Washington, Sept. 15 .- Most encour- | vidual is gone out of him and he is aging to all Christian workers is this discourse of Dr. Talmage while denying the accuracy of statistics which represent Sunday audiences as dimin-shing; text Hebrews x, 25, "Not tor-

Startling statements have been made many of the pulpits and in n many of the pulpits and in some of the religious newspapers. It is heard fer and over again that church at-tendance in America is in decadence. I deny the statements by presenting hard facts. No one will dispute the fact that there are more churches in America than ever before, one denomination averaging two new churches every day of the year. The law of demand and supply is inexor-able in the Kingdom of God as it is in the world. More church supplie argues more church privileges demand-ed. More banks, more bankers; more factories, more manufacturers; more ships, more importers; more churches,

In all our cities within a few years to swallow up two or three of the old time churches. I cannot understand with what kind of arithmetic and slate pencil a man calculates when he comes to the conclusion that church attendance in America is in decadence. Take the aggregate of the number of people who enter the house of God now and compare it with the aggregate of the people who entered the house of God 25 years ago, and the present attendance is four to one. The facts ar most exhilarating instead of being depressing. That man who presents the opposite statistics must have been lost unfortunate in his church ac quaintance.

You are not to argue adversely be cause here and there a church is de-pleted. Churches have their day. Some times merchandise will entirely ocout the churches and families or-dinarily attendant upon them. Some times a church perisues through inter-necine strife. But there are no facts to overthrow the statement that I have made in regard to the increasing at tendance upon the house of God. Now, I am ready to admit that there are churches which have been depleted, and it is high time that a sermon we preached for the benefit of young mer who are just entering the gosper ministry and for the warning of prosperou churches as to what are the causes of decline in any case. If merchandise crowd out a church, that cannot be helped, but under all other circum stances decadence in church atten-dance is the fault either of the church or of the pastor.

Churches are often cleared of their audiences by the attempt to transplan the modes of the past into the present. The modes and methods of fifty years ago are no more appropriate for to-day than the modes and methods of to-day will be appropriate for fifty years hence. Dr. Kirk, Dr. McElroy, Dr. Mason, Dr. De Watt, Dr. Vermilyea and hundreds of other men just as good as they were never lacked audiences, because they were abreast of the time in which they lived. People will not be interested in what we say unless we understand the spirit of the day in which we live. All the woebegonish which we live. All the weedegonish statistics are given by those who are trying in our time to work with the wornout machinery of the past times. Such men might just as well throw the furnaces out of our church basements and substitute the foot stoves which our grandmothers used to carry with them to meeting, and throw out our organs and our cornets, and take the old-fashioned tuning fork, striking it on the knee and then lifting it to the ear to catch the pitch of the hymn, and might as well throw out our modern platforms and modern pulpits and substitute the wineglass pulpit up which the minister used to climb to the dizzy height of Mont Blanc solitariness and then go in out of sight and shut the door after him. When you can get the great masses of the people to take passage from Albany to Buffalo in stage coach or canal boat in preference to the lightning express train which does it in four hours, then you can get the great masses of the people to go to a church half a century behind the time.

The trouble begins away back in the theological seminaries. It is a shame that larger provision is not made for ministers of religion, for the sick and the aged and the infirm who have worn themselves out in the service of God. We have aaval asylums and soldiers' asylums for men who fought on land and sea for our country when these men have become aged or crippled, and it is a shame that larger provision is not made for the good sol-diers of Jesus Christ, who have worn selves out in battling for Lord. But lack of provision in that respect makes a tendency to turn our theological seminaries into hospitals for sick and aged and infirm ministers. When a man begins to go down, they give him the title of D.D. by way of resuscitation. If that fails, then the tendency is to elect him to a professome theological seminary. but it is often the case that the pro fessorate in a theological seminary is occupied by some minister of the gospel who, not being able to preach, is set to teach others how to preach. In more cases than one the poorest speaker in the faculty is the professor of elocution. We want more wide awake, more able-bodied, able-minded men, enthusiastic men in our theologi cal seminaries and in the professor-ates—men like Addison Alexander, who could during the week teach men the theory of preaching and then on Sunday go into the pulpit and with the thunder and lightning of Christian eloquence show them how. What would you think of a faculty of unmerchants to train young merchants or a faculty of unsuccessfu lawyers to train young lawyers? It is often the case that theological sem-inaries cut a man and clip him and

only a poor copy of a man who was elected to a professorate because he wood in the theological seminaries and more flaming evangels. I declare self cannot teach others how t

> Young ministers are told they must preach Christ and him crucified. Yes, but not as an abstraction. Many a Limister has preached Christ and him crucified in such a way that he preached an audience of five hundred down to two hundred, and from two hundred to fifty, and from fifty to twenty and on down until there was little left save the sexton, who was paid to stay until the service was over and lock up. There is a great deal of cant about Christ and Him crucified. It is not Christ and Him crucified as an abstraction, but as an omnipotent sympathy applied to all the wants and

woes of our immortal nature—a Christ who will help us in every domestic social, financial, political, national struggle—a Christ for the parlor, a Christ for the nursery, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the barn, a Christ for the street, a Christ for the store, a Christ for the banking house a Christ for the factory, a Christ for the congressional assembly, a Christ for the court room, a Christ for every trial and every emergency and every

Ah, my friends, churches will b largely attended just in proportion as we ministers can meet their wants, meet their sufferings, meet their be-reavements and meet their sympa-thies. If there is a church with small help, small audience; medium help, medium audience; large help, large audience. If there be a famine in a city and three depots of bread and one depot has 100 loaves and another 500 loaves and another depot 10,000 loaves. the depot that has 100 loaves will have applicants, the depot that has 500 loaves will have far more applicants. the depot that has 10,000 loaves will have throngs, throngs, throngs.

Oh, my brethren in the Christian ministry, we must somehow get our shoulder under the burden of the people on the Lord's day and give them a good stout lift, and we can d it. We have it all our own way. It and no interruption, we cannot during the course of an hour get our hymn or our prayer or our sermon under suc nentum we can, by the help of God, lift the people, body, mind and soul, clear out of their sins, temptations and troubles.

I think that ministerial laziness often empties the church of auditors. Hear ers, who are intelligent through read ing newspapers and by active association in business circles, will not on the Sabbath sit and listn to platitudes Hearers will not come to sermons which have in them no important facts, no information, no stirring power, no adaptation, no fire. The pey will not listen to the pulpit unless the pulpit knows more than the pew. Ministerial laziness has cleared out many churches. Still ministers saunter around from parlor to parlor under the same of pastoral visitation and go gadding about through the village or the city on errands of complete noth-ingness and wrap their brains around cigar and smoke them up, and then thoughts together and on Sunday morning wonder that the theme of Christ and Him crucified does not bring a large audience, and on Monday sit down and write jeremiads for the re-ligious newspapers about the decadence

of church attendance. People will not go to church merely as a matter of duty. There will not next Sabbath be a thousand people in any city who will get up in the morning and say: "The Bible says I must go to church. It is my duty to go to church, therefore I will go to church. The vast multitude of people who go to church go to church because they like it, and the multitude of people who stay away from church stay away because they do not like it. I am not speaking about the way the world ought to be. I am speaking about the way the world is. Taking things as they are, we must make the centripetal force of the church mightler than the centrifugal.

nets to draw the people thereunto, so that a man will feel uneasy if he does not go to church, saying: "I wish I had gone this morning. I wonder if I can't dress yet and get there in time. It is eleven o'clock; now they are singing. It is half-past eleven; now they are preaching. I wonder when the folks will be home to tell us what was said. what has been going on." When the impression is confirmed that our churches, by architecture, by music, by sociality and by sermon, shall be made the most attractive place on earth, then we will want twice as many churches as we have now, twice as large, and then they will not half ac-

mmodate the people. I say to the young men who are en-tering the ministry, we must put on more force, more energy and into our religious services more vivacity if we want the people to come. You look into a church court of any denomination of Christians. First you will find the men of large common sense and earnest look. The education of their minds, the plety of their hearts, the holiness of their lives, qoalify them for their work. Then you will find in every church court of every denomination a group of men who utterly amaze you with the fact that such semi-imbecility can get any pulpits to preach in! Those are the men who give forlorn statistics about church decadence. Frogs never croak in running water; always in stagnant. But I can say to all Christian workers, to all Sunday school teachers, to all evangelists, to all min-isters of the gospel, if we want our Sunday schools and our prayer meetinaries cut a man and clip him and square him and mold him and bore square him and twist him until all the indificult fact is, the people are tired of the humhim and twist him until all the indi-

drum of religionists. Religious hum-drum is the worst of all humdrum. You say over and over again, "Come to Jesus," until the phrase means abso-lutely nothing. Why do you not tell them a story which will make them come to Jesus in five minutes?

You say that all Sunday school teach ers and all evangelists and all minis-ters must bring their illustrations from the Bible. (Christ cld not when He preached. The most of the Bible written before Christ's time, but was written before Christ's time, but where did He get his illustrations? He drew them from the lilies, from the ravens, from salt, from a candle, from a bushel, from long-faced hypocrites, from gnats, from moths, from large gates and small gates, from a came from the needle's eye, from yeast in the dough of bread, from a mustard seed, from a fishing net, from debtors and from a naning net, from desires am creditors. That is the reason multitudes followed Christ. His illustrations were so easy and understandable.
Therefore, my brother Christian worker, if you and I find two illustrations
for a religious subject and the one is
a Bible illustration and the other is outside the Bible I will take the latter, because I want to be like the Master.

O Christian workers, we have got to freshen up. What is the use of our going back in the Christian classics to find an illustration of the victori-ous Christian deathbed when my personal friend, Alfred Cookman, a personal friend, Affred Cooking, few years ago went away in as imperial grandeur as did Edward Payson? Is it any less an illustration to me and to you because I met him a few weeks before in front of Trinity church, Broadway, and I said, "Cook-man, you look as if you were working too hard?" Where in all the classics is there such a story as that of Cookwhen, in his last moment, he cried, "I am sweeping through the gates washed by the blood of the Lamb!"

What is the use of going away off to get an illustration when in a house on Third avenue, Brooklyn, I saw a woman dying, and she said: "Mr. Talmage, heaven used to be to me a great mage, heaven used to be to me a great way off, but it now is just at the foot of the bed?" What is the use of your or the bed: What is the design going away off to get illustrations of a victorlous deathbed, when all Wales was filled with the story of the dying experience of Frances Uidley Havergal? She got her feet wet standing on the ground preaching temperance and the gospel to a group of boys and men, went home with a chill, and con gestion set in, and they told her she was very dangerously sick. "I thought so," she said, "but it is really too good to be true that I am going. Doctor, do you really think I am going?" "Yes." you really think I am going?" "Yes."
"To-day?" "Probably." She said,
"Beautiful, splendid, to be so near the gate of heaven." Then after a spasm of pain she nestled down in the pillows and said, "There, now, it is all over— blessed rest." Then she tried to sing, and she struck one glad note, high note of praise to Christ, but could sing only one word, "He," and then all was still. She finished it in heaven.

It is high time that the church of God stopped writing apologies for the church. Let the men who are on the outside, who despise religion, write the apologies. If any people do not want the church they need not have it. It is a free country. any man does not want the gospel he need not have it. It is a free country. But you go out, O people of God, and give the gospel to the millions of Amrica who do want it! It is high time to stop skirmishing and bring on a general engagement. I want to live o see the Armageddon, all the armies f heaven and hell in battle array, for know our conqueror on the white orse will gain the day. Let the church of God he devoted to nothing else, but go right on to this conquest.

When Moses with his army was when Moses with his arry was trying to conquer the Ethiopians, profane history says, it was expected that he would go in a round-about way and come by the banks about way and come by the banks of the river, as other armies had done, because the straight route was infested with snakes, and no army and no man had dared to go across this serpent infested region. But Moses surprised them. He sent his men out to gather up iblses. The ibis is a bird celebrated for serpent slaying, and these ibises were gathered into crates and into baskets and they were carried at the head of the army of Moses, and, coming up to the serpent infested region, the crates were opened and the ibises flew forth, and the way was cleared, and the army of Moses marched right on and came so unexpectedly on the Ethiopians that they flew in wild dismay. O church of God, you are not to march in a roundabout way, but go straight forward, depending upon wing-ed influences to clear the way. Hosts of the living Cod, march on, march on! Church attendance, large now, is going to be larger yet. The sky is brightening in every direction. I am glad for the boy and girl five years old.

I think they may see the millennium.
The wheel of Christian progress has
never made one revolution backward. The world moves, the kingdom ad vances. All nations will yet salute the standards of Prince Immanuel. To

Those Walks.

out all ages! Amen.

These slipry walks, Beats all Why folks can't keep 'em' Half the idiots that hev slipry walks In my right hand, And half In my Like tu Knock
Their heads together till they saw Stars. Hev! There goes Brown on his Back. Haw! Thet's a sight to make a feller's heart Ef the old fool wasn't Ez clumsy ez an ox,

He'd a kept Wisht I knew who owned that walk.

Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. 1

Commentary — Connecting Links.
About eleven years have passed since
Jacob returned from Haran, and since
his deliverance from Esau. His first
dwelling-piace in Canaan was near.
Shechem, where he dug ag well in the
valley between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. John iv. 6. The slaughter of the
Shechemites by Cimeon and Levi
caused Jacob to move further south,
and he went to Bethel, where more
than fifty years before he had seen
the vision of angels. At Bethel he
renewed the covenant with God. Gen.
xxxv. 1-15. Proceeding southward he
came to Bethlehem, when a great
sorrow came to his life. At the birth
of Benjamin Rachel, his beloved wife,
died; she was buried at Bethlehem.
At Hebron Jacob once more met his
aged father, who was still living,
blind and feeble.

12. In Shechem—Shechem was about
50 miles north of Hebron. Jacob
owned pastures there (xxxiii. 19) and
had dug a well.

13. Send thee unto them—Jacob no
doubt had some anxiety about his oseph Sold Into Egypt.—Gen. 37: 12-36.

13. Send thee unto them-Jacob no doubt had some anxiety about because he had removed from

Shechem on account of the sins they had committed there.

14. Go, I pray thee—Joseph's mission to this remote and dangerous country is a proof that Jacob did not treat him with too much indulgence, treat him with too much indugence, and that he did not keep him home from any Icelings of tenderness.

17. Dothan—This was about fifteen or twenty miles north of Shechem.

18. When they saw him — Their Chelen. envious feelings rose up. Their occupation gave them abundant time for gloomy meditation and for conversation

19. This dreamer cometh-"Mas ter of dreams."—R. V. margin. "This was a form of speech conveying great contempt."—Clarke. 20. And we will say-From envy and malice they proceeded to con spire against the life of their broth er, and then contrived a lie to impos

upon their own father.—Benson.
21. And Reuben said—Reuber of all the brothers had the greates reason to be jealous of Joseph, for as the first-born, he was entitled to many of the favors which were being conferred upon Joseph; yet Reuben proves to be his best friend. Shed no blood-"He did not dare to shed his brother's blood neither did he dare manfully to sav him." Reuben's real design was t blood. find some way to restore Joseph to his father

23. Out of his coat—"This prob ably was done that, if ever found, he might not be discerned as a person of distinction, and hence no in-quiry would be made concerning him." They also took the coat off to show to their father.

to their father.

24. Into a pit—One of this many reservoirs excavated out of the solid rock or built of stones and plastered, for the purpose of holding rain water. They were bottle-shaped, so that it was almost impossible to escape.

25. Sat down to eat—They sat down to a joyous feast, eating and drinking the very dainties he had brought them while they left him brought them while they left to die. It was at this time (Gen. xlii 21) that they "saw the anguish of his soul," when he besought them and they would not hear. Ishmaelites called also Midianites (vs. 28. 36, probably because the caravan consisted of both of these. "The general meaning in Arabian merchants."
From Gilead—A country east of the Jordan. Spicery—Gilead was famous Jordan. Spicery—Gilead was famous in early times for its spices and aromatic gums. Jer. viii. 22; xlvl. fil. Balm—This was a very precious gum obtained from the balsam tree, almost peculiar to Palestine.—Alford. To Egypt—Egypt would be a great market for spices, on account of their being used "for incense in the temples, and for embalming the dead." 26. Judah—The fourth son of Jacob. His name means "praise of the Lord." What profit is there in sin at the best?

27. Let us sell him—"The sight of these travelling merchants gave a sudden turn to the views of the conspirators; for having no wish to commit a greater degree of crime than was necessary for the accomplishment of their end, they readily approved of Judah's suggestion to dispose of their obnoxious brother as a slave."

28. Sold Joseph—Acting impulsively on Judah's advice, they had their poor victim ready by the time the merchants reached them. Twenty pieces of silver—The money was

of silver-The money picees of silver—The money was probably in rings or pieces, and silver is always mentioned in the records of that early aga, before gold, on account of the rarity of the latter. In those days money was weighed and not coined.

29. Reuben returned—Reuben had planned to rescue Joseph and send

planned to rescue Joseph and send him home safely as soon as his brothers had left him.

20. Whither shall I go—Reuben was the eldest and Jacob would hold him responsible for Joseph's safety.

safety.
31. Killed a kid-"They dare not 31. Killed a kid—"They dare not tell the truth, therefore they make lies their refuge." How true it is that what we sow we reap! Jacob had deceived his father, and now in turn he is deceived by his sons.

32. Sent the coat—All this was done and said by their servant whom they had sent.

34. Rent...sackcloth—"The common steps of Criental mourning. A

mon signs of Oriental mourning. A rent is made in the skirt more or less according to the afflicted feelings of the mourner, and a coarse, rough piece of black sackcloth or camel's hair-cloth is wound around the rent to "Mony days. It was 22 the waist." Many days-It was 22 years before he saw him again.

35. All his daughters—Dinah is the only daughter of Jacob that we know about; his daughters-in-law are probably included here.

26. Captain of the guard—His business was to take care of the royal person and execute his will.

PRACTICAL SURVEY. Undoubtedly Joseph was a of Christ. He was sent by his father to look after the welfare of his brethren. He came to his own, but his own received him not. For a price he was delivered into the hands of his enemies.

Joseph went to look for his breth-

ren in Shechem, where a few years before, to avenge an indignity to their sister, the sons of Jacob had wrought such fearful slaughter. But

was Joseph in sight than his brothers began to plan for his destruction and only at the earnest solicitation of Reuben were they persuaded from their purpose to murder him.

They sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver, dipped his coat of many colors in the blood of a kid, and returned to send a shaft of sorrow to their father's heart.

But God's ways are not as our

But God's ways are not as our ways It is Eis prerogative to bring life out of death, joy out of sorrow, and to put a silver lining in the darkest cloud. Jacob lived not only to see Joseph, but to place his hands in blessing on the heads of his two sons.—Edward P. Hart.

Thoughts.—It is evident that Joseph's prethren hated him not merely

sons.—Edward P. Hart.

Thoughts.—It is evident that Joseph's brethren hated him not merely because he was his father's favorite, but because he had a good character. They knew he was better than they were, and his life was a constant reproof to them. He did not enter with them into their wickedness, and was likely to get them into trouble by reporting their evil deeds. Sinners often feel that good people and good laws are in their people and good laws are in

***** THE MAN FROM THE EAST

****** Mrs. Rodney was giving an at home and her house in Dareston Square was thronged with a crowd of smart people. In an alcove at the far end of one of the rooms stood a little group of four-two men and two

"I had no idea that you two knew one another," exclaimed Hilda Burnaby.

Lord Algie Grenton smiled. He was a good-looking, sunburnt young man of about eight-and-twenty.

"Rather! Eston and I were at the "Rather I Eston and I were at the same college together, and a ratting good time we had of it in those days, hadn't we?" he cried.

Eston nodded. He carried barely a year more than the other, yet his strong active face bore the imprint of a far older man.

The fourth member of the party, Miss Cella Erskine, turned to Lord Grenton with a quick, impulsive movement. She was a bright looking girl, somewhat sharp featured, and had green eyes.

"Come along, Algie," she said, "I want to introduce you to a pet man of mine. And besides," she continued, "Dr. Eston would like to talk over old times with Hilda; they haven "Well," said Hilda to Eston, when the two had disappeared, "shall we

"Ah," he answered, with a sigh, as he seated himself by her side. "It wasn't bad, that old life at Baristoke. I, the country doctor's son; you, at the vicarage next door. Yes, I think we were happy," he added, in a tone of reminiscence. take her advice? tone of reminiscence.

a tone of reminiscence.
"I am sure we were," she murmured, a far-away look in her eyes.
There was a moment's stience, then she broke into a laugh.
"And now?" "Now !" he cchoed. "Now by a turn

of fortune's wheel, you are an exceptionally wealthy young lady, a 'sensation' of the London season. He paused and glanced at her. "And more perfectly lovely than ever!" he finished, with a laugh. hed, with a laugh.

ished, with a laugh.

A slight blush crept over her cheek.

"And you?"

"Oh, an outcast, as far as society is concerned: "he said, with a shrug. "Merely a struggling doctor in the East End."

"Why didn't you settle in the west?" she asked.

"Because I couldn't. Better to live in the east than starve in the west."

"Because I couldn't. Better to live in the east than starve in the west." Its laughed again. "Oh, it isn't so bad, you now. Hard work, but it's interesting, and I like it. Yes, it's my life!" he finished, and there was a ring of enthushasm in his voice, "I think it's a noble life," she said, gently. "Yet until now you have gently. "Yet until now you

He looked her frankly in the face.
"I dare not trust myself," he said, simply, "even though the turn in the whole hed mede it impressible. The wheel had made it impossible. The smilling look came into his eyes again. But I have got over it now, little girl! I don't grudge another the best I know Meanut have mylittle girl! I don't grudge another man what I know I cannot have my-cell." His giance rested on Lord Algie's figure at the other end of the Algie's figure at the other end of the room. "You see, I know, your secret!" he continued, softly. "Mrs. Garland told me of the thing that is going to be, and my dearest wish is that you'll be just immensely happy!" he finished abruptly.

She made no reply, and they sat in

silence for a few moments. Then suddenly he glanced at his watch and rose to his feet.

"The East is calling: I have to be

"The East is calling; I have to be back to a case by twelve," he said, holding out his hand. "Good-bye; I shall take to reading the seciety papers, just to hear of Lady Grenton's triumphs!" he added, laughingly.

Then he turned away, and she watched him disappear in search of her aunt. She sank back in her seat. her aunt. She sank back in her seat, and a sense of unutterable loneliness crept over her. A dramatist came up and began talking to her of his plays, but she hardly heard him, and

answered in monosyllables.

Presently Lord Algie found her alone once more. She glanced up at his face, and saw immediately what was in his mind—that which her nunt had schemed for incessantly, the thing to which she had been

driven to give her consent.

He leaned a trifle nearer to her and there was a pleading look on his careless, handsome face. He did not love her, she knew. He was an attractive young man with a title and nothing else beyond a moderate allowance from a relative; she had money, and the combination would mean an agreeable arrangement for carrying on a successful social camoney, and the paign. She felt a slight shiver run through her at the prospect. He moved to speak.
"Not now, Algie!" she sald, hur-

"Another time-to-morrow, riedly. Almost at the close of the even-ing Celia Erskine sought an oppor-tunity of a few minutes quiet talk

with her.
"I was wondering, dear," she be their sister, the sons of Jacob had wrought such fearful slaughter. But not finding his brethren there he was directed on to Dothan. No sooner now had it not been for a little incl-

dent in his youth. You, of course, know his father left him several thou-

"He could have bought a good ractice with that," she continued. practice with that," she continued meditatively, "and, with his clever-

Quite artlessly the girl with the green eyes talked on, gradually unfolding a story. As she listened, Hilda went a shade paler, and leaned back in her seat. At the conclusion Cella rose and held out her hand to

"What made you tell me that?" "Oh, I only thought you'd be in-terested. Good night, dear."

. The residents of Dinton street eas The residents of Dinton street east were considerably astonished the next afternoon at the spectacle of a smart brougham passing through their squalld midst. They were still more interested when they saw it draw up before the tall, gloomy house in which the doctor lived, and a young lady alight and give some directions to the coachman.

Hida—for it was she—knowled at

Hilda-for it was she-knocked at the door and waited. Presently it opened, revealing an ellish-looking boy of about 8, with his right arm in a sling. He contemplated her critically.

"Is Doctor Eston in?" she asked.

"No, 'e ain't, but I 'spects 'im 'ome almost directly," he answered. "Will you come in an' wait?" he added, hospitably.

He led the way through the dark passage to a fairly large room; it was evidently the doctor's living

was evaluated the boy, "Mrs.
"Yer see," explained the boy, "Mrs.
'Assal, 'Is 'ousekeeper, is laid up with
a bad ankle, an' so I 'ave to look
after 'im myself!" "What's your name?" asked Hilda

much interested. much interested.

"Jimmle Dent. I ain't much good just nar!" he said, with a pathetic glance towards the arm in a sling.

"I was ruaned over by a milkeart!" he added, in a burst of confidence. "'Orspital was full, so the doc ad me ere' 'E's goin' to send me to a 'ome in the country next week; that's the sort the doc is!" he finished, a flash of enthusiasm lighting up the pinch-

ed little face. He walked limply to a door. "E's bin at it orl night, an' most of the day, so he'll just abaht want 'is tea. You sit dains an' amoos yerself, whilst I git it." self, whilst I git it."
"You can't do much with that arm!" said Hilda, with a laugh.
"Will you let me help you?"
"I don't mind," replied Master Dent, graciously. "Please yourself."
And so, when Eston came in, a form in the found, her

few minutes later, he found her busily engaged in cutting bread and butter. He rubbed his eyes, to make sure he was awake. "Hilda!" he cried.

She smiled at his astonishment. but after a few words, as to how she got there, refused to give him any further explanation until he had sat down and drunk the tea she

had prepared.
At length, when Master Denthad
retired to a back room, he rose
from his chair and faced her inquir-"Last night, after you were gone, some one told me of the wrong Lord Grenton once did to you," she

began, nervously.
"What did you hear?" he asked, lightly.

"That he and you were great friends at college," she went on speaking hurriedly, and with bent head. "That he got heavily into debt, and that to oblige him, you

debt, and that, to oblige him, you put your name to a bill for a large amount, on the understanding that he would come into his fortune when he was 21." She paused.
"He knew that he had no fortune to come into, and that all he would have was what he has now—an allowance from his aunt. In -an allowance from his aunt. onsequence you lead to pay the bill, and so lost your chance of a fair start." She raised her head and looked him in the face. "That was what I heard; I came to know if it were true."

"Fairly so," he said, "but you mustn't think too hard of Grenton. It despit matter to me now. What

It doesn't matter to me now. What I might have been is of no conse-I might have been is of no consequence—what I am, is; and, pon my word, I'm almost thankful. I'd rather have my life here than the finest Harley street practice. It's life with the gloves off, but it's real and strong, and I just love it.

"So don't think hardly of him, little girl," he said. "He wasn't bad—only careless."

careless."
It will not matter to him what I think," she said, quietly. "I do not love him, and shall not marry him. A man shouldn't be careless of his honor!" she added, with a flash in

her eyes. He was silent. She walked across

He was silent. She walked across to the mantelpiece and took hold of a photo frame that stood there. It was her own picture.

"You have kept this all these years?"

"Yes," he answered slowly. 'It reminds me of how our lives have branched since we started from the same point. You at your dazzling end—"

"My dazzling end!" she cried, bitterly. "Oh. don't you see. Norman.

"My dazzing end!" she cried, bit-terly. "Oh, don't you see, Norman, how utterly weary I am of the noth-ingless life I lead! How I would willingly give every penny I own to feel I was of some use to—" "Don't, Hilda!" he cried, hoarsely. "Else I shall forget—the impossibil "Forget, then," she whispered, "and make me the happiest girl in Lon-

Some few weeks later Lord Algie was engaged in conversation with Cella Erskine.

"Her aunt furious, and society amazed!" he was saying. "Eyery few years, though, you'll find someing like this happening. But marrying a doctor in the East End, and living there—good Lord! I'm awfully grateful to you, Cella, for saving me from looking quite a fool."

"I haven't Hilda's money, but my few thousands are better tham few thousands are better than nothing," she said. "Besides, I've been silly enough to love you for years, though you are a frightful scamp, aren't you, Algie?"

"I should dearly like to know who told her of my little business with better." he murmyred meditatively.

Eston," he murnured, meditatively.
The girl with the green eyes
laughed softly.
"So should I!", she sald.—M. A. P.

Nell-Does Miss Antique come of an old family? Belie—Both her parents are over ninet; and still living.