

A LOVE LYRIC FROM THE GREEK.

The First Kiss. (After Strato.) As the hour the long day ends, when our friends we bid good-night, Moeis kissed me, if, ah! me, it was she and not her sprite.

The Interference of Miss Nancy.

BY SARAH LINDSAY COLEMAN.

(Copyright, 1901, by Dally Story Pub. Co.) Miss Cairns sat in a big rocking chair on the broad porch. Her pretty brow was puckered thoughtfully.

"I don't care." She dashed the angry tears from her eyes, and laughed a little at the ridiculousness of it all. "She said—the dimples stole into her cheeks—that I was getting old—I am 23—and that I might never have another opportunity. I told her there was nothing but comradeship and friendship between us, but she didn't believe a word."

Like a troop of ghosts, long dead and forgotten, those old lovers that Miss Nancy had brought so forcibly to her mind, presented themselves. Her very first, a handsome college youth—the rides they had had, the drives, the walks, and that last moonlit night when the strains of "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party" floated through the quiet village street.

He had gone back to college, and there had been a good deal of pressure upon her before the gifts went back, but in the end she returned them—the poor little tokens. He had written only this:

"I do not blame you that you did not keep the troth you plighted ere your heart you knew. Better the parting now than waken to weep when time has robbed Love's roses of their dew."

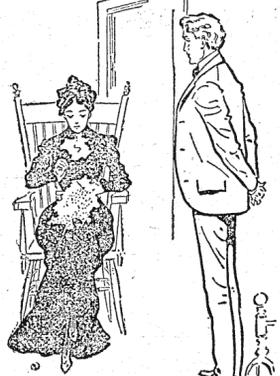
Another face shall help you, to forget, another love shall in your heart be shrined. But I shall go down my darkened way alone, forever seeking what I never can find.

Miss Cairns' quiet laughter rang on the soft air. And she had suffered so. She didn't know then that "men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

The next she met him in the city, and the roses on the table, his gift, the satiny La Frances, turned up their pink noses in perfumed scorn when he declared his love and offered her fortune, position, everything that his kind, middle-aged heart could think of—everything that a woman's heart needed—save love.

One by one the procession passed on. There were a good many of them, lovers of polish and culture, and lovers without, for Miss Cairns was the bonniest lass in the countryside. The last one filed from sight, and with a growing sense of irritation she thought of the neighbors in general, and of Miss Nancy in particular. What right had she to interfere? What right to believe that every man in the neighborhood that was civil, had, to quote Miss Nancy, fallen a victim to her fading charms? It was preposterous. She hoped the young fellow to whom Miss Nancy would marry her in spite of herself didn't know how the neighbors talked.

Two years before he had come from his far-away home and thrown in his lot with theirs. He was a machinist, and her father found him invaluable in the mill. He boarded with them,



"Miss Cairns, * * will you marry me?"

and people had got into the way of inviting them out, and associating their names together.

Miss Cairns got up and walked into the house. It was dark when the young Scotchman came in from the village. He went straight to Miss Cairns' father. They talked at length, and at some low-voiced request the old man answered heartily: "Aye, aye, lad."

The young Scotchman ate his supper in silence and smoked thoughtfully afterward. Something has evidently upset him. Miss Cairns watched him furtively. She liked the determined set of his chin. It indicated character.

When the girl who moved about the room and had taken out the tea things, he crossed to the other side of the fireplace where Miss Cairns was busy with some needle work.

"Miss Cairns," he stood before her,

his back to the fire, "will you marry me?"

"No," promptly. "Will you state your objections?" he asked, courteously.

"Too young." Miss Cairns spoke laconically. Like Lillian Bell, she preferred men at least thirty-five.

"What else?" he questioned. "Too slim. Not tall enough."

"What do you admire in a man?" "Fearlessness and gentleness." The answer came without hesitation.

"Won't you grant me these?" He stood over her with laughing eyes. "Remember the calves I've weaned, and the sitting hens I've conquered."

"The idea of marrying you! Why, we have dug up the violet beds, strung beans, shelled peas together. Goodness, man! I want some romance in my marriage. What put such a thought in your head?" She looked at him scrutinizingly. "I thought as much. You met Miss Nancy, and she told you that positively you were my last



"I'll never forgive you! * * never!" hope. She played on your sympathies, and bade you come to the rescue. I'm awfully much obliged, but—but I decline with thanks." She sprang to her feet and made him a low, mocking bow.

"If you dislike me—" "I don't! But you are not in love with me." She turned to him suddenly. "Love comes—love comes—" she faltered, and the color mounted to her brow.

"How?" he asked, eagerly. "With music," she said, slowly, "and light, and perfume. Oh, you know how love comes."

"Has it come like that to you?" "No," she said, reflectively. "It hasn't come at all."

"Love's a tender little fellow; closed doors and icy manners frighten him away, Jeanie." He took both her hands. "He comes to so few of us like that. It's the daily association, the gradual dependence upon each other. It's propinquity. You've said a dozen times, you would not be an old maid. Prove it! You've said the villagers shouldn't know a breath of your marriage. Prove it! I'm going to Scotland tomorrow." He laughed at her speechless astonishment. "You said you would give them something to talk about some day. Now is your opportunity."

"I've no clothes," said she, laughing. "No woman ever had; but the new gray, silk-lined tailor suit looks bridgy enough. And there's New York if you want more."

"Father," she called to the man who came down the hall. "Why, father," she faltered, as he paused in the doorway. "It's what ye threatened, lass. Jim's a good lad."

"You would be willing?" There was a tone of entreaty in her voice. "Aye, aye, lass." He crossed the room, kissed her and went out. "You are so valuable to him," the tears stood in her eyes, "that he is willing to lose me."

"Might he not gain a son?" MacDonald's manner became suddenly business-like. Shall it be at 6 in the morning? I will attend to everything, and have the license and the minister here."

She threw back her head defiantly. "The train leaves at 8. Mary will help you with your trunk. And so all we leave our best wishes to the dear people who have simplified things for us, and to Miss Nancy an extrashare!" "Oh, how I hate you!" She stamped her foot; her face was aflame, her dark eyes flashed, and then—her slight form swayed toward him.

Mrs. James MacDonald's husband regretted that the hour previled of the villagers from attending the ceremony, but at the station the couple were literally showered with rice and old shoes.

Mrs. MacDonald's pretty, smiling face looked back from the frame of the car window. "I'll never forgive you!" her best girl friend called, "never!"

The morning mists were lifting from the familiar hills and the birds sang as if they would spit their throats. "Miss Nancy," the bride's best friend went up to the middle-aged woman on the platform, "last night you circulated a report that spread like fire. I didn't believe it, but it's true! Ever the trip abroad is true! Were you in the secret?"

A close observer would have noticed that Miss Nancy was absolutely dazed, but she smiled and kept her counsels—and so did the groom.

Railway Capital and Wages. The capitalization of the railroads of the United States is \$11,000,000,000.

Those railroads employ more than 875,000 men, and for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1898, they paid to their employes as compensation for services more than \$485,000,000.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE RELIGIOUS AWAKENING. THE SUBJECT ON SUNDAY.

Preached from Luke V: 6 as follows:

"They Enclosed a Great Multitude of Fishes, and Their Net Broke"—Strong Prea for the Old-Fashioned Revival.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopfch, N. Y.) Washington, March 24.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is most pertinent at this time when a widespread effort for religious awakening is being made; text, Luke v, 6, "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net brake."

Simon and his comrades had experienced the night before what fishermen call "poor luck." Christ steps on board the fishing smack and tells the sailors to pull away from the beach and directs them again to sink the net. Sure enough, very soon the net is full of fishes, and the sailors begin to haul in. So large a school of fishes was taken that the hardy men began to look red in the face as they pull, and hardly have they begun to rejoice at their success when, snap, goes a thread of the net, and, snap, goes another thread, so there is danger not only of losing the fish, but of losing the net.

Without much care as to how much the boat tilts or how much water is splashed on deck the fishermen rush about, gathering up the broken meshes of the net. Out yonder there is a ship dancing on the wave, and they hail it: "Ship ahoy! Bear down this way!" The ship comes, and both boats, both fishing smacks, are filled with the floundering treasures.

"Ah," says some one, "how much better it would have been if they had stayed on shore and fished with a hook and line and taken one at a time instead of having this great excitement and the boat almost upset and the net broken and having to call for help and getting sopping wet with the sea!"

The church is the boat, the gospel is the net, society is the sea, and a great revival is a whole school brought in at one sweep of the net. I have admiration for that man who goes out with a hook and line to fish. I admire the way he unwinds the reel and adjusts the bait and drops the hook in a quiet place on a still afternoon and here catches one and there one, but I like also a big boat and a large crew and a net a mile long and swift oars and stout sails and a stiff breeze and a great multitude of souls brought—so great a multitude that you have to get help to draw it ashore, straining the net to the utmost until it breaks here and there, letting a few escape, but bringing the great multitude into eternal safety.

Belief in Revivals. In other words, I believe in revivals. The great work of saving men began with 3,000 people joining the church in one day, and it will close with forty or a hundred million people saved in 24 hours, when nations shall be born in a day. But there are objections to revivals. People are opposed to them because the net might get broken and if by the pressure of souls it does not get broken, then they take their own penknives and slit the net. "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and the net brake."

It is sometimes opposed to revivals of religion that those who come into the church at such times do not hold out. As long as there is a gale of blessing they have their sails up. But as soon as strong winds stop blowing then they drop into a dead calm. But what are the facts in the case? In all our churches the vast majority of the useful people are those who are brought in under great awakenings, and they hold out. Who are the prominent men in the United States in churches, in prayer meetings, in Sabbath schools? For the most part they are the product of great awakenings.

I have noticed that those who are brought into the kingdom of God through revivals have more persistence and more determination in the Christian life than those who come in under a low state of religion. People born in an icehouse may live, but they will never get over the cold they caught in the icehouse. A cannon ball depends upon the impulse with which it starts for how far it shall go and how swiftly, and the greater the revival force with which a soul is started the more far-reaching and far-reaching will be the execution.

Gather in the Young. It is sometimes said that during revivals of religion great multitudes of children and young people are brought into the church and they do not know what they are about. It has been my observation that the earlier people come into the kingdom of God the more useful they are. Robert Hall, the prince of preachers, was converted at 12 years of age. It is likely he knew what he was about. Matthew Henry, the commentator, who did more than any man of his century for increasing the interest in the study of the scriptures, was converted at 11 years of age; Isabella Graham, immortal in the Christian church, was converted at 10 years of age; Dr. Watts, whose hymns will be sung all down the ages, was converted at 9 years of age; Jonathan Edwards, perhaps the mightiest intellect that the American pulpit ever produced, was converted at 7 years of age, and that father and mother take an awful responsibility when they tell their child at 7 years of age, "You are too young to be a Christian," or "You are too young to connect yourself with the church." That is a mistake as long as eternity.

If during a revival two persons present themselves as candidates for the church and the one is 19 years of age

and the other is 40 years of age, I will have more confidence in the profession of religion of the one 10 years of age than the one 40 years of age. Why? The one who professes at 40 years of age has 40 years of impulse in the wrong direction to correct, and the child has only ten years in the wrong direction to correct. Four times 10 are 40. Four times the religious prospect for the lad that comes into the kingdom of God and into the church at 10 years of age than the man at 40.

Sin Against Holy Ghost. Oh, I am afraid to say anything against revivals of religion or against anything that looks like them, because I think it may be a sin against the Holy Ghost, and you know the bible says that a sin against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven, neither in this world nor the world to come. Now, if you are a painter, and I speak against your pictures, do I not speak against you? If you are an architect and I speak against a building you put up, do I not speak against you? If a revival be the work of the Holy Ghost and I speak against that revival, do I not speak against the Holy Ghost? And whose speaketh against the Holy Ghost, says the Bible, he shall never be forgiven, neither in this world nor in the world to come. I think sometimes people have made a fatal mistake in this direction.

Many of you know the history of Aaron Burr. He was one of the most brilliant men of his day. I suppose this country never produced a stronger intellect. He was capable of doing anything good and great for his country or for the church of his God had he been rightly disposed, but his name is United States government, which he tried to overthrow, and with libertinism and immorality. Do you know where Aaron Burr started on the downward road? It was when he was in college and he became anxious about his soul and was about to put himself under the influences of a revival, and a minister of religion said: "Don't go there, Aaron; don't go there. That's a place of wildfire and great excitement. No religion about that. Don't go there." He tarried away. His serious impressions departed. He started on the downward road. And who is responsible for his ruin for this world and his everlasting ruin in the world to come? Was it the minister who warned him against that revival? When I speak of excitement in revivals I do not mean temporary derangement of the nerves, I do not mean the absurd things of which we have read as transpiring sometimes in the church of Christ, but I mean an intelligent, intense, all absorbing agitation of body, mind and soul in the work of spiritual escape and spiritual rescue.

Coldness of the Objector. Now I come to the real, genuine cause of objection to revivals. That is the coldness of the objector. It is the secret and hidden but unmistakable cause in every case, a low state of religion in the heart. Wide awake, consecrated, useful Christians are never afraid of revivals. It is the spiritually dead who are afraid of having their sepulcher molested. The chief agents of the devil during a great awakening are always unconverted professors of religion. As soon as Christ's work begins they begin to gossip against it and take a pall of water and try to put out this spark of religious influence, and they try to put out another spark. Do they succeed? As well when Chicago was on fire might some one have gone out with a garden water pot trying to extinguish it. The difficulty is that when a revival begins in a church it begins at so many points that while you have doused one anxious soul with a pall of cold water there are 500 other anxious souls on fire. Oh, how much better it would be to lay hold of the chariot of Christ's gospel and help pull it on rather than to fling ourselves in front of the wheels, trying to block their progress. We will not stop the chariot, but we ourselves will be ground to powder.

An Unconverted Minister. But I think, after all, the greatest obstacle to revivals throughout Christendom is an unconverted ministry. We must believe that the vast majority of those who officiate at sacred altars are regenerated, but I suppose there may float into the ministry of all the denominations of Christians men whose hearts have never been changed by grace. They are all antagonistic to revivals. How did they get into the ministry? Perhaps some of them chose it as a means of livelihood. Perhaps some of them were sincere, but were mistaken. As Thomas Chalmers said, he had been many years preaching the gospel before his heart had been changed, and as many ministers of the gospel declare they were preaching and had been ordained to sacred orders years and years before their hearts were regenerated. Gracious God, what a solemn thought for those of us who minister at the altar! With the present ministry in the present temperature of piety, this land will never be enveloped in revivals. While the pews on one side the altar cry for mercy, the pulpits on the other side the altar must cry for mercy. Ministers quarreling. Ministers trying to pull each other down. Ministers struggling for ecclesiastical place. Ministers lethargic with whole congregations dying on their hands. What a spectacle!

Aroused pulpits will make aroused pews. Pulpits aflame will make pews aflame. Everybody believes in a revival in trade, everybody likes a revival in literature, everybody likes a revival in art, yet a great multitude cannot understand revival in matters of religion. Depend upon it, where you find man antagonistic to revivals, whether he be in pulpit or pew, he

needs to be regenerated by the grace of God.

More Troops Wanted. During our civil war the president of the United States made proclamation for 75,000 troops. Some of you remember the big stir. But the King of the universe today asks for twelve hundred million more troops than are enlisted, and we want it done softly, imperceptibly, no excitement, one by one. You are a dry goods merchant on a large scale, and I come to you and want to buy 1,000 yards of cloth. Do you say: "Thank you, I'll send you 1,000 yards of cloth, but I'll sell you 20 yards today, and 20 tomorrow, and 20 the next day, and if it takes me six months, I'll send you the whole thousand yards. You will want as long as that to examine the goods, and I'll want as long as that to examine the credit, and besides that, 1,000 yards of cloth is too much to sell all at once?" No; you do not say that. You take me into the counting room, and in ten minutes the whole transaction is consummated. The fact is we cannot afford to be fools in anything but religion.

That very merchant who on Saturday afternoon sold me the thousand yards of cloth at one stroke the next Sabbath in church will stroke his beard, and wonder whether it would not be better for a thousand souls to come straggling along for ten years instead of bolting in at one service. We talk a good deal about the good times that are coming and about the world's redemption. How long before they will come? There is a man who says 500 years. Here is a man who says 200 years. Here is some one more confident who says in 50 years. What, 50 years? Do you propose to let two generations pass off the stage before the world is converted? Suppose by prolongation of human life at the end of the next 50 years you should walk the length of Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, or the length of Broadway, New York. In all those walks you would not find one person that you recognize. Why? All dead or so changed that you would not know them. In other words, if you postpone the redemption of this world for 50 years you admit that the majority of the two whole generations shall go off the stage unblest and unsaved. I tell you the church of Jesus Christ cannot consent to it. We must pray and toil and have the revival spirit, and we must struggle to have the whole world saved before the men and women now in middle life part.

The Coming Great Revival. It seems to me as if God is preparing the world for some quick and universal movement. A celebrated electrical movement. A celebrated electrical movement. The wires crossing the continents and the cables under the sea looked like veins red with blood. On that chart I see that the headquarters of the lightnings are in Great Britain and the United States. In London and New York the lightnings are stabled, waiting to be harnessed for some quick dispatch. That shows you that the telegraph is in the possession of Christianity.

It is a significant fact that the man who invented the telegraph was an old fashioned Christian, Cyrus W. Field, and that the president of the most famous of the telegraph companies of this country was an old fashioned Christian, William Orton, going from the communion table on earth straight to his home in heaven. What does all that mean?

I do not suppose that the telegraph was invented merely to let us know whether flour is up or down or which horse won the race at the Derby or which marksman beat at the latest contest. I suppose the telegraph was invented and built to call the world to God.

In some of the attributes of the Lord we seem to share on a small scale. For instance, in his love and in his kindness. But until of late foreknowledge, omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, seem to have been exclusively God's possession. God, desiring to make the race like himself, gives us a species of foreknowledge in the weather probabilities, gives us a species of omniscience in telegraphy, gives us a species of omnipresence in the telephone, gives us a species of omnipotence in the steam power. Discoveries and inventions all around about us, people are asking what next?

I will tell you what next. Next, a stupendous religious movement. Next, the end of war. Next, the crash of despotism. Next, the world's expurgation. Next, the Christlike dominion. Next, the judgment. What becomes of the world after that? I can't say. It will have suffered and achieved enough for one world. Lay it up on the drydocks of eternity, like an old man-of-war gone out of service, or fit it up like a Constellation to carry bread of relief to some other suffering planet or let it be demolished. Farewell, dear old world, that began with paradise and ended with judgment conflagration.

Talking 'Trop in the Woods. Mr. Blank, a busy and successful oculist, spent his summer vacation in the woods with his new shotgun. Noticing one day that when using the left-hand barrel he generally brought down his game, and when using the other barrel he invariably missed, he tacked a small target to a tree and fired at it several times with each barrel, in order to bring the matter to a test. The result confirmed his suspicions. One barrel was all right, or nearly so, and the other was all wrong. "Well," he said, "as nearly as I can make out, this gun has a severe case of strabismus, with strong symptoms of astigmatism."—Youth's Companion.

He who sows peas on the highway does not get all the pods into his barn.

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Diphtheria Among Indians. Agent Snead of the Flathead reservation says that the Kootenai Indians at Dayton, Creek, Mont., are in a fair way to die off rapidly with diphtheria. Seven have died in the last week and many are sick with the disease, which is spreading rapidly. The Indians do not know the nature of their trouble and mingle with each other freely.

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