## MYSTERY OF THE PYRAMID

BY KATE MASTERSON.

sometimes!

"I was greatly distressed," went on

impossible! Before me I see-ever the

"The dog!" exclaimed the professor,

"N-n-n-no! Not my dear Ar-

She clasped her hands over her eyes

as though to shut out the memory of

She rose and beckoned the professor

room. She led him to the window and

pointed far below-to the paved court-

place! I have watched this going on

now for seven days, at least seven

have the artist soul-I cannot breathe

-I cannot sing and see this awful

thing! I send my maid Marie below

rors! But the door is locked-locked-

"Each day!" exclaimed the profes-

it comes sounds-ah, it is so sad!"

"A boy-a monster-yes!"

while you are here!"

tense fingers.

hands.

to beat the dog!"

threw it against the fence.

in a horrifled voice-"Oh!"

go down at once and stop it!"

The elevator takes too long!'

means whatever!'

began the professor.

"At what time does it occur?"

oned to the professor. "Hush-," she

"Now!" she whispered, hoarsely;

Another window went up, and Marie

"It is quite still," said the professor,

young fiend. Again he kicked the poor

thing and again he jumped upon it.
"This is hideous!" exclaimed the pro-

'And you will find a locked door!

They hurried out into the hall. "Hush!" she said. "Come by the stairs,

so they will not know of our approach!

Down the winding iron stairway

they crept, until it seemed as though

passed, and a face looked out at them in astonishment. "Ha!" hissed Mme.

Follette, pointing her finger at the

face, "the janitor! And he never know

what it is he say! Oh, no! By no

Mme. Follette's language had become

"There's a boy in the courtyard-"

"Well-what of it?" said the janitor,

"You know, then, that he is there?"

"Of course I do! Say, what's the

"Why do you allow anything so hor-

"Have you no heart?" wailed Mme.

boy in a sweater and knickerbockers

rolled into the cellar, holding some-

"Hey! Give it to him!" he shouted.

out! Seven-eleven-fourteen-thirty-

"'Tis he! The Fiend!" shricked

Mme. Follette, rushing for the boy,

who was dancing around and grinning

The boy's grin widened. He looked

He threw it out from under his arm,

"Here's the dog!" he said.

"Say-it isn't my boy! He's the

hysterically broken. The janitor came

out of the darkness and confronted

found! Give me my cloak, Marie!"

leaned out, muttering French impre-

"look out-far down! I will get

days! It has been a torture!

yard.

the

Ah-I

When a wealthy relative of Prof. tragically over her bosom. "Ah," she Abelard Burrell died and left him an inheritance, including the Pyramid apartment house in New York, he was the professor. "I should like to know comparatively happy man. The if there is anything that I can do-Pyramid was only a part of a very to alleviate the conditions—er—er" generous legacy, but as the rest of it was in stocks and bonds, the house welled from the eyes of Mme. Follette. was by far the most interesting por-

tion of his inheritance. The professor was just then deep in kill me! I go to the theater and I enthe study of Chinese, the only lan- deavor to go through my parts-but rot familiar. Languages were his impossible poor dog!"

The dog hobby, his one delight, and he spent looking at the poodle, who had enall his days and many of his nights sconced himself beside her on poring over volumes that would be divan. absolutely unintelligible to the erudite. | mande! N-no! It is another!" He was an authority on the subject, shivered and patted the poodle's head. and historians and writers, universities at home and abroad, sent to him fessor. for information which would solve the low! In your house! Do you undervexed question which occasionally stand? They are torturing it! It is came up in regard to translations, the dying by inches! It is almost dead answers to which problems could be now! I cannot bear to think of it!"

found in no cyclopedias.

He had, of course, vague ideas of professor.

what he would have classified as tene"Each of ment living. But he was in no way cognizant of the popularity of the modern apartment house mode of life. He lived in a fine old house in Washington Square, where the few flathouses that had arisen were looked upon as impertinences by the old families living in the square.

When he saw his lawyer regarding is about the time!" the Pyramid, which he then considered white elephant with which he was unable to cope, he told the attorney that he would leave the apartment house entirely in his care.

"All Greek to you. I suppose?" said the lawyer, focularly. The professor looked with somewhat offended surprise over the tops of his gold-rimmed glasses. "Greek," he remarked, slowly, "I understand per-

"Oh, to be sure; to be sure," sputtered the lawyer hastily, realizing his to learn why it is they do such horblunder: "I shall continue the same agents, then, and render you a monthaccounting of the rents.'

'Rents?" questioned the professor. is occupied, then?" "Occupied? Well, I should say so!" aid the lawyer. "You have a valusaid the lawyer. able piece of property there, Prof. and if it cries I cannot hear it.

Burrel!! Sixteen stories—four apart- I can see—I can see—yes—with

ments on each floor!" "Great Heavens!" ejaculated the professor, raising his hands in horror. "All paying rent monthly, you understand, on monthly leases. Seventy-five for the smaller flats; a hundred for the big ones! Restaurant on the ground floor! Why, the advertisements read like a dream of Paradise!

He took a newspaper clipping from his pocketbook and handed it to the professor. It was headed in great

black letters: "THE PYRAMID.

"Look at these magnificent apartments, the finest in the city. Every known convenience and improvement. Elevators, mail chutes, electric fans, iced air, automobile storage. Madison Square, New York."

"Bless my soul!" said the professor.
"What are chutes?" "The newest thing," explained the lawyer "von can send your letters from your desk to the postoffice. It's

at age we live in!" Wonderful," admitted the professor, although he had been known to ex-press misgivings in some of his public dog about. Then he caught it and utterances. He bowed the lawyer out and went back to his beloved folios. It was only a very few days after this that he received in his morning mail a violet-scented letter on crested paper, with a heavy wax seal. He it curiously, and read, in graceful, angular handwriting:

Professor Abelard Burrell, Washington Square North: My Dear Sir: Having learned that you have recently become the owner of the Pyramid, of which house I am a tenant I write to ask that you will be good enough to call in some aftern at your earliest convenience, as I wish to see you in regard to a matter that is causing me the most in-tense suffering. Very faithfully yours,

HORTENSE FOLLETTE. The Pyramid. The professor read this through with wonderment several times. It appealed to him strangely. Its mysterious traceries, for he was unfamiliar with the fashionable feminine hand, seemed to him interesting as an Egyptian inscription. Then, the wording of the letter was odd. "A matter that is causing me the most intense suffering!" He was actually interested for the moment, to the exclusion

of his studies. The Pyramid looked to the professor like an overgrown pagoda when he them. approached it with trepidation as one "Th entering a strange country. 'He could not understand the fire escapes. They looked like an overornate Japanese rudely, unaware that he was addresseffect to him. His comparisons always ing the owner of the Pyramid. reached to some other country and "You know, then, that another tongue. He entered the demanded the professor. Gothic doorway and inquired of the much-buttoned boy as to the location matter with you, anyway?"
of Mme, Follette's apartment.
"Ha! Of course—of

draperies and fragrant with something without. which the professor classed as incense. 'An aeolian harp clanged with gentle rible?" asked the professor, endeavormusic as the door closed behind him, ing to be calm. and he groped his way through a bead portiere in some confusion. The pro- of one of the tenants. I can't say anyfessor was used to old-fashioned furthing if he wants to stand on his nishing, and was not up to the flat head!" idea of decorative art.

A small Japanese poodle came over Follette. berugged floor suspiciously and "It is infamous!" exclaimed the prosniffed at the professor's legs, as fessor; "I'll go out there and thrash though trying to decide if he would him!" The maid took the card, and a "No, you don't!" said the janitor, plano that had been rippling some- interposing his form; "no fights here, where behind a curtain ceased, and if I know it!" there was a feminine flutter and a "Let us at least save the poor dog!" there was a feminine nutter and the little gasp. In another moment the cried Madame, piteously.

"He must not tofture that poor beast young woman, gorgeously robed in any longer. Let me pass!' gown of lace and silk and many rib- The professor rushed at the janitor. hons. Her reddish-bronze hair was They clinched and rolled over on the caught in a knot at the back of her cellar floor. Mme. Follette screamed. neck, and her fingers were all a-glitter Just then a whistle sounded, and a with rings.

she said, in a rich, rather overculti-vated voice; "I was just practicing. I His face lit up when he saw the fight. practice every day for three hours! I have to, you see, in order to keep my wildly; "jab him! Tear his heart voice in condition."

She smiled most bewitchingly, show- Whoop! Swat him!' ing white, gold-flecked teeth. The profeesor was trying to decide which Oriental type she favored most. At imes she seemed more Persian than

with delight: "and the dog-the dog! Where is he?" "The matter of which you wrote me." he began, politely, seating himself after she had disposed herself in the gipping to company the strong be- 13. The unused coronation arches were ginning to comprehend the situation. cushion of a divan beside which a narghill stood on a low tahouret. She shuddered and clasped her hands

She shuddered and clasped her hands and it fell on the cellar floor with a streets to cheer and to see the returning the colds, Etc. thud. It, was a black calloo dog stuffed ing South African hero.

WHAT THE MERMAID SAW IN THE CANADIAN LAKES. A Message to Canadian Women.

Being a Mermaid of the Canadian Lakes, I only know Canadian women as they can be seen from my watery bed in the vast depths. I often woncried, "how horrible, how cruel life is der if up there in the sunlight you have pretty dells, mountains, and sandy wastes, such as we have in dear old water-land. I don't know about your mountains and your dells, but I do know you must have wastes; for every day, and particularly on one day of the week, you send down to "It is too horrible," she cried, "and I—I cannot stand it! No—no! It will us more waste than you know of. When your soap suds flow into our pure water, we have the power of sight to divide in the water the true from the false; and we find that in your soap suds there is a mixture that you cannot see, a mixture of silicates, ground glass, and adulterations that never dissolve in water, and, consequently must be useless for washing purposes. You must waste money in buying such concoctions, you "Another dog?" queried the prowaste time in using them, you waste your clothes in rubbing them in. Alas! there is a lot of waste up there in the sunlight; but there is no waste in Sunlight Soap. Where Sunlight Soap is used by any of you, I find no loading refuse, no adultera-"Dreadful! Monstrous!" cried the tion coming down to me in my home in the deep. Sunlight Soap re-"Each day," she went on, excitedly "they take the dog out in the court duces expense in the wear of clothes, yard far below, and a fiend-a boy-a and you don't waste money on loadwretch-a devil-he beats and stamps

ing mixtures, such as I have seen in common soap suds. Please, dear Canadian women, don't send down any soap suds but those the vision. "Come!" she said, commandingly; "I will show it to you! It of Sunlight Soap. Have respect for your dear Canadian waters, and your purses, is the message of the Mermaid of the Canadian Lakes. 611 through the dim hall into the dining

with cotton-an unusually large specimen of its kind. It was badly bat-'There," she almost sobbed, "it takes

"It is dead!" groaned Mme. Follette, just as a number of the tenants, with two policemen, crowded into the cel-The professor and the janitor lar. picked themselves up and glared at

the boy. "That's where you get fooled," said the boy. "Well-what-why-are you insane?

do you understand?-and from behind Why do you act in this manner?" demanded the professor, sternly unconsor. "Does the dog cry out or bark?" scious that his collar had loosened from its moorings and his silk hat was "N-n-n-o!" she moaned, piteously; "it is so nearly dead that it just gasps, erushed into an undignified pulp and if it cries I cannot hear it. But athwart his brow.

"I don't know if it's any business of opera glasses, very plainly!"
"It seems almost incredible!" said yours if I am!" exclaimed the boy, picking up his stuffed dog and preparing to depart. "I'd like to know what he professor. "A boy does this, you you come around here making trouble for! If it'll do you any good to know, I don't mind telling you! I'm on the "At all times-sometimes in the scrub team at a prep, and I'm practicin' for the strenuous life! That's morning-but usually before the dinner hour-in the dusk-like this! Hark! all, Whiskers!"-New York Times. They will bring it out soon, perhaps

### She raised the casement and beck- FIND OUT WHAT YOU WANT AND THEN KICK

"you will see for yourself! Horrible monster! Marie! Marie! He is about the American people," said an Englishman who is counsel for a railway company in the United States, "is the fuss and foolishness of "swell" their good nature in putting up with dog about. Then he caught it and things that other people won't stand and their ineffective methods of pro-"It is dead! It is dead." sobbed testing when they do get stirred up Mme. Follette, burying her face in her enough to make a kick. The average American doesn't know how to kick.

"While traveling on the railroads in this country you often see people up-The boy deliberately jumped upon set over something that is clearly the the dog several times. He acted like a fault of the railroad management and which chance had taken its customary all they do is to complain to the con-That's as far as nine out of ductor. ten Americans will go and when the fessor; "it must be stopped! I shall conductor disclaims responsibility that's the end of the kick. After that when you have sixteen dearest friends it's meek resignation. exclaimed Madame-"just as I have

"Now in England the traveler who finds some inexcusable fault with the railroad management will take matter either to the president or the directors, and before he gets through it's dollars to doughnuts he will have satisfaction.

"An English woman I was traveling the end would never be reached. with over there lost her trunk. It Through a darkened cellarway they was a clear case of bungle on the part

"That woman went straight to the board of directors, overlooking every spent upon themselves. They don't one else. She had to wait until the have to pay for weddings. board held a formal meeting and awarded her damages, but she got lege. Perhaps men, the fluttered, them in the end and got them from fawnlike creatures, would be better those at the top. "I happen to know something about railroad officials in this country and

lived up at a little place on the West Shore road. When the train that took bride and groom eat out of the same most of the business men down to the dish or drink out of the same cup, city in the morning arrived at Wee- as is the custom in divers countries. hawken it was always to find no boat Or a cocoanut is broken and the milk there and we would have to wait from ten to twenty minutes for one. "Many of the men who took that

was not going to be there when the may praise the Malay fashion, where- the man was subsequently more than "In two days I got a letter from him thanking me for informing him of the latter. matter and saying it would be remedied, and it was at once. And lead u

that man didn't know me from Adam either. "I remember another case of a man who was a friend of mine who noticed to see or speak with his betrothed that some of the horses on the old until the marriage. In British Guiana Madison avenue car line were in bad shape. He sat down and wrote a per- fire ants let at him. Among the Damsaid he was always glad to know of any faults found with the company, long. Get it cut, and pop! your wife as it was impossible to find them out is cut off from life. The civilized man himself always, and promising that has the easiest time of it. He should

and they were. road companies are often blamed un-justly for things when it is really the fault of the people who, instead of informing the officers at the top of the content themselves trouble. grumbling to minor officials, who never

even forward their complaints." Royal Honors for a Hero.

Not often does a man outside of royalty receive even at second hand the honors intended for those of kingly blood, but that happened to Lord Kitchener on his return to London on July decorated in his honor, and the people who had been denied the spectacle of the coronation procession crowded the

ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY

Not Exactly the Same as Punch's Famous "Don't."

Sensible Young Folks Feel Distaste for Frills and Fal-lals of a Fashionable Marriage.

described as "well-known members of Newark's exclusive social set," were married at the Little Church Around the Corner the other day, says the New York Sun. None of their relatives or friends were present and the sexton of the church was made to serve as a witness; and no doubt he played the part with dignity and even majesty. The relatives and friends were surprised by the suddenness and simplicity of the proceedings, but entirely satisfied with the match. The bride and groom had been supposed to be engaged. In the matter of cultivation and social attainment there was equality between them; and the chief regret at the abruptness and baldness of the young women who might nursed a reasonable hope of being bridesmaids at a wedding as splendid as belongs of right to persons who

too curiously the motives of these for-tunate young folks. To elope when to find stern parents in these days and the passion for romance endures. Still, it is permitted to imagine that a dishard ordeals. It is the man who feels dreds and is more than ever certain he must look like an ass. The art of cardinals of the Roman Church. representation, the instinct of decorous to most men.

woman than to the man. It is her day of days, the supreme pageant of her life and her highest tide of clothes. The groom plays a minor part in the show. He needn't be depressed. Nohim to look as though he was alive. Inrough the dark courtyard far below the professor saw with horror a boy dragging a dog. Mme. Follette gasped and clutched his arm with tense fingers.

| Reconstruction | Recon in a dream through the service. Mr. The place was a store of bric-a-brac. HIS PERITYPHLITIS

Terence Mulvaney's description of a fine furniture, trinkets, clothing and "One thing that has struck me about most appropriate to the condition of gifts from former students who, on he American people," said an Englishpublicity and loves to inveigh against any attention to him. Everybody snubs him and the bridesmails giggle at him, or he thinks they do, until he is nearly out of his head. Pity the sorrows

of a poor young man. It is our guess that this New Jersey bride was induced to forego the glories of a great wedding by the promise that the marriage should be kept secret until September, a promise chuckle in making impossible. Yet a secret wedding has such a face of invitation to young women. A secret is so sweet a thing to keep, especially to whom you must communicate it

without delay. We have heard it said that the expense of weddings is a deterrent of marriage, the itch to imitate the customs of the rich spreading among the less fore-handed. But we will not believe that snobbery is catching. There are young male economists who like to regard themselves as condemned was a clear case of bungle on the part to celibacy by the expensiveness of marriage, but they are young men who count everything lost that is not

That is papa's and mamma's privipleased and marriage be made easier if weddings were simpler. The Creek ailroad officials in this country and style, for instance. The groom plants know the same thing would work a reed in the ground. The bride plants here if it was tried. One summer I a reed by the side of his. Exchange reeds; the ceremony ends. Or the poured over their heads, as in the Duke of York Island. Or the smoke the same cigarette, as in Bor-She was on the seventh floor, and he was carried up in the elevator. A neat little maid answered the bell and ushered him into a hallway dim with strange of the seventh floor, and he knows!" ejaculated Mme. Follette, for years without thinking of protesting to any one but the deckhands. I stood it about a week and then I wrote to the general superintendent of the seventh floor, and he knows!" ejaculated Mme. Follette, for years without thinking of protesting to any one but the deckhands. I stood it about a week and then I wrote to the general superintendent of the seventh floor, and he knows!" ejaculated Mme. Follette, for years without thinking of protesting to any one but the deckhands. I stood it about a week and then I wrote to the general superintendent of the seventh floor, and he knows!" ejaculated Mme. Follette, for years without thinking of protesting to any one but the deckhands. I stood it about a week and then I wrote to the general superintendent of the seventh floor, and he knows!" ejaculated Mme. Follette, for years without thinking of protesting to any one but the deckhands. I stood it about a week and then I wrote to the general superintendent of the seventh floor, and he knows!" ejaculated Mme. Follette, for years without thinking of protesting to any one but the deckhands. I stood it about a week and then I wrote to the general superintendent of the seventh floor. compelling music, and when she the company informing him that I appreciate the ten minutes comes the wedding is over, as in more in bed every morning if the boat northwest Queensland. Bashful swains by the priest marries the man to the compensated for his loss, and that the

These primitive rites must not mislead us. The position of an engaged clared among them that few pastimes or a married man is pretty tough in in life yield so much pure joy as that many parts of the world. Savage eti- of playing skittles with bottles of quette often forbids the engaged man until the marriage. In British Guiana he is thrown into a hammock and the sonal letter to Mr. Vanderbilt, who aras the groom can't see or speak with him either. He got a his bride for four days after the marletter back in which Mr. Vanderbilt riage. In Timor-laut, if you are a said he was always glad to know of married man, you must wear your hair horses would be retired at once, be slow to defraud bride and bridesmaids, but if he wants a "quiet" wed-"That only goes to show that rail- ding, let him get the consent of his

Convinced.

An interesting story comes from India, sent by Major Ronald Ross. whose services in establishing the fact that malaria is communicated usually, if not invariably, by mosquitoes, have been exceeded by the work of no other man.

There is in Nagpur, British India, a hospital native assistant named Joongey Lal, who had seen the operations patients, and had seen the parasites en in shall be the beginning of a new of malaria under the microscope, but life and shall make a new man of the irate housewife. on mosquitoes that had bitten malaria

solved to put the matter to test, and said to Major Buchanan, civil surgeon

at Nagpur: "Give me fever and I'll believe." "What kind would you like?" asked the major. "Benign tertian," was the reply.

So Joongey Lal allowed himself to be bitten on Jan. 21, 22, 24 and 25 by mosquitoes in the proper condition, and he was told that he would probably develop the symptoms within twenty xv., 4. days after. And so is proved. On Feb. 13 he be-

gan to feel uncomfortable, and a parasite was found in a drop of his blood. On the fifteenth day his temperature rose to 104, and four parasites were found in ten minutes. He saw these himself, and his incredulity melted.

He desired, however, to watch the A young man and a young woman progress of his own case, and so not only refused to take quinine, but even asked to be infected with "malignant tertian." Doctor Buchanan reports, nevertheless, that a few days' experirequest for the malignant tertian was

#### CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES FOR SKITTLE PINS

Costly Prank of Students at Oxford's Swellest College.

The arrest of an assistant janitor at the ceremony must have been felt by Yale, on a charge of stealing jewelry have and valuables belonging to Reginald C. Vanderbilt and other students at the but to say "Good-morning," when anuniversity, recalls a famous raid made other dawn shall gild the hilltops behave the inclination and price there- by students of Christ Church College, Oxford, on a similar hoard of pick- against the door of that tomb so heav- committed. The heart rebels, and it is It is nobody's business to consider ings accumulated by one of the col- ily that the angels could not have lege gatekeepers.

Christ Church is the "swagger" colactual and prospective young dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, barons and taste of frills and fallals and Persian other persons of blue blood are eduened by these august ceremonies or last boast has belonged to it since the days when it was endowed by the great self-consciousness dripping from every Cardinal Wolsey, whose benefaction is twenty centuries. pore as he faces the expectant hun- to this day commemorated in the college color, an uncompromising scarlet.

conscious of spectators are given so arteries of other young Britons, and generously to women and so stingily the men of Christ Church are no ex-Besides, the wedding on its cere- big frolic was going on in the college, monial side, is so much more to the and the blue blood had been stimulated with alcohol of various degrees of proof. As evening passed into night

fun grew into mischief. Some bright spirit suggested a visit show. He needn't be depressed. No- to the quarters of the gatekeeper. Perbody is watching him except the best haps he was unpopular; but, at any Even best men are born, not made; ments, and in a few moments more the many of them have lost their finer door was down. The man was absent; feelings by too much familiarity with but the contents of the rooms aroused

hamstrung mule through Denmark is accumulation, possibly all, represented der awkward man prefers to shun use for the belongings of their college publicity and loves to inveigh against rooms. But the manner in which the things had been collected was not taken into account by the noisy crowd of

The wine was first pounced uponnot to be drunk, although the brands were unquestionable. It would be infra dig to drink the wines of a gateteeper. But the store furnished an

skittles it was-skittles being the familiar English equivalent of the game

A stone staircase led down from landing in front of the door. Two or three of the marauders seized as many bottles as they could carry and raced down the flight of steps to plant them on the next landing. Then they staggered up and the fun began. Using the emaining bottles as missiles, the students took long shots at the bottles, which they had put up as pins below. The result was a series of loud explosions. A bottle of champagne alighting on another from a height of some both heard and seen before it

can be fully appreciated. "pins" were rapidly demolished amid the riotous mirth of the destroyers, and the stairs and landing flowed with foaming wine, as the gatekeeper's, present hope of laying down a wine cellar vanished. Then, as there were no more bottles, the rioters seized from the store whatever was movable. minutes afterwards it rained Chippendale chairs, toast racks, clocas, uishes boots, slippers, vases, tobacco jars, decanters, glasses, books, hats, flutes, brushes. and a miscellaneous assort-ment of the indescribably numerous sewere to relate. You could never imagarticles which men accumulate in col-

When the landing was piled high with the irrecoverably ruined property and the awful anguish of a man afflicted there was little else left to throw, the countenance of the gatekeeper suddenly appeared round an angle of the stairway, ruefully regarding the wreck of the accumulated presents, perquisites. or plunder of many terms. A roar of cheers and laughter greeted his appearance, and a well-aimed cushion his tormentors.

It is said, probably with truth, that woman without the presence of the students, though they had to pay hand somely for their freak, voted it worth more than its cost. It was long dechampagne.

> New Libraries Opened. Sixteen million dollars was the aggregate of money given to American pub-

lic libraries during the past year, and were opened. It would be well if in each of them were placed a tablet en graved with the words of the late Lord Acton, recommending great books to an and open windows in every direction; to raise him to the level of his age, so that he may know the forces that have made our world what it is, and still reign over it; to guard him against surprises and the constant sources of errors within; to supply him both with the strongest stimulants and the surest guides; to give force and fullness and clearness and sincerity and independence and elevation and generosity and serenity to his mind, that he may know the law of the process by which error is conquered and truth won, discern ing knowledge from probability and prejudice from belief; that he may learn to master what he rejects as fully as what he adopts; to steel him against the charm of literary beauty and tal-

## THE HEPWORTH SERMON

Easter Morning.

There is no single incident in the history of the human race which sends the blood in such rushing torrents through our veins as this one does. If through our veins as this one does. If and "the golden bowl be broken"? it had not occurred, Christianity would Have you felt that when this flickerlong ago have been numbered among ing flame shall be extinguished a part the many reforms which have lived and that your lips will sing no more their little day and then died. The songs? Would you make any sacrifice Master would have taken his place in if you could bring back the old light the group of great souls, who like into those eyes, roll the years away, the group of great souls who, like flashes of lightning, have illuminated once more? And do you tremble when ence of the untreated benign form had our human life for an instant and you think of the parting which is so been sufficient for him, and that his then left us to grope in the old un- near at hand? certain way.

That incident has changed our enney, and that there are other horizons

fied with earth, but take an eagle's will await your coming with the same flight towards heaven. It has fur- warm welcome. nished us with a series of impelling or perhaps a child has left your fire motives which make it almost easy fair prospects, upon whose strong arm to bear the ills which lie in ambush, since we are making ready, not to say "Good-night," and then fall into sleep, yond the cemetery:
If the Roman soldiers had leaned

opened it the words of Christ might signation. have been gathered by admiring scholarship and published as a new Preacher in homespun who was followed by multitudes about the shores taste of frills and fallals and Persian other persons of blue blood are edu- of Galilee and hated by the self-seekcome one is an easy, idyllic way. To be any other college in the country. What- impress of his personality on his gensure, it is the man who is most fright- ever distinction may attach to this eration, but he would not have become the founder of a kingdom which has outlived the embattled turmoil of

Others have been bravely defiant of circumstances and wrung a hard- of our own. We are not God, and do that the bride looks like an angel and like that of the robes and hats of earned victory from fate, but to "the But blue blood contains about as without conditions, deeming death too his wisdom. and rhythmic motion, the power of appearing equal to the occasion and uncoriginal sin as that which flows in the But Christ disdained the lesser constrong a foe for successful attack. flict, and assured his disciples that he who conquers death will by that act ception to the rule. On this occasion a conquer life also. While these words it in a firm faith that God makes no were still ringing in the ears of the mistakes. haughty officials of the temple and of bringing both life and immortality into the light.

This is why we gather flowers today and decorate our homes and our churches. This is why the organ sends man, who has sworn to see him rate, he was fair game. In a few mother through and for his own credit wants ments a mob of excited youths was forth its peals upon the vibrating air, bettering in the door of his apartand why the people in countless and why the organ sends through and for his own credit wants. and why the people in countless throngs crowd their several places of worship. The cry heard everywhere union will is, "The Lord is risen!" and the re-

"And that he was buried, and that he sponse comes back from all quarters rose again the third day."—I. Cor., of the globe, "He is risen indeed." xv., 4. a father whose increasing feebleness gave you a sharper pang day by day? With slippered feet have you minisand fill the cheeks with ruddy health

Listen, then, for through the ages comes a voice saying, "I am the re-surrection." It does not falter or watire outlook; taught us that the horizon line is not the limit of our journey, and that there are other horizons surrection. It does not faiter of war ver, but is clear and strong. If that voice is true you may even rejoice at separation, for the doors of another new, and that there are other horizons home are swinging wide, and dear ones when this one has been reached. It long since departed stand at the threshhas given such buoyancy to our old to welcome the new-comer. thoughts that they are no longer satis- who goes on this journey will add one

side-a youth with bright hopes and you hoped to lean when the twilight of your day shall predict approaching night. No affliction is harder to than that, for the young seem to have a right to many years. When they are suddenly summoned we are half con-vinced that a kind of wrong has been next to impossible to submit with re-

But if truth he told no one has any claim. God's providence takes no note seem superfluous, but it is hard work lege of the English university. More philosophy, but they would never have of years. The rose may demand to live taken the shape of a new religion. The as long as the oak; but it is reither for oak or rose to protest, for what is best is best; and if we differ in judgment from the Almighty, and plead to have our way the answered might work us greater harm than the affliction we deplore. God's will is the only will, and behind that will is a We may not unbeneficent purpose. derstand the purpose, but faith commands us to accept the will in place not know as he knows, but we are his children and can accept the decrees of

So stands the case. Troubles are many and sorrows are burdensome, Life is a prolonged struggle, and he who would find content must seek for

Above these troubles, sorrows, bereavements, which fill the world with the wondering and astounded peas- reavements, which fill the world with antry, and on the third day came forth murmurings and regrets is the still small voice of him who said, "I go to

prepare a place for you." Today may be tempestuous, but tomorrow will be calm and bright. Today we visit our graves, but tomorrow we shall go to heaven and there discover our dear ones. We can be quiet, for though life is hard the reunion will give us back all whom we

# WAS NOT A SUCCESS

the Royal Complaint.

"Is this the office of the county physician," asked a man attired apparently in the garb of a hobo, who stumbled into the office of the county clerk "Skittles!" shouted a student. And at the court house yesterday morning, says the Denver Times. Everybody shied from the stranger, for it was not settled whether his ailment was

smallpox or yellow fever. "I've got perityphlitis," continued the applicant for medical aid, "and it is a bad case. It came on me a few days ago and now I can hardly walk.' "What? You don't mean to class yourself with his Majesty Edward VII.," exclaimed a bystander to whom the remarks had "What you need is to see Dr. W. F. Hynes and get a prescription from him 30 feet produces an effect which needs to admit you for 30 days to Prof. Mc-Gowan's sanitarium on the west side, where many patients are accomodat-

The man afflicted with perityphlitis smiled with a gratified air, but said he must see Dr. Brown and get something

for his ailment. 'It gives you pains in the head," he said, "but after these pass off you have a feeling of nausea. Then a burning sensation comes in the stomach, and this is the most aggravated and terrible symptom of the disease.

suffering I have . undergone while in this stage of the disease is too ine the terrible pangs that wrench and tear my frame. They say that the only thing that will in any way allay with peritylphlitis is a small glass of wine or possibly a glass of beer. Unfortunately I have not the price with me today, and if you could—"
But the listener and others who had

stopped to hear the story broke away and the patient had nobody to help him. He loitered around the corridors landed on his head. He fled. So did awhile, and then left with the awful delirium of perityphlitis still upon

Wanted to Go Back.

An absent-minded elderly man entered the station at Rockville Center, L. I., the other day. Nervously fingering a dollar bill he approached the window and asked: 'What's the fare to Rockville Cen-

The agent looked at him a minute, and then said in a loud voice: "This is Rockville Center." The old man with the far-away look in his eyes pushed the dolair bill

under the grating and said calmly:

"Give me a return ticket."

Turning the Tables.

Napoleon was entering Paris in tri-"Lucky this isn't Paris, Kentucky,"

he chuckled; "they would have nothing but Bourbon there." Shylock demanded his pound of Whereupon Portia, with a happy inspiration, tendered the equivalent in beef. It was joyfully accepted-for the Venetian Meat Trust had got in its work.

Cincinnatus hurriedly left Rome for the farm. "Now that John W. Gates is due to corner grain, farming is a bigger graft than leading Rome to victory," he replied to all entreaties to stay.

The Alfred brooded over the fire. cakes burned.
"I feared lest they might be like mother used to bake," he explained to An Ancient Bible.

In the Cottonian Library in England is an old manuscript copy of a part of the Bible in Latin. The London Chronicle says it was used at the corona-

Edward I. If this be true, the use of this Bible for the purpose dates back to the year 1000. It is a quarto of 217 leaves, containing the four Gospels, and seems from the style of the writing and illuminations, which are very beautiful, to have been made about the end of

the ninth century. It narrowly escaped destruction in the fire at Ashburnham House in 1731, of which it bears evidence in its crumpled leaves and singed margins. There is some evidence that the son of Edward the Elder, Athelstan the Glorious, who was King of the West Saxons from 925 to 940, owned this Bible and gave it to the church of

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