Sunday Reading

JIM KENNEY'S RESCUE,

. The vials of God's wrath," . The fire that is not quenched," "Eternal torment," "The lake of fire and brimstone," "The furnace heated seven times hotter," and accuring conscience hotter than all of these, are a few of the terms by means of which "the truth" was ground into the soul of Jim Kenney, the village sot.

Despite his severe teachings, the Rev. Nicholls was kind in spirit, and his pity sank deep into Jim's heart, making hellfire seem all the more real as hard words do when they fall from gentle lips.

It was on the morning before the very day that he had decided to go to the coalmine on business, that Mr. Nicholls's pulpit was filled by a quaint old gentleman from San Francisco, who was pastor of the Mariners' church in that city, and as such had accustomed himself to preach fiercely, as many of his congregation were destined to hear him but once.

On this occasion he chose the tex:: 'And the smoke of their torment ascended up forever and ever.' He reveled in his subject. It gave him a rare chance for vivid description. His voice, trembling with genuine emotion, sank to a lower and lower pitch until at length it was heard only in hoarse whispers. One could almost smell the sulfurous fumes and hear the shricks of the condemned.

Such phrases as 'their worm dieth not, and many of more recent coining as 'white hot gridirons,' were ringing in Jim's ear as he set out on mule-back for the coalmines, with a firm resolution to return sob-

As in all such communities in license places, the rumseller fattened on the hardworking miner, and had a web woven for him. It was not surprising, therefore, that Jim soon broke his resolution. One glass followed another until, at midnight, when his money was all spent, the grateful saloon-keeper kicked him into the street.

He rambled down to the dumps; and as there was no police, landed on a bed of coal splinters. Feeling something warm at his hand, he looked up, but his semi-conscious state believed it to be a fire in hi cabin, and rolled over to doze again. But no, hot air was blowing in his face and s peculiar odor was evident. This time when he lookes up he found himself surrounded by glowing coals, for the dumps are always smouldering and smoking, ignited probably by the cleanings from the engines. When a strong wind is blowing, the mass alternately glows and darkens.

So it flickered and blinked at poor Jim. The blue, lamben tflames lapped about him. He saw imps chasing each other, dancing and circling about what he took to be the edge of the pit. They seemed to be making ready for something in great haste. Were they blowing up the fire and bringing fuel in preparation for him? He knew it was no dream. He was awake and by this time sober. He shut his eyes, for he could not look, and reflected. He deserved it all. Ample time had been given him in which to repent, but he would not. He had mocked God by praying for time to mend his ways and prove himself in earnest only to break faith again and again. Yes, it was just and he would not complain. God has sent His warning voice and he had not heeded; and even as he bowed before God's awful justice, he felt that Divine pity regarded him, and he prayed for strength to endure hell.

Then his eyes opened just in time to witness an unusually vivid aurora as the wind blew a little tresher, and it Old Nick himself was not coming straight toward him ! He would have fled, but he could not. Just as he was to be captured, for what tortures he knew not, Jim shrieked lustily.

The night watchman, for it was he, touched him on the shoulder, and asked what he was doing there.

'What, you here too?' screamed Jim. 'It is my business to be here,' replied

the watchman quietly. 'Your business!' cried Jim; 'and are you one of his imps? Oh, be easy in your

dealings! 'What do you mean, Jim? I am not going to arrest you. Come along and I'll

show you safely out.' 'What will Old Nick do with you if he catches you escorting his victims out?" asked Jim; but his words fell on deaf ears, for the night watchman was accustomed to take care of 'drunks;' and although Jim was now sobered, his companion took little notice of his mental condition.

When they reached the top of the bluff they turned and looked down upon the scene, and the watchman explained the secret of the lambent flames.

'I was caught as a brand from the burn-

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ing.' Jim whispered with emotion, and his heart was melted with thanksgiving. And many years of sober, God-fearing conduct have proved that it was even so.

Breaking Down Barriers. A correspondent of the New York Sun, describing the scenes on that fatal Friday at Santiago, says that while the proportion of colored men wounded was large, by their courage and supreme cheerfulness they carried off the palm for heroism. Here is what one of the wounded Rough Riders, Kenneth Robinson, has to say about the black soldiers. "I'll tell you what it is," said Robinson, "without any disregard to my own regiment I want to say that the whitest men in this fight have been the black ones. At all events, they have been the best friends that the Bough Riders have had, and every one of us, from Colonel Roosevelt down, appreciates it. When our men were being moved down to right and left in that charge up the hill, it was black cavalrymen who during that awful day and night that I lay to grander deeds. in the field hospital, it was two big colored men badly wounded themselves, who kept my spirits up. Why, in camp every night before the fight, the colored soldiers used to come over and serenade Cols. Wood and Roosevelt. And weren't they just tickled to death about it! The last night before I was wounded a whole lot of them came over, and when Colonel Roosevelt made a little speech thanking them for their songs, one big sergeant got up and said: 'It's all right, colonel, we'se all Rough Riders now.' A common danger and a common fellowship in suffering rapidly break down all artificial barriers. It is one of the great triumphs of Christianity that the barriers between nations and races are becoming lower every year.

Sparing the Father to Save the Boys.

I had once in one of my churches an old man who was one of those ne'er-to-do-wells, who spent the good part of his time falling into sin, and the rest of the time having people pull him out of it. The old fellow, every little while, would get tempted away by bad company, or his own inherited appetite, and the first thing I knew I would hear that he was tipsy again. There were several men in the church who were thoroughly disgusted w th him, and thought he ought to be expelled. I thought myself that so far as he was concerned, he deserved it. But the case was made perplexing by the fact that he had a good wife and a fine family of growing boys, and my argument with these brethren, who were determined to expel the old man, was that we would not only grieve this good woman's heart, but would probably turn the boys away from us forever. I never shall forget how, when one of the boys suddenly came out openly to make a public profession as a Christian, he said to me. "The thing that has done more to touch my heart and made the warm to be a Christian than anything else, is the patient and Christ-like way in which you have borne with my father." The boy is one of the finest young men in the country, and I bave always thought it paid to bear | dollars.

with the father to save that boy .- Dr.

Last year a wicked, drunken woman, in one of our large cities, was attracted into a church one Sunday evening and converted to Christ. The pastor of the church went to see her husband in the week afterward and found him a very shrewd mechanic, who, however, was very bitter against Christianity, and professed to be greatly fascinated with Ingersoll's sneers at the Bible. He was full of contempt at his wife's profession of conversion, and said he had no doubt but what she'd soon get over it. Six months passed away, and one evening this same man called to see the minister in great anxiety concerning his own salvation. He said: 'I have read all the leading books on the evidences of Christianity and I can stand out against their arguments; but for the last six months I have had an open book about my own fireside, in the presence of my wife, that I am not able to snswer. I have come to the conclusion that I am wrong, and that there must be something holy and divine about a religion that could take a woman that would swear and get drunk, and change her into the loving, patient, prayerful, singing saint that she is now.' The best books on Christianity are the men and women who live transformed lives, in fellowship with Christ.

Inspiring One Another.

During the battle of Manila the band of a British man-of-war nearby played "The Star-Spangled Banner." One can imagine now it must have warmed the hearts of the brave sailors on our ships when they heard those strains rising from the Biitish vessel. They felt that friendly hearts were beating behind the music-heats that would prove true allies if they were needed. Every Christian soldier should make every other christian, within the reach of his influence, no matter what denominational flag he may fight under, feel the touch of his sympathetic brotherthe first to carry our wounded away; and hood. Thus may we inspire one another

Christian Courage. Writing from one of the hospitals at the front with the volunteers, one of the Christian workers says: 'Our hospital work is becoming tremendous. Typhoid tever is the trouble in a majority of cases. Yesterday as I was leaving one ward, I turned and said to the sick men; 'Well boys keep up good courage.' One poor fellow, who was almost crying, said: 'You keep up your courage and do not forsake us.' I doubt not there are many people who are not Christians who are interested tn their salvation shall not grow weary and give up the struggle in their behalf. Let us have the courage of our Divine Leader.

A DOCTOR'S HO MAGE.

Prescribed for his Patient South American Rheumstic Cure, and the Man's Own Words for it: "It Saved my Life."

Wm. Erskine, Manager for Dr. R. R. Hopkins, Grand Valley, writes: "I have patient who has been cured by South American Rheumatic Cure. He had been trying everything on earth without the slightest relief, and had taken to his bed. Three doses relieved him, and when he had taken two bottles he was able to drive out. He immediate y came to me and said this great remedy had saved his life. This remedy relieves in a few hours and is curing the world.

Lincoln's Strategy.

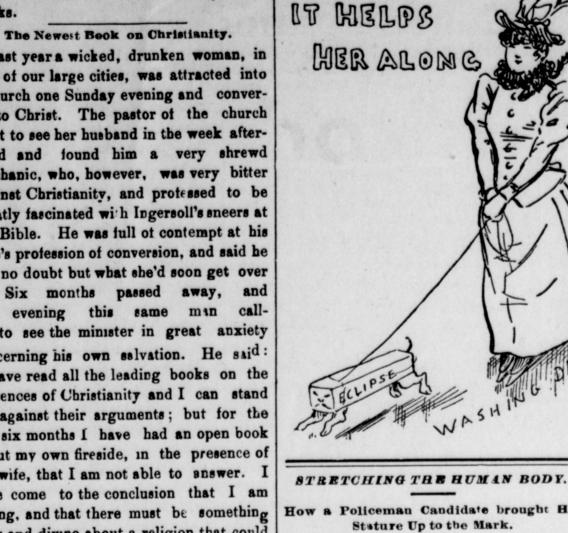
Henry Haynie is credited by Success with the following Lincoln story. When Mr. Haynie was a boy, living in Springfield, Illinois, he was appointed to collect money to buy a new equipment for a fire department hose-cart.

I visited Mr. Lincoln,-Abe Lincoln he was called then, -and told him my story He asked me many questions in a most serious manner, and then in conclusion

solemnly remarked: Well, I'll go home to supper and ask Mrs. Lincoln what she has to say. After supper she will be in good humor, and I will ask her if we shall give fifty dollars. She will say, 'Abe, when will you learn some sense? Twenty dollars is enough. Come around in the morning and get your money.

The plan worked, and I received twenty

Banks.



How a Policeman Candidate brought His

navy that in order to pass the physical examination preliminary to his admission to the Naval Academy he engaged a chum to whack him over the head with a board. As expected, this raised a gigantic bump and brought the deficient stature of the ingenious youth up to the required height. But a recent addition to the metropolitan police force told the reporter a still stranger tale of the method he adopted to measure up to that physical standard set by the board of police examiners. He said:

wise I don't weigh as much as I look. When I found I could get the police job all right except for my size I was downright sick at heart over it. I was brooding round taking consolation from some of my friends about a week before I was ordered to report for examination, and had made up my mind to throw up the matter entirely. But one of the boys just graduated from a medical college and had set up for a sure enough doctor. I didn't see how he could stretch me out any taller, but I went around to see him, just to oblige my friend. I told him about the job of policing I could get it I could only pull through the examination and he sat down to study the case at once, although I had to smile, I was that full of disbelief.

asked, and I told him I was a collector.

'How far below the required height are you?' he went on, like he was conducting a case before a Magistrate, but I answered and said I was shy about one eighth of an

young fellow, smiling confident like, 'go home and turn into your bed. Stay there until the day of the examination, and, mind don't you get out and walk ten feet. Give the knee joints a good rubbing with oil every day and eat your meat regularly. Now, do as I say, and don't attempt to argue, and I'll stake the big reputation I'm going to make that you will pass the ex-

'When I went in to be overhauled by the board I was still scared and doubful, but when they took my measurements I was ready to drop with surprise and joy, for I came just the tiniest pinch over the required height instead of a good fraction under it. Another thing, my weight had increased about seven pounds while I had lain in bed, so they passed me through with a rush.

Of course, the first thing I did was to call on the young doctor and fall on his neck in a fit of rejoicing. He gave me the doctor's lingo in explaining the reason I had grown temporarily taller and stouter, which, in plain United States, was because men who are on their feet most of the time jam their knee bones closer together than men who take plenty of rest and sit down a good deal. There is always a lot of oil between the two bones, which forms a sort of cushion, but that is forced out by much walking or standing and makes a man shorter. The young doctor saw that all I needed to get that eight of an inch was a good long rest and a chance to let the oil without thinking is the most apt to say accumulate between the bones of the joints. | what he thinks.'-Indianapolis Journal.

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A story is told of a Lieutenant in the

'I'm pretty short as you see, and like-

' 'What's your business at present?' he

' 'You are a good part of the time on your feet, I suppose?' was the next question he fired at me, and I told him I was hustling round the town about fifteen hours a day. Then he wanted to know how many hours I slept, and I said about six, which was the truth, and that I was always on my feet when I wasn't sleeping.

"We can fix that all right,' said the amination with ease.'

Well I thought he was clean looney for a while. but his brother said the young doctor knew his business, and I wanted the job bad, so I concluded to do as he said. I went home, piled into bed. and told my folks I was there for a week. When they understood why they brought me my meals three times a day on the stroke of the minute, and there I lay and eat and rubbed oil on myself untill the day of the exam. when I had almost forgotten how to walk.

As to that gain in flesh, he said that it was due to the amount of sleep I got while lying in bed and to the regularity of my meals.'-American Paper.

STRANGE ORENTAL FOODS.

Some Queer Things That are Shipped From

Japan is a heavy shipper of outlandish

foods to the new world. It has a practical monopoly of the meats which are used in making bird's nest soup, which by the way, when prepared by an American chief, is the most delicious dish of its class in the world. It also catches and dries armies of devilfish, which are as popular in the East as dried codfish in the West. In fact, the two sea foods are very much slike in flavor, and differ chiefly in their texture, the flesh of the devilish being hard, compact and more like muscle than that of the familiar cod, the mushrooms and sea mushrooms are two other famous Japanese edibles that come to us across the Pacific. They resemble mushrooms in their contour and structure, but in nothing else. The tree mushrooms have a flavor of wood said to go talk to his brother, who had bark, while the sea mushroom boils away in cooking very much as if it were made of marine glue. In fact, it is used in Japan for making vegetable gelatine for thickening stews and soups in very much the same manner as we convert the bladders of sturgeons and other fishes into animal gelatine for a similar purpose. Dried fishes are another important export from the land of the Mikado. Unlike us, the Japanese dry almost every eatable fish, from minnows and whitebait up to marine animals as large as the sturgeon and the swordfish. Their drying appears to be conducted upon a different system from our own. When ready for the market their fishes are so dried as to suggest kiln-dried timber. They apply the same process to the lower forms of sea life, and desiccate clams, mussels, oysters, prawns, shrimps,crawfish and crabs until they resemble stone. In this condition the foods will withstand any climste, and may be kept in the open air without spoiling for an entire twelvemonth. China is a close rival of Japan, and displays an equal ingunity in making the delicacies which it exports to the American market. There is a long list of these which can be bought on Race Street; the more important are crystallized limes, dates, figs and watermelon rind, preserved watermelon seeds, dried chickens and ducks, which are cleansed and flattened out until they resemble a hemlock shingle; gigantic sardines in oil, where each fish is a foot in length and the box is over a cubic foot in dimensions; salted cabbage, of which the leaves unlike ours, are an inch wide and three or four feet long; sugared flowers, laichee nuts, matais which are vegetables like a small potato in appearance, a chestnut in flavor and a radish in crispness; sweet pumpkins, which look like medium sized watermelons and are sent over covered with flour or lime, clay and glue. There are any number of sweet meats. They are all made upon the same plan as the ever-popular Canton ginger, being the fruit cleaned, prepared and boiled for many hours in strained honey. Tamarinds, limes and green dates cooked in this manner make as delicious a dish as sybarite could desire. In August and September they send over vast numbers of moon cakes, which are curious little pieces of pastry used in the celebration of the festival of the harvest moon. In appearance they are like a small pork pie which has been stuffed with a quaint mixture of watermelon seeds, almonds, raisins, lard, sugar, ginger, flour, rice and spices.

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