His Favorite Niece;

—OR—

A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Sir Basil had decided. He had tried to think of his case as though it were another's; he had tried to weigh it, give judgment upon it. There were two courses open to him—he could go to Leah, tell her his story, and ask for his freedom, or he could leave Dene and never look on Hettie's sweet face again.

If he decided to pursue the former, he knew that it would be far less cruel were he to plunge a knife into Leah's breast; he knew that it would kill her more surely than if he had gone away and left her long before. Was it his duty to consider her first? Clearly. He had asked her to be his wife! he had never dreamed that a time would come when he should love with all the madness, the passion, the impetuosity of youth; he had fancied in some vague way that his engagement would save him from it. Yes—before he thought of himself or his own happiness, he must think of Leah.

Only a few months since, his life had lain before him bright and calm as a summer sea; he had known but little trouble. He had youth, wealth, every good gift, in short; now all these were valueless to him, because he must renounce the thing he loved best. Weighing all the circumstances, he did not think he could have called himself dishonorable had he told the whole story to Leah. But he could not crush her—her whose only fault was loving him not wisely, but too well. She must be his first, care, since she was his promised wife. But, while he was deciding to surrender all hopes for the future, he determined to have one more glimpse of paradise and say farewell to Hettie, so that he might take with him through all time the memory of her words and looks.

On the morning after he had come to this decision he told the general that it was very probable he should be compelled to return to Glen in a few days. Business awaited him; one or two leases had fallen in—and there was a adjoining property for sale—in fact, there were several important reasons why he must go at once.

"Leah will be very sorry," said Sir Arthur, whose first thought was always for his beloved niece.

Sir Pasil was not the man to do things by halves.

"Why need you linger after I am gone? You can bring Leah back to Brentwood. I am sure she will be pleased to be at home again, though they make us very happy here. And, Sir Arthur," he continued, determined to rivet his chains at once, "when you are once more at Brentwood, I want to talk to you about—about the marriage; it is time something was settled."

Sir Arthur laughed and looked pleased.

"You must talk to Leah about that, Pasil," he said. "Place aux dames always!"

"Yes, I will talk to Leah about it," returned the other, impetuously; "I do not see the use of this long delay."

"Nor do I," said the general. "I do not understand the art of love-making; but you have both had plenty of time to make up your minds. You love each other; I do not see what need there is for further waiting."

How Sir Pasil winced at the simple words, at the implicit faith, the complete confidence and trust reposed in him! What would this old soldier say if he knew that he had given his heart, his love, to some one else?

The same day he told Leah of his intention to leave Dene. He often afterward thought of the scene. She was in the drawing-room, standing by the table, turning over the leaves of a book, when he went up to her.

"Leah," he said, gently, "I find from my letters this morning that I must go back to Glen. I have some important business to attend to at home."

She had been smiling as she looked over the engravings; but her face changed as she heard the words.

"You are going, Basil," she said—"leaving us?"

A quiver of pain passed over her face, a wistful expression crept into her eyes. He thought to himself, if the simple announcement of his departure for a few days could cause her such pain, what would have happened had he told her all? He could not be cruel to her. He must take care that she never knew, never suspected the truth. He must endeavor to make her happy, although he could never be so. How well she loved him—and oh, the pity of it?

"Leah," he said, taking her hand in his, "I will not talk to you now. The general told me that you will not remain much longer at Dene. You will return to Brentwood in a few days; and then you will let me speak to you about our marriage? I want you to fix a date for it, to tell me when you think it can take place. It seems uncertain, and I am tired of uncertainty."

A look of unutterable relief came over her face. Ah, Heaven be thanked! It was of her, of their marriage and their future, that he had been thinking lately with so grave a face. A great tearless sob rose to her lips—she had been so unhappy about him, and all without reason, his silence had been caused only by his anxious thoughts of her. They were alone in the drawing-room. She looked up at him, all the love that filled her heart shining in her dark eyes. She put one fair arm around his neck.

"Basil, I have been so unhappy about you," she murmured. "People said that you looked pre-occupied and dull. I could see for myself that you were not the same, and I wondered if you had ceased to love me."

"Ceased to love you, Leah!" He tried to speak carelessly, but his whole frame trembled and his lips grew pale. "Ceased to love you! Leah, tell me what you would do if that happened."

The face raised to his was full of earnestness and truth.

"What should I do?" she replied. "There would be but one thing on earth for me to do, and that would be to die. When all that made life worth living was gone, how could I live?"

"Life is very precious," he said, drawing her closer to himself; "and it is not easy to die."

"It would be easy for me," she declared. "I have let all my desires and interests merge themselves in yours. I have kept back nothing for myself, not even one thought of my heart."

"I know you have not," he said, touched inexpressibly by the pathos of her voice and face. He caressed the dark masses of hair, and the girl's whole face grew radiant at this unexpected indication of his tenderness. "Leah," he went on, thoughtfully, "I am the last one to preach on such subjects, but do you think it wise for any one man or woman, to become so completely engrossed in his or her love?"

"No, certainly not," she replied; "I do not think it wise but there are some who cannot help it."

"You have given me your heart, your love, your life. Suppose it should be the will of Heaven that I die—what then?"

"I should die too," she replied, with a look so calm that he saw she would find nothing to repine at in such a fate. "I have my own ideas about true love," she added; "and ours is true love, Basil, though the portion of it that comes to us in this life is smaller than that which I feel assured we shall enjoy in the next. And you, Basil," she asked, looking up at him with happy eyes, "what should you do if I died?"

Heaven help him! He hated himself. He longed for the power to take her in his arms, to whisper loving words to her, to kiss her lips, to make her happy; but he could not—the fair, sweet face with eyes like blue hyacinths floated between them.

"I cannot tell," he replied. "Men are so unlike women; even the quality of their love is different."

"One thing, I am sure, would never happen; you would never care for any one else," she said, with the implicit faith of a loving woman.

He hated himself more than ever as the words fell on his ear.

"You believe in constancy, Leah?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, musingly. "I cannot imagine anything so terrible as losing you; and even if I lived after such an awful calamity, I could never care for any one save you. No other would have power to interest me. I believe in one love and no more."

"If she knew," he thought, with a bitter sigh. "Leah," he said, after a few minutes' silence, "could anything that I might ever do make you hate me?"

"No," she replied, "nothing. I have asked myself that question. If you were in a fellow's cell to-morrow I would share it with you. I would go to the scaffold with you."

"Dear," he said, gently, "that is a great love, but is it not a blind love?"

"Yes," she answered, "and in this world a blind love is best. You have made me very happy, Basil," she continued. "During these evenings, while you have looked so thoughtful, I have watched you anxiously."

"Why did you not tell me that you were troubled?" he asked.

"I did not like to do so. Although I know how much you love me, Basil, there are times when I feel timid and almost afraid of intruding on you."

"I thought," he said, jestingly—only too pleased to jest—"that in perfect love there was no fear?"

"There is fear in every love," she replied. "I must know, for I feel mine so strongly. Ah! me, I am happy to-day, Basil! In future, when you look thoughtful I shall say to myself that you are thinking of me."

She raised her face to his; and, bending down, he kissed the loving lips and the tears from the happy eyes.

"My love," she murmured, "I could almost wish to die here and now, while I am sure that you love me."

And it would have been well for her if she had died.

The sound of her voice, the clasp of her arms, the kiss from her lips, the memory of her loving words, went with him as he set out to say farewell to the girl he loved. Just that one half-hour from a whole lifetime should be his. He would take Hettie's hand, look into her face, and say "Good-bye," never to meet her more, his first, last only love; and then the rest of his life should be given to duty.

It was the close of an autumn afternoon when he sought Hettie Ray. The light was dying in an amber sky; and he walked with swift footsteps up the green hill that he would never climb again.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Hettie Ray was watching the amber light. The king of day was setting in royal splendor. He had donned new colors this evening; he had dispensed with crimson and gold, and had surrounded himself with clouds of deep amber and purple—kingly colors that, falling upon the sea, gave a weird gleam to the waters. The light of a daffodil sky was there in full perfection, but the green earth looked strange under it; a curious glow lay upon the hills, upon the trees and the grass. To Hettie's loving eyes it seemed as though Nature were waiting, and that, when the sun had set, something would happen. The sun was sinking lower and lower; the amber clouds seemed to touch the water's edge. From the waves on the shore came a musical murmur, from the birds in the trees an evening hymn. Hettie, in her old seat by the ivy-covered wall, was tranquilly watching the lovely scene.

Her father had fallen asleep. He was very ill, and she was anxious about him. She had decided that if he were not better on the morrow she would call in a doctor. She had been up with him all night, and she had been hard at work all day; she was tired and anxious—yet there was a look of happiness on her fair face. In the midst of the gloom and the darkness there was a ray of light for her—the handsome young stranger whom her father called "Glen" loved her; she felt sure of it. She was so shy, so modest, so completely without vanity or coquetry, so simple and sweet in her busy life she had had but little time to think of love and lovers. Deep in her heart lay a dim vague knowledge, half hope, half fear, that some day or other this beautiful dream would come to her.

She could not be unhappy while thoughts of "Glen" pierced the gloom. All the fatigue of the night and the labor of the day had been as nothing to her, because of her thoughts of him. She did not own to herself that she loved him and was ready to give her love unsought; but she knew that if he loved her, as she had now some reason to believe he did, she would be the happiest girl on earth. How handsome he was, how noble, how good! What a knightly face was his, what a courtly manner! She could understand now the true meaning of the word "gentleman." And, while she was thinking of him, while he amber clouds rested on the water, he stood suddenly by her side. No rose ever blushed more sweetly; her whole face changed; her eyes welcomed him, and said what her lips could not utter.

"How strange!" she said. "I was just thinking of you."

He longed to tell her that there was no moment, night or day, in which he was not thinking of her, but he restrained himself. He was there to say good-bye. He might wait a few moments. He was on the brink; let him pause there, let him stand by her in silence for the last time and watch the waves breaking on the sands.

"I was thinking of you," repeated Hettie. "I knew that you would come."

"I have a motive in coming," he said. "I will tell you presently what it is. Let us watch the setting of the sun together."

He knew that the sun of his life would set with it; he felt somewhat like a soldier who, condemned to be shot for some act of insubordination, stands by the side of his own open grave. When the sun has set, I shall have told her, and I shall have gone too," he said to himself. He bent his pale, troubled face over the glossy ivy.

Hettie looked more fair and seraphic than ever, feeling sure that he had come to tell her that he loved her—she had seen it in his face on the previous night. She folded her white hands, and they stood side by side in perfect silence while the sun set. As it seemed to touch the water's edge, the clouds turned crimson. The change was so quick and so marvellous, it was as though the restless, heaving sea was suddenly covered with flame.

"Look," cried Hettie—"how beautiful!" For with the roselights came shadows of the richest purple. The sun seemed to sink into the water; the day was dead.

Sir Basil turned to her, wondering in his own misery at the light on her fair face.

"I came to tell you something, Miss Ray," he said. "I know it will interest you. I am going away."

He purposely avoided looking at her. If he had seen the sudden change in her face, the deep anguish, he would not have gone at all. She made him no answer, for the simple reason that her lips had suddenly grown mute.

"I have business that compels me to leave," he said, "and I come to say good-bye to-night."

The western wind seemed to grow chill. Hettie's heart was heavy with pain and fear. He had been so much to her, and her life was so cheerless. She thought of her sick father and her hard work, of her joyless, loveless life that he had so suddenly brightened. She thought of the happiness that had been hers so short a time, and then, with a passionate burst of tears, she cried,—

"Do not go away!"

"I must," he said, briefly. "There is no choice left to me. I must go."

He saw the fair head bent until it rested on the ivy-leaves. He was only human, and he could bear no more. He drew closer to her.

"Hettie," he said—"let me call you Hettie for the first and last time—tell me, why do you shed these tears? Are they for me?"

"I am sorry you are going," she sobbed.

"Are you really so grieved as this?" he asked. "Oh, Hettie, can it be true? What am I to you? Why should you care?"

"It is quite true you are nothing to me, but you have been kind to me, and my life is so lonely."

(To be Continued.)

The Farm

FIELD BEANS.

This crop can, under favorable conditions, be raised on most, if not all, kinds of soil, but I regard heavy clay least desirable, and sand loam with clay subsoil, when properly fertilized, the most favorable, writes Mr. E. L. Griffin. Heavy soils and those newly fertilized are more liable to furnish a rank growth of vines with few pods poorly filled. Gravelly soils, unless fine, are too porous, allowing too free evaporation and rendering the process of surface mulching too difficult.

While much may be said and many divergent opinions expressed as to the preservation of the qualities of the soil, each opinion is undoubtedly true under the special conditions. The prevailing quality of soil should be sandy loam, largely mixed with clay subsoil. Under these conditions there seems to be a pretty generally accepted rotation, namely, clover two years, corn one year, using all the available barnyard manure, beans one year without fertilizer, followed by some winter crop suitable for clover seeding.

If the corn crop of the preceding year has had a sufficient supply of manure which was plowed in rather deeper than is necessary for beans, it leaves a somewhat compact substratum and yet from the humus contained a sufficiently porous one to permit the free passage of moisture from below. About May 15, or when corn planting is out of the way, I plow the corn ground of the previous year and thoroughly fit it for immediate planting then leave for a few days, long enough for the weed seeds near the surface to germinate. It is again thoroughly dragged and again left, the process being repeated till time to plant.

EARLY VS. LATE PLANTING.

The time of planting is usually determined by the personal experience of the farmer. Early planting has many advocates here, on the theory that the crop will be sufficiently advanced to reach the filling stage when much moisture is needed, before the quite common drouth of the middle summer, and for the additional reason that harvesting may be completed before the general rains appear, which often attend the breaking of the summer drouth about the last of August or the first of September. Late planting is held to give more time for the preparation and cultivation of the seedbed, and to be attended with the greater probability of having the needed showers, at the time of filling. Planting occurs May 15 to July 1, with perhaps a preponderance during the first 20 days of June. The quantity of seed necessary varies from ½ to ¾ bushel per acre. Planting is most commonly done in drills 28 inches apart.

The cultivation of the crop up to the time of blossoming is practically the same as for corn, frequent or continuous, and for the double purpose of destroying the weeds and preserving the surface sand mulch, thereby conserving the moisture of the lower soil. At the time of blossoming the branch roots are so far developed that further cultivation is injurious rather than beneficial. One advantage in planting part of the crop early and part late is that cultivating and harvesting are more distributed in time, a valuable feature when help is scarce.

APPLY STABLE MANURES.

The subject of fertilizers is one of importance, and is attended with some difficulties. If the soil is too poor, it certainly will not raise "white beans." And if the barnyard manure is applied directly to this crop, the results will not be satisfactory. If the farmer having in mind the fact that the bean crop will give him the greatest returns for the money and time invested, sees fit to give this crop the special advantage of his home-produced fertilizer, he will doubtless secure the best physical and chemical conditions by applying it the year in advance. With beans, as with all legumes, the question of fertilizer is the question of available nitrogen. As the nitrogen-bearing nodules or tubercles, produced by the nitrogen bacteria, are attached to the roots of the plants, a more permanent effect on the soil would be produced if the crop could be so harvested as to leave the roots in the ground.

I inoculated two fields of red clover in this manner in the spring of 1901. In both cases, the resulting growth seemed quite remarkable. But in one case the stand was totally destroyed by drouth, from which the other, about four miles away, was rescued by a local shower. This field was peculiarly sterile, having been cropped for about 20 years without fertilizer of any sort, and even without grass seeding. The clover showed a noticeably large and thrifty top, with an extra large root loaded with clusters of nitrogen nodules. The crop will be watched with close interest during the coming season, as the intention is to turn it all under for fertilizer, the effect of which is expected to be apparent on the bean crop of 1907.

FARM NOTES.

By using a separator from one fourth to one third more butter can be made than when the cream is raised by gravity in the common pan. Four cows with a separator are equal to five similar ones without one.

Muck soils, properly drained, are of great value, and many lands which have lain idle for generations can be reclaimed to lasting fertility. Experience is, however, necessary in the draining. Such soils settle rapidly when drying, and if tile is used it must be laid at considerable depth. Most of such soils are underlaid with sand or gravel. In such cases holes or wells can be sunk at intervals down to the sand and the tile lines emptied into them. This is sometimes much easier than the digging of deep open ditches into which to run the tiles.

Some of the reasons for crop rotation are: All plants do not draw an equal extent upon the manurial ingredients of the soil. They send their roots to different depths and have a different solvent action upon the constituents they reach. By rotating crops insect enemies are more apt to be dispersed. Fungous diseases may also be materially reduced. The soil is maintained in good tilth, and bacteria which are beneficial to the plants are more likely to be increased. Weeds are more readily eliminated, the humus compounds of the soil increased, and the work of the farm more easily distributed.

The real virtue of barnyard manure is not well understood by most farmers. Its value lies not so much in the fact that it contains a certain amount of plant food as that it lightens up the soil and prepares it to retain moisture and permit easy access to the small feeding rootlets of plants. Soil moisture is a chemical composition that has the power of dissolving plant food out of the small particles of earth. Almost all soils contain all the elements necessary for the growth of vegetation, but in many soils these elements are not all in soluble condition. Plants can utilize the different chemicals only after they are dissolved and held in suspension in liquid form. Plants drink, but they cannot eat.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

In these days any dairyman who wants registered animals of any of the approved breeds can get them. The beginner in registered dairy stock can not be too strongly urged to buy and breed on the basis of individual merit and dairy record.

The amount of water consumed by the horse daily will naturally depend upon the temperature of the atmosphere, the amount and kind of work performed and the character of the food consumed. The extremes may be placed at 20 with 60 to 70 pounds as an average for farm horses of 1,200 to 1,300 pounds live weight.

The removal of the horns from adult cattle seems at first thought to be shockingly cruel. When a horn is forcibly wrenched off by accident it doubtless causes great suffering. But so great has been the improvement in implements and methods that a horn may be taken off with less shock and pain than is caused by pulling a tooth. Trials carefully conducted at various agricultural experiment stations all tend to show that when the operation is skillfully performed it involves very little suffering and very little falling off in the milk yield.

MUSIC IN ANESTHESIA.

Professor Reford of Geneva, Switzerland, successfully employs music to soothe and tranquilize the dreams of persons who have taken ether or chloroform in order to undergo surgical operations. The music is begun as soon as the anesthetic begins to take effect, and is continued until the patient awakes. It is said that not only does this treatment prevent the hysterical effects sometimes witnessed, but the patient, on recovering, feels no nausea or illness. Professor Redard also uses blue light to produce anesthesia. The light from a 16-candle-power electric lamp, furnished with a blue bulb, is concentrated upon the patient's eyes, but the head and the lamp are enveloped in a blue veil, to shut out extraneous light. Insensibility is produced in two or three minutes.

PRIMITIVE MEXICANS.

The Tarahumare people, who live in the most inaccessible part of Northern Mexico are ignorant and primitive, many still living in caves. What villages they have are at altitudes of about 8,000 feet above the sea level. They are a small and wiry people, with great powers of endurance. Their only food is "pinoll," or maize, parched and ground. They have a peculiar drink, called "teshuin," also produced from maize, and manufactured with considerable ceremony, which tastes like a mixture of sour milk and turpentine. Their language is limited to about 300 words. Their imperfect knowledge of numbers renders them unable to count beyond ten. Their religion seems to be a distorted and imperfect conception of Christian traditions mixed with some of their own ideas and superstitions.

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DENMARK IS THOROUGH

METHODS FOR SPREADING KNOWLEDGE OF FARMING.

Bacon Industry Is the Most Prosperous in the World as a Result.

The Dominion Trade and Commerce Department has completed an investigation into the reasons for the relatively high position held by Denmark in the markets of Great Britain in dairy and other agricultural products.

Denmark's exports of bacon during the months of August, September and October, 1901, were as follows:—August, 77,481 bales, weighing 18,750,400 pounds; September, 61,732 bales, weighing 15,765,100 pounds; October, 60,018 bales, weighing 14,521,350 pounds.

The population of Denmark in 1901 was 2,449,540, and the area 14,815 square miles. It will, therefore, be seen that country ranks foremost in the world as regards the export of such products, which, doubtless has its reason in the high grade and uniform quality brought about by carefully studying the methods of production and the wants of

THE DIFFERENT MARKETS.

The Royal Danish Agricultural Society is paying particular attention to the production of bacon, butter and cheese. As far as the bacon is concerned, this society follows up the question as to what breeds of hogs are most suitable, what kind of feed produces the best quality of pork, the most suitable age to butcher, salting, smoking, packing, etc. The Danish farmers have also learned that it pays to work together, and in different parts of the country have started co-operative slaughter houses, combined with salteries and smokeries, where the most particular cleanliness, etc., is observed; hereby the most uniform quality is produced.

As with bacon so with butter and cheese, much care being taken to produce the highest grade.

At the expense of the Royal Danish Agricultural Society a number of young men and women employed in agricultural work are given courses in their respective lines, such courses lasting for three years, during which time the public must take active part in the work they wish to study on one of the large farms or creameries. If the pupil stays out the course of three years he is at the close of his term made a present of different valuable books in his line.

THE DANISH GOVERNMENT

distributes money each year as "travelling aids" to a great many country people who are interested in the different branches of dairying and agriculture to assist them in visiting agricultural schools or experimental farms.

"The Royal Danish Farming Association" advertised in January, 1901, that the Government would distribute such "Travelling aids" to dairy men for their further education. In response 388 applications were received, and of these 127 were allowed amounts varying from $27 to $80. The total amount thus distributed was $5,285.

This is considered to be money well spent, even if the visit be short. By repeating these financial distributions every year there will be in time a great number of intelligent people who during their future practice will make use of what they have thus learned, and in addition other people with whom they come in contact will also learn from them.

LONDON REVERTS TO GAS.

Electric Light Has Not Realized Expectations.

The city experiment of reverting to gas for the illumination of some of the principal streets, after 15 years of electric light, has aroused much interest, says the London Mail.

The lamp-posts between Temple Bar and Ludgate Circus will be lowered three feet for the change to gas, and the light will be about the same height from the ground as the street lamps of Paris. Each lamp will be fitted with two high pressure incandescent gas burners, of 1,000 candle power, and as they will be closer together as well as nearer the heads of the pedestrians, it is claimed that the light will be more even.

"If this method is successful," said an official of the Public Health Department recently, "it will doubtless be employed in all the streets of the city.

"The reason the committee have decided upon the change is that the electric light, after a prolonged trial, has not realized expectations."

A member of the Streets Committee said that the electrical companies had brought their system to perfection.

"Directly we put up a 2,000 candle power gas lamp outside the Man on House," he added, "the electric people saw that their big lights were not giving satisfaction, and replaced their burners in the same neighborhood with more brilliant ones."

It is claimed that the incandescent gas light is better, cheaper and more evenly distributed.

TRY TO EXHAUST JAPAN

THIS MAY BE THE POLICY OF RUSSIA.

Loss of Vladivostock Would Not Prompt Russia to Seek Peace.

A correspondent of the A Press at Tokio writes: Count former Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a recent article on the question of intervention that the great change in the lines of the different powers, being a outcome of the present war, is difficult to make a prophesy.

Increasingly closer relations between England and France is already one of the very phenomena resulting from the war. The Count declared that Japan could have no other feeling but satisfaction at finding her rival becoming gradually weaker by the war and would recognize foolishness of antagonizing Germany could maintain and protect her interests in the far east.

Okuma saw no occasion for intervention unless a European alliance could be formed, and he could not understand who would take the initiative so long as Germany must suffer by the war. Germany, he asserted, was reaping enormous profits kinds and would follow the policy of "Get the best and sell as cheap as possible."

NO NEED OF INTERFERENCE.

Count Kato, former Minister of Foreign Affairs and former Ambassador to Great Britain, discussing the question, said: "I do not think there will be any occasion for intervention. I doubt if Russia has a real desire and aim either to fight or to conclude peace. It seems to me that the ultimate result is left, however the future may bring it. There seems to be no practical plan. Should Russia be willing to hold Vladivostock, it would be her advantage to continue the war before she loses it. But she has no desire for peace, and her people are devoid of any definite idea. There can be no occasion for a third power to attempt intervention in the future. Even the loss of Vladivostock might not prompt Russia to seek peace. She could go on receiving indefinitely, hoping thereby to exhaust us. We might take Harbin and go further north, but Russia should continue her policy of retreat."

Should Russia seek for peace we shall insist on an unqualified armistice and when the negotiations opened we shall require Russia to return Manchuria to China, recognize our suzerainty over Korea, Sakhalin to us, remove or destroy the fortifications of Vladivostock and pay an indemnity of at least a billion yen ($1,000,000,000.)

"SUCH LIBERAL TERMS"

Such liberal terms will afford occasion for intervention. The theatre of hostilities is in Manchuria and without any special interest to powers none of them will be prepared to take action to stop the war. On the contrary the war is creating a lucrative trade to some of them in supplying materials for war. Japan at from a diplomatic standpoint may, seeing our resources depressed by the war and Russia finally weakened, will naturally maintain the hope of further reducing the strength of her formidable neighbor.

England will feel satisfaction at the blows dealt by her ally to her traditional foe. The United States as much as she sympathizes with will not welcome any excessive development of Japan's power that should cause future trouble. Germany would not view with displeasure the gradual weakening of both Britain and Russia alone, but must sincerely desirous of seeing the war terminate, but single-handed she is nothing to cause any change in the present and the future. Her mind and view, a word per seem of possibility of intervention, and I am prepared to say that the Emperor will yet come to talk of peace. In fact, there never will be an occasion for intervention, and the war will last long.

The next party of Russians to leave Port Arthur for Chefoo will be forty insane sailors and soldiers, who will be taken on board the hospital steamer Whampoa now here. The Whampoa has been fitted up specially to transport the lunatics from Chefoo to Odessa. She will not take any other passengers.

IF FEEBLE, DON'T READ

A bald-headed man got into a New York hotel the other day and ordered thus:

"Mr. London, Eng."

The clerk looked at the caller, politely asked him to write the name of his name.

"That is all the name I have," replied the guest.

The clerk looked at him closely for a moment, then a thought appeared to have struck his face. Taking his earliest leisure, he looked up the registry of two years, and found the following in the same handwriting:

"Harry McComb, Jr., M.P., London, Eng."

When next the guest came to the counter the clerk showed the register to him.

"You wrote that didn't you?"

"Yes," the guest admitted.

"Then, why do you say that is your full name now?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the guest. "You see, when I was in before I was a member of Parliament, but I am not now. So I am right to use the 'M.P.' My name did a year ago, so, of course, I have used the 'Jr.' any more. But last fall I had a fever, and all my hair fell out; so, being no longer a 'Harry,' I have no use for the 'Comb,' and there you are. There is nothing left but the Mc. You see."

ABHOR THAT W

The Evildoer is Public

A despatch from Brooklyn says:—Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight preached from the following Abhor that which is evil, xii. 9.

Strange words these for a of the gospel of good will Paul will not be content carries hatred up to a tage—abhorrence. From point moral indignation requisite of patriotism may feel no revulsion of edness, but good men the depths. For some seems scared as with and these wrestlers of moral revulsion the man the strength tides of moral can be a bad man ously angry and nant against evil, sin. Stooping to from the child's ing the child, experience of the which the child to save the most perfectly expansive you can to detect drunkenness. sin as the flame out of the gold. ness and every God is a consuming.

He who beholds venal voting, the latures, the in the city, the and beholds a

A THOROUGH

Contrariwise ward God be horrence of evil.

Now and then one of these sion. There is community, the pulpit, its conversation street, its corporation the sentiment of Witness the the Twelfth ring with tage of Tammany boys and brazenly appeared they openly and ian turned a ing all the the street, show his ostracised, them as enemies editors pe to the pinned in a hundred cravat).

Years later every one in a fair.

For gold the purchase retaining as an control the lepers given with for the been born.

THEN I they invited the forth secret letters his contrary his motive.

Know fairly corporation stand the wave the waves egged plants sentence power

THE S

INTERN

Lesson XI.

Rise C