

THE COLLEGIAN.

BY SHELDON.

(Continued.)

Then at last he came back again to the debate, and that was his last thought before he went to sleep. The contest was called for two weeks from Friday night of that week, and his last waking thought was a vivid picture of the appearance of the big chapel room on the night of the annual debate. It was an indication of the way he had put from him the religious question that not even the remarkable fact of the president's and professor's appeal had any real place in his mind by the side of the approaching debate, which now absorbed him with an intensity that even he himself did not realize. How much depended on the result he did not know. It is not easy to tell either ourselves or others the meaning of all the experiences that become not only a part of our interest in life, but also the determining factors in our choice of those habits which make the real character what it finally becomes.

There were two Sundays between this evening when Willis' letter and Professor Clark's visit had been events for Edward and the night of the great debate. And when the first one came Edward was tempted to do a thing he had so far not done in his college course.

He was putting a vast amount of time and of thought into his debate. The work he was doing in addition to his paper work had increased until now every spare moment of the day seemed to be filled with something, and he thought his regular studies began to suffer. He was very ambitious for classroom honors and had so far prided himself on first rate work.

One day he failed in a recitation in a rather humiliating fashion. Next day he repeated the experience with Professor Clark, and in the chagrin Wheaton happened to know just what Edward had missed.

So when Sunday came Edward pulled his books down in the afternoon and began to study. He had been to church in the morning and expected to go again in the evening. His old habits in which his mother had trained him were still strong, and in fact he had prided himself on the way he had kept his Sundays since leaving home.

But he excused himself now by saying that he needed the time that Sunday afforded to get caught up in his studies. He studied for nearly two hours, making good headway, and counting the time he was saving as good to put into his debate.

At the end of two hours he went out for a walk with one of the boys in the hall, who had dropped in rather suddenly.

Edward felt a little confused to be caught with his books open on his table as his visitor came in.

"So you've come to it all right, eh?" asked Ladd as he helped himself to an apple lying on Edward's table.

"I'm awfully busy just now," said Edward a little clumsily.

"I found it out long ago," said Ladd carelessly. "I never can get my Monday work done unless I put in an hour every Sunday, especially when there's anything going on Saturdays."

"Do many of the fellows study on Sunday?" asked Edward as he put on his hat and overcoat. He really did not know, and Ladd was a junior and had a much larger acquaintance.

"Do they? More than three-fourths, I should say. Oh, yes; it's the regular thing. Sunday's a hard day to get through, don't you think? We can't read the papers all the time, and there's a limit to church."

Edward was silent. He was not yet in a position where he felt like arguing for the Sunday study, or trying to defend it. At the same time he began to justify it on the score of necessity, and when the week was gone and another Sunday came he found it much easier to silence any scruples he may have had before. He even picked up one of his books in the morning before going down to church, and in the afternoon when he took the books down again he seemed to be relieved to think that one of the studies had been got out of the way in the morning.

When evening came, he went over to get Freeda to go with him to some special service down town. He was not yet in a position where he felt like arguing for the Sunday study, or trying to defend it. At the same time he began to justify it on the score of necessity, and when the week was gone and another Sunday came he found it much easier to silence any scruples he may have had before. He even picked up one of his books in the morning before going down to church, and in the afternoon when he took the books down again he seemed to be relieved to think that one of the studies had been got out of the way in the morning.

It was a bright, frosty night, and they walked both ways. Edward as usual was silent until Freeda had asked a few questions.

"Are you working too hard, Ned?"

"No, I don't think so. I feel well enough. I'm pegging away at the debate all my spare time. It comes off this week Friday, you know."

"You have worked very hard on it, haven't you? I do hope you will win it," said Freeda, who, in spite of her disappointment in Edward, that he had not made a decision during the evangelistic meetings just closed, still felt the deepest possible interest in her brother's success and was very enthusiastic in her praise of his scholarly abilities.

"I shall do my level best. Are the girls coming out to the debate?"

Edward asked because there had been in past years a noticeable lack of interest on the part of the girls in the annual debate.

"Are they? Why, they are coming over in a body. You don't seem to realize, Ned, that you are very popular at the ladies' hall."

"Am I?" Among Edward's really sterling good qualities was an absence of conceit. If he prided himself on his morality overmuch, he was at least free from that pride of intellectual attainments or physical attractions that distinguished a good many college students. He was not a ladies' man, as Willis always was, and so far from any special friends among the girls except Freeda. He did not seem to care one way or the other. He was one out of a very few men in college who probably never looked over to the girls' side of the room during chapel. And in classroom he managed to have a seat at the end of the row as far from any girls as he could get. He did not dislike girls' company. He was simply indifferent.

"You ought to have heard the girls talk about your great football play at the last game on the home grounds," said Freeda, who felt a little vexed at Edward's silent indifference.

Edward laughed a little. "Some day I suppose I'll fall in love and be as big a fool as some of the other fellows. You'll have to take second place then. Unless," he added with a lightness of speech not characteristic of him, "unless you do the same thing, and then you won't care."

Freeda was silent, and Edward was afraid he had hurt her feelings in some way.

"Did I hurt you, Freeda?" he asked more as he used to speak when they were together on the farm.

"No, Ned," she replied softly, and they both walked on for some distance without talking.

"I have a little confession to make, Freeda," at last Edward spoke, his old habit of extreme truthfulness compelling him to the statement. "I've had to study on Sunday lately. I've been so busy I couldn't get my lectures any other way."

"Don't do it, Ned," Freeda urged after a moment, during which Edward had a conviction that his confession had affected her disagreeably.

"Don't you?"

"No, I don't believe in it."

"Nor Miss Seton, either?" asked Edward, a little ironically.

Ida Seton was a great friend of Freeda's and was rooming with her this term.

"Yes, Ida studies once in awhile on Sundays," said Freeda reluctantly. "I can't make her see it the way I do."

"There's nothing very wicked about it."

"No, but it's foolish. You don't gain anything by it in the long run."

"Then I don't see," answered Edward, with a growl, "why the professor gives it to us so heavy for. Fridays they give us a double dose, as if they expected us to study on Sunday. Ladd told me today that more than three-fourths of all the fellows have to study on Sunday."

"They think they have to, maybe. But they don't really have to. Besides, Ned, you know mother would not like it, and the president must be opposed to it."

"He's never said anything against it."

"No, but he may at any of his Friday talks. Tell me, Ned, if the president comes out against it, will you give it up?"

"I will if Miss Seton will," replied Edward, laughing.

"I'll tell her," replied Freeda quickly.

"No, don't do that!" cried Edward, feeling alarmed at the idea.

"I shall, though. You've promised," Freeda laughed, and all Edward's remonstrances, which lasted until they parted at the door of the hall, would not change her purpose.

"Oh, well, she won't give it up anyway," was Edward's parting shot as he left Freeda.

"I'll see about that," she replied, and she was silently determined that he should be made to keep his word if she had any influence over her roommate.

It was perhaps a coincidence that the president chose for his Friday talk that very week the subject of how best to spend a Sunday in college. Edward afterward charged Freeda and one or two other girls who felt as she did with having been to the president and urged him to speak on the subject. Freeda did not deny that she had talked with the president on the matter, and the very next day after her talk with her brother, but she said she had not asked him to take the subject for one of his Friday talks. He had told her that for some time he had been intending to do so anyway.

The college listened with peculiar interest that day. Probably more than half of the entire student body was in the habit of more or less Sunday study.

The president spoke briefly of several good ways for a student to use the day, and then went on to give his reasons why Sunday study was not only unnecessary, but absolutely harmful in the long run.

"First—First of all, you need one whole day in the week for complete change of programme. To keep right on studying seven days in a week is contrary to God's great law of change and rest.

"His Estimate.

The casual customer at the literary emporium looked at the long rows of books on the shelves and yawned.

"By the way," he asked, "what is Marie Corelli writing about now?"

"I think she's writing about two books a month," answered the salesman, responding likewise to the yawn.—Chicago Tribune.

"Is it de truth dat de legislature gone en pass a law ter tax dogs?" asked the old colored citizen.

"Well, sah, dat bein de case, heah's one nigger dat tebtally raint! Deh's seven dogs en one mule in my fambly!"—Atlanta Constitution.

WEAK, NERVOUS WOMEN.

Could we read the hearts of women what a vast amount of suffering would be exposed. Female weakness has produced more invalids among women than any other cause. Have you any of the following symptoms? Nervousness, Weakness, Backache, Headache, "All-Over" Feeling, Hot Flashes, Variable Appetite, Restlessness, No Ambition, Easily Excited, Painful Periods, Bearing-down Pains, Leucorrhoea, Pimples on the Face, Pains in the Loins, Eyes Sunk, No Vital Energy, etc. We Can Cure You. It matters not who has treated and failed in curing you. Consultation by Mail is Absolutely Free, and if curable we will tell you so. Don't let surgeons operate on you. We can cure you without cutting. Our New Method treatment is mild and pleasant. Family doctors have treated you for years, yet you are not cured—they only help you from time to time. Let us cure you at your own home by our New Method Treatment. Hundreds are being cured. Why not you? We will give you our Symptom Blank simply for the asking, and we will tell you free of charge what we think of your case. Remember, your letters are kept strictly private and confidential and are answered in plain sealed envelope. Write at once, enclosing stamp for reply. Address Dr. W. H. Saunders & Co., 514 C. Chicago, Ill. Mention this paper.

Dec. 21, 1900, dawlry.

Small For Its Age.

Pat called as usual one morning at the City and Hall for his threepennyworth of whisky, when the following conversation ensued between the landlady and himself:

Pat—This be good whisky, mum?

Lady—Yes, Pat. Can you guess the age of it?

Pat—No, mum.

Landlady—Well, it's 30 years old. Pat (trying to be threepennyworth)—O'm a-thinkin it be mighty small for its age, mum.—London Spare Moments.

Profoundly Impressed.

"There's no use of talkin," said Broncho Bob, "this eastern education is splendid."

"Have you visited any of our public schools?"

"Yes, an they are fine. That scheme of havin all the children hold up their hands every time the teacher speaks to 'em is great. It gives 'em practical train in fur the real battle of life, in which knowin when to throw up both hands an doin it in a hurry may mean so much."—Washington Star.

Catarhzone Cures Child of Catarh.

Perth, Ont.—"I cannot withhold my testimony as to the great value of Catarhzone as a remedy for Catarh, one bottle having cured my daughter of that trouble, and I heartily recommend it to all suffering from that disease. No house should be without it." Mrs. J. A. Morris.

So pleasant, babies use it; so safe, grandmothers employ it; so certain to quickly relieve and cure that doctors, lawyers, merchants and public speakers rely upon Catarhzone as their standby for Catarh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Hay Fever. It is cheap because it lasts so long, and because it is so sure to cure even the poorest, can afford to buy it. Every dollar cent is guaranteed to cure, or your money back. Small size, 25¢, druggists or by mail. A trial—en for 10¢, by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Canada, or Hartford, Conn., U. S.

Wanted—An Author.

A Georgia exchange has this notice of an author's society "in our midst": "The society, after the first meeting, numbered 15 members, but on looking into the matter it was discovered that there was not an author in it! So the president has decided to import one. He can be had on reasonable terms. The society would be willing to give \$1 a day to a real live author for a limited number of days."—Atlanta Constitution to it.

Merely Matters of Opinion.

A woman cannot be truly happy unless she has something to worry about, even if it is nothing more than a lapdog.

When a man is 20, he feels that the whole world is resting on his shoulders. When he is 40, he begins to suspect that it may be standing on his chest.

The wisest man may be fooled, but only a fool can be fooled in the same way twice.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Helpless Child.

A week and a half child is badly handicapped in the battle of life. It is isolated from the healthy enjoyments of its little fellow-beings. It can't take either of their play or their sturdy work and progress in the world; its whole life is embittered by incapacity and weakness.

Any woman who expects to become a mother ought to know what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will do both for her own health and safety during her time of trial and also to insure her in bequeathing a fair measure of health and strength to the prospective little one.

A Cystical Explanation.

"Why don't you publish your compositions?" asked the admirer.

"Because," answered the musician, "there is no possible chance for them. They are not good enough to be great nor bad enough to be popular."—Washington Star.

Got Corns?

Foolish to keep them if you have? No fun in corns, but lots of pain. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor raises corns in twenty-four hours. Get a quick cure by raising it—druggists sell it.

FLUSHES ALL ROUND.

Four Remarkable Poker Hands and the Resulting Confusion.

A remarkable poker game started late on Saturday night a week ago in the room of one of the guests at the Handfield House in Grand street, New York, and lasted until early on Sunday morning.

Big Jim Kennedy, the sport promoter, dealt out hands in one deal which threatened to lead to several cases of nervous prostration. The players were Kennedy, Pat Connolly, the mayor of Poverty Hollow; August J. Glostein, the president of the Glostein Fishing club; Louis Geils, one of the proprietors of the Handfield House, and Patrick Kehoe of the Galway House. After several hours' play, in which the luck was about even, Kennedy said:

"Gentlemen, this is my last game. I have got an engagement and must go."

The game was a dollar jack pot, with a dollar limit. After Kennedy had dealt he threw his cards down in disgust and said:

"I quit the game. I have nothing and must go. I leave you, gentlemen, to fight it out." Then he left the room.

Glostein looked at his cards and began to grin, at the same time striving to appear unconcerned. "I open for 100," he said. "I think dot mine leedle pair uv jags may vin if I improov dem."

Connolly, who sat next to him, coughed violently and raised. The other players raised in turn, and for some time the raising process was kept up. It was Glostein's turn to deal the cards in Kennedy's absence, and when all the others refused to draw cards he grinned again with apparent satisfaction. He also stood pat. Then the betting started, and there was no raise after another.

"Glostein, you're me friend," shouted Kehoe, "and Oi don't want ter rob yez. Fer ther love of hivin an your family, drop out of this game!"

"Yah, borthers I don't vant your sympathy," said Glostein. "You can't maig me feel bad by a boker game. Yes? No?"

"Glostein, I object!" chimed in Geils. "I haf ter vinning hands, undt I vout ged ovid undt I haf yer all broke."

The betting continued until all the players had all the money in their possession piled up on the table. Then they began to sign checks and other papers, but still the betting continued. Glostein and Geils offered to bet their salaries, and Connolly said he was willing to stake his tenement against any hand around the board. The players were so excited that beads of perspiration stood out on their brows. Finally Geils said:

"Gentlemen, I will not allow in mine hotel der game ter go any higher. Id mudst stop. I am nod a highway ropper. I will tag al der dot is gomg ter me, bud I pidy your families."

The hands were then thrown down, and it was found that each player held a royal flush. They glanced at the hands with bulging eyes, and then their mingled grief and joy gave way to denunciation of Kennedy, whom they accused of dealing out the hands on purpose.

When it came to divide the pot, there was a row. The table was piled high with silver, greenbacks, checks and 1 O U's. Kehoe insisted on taking his fourth portion of the stakes in greenbacks, and when the others tried to figure out their share on the paper securities the task was too great for them. The wrangle was kept up for several hours and was finally ended when Geils gathered up all the stakes and placing them in a box declared that some time during the week he would call in an expert accountant to figure out how much was coming to each man.—New York Sun.

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