

oor by which he had entered. erself at once in a smaller d as a lady's boudoir.

not so many knick-knacks s as in the other room, but it handsomely furnished in its ained more shelves full of

lso a beautiful little writing.

all card-table, on which lay s. not yet removed from its gs. ed as she saw them—they re-nind the scene that had oc-

the dance.

ng., said O'Hea, 'we can be uite—quite sate.' uite—quite sate.'
o the card-table, and drev

his demeanour changed, stern and authoritative.
he commanded, taking a

apped the cards and began is lips compressed, his eyes podshot.

dealt them all, he said

the Ace of Clubs, and the it up must die? emed to whirl round before nd for a moment she felt as it swoon away; but she was I with a great effort she f and began the fatal game, very moment might be her

alone in this strange place night with a maniac, there any doubt, and the knowlgh to shake the nerve of the earth; but so terrible was ding that her lover was a she felt death would almost

long as it came swiftly. relentlessly. inted to the hour of two, and erself wondering where she eakfast time—dead or alive, what circumstances. rned her cards over mechan-

med her cards over mechan-remind wandered helplessly it to another. emed to be beating so loudly own the ticking of the clock. ertectly still and quiet, only as his hand turned the eyes were never raised from

se of Clubs never come

grew so terrible that onging for the crisis, for any an this terrible strain. only three cards left to nd O'Hea was turning.

is last card but one, and

his feet, and gripped her

travelled upwards to his rible in its suppressed ex-nadness. eyes lost their strained exos relaxed their grim, com-

own at the table.

d the Ace of Clubs.

eam she felt herself held in

something from a drawer

more.
emed swiftly to rise to a
ght and then fall to the
reash, and as she fell she
report; it did not seem to

vibrating in her ears; but ad come from some other t had happened ages ago, mbrance had only just re-

came to herself again she as sofa, and someone was ebead with eau-de-Cologne. voices talking behind her, n seemed familiar. hing, too drowsy and faint

,' someone was saying-s

JED ON PAGE FIRTHEN.

CER of the stay of

## Sunday Reading.

eclipse, thank God! and in this I saw a

dimmer of hope.
'I knew with what suspicious dread the

Chinese regard a lunar eclipse, and I de

termined to work upon that well-grounded

fear. Stepping forward to the prow of the

boat, revolver in hand, I raised my hands

to heaven and fired two shots at the moon

'Involuntarily every face was uplifted.

The effect was magical. The shouting

ceased, the stones dropped from their

han is, and an awesome fear took possess

ion of them. Already the spectacle had been observed by the inhabitants of the

own, and the very dogs were responding

to their peculiar canine instinct and were

furiously barking in harmony with the gen-

eral consternation. Gongs were being beaten, fire crackers exploded, and drums of every description belabored with the

belief that is universal among the Chinese

that it is only noise, and plenty of it, that will frighten away the 'dragon that is con-

suming the moon.' The defening din is kept up until the eclipse has passed, and

the natives are jubilant in the conviction

that they have succeeded in scaring the

rapacious monster away, and under such

circumstances who could prove to them

'This was the sight that paralyzed our

tormentors, and with terrified haste they

slunk away to join the anti dragon demon-

stration in the town, while I still remained

motionless with my glistening revolver menacing the moon; and that perfectly

natural phenomenon in the heavens, so

awe inspiring to the Chinese, is undoubt-

edly attributed to me and my noisy revol-

ver to this day by the inhabitants of that

GRANT AND HIS OLD FRIEND.

How the Former Received a Visitor When

Gratitude fills no small place in a fine

character. Indeed, it is indispensable to

a complete character, and rounds the

whole emotional nature, This trait was

Kansas City Star points.

Prior to the civil war Grant was living

near St. Louis, in the most humble circum-

selling and delivering cord-wood to who-

was a man of wealth and social standing

Samuel B. Churchill, a native of Ken-

tucky, who often told Grant that when he

The war, when it sprang up, divided the

two men. Churchill cast in his lot with

the South and it is a familiar story how the

young wood-seller, loyal to the North,

military leader, and was advanced from

grade to grade, from section to section,

rom Island No. 10 to Donelson, from

Donelson to Shiloh, from Shiloh to Vicks-

burg, from Vicksburg to the Potomac from the Potomac to Richmond, and from Rich-

Some years after the surrender of Gen

eral Lee, Churchill, whose property had

to Kentucky to begin life anew. As he

passed through Washington he felt it his

he would be received, if indeed, he were

He did not fully know his old friend.

The reception room was filled with Sen-

ators, Congressmen and others all awaiting

their time and turn to be called into the

President's room; yet as soon as the Presi-

dent read Churchill's card he came to the

deor himself, and invited him in.

The door was closed between them and

the servant to notify the others that he

could not see them for half an hour. For

an instant Churchill did not knew what was to become of him; thoughts of prison, expatriction and other punishments for treason rushed through his brain; then he man and weman in London, not forgetting

been confiscated and sold, returned

call for his pay the next day.

ccepted and appreciated.

mond to the presidency.

received at all.

inhospitable Chinese town.

that they had not P

and with a hysicrical laugh I cried-

In one of the suburbs of Boston lives a boy whom we will call Thomas Stone. He is a lad of about sixteen, quick, intelligent, and an only son. From his earliest childhood he remembers that, whatever happened, nothing was allowed to interfere with the family daily prayers.

His father is a well known merchant, of definite and well fixed religious ideas. Every morning after breakfast the whole family, guests servants and all, assemble in the drawing room. There the head of the family reads a passage from the bible and then offers a simple petition, which invariably concludes with the Lord's prayer; in that the whole family joins.

To the live, impatient boy this sacred family custom was at times a bore. It in terfered with so many things that might be done. But his father never allowed him to absent himself except for an imperative reason. So it it frequently happened that he fretted and showed more or less impatience when the few minutes devoted to family prayers arrived.

His father tried all sorts of plans,-pun ishments, rebukes,-but could do nothing to check this spirit of revolt.

Finally, one morning just after prayers while the family were all present, he said 'My boy, you are now sixteen,-old enough to take a prominent part in the management of the home,— and I propose that once a week you shall lead our family prayers.'

The boy was taken by surprise and flush ed deeply. But he had courage, and so said, with apparent composure, "All right father.' But his heart beat tumultuously. The next morning his father handed him the Bible and told him he was to lead the

family worship. 'But I can't make a prayer as you do,'

You can repeat the Lord's Prayer,' said

Tom read the Bible very well. Then they all knelt down and followed him as he lead them in the Lord's Prayer. It was noticed that his voice became more unstandy as he went on. Finally, when he came to 'and forgive us our trespasses as we—'he burst into tears, and jumping up, rushed up-stairs to his room and flung himself on the bed, weeping bitterly.

was the matter, but did not know what, He gave the lad time to compose himself a little, and then followed him up-stairs. He leaned over and patted his boy upon the

What is the matter, my son? Tell me all about it. I will help you.'
'Father,' sobbed the boy, 'I couldn't

lead in prayers! I saw my teacher before me all the time. I told him a lie yesterday. 1-I had forgotten all about it, but it came up when I was praying. I don't think I ever realized what that praye meant before.'

You had better tell your teacher today,

'I will, I promise you!' was the emphatic answer. Then raising himself, he looked his father in the eye and said:

'I don't see how any one can pray aloue before people unless he can wash every-thing off the slate and know that it is

Much moved, his father laid his hand upon his shoulder. 'My dear boy,' he said, 'you have stumbled upon the vital truth in prayer. It is not that one cannot go to his Heavenly Father until 'the slate is clean,' as you say, but it is because prayer shows him when it is not clean and helps to make it clean that it draws us nearer to God and makes us better.'

In the May 'New' Lippincett, Rev. Frederick Poole, ex-missionary to China, writes of some thrilling adventures which he and his wife experinced there. His quick wit in using an eclipse of the moon to avoid personal violence is here quoted:
'I isoked up but the sky was cloudless,

and through the clear atmosphere the stars sparkled like diamends. 'Casting my eyes across the dark blue

expanse, my attention was arrested by | the fact that the moon had assumed a most peculiar shape, and while all this happened in less time than it takes to tell, yet I distinctly remember the sense of perplexity which this clestial phenemenon pro-

'The sensation was brief, and was suc

'Sam, how are you? Sit down and have smoke. You used to give me the best Havanas when I could not buy; now I want to return some of your past favors. Do you want anything? Have you any money? Do you want an office? Can be of service to you in any way? I think more of these who were my friends when I was poor and helpless, with a growing family on my hands, than I do of all such time-servers as stand on the outside wait-

ing to press me for places.'

Churchill was overcome by Grant's generous warmth, but he replied:

'I am a rebel, fresh from the Confeder te army, and I have too high an opinion of you as our conqueror, and as my oldime friend, to ask any special favor at your hands. I would accept nothing that would embarrass you with your own party. have no right to ask anything. I did not come here for that purpose. I only came to see what changes, it any, had come over the spirit of my old friend,'

'I care nothing for that,' replied the President, simply. 'There are obligations stronger than an unfortunate war. Think t over, Sam, till evening. Then come and dine with Mrs Grant and me. If you wan Democratic talk she and her father, General Dent, will give you all that your heart de sires. I promise you that I will not break up the treasonable camp !'

Both men are dead, the Southern genleman and the great soldier. Each was a friend to the other when times were rough, and both have left bright memories of manly generosity which sprang from good

Royal Forgiveness.

From time to time King Edward's posi tion while Prince of Wales compelled him to take a course of action which might not be easy for others to appreciate. The an onymous writer of that new book, Private Life of King Edward VII., tells the following anecdote therein, which exhibits the character of the prince in an unusually pleasant light.

He once invited to his house a number of the most distinguished men in a certain profession. They were all no doubt, a little nervous at first, but the prince's affability soon put each of them at his ease—so much at his ease, indeed, that it is quite possible to understand how one man mong so many misunderstood his attitude In the evening the Prince and his guests entertainment ensued. One of the nicest, notably conspicuous in General Grant; and it has seldom been more touchingly illus-trated than by a story of him, which the and indeed, possibly one of the best bred of the men, took his turn at the piano and commenced to sing a song which was decidedly course. Every eye but that of the singer was turned on the Prince of Wales. He made no effort to disguise his feelings. Whatever he may have thought, he stances. Although a graduate of West felt that he was bound to take Point, and a soldier by instinct as well as notice of this indiscretion. He first turned education, he was then daily engaged in his chair slightly, but the singer went on singing. A terrible silence filled the room ever would buy. Among his customers but the singer took it for attention, and continued. The prince coughed and fidgeted a little, but the singer did not bear or see, and nobody took the initiative in failed to sell to others he might drive his warning him. During the next verse the Prince started talking, and talked louder load to his wood shed, throw it in, and The two men became well acquainted. and louder till the singer's voice was looked and when he realized his position neasure, and Churchill, extended to his neighbor many hospitalities which were wished the ground would open and swallew him. There was no mistake about it, he had been snubbed. There, as far as the prince was concerned, the matter might have ended. A blight had been thrown on the evening, and the poor fellow had to face being cold-shouldered by his ually displayed the qualities of a great fellows, and explaining to his wife, as best he could, how they enjoyed their first experience of being the guest of the Prince of Wales. If there had been any honor among the prince's guests, for their host's sake and for the sake of their profession they would have held their tongues. But they went out into the highways and the byways and cried their comrade's shame and their own indignation. Some told it tragically, some comically; but none of them told it very carefully, and, needless to say, the gessipy papers made the most of it. Now, what do you think the good fellow did? When he saw what had hapduty and pleasure to call upon Grant. He approached the White House with some apprehension, however not knewing how pened, he drove straight up to Bond street and purchased a box for the next enterto appear. He drove back, and he asked the princess to excuse herself from any social obligation which she might have, and the Prince and Princess of Wales made themselves particularly prominent in the front of that box, and effusively applauded the performer, whose indiscretion they deemed had been punished enough without the interference of his fellows. The Prince the outside crowd, and the President told

and Princess of Wales sent for him and hi

heard the President speaking cordially; to have the royal visit duly chronicled in PREACHERS AND THEIR HORSES. all the paper.

ANECDOTES OF DIPLOMATS.

Former Secretary Foster Tells of His Bxperiences, Especially in Mexico.

In an anecdote he related to Yale studmunities and Privileges of Diplomats, former Sec. of State John W Foster said that one night while representing the U.S. government at the Mexican court, he played euchre from sunset to sunrise while a

change of government was in progress.

It was revolutionary times in Mexico Leading foreigners at the time rushed to the American legation for protection. It was in '73. Mr. Foster housed them all and concluded that the best way to pass the time was to play cards. No one could

sleep.
Mr. Foster spoke about former President Harrison's amusing criticism of the custom of foreign governments in sending otices to this country upon the birth of a prince or princess, and the red tape the United States went through in iormally recognizing the advent of such royal person-ages. Pres. Harrison thought in the first place the blue pencil of condensation should be used on the phraseology of notification. Again, the President believed that the most effective way to discourage such royal notices coming to this country would be for this government to send to all European courts the name of ever youngster born in the United States as a possible candidate for the presidency and require ecognition of the affair.

While Mr. Foster was in Mexico he was at one time discharging the duties of the French and Engli h representatives to that country and as such was honored by being appointed president of the French society of Mexico. He had to preside at the French ball.

'I was only thankful,' said the speaker, urning to Dean Wayland of the Yale law school, 'that I did not have to lead the

man,' continued Mr. Foster, 'but he made mistake in this one instance. A Guate nalan got aboard an American vessel that topped at one of the ports of Guatemala. The government heard he was aboard and ent officers after him. The man was finally shot and killed during the struggle that followed. Mr. Blain had the captain of the vessel censured and the American representative to that government recalled pecause they did not protect the man. I think he was wrong in his view, for the man was a fugitive from justice; he was on Guatemalan territory or in a Guatemalen port and Guatemala had a right to him.'

Once when Minister Fester was in Mexico he had \$2,000,000 in his custody The bank of England was next door to the American minister's residence. The bank officials had become alarmed over the disturbed condition of the Mexican capital and appealed for protection to the United States minister. A hole was dug rom the cellar of the bank to the cellar of the minister's house and the \$2,000 000 was carried into Mr. Foster's home.

'That was once in my lifetime when I had \$2,000.000,' he observed. 'It never happened before and I don't think it will ever happen again.'

And you want your scalp raised to a condition of health and free from dandruff —Dr. White's Electric Cemb will do it.

Nothing else will. Send for one now, before it is too late. Seld on a written guarantee to give perfect satisfaction in every price Soc. D. N. Rose Gen. antee to give perfect satisfaction in every respect. Price 50c. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

funny points figured out until two weeks after they had left town, which was, of course, and consequently, too late for applause. Give us a joke that we reco'nize as such from old acquaintance an' we'll do our parts as an audience; but when any o these new model witticisms, so to speak, is handed out to us we got study over 'em first before indulgin' in the proper amount o' laughture.'

Bank Cashier-My dear sir, your bank account is overdrawn so often that we are ompelled to ask you to transfer it else

·But, good heavens, I don't know any ther bank that will trust me.'

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Cintment is a certain and absolute ours for each and every form of itching, bleeding and restriction and controlled the con Dr. Chase's Cintment

Admiration of Methodist Circuit Riders for

The late Father Dowling of Westchester county, N. Y., was not the only minister who provided for his horse in his will, said one of Washington's preachers. 'For instance, Bishop McKendree, one of the earliest and most esteemed among his people made in his will ample provision for his horse so long as it might live and for a sufficient sum for its decent burial.

'I believe that if the record were hunted up it would be found that more ministers had made testamentary provision for their horses than any other class of people. It is simply natural that we old-time Methodist preachers should feel very kindly toward horses when we remember what good and faithful friends they were to us in the days when we had to ride the circuit.

'Those were trying times for both man and beast, for we went through many hardships. I once heard brother Sam Jones. the Georgia evangelist, say that it was a fact that he owned blooded horses; that he wouldn't own any other kind : that when he got behind a pair of horses he wanted them to burn the wind, and that was the kind he owned. He said that admiration for fine horses was the only redeeming trait of a rum seller, and that a Methodist preacher who didn't love a fine horse a

'Away back in those good oid days there were few better judges of horseflesh than the itinerant preachers. From the very necessities of their calling they were constantly dependent upon their services, and thus naturally became acquainted with all their good and bad qualities. Many of these circuit riders were indifferent as to personal comfort and personal appearance. but they insisted on being well mounted and seemed always ready to run the good

'In the simple biography of one of these the gospel we read that it was the habit in sparsely settled communities when night overtook him in a strange place in the the forest to give his horse the rein and take up his lodging in the first house the faithful animal stopped at. He records with faithful simplicity that his quarters thus providentially selected were the best in the neigborhood.

'A circuit rider on a dark and stormy night presented himself at the door of a country home and asked for lodging. He was questioned as to which way he came, and when told the man of house almost fainted away with terror. The faithful horse had walked with safety the stringpiece of a long bridge which spanned the largest river in the community. The stringer was not more than ten inches wide, and a single misstep of the animal would have precipated both itself and its rider into the water, the rest of the bridge having been swept away by a storm the

'Another circuit rider in South Carolina by the name of Tolliver Robinson, a preacher who at the time of his death had married more couples than all the horse which one night discovered that the residence was on fire, broke out of its stall and the barn and tearing down fences reached the house and with neighing and

respect. Price 50c. D. N. Rose, Gen.
Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

Not the Real Thing.

'No,' said Mr. Meddergrass, 'The Consolidated, Combined, Celossal, Megather ium and Mastodonic Monarchs of the Minstrel World didn't do well in our tewn.
They didn't tell a single joke that any of us could remember, an' we didn't get the funny points figured out until two weeks

Hard Luck.

Mama.—For goodness sake, Tommy, what are you growling about?

Tommy—Why that nickel I lost, that's

Mama-But your Uncle John gave you another one for it.

Tommy.—I know; but if I hadn't lost the first one I'd have two now. PAIN-KILLER IS JUST THE REM-

EDY needed in every household. For cuts, burns and bruises, strains and sprains dampen a cloth with it, apply to the wound and the pain leaves. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis.' 25c. and 50c.

'George, dear, you and I would get on setteriif there were a little more give and

take between us.'
'Humph,' Allittle more give en my part andja little more take en yours, I