Mark Twain Abroad.

The Ascent of the Rigi-A Remarkable "Get Up" and What Came of It-Seeing the Sun Rise with a Vengeance.

All the circumstances were perfectand the anticipations, too, for we should soon be enjoying, for the first time, that wonderful spectacle, an Alpine sunrise—the object of our journey. There was, apparently, no real need to hurry, for the guide book made the walking distance from Waggis to the summit only three hours and a quarter. I say "apparently" because the guide book had already fooled us once-about the distance from Alerheilgen to Oppenau—and for aught I knew it might be getting ready to fool us again. We were only certain as to the altitudeswe calculated to find out for ourselves how many hours it is from the bottom to the top. The summit is 6,000 feet above the sea, but only 4,500 feet above the lake. When we had walked half an hour we were fairly into the swing and humor of the undertaking, so we cleared for action; that is to say, we got a boy whom we met to carry our alpenstocks, and satchels, and overcoats, and things for us; that left us

free for business. I suppose we must have stopped ortener to stretch out on the grass and take a bit of a smoke than this boy was used to, for he presently asked if it had been our idea to hire him by the job or by the year. We told him he could move along if he was in a hurry. He said he wasn't in such a very particular hurry, but he wanted to get to the top while he was young. We told him to clear out then, and leave the things at the uppermost hotel and say we should be along presently. He said he would secure us a hotel if he could, but if they were all full he would ask them to build another, and hurry up and get the plaster dry against we arrived. Still gently chaffing us, he pushed ahead up the trail, and soon disappeared. By 6 o'clock we were pretty high up in the air, and the view of the lake and mountains had greatly grown in breadth and interest. We halted a while at a little public house, where we had bread and cheese, and a quart or two of fresh milk, out on the porch, with the big panorama all before us-and then moved on again.

Ten minutes afterwards we met hot red-faced man plunging down the mountain, with mighty strides, swinging his alpenstock ahead of him and taking a grip on the ground with its iron point to support these big strides. He stopped, fanned himself with his hat, swabbed the perspiration from his face and neck with a red handkerchief, panted a moment or two, and then asked how far it was to Waggis. I said three hours. He looked surprised and

"Why, it seems as if I could toss a biscuit into the lake from here, it's so close by. Is that an inn there?"

I said it was. Well," said he, "I can't stand another three hours. I've had enough for today; I'll take a bed there"

"Are we nearly to the top?"
"Nearly to the top! Why, bless your soul, you haven't really started yet." I said we would put up at the inn, too. So we turned back and ordered a hot supper, and had quite a jolly evening of it with this Englishman. The German landlady gave us neat

rooms and nice beds, and when I and my agent turned in it was with a resolucen to be up early and make the utmost of our first Alpine sunrise. But of course we were dead tired, and slept like policemen; so when we awoke in the morning and ran to the window it was already too late, because it was half past eleven. It was a sharp disappointment. However, we ordered breakfast, and told the landlady to call the Englishman, but she said he was already up and off at daybreak-and swearing mad about something or other. We could not find out what the matter was. He had asked the landlady the altitude of her place above the level of the lake, and she had told him fourteen hundred and ninety-five feet. This was all that was said; then he lost his temper. He said that between fools and guidebooks, a man could acquire ignorance enough in twenty-four hours in a country like this to last him a year. Harris believed our boy had been loading him up with misinformation; and this was probably the case, for his epithet described that boy to a

We climbed and climbed, and we kept on climbing; we reached about forty summits, but there was always another one just ahead. It came on to rain and it rained in dead earnest. We were soaked through, and it was bitter cold. Next a smoky cloud of fog covered the whole region densely, and we took to the railway ties to keep from getting lost. Sometimes we slopped along in a narrow path on the left hand side of the track, but by-and-bye, when the fog blew aside a little, and we saw that we were treading the rampant of a precipice, and that our left elbows were projecting over a perfectly boundless and bottomless vacancy, we gasped and jumped for the ties again.

The night shut down, dark and drizzly and cold. About eight in the evening the fog lifted and showed as a well-worn path which led up to a very steep rise to the left. We took it, and as soon as we had got far enough from the raliway to render the finding it again an impossibility, the fog shut

down on us once more. We were in a bleak, unshaftered niace now, and had to trudge right along in order to keep warm, though we rather expected to go over a precipice sooner or later. About nine o'clock we made an important discovery-that we were not in any path. We groped along a while on our hands and knees, but could not find it; so we sat down in the mud and the wet scant grass to wait. We were terrified into this by being sudenly confronted with a vast body which showed itself vaguely for an instant, and in the next instant was smothered in the fog again. It was really the hotel we were after, mon-strously magnified by the fog, but we took it for the face of a precipice, and

decided not to try to claw up it. We sat there an hour, with chattering teeth and quivering bodies, and quarreled over all sorts of trifles, but gave most of our attention to abusing each other for the studidity of deserting the railway track. We sat with our backs to that precipice, because what little wind there was came from that quarter. At some time or other the fog thinned a little; we did not know when, for we were facing the empty universe and the thinness could not show; but at last Harris happened to look round, and there stood a huge, dim, spectral hotel where the precipice had been. One could faintly discern the windows and chimneys, and a dull blur of lights. Our first emotion was deep, unutterable gratitude, our next was a foolish rage. born of the suspicion that possibly the hotel had been visible three-quarters of an hour while we sat there in those

cold puddles quarreling. Yes. it was the Rigi-Kulm hotel-the one that occupies the extreme summit. and whose remote little sparkle of lights we had often seen glinting high aloft among the stars from our balcony temperature may last, no doubt, as the away down yonder in Lucerne. The high temperature of the sun has lasted, or will send you a sample free.

"At last, after much talk upon the high temperature of the sun has lasted, subject, everyone was convinced that the cows are coming home."

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"At last, after much talk upon the high temperature of the sun has lasted, from the consequences of your hostility." If the French were to refuse

gave us the surly reception which their kind deal in in prosperous times, but by mollifying them with an extra display of obsequiousness and servility we finally got them to show us to the room which our boy had engaged for

We curled up in the clammy beds, and went to sleep without rocking. We were so sodden with fatigue that we never stirred not turned over till the blasts of the Alpine horn aroused us. It may well be imagined that we did not lose any time. We snatched on a few odds and ends of clothing, cocooned ourselves in the proper red blankers. and plunged along the halls and out into the whistling wind bare-headed. We saw a tall wooden scaffolding on the very peak of the summit, a hundred away, and made for it. We vards rushed up the stairs to the top of this scaffolding, and stood there, above the vast outlying world, with hair flying and ruddy blankets waving in the fierce

"Fifteen minutes too late, at least!" said Harris, in a vexed voice. The sun is clear above the horizon." "No matter," I said, "it is a most magnificent spectacle, and we will see

it do the rest of its rising anyway." In a moment we were deeply absorbed in the marvel before us, and dead to everything else. The great cloud-barred disc of the sun stood just above a limitless expanse of tossing white-caps—so to speak—a billowy chaos of massy mountain domes and peaks draped in imperishable snow, and flooded with an opaline glory of changing and dissolving splendors, whilst through rifts in a black cloud bank above the sun radiating lances of diamond dust shot to the zenith The cloven valleys of the lower world swam in a tinted mist which veiled the ruggedness of their crags and ribs and ragged forests, and turned all the forbidden region into a soft and rich and sensuous paradise.

We could not speak. We could hardly breathe. We could only gaze in drunken ecstasy and drink it in. Presently Harris exclaimed-

"Why, it's going down!" Perfectly true. We had missed the morning horn-blow, and slept all day. This was stupefying. Harris said: "Look here, the sun isn't the specits us-stacked up here on top of this gallows, in these idiotic blank-

ets, and two hundred and fifty welldressed men and women down here gawking up at us, and not caring a straw whether the sun rises or sets, so long as they've got such a ridiculous spectacle as this to set down in their memorandum tooks. They seem to be laughing their ribs loose, and there's one girl there that appears to be going all to pieces. I never saw such a man as you before. I think you. are the very least possibility in the way

"What have I done?" I enswered with heat.

What have you done? You've got up at half-past seven o'clock in the evening to see the sun rise, that's what you've done."

"And have you done any better, I'd like to know? I always used to get up with the lark, till I came under the petrifying influence of your turgid" intellect.-Mark Twain.

The Unseen Universe:

Wonders of the Sky as Portrayed by a Famous Astronomer.

The place once occupied by Richard A. Proctor as a popular expositor of neglected or forgotten facts in astronomy is now filled by Sir Robert S. Ball, who has positive genius in placing before the public striking points that are unrecognized until one's attention is called to them. In the Monist he tells us that the stars we see at night are a very small proportion indeed of the bodies that move through the celestial spaces, most of these being and hence invisible to us. Says Sir Robert:

"It is my object in this article to show that the present state of science forces us to believe that there is around us an invisible universe, which far more widely exceeds even that extended universe which we can see, than does our visible universe exceed that of a being whose celestial knowledge was limited to the recognition of the existence of a sun and a moon. is indeed one of the most striking conceptions which science has to offer to our contemplation. There are different ways in which it can be presented to us, and I shall try to develop it with such detail as its importance de-

Sir Robert imagines an Australian traveler, who, skirting the coast of England by night, insists on forming is ideas of that country solely from the distant lights he can see on shore, and sails away totally ignorant of everything that land contained, its hills and valleys, its rivers and lakes, its great cities and noble edifices, its wonderful commerce, and its teeming nyriads of inhabitants." ays, is our own condition with reference to the universe around us. He continues:

"For every lighthouse which may be counted around the coasts of Great Pritain, there are within the circuit thousands of fields, thousands of beautiful trees, there are many lakes and rivers, there are villages, towns, cities, and great numbers of population. So, too, for every one of the visible stars which can be counted in the skies, there must be hundreds or thousands, indeed, there are doubtless millions of other objects utterly beyond our ken. Of the existence of these unseen objects, and of their nature and properties, we can only occasionaly become aware in a most direct, indeed, I must say, in a most casual manner. Now, indeed, the sublimity of the conception of the unseen universe becomes adequately unfolded. Reflect on the number of luminous stars which the heavens contain, think of the thousands of stars which are visible in small telescopes, think of the hundreds of thousands of stars which are visible in a moderate telescope, and of the abounding milions of stars which are disclosed by our mightiest instruments, or which are represented on our most sensitive photographic plate. Then remember that each one of these stars is, as if were, a luminous beacon, and that the invisible objects must be incredibly more numerous than the beacons themselves.'

Farther on in the article Sir Robert gives his reasons for this conclusion as follows.

"A star is a mass of matter heated to such an extent that its effulgence is perceived far and wide. It must, however, be borne in mind, that for a portion of matter to be heated so highly is always a more or less exceptional phenomenon The high temperature may last, no doubt, as the phenomenon .

ever, be perpetual, and when at last man came into Pentreath selling cheap that portion of matter sinks again to Bibles, and John bought three copies. the temperature of space, there it may remain to all eternity unless in so far as by the chapter of accidents it may be again kindled into temporary luminosity. It thus appears that the nor-mal and ordinary state of the matter in the universe is to be cold, non-lumin-

ous, and therefore utterly invisible to us. Those portions of matter which are at any moment luminous must certainly be very greatly inferior in numbers to those which are at the same time in the normal condition. Every line of reasoning demonstrates that the material universe, so far as it is visible, can only be an almost inconceivably small fragment of that unseen universe, which, from not possessing the necessary quality of luminosity, is effectually shrbuded from our view

"The conclusion to which we are thus led is, indeed, a remarkable one. Think first of the visible stars in their units, is their constellations, and in their myriads, so vast that the imagination of man fails to realize their number. But a much mightier effort would, however, be necessary if we would seek to form a truly comprehensive estimate of the contents of the universe. We are to reflect that all objects which we can see constitute in all probability not onethousandth, perhaps not one-millionth, part of the material heavens. We are to reflect that each of those suns which we find glowing in the depths of space, is only one out of an untold number of other bodies, many of which are quite as large and many of which are very much larger."

"But there!" said Sam'l, as he reached the end of his story, "There's a bra' many Christians, as they do call themselves, that do read the Bible in no better fashion that old John Sampson. * * G'wan, Jess!"

He shook up the reins and awaited the question which he knew would not be long delayed. "Who was old John Sampson?" I asked. "Another of the many people that I

knew before you came into these parts," was the answer. "Wheal Dream had not been stopped in those days, and John Sampson came from over to Tallywarn to work there, and took lodgings with mother." "And did he not read his Bible very

Sam'l chuckled. "He didn't read it t all first going away," he answered Mother was a woman of some concience; she used to wonder whether it wadn' laid upon her to turn him out of doors and starve, rather than have such a man under a Christian roof. I believe he was sober enough and no great swearer. Indeed, so far as I can remember him, he was a man that hardly ever talked about anything. But he never went to chapel.

"He used to spend Sundays on the moors in good weather, and when it rained he would sit smoking in a little shed where the donkey-cart was kept. If he was by when mother prayed before sending us off to bed he would go outside and sit on the garden wall pipe in his mout her pull down the window and pray almost in a shout, on the chance that some word in season might strike him like a javelin and bring him to a proper frame of mind.

"He stopped in Pentreath for some years, and 'twas always the same with him. Then one day he came into the kitchen with a very strange look upon nis face. 'Beggin' your pardon, Mis' Gurney,' he said, 'but could 'ee give me the loan of a Bible?"

"I can see mother's face now, for I was growing a big boy by this time. 'A Bible?' she said. 'Thee's want a 'A Bible?' she said. 'Thers want a Bible? Praise be for that! I'll give 'ee

Well, she gave him a Bible, and after that she watched him pretty closely. And, 'Ah!' she said one day, the influence of a Christian family is a thing that must tell.' For old John Sampson stuck to that Bible like a limpet to a rock, and was all the time reading it. Mother noticed that he began at the beginning and read straight through, genealogies and all; and that pleased her, for she was always thorough herself.

"This went on for some little time. There was a bra' deal of talk about it in Pentreath, and, to begin with, very would believe the story mother told. However, old Mis' Shewes dropped in one evening, all by chance, as she made out, and sure enough John Sampson was sitting in the doorway reading away for dear life. So she went forth and told the news.

"Mother was pleased enough to have matters as they were for a time. However, after a bit, she thought 'twas a pity the old man shouldn' go further, having begun so well. So one Sunday morning, when he took up the Bible and was going to sit on the little seat that stood against the front of the house, she spoke:

"'Wouldn'ee like to come to chapel, John?' she said. "He looked back with a curious bit of a smile.
"'No,' he said, 'I'd rather stop here

"Very soon John Sampson went into town one Saturday by Jimmy Hayle's van, and brought back a fat red book, which turned out to be a dictionary. After that he always had the two books by him at the same time. He would stop in the midst of his Bible reading and turn over the leaves of his dictionary like a man hunting for some-thing. But he never seemed to find it whatever it might be. And presently he finished the last chapter of Revelation, and shut up the book with the air of a man come to the end of a long job, and not too well pleased with what he had done. He laid it down upon the

"'I suppose you haven' got another Bible in the house? I should like to get the loan of it, if you have. " 'Why, man,' said mother, 'isn't your own Bible, that I gave 'ee, good enough for 'ee? What difference is there between one Bible and another?"

"'If you've got another,' he said, 'I should like to get the loan of it.' "Well, mother was only too glad to have the old man read the Bible at all. She humored him and fetched out the great, big Family Bible. And he began again at Genesis and went right on to Revelation. He still kept the dictionby him as he read, and would still turn away from his reading about Once in ten minutes to hunt in that dictionary for something he never seemed to find. More than once mother hinted about his going to chapel, but his answer was always the same. he would say, 'I'd rather stop at home and read the Bible.'

"And when he came to the end of the Family Bible a strange story began to be told about him. For he went forth and borrowed another Bible and commenced again at Genesis. At the end of a year he had come to Revelation again, and then he went and borrowed another Bible. 'Twould be a bold thing to say a man was touched in the head and gone totelish because he was all the time reading the Scriptures. what puzzled everyone was that John Sampson should never be willing to read the same copy more than once.

varying in size, like three children o one family. He put two in his drawer and went through the other in the usual

"Now, can 'ee guess what he read the Bible for? No need to answer, for you wouldn't be right if you guessed till Doomsday. Nor did anyone in Pen-treath ever dream of what had worked the change until John Sampson died suddenly, when he was about half way through the third of his Bibles. Of course, they searched his bureau, and so on; and at last they found an old pecketbook. In it was a piece cut out of the 'All Sorts' column of the Argus: " 'Anyone who discovers a printer's mistake in a copy of the Bible is entitled to receive a reward of one guin-And the secret was out."-From Black and White.

WHY SHOULD WE SING?

The Universal Injunction is to "Sing Praises."

It is an Individual Duty-Lesson Drawn from the Frogs, the Birds, and From Insect Life.

Everything created by the Divine hend was called good. Man was the higher creation; he was created after the image of his Creator, and was crowned with glory and dignity. He was made the ruler of every created thing. Everything was for his comfort and happiness, without reference to man's redemption. His creation should fill his heart with praise and thanks-"Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wenderful works to the children of men." And again, "Let everything that hath breath praise him." If man would look into nature and see how fully all God's works praise him, he too, would also ioin in the universal

we will take our first lesson from the frog. When the April showers fall and the ice melts around the edge of the swamp, before the white spikes of crisp grass can be seen in the water, and before the first bud has burst or a wood-pink has lifted its modest, blushing face to the sun, the little unclothed brown frog floats to the surface of the water, opens his bright little eyes and behold!—the winter is past and gone, and he raises his little note of praise. The mid-day sun pours its warm rays upon the water, the ice is broken. The song speeds over the water and the chorus is repeated and repeated till the stars shine out, and still we hear the pipe, pipe, of the little brown frog. And as the season advances the great floating toad adds his long shrill note to the croaking of the spotted green frog, and the subbass of the great bull-frog. Thus the most uncomely spots of earth and the unclothed frogs join in their Creator's

Our next lesson we take from the little warbling, pairing birds. In June, when God hath clothed the woods with leaves, the valleys and the fields with grass, and bathed them all night in the cool dews of heaven, As the first faint gray light on the eastern sky heralds the coming day, the song-bird wakes from its dewy bed and warbles its silvery notes, but its notes become louder and clearer, and its answe comes from the orchard, meadow, valley and woods. First one by one, by tens, by twenties, and finally the great feathered throng pours a flood of silvery sounds as varied in sound as they are in feather, their little hearts bubbling over with joy and gratitude. Some of the singers continue their song by snatches all day. The bobolink floats over the meadow on quivering wings singing his merry song as he flies. As the sun sinks in the golden west the wood thrush warbles its silvery, soothing ring, ring, ring, sweetest of all created sounds. The robin, apparently conscious of the sacredness of the hour, slowly sings with sotto voice her closing

With these beautiful lessons before man, how can he rise in the morning refreshed, be fed, clothed, and sheltered from storm, tempest, cold, or heat, and rest again his head upon a downy pillow without lifting his voice in praise and thanksgiving. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works

to the children of men," We draw our third lesson from in-sect life. When the summer stars are looking down upon fields of golden grain and mists are borne in the arms of the balmy air and the wearied reapers have gone to rest, the great miscellaneous insect host are holding their midnight concert, the cricket and the Katydid are vieing with each other, If the Katydid has some advantage in voice, surely not in intensity, the cricket, with uplifted wings, stands on tiptoe, his whole frame quivering, we may not guess the thrill of joy that lies beneath that little crusted body. Many forms of life have not the voice to give expression to their rejoicing. The skipping lamb, the graceful horse, give us music no less real in the grace and grandeur of motion. "Hast thou given the horse strength, hast thou clothed his neck with thunder; he paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength." Thus every created thing in its own way obeys the universal command-"Let everything that hath breath praise him." Praise ye the Lord. THOS. B. SCOTT,

Driving Home the Cows. (Walter S. Stranahan in Chicago Re-

Middlesex County.

(cord.) He drops the bars down, one by one, and lets the cows pass through, Then follows them along the lane, as once he used to do, And memory whispers as he climbs

the grassy meadow slope Of happy days when, long ago, a boy so full of hope, Used often there to lie and dream upon the hill's soft crest, When tired of play, his head upon its daisy-flecked breast, Till leaping dog awakened him with sharp and loud bow-wows,

To warn him that the time had come

for driving home the cows. And now he splashes in the brook that flows from yonder spring, It ripples, bubbles, murmurs, like bright and living thing; Upon its sparkling current, here, he used to sail his boats, And once again he throws a chip, to watch it as it floats;

Whirling, dancing, jumping, far away a-down it goes, Up and down and here and there, with all the channel bows, once he did when years ago while driving home the cows.

And all day long in the meadow, while raking the fresh-cut hay, brightest fancies come with the brightness of the day, every cricket chirping, and the lark that soars and sings, butterfly that dazzles with its brightly painted wings.

and works away, Till sun sinks low and lower, with the passing of the day. And a voice calls through the shadows and the slowly gathering

All seem to be companions, as he works

Great Britain's Allies.

Will the Motherland Join the Triple Alliance? -Preparations for a Coming Crisis-What May Be Done if France Forces the Hand of Britain in Egypt-How Easily Britain Can Prepare for War, Though She Wants

0000%0000 THE FRENCH newspapers have | such a proposal made in proper dip. been making great play with lomatic form, the British Government, should then, in our opinion, consider the Russian Alliance. One paper really does exist, another that it is far whether they should spike the French guns by an understanding with Ruscloser than that of the Central Powers, sia such as we have sketched, or by entering into a quadruple alliance. and that it is supported by a military Either of these plans would secure us convention, and so on, and so on. Finagainst the consequences of French ally it is asserted that in October the hostility. Which can best be taken aliance will bear fruit in a joint repreunder the circumstances, can only be sentation on the subject of Egypt. France and Russia, that is, will join determined by those who know the condition of European politics from intogether in demanding evacuation, and he Czar will thus pay France the debt side. The essential thing is to tell he incurred by accepting French help in the Far East. Probably all this talk France plainly that she and England are at the parting of the ways. she wants us to remain friendly, we is mere newspaper babble. If there will meet her half way. If she does not was a clear alliance, neither France nor value our friendship, we shall not be deterred by any abstract fears or scruples from insuring ourselves Russia would in the least desire to disown it. They would rather do as the Triple Alliance does, and publicly and against her policy of injury, and from retaliating in kind as occasion offers. formally proclaim their solidarity. It is quite conceivable that France and What she must be made to under-Russia may act as the French press stand once and for all is that we do hope and expect. All we can say is not intend any longer to be treated that France will be doing a very fool-France with far greater hostility ish thing, and will find herself than even Germany, and yet be sup-posed entirely incapable of hitting helped, but greatly embarrassed, by the result. If we receive an intimation of the kind supposed, our Government back.-London Spectator. will have an easy answer, and will, w feel certain give it. They can reply by instantly joining the Triple Alliance, A study of the military records of Europe proves than in 1810 the average height of man was 5 feet 9 inches. and making it a quadruple league of peace. The terms under which we During the following 100 years this average decreased to 5 feet 7 1-2 inches. should enter the Alliance need not import anything difficult or dangerous. In 1790 the average was only 5 feet We should merely be asked to guaran-6 inches, and in 1820 it was but 5 feet inches. At the present time it is but tee the status quo in Europe. 5 feet 3 1-2 inches. It is an easy matour turn, need not do more than ask that the status quo in Africa and Asia ter to deduce statistics from the above shall also be guaranteed. We need not really trouble about India, as we can figures to prove that human statue is gradually on the decline. Figuring updefend ourselves there against Russia ward, using the same ratio, we find without difficulty, but it might be as that Adam's sons and neighbors averaged 16 feet 9 inches in height, and at well while we are about it to put this check on French aggression in Indothe opening of the Christian era tha China. What, then, would be the net average height was a fraction over 9 result of this proposed joint action in feet. Looking into the dim future we Egypt? Certainly nothing very pleacan see a time only 2,000 years hence sant for France. She would find the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine barred to her by the strongest league in the when human stature will be reduced to an average of only 15 inches. history of the world, and England permanently established in Egypt. Just think of the power of the Quadruple Alliance in case of war. It would have instant and complete command of the sea. Nothing could stand against the combined fleets of England, Italy and

Germany, and presumably of Japan also, for the Island power of the Far East would hardly miss such a chance of revenge against her great neighbor. The French and Russian ships must simply keep their harbors. But this would mean the loss to France of Algiers and Tunis, and all the rest of her North African possessions, and possibly of Corsica. If the war broke out and lasted, the reduction of the rest of French colonies would only be a natter of time. But the Quadruple Alliance would have more than the com-A new story by the Author of mand of the sea. It would have com-"Nestleton Magna" and "Matthew mand of the purse. England alone Mellowdew." could create a war fund of £250,000,000 without adding a penny to her taxaion. She would only have to suspend the sinking fund and use the money now spent in paying off capital in paying interest on a new loan. It is almost inconceivable that France would ultimately gain in a war with a Quadruple Alliance. Let us suppose that er armies and those of Russia proved A Temperance Story. stronger than those of Germany, Aus-

doubt very much if France would

risk a war with a Quadruple Alliance.

If, then, a demand for the evacuation

of Egypt were to lead to our enter-

ing the League of the Central Powers,

France and Russia would probably

agree that the game was not worth

the candle, at any rate at that mo-

ment, and would prefer to pocket the

humiliation of our refusal to evacu-

ate Egypt rather than rush into war.

In other words, France, by demand-

ing evacuation, would fail to get it, but would get instead a quadruple instead of a triple alliance. Of course,

the French do not want such a result,

but at the same time we do not feel

sure that they may not bring it about.

might so easily be driven into a quadruple alliance, and indeed must

instantly join the central powers were

she to be jointly menaced by Russia

and France, we are by no means sure

that it would be our best policy to

join the triple alliance. At any rate

we think that there is another line

of policy which ought first to be seri-

ously considered -that is, the policy of

coming to a friendly understanding

with Russia. At present we are saddied with the hostility of two powers

-France and Russia. That is too great

a burden for us to bear. We must disembarrass ourselves of one of them.

We cannot easily do so in the case of

France, because the hostility is real and substantial, and based upon ma-

terial rivalry and jealousy. The hos-

tility of Russia is, however, largely artificial. Naturally we and the Rus-sians were meant to be friends, not

enemies. Their real interests and ours

do not conflict in any quarter of the

globe, and we exchange with Russia

a vast number of products. Our en-

and upon her counter-strokes against

India. Why should we not come to terms and withdraw our opposition to

the appearance of Russia in the Med-

iterranean? The possession even of Constantinople and the presence of

Russian ships in the Mediterranean

would in the long run be more danger-

Shortly, what we want our Govern-

diplomatic situation de novo, and to

treat it as depending, as it does in

France. We would have our Foreign Minister go to France and say-"The

hostility which you are displaying to

ward us is too serious a matter to be

passed over, and we do not mean to pass it over. We will not rest till we

have stopped it, or given back a crush-

ing blow. First, however, we ask you to consider whether you would not prefer our friendship. If you will let

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more than generosity, and an under-

standing may be arrived at which will

be satisfactory to both of us. If you

refuse, we warn you that we

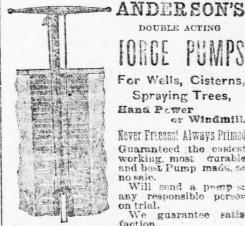
reality depend, on the hostility

But though we realize that England

tria and Italy, and that she and the Russians were able to penetrate deep into the enemies' country. The com-By Rev. J. Jackson Wray, mand of the sea would rob such victories of half their value. A mixed With portrait of Author and German and English force could be landed at Calais, and could threater Other Illustrations. Paris at a time when on the Rhine and across the Alps, in Pomerania Cloth, \$1 00. and Galacia, all might seem specially favorable to the Dual Alliance. We

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