

BETAKE THYSELF TO PRAYER.

When bitter winds of trouble blow,
And thou art tossing to and fro,
When waves are rolling mountain high,

And clouds obscure the steadfast sky,
Fear not, my soul, thy Lord is there,
Betake thyself, my soul, to prayer.

When in the dull routine of life
Thou yearnest, half for pain and strife,

So weary of the commonplace,
Of days that wear the self-same face,
Think softly, soul, thy Lord is there,
And then betake thyself to prayer.

When brings the cup with sparkling joy,

When happy tasks the hours employ,
When men with peace and sweet acclaim

Upon the highways speak thy name,
Then, soul, I bid thee have a care,
So that thy Lord in fervent prayer,

In dreaming where two pathways meet,
Be thou casting thy pilgrim feet,
That thou mayest in quietude find rest,
And say, "For Thy dear sake,"

O Master show Thy footprints fair,
I'll follow Thee," Christ answers

Thou canst not, with wily toil,
Steal from my soul, as precious spoil,

He cannot move from their edge,
But thou hast heaven's peculiar pledge,
Though Satan rage, thy Lord is there,

Do thou betake thyself to prayer.

MARGARET E. SANDSTEDT

CUPID'S REVENGE.

"Your wife, Thornton? Why, it seems only yesterday you were carrying my books to school. Why do boys know of love?"

And Nellie Rivers glanced innocently up into the face of him she addressed as innocently as though she had not known for many a month the question she put to her had been trembling on his eager lips.

A hot flush dyed Thornton May's cheeks at her words. A flash of anger leaped into the dark eyes a moment before so tenderly passionate.

"Firt! Heartless!" burst in a muttered whisper from the young man's white lips. Then he rose with a dignity which seemed suddenly to have sprung into life. With out even extending his hand, with simply a low bow of courtesy, he left her, sitting motionless, the echo of the closing of the outside door ringing in her ears strangely like a knell.

"They say Thornton May is engaged. What wonderful strides he has made in his art!" "Wonderful, indeed. But who is the fortunate winner of such a prize?"

"A Spanish girl whom he met abroad. His last picture, about which every one is raving, is said to be her counterpart."

Such was the idle conversation at an evening party which fell upon Nellie Rivers' listening ear.

And this was the meaning of his indifference, when she would have made atonement for the past—for the folly of a girl, who did not know herself, and who had learned the lesson only through four years of bitter suffering, of which this was the end.

"Dreaming, Miss Nellie, and alone? What does this mean?"

It was his voice which broke upon her reverie, his eyes resting on her, from whom, at any cost, she must hide the truth.

"I am growing old," she answered, lightly. "Like yourself I have put away childish things, though, unlike you, I have not assumed fresh responsibilities, upon which, by the way, I believe you are to be congratulated, although you hardly deserve it for keeping such a secret from your friends."

"You speak in enigmas. Of what do you speak?"

"If so, it is a Spanish enigma, and painted in lovely characters, however cabalistic they may be."

"O," a sudden light breaking in upon him, "you speak of my picture. And does rumor give her to me as my bride? I am indeed, then, open to your congratulations. But come, as I am not yet a benedict, may I not have this waltz?"

"And this is my revenge?" thought Thornton May, as a few hours later he sat alone in his bachelor apartments moodily surveying the dying embers in the grate. "I, who fancied her voice could no longer thrill or her beauty move me, have but riveted the chains I thought struck off from me forever. To-night how indifferently she congratulated me upon my supposed engagement! Had things been different how charmingly my pretty model might have helped out my plan! I will put the ocean between us ere, in my weakness, I once more give her the right to mock me."

"Going away, Mr. May? Have you tired so soon of your old friends that you must desert them? But I forget—some one is waiting for you."

"Yes," he answered, "I must once more say good-by, but this time, Miss Nellie, I hope you will add godspeed. I have not forgotten our last parting, though I hope my folly has long ceased to be remembered. You were right. It was a boy's presumption, and I must thank you for my lesson."

This was almost more than she could bear. For the moment tears shimmered in the dark eyes, a sob rose in her throat, but she answered bravely:

"It was I who should rather ask your pardon for the idle vanity of a girl who knew not the meaning of her own words, but who through them has been the only sufferer. Good-by, Mr. May, and godspeed."

She the only sufferer? What could she mean?

For a moment a wild hope crossed his mind, to be extinguished the next as he glanced into the calm face and the eyes whence all trace of tears had fled, but at the hall door a moment later he paused.

He would return to disabuse her mind of this idle folly as to his engagement. So, again crossing the hall and mounting the stairs, he stood upon the threshold of the room he had left so short a time before. But, O, how changed!

Down upon her face lay the figure of the girl who had haunted him all these years, while sob after sob racked her frame.

His revenge was in his hand at last. The moment had come to mock her as she had mocked him; but surely the light growing in his eyes had no mocking ray as he clasped the sobbing girl close to his heart.

"Is this true, my darling?" he said. "And has our game been cross purposes all this weary time? O, Nellie, my pride would have kept me silent had you not shown me your secret. I had meant, darling, to teach you, if I could, to love me, but I forgot I had learned the lesson long ago—a lesson whose sweet teachings will guard all my future life."

Thus, with lips pressed to lip and heart to heart, her sobs now sobs of happiness, Thornton May wreaked his revenge. —Spare Moments.

SOUTHWESTERN FRONTIERS.

Methuen has urgently called for more troops.

Anxiety increases in London as the hours go by without bringing news of his situation.

The names of a number of officers killed and wounded have been sent by General Methuen.

Methuen himself was slightly wounded, being struck in the thigh by a bullet.

It is known that his situation is a perilous one, and the failure to receive reassuring advice and the doubt as to his real position after the battle of last Thursday, serve to throw the War Office with anxious inquirers.

The positions of Generals French and Gatacre in Northern Cape Colony also is a difficult one. A dispatch says that the Boers are gathering in great force to oppose them while the British are few in number.

NATAL NEWS.

A description of the siege of Ladysmith from November 16 to 20 written in the invested city shows that the British are not worrying over their isolation.

The Boers' bombardment is ridiculed. It is described as a languid.

Few casualties have been sustained and the reports of great damage done to the Boers also are discredited.

It is believed at Estcourt that the Boers have blown up the Tagela River Bridge.

GENERAL SITUATION.

General Lord Wolseley announces that another division of British troops will be called out. This makes the seventh.

Colonial Secretary Chamberlain in a speech at Leicester yesterday noon, made a plea for the alliance of the Anglo-American-Tuetonic races "to rule the world." He said that it already existed in spirit.

TREMENDOUS ODDS.

Do the democrats of this nation realize what tremendous odds are to be against them in the struggle of 1900?

Do they understand that the trusts represent a capitalization of \$8,000,000,000, and do they grasp the mighty significance of that fact?

If this momentous fact is not fully recognized it is vital that it should receive closest attention and deepest thought.

There is nothing more fatal to success than an underestimation of the forces of an enemy.

Facts should be faced boldly and not ignored or glozed over.

Let every democrat consider seriously what power is given to the opposition by the fact that \$8,000,000,000 are combined in the trusts to balk the will of the people, to buy votes to coerce voters, to purchase eloquence, to subsidize the press.

There is to be a struggle of the most desperate character on the part of the republican party to keep its grasp on power.

And the trusts with their \$8,000,000,000 of capital will work hand and glove with the republicans.

Under the circumstances, what must democrats do?

They must unite. Without united action defeat is as certain as sunrise.

Surely democrats who love their country and who wish to

see it freed from the clutches of the the oppressive and ruinous trusts will not allow personal ambitions or factional feeling to divide the party which can hope for nothing if so divided.

The fate of this nation rests in the hands of the people. If they are honest, unterrified and united the trusts with all of their \$8,000,000,000 will go down in defeat. If, however, they are fearful, overawed, or bound up in petty personal ambitions, then the money power will triumph to infatuate disaster for the nation.—Chicago Democrat.

SOME STARTLING FIGURES.

Some idea of the pernicious effect the class legislation fostered by the Republican party has upon the agricultural sections may be gained from an analysis of the following table, showing the per capita circulation of money in the various states. It will be seen that the northeastern states, with their protected interests, have successfully sapped the agricultural sections. The table was made when the per capita circulation of the nation was \$22.40:

Rhode Island	\$98.50
Massachusetts	86.17
New York	74.81
Connecticut	71.14
California	47.84
New Hampshire	45.04
Vermont	40.15
Pennsylvania	38.83
Maine	36.10
Maryland	26.60
District of Columbia	25.75
Delaware	25.58
New Jersey	22.44
Colorado	19.57
Montana	18.95
Illinois	17.25
Ohio	15.91
Michigan	14.85
Iowa	13.70
Minnesota	12.92
Missouri	12.50
Wyoming	12.41
Wisconsin	11.44
Arizona	10.30
Kansas	10.16
North Dakota	10.12
Washington	10.06
Kentucky	9.46
Nebraska	9.36
Utah	8.67
Oregon	8.32
Indiana	8.25
South Dakota	8.12
West Virginia	7.91
Louisiana	7.05
Nevada	6.65
Virginia	6.50
Idaho	5.87
New Mexico	5.63
Texas	5.61
Tennessee	5.12
Florida	4.28
Oklahoma	3.34
Georgia	3.18
South Carolina	2.90
Mississippi	2.72
Indian Territory	2.60
North Carolina	2.43
Alabama	1.91
Arkansas	1.50

Simple Method of Strengthening the Lungs.

Strengthening the lungs, especially the apices, may be done by blowing through a small pipestem or tube that will allow the breath to pass out slowly. First fill the lungs with good air, then blow with steady force vigorously but not violently. A few times daily will be sufficient.—December Ladies' Home Journal.

A Connecticut farmer made this return to a tax assessor: "One wife with red hair, two steers—that's a pair, one horse—she's a mare, that's all, I swear."

A FARMER'S PRAYER TO MCKINLEY.

From Higbee News.

Our Advance Agent of Prosperity hear, I beseech thee, the words of thy lowly and ignoble servant. Thou dwellest among the mighty ones of earth. I herd with the lowly. Compared with thee I am as a toad to an elephant; a house-fly to an eagle. Yet, nevertheless, oh William, I am constrained to raise my voice in entreaty to thee in behalf of myself and fellow farmers, for our burden is grievous to be borne. If thou wilt remember, in thy Inaugural Address thou promised great things for the four years thou shouldst reign, because of the prosperity which thou intended to scatter o'er the land in great gobs, broadcast and without stint. It is of this same prosperity of thine oh McKinley, that I would speak. For two never-to-be-forgotten years have we farmers been grappling with thy prosperity. For two years we have seen our farms go into the hands of the stranger and alien, because of certain mortgages which we failed to satisfy. For two years have our ears been filled with the cries of our hungry children. Aye, McKinley, we have gone about in gags, hurrahing for thee and thy prosperity, and abusing thy adversaries, the free silverites, for not saying times were good and money plenty. For two years we have passed to and fro among thy enemies and boasted of money to throw at the birds, when at the same time we were dodging the tax collector and wondering where the next meal was to come from.

Now, oh William, I would ask thee, (on the sly) when thou sent in thy prosperity call art sure thou pressed the right button? Anyway, Bill, if thou shouldst try another whack at it please press the one marked "Adversity." We beseech thee to withhold thy prosperity for the two ensuing years of thy reign. Keep it with thee! Use it for home consumption. Bind it around thy neck as thou would a mother's keepsake. Eat it with thy bread and butter. Drink it with thy Mumm's extra dry, for I tell thee truly, to the farmers thy prosperity is like the embalmed beef of thy secretary of war—unpalatable. We know thou art merciful—a little. Witness thy dealings toward the Filipinos. Sudden death is preferable to a life of slavery. The Kragg-Jorgenson is more merciful than the scourge of the slave-driver. Nevertheless, oh McKinley, if it is thy will to further burden us with thy prosperity, pile on the burden—fear not! We will continue to cry, "All hail to McKinley prosperity!" and vote the grand old Republican ticket, even though our wives and babies starve. We'll vote her straight, Mack, though we be so weak from starvation that we have to be hauled to the polls. So be it.

A county spelling match will be given at New London Friday evening Dec. 22. One contestant will be allowed from every school in Ralls County. The prize will be a \$20 gold medal. The admission fee will be 25 cents. The proceeds will be used for buying books for a school library. Any teacher in the county can get a list of the words to be used by writing the Ralls County School Commissioner.