

My Closest Friend. My closest friend! O subtle phrase Replete with meaning that allays The sting of loneliness and care...

RALPH'S RESCUE

Ralph Morrow turned out the light and jumped into bed. It was only 9 o'clock but he was tired to the point of complete exhaustion. He had put in a hard day in a new telegraph office...

The landlady had said something about having another telegrapher as a boarder when he had told her his business. It was not uncommon for operators to rig up apparatus at home...

There was silence for a minute, then springing from the bed Ralph took a pencil and on the cover of a cigar box he tapped out an inquiry as to where the call came from.

With a hasty "O K" Ralph slipped into his clothes, and with a revolver that he had used when he was in charge of an office on the night trick held ready for instant use...

There was no crash of splintering wood. The door was not locked, and the push he gave sent him spinning into the room, until he lost his balance and fell heavily to the floor.

There was a cry of terror, and Ralph scrambled into a sitting position to look into a pair of blue eyes set in a very scared face.

"It must be the other room," he said dully. "It said the room on right and I supposed that that meant the east. It is one of the two."

"Some one is in danger!" asked the girl, catching the infection of his fear. "In mortal danger! Listen." He led the way to the door of his room.

"Been getting acquainted?" she asked pleasantly, though her face indicated suspicion and disapproval. Hysterically the girl told her story and the suspicious look gave place to a smile.

"Come with me," commanded the boarding house mistress. "I guess I can find the man who needs assistance." She led the way to the floor above and as she tapped on a door there came again a terrified appeal for aid.

"This is Mr. Morrow, our new boarder," introduced the landlady. "He says that you have been telegraphing for help and he nearly scared Miss Shay to death, breaking into her room to rescue her. He thought that the sound came from her room."

"I guess it goes through the floor," answered the new man. "I have no carpet and the space between the floor and the ceiling must act as a resonator. You a telegrapher?" He stood aside that Ralph might look into the room. An automatic transmitter, a receiver and a half dozen cells of battery told their own tale.

"I'm training to be a receiver on one of the press wires. Stuff comes fast, you know, and the chief loaned me an old Wheatstone apparatus. One of the boys prepares the tape and he delights in getting up the most bloodthirsty messages. These are just some practice slips pasted into an endless band and run over and again. The repetition gave you the idea that I was calling for help. If I had used one of the longer tapes you would have caught on."

"I'll come up some night and send for you," offered Ralph. "If you'll keep this story quiet at the office." The rescue party retreated down the stairs and the landlady left the two young people on their floor. "I feel like a fool for giving you this scare," apologized Ralph. "I don't know what you can think of me."

"I think that you are a very brave man," she answered with eyes that sparkled. "You could not know that the appeal was only a pretense. You took chances just the same. I always did love brave men." Ralph's eyes were eloquent as he took her slender hand in his and he looked at her with a smile that was almost a grin.

Ralph's eyes were eloquent as he took her slender hand in his and he looked at her with a smile that was almost a grin. "I feel like a fool for giving you this scare," apologized Ralph. "I don't know what you can think of me."

"I think that you are a very brave man," she answered with eyes that sparkled. "You could not know that the appeal was only a pretense. You took chances just the same. I always did love brave men."

Ralph's eyes were eloquent as he took her slender hand in his and he looked at her with a smile that was almost a grin. "I feel like a fool for giving you this scare," apologized Ralph. "I don't know what you can think of me."

"I think that you are a very brave man," she answered with eyes that sparkled. "You could not know that the appeal was only a pretense. You took chances just the same. I always did love brave men."

Ralph's eyes were eloquent as he took her slender hand in his and he looked at her with a smile that was almost a grin. "I feel like a fool for giving you this scare," apologized Ralph. "I don't know what you can think of me."

"I think that you are a very brave man," she answered with eyes that sparkled. "You could not know that the appeal was only a pretense. You took chances just the same. I always did love brave men."

his nose and wetly caught it in his mouth. "You are too good a dog to bump off," said Barr, "and if you promise not to grab my legs again, you can come along with me."

The dog was overjoyed and began to lick his new master's hand.—Denver correspondence of the New York World.

Names Will Be Just Alike. As the romantic result of a photograph being delivered to the wrong address, through a postman's mistake of one letter in two names pronounced alike, Vernon Henning Petre, a Cannellon Indiana, man, who has been for several years in the Philippines, was married to Miss Annie Mae Petrie, of Christian county, Kentucky, in Fairview Baptist chapel, near the bride's home.

Mr. Petre and Miss Petrie met last spring, on his return to America on furlough from his duties as deputy collector of customs at Manila, but they have been corresponding more than a year, ever since a picture of himself, addressed to his sister, Miss Sadie Petre, at Hopkinsville, Ky., accidentally fell into the hands of Miss Mae Petrie, who was there at the same time. The two young women were unacquainted, but became warm friends and will be devoted sisters-in-law henceforth.

Pearls Help Pay Bills. Some of the most perfect pearls at Lake City, Iowa, are being found in the Racoon river. Dr. T. W. Johnson opened a clam shell in which was a perfect white pearl, said to be worth nearly \$100. Hundreds of people take their vacation camping every year, and live along the "Coon" searching for pearls, and this year they have been more than ordinarily successful, and not a few have sent excellent gems to Eastern jewelers to market.

The claims are gathered by wading and with nets, and carried to the shore, where they are opened with care, lest the pearl escape the sharp eye of the hunter. The pearl business is helping out families that would otherwise be in straitened circumstances.

Colony Without Crime. St. Helena, our little Napoleonic colony in mid-Atlantic, is a model community. Its governor, Col. Galloway, is also its judge, but in the latter capacity he has little or nothing to do. He holds court at stated times, but the only business is the presentation of white gloves.

Nevertheless St. Helena has an "inspector of police" and as the withdrawal of the garrison, hitherto the chief consumer of local products, has adversely affected the finances the St. Helena Guardian urges the abolition of this "unnecessary official who has practically nothing to do." His salary should go to a "much wanted assistant surgeon." There is only one surgeon in St. Helena, and if he became incapacitated the little community on the lovely Napoleonic rock would be in a perilous state.—West-Minster Gazette.

Bother of Dressing Up. Thackeray's crossing-sweeper who kept his carriage was not entirely a creation of his imagination. I knew a man who took his stand daily outside a public house, fetched cabs and did odd jobs. His relatives were very well off indeed, and they persuaded him to go and live with them.

After leading a life of luxury for a couple of months he reappeared one day outside the public house. I, knowing his circumstances, asked him why he had left comfort for the cold pavement. "I had to," he said. "I stood it as long as I could, but when they wanted me to dress for dinner every time they had company I chucked it."—From the Referee.

Sparks Prodigal Son. While Irene Staller of Elkhart, Ind., was visiting in Shipensburg she met and admired a nice, apple-cheeked lad of seventeen named Martin Goodheart. The young woman proposed and was accepted. The couple eloped and reached Pittsburg, where the police were waiting for them.

When Goodheart, Sr., arrived he cuffed his son's ears and then spanked him. He wanted to spank the girl but the judge interfered. "I was just taking him out to Indiana, where I can get him a good job," was the girl's explanation, which staggered the father.

Within three minutes the girl had "borrowed" \$5 from the old man, who took his erring son home.

PROVIDE FOOD FOR CASTAWAYS

The French Government Establishes Stations That Wrecked Mariners May Not Starve—Caches Visited by Ships Each Year.

Depots of food and clothing supplies are maintained on the shores of the southernmost of the Auckland Islands for the benefit of sailors who may have the misfortune to be cast up on these barren stretches of land.

These islands are on the extreme southern edge of commercial navigation. Supply depots are now maintained on them because they are uninhabited and it is difficult for castaways to maintain life on these bleak rocks, while awaiting some passing ship, whose coming may be long deferred.

Sailors in that part of the country have all felt reasonably secure because of the knowledge that provisions had been made by the government for such emergencies as shipwrecks, but recently it developed that twelve sailors from the unfortunate Dundonald spent eight long months in utter misery on one of these islands, subsisting on such fish as they were able to kill with sticks.

They hunted persistently for the supply depots which they knew to exist, but were unable to find any evidence of them. It happened that they were not supplied with the maps which are issued giving the particulars of their location.

These maps are printed and issued every year by the government, giving directions concerning the depots of provisions and clothing which it keeps on seven groups of islands between New Zealand and the antarctic circle. The latest series of maps and instructions that has reached New York was printed last year.

The main island in the Auckland group is about thirty miles long and twenty miles wide in its broadest part, and it is not very easy to find the depots without the directions. The survivors of the wrecked steamer say they could find no boat, but the New Zealand government asserts that three lifeboats are kept there, two at the north and one at the south end of the group, and the map shows their position.

It also shows the position of the three supply stations on the main island, and the printed directions mention clothing, biscuit and other food, medicine, tools, etc., among the supplies.

The French sent the war vessel Erebus last year to the islands of Amsterdam, St. Paul and Keruelen, on the southern edge of the Indian ocean, to establish provision and clothing stations for shipwrecked mariners.

Both the French and the New Zealand governments distribute instructions how to find these stations, with lists of what they contain, including at each depot about a ton of preserved beef and biscuit, warm underclothing, cooking pots, matches, all packed in iron-hooped barrels, coated with tar and sand and covered with tarpaulin.

Spotless Town. The housecleaning tools, hung upon the wall in neat lines, were as numerous, as diverse and as handsome as the tools of a carpenter or a chauffeur. There were floor brushes, wall brushes, picture brushes—all sizes and shapes. There were rakes and scrapers for corners. There were polishing instruments of every kind—for glass, for metal, for floors, for furniture. There were sponges, chamolais skins, soaps and powders of all descriptions.

MAKING UP THE PACK.

Training Puppies to Go in Couples and Answer to Call. A pack of foxhounds can be kept up only by weeding out as spring comes round the unfit and replenishing their ranks with selections from the now full grown puppies that have come in from abroad.

Here is a tremendous task for the master and huntsman, says Bally's Magazine. To examine each single hound out of some fifty couple or more and assess its probability as a success behind the fox, to weigh carefully in each case the considerations of neck, shoulders, loins and limbs is a business of all devouring interest.

Almost daily in the kennels are masters of hounds and huntsmen in their white kennel coats, brooding thoughtfully over their future hopes, and discussing the motley crowd of romping puppies as they fly to the bit of biscuit tossed to some far corner of the yard and show their contempt and display their strong and their weak points.

Now and then a likely couple is isolated for special study, and, falling naturally and with easy grace into their role, they sit up with that dignified and immitable grace which only a foxhound possesses.

The answering to their names is part of their education, which, although of course this has in a measure been achieved at walk, has now to be emphasized. But to make each of fifty or sixty couples respond at once to his name is a task not accomplished easily, though each hound in the hundred may be perfectly well aware who is wanted when the name is called.

Feeding time is the great occasion for this lesson to be driven home. Outside a door, held just sufficiently ajar to admit one hound at a time, some fifty young hounds, with a few old stagers left in to illustrate the lesson, are collected, eagerly awaiting their horsefeed and oatmeal. With wistful, upturned faces, each waits his turn.

"Prodigal!" calls the huntsman, and from the far end of the gathering, perhaps right on the outskirts, or secreted among the motley crowd, up to the door creeps or vaults over the others, as they range round. Prodigal. Then to the call of Careless there is a stir through the crowd, and in slips Careless.

So the young hounds watch it all, and thus they quickly learn to do likewise, till they are so perfectly drilled that not a hound will stir until its name has been called.

Then comes another ordeal—to learn to go in the couples. This too should, where possible, be taught at walk, and if puppy walkers would save their puppies many a miserable day at kennels they would get them used to the couples very young.

When full grown it is a most tiresome business. They react it keenly, and many a bloody battle is attempted when they find themselves chained to another hound. But it is a lesson which has to be learned for many reasons, and when they are at last at home in the couples it is of the very greatest advantage to themselves as well as their trainers.

The Early Bird. A very steady and serious country gentleman had joined a newly established metropolitan club which offered the usual advantage of bedrooms for country members temporarily in town. When next the country gentleman came to town he put up for the night at the club, which had in the meantime become extremely fashionable and its hours correspondingly irregular. The visitor went to bed at an early hour when all was orderly and the other members decorous and quiet.

The next morning he came down for breakfast at his usual hour—eight o'clock—but was surprised to find the room in the middle of dusting process and not a cloth on the table. While he was gazing helplessly around a sleepy-eyed waiter came up to him.

CONDENSED "YELLOW" PAPERS.

Mrs. Cornwallis West Says Women's Pages Are Joys of Lunatics. "The lunatics' delight" is the terse description of the woman's pages of American "yellow" papers given by Mrs. George Cornwallis West in a remarkable interview in London. Several of these pages, with their "answers to girls" columns and their alleged love experts' replies to imaginary correspondents, asking why a girl of 10 should not wed a man of 70, were shown to her.

"As far as twaddle of this type is concerned," she continued, pointing to various bits of advice to girls of 18 to avoid wedding men of 40 and to women of 50 to avoid marriage with youths twenty years their junior, etc. "I say as far as this twaddle is concerned, I never heard of such nonsense. Why, this page is a veritable lunatics' Zo-light. Clearly it is written by some feeble-minded person to delight readers of equally low mentality.

"Human nature, you know, is pretty well the same the world over, and the fact is that, despite all this 'expert-on-love' twaddle, the divorce records of America prove fairly conclusively that following the advice of self-chosen prophets of Eros leads to the divorce court more rapidly and with greater frequency than ignoring the nonsense peddlers altogether.

"In Europe the marriage of a young man with a woman of, say more than 40, or that of a man more than 40 with a girl in her twenties, is quite common, and the almost clear court records, not to mention the undoubted real happiness that has followed these alliances, is answer sufficient to these 'love philosophers' of the American yellow papers.

"One might as well expect to follow the advice of an Italian railroad navy on how to write Gaelic poetry, or that of a Zulu cowherd on how to paint a Titan.

"No, the American yellow paper, with its idiotic, not to say positively harmful, nonsense on 'love' is nauseating.

No marriage in the high life of England in recent years caused so much comment, favorable and otherwise, as that of Lieut. Cornwallis West and Lady Randolph Churchill. The marriage was bitterly opposed by the mother of the young bridegroom and others of his family on the alleged ground of the great disparity in the ages of the couple. Mrs. Cornwallis West is now more than 50 years old, while her husband is 34.

Mrs. Cornwallis West was formerly Miss Jennie Jerome of New York. She married Lord Randolph Churchill in 1874. He died in 1895, leaving her with two sons and a fortune of \$250,000.

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK. Larger in Population than Sixteen Different States and Territories. Some one who is apt at figures has shown that New York City to-day is larger in population than sixteen different States and Territories, and further that within a radius of twenty miles are living over 10,000,000 people, says the National Magazine.

The improved methods of transportation, which are fast widening the limits of New York's business energy, will soon embrace a radius of fifty miles, within which are located 2,844 different towns and cities, whose total population, with that of Greater New York, is equal to fully one-fifth of the population of the United States.

When it is realized that the permanent increase in population of New York last year was about 400,000, a city the size of Cleveland, Ohio, some idea of the tremendous growth of the city can be appreciated. One of the assurances of a continued and permanent growth is to be found in the 50,000 marriages that take place every year.

Besides this permanent increase New York is entertaining an average of over 150,000 transient visitors every day, and at some seasons, when the hotel accommodations are taxed to their utmost, fully 800,000 people are crunched in their home papers as "spending a few days in New York on pleasure and business."

Sermon of the Week

Immortality. Immortality is nothing but a continuation of this life. It is not future, but present.—Rev. F. W. Hignitt, Presbyterian, Danville, Ky.

Keeping Young. While the march of time is inexorable, one need not grow old in spirit, asserting that age need not rob one of interest in life.—Rev. Joseph L. Gerwin, Scientist, Seattle.

Seeking. Somehow or other the conscious seeking of a good thing, if kept up too long and too constantly, interferes with the chance of obtaining it.—Dr. A. T. Tillingham, Presbyterian, New Haven, Conn.

Requirements of Religion. Religion requires first a person who is right and righteous in his soul, and then an outward life of goodness and service in harmony with that right state within.—Rev. John W. Rowlett, Unitarian, Atlanta.

Woman's Age. This is the best age for women the world has ever known. Never were there so many opportunities given them as now, and never were there so many avenues of opportunity open to them.—Rev. W. W. Bustard, Baptist, Boston.

All Needs Supplied. God has given to each phase of life its need, and no lower nature in us can supply the needs of the one above it, though it may influence it more or less.—Rev. Sidney H. Cox, Evangelical Church, Brooklyn.

Bible Versus Crime. It has been found by statistics gathered in the juvenile courts and reformatories that in almost every case of wrong doing the culprit has no knowledge of the Bible and its teachings.—Rev. Frank L. Goodspeed, Presbyterian, Springfield.

Self-Denial. The bare fruitfulness of any life comes by its self-denial. There is no good done and no profit made without labor and pain; it is by surrendering and giving that one becomes of value to society and to the kingdom of Christ.—Rev. Dr. Lee, Methodist Episcopalian, Detroit.

Blindness of Sin. Why will people persist in thinking that Christ came into the world to condemn them? 'Tis the blindness of sin. He is the sinner's truest friend. God sent not His son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world should be saved through Him.—Rev. E. M. Little, Presbyterian, Pittsburgh.

Obedying God's Word. "Familiarity" or kingly patronage or local sale or rich pagantry is a sign of the end of the world. If this sign be a mere detail that may be lost sight of in the general run, so much the worse for all concerned.—Rev. A. Aldred, Congregationalist, Newark.

Choosing the World. There are many scholarly and thoughtful men, who are as far from being pessimists as a delicious peach is from being a sour grape, who think it would take something as cleansing as the food described in Genesis to purify our country, to say nothing of the rest of the world.—Rev. Frederick H. Hopkins, Congregationalist, Chicago.

Catechism. The little child that is familiar with his catechism is really more enlightened on truths that should come home to every rational mind than the most profound philosophers of pagan antiquity, or even than many so-called philosophers of our times.—J. Cardinal Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore.



Mrs. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST

What we need to-day above "familiarity" or kingly patronage or local sale or rich pagantry is a sign of the end of the world. If this sign be a mere detail that may be lost sight of in the general run, so much the worse for all concerned.—Rev. A. Aldred, Congregationalist, Newark.

Choosing the World. There are many scholarly and thoughtful men, who are as far from being pessimists as a delicious peach is from being a sour grape, who think it would take something as cleansing as the food described in Genesis to purify our country, to say nothing of the rest of the world.—Rev. Frederick H. Hopkins, Congregationalist, Chicago.

Catechism. The little child that is familiar with his catechism is really more enlightened on truths that should come home to every rational mind than the most profound philosophers of pagan antiquity, or even than many so-called philosophers of our times.—J. Cardinal Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore.

Material Prosperity Insufficient. Mere material prosperity has never been sufficient to secure stability of government. Moral courage, honesty, liberal education, and a healthy sense of religion are of greater importance in our national life than big crops, large bank deposits, enormous factories, or extensive railroads.—Rev. John B. Scott, Episcopalian, Hot Springs, Va.

The Ram's Horn. The shofar's tones, while not quite so beautiful and harmonious as the trumpets of war, have a far different human tone to convey. At the sound of the note from the Ram's horn all Israel is listening to the same and is stirred to the very depths, and rally to the flag of their faith, pledging themselves a new loyalty to their God.—Rev. M. E. Levy, Hebrew, San Francisco.

The Bible. The Bible is not only up to date, but ahead of date. It has anticipated every scientific discovery of any consequence, and little is taught in science to-day that may not be found outlined in the Bible. The order of creation, for example, is now found, by science to be identical with the method revealed in this boldest of books.—Rev. Hugh K. Walker, Presbyterian, Los Angeles.

The Devil. The production of "The Devil" develops the coarseness and grossness of the story. Yet, despite its coarse staging, the play must suggest to all who think at all the many guises in which evil may present itself. It is greatly to be deplored that this study in evil, which might prove a warning to many a thoughtful man and woman, should be developed in its worst instead of its best phases.—Rev. A. Eugene Sackett, Church of the Redeemer, Chicago.

Helping the Burglar Out. "John," she whispered, "there's a burglar in the drawing room. He has just knocked against the piano and has several keys at his feet." "I'll go down," said he. "Oh, John, don't do anything more!" "Rash! Why, I'm going to help you. You don't suppose he can remove the piano from the house without making a noise?"—London Theatre.

A girl must feel that she is doing a good deed when she helps a friend.