value of the output of which represents \$319 per inhabitant, while in Great Britain it is but \$115, Belgium \$88, and France \$74. In 1850 the annual value of the manufactures per inhabitant in Great Britain was \$111, and but \$4 more in 1890, while during the same period in New England it rose from \$104 to \$319. This shows that British manufactures during 40 years have but little more than kept pace with the population, while those of New England are three times as great per inhabitant.

Camels Cannot Swim.

Camels are perhaps the only animals that cannot swim. Immediately after they enter the water they turn on their backs and are drowned.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

International Lesson for August 22, 1897—The Excellence of Christian Love.—I Corinthians 13:1-13.
(Arranged from Peloubert's Notes.)
GOLDEN TEXT.—And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—1 Cor. 13:13.
THE SECTION includes chapters 12 and 13.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

I. The Soul, the Life, the Heart of Christianity is Love.—Vs. 1-3. 1. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, although I have the gift of tongues bestowed by the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, can express in every language with the utmost eloquence, every rapt emotion, every highest experience and ecstasy of the human heart, that "harp of a thousand strings," yet, though I have eloquence and the perfect language of the angels, "And have not charity," Love, a word as impossible to define as it is impossible to define life. "I am becoming as sounding brass." Not a musical instrument made of brass, which has some dignity about it, but to a piece of clattering brass, which makes a senseless noise. The same brass of which were made the "tinkling (better clanging, as R. V.) cymbal," large, broad plates of brass, crashed together by the hands. It is mere noise, and nothing more.

2. "And though I have the gift of prophecy," i. e., the gift of speaking God's will, not confined to predicting future events. "And understand all mysteries." The hard questions that had perplexed rabbis and people, the dark things of God's providence, and His Word, and His world; the enigmas of the age which all philosophers had failed to answer. "And all knowledge." The truths revealed and known, the whole range of Christian doctrine. "And though I have all faith." Not saving faith, but miraculous faith; the faith by which persons were enabled to work miracles. "So that I could remove mountains," as promised in Matthew 17:20; 21:21. The highest and strongest faith as to miracles. "And have not charity." He does not assert that one can have these things without charity, but says if he could. "I am nothing." A moral cipher, without any moral worth or significance whatever; weighed in the balances and found wanting.

3. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor." He may do all this from vanity, or from the fear of perdition, or to purchase Heaven. So the Pharisees did, to be seen of men. "Give my body to be burned." As a martyr, but from pride, or self-glory, instead of love for Christ. Even of these things, which Christ so praises in Matthew 25, when done without love, it must be said, "it profiteth me nothing." There is no virtue in it to be rewarded.

Love is a compound thing, Paul tells us. It is like light. As you have seen a man of science take a beam of light and pass it through a crystal prism, as you have seen it come out on the other side of the prism broken up into its component colors—red, and blue, and yellow, and violet, and orange, and all the colors of the rainbow—so Paul passes this thing, love, through the magnificent prism of his inspired intellect, and it comes out on the other side broken up into its elements. And in these few words we have what one might call the Spectrum of Love, the analysis of Love. Will you observe what its elements are? Will you notice that they have common names; that they are virtues which we hear about every day; that they are things which can be practised by every man in every place in life; and how, by a multitude of small things and ordinary virtues, the supreme thing, the summum bonum, is made up? The Spectrum of Love has nine ingredients: Patience, Love suffering long; kindness, "And is kind; generosity, "Love envieth not;" humility, "Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up;" courtesy; "Doth not behave itself unseemly;" unselfishness, "Seeketh not her own;" good temper, "It is not easily provoked;" guilelessness, "Thinketh no evil;" sincerity, "Rejoiceth in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;" These make up the supreme gift, the stature of the perfect man.—Prof. Drummond.

III. Love the Most Enduring Thing in the World.—Vs. 8-13. 8. "Charity never faileth;" like a fading flower (Isa. 28:1, 4). It is eternal in its very nature, as long as God and goodness endure. "Prophecies;" the gift of prophecy, "they shall fail;" R. V., be done away. There will be no need of them when they are fulfilled. "Tongues, they shall cease;" There will be no need of tongues, when all speak one heavenly language. "Knowledge, it shall vanish away;" in the fuller knowledge of the Eternal World, as the stars are not seen or needed in the light of the sun.

9. "For we know in part;" and a very small part. How small, science is revealing more fully every day.

10. "When that which is perfect is come," etc. All the parts are absorbed in the whole. The separate parts, seen in a different relation, become other than they were.

12. "For now," in this earthly life, "we see through" (in, by means of) a glass, or rather, in a mirror. The best mirrors were made at Corinth. These mirrors were small, and only part of a large object could be seen in them. "Then;" in the life to come. "Face to face;" Without the intervention of any distorting media or imperfect comparisons.

13. "And now;" in conclusion, "abideth faith, hope, charity." These three graces—faith, hope, love—remain imperishable and immortal. "But the greatest of these is charity." Love. It brings us closest to God, makes us partakers of His nature, His children and heirs. It is the one thing without which faith and hope are of little avail.

Properly Equipped.

Baby Spirit (up in Heaven)—So I must go down to earth and get born, must I? What am I to be, a man or a woman?

Guardian Angel—Let me see. You have many talents, have you not?

"Yes, indeed; ever so many. I can keep track of 40 things at once, have my thoughts on one thing, and do a dozen other things correctly, sleep with one eye open, and on waking up at any time have full possession of all my faculties in an instant."

"Tis well. You shall be a woman."
—N. Y. Weekly.