

The Aviator's Long Flight

What Induced Him to Surrender a Coveted Prize.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Stoddard's long distance flight had extended far beyond his wildest dreams. He had sent his powerful machine from the aviation field to an altitude far above his competitors, and then, driven before the fury of a south-east wind, he had outdistanced them all. That was fifteen hours ago, and he was flying yet.

Above him was a dark blue sky pricked with stars; far below billowed gray clouds. Beneath the clouds lay an uncharted country into which he might drop at any instant, for almost from the beginning he had been unable to operate the lever that would permit him to descend. Even the steering gear had gone wrong in some way, and so he had been confined to that broad aerial highway which he had chosen for his course and which he could not leave until his fuel gave out or an accident happened to his engine.

It was cold up here beyond the clouds and growing colder with each passing minute, but his heavy fur garments had been easily adjusted and afforded him abundant warmth. His supply of beef tablets and chocolate wafers satisfied his hunger, and there were bottles of water to allay his thirst.

He snapped on an electric pocket lamp and looked at the aerometer. He felt a thrill of pride at the record—200 miles on a straight flight, fifty miles better than Allison had ever done. If he could only descend now and wire back the news of his feat the trophy as well as the \$10,000 prize money would be his.

Hours passed, and then, as if in answer to this query of his tired brain, the machine slowed its mad speed, shivered, hung for one instant suspended in midair and then flopped like a broken winged bird down through the misty clouds. Stoddard clung to the steering wheel and braced himself for the shock that must come. He caught a glimpse of a rolling country, thickly wooded with firs and cedars, a large body of water sparkling in the first rays of the sun, and closed his eyes. Instinctively his hand clutched the crippled lever, and to his wonder it sprang to action under his touch.

With eyes wide open now he touched one and another of the levers and pulled here and there until the machine responded with muffled breaths; then he sank steadily, heavily, earthward and at last brushed the dark green of a tree and swept down to a small open space cleared by some recent forest fire.

He tumbled out of his seat with cramped limbs and haggard eyes. His first impulse was to throw himself down on the scorched ground and sleep, but something almost under his foot sent him speeding in search of a hut.



THE MACHINE FLOPPED LIKE A BROKEN WINGED BIRD.

man habitation. A clay pipe still aglow with a very good brand of tobacco was evidence that its owner was not far away.

Went as he was, Stoddard almost shouted for joy as he sped over the ground toward the nearest woods. Finding a settlement meant securing a messenger to ride to the nearest telegraph office and send to the waiting world the news of his winning flight. The trophy and \$10,000 would be a fortune indeed to him.

Once in the cool shadows of the woods he found a dimly defined trail winding in and out between huge tree trunks, bringing him at last to a cluster of little log cabins hidden in the forest growth until they seemed like a part of the forest itself. Built of roughly hewed tree trunks, each one concealed in its thicket of young spruce with a drift of smoke curling timidly from its chimney excited Stoddard's wonder.

It was not a lumbermen's camp nor the abode of furriers, and his halting about was met by a baffling silence.

His investigation of the various houses left him bewildered. Deserted each one was, but it was as if the owner had suddenly died in the face of some impending calamity. The one room abodes each showed a rudely constructed bunk recently occupied. Evidence of the occupants' tastes were not lacking and served to increase Stoddard's perplexity.

In one but there were three volumes of Victor Hugo, battered and dog-eared.

ed. In another was a handsome brass smoking set and on the wall the framed pictures of a woman and two children. Some showed like photographs of family groups or a set of ivory chessmen and board, a suit of once handsome clothes, now worn and shiny; a set of silver toilet articles carefully laid out on a stump, some tattered newspapers of ancient date and a pearl handled revolver.

There was nothing to betray the occupation of the settlers, and Stoddard was fairly puzzled as he foraged in what seemed the mess house and ate up the breakfast which had been in course of preparation. A coffee pot had been boiling on a small oil stove, and over an open fire there was sizzling a pan of ham. He rescued it just in time. But where were the occupants of the eight huts, and why had they fled?

Stoddard was impatient of delay. He wanted to send a messenger off at once with his announcement to the world. He called lustily, but there was no response. Then all at once he saw them staring fearfully at him from a thicket of spruce—eight white faces, with scared and furtive eyes.

"Hello!" he called, coming forward. "Can't you help a fellow out?" The white faces turned toward each other and conferred together. At last one came forward, and Stoddard saw a tall, lean figure clad in rough clothes. The face was drawn and haggard and covered with a grizzled beard, and the eyes sought his with distrust in their gray depths.

"What do you want?" asked the man gruffly. Stoddard explained in a few words, but the other shook his head decidedly. "I'm afraid we can't help you out," he said slowly. "I'll go back and consult the others." As he walked away Stoddard remembered with a little leap of the pulse where he had seen the man before. It had been under very different circumstances. Then, looking at the others keenly, he recognized three from photographs he had seen in the papers, and the identity of the remainder could be easily guessed. The first was the absconding cashier of the Blankford National bank, another was the man wanted in the Henly murder case, another was a city treasurer who had played the game and lost, and there was another bank man, a weasel faced individual, who had once snubbed Stoddard from the pinnacle of his gilded superiority.

They came forward now, with Gates, the cashier of the Blankford bank, as spokesman. "We have decided that we would rather not be mixed up in it," he hesitated. "You see, it's 200 miles to the nearest settlement, and the telegraph station is ten miles beyond that. Somebody'd have to walk the distance."

Stoddard pondered. "How do you get your supplies?" he asked bluntly. Gates turned to his companions with questioning eyes. They nodded sullenly, but the weasel faced man put forth a delicate white hand. His slight, prominent eye rolled at the stranger.

"Tell him we prefer not to say," he said in a curious, repressed tone. Stoddard repeated his experience and his reasons for communicating with the outside world. The eight fugitives from justice eagerly absorbed the news as details fell from the aviator's lips. They questioned him concerning political affairs, and from their conversation he learned that the latest comer had been there five years. He pleaded with them, expostulated, offered them money and then drew it back as they laughed at him in mirthless mockery.

"I shall have to fly back again the 200 miles to the telegraph station. It will clip my record 200 miles, and I'll lose on my flight, after all. I could use that money, gentlemen," he said regretfully.

"Money?" sneered Gates, with sudden fury in his even tones. "Man, what is money compared to freedom? What is money compared to the respect of your fellow men—the companionship of those you love?" He broke down and turned away.

The others closed fiercely round the aviator, and their eyes pronounced the same questions and others that were unanswerable.

"I'm sorry," said Stoddard simply. "Will you come and look at the machine? There may be something among my supplies you could use." They trooped after him in a sullen silence that was broken at last by Gates, who had recovered his composure. "I saw you coming," he said briefly.

"Then this is your pipe?" returned Stoddard as he took it from his pocket. The other nodded and proceeded to fill the bowl afresh. Once in the open space, the fugitives relaxed the vigilance of their eyes, watchful eyes and gave themselves over to the enjoyment of the wonderful piece of mechanism before them. Some of them had never even seen a flying machine, and they listened greedily while Stoddard explained the working of the planes, and one of them, who had owned an automobile in his ante-Canadian days, was able to point out to the aviator the fault with his levers, and it was corrected. Then he opened his stores and offered them what he had in the way of tobacco, but they had been holding another conference, and Gates refused to accept the proffered luxury.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stoddard," he said firmly, "but I think you will have to remain with us. If you go back and tell where you descended this region will be visited by reporters. They will have pictures of your landing place at any price. We must protect ourselves or be bounded further into the wilderness. You have stumbled upon us by accident, and you will have to remain."

"This is our own particular little hell, and we're very exclusive," added one of the others grimly. Stoddard was silent. He could not, with safety to the fugitives, announce his descent within a hundred miles of their hiding place. Their retreat was in a remote region, situated on an arm of the Hudson bay. The flying machine had ferreted them out. If he clipped a hundred miles off his flight record he would lose out on the trophy and the prize money. On the other side was the pitiable group of white faced men with their hunted, desperate eyes.

"If I report from the next telegraph station?" he asked. "It's 200 miles." "What is the name of the place?" "Flume station. But can we depend upon your promise?" he asked. Gates doubtfully, and the others murmured dissatisfaction.

For answer Stoddard detached the aerometer from the machine and showed them the record. It registered 800 miles, a record breaking flight for the young aviator. Deliberately he manipulated the recorder until he had set it back 400 miles. "When I reach Flume station it will register 200 more, making me 600," he said as he replaced the instrument.

"What's to prevent your setting it ahead again?" demanded the weasel faced man suspiciously. "Nothing but the action of the planes can effect that," returned Stoddard gravely, and for their satisfaction he brought out from a locker a book of directions for adjusting the speedometer. They read it eagerly as if their tired eyes were glad to look upon a printed page even of dry technicalities and gave it back to him.

"Your success will mean we shall be hounded farther into the wilderness," said Gates in an agitated tone. "Shut up, you old fool," squealed the weasel faced man angrily. Then he turned to Stoddard with a sickly smile writing his features. "We're a party of—er—naturalists," he explained lamely. Stoddard was silent for a long while. Then he turned away his head that he might not see the shame in their faces. "I might as well tell you that I can guess the situation. I recognize some of you, gentlemen, but I shall forget all about this as soon as I leave."

There is rarely any necessity for allowing a greater breadth than twenty-five feet for the entire strip occupied by any country road, ditches included. In the residence districts of many of our great cities, where from fifty to a hundred feet were formerly given up to a broad, unsightly expanse of pavement apart from the sidewalks, the pavements that covered much of the width have been torn up and replaced by grass, leaving a roadway for vehicles often only twenty feet wide. Why should not a width which answers all purposes in the city answer also in the country?

We read much about the good roads of France, claimed to be the finest in the world. Yet Americans touring that country in automobiles are astonished to find that they are usually, including ditches, only twenty-five feet wide—often only twenty feet—the ad-

dition of the road is such that it is almost impossible to pass a car on it. The road is so narrow that it is almost impossible to pass a car on it. The road is so narrow that it is almost impossible to pass a car on it.

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THE NEED FOR NARROW ROADS

Twenty-five Feet Ideal Width For Country Highways.

SAVE TIME AND MONEY.

Would Mean the Abolition of Weeds. One of Farmers' Greatest Road Nuisances—United States Might Learn a Lesson From France.

There is rarely any necessity for allowing a greater breadth than twenty-five feet for the entire strip occupied by any country road, ditches included. In the residence districts of many of our great cities, where from fifty to a hundred feet were formerly given up to a broad, unsightly expanse of pavement apart from the sidewalks, the pavements that covered much of the width have been torn up and replaced by grass, leaving a roadway for vehicles often only twenty feet wide. Why should not a width which answers all purposes in the city answer also in the country?

We read much about the good roads of France, claimed to be the finest in the world. Yet Americans touring that country in automobiles are astonished to find that they are usually, including ditches, only twenty-five feet wide—often only twenty feet—the ad-



GOOD TYPE OF THE WIDE ROAD.

Joining farms being cultivated close up to the line. Why not learn a lesson from France?

A road sixty-six feet wide represents the appropriation of one acre of land for every 600 linear feet of road, or eight acres to the mile. A road twenty-five feet wide, on the other hand, requires only one acre for every 1,742.4 linear feet of road, or about 3.03 acres to the mile. Here is a saving of nearly five acres of land, worth from \$20 to \$150 an acre, by the adoption of the narrower width. It is only where deep cuts or high embankments occur or in crossing swamps that a greater width than twenty-five feet is necessary, and it by no means follows that because the strip is wider at such points it should be wider for its whole length.

The saving in the cost of construction by adopting a width of twenty-five feet instead of sixty-six feet would be proportionately as great as the saving in land, but it would probably be at least 20 or 25 per cent, and the saving to the cost of maintenance would be very nearly or quite one-half. This would mean a tremendous reduction in road taxes.

Added to these gains is another, by no means to be despised when considering the advantages of the twenty-five foot road. This would come from the elimination of the highway as a breeding ground for weeds. The whole twenty-five feet being improved, there would be no space left for weeds, and a perennial nuisance, costly to the whole farming community, would be abolished.—Agricultural Magazine.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. We are ashamed of everything that is real about us; ashamed of ourselves, of our relatives, of our income, of our accents, of our opinion, of our experience, just as we are ashamed of our naked skins. We are ashamed to walk, ashamed to ride in an omnibus, ashamed to hire a hansom instead of keeping a carriage, ashamed of keeping one horse instead of two, and a groom-gardener instead of a coachman and footman. The more things a man is ashamed of the more respectable he is.

That's the devilish side of a woman's fascination. She makes you will your own destruction. It is the self-sacrificing woman that sacrifices others most recklessly. You must cover before the wedding ring like the rest of us, Ramsden. You think that you are Ann's sutor; that you are the pursuer and she the pursued, and that it is your part to woo, to persuade, to prevail, to overcome. Fool, it is you who are the pursued, the marked down quarry, the destined prey. You need not sit looking longingly at the bait through the wires of the trap. The door is open and will remain so and will shut behind you forever.

Men Are So Provoking. "John," snapped Mrs. Dorkins, "do you know what I think of a man who will go to sleep while his wife is talking to him?" "I believe I do, Maria," drowsily answered Mr. Dorkins. "But don't let that stop you. Go ahead and get it off your mind."

Whenever he went to sleep again.—Chicago Tribune.

SIX SENTENCE SERMONS. What is not good for the swarm is not good for the bee.—Marcus Aurelius.

The brave man carves out his fortune, and every man is the son of his own works.—Cervantes.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust. Ere here cause bring fame and profit and 'tis prosperous to be just; Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside, Doubting in his abject spirit till his Lord is crucified.—Lowell.

Nothing is so dear and so precious as time.—Rabelais.

The bravest are the tenderest; The loving are the darest.—Bayard Taylor.

Whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things.—St. Paul.

AN OLD PROPHECY IS BEING FULFILLED

Modern Irrigation Is Achieving Bible Predictions.

Pastor Russell at Washington Temple. Discusses Second Text Quoted on Union Depot Portals—Millennium Is Beginning, He Avers—Greater Blessings to Follow Shortly.

Washington, D. C., January 12.—Pastor Russell preached this afternoon at the Temple, corner 13th Street and New York Avenue, to a large congregation. He made the declaration that the Millennium is already here; that chronology proves that we have been living under some of its blessings for the past thirty-eight years; and that our modern conveniences and progress are attributable to the beginning of the rolling away of the curse, and the substitution of the Divine blessing.

The Pastor said that the reign of Messiah for a thousand years not only will blind Satan and hinder his further deception of mankind, but will also bring light, knowledge, illumination, to every corner of the earth. He pointed out the beginning of these blessings as already with us; but they are only the faint dawnings of the greater light which will flood the world, when the Sun of Righteousness, Emmanuel's Kingdom, shall be manifested.

The speaker went on to say that immediately before us is a terrific storm which will convulse the present order of things—social, financial, political and religious. The momentary chaos will yield to the Prince of Peace, who will then take to Himself His great power and reign. He will say to the billowy waves of trouble, "Peace, be still," and there will be a calm, even as was illustrated on the storm.

Pastor Russell showed that the storm of trouble which will precede the establishment of Messiah's Kingdom will be the natural result of the operation of the laws of Justice. This principle always operates along the line of cause and effect. Humanity are not using the wonderful blessings of the present as they should. Selfishness prevails amongst rich and poor. The earth's abundant supply for the needs of all is being discontented, because the natural heart is full of selfishness.

God will allow selfishness to lead on to its inevitable result, and thus will demonstrate to mankind the sinfulness of sin, selfishness, meanness, and the beauty of holiness, righteousness, harmony with God.

"The Desert Shall Blossom." The Pastor then called attention to Isaiah 35, the first verse of which declares, "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." He showed that irrigation is literally fulfilling this prophecy and bringing about marvelous results. Our Government is co-operating with our intelligent fellow-citizens to reclaim what was once supposed to be worthless land.

A similar work of reclamation is going on in Arabia. Shortly the land of the "Arabian Nights" will realize in a natural way changes far more wonderful than those of the fairy tales which entranced our childish imaginations. The great Sahara Desert, also, has been examined by engineers, who have ascertained that much of it lies below sea level. At comparatively small cost it can be inundated and brought to a high state of cultivation. The speaker also said that the Scriptures prophesy that the Dead Sea will one day be connected with the ocean.

Pastor Russell then applied Isaiah 35:3 to our day, and declared that he is trying to carry out its commands. The Scriptures show that before the world can receive its share of blessings, the Church of Christ must first be gathered and changed to spirit beings by the First Resurrection.

After this has been accomplished, mankind will receive earthly blessings through the Messianic Kingdom. These will surpass anything which humanity has ever dreamed.

Then he showed that Jesus' miracles were merely illustrations of the work of His Second Advent. During the Millennium, our Lord and His Church will remove, not only physical blindness, deafness, lameness, etc., but also human weaknesses and frailties resulting from the fall of Adam. What a new aspect earth will present when sin, sickness, sorrow and death will forever have passed away!

"A Highway Shall Be There." The context mentions a Highway of Holiness to be established. This will distinctly differ from the broad road and the narrow way. Everything will be removed that will hinder human progress back to perfection.

The reward at the end of the way will be very different from that given to those who now walk the narrow way of self-sacrifice. Adam was a man, not a heavenly being. God changes not. He made Adam king over earth, with dominion over its creatures. God's purposes are the same today as in the beginning.

Christ died to redeem humanity. In due time, all will awake from the sleep of death to an opportunity to return to perfection as human beings.

The "Dandy Horse." The father of the bicycle tribe, the "dandy horse," was invented in 1815 by Baron von Drais of Paris. It consisted of two wheels about thirty inches in diameter running one in the wake of the other and connected by a beam of wood, upon which, halfway from each end, was a saddle or perch, an arm rest in front completing the machine. It was propelled by kicking the ground with the right and left foot alternately. It was from such a crude affair that the modern bicycle was slowly evolved.

How to Get A Husband

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

"Marthy, my dear," said Mrs. Griggs, "you'd ought to get married. Your father is liable to be taken from you at any time, and he ain't got a red cent to leave you."

"It's very easy to say 'git married,'" Aunt Jane, "but how's a girl to git married unless some one axts her?" "Management, my dear; management. I had to manage to git my husband, but I done it."

"How?" "Well, I'll tell you, seein' it's you, though I never tole any one before in my life. I wanted a husband, and I wanted John, so I tole him the next best thing. He was a thinkin' o' gittin' married, so far as I knew. He was a hardworkin' young man, attendin' to his duties and tryin' to git his farm in good payin' condition."

"One spring mornin' I went by where he was plowin'. 'Mornin', Mr. Griggs,' says I. 'Mornin', Miss Haskell,' says he. 'Beginnin' the season's work?' says I. 'Yes,' says he, 'I'm startin'.' 'I don't see,' says I, 'how you git on with your housekeepin' when you're at work on your farm. What d'ye do when you go in after a hard day's work and don't find no supper ready?' 'I get the supper myself,' says he."

"I see, Aunt Jane. Then you tole him he needed a wife, and he asked you to marry him?" "Laws a massy child, you don't suppose I blunder like that? I didn't do nuthin' of the kind. I jst looked at him as though my heart was breakin' for sympathy for him. Then he said he'd been thinkin' that if he had a wife to do the inside work and the milkin' and the rest o' the dairy work it would be easier on him. I tole him I reckoned he'd have to go into the next county for one, since, so far as I know, all the girls wuth havin' near by was spoken for. He looked kind o' sorrowful at that. He was leavin' on his plow handle and lookin' off over the field and didn't say nothin'."

"There's a widdler woman over to Berksville that might suit you," I said. "She's a little older 'n you and has a couple o' children, but maybe you wouldn't want a widdler. He didn't say nothin' to this, only jst looked on over the fields. The mornin' was kind o' springlike, and the country was lookin' fresh, but I knowed he wasn't takin' it in. He was thinkin' about the wife I'd put into his head."

"If you wouldn't want a widdler—I reckon the children might bother you; they're always kickin' up a racket in a house—I know a young woman that might suit you over to Hilton crossroads. She ain't purty, havin' red hair and freckles, besides bein' kind o' loose jointed, but she's mighty strong and kin do a heap o' work."

"Reckon," he said, kind o' mournful, "I'll have to take what I kin git." "Oh, no, you won't," says I. "There's nice girls that would be glad to git you; only you've to go somewheres else for 'em, seein' those about here are taken up."

"I ain't heard o' your takin' up with no young man, Miss Haskell," says he. "Oh, I! I don't count. None o' the young men would want me." "Is that so?" he says, lookin' kind o' surprised.

"No," says I, "I'm not the kind of a girl most young men would fancy. I've noticed that men nat'ally take to a different kind of a girl from me. Besides, I'm needed at home. Dad couldn't get on without me."

"Seein' he's a widdler he might get a wife to supply your place." "Oh, dad, he couldn't get on with no one else except me. I've tuck care of his house ever since mam died and a long time before that, and any one else comin' in to do the work would jst set him crazy. You see, dad can't bear a spot on a pillowcase or a sheet or a cobweb anywhere or dust accumulat' under the furniture. And he's awful particular what he eats, bein' inclined to indigestion. I know jst how to make the kind o' bread he likes and muffins and griddlecakes, and, as to cookin' his meat, I never dry it up like some persons, but always leave the juice in it. Then when it comes to apple or buckleberry pies dad says I'm the only one can make 'em to suit him. Suit him, mind you. I don't say I could suit anybody else."

"Well, I could see that his mouth was waterin' for some o' them things I'd tole him about, so I asks him how he'd like to come over for dinner the next Sunday and try some o' 'em. He said he'd like to mighty well."

"That's as far as I wanted to go right then. So I passed on with a 'Mornin', Mr. Griggs.' We've dinner half an hour after church is out Sunday, Goodby."

"There's no use tellin' you the rest o' 'this story. I made a beginnin' that would work shore, 'cause I attacked him through his stomach. Some girls would 'a' talked soft; some would 'a' cried. Cryin' is the best way to bring a man down next to feedin' him well, but I'd rather rely on the stomach than on sympathy myself, but each girl must decide for herself. Now you go and experiment on Ren Hathaway. I know you want him, and if no other girl has got ahead of you you can get him—if you work it right."

Marthy experimented on Mr. Hathaway with success. She didn't follow the advice exactly as it was given her, but near enough to produce the desired result. At any rate, she got him.

DON'T GIVE UP. People are apt to "give up" a great deal too easily. After all, if you fail in one thing you still have life and health for something else. Never sit down under misfortune. Go to work at something at once. Above all, keep up your spirits, determine to succeed and work hard, and you will be up in the world again.

A Pathetic Suicide. According to a Spanish writer on Japan, the most pathetic suicide recorded in the history of that country took place over eight centuries ago. "In 1151," writes Senor Gomes Carrillo, "the nine-year-old emperor, Kotoku, saw his troops defeated. The child disheveled his hair, wept copiously and invoked the holy name of Buddha. When he had finished his nurse, Nildono, took him in her arms to the seashore. 'There is a lovely city beneath the bay,' she said, and then the waves covered the emperor and his nurse."

SLAVES SET FREE RETURN TO BONDS

Still Greater Freedom With King—ly Honors Thereby Secured.

Pastor Russell's Discourse the Third and Last of a Series Upon the Texts Which Embellish the Famous Union Station of Washington City.

Washington, D. C., January 12.—Pastor Russell preached at Washington Temple to-day his third sermon on our Union Depot texts. Today's text was: "The Truth shall make you free." (John 8:32.) He said:

Truth is the great Emancipator. All enslavers oppose the Truth, knowing its power on the minds of their victims. The taskmasters of to-day would fain hide the truth from wage-slaves, but find it impossible—so great is the power of the press—and there are publishers who have not sold their moral slavery for sordid gain. When chattel slavery prevailed, the master found it advantageous to educate his slaves, and thus increase their value, but disadvantageous to instruct them along the lines of human rights. The feudatory lords were very willing that the common people consider them demigods, not subject to law as others.

The same principle apparently prompted the emperors to proclaim themselves, "pontifex maximus," and to encourage their people to worship them. The natural selfishness of man ever prompts him to take advantage of others; and ignorance has been the chain which has bound the masses.