



Manchester Enterprise

By MAT D. BLOSSER

THE MICHIGAN NEWS

Showing What's Going In All Sections of the State

MANCHESTER
In the south-west corner of Washtenaw County, 20 miles from Ann Arbor...

Societies
MANCHESTER LODGE NO. 104, F. & A. M.
MERIDIAN CHAPTER NO. 42, R. O. T. M.

ADONIRAM COUNCIL NO. 24, R. S. M.
MANCHESTER CHAPTER NO. 101, O. E. S.

MANCHESTER TENT NO. 141, O. T. M.
ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN

MANCHESTER GRANGE NO. 682, O. T. M.
MANCHESTER CAMP NO. 5336, W. O. F.

COMSTOCK POST NO. 328, G. A. R.
COMSTOCK W. R. C. NO. 830

Business Cards
J. WATERS, ATTORNEY
A. F. & F. M. FREEMAN, ATTORNEYS

E. M. CONKLIN, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

W. A. KLOPFENSTEIN, HOMEOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

B. R. TRACY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
C. F. KAPP, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

G. E. KUHL, DENTIST
GEO. A. SERVIS, D. D. S., DENTAL WORK

F. D. MERITHEW, LICENSED AUCTIONEER
J. J. BRIGEL, FREEMAN HOUSE BARBER

ALBERT KIEBLER, CENTRAL MEAT MARKET
P. B. HARDY, M. D., RECUMEN, MICHIGAN

Money Made in Fractions
Sugar may be produced at a fraction less than two cents a pound in Cuba.

THE LEGISLATURE
At 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon the legislature adjourned to meet Tuesday, February 7.

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EX-GOV. BLISS
Bliss returned to Michigan from Chicago on Saturday afternoon.

STATE NEWS CONDENSED
Fire destroyed the home of George Reed in Mundy, with a loss of \$1,000.

TRIED FOR MURDER
Mrs. Mary Brown, charged with the murder of her husband, James Brown, in Hancock, last November, will be tried in this county.

DECEASED NEWS
The Swedish phlegm was opened in the new parlour at the first time.

DECEASED NEWS
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NEWS OF THE WORLD

A Brief Chronicle of All Important Happenings

TROUBLED RUSSIA
The situation on Saturday was summarized as follows: "Despite the fact that the strike in Russia is spreading in the Baltic provinces and in Poland, no disturbances of any importance were reported Saturday and Sunday."

A BLUEBEARD
Johann Hoch's Career of Crime and His Marriage
Johann Hoch, charged with the murder of a wife in Chicago and who, it is alleged, married twenty women, was arrested in New York Monday night.

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NATIONAL CAPITAL NOTES

Negotiations have been concluded between Gov. Davis, Minister Barrett and the government of Panama under which the canal zone officials will assume complete charge of the city's sanitation.

THE NAVAL BILL
The naval bill as reported out of committee carries an appropriation of \$100,070,070, while the estimates aggregated \$119,600,038.

AGRICULTURAL APPROPRIATION BILL
The agricultural appropriation bill contains an item of \$30,000 for a weather station and cable at Beaver Island, off Charlevoix.

THE HOUSE PUBLIC BUILDING BILL
The house public building bill which will be reported this week contains \$500,000 for a new government office building at Grand Rapids.

REPRESENTATIVE FORDNEY SAYS
"The bill to reduce the tariff on Philippine sugar and tobacco from 75 to 25 per cent of the Dingley rate will never get through the house."

REPRESENTATIVE LUDWIG IS TRYING
To have the proposed new battleships named Michigan.

REPRESENTATIVE SHAW HAS SENT A LETTER
To both houses of congress recommending the refund of the duties paid on imported wheat when used for seed.

REPRESENTATIVE LITTLE OF ARKANSAS
Is drawing the attention of congress to the iron and steel industry in the United States.

THE MARKETS

DETROIT—Extra Dry-fed steers and heifers, \$12.00 to \$14.00; beef and veal, \$10.00 to \$12.00; mutton, \$10.00 to \$12.00; pork, \$10.00 to \$12.00.

CHICAGO—Good prime steers, \$11.00 to \$12.00; medium, \$10.00 to \$11.00; light, \$9.00 to \$10.00.

ST. LOUIS—Good prime steers, \$10.00 to \$11.00; medium, \$9.00 to \$10.00; light, \$8.00 to \$9.00.

PHILADELPHIA—Good prime steers, \$10.00 to \$11.00; medium, \$9.00 to \$10.00; light, \$8.00 to \$9.00.

NEW YORK—Good prime steers, \$10.00 to \$11.00; medium, \$9.00 to \$10.00; light, \$8.00 to \$9.00.

BOSTON—Good prime steers, \$10.00 to \$11.00; medium, \$9.00 to \$10.00; light, \$8.00 to \$9.00.

WASHINGTON—Good prime steers, \$10.00 to \$11.00; medium, \$9.00 to \$10.00; light, \$8.00 to \$9.00.

SPRINGFIELD—Good prime steers, \$10.00 to \$11.00; medium, \$9.00 to \$10.00; light, \$8.00 to \$9.00.

INDIANAPOLIS—Good prime steers, \$10.00 to \$11.00; medium, \$9.00 to \$10.00; light, \$8.00 to \$9.00.

CINCINNATI—Good prime steers, \$10.00 to \$11.00; medium, \$9.00 to \$10.00; light, \$8.00 to \$9.00.

CLEVELAND—Good prime steers, \$10.00 to \$11.00; medium, \$9.00 to \$10.00; light, \$8.00 to \$9.00.

TOLEDO—Good prime steers, \$10.00 to \$11.00; medium, \$9.00 to \$10.00; light, \$8.00 to \$9.00.

DAYTON—Good prime steers, \$10.00 to \$11.00; medium, \$9.00 to \$10.00; light, \$8.00 to \$9.00.

AKRON—Good prime steers, \$10.00 to \$11.00; medium, \$9.00 to \$10.00; light, \$8.00 to \$9.00.

Best of All

In my youth, I longed to hear
Trumpet measure breathing clear
To the theme my heart should read;
In my youth, I longed to see
Shades Pierian ope for me—
Laurel boughs float down my head!

In my mid-age, nought I care
For the trumpet's hollow blast—
Nearing wraps its throat may stop!
In my mid-age I require
Peace and shelter, household fire,
Ere their leaves the forests drop.

In my winter, shall I still
Walk abroad with fretful will,
Wanting all that I have not?
Let me rest that chance forestall,
For 'twere mine to be best of all,
Else I were not in my lot!

—Edith M. Thomas, in January Lippincott.

FROM BEYOND

BY LAURA L. HINLEY

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

I went down to Maple Lodge that summer for a reason no sane person would have recognized. I could not bear the place after Helen died; and when Ethelda became its mistress two years later a vague resentment and disgust still kept me away. Not that I blamed Ethelda. She had not known Helen as I had known her, or as Jack had known her. But as for Jack! How could a man who had shared Helen's perfect love, who had received her peerless devotion, her exquisite dauntless tenderness—how could he replace her, with another? His had not been a common marriage tie to be forgotten like common ties. I made no breach with them, but I, at least, would not see Ethelda's handsome, full-blooded, vivacious presence in the places where Helen had been.

I had actually written my refusal of Ethelda's annual invitation. Some accident delayed posting, and it lay on my table the night I dreamed the only dream which ever influenced my action.

I dreamed that I stood with Helen in the blackberry thicket near the head of the lane between the locust trees behind Maple Lodge. I knew that she was dead, and yet it seemed not strange that she should be there talking to me on some subject of great import. Then it seemed she left me and went rapidly down the lane, her dress fluttering about her tall, light figure between the locust trees. I tried to run after her, to call her back, my heart beating hard with longing and regret—and so I woke.

In my dream I had understood everything she said; waking, my utmost effort could recall but three disconnected sentences: "Do everything you can to help me.... There is trouble brewing in the affair of Arthur Oliviant.... You know I have to look out for Jack."

I turned them over and over in an unquiet mind. Who was Arthur Oliviant? As far as I knew I had never heard the name. What could it think but—Ethelda was handsome and vivacious and full-blooded. Perhaps Maple Lodge and Jack were dull. And yet—Ethelda was a self-respecting woman—and she had a child. It was none of my business. But in the end, I went to Maple Lodge.

They gave me so hearty and unaffected a welcome that I was ashamed of my long delay. They lived very simply and very quietly, but in obvious content and happiness. Both Jack and Ethelda were wrapped up in their two-year-old daughter. I blushed for my suspicions.

Maple Lodge seemed like a different place. The blackberry tangle was gone, and half the locust trees had been cut away. Ethelda's lighter taste had metamorphosed the rooms. Besides, the presence of the child—a robust, venturesome little elf—altered everything. After all, it is natural and right to forget. Yet I had a pang when Jack condemned the white rush by the dining room window. "We must have it dug out, Ethelda. The roses blight every year." The day Helen set it there was like yesterday to me. But men forget those things.

One afternoon as Ethelda and I sat together with our sewing, a half-forgotten question recurred to me. "By-the-way," I asked, with assumed carelessness, "who is Arthur Oliviant?" Ethelda laughed, but she looked at

me queerly. "What do you know about Arthur Oliviant?" She laughed again. "I declare I must tell Jack! I'd almost forgotten Arthur Oliviant!" At that minute an uproarious medley of barks and screams rose on the lawn. "Agnes is teasing the dog!" cried Ethelda, and rushed to the rescue of the bold baby who delighted in slapping the big and not-too-patient Newfoundland. When Agnes' indignant fright had been pacified, Ethelda had forgotten Arthur Oliviant, and I did not resume the subject.

The next day—ah, that day!—I had a smart. Jack had been out that morning shooting squirrels. I heard him come in, and move about in the

library; afterwards the door of his den slammed. Remembering something I wanted to say to him, I went towards the den. Some obscure impulse made me pause at the open library door. For an instant I could have sworn that I saw the figure of a woman, with its back towards me, bending over the library table in an attitude of muscular strain, trying to lift or move some object on the table. And that delicate, straining figure was Helen's!

The illusion passed as abruptly as it came. The white window-curtain blown inward, half over the table, in the darkened room had lent itself to the momentary hallucination. At dinner we jested with Jack on his morning's sport. "Where's your revolver, Jack?" asked Ethelda. "I believe I left it on the library table," he returned, carelessly. "Jack!" cried Ethelda, "How could you! And the baby about all the afternoon!" She looked so ruffled and reproach-



ful that I turned the conversation to the subject that oddly rose in my mind. "Oh, go you know," I said, "You have never yet told me about Arthur Oliviant!" Jack and Ethelda looked at each other, and Ethelda blushed slightly. They both laughed. "Tell her!" said Jack, nodding at his wife. "Well, if you must know," said Ethelda, "Arthur Oliviant was the name we had positively decided on for the baby. If she hadn't been so perverse as to be a girl!"

The words were barely spoken when from the library came the almost simultaneous sounds of a shot and a fall. I sat nearest the door, but the three of us reached it together. "You have killed her!" screamed Ethelda; but Jack sprang past her and picked up the tiny, night-gowned figure with the red stain spreading above the heart. The fatal revolver lay on the floor where it fell. Hours later when we had made the little body fair and composed, I left Ethelda with her passionate, unforfeited grief, and stole away to comfort Jack. The study door opened noiselessly. He sat with his head buried in his arms on the desk. Beside him, one tender hand on his shoulder, with a bending face of exquisite, intense compassion, leaned the shadowy form of Helen. As I turned stealthily away, my hair pricked lightly at the roots.

Arboreal Aristocracy.
The evergreens are the aristocracy of the tree world, writes Anna Botsford Comstock in the Chautauquan. They represent the oldest families; for their ancient relatives appeared as early as the Silurian age; the evergreens were probably at their height in number of species and magnitude of development during the Triassic period. The pines were contemporaries of all those plants which were put to bed in the Devonian age, and which forms our coal beds of today. The evergreens are a dignified remnant of an older tree race, which is being pushed to the wall by the upstarts, the oaks and maples and other deciduous trees. They still cling to the sandy shores where there is little to protect other trees and to the mountains and northern regions where other trees have not the strength to endure. Perhaps it is because they belong essentially to another geologic age when the climate was far different from our climate of today, that they do not shed their leaves in winter like the adaptable deciduous trees.

Government Aid for Charity.
The Danish government has lent its aid to a novel scheme for raising money for a hospital for consumptive children. It issued a special stamp, worth half a cent, which the public was requested to buy and paste on letters and parcels. Within a short time more than \$20,000 worth of these charity stamps were sold.

ACTOR TOLD UNKIND TRUTH.

Cruel Speech That Brought Actress to Earth With a Jerk.
May Irwin is a round personage of middle years and more than middle weight; to look at her would not make one think of willows or slimly bending pines. She is, withal, of a frugal genius, and economical to a degree that would evoke plaudits from Hetty Green or Russell Sage. She told me this herself.

It was when she came from her dressing room ready to go on for the second act; I chanced to be on the stage. Miss Irwin was gorgeous in a red dress—arterial red. She swung around with the remark: "Do you see this dress? Cost \$180—and I hate parting with money. The first night I had it on Jim Ford spoiled it." Thereat I expressed surprise and sympathy. "It was like this," she observed. "I donned this dress, red being my weakness; I thought I'd never looked so well. Of course, I'm fat; but still I felt that for once I was beautiful. Jim Ford was back of the scenes; I confessed to him that I expected to make the hit of my life. I prouctured, even if I am the size of a load of hay. "Don't I look like a peach?" I asked. "No," said Ford, "you don't—you look like a tomato."—A. H. Lewis in Saturday Evening Post.

Man Who Did Too Well.
"A man may sell too much of the article which he is displaying to his customers, and I know of a case in point which happened to a friend of mine," said Hite Bowman. "My friend had a fine place offered him with an organ factory, and he accepted it, the salary being up in the four figures. He went out, and to his first customer sold the entire output of the plant. The customer agreed to take all that the factory could make. Having nothing more to sell, my friend returned to the house well pleased with his success, and for several days sat around smoking good cigars, while the firm patted him on the back. One day he came in and the boss called him over, saying in this fashion: "I will have to give you the usual thirty days' notice. You have done so well that we have no further use for you or any traveling man. We are sorry to lose you, but you sold too much at the first crack."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Manicured Newsboys.
The tails of nearly every newsboy on Park row were neatly trimmed and clean at least one day last week, a phenomenon many noted with surprise. A vendor with a patent manicuring tool, clippers, file and pick, three in one, and one for three cents, took up his stand on the curb. He demonstrated the ease with which the tool could be handled on the first newsboy who came along. The boy marched down the row, showing off his hands proudly. "I've been manicured," he declared. "Did it hurt?" "Was she a blond beauty?" "How much, Snickers?" were some of the questions. "Naw, it didn't hurt, an' she ain't a blonde, an' it didn't cost nothing," he answered.

They made a 5 cent pool as the price of the secret, and the newsboys' manicuring shop, the first in history, was soon in operation. New York Tribune.

Ask Me No More.
Ask me no more; the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of diel.
But, oh, too fond, when have I answered thee?
Ask me no more,
Ask me no more,
Ask me no more, lest I shall bid thee live.
Ask me no more,
Ask me no more; thy fate and mine are sealed.
I strove against the stream, and all in vain.
Let the great river take me to the main,
No more, too fond, when have I touched I yield.
Ask me no more.
—Alfred Tennyson.

A Few Instances.
"Has it ever happened in your professional experience that an innocent man was sent to prison?" was asked of a Boston criminal lawyer. "It has," was the prompt reply. "I was just figuring on that yesterday. Of the 400 criminal cases I have defended about fifty of my clients were convicted and sent up." "And they were innocent?" "They must have been. When I have appealed a case to the last court, wept while addressing the jury, talked of the man's dear old mother and as good as proved an alibi in his case, the jury must have rendered a verdict of guilty simply through ignorance or stupidity."

Getting Things Mixed.
When Walter Williams, from Columbus, Miss., was in Spain a year ago he called upon a provincial editor in the interest of the St. Louis exposition. The next day the paper had the following: "Walter Williams of the United States purchased the state of Louisiana, and next year will give a celebration, to which he has invited his fellow-journalists of Europe." Mr. Williams again called upon the editor and thoroughly explained matters. The editor apologized and printed this correction: "Gov. Francis of Missouri has purchased a large tract of land in the great American desert, and Walter Williams is here to invite the journalists of Spain to a show which the governor will give."

Changed His Opinion.
"See this lovely tid," said Mrs. Borgen, "it was so cheap—" "H'm!" interrupted her husband. "I want to recall my remark of this morning that you were always wanting something you couldn't get." "Oh, I didn't want this particularly, you see, I bought it because it was so—" "I was wrong this morning, I should have said that you were always getting something you don't want."—Philadelphia Press.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

WILLIAMSON

LESSON VI—FEBRUARY 5.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Whoever will let him take the water of life freely.—Rev. 22:17.

1. The Teacher Resting by a Famous Well.—Vs. 1-6. For several months Jesus and Jordan were preaching to crowds at the same time in different parts of Judea, John extending his labors up the Jordan, but not entering Galilee, so far as we know. Jesus, through his apostles, brought the believers to open confession by baptism. John, from the nature of his work, sent to Jesus those interested and desiring to be delivered from sin, till, ere long, Jesus had more confessed followers than John. John's glory was in self-renunciation, and in leading men from himself to the Messiah.

The natural result was that the growing popularity of one who claimed to be the Messiah, but disavowed their views and condemned their conduct, should awaken intense opposition on the part of the Pharisees, as well as envy on the part of the more zealous, but less Christianized disciples of John. It was wise, therefore, that Jesus should leave these stony and brier-overgrown fields and go to Galilee; where there were fewer prejudices and more open minds, and there set his kingdom well rooted and started. Hence he returned to Judea again. He left Judea, by one of the great highways which led to the valley between Mt. Ebal on the north, and Mt. Gerizim on the south, where was a town (v. 5) called Sychar, or the neighboring village of Askar. "That Askar gave to his son Joseph." See Gen. 33: 18-20; 48: 22.

6. "Now Jacob's well was there." Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey. He had probably been walking several hours, as the Orientals were accustomed to start early in the morning, and it was now "about the sixth hour," or noon, according to Jewish reckoning. "Sat (was sitting) thus on (by) the well." Probably on the low curb usually placed around wells (Ex. 21: 33), resting, and waiting for the return of his disciples (v. 8).

II. The Unlikely Scholar.—V. 7. "There cometh a woman of (out of) Samaria." Not the city of Samaria, seven miles away, but from the country of Samaria; one of Samaritan race and religion. "To draw water."

A Character Study.—The woman of Samaria was a most unlikely disciple. She was entirely different from the woman who ministered to Jesus, such as Mary and Martha of Bethany, Salome, and the wife of Chuza. (1) She was disreputable; (2) rather bold and free in her manners; (3) with a rather coarse attractiveness; (4) of some native ability; (5) of open soul; (6) a Samaritan; (7) of a perverted religious training. One would think she would be almost repulsive to Jesus, and yet he so saw the open mind, and the possibilities of her nature, that he spoke to her in his choicest truths. Dr. Fairbairn says: "It is strange that Christ should often speak his most remarkable words to the least remarkable persons." What comfort this is to us!

III. The Wise Approach.—Vs. 7-9. He asked a favor, "Give me to drink." Jesus asked for water because he needed it, but he used the request as a means of preparing the way for his teaching. A useless request would have defeated his purpose. "It was an act full of the nicest tact, and exhibiting perfect knowledge of the human mind. He asks a favor and puts himself under an obligation. No line of proceeding, it is well known to all wise people, would be more likely to conciliate the woman's feelings towards him, and to make her willing to hear his teaching."—Bishop Ryle.

8. "For his disciples were gone," etc. This is given as the reason why he asked the woman instead of his disciples to draw the water; and also why he could talk more freely to the woman. In very many cases, reproof, advice, and entreaty are much more effective with one person alone than when others are present. The wise parent or teacher avoids the effect of the audience upon the child. "To buy meat." Provisions, the plural being in the Greek.

9. "How is it that thou, being a Jew,..." "Jesus would be recognized as a Jew by his dress. The color of the fringes on his garments was probably white; that of Samaritans would be blue. Doubtless, other peculiarities indicated his nationality."—Professor Riddle. "Askest drink," etc. "The wonder of the Samaritan woman was that a Jew should seek, by asking and receiving drink, to make a friendly compact with a member of a hostile race."—Trumbull, Studies in Oriental Social Life. (The) Jews have no dealings with (the) Samaritans.—"Have no familiar intercourse."—Vincent. Jesus had reason to feel that many of his followers have felt since, that if he were too free with the Samaritans, he would prejudice his cause with the stricter Jews. But he went straight forward in the path of duty, leaving the consequences with God. The greater the mind and nobler the character, the more assured the position, the less power there is in prejudice.

IV. A Lesson of the Water of Life.—Vs. 10-14. 10. "If thou knewest, There were two things which the wo-

man did not know—the gift of living water, and the presence of the Messiah. "The pathos of the situation strikes Jesus. The woman stands on the brink of the greatest possibilities, but is unconscious of them."—Exp. Greek Text. "The gift of God." The Messiah, and the waters of eternal life. Perhaps there is no cry more striking than that of the Eastern water-carrier. "The gift of God," he cries, as he goes along with his water-skin on his shoulder. "Thou wouldst have asked of him." Emphasize the thou and him. "Spiritually, our positions are reversed. It is thou who art weary, and footsore, and parched, close to the well, yet unable to drink; it is I who can give thee the water from the well, and quench thy thirst forever.—Cambridge Bible. "And he would have given thee living water."—That is, perennial, springing from an unfailing source (Gen. 26: 19), ever flowing, fresh (Lev. 14: 5), (Westcott), bringing life, refreshing.

11. "Nothing to draw with." No leather bucket, "a skin with three cross sticks at the mouth to keep it open, and let down by a goat's hair rope." "Unconsciously she gives utterance to a spiritual truth—the water of life beyond our reach, but the rope of faith long enough to reach it.—Rev. William Mowatt, M. A.

12. "Art thou greater than our father Jacob?" Can you dig a better well, or find sweeter water? 13. "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." This water satisfies only bodily thirst, and for brief periods,—a type of all worldly supplies for the deeper thirsts of the soul.

14. "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him." Emphasize give. The living water is a gift, and all that is asked of the people is that they be willing to receive. The best things of God can never be bought. "Shall never thirst." This does not contradict the Beatitudes. "Blessed are those that hunger and thirst after righteousness," but it declares that there is an unfailing supply always at hand for the thirst. Life is made up of a succession of thirsts and their satisfaction. There is no enjoyment unless there is a thirst, and unless the thirst be satisfied. This satisfaction is what is promised in this verse. The reason follows. The water that satisfies is not from without, an external supply, that may fail or be far away, but shall be in him—a well (a fountain, a spring of water springing up into (unto) everlasting life" (compare John 7: 38, 39).

The Heart of the Lesson. The Thirst of the Soul. The Urgent Need of the Water of Life. Thirst is the type of the intense human desires which impel men to activity, and to the satisfying of which lie happiness, life, and progress. Absence of physical moisture from a man's body for a day or two brings indescribable distress, and if continued long will cause death.

"Of all the physical wants man can feel, none is capable of being raised to such a pitch of intensity as the want of water." This expresses the pain of unsatisfied desires of the soul. For every person is full of wants, longings, desires, hopes, both of the body and of the soul. This World Can Never Satisfy the Thirst of the Soul. The ambitions, longings, thirsts for wealth, power and pleasure, are never fully and continually satisfied by anything the world or flesh can give. The pleasure-clog as in Johnson's Rasselas, where is described one who in the absolute perfection of the Happy Valley was so discontented that with great difficulty he climbed over the surrounding wall of mountain crags and escaped.

The Water of Life. Jacob's well was a type of the sources of earthly good. As God has made the world full of streams to satisfy our bodily thirst, so he has made it full of springs to satisfy our natural longings and desires. And by each fountain of earthly good Jesus still sits, pointing men to the higher and better things of which it is a hint and a type. By earthly pleasure he points to heavenly and spiritual joy; by earthly riches he teaches us of treasures in heaven; by earthly love he points to heavenly love; by earthly desires to heavenly desires; by earthly activity and business to zeal and earnestness in the kingdom of God.

Christ does not give us a cup of water, which we can drink up and the contents be exhausted, but a fountain of water in our own souls, ever flowing, ever fresh, inexhaustible. This is what completes the gift and makes it permanent. It is not a cistern, but a fountain. It is not outside; it is within us.

How Jesus Awakened and Deepened the Consciousness of Thirst. The remainder of the story shows how Jesus brought the woman to a consciousness of her sin and unworthy life, in order that she might feel her need, and then seek for the waters of eternal life. This convincing of sin and need, as a preparation for further light and life, is illustrated everywhere. No one will seek a physician unless he feels sick, or take food unless hungry, or read good books without a thirst for knowledge.

If a man once tells a woman he loves her, he has got to keep on telling her for the rest of his natural life. The reason a girl so seldom marries her ideal is that some other fellow comes along with a lot of money. The pessimist thinks the world is worse than it really is, and the optimist thinks it is better—and both are wrong.

THE WISEACRE.
Vice is Herod's ugly duckling. Riches cover a multitude of sins. Brevity is the soul of a dull sermon. It's an ill wind that blows anybody good, but you. Exchange says that "a woman can make a fool of any man." As a rule she doesn't need to. The New York paper: have kindly refrained from describing Uncle Russell Sage's Christmas.

Doubtless the proposed permanent alliance of Balkan states would be a good thing while it lasted. A New York man is living with a rubber stomach. The rubber neck may be taken for granted. The boll weevil's increase of activity leads to a suspicion that the Guatemalan ants went over to the enemy. Port Arthur's new tenants may like the location, but they will find the premises in a shocking state of disrepair.

Was there ever a baseball player who, in December, wasn't going to be in "better shape than ever" in the coming year? The mikado denies the authorship of the poems that were recently attributed to him. And they were pretty good poems, too. The Pulajones are on the war path in Samar. This is the first outbreak that has occurred in the Jones family for over forty years.

That last year's calendar may not be altogether useless, after all. You may need it to figure up how long your note has yet to run. They are always talking about lambs in Wall street, but our experience is that the lamb there is mighty tough.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Bob Fitzsimmons' typewriter was a little rusty, but by oiling it up he succeeded in starting a pugilistic battle in the most approved professional style. Enter the joke about the joke about the joke, about the broken resolution, the diary, the expense account, and the rest.—New York Evening Mail. As above.

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