

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



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

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Continued.

"I, too, have a favor to ask of you," she almost pleaded. "I am in your power, wholly and inevitably; but as an English gentleman, I beg of you to keep this matter—a profound secret from Ivan Meyer. I am strong again now. I will go."

With a grave inclination of the head she passed him, stepping firmly on the dry turf. He watched her as she made her way along the edge of the stream by the little path that led to Walso.

When Wynyard reached Broomhaugh with rather a poor basket of fish upon his back, he was told that Colonel Wright had also returned, and was changing his fishing clothes. When he came down stairs a few minutes later, he found his chief waiting for him at the door of a little smoking room which was specially set apart for the gentlemen. The old fellow looked grave, and, ignoring Wynyard's inquiry as to what sport he had had, he motioned him to enter the room, and followed closely. Then the colonel closed the door, and held out a telegram.

Wynyard took the pink paper, and read aloud:

"Would suggest Mistleby engaging a valet whom I can recommend. Marie Bakovitch is in England."

The message bore only the initials "M. L." and had been dispatched from the Westminster Branch Post Office. Wynyard read it over once for his own edification, and turned toward his chief with a smile. The colonel was standing with his broad shoulders against the mantel-piece, his eyes fixed on the carpet. His hands were thrust deeply into his jacket pockets, and he moved restlessly from one foot to the other.

"As usual," said Mistleby, still smiling, as he took a seat on the edge of the table, and carefully tore the telegram into small pieces—"as usual with news from headquarters, this comes just too late."

"How?" asked the colonel, looking up rapidly.

"I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Marie Bakovitch this morning."

"You? Here?"

"Yes. She had a shot at me with a very nice little revolver at a distance of about five yards, and missed me!"

"Whew-w!" remarked the colonel. Words usually failed him at a critical juncture. Mistleby laughed as he dropped the remains of the telegram into the waste-paper basket—his usual laugh, which had little hilarity in it, serving, nevertheless, very well as a stop-gap.

"She was in the train by which we came. I remember seeing her at King's Cross. No doubt she is staying at Walso. Privately, I think she is a little vague in the upper regions; she did not appear to know exactly what she was about, and—and it was—desperately poor shooting!"

The colonel tugged pensively at his gray mustache, while his kindly eyes rested with an expression of wonder on his companion's face.

"Now that I come to think of it," he said, slowly, "when I drove your mother and Mrs. Wright into Walso the other day, I saw a foreign-looking girl accompanied by a tall, fair fellow who looked like a Scandinavian. The ladies were in a shop and I was waiting outside."

"The foreign-looking girl was Marie Bakovitch," said Wynyard, partly to himself. He was slowly stroking Adonis with a soft pressure of his slim brown hand on the shaggy head. "If," he continued, after a long pause—"if it had only been a man, the whole affair would have been intensely funny; but, somehow, since I have seen the girl, the humor of the thing has vanished."

Lena and Charlie, passing the open window at that moment, heard Wynyard's remark. There was no mistaking the neat enunciation, no misconception of the meaning, and as they passed on, each wondered a little over those words caught on the wing.

Presently the colonel walked to the window, still pondering over the event just related to him. Then, without looking around, he asked:

"Will you have this valet?"

"No, thank you! I do not believe in that system, for one reason; and I require no one to protect me from a girl, for another."

Then the colonel turned sharply round and faced his companion.

"Who was the man I saw with her?"

"I was wondering," replied Wynyard, adroitly.

"I think," continued the colonel, while his kindly eyes acquired a new keenness, "I think—I will go and see—Marie Bakovitch."

"No!" exclaimed Wynyard, incautiously; "you must not do that!"

Then there followed rather an awkward silence between these two men who knew each other so well. The younger busied himself with Adonis, while the colonel looked on with a misty look about the eyes.

"You must think me a great duffer, my boy!" he said at length, a little grimly.

Wynyard shook his head, but did not look up.

"I am afraid," continued the old soldier, "that I must be one, or I should have suspected it before. Now—when it might have been—too late, I see it all. That first letter from the Society of Patriots—"

"Lunatics," suggested Wynyard, with rather a lame little laugh.

"No; let us call them Patriots, for some of them, at least, are sincere. Their first letter threatened us both. You answered it, and, contrary to your custom, you forgot to keep a copy of what you wrote. Since then there has been no question of me, but only of you. Oh, what a fool I was not to have thought of it before!"

As usual, Wynyard laughed, but the colonel held to his point.

"As usual, Win, my boy," said the old fellow, slowly, "during the last two years we have been very good friends, and that under exceptionally trying circumstances. We have gone through a good deal together, and I would have been right and fair—in fact, you must see for yourself that I have a claim to share this additional danger with you as we shared the others."

#### CHAPTER XV.

A Little Note.

The little parish church of Broom was remarkably full on the Sunday morning following these events. This fact was observed by the young vicar without surprise, and moreover without prejudice.

He shrewdly suspected that these strangers had come, not to worship by preference in his church, but to see the well-known Colonel Wright and his distinguished young adjutant; yet he thought no worse of them for that, and was honestly glad to see them all, remembering that a seed sown by the wind may well find a fruitful resting place.

Ivan Meyer had not come, to church from mere curiosity, but with a set purpose. Marie Bakovitch had been more incomprehensible than ever during the last few days, and her patient lover was slowly awakening to the fact that her mind was no longer reliable. Nevertheless, he hoped on; but to continue hoping and watching in silence and alone was a heavy task for one of his impulsive nature. He suddenly determined, therefore, to seek assistance, and this from Wynyard Mistleby himself. Something in his artistic soul, some strange love of a crude contrast, prompted him to do this; and so convolved was he of the wisdom of his appeal, that he had come to Broom Church with a little note in his pocket to be passed into Wynyard's hand.

As the congregation trooped down the narrow aisle, Wynyard caught sight, for the third time in his life, of Ivan Meyer; and in his eyes he saw the gleam of recognition which is so difficult to conceal, and with it he thought he detected a peculiar pleading expression which he failed at the time to understand.

Without turning round to look, he felt that the tall foreigner was immediately behind him as he passed out of the low door, and it was characteristic of his readiness of mind that he showed no surprise when a note was thrust rather clumsily into his hand. He must have slipped it into his pocket with wonderful celerity, because he was shaking hands the next instant with Miss Mabel Sandford, who appeared to be completely satisfied with her new summer costume.

Her interests in theatricals was rather too ostentatious, and Mrs. Wright, with a woman's quick insight, saw, as she came out of the church, that she was displaying her intimacy with the young diplomat for the sole benefit of her lady friends.

Mrs. Mistleby had for some days been trying to secure a tete-a-tete with her son, and with little difficulty she now arranged that they left the churchyard together. For some moments the mother and son walked side by side in silence.

They were now walking by the Broomwater, and the ripple of the stream as it danced and tumbled along filled in the intervals of the conversation, and led to long, thoughtful pauses.

"Tell me, Win," said Mrs. Mistleby, at length, with a hesitating glance toward him, "what do you think of doing in the future?"

"I?" he began vaguely. "Oh, I told them at headquarters that I was ready to go anywhere at any moment."

"You have no thought of settling down yet?" gently and suggestively.

"Settling down?"

"Yes; marrying and going into Parliament, and behaving generally as a well-bred and somewhat ambitious young Englishman ought to do, according to precedent."

"I have no respect for precedent, mother."

"Nor I. But why not give up wandering, Win, and go into Parliament?" she asked softly. "A man who has mastered a specialty, as you have this Russian question, is certain to get on there."

"But I have not mastered it yet."

"Well—you and the colonel are the accepted authorities upon the matter. I do not see what more you can require. Whether you have mastered it or not, you know more than any other man."

"Yes, but it is like exploring a new country—there is no end to it. One must keep up to the times and be ever in the front, or it is useless competing. Once the ground has been traveled over by another man the interest is lost. While I am here, the Russians are not by any means idle; and if I started for Central Asia to-

morrow, I should find that things had moved onward since I was there before—onward for them, backward for us."

"Then you have not altered your plans. You intend to continue being a wanderer on the face of the earth, a man whom the Cabinet keep in sight as being reckless enough and clever enough to send on any wild-goose chase they may have in hand."

"Do they keep me in sight on that account, mother?"

"I was told so by a Minister."

"I am glad to hear it. A man may get very good sport after wild geese, and who knows what may come of his knowledge of the country at some future day. I tell you, mother, this is an age of specialties—universality is at an end. My specialty is this Central Asian question. At any time, at any moment, we may find ourselves upon the brink of the biggest fight the modern world has seen; then my time will come. Then the first words of the War Office will be: 'Send for Colonel Wright and Wynyard Mistleby—the one to plan, the other to execute. When that time comes, mother—nous verrons!'"

"In the meantime, it seems to me that your entire life is being sacrificed to be in readiness for an event which may never occur."

"Mother," said Wynyard, with a cheery laugh, "you are getting sentimental, and that will never do. If you infect me, I shall die off in a week. And as for talking in that insinuating manner about settling down, how about a certain elderly lady who is always flying about the world—Scotland, London, Paris, Rome, and even St. Petersburg—nursing the stricken, and consoling such as are love-sick or martyrs to indigestion?"

"When you marry, I will settle down in a cottage near at hand, take to needle-work, and worry about your wife. There is Lena coming alone; run away and meet her while I go in and take off my bonnet."

They were now upon the stone terrace, and Mrs. Mistleby pointed down the valley as she walked toward the house.

"I expect," said Wynyard, partly to himself, "that Charlie has been caught by the Sandfords."

At the head of the narrow steps which he had just ascended, he drew the note handed to him in church from his pocket. It was in French, one line, in a fine, clear handwriting.

"Meet a friend to-night at the bottom of the small steps. I. M."

"I. M.!" mused Wynyard. "Ivan Meyer; and he calls himself a friend! I am gradually getting into a fog with all these muddling conspirators."

Then he thrust the note back into his pocket, and ran lightly down the steps to meet Lena.

"You are polite!" was her greeting.

"I am," he replied, bowing low. "I am nothing if not polite."

"Then you are nothing," she answered saucily.

"Thank you. I was afraid you did not think so much of me."

"You have allowed me," she continued, severely, "to walk home from church alone, and to carry this unassisted."

She held out for his inspection a tiny prayer-book, of which the weight might safely be set down as three ounces.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Wynyard, "you do not mean to say that you carried that all the way!" And he gravely took the burden from her hands. "I thought Charlie was with you," he continued, apologetically.

"No, Mr. Mistleby, I was alone."

"It shall not occur again, Miss Wright."

"It is not polite to mimic people, Mr. Mistleby," said Lena, looking straight in front of her. They were at the foot of the stone stairs cut in the wall, which were just broad enough for two persons to pass. Then her humor suddenly changed.

"How very foolish we are!" she exclaimed, laughing. Just as she spoke she slipped backward, and her laugh turned into a little cry of fright.

(To be continued.)

**Gun-Making in China.**

A correspondent of the Lahore Civil and Military Gazette visited one of the Chinese arsenals, and thus put down his impressions: "Finally we were taken—among other places—to the great Chinese arsenal, some way beyond treaty limits, where every form of munition of war, from rifles to forty-five-ton guns, was being made. We wandered through a wilderness of factories, covering acres of ground, and were shown the whole process of manufacture. And there were powder factories and other institutions not far away, which we had no time to visit."

"That was, perhaps, the most significant experience of all. You may have seen gun factories before, but have you seen a place turning out great guns by the dozen, and machine guns by the hundred, perfect in design and construction, run, from coolie to head mandarin, entirely by Chinese, and with only a couple of Englishmen engaged solely in consultative supervision? Have you seen a roomful of Chinese draughtsmen and designers, in pigtails and blue gowns, solemnly, stolidly and assiduously getting out the drawings for a new gun? It is a sight that furnishes food for thought. And as you leave you ask yourself the question: 'If these men can make the guns, why may they not work them some day?'"

**Earliest Musical Notes.**

The earliest written signs for musical notes were the letters of the alphabet; and their use for this purpose dates from a very early period. The ancient Hebrews employed certain accents to mark the rise and fall of the human voice in chanting their psalms and prayers.

Among the curios preserved in the Bank of England is a ballad note that passed through the Chicago fire. The paper was consumed but the ash held together and the printing is quite legible. It is kept carefully under glass. The bank paid the note.

**The HOUSE and HOME**

**Varnished Linoleum.**

When linoleum begins to wear, paint the surface with a good floor varnish, allowing a longer time for it to dry in than would be the case with wooden boards.

**The Carpet Sweeper.**

If the carpet sweeper is pushed in the same direction as the warp of the rug, not against it, it will be found that the sweeper can be used with better success.

**In Mending Silk.**

Silk is best mended with its own ravellings. Carefully ravel threads of the required length, darn as neatly as possible, and press flat with an iron that is not hot enough to leave an imprint or discolor the silk.

**Soap Economy.**

In buying soap it is much cheaper to purchase it in large quantities if one has the necessary room to store it. It not only means that there is a considerable reduction in the price, but the soap improves in quality and durability the longer it is kept.

**Pointer on Darning.**

When darning large holes it is often a great help to first baste a piece of thin net over the hole and then proceed in the usual manner. The mesh of the net makes the ground-work for the darn. Old veils and bits of old lace may be used.

**Pasteboard Squares.**

To prevent the marring of mantels, furniture and window sills by flower vases or pots, place beneath them little squares of oiled pasteboard cut from cracker or cake boxes now so common on the market. A supply of these squares can be cut in a few moments, and, if kept in a handy place, their use will soon become a habit, saving furniture and woodwork from many unsightly rings.

**Rubber Shoe Protectors.**

To make rubber shoes wear longer, from the tops of old rubber shoes cut pieces the shape of a heel. Smear these pieces on the lining side with thick muckage, or any sticky substance, and place in the heels of rubbers, pressing down firmly. These protectors prevent the rubber from receiving the direct pressure of the boot heels, and can be renewed when they show the least signs of wear.

**Lamp Chimneys.**

There is not the slightest doubt that lamp chimneys and globes may be tempered in such a manner as to make them less susceptible to breakage. It is not to the interest of the makers to have them last too long, but the housekeeper can lengthen their days by putting them, when first purchased, into a pan of cold water. Then place the pan on the stove and let stay there until the water boils. Take it off and leave them in the water until it is perfectly cold. It is astonishing how strong this simple method of tempering makes the glass and how much longer they may be used.

**Avoid Monotony.**

Let all those who wish to be considered good cooks avoid monotony above all things. It is quite possible to starve in the midst of plenty, that is to say, we may eat, day after day, of a substance which is very nourishing in itself, and yet derive no benefit from it.

Strive, then, to have variety, and strive to have each dish as "tasty" as possible.

Eggs for instance can be cooked in a great many ways, and yet some people's sole idea of cooking eggs is to boil them, or fry them, until they are leathery and indigestible.

It is not merely to pamper the appetite that I would urge you to make everything as tasty as possible.

Taste, and a variety of tastes, are necessary to the digestion as well as the enjoyment of food.

It has been satisfactorily proved by scientific experiment that no man can be properly nourished on tasteless food. The taste and smell of food cause the digestive juices to flow more abundantly.—New York Press.

**FOR THE EPICURE**

**Bread Pudding.**—Take three cups of stale bread crumbs and one cup of raisins and four cups of milk, one cup of sugar, flavor with vanilla, put into a pudding pan and bake from thirty to forty minutes.

**Fried Rice.**—Any cold rice left from dinner may be made with the hands or with a spoon into cakes. About an inch thick, dipped in an egg and flour batter and fried a good brown.

**Vanilla Iceing.**—Take two cups of sugar and ten tablespoons milk; boil five minutes; beat till cool enough to spread. Vanilla flavor is nice for iceing. Use part of iceing, then chop bananas, mix with remainder, and use for filling.

**Eggless White Cake.**—Two cups of sugar, two cups of sweet milk, six tablespoons butter, four cups of sifted flour, four tablespoons of baking powder, sifted with flour. Use any flavoring you like. Color layers red or yellow and have one white.

**Vinegar Biscuits.**—Take two quarts of flour, one large tablespoonful of lard or butter, one and a half tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of soda. Put the soda in the vinegar and stir well. Mix in the flour and add two eggs beaten light. With warm water make a dough stiff enough to roll out. Cut in fancy shapes and bake in a hot oven. All sorts of prettily shaped biscuit cutters are sold in the stores now for four or five cents apiece.

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL**

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JANUARY 6 BY THE REV. I. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: God the Creator. Gen. 1: 1-25—Golden Text, Gen. 1: 1—Memory Verses, 1 to 3—Commentary.

Whatever may be our opinion as to the historicity of the story which is the subject of this lesson, upon this we are all agreed: that the beautiful word picture which so simply tells the story of God's creative work in the days of the infancy of the world states the central, ultimate and greatest fact of the universe of God. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. Twenty-five times in the first twenty-five verses is the name of God used. What a sublime, what a scientific, what a philosophic record this is. If it be an allegory it is the profoundest allegory that the world has ever read. These twenty-five verses reveal God, firstly, as a fact in the earliest history of the universe: "in the beginning God." Secondly, they reveal God as a creative force—"in the beginning God created." Thirdly, they reveal God as a creative personality—"and God said," "and God saw," "and God made."

The fact of God is the ultimate statement of the wisest and the most searching philosophy. Whether we call God a force, an energy, a creating power or a personality, we must in sound sense and as the result of universal experience, admit Him as a fact. This lesson presents God, secondly, as we have seen, as a creative force. Out of chaos, by the exercise of His own will, God created the world. But the Genesis story delineates God to us as something more than a mere creative force. It takes us into the realm of the personality of God and it introduces us to a Creator who speaks, who sees, who thinks, who wills. And it gives to us a God who is a creative personality.

It is noticeable also, as in the eighteenth verse, that Genesis gives to us a photograph of a God who is possessed of moral attributes—"and God saw that it was good." A God without moral capacity would be unable to make a moral distinction as between good and bad. A God who did not know the right, and who failed to exercise righteousness, would be unable to distinguish moral worth either in His own actions or in the works of men.

The Genesis record, despite all difference of opinion as between theological schools will be forever, as it has been and is to-day, the simplest, most easily understood, as well as the most philosophic statement of the fact of a personal, moral, creative God.

This we should not forget, this we should not fail to force home upon the attention of all students of the Scripture. Inescapably this lesson teaches the fact of God.

The following notes may be found to be of value:

Vs. 1, 2. "In the beginning." No article in Hebrew is given. But it is here properly supplied. The first verse tells in general language what God did. The rest of the verses particularize from this generalization.

"Created." This is a special term for the new and unique. It does not necessarily imply creation from nothing. God likely in the idea of the writer is concerned as beginning with primeval chaos. The writer does not go back further than that. But either view may be held from the context. That is to say, there is reason to believe either that God is pictured as making the world out of nothing or out of formless matter.

Vs. 3, 4. "Without void and void." The R. V. gives "waste and void." These two words represent our "chaos."

"Deep." Primeval abyss.

"Moved upon." R. V. "was brooding upon." This word suggests a generative process.

Vs. 5, 6. "Said." God's word is absolute. Thus the words of a god were considered in that day to be unalterable.

"Light." Not the sun, moon, stars, etc., but generic light, cosmic light.

"There was light." A creative act of God. It was a definite act and not a mere emanation from God.

Vs. 7, 8. "Divided." A further picturing of the act of God in bringing chaos into shape.

Vs. 9, 10. "Called—day." The name God gave it is important. Names were very important among the early Jews. They never mentioned the real name of God. They used the symbols, but they used a different word having the same consonantal symbols to designate Him.

"Evening—morning." The Jews reckoned from the evening in counting the hours of their day. That may explain the context. R. V. and there was evening and there was morning, one day.

"Day." This author thought of a day in the narrow use of the word. This does not prevent us holding to an evolutionary theory of creation if we so are impressed by scientific knowledge. The writer of this story is not relating scientific, but religious truth. He is pointing to the fact of God.

Vs. 11, 12. "Firmament," expanse. Vs. 13. "Grass," general vegetation.

"Herb," grain.

Vs. 14. "Lights, sun, moon and stars." Subdivisions of the light of vs. 3. "Signs," astronomical.

Vs. 15. "Fowl," birds, insects, flying things. Vs. 16. "Whales," sea monsters.

Vs. 17, 18. "Beasts," wild beasts; "cattle," domestic animals; "creeping things," reptiles.

**Letter Drifts 1000 Miles.**

With a pint bottle for a mail pouch a letter committed to the sea by a Monterey (Va.) man has been safely delivered. C. C. Arbogast, the writer, was on his way from New York to Panama when he bottled three letters and consigned them to the sea. The letter was committed to the waves on April 1 and washed ashore at Georgetown, Exuma, one of the Bahama Islands. It was delivered to the resident Justice, who forwarded it to the addressee. The bottle must have drifted 1000 miles.

**Sinal Boundary Settled.**

The Sinal boundary dispute between Great Britain and Turkey has been settled. The maps prepared in accordance with the agreement have been signed and the Turkish troops stationed at Kuselmeh, which Turkey considered to be the most important strategic point, have been withdrawn.

**Curfew at Haverhill.**

To suppress rowdiness, City Marshal McLaughlin, of Haverhill, Mass., will enforce the old curfew law. Boys under twenty-one found on the streets after 9 p. m. will be arrested.

**THE GREAT DESTROYER**

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

**A Lesson Too Painful For Any Pen To Picture—Last Resort of a Desperate Woman as She Met Her Husband in a Saloon.**

"I am not Mrs. Nation; I have no hatchet; I am not crazy." These words came from the lips of a Lewis woman, as she met her husband face to face in a hotel barroom the other evening, says the Lewis Pilot. They were directed to the bartender and the loungers, as the former handed the woman's husband a glass of whiskey.

She continued: "That man has not done a day's work this winter, and I am worn out trying to support him and the rest of the family. I want to know if something cannot be done to keep him from destroying his own life and starving his family!"

The woman was then and pale. Her lips quivered as she spoke. Her frail body could hardly stand the strain of the unfamiliar environment. As she finished the little girl at her side burst into tears, the bartender took back the whiskey, the abashed husband stood with bowed head, one by one the loungers left the room. Presently the bartender, gazing at the poor woman, solemnly vowed that the man should not drink at his bar again.

It was a pathetic scene; it was the last resort of a desperate woman. As she left the hotel with her husband and the little girl there was a lesson too painful for any pen to picture.

**Bad Girls Warned.**

Magistrate Gallagher pointedly talked at the Eleventh and Winter streets station to a group of thirteen flashily dressed girls and told them of the effects of a vicious life. They had been arrested on Thursday night for disorderly behavior on the streets or in Chinese restaurants in the neighborhood. Three of them, who were in short skirts, said that they had run away from their homes in Manhattan and Roxborough to enjoy life in Chinatown.

Pointing to an intoxicated woman, who was brought in covered with mud, her face bleeding and ravaged by the effects of drink, the Magistrate said: "Do you see that? Is not that a horrible sight. That woman is not yet twenty-five years old. You girls are starting on the downward path even younger than she started. If you do not change your course, you will be like her before you are twenty."

The younger girls in the party shrank away from the drunken woman and then fell to crying and wringing their hands. They pleaded to be allowed to go home, saying they would never come back to Chinatown. They were handed over to their parents.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Some Striking Beer Figures.**

The London Home Magazine gives some interesting statistics regarding the consumption of beer. With every tick of the clock 26 lbs. worth of beer vanishes down the world's throat; every minute \$410 worth disappears; every hour the world pays \$24,651 for its beer; and every day it swallows the yearly income of 3000 middle-class families in nearly \$600,000 worth of the "brown beverage." Stupendous as these figures are, especially when we consider the world's beer bill for a year amounts to \$226,000,000, the figure which represents the quantity consumed are almost incredible.

The beer which is consumed throughout the world in a single year would make a lake six feet deep, three and three-quarters miles long and one mile wide, or 2419 acres in area. In this vast lake of beer (says the writer) we could easily drown all the English-speaking people, to the number of 120,000,000, throughout the entire world; or we could give a beer bath to every man, woman and child at the same time in the entire continent of America; while all the peoples of England, Scotland, Ireland and France could find standing room on its bed.

**Menaces Germany's Progress.**

In discussing a resolution in the Prussian Diet relating to alcoholism, Count Douglas, a descendant of a Scotch soldier of fortune, who submitted the resolution, declared that while he is not an anti-socialist, on occasions he is nevertheless deeply impressed with the injury inflicted in Germany by excessive consumption of alcoholic beverages. He asserted that the Germans spend 3,000,000,000 marks (\$750,000,000) a year in drink, twice the amount of the combined army and navy budgets. One-third of the inmates of insane asylums in Germany are victims of intemperance; eighty per cent. of the idiots are the offspring of intemperate parents and the number of persons convicted of crimes has increased from 299,249 in 1882 to 478,139 in 1899.

**Mexico's Liquor Problem.**

Mexico, according to William E. Curtis, is confronted with a serious liquor problem. Pulque, the national drink, is consumed there in enormous quantities, and the effect on the inhabitants is deplorable. Mr. Curtis calls this liquor the "bane" of the country. He says the working people spend the larger part of their incomes for it and are debased by it, body and soul.

**Makes Saloons Too Influential.**

Boston's Police Board has barred all political posters from the windows of saloons of that city on the grounds that this practice has made the saloon too influential a factor in the politics of the Hub.

**Corkscrew Deadlier Than Can Opener.**

Another notable editorial shot asserts that the corkscrew still beats the can opener as a health wrecker, and the beer faucet distances them all.

**Alcohol.**

Prof. Shattuck, of Harvard Medical School, says: "I give less alcohol because I give less drugs, and alcohol is a drug. I reserve its use for only acute diseases, feeling my serious responsibility as a physician in regard to its use. It is used to prescribe alone, and sometimes straits force of alcoholic drinks, to patients with debility from one or another cause. I do not do so now."

**Drink Versus Success.**

The great physiologists of the whole world are against the drink.

**The Sunday Breakfast Table**

DO IT NOW!

Do you know a heart that's sad? Does God whisper: "Make him glad?" Do it now! Your time, dear, is too late; Pray, then, do not hesitate—Speak to-day the message needed—Trusting that it will be heeded—Do it now!

Has this ever come to you—"I will read God's message through?" Do it now! For when memory has grown old, Like a sieve, it will not hold; And life's multiplying care Leaves but little time to spare—Do it now!

Would you write a letter home To the "old folks"—you who roam?—Do it now! For the seasons are few They can still receive from you. It will fill their hearts with cheer, And restrain the threatening tear—Do it now!

Have you ever heard a voice Saying: "Make my path your choice?" Do it now! For with every passing day It grows harder to obey; You'll escape a deal of sorrow, If you wait not till to-morrow—Do it now!

From the snare you feel delay Would you ever break away? Do it now! To feel their grip grow stronger—Be a habit-slave no longer. By the help of Christ, all glorious, From your fetters rise, victorious!—Rev. B. F. Meredith, La Grande, Ore.

**Faith Subdues Fear.**

I knew a youth nearly forty years ago, who was staying with relations when a thunderstorm of unusual violence came on at midnight. A stack was struck by lightning and set on fire within sight of the door. The grown-up people in the house, both men and women, were utterly overcome with fright. The strong men seemed even more afraid than the women. All the inmates of the house sat huddled together. Only this youth was quietly happy.

There was a little child up stairs in bed, and the mother was anxious about it, but even her love could not give her courage enough to pass the staircase windows to bring that child down. The hall was dark, and the youth, whom I knew right well, who was then but newly converted, went up stairs alone, took the child, and without hurry or alarm brought it down to its mother. He needed no candle, for the lightning was so continuous that he could see his way right well.

He told me that the Lord was wonderfully near that night, and so no fear was possible to his heart. He sat down and read a Psalm aloud to his trembling relatives, who looked on the lad with loving wonder. That night he was master of the situation, and those in the house believed there was something in religion, which he had so lately professed, that he had all of us can, by God's grace, get such a sense of God's nearness to us in times of danger and trouble that we remain calm, we shall bring much honor to the cause of God and the name of Jesus.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

**The Cross That Sanctifies.**

In a mediæval book we find the following sentence: "God had one Son without sin, but never a saint without a cross." How simple and yet how true a statement of the actual life of the kingdom! Safe Jesus, "Whosoever does not bear his cross and come after Me, cannot be My disciple." Throughout the ages we find the same undeviating of pain and toil and cross-bearing as the condition of the new life.

Not that the world does not its cross as well, but it does not recognize it as a cross that may satisfy. Suffering is the toll of sin, all men alike must pay it. There is no heart so glad but will be eventually broken, and there is no sky so blue but will sometimes be clouded; there is no hope so bright but will at some time be disappointed. But to the child of God all these things, which the world ascribes to ill fortune or mere chance, are discipline; they are "afflictions," "temptations," "tribulations," "hardships," or what ever else the Scriptures may call them.—Christian Observer.

**Christ the Builder.**

"I go to prepare a place for you." One Sunday morning a Sunday-school superintendent was reviewing the lesson before the school. He asked some of the children what Christ's occupation was. Some of them said He was a carpenter; others that He made things; one little fellow said He made houses. Upon this answer a gray-haired old saint shouted out, "Yes, and He is building them yet." Yes, and He is building them yet. He says the houses of worship, hospitals, Christian homes, all His work. Verily, He is the master builder of the ages.—Ram's Horn.

**World's Vast Fellowship.**

Sometimes the hope arises within us that the idea of the world's vast fellowship will triumph in the mind and life of humanity, and bring in the great glad age, when "the peace that is passionate and the passion that is peaceful" shall reign.—W. T. Jupp.

**Unamiable Goodness.**

If a man through ignorance or bad taste does his duty unamiable or with too little regard to the prejudices of others, any dislike or annoyance which he may meet in such a case ought not to be classed among those tribulations through which our way to the Kingdom of God necessarily leads us.—Thomas Arnold.

**The Circle Complete.**

His death was the last segment in the perfect circle of His life.

**Alaska's Yield of Gold.**

Few things of a statistical nature are of keener interest than the story of the development of the mining industry in Alaska in the last decade. It is attested roughly by the increase in the value of its annual output from \$2,400,000, in 1895, to more than \$15,000,000 in 1905. The pioneer miners of the Yukon could not afford to handle gravel averaging less than \$10 or \$15 to the cubic yard. In the same district good wages can now be made, even by crude methods, in extracting gold from pay streak averaging less than \$5 to the cubic yard.