

THE LITTLE CHAP'S FAITH.

It's a comfort to me in life's battle, When the conflict seems all going wrong, When I seem to lose every ambition...

THE EXILES.

The street was a narrow lane of asphalt between two walls of brownstone house-fronts; and these two walls were so exactly alike that each seemed to be staring, with all its shuttered windows, across the roadway at the other, in the dumb amazement of a man meeting his double.

It was to this street that the dining room maid in Mrs. Henry's boarding-house had to look for entertainment whenever she was tired of her round of cooking, serving, and washing-up.

She let her hand fall idly into the cool water of the pan, and stared at the dust floating in the sunlight.

The cook called hoarsely from the kitchen: "Annie!"

"What're ye at?" "Peelin' potatoes." "What's makin' ye so noisy?"

"Why don't ye sing no more these days?" The voice was querulous.

Annie poised a potato to her knife and blushed to the tips of her ears. "It's too warm," she said.

"The girl don't reply; and the cook, after grumbling to herself for a while, resigned herself to a stifled silence.

know it is," she persisted, at the girl's listless denial. "It's bad weather for young blood. Me own could skull's spittin' like the shell of a hard-boiled egg."

Annie went. In the little bedroom that opened off the kitchen, she stretched herself flat on her back and lay stiff.

The cook muttered over her work: "Please God 't will let up a bit 'nigh."

"The city baked its bricks and stones in a scorching sunlight all the afternoon, till the streets were as hot and dry as a kiln."

Annie came white from her room. She blundered from pan to pan in the fat-smoke of the kitchen, helping the cook.

Mary took the kitchen rocking chair and carried it out resolutely to the area. "As sure 's my name's Mary McShane, I've promised herself, 'I'll break the back o' that boy, Jawn! Here's Saturday night, an' no sight o' 'm since this day we've 'm come now. Let 'm come. I'll give 'm a piece o' me mind."

There was a fluttering of white skirts here and there on the porches across the road, where some boarders were sitting out; men dragged past with their straw hats in their hands and their coats on their arms.

She was awakened by an insistent "I say, Cook! Cook!" and started up to see the young man whom she knew as "Mr. Beatty of the top-floor room."

"Annie?" she gasped, wide awake. "Saints in Hiven!"

"Oh, it's nothing," he laughed. "She seemed to be acting rather strangely. Anything wrong?"

"She put her hands up to rub her eyes in a pretense of sleepiness. "Ye soart the heart o' me," she evaded him. "I was dreamin'."

"Annie?" she said. "Sure, she's worried, poor girl, be the heat. She's not well. She's not well, at all."

"Well," he replied, "she seemed cool enough just now. She went out to answer the door bell for her. I was sitting on the steps, having a smoke."

"Gone out? Gone out, is she? Ay, indeed, thin!" She settled back in her chair. "She must've gone out to meet that Jawn o' hers. To be sure! That's it, to be sure. I thought 'twas sick she was. How 're ye standin' the heat yerself?"

Her voice was transparent, sly. He sat down on the window sill, amused. "Not so bad. But this is hotter than Ireland cook."

"Ireland?" She made an exaggerated gesture of despair. "Ireland!" She folded her hands in an eloquent resignation. "I was just dreamin' I was back to it. A w, dear, dear! Will I never forget it!"

"Would you like to go back?" "Me?" she cried sharply. "Sure, what fer? What's to go back to? Naw, naw. Whin ye're old there's no goin' back to the young days—except while ye sleep. An' 'tis the sorry wakin' ye have."

"That's the true," he said to humor her. "It's a bit of a dodderin' old man with no teeth to grip yer pipe to." She nodded at a memory of her own grandfather, drowsing before the heat fire of an evening, under the soot blackened beams of the kitchen, with his pipe upside down in his mouth.

Beatty smiled. The talk of this old woman of the basement's underworld—with her plaintive Irish intonation and her comic Irish face and her amusing Irish "touchiness"—was as good as a play to him. "How long have you been out?"

"Long enough to learn better. Forty year an' more."

"Well, why did you come then?" She tried on him. "God know! Why did I? Why did Annie gurl? Well may ye ask! She tossed her head resentfully. "Because roasted potatoes an' good butter-milk were too poor for proud stummicks. Becas we wud be rich, as they tol' us we wud, here in Ameriky. An' what are we? The sayings o' the town, livin' in cellars, servin' thin that pays in the money that we came fer, an' gettin' none o' the fair words an' kindness we left behind. Sure at home they're more neighborly to the brute beasts than y' are here to the humans." She looked out at the stifling street. "We're strangers in a strange land, as Father Tierney says. We're a joke to yez, an' that's the best ye'll ever make of us."

end scarce get me clo's off me to git into bed, an' ay layin' a-wake weepin' an' smilin' together all night long to think of it. That's the sort o' fool I was. Th' angle jus' come to Hiven were no happier. I was come to th' ither place before I was done with him. . . . Poor Annie! Poor gurl!"

He looked at her, silent and ashamed. She wiped her cheeks with her apron and sighed under a load of anxiety for Annie. He tried to think of something to say in apology and reassurance; and glancing from her, at a loss, he saw a dark figure climbing the stone steps, silhouetted against a street light. "There!" he whispered. "Isn't that—Yes it is. She's coming back. She hasn't met him. . . . That's all right now. You musn't let her go out again."

"Thank Hiven," the cook said fervently. "I been keepin' her from goin' out with him any night these four weeks. She's a mere child, raited in innocency. 'Twas not like her to steal out so."

"There must be something wrong with her," he suggested. "There is that," she said. "There's somethin' wantin' to her an' she'll niver find it in this town, though she seek it liver so. A home of her own back o' the board-trees—an' a dip o' bog fer to plant her pitaly slips in—an' a scraw fer her fire an' her man toastin' his big feet at it, an' the baby crawlin' between the legs o' his chair, an' the neighbors doppin' in to gressip an' spit in the blaze—she'll niver find it here! Niver, if she has my look! An' it's powerful small satisfaction she'll git of servin' home to thim that has it, tellin' thim the big wages she earns an' sendin' thim money to Christmas—powerful small!"

While she had been talking, Beatty had seen a policeman stop to look up at the door and then saunter back toward his street corner. And Beatty was still frowning watchfully at the steps when he heard the cook say, "What've ye been to, Annie?"

He turned to the girl standing behind the grated basement door. "In a thick, blurred voice, fumbling slowly over her words, she replied: "Is that—is that—Jawn?" And Beatty's pipe clicked suddenly on his teeth.

"No, 'tis not," the cook answered. "Go back to yer bed. He'll not come to night now. 'Tis too late."

"Is it?" she asked, in the simple tones of a child. "Is it too late, Mary?" "It is that. Go to bed gurl. Ye're tired out."

"Oh?" she said softly. "It's too late," and she disappeared in the darkness. Beatty caught a quick breath. "W—what is it? What's the matter?"

The cook answered wearily: "I've told yez, sor, but ye'll not understand."

"But there's something wrong with her," he said huskily. "That's not her natural voice."

"Let her be, boy," she replied. "Her trouble's come to her. We can do naught fer her now." She smiled, more gently: "We're like a new set o' wheels, sor. 'Tis best to let us go off to our selves and lick thim. . . . She'll be quiet now. . . . It must've been down town this day."

"Yes," he sighed. "I thought—I thought perhaps the heat had affected her. The papers are full of deaths and prostrations."

She nodded and nodded. After a silence, she said: "No doubt. The heat, too. Are y' a New York born?"

He cleared his throat to answer: "No, a Canadian. An exile, like yourself."

"Ay," she said. "This is a great town fer young men. Ye get yer chaunc here."

He did not reply, and she did not speak again. For a long time, they sat silent. Then they began to talk in low tones of anything but the thoughts that were in both their minds, until a stealthy rattle at the basement door brought them around with a start to see Annie, all in white, fumbling at the latch. She got the door open and drifted out into the light, bare-footed. Beatty stiffened at the sight of her face.

The cook started up and caught her by the arm. She swung unsteadily. "That's me money," she said tonelessly; and Beatty heard the ring of coins on the area paving.

"Annie! Annie!" the cook cried. "An' that's me purse," she said, dropping it.

The cook threw her arms about her. "Annie! Annie! What's this fer? What ails ye, gurl? What's this fer? What ails ye, gurl?"

She put a hand down to loosen the cook's arm from her side. "'Twill burn ye," she said. "Me heart's all afire there, like the picture." A bit of silver fell from her sleeve and tinkled at her feet. She looked down at it. "I put it by fer Jawn."

She began to stammer: "W—what did I do fer her? Why, to be sure, I—I—"

"Take me to her," he ordered. "She gave Beatty a look of hate and despair and led into the kitchen. Beatty did not follow. He headed himself against the old marble mantle of the dining room, and mopped his face and neck weakly with his handkerchief."

When the doctor reappeared, he ordered: "Call an ambulance. Believe me, hospital. Be quick, now! Be quick!"

Beatty edged slowly to the door. "I won't!" he gasped, and ran up-stairs and locked himself in his room.

"You'll have to get your breakfast at a restaurant, Mr. Beatty," Mrs. Henry, the boarding-house mistress told him next morning. "My cook has left me."

The shrugged her shoulders and shook her head. "The maid that waits on the table took ill last night. She was delirious—out of her mind—positively violent when the ambulance came for her. The doctor ordered it. I couldn't keep her here. How could I? Who's to look after her here? The work has to be done, and—"

"How is she?" he interrupted. "She had a sun-stroke or I don't know what it was, but I don't know what it was. It must've been a stroke. We had an awful scene."

"How is she?" "Well," she said, in a sort of defiance, "she died early this morning in the hospital. . . . And Mary?" she cried, "accuses me of murdering her. And she packed up her trunk and left at six o'clock this morning, with her eyes waiting for her wages. I never heard of such a thing as the most absurd!"—She laughed brokenly. "These Irish servant girls—"

He looked away with a sickly smile. "I know," he said. "I know."—By Harvey J. O'Higgins, in McClure's Magazine.

The Famines in Russia. To the other misfortunes which have overtaken the people of Russia must be added the dreadful visitation of famine. Once in a while during the past year some intimation of the crop failures and suffering in various provinces of Russia has reached the outer world; but the evil for aid has been neither loud nor persistent. The reason may be that the poor mujik has gotten so used to hunger as to regard it as something not worth talking about; it may be that communications respecting the famine have been stopped, and the frontier "officials" reason. The area covered by the famine embraces 23 out of the 49 provinces of European Russia. The number of persons affected is one-fifth the entire population of Russia, say 20,000,000.

From a communication of the United Zemstvos Famine Relief Organization, of Moscow, which is signed by Prince Trubetzkoy among others, the following is an extract, giving a harrowing picture of what the Russian peasants have to endure ordinarily and in starvation times:

The Russian people are starving. Do the enlightened civilizations of the West understand what that means? Let us visit the dwelling of a peasant in the central zone of Russia—a sort of huge knell, with crooked sides, all ash, half buried in snow. The windows are barely visible; they have been covered with piled up manure to keep out the cold; the roof is of rotten straw, half torn away already, either to feed the stove or to provide fodder for the cattle; the eaves have been hacked off for fuel.

You open the door into this izba, and are at once enveloped in a suffocating steam, and stench abominable. In the dim light filtering through the frozen-up panes of the tiny window you discern an enormous stove, which occupies the best part of the interior, and the smoke is creeping in sooty wreaths about the walls and ceiling. In the space of a very few cubic feet lives at least one peasant family, and very often two or three families. From the top of the stove peep out the dirty, careworn faces of the elder children, clad in rags; a young lad, who ought to be at school, is crouching in a corner because he has no clothes that will keep out the cold; here, too, the smaller farm-yard animals find a place—the pigs, the lambs and the litter of pigs. All these living organisms herd together for the warmth of their own bodies, for there is hardly any fuel to burn. And all the while outside the izba a blizzard is raging with a temperature of 10 degrees below zero.

Of the food there is nothing to say; at the best of times they eat only black bread washed down with a thin gruel made with a handful of grain or a few potatoes. But when famine comes upon the district their sufferings are too terrible for words. Statistics show that in famine years the peasants lose 71 per cent. of their cows and smaller farm stock. Epidemics spread apace; the so-called hunger-typhus, scarlatina, diphtheria. The death rate becomes appalling, with those that remain alive ate weaklings all their days. There is no milk for the babes, the sight of whose pale, consumptive faces and limbs no thicker than a knotted whip-lash sends a shudder through the frame of the unaccustomed visitor. The peasant parts with his horse last of all, and in order to keep alive this chief instrument of his labor leaves half-eaten his own swains a morsel of black bread. But the inevitable moment comes at last, and it comes to many men at about the same time, so that the price is never more than its hide will fetch. Greedy barpies of dealers watch and wait for this moment, and the peasant who holds out too long cannot sell his horse at any price, and has to kill with his own hand his last hope of making a livelihood. Who shall say that this bitter blow of the knife has not more force in driving the peasant to rebellion than all the argument of the professional agitator! On the one side nothing but suffering, and on the other a mere drop in the ocean of tears and despair—Philadelpha Record.

Does Steel Grow Tired? An interesting problem, often discussed, is whether iron or steel becomes changed in its properties by what is termed "fatigue." Most probably, according to R. A. Hatfield, says Engineering, it does not, if the material is, in the first or original, state properly prepared. Failures, so-called of this kind are generally owing to the steel possessing either internal flaws, which are often only detected by an examination of its micro-structure, or that it has not been in the proper condition when sent out to the user. So-called "mysterious failures" are generally due to improper heat treatment, and are quite apparent when adequately investigated. A recent writer states that after long experience, he has found steel does not change by fatigue—that is, under ordinary working loads; "once tight, always tight," is his explanation. This investigator took a large number of specimens that had been many years in use, some having given satisfactory, some unsatisfactory results, and he detected no difference or breakdown in the mechanical qualities. Probably this conclusion is correct. At Watertown Arsenal, the official testing department of the American Government, interesting tests have been made upon iron, which had been submitted to severe mechanical treatment 23 years ago—that is it had been stressed close up to the elastic limit and then laid on one side. No change in quality could be detected. The characteristics of the earlier overstrained condition produced by the loads applied so long before still remained.

Zebra to Draw Street Cars. Street cars in Zanzibar are to be drawn by domesticated zebras, according to the Railway and Engineering Review. Lord Howard de Walden, proprietor of a 40,000-acre zebra farm in Uganda, Africa, has received an order for 40 of the animals for this purpose. The zebra is stated to have some advantages over the mule for the work in question. He endures the climate better and is stronger, and is immune from the attacks of the tsetse fly.

Cured Blind. "I wish my husband would not stay out at night," said the little woman. "Cure him," said her companion, "as a woman I know cannot let her husband, who used to stay out every night. One night he came in very late, or rather, very early, about 3 o'clock in the morning. He came home very quietly. In fact, he took off his shoes on the front doorstep. Then he unlocked the door and went cautiously and slowly upstairs on tiptoe, holding his breath. But light was streaming through the keyhole of the door of the bedroom. With a sigh, he paused. Then he opened the door and entered. His wife stood by the bureau fully dressed. "I didn't expect you'd be sitting up for me, my dear," she said. "I just came in myself."

Presence of Mind. Mme. Rachel, the great actress, was resting alone in her dressing room one night preparatory to going on the stage when a man suddenly entered and, drawing a dagger, said he was going to kill her if she did not at once consent to marry him. The actress saw at a glance that the man was mad and meant what he said. So with the most coolness she replied: "Certainly I will marry you. I wish nothing better. Come with me to the priest at once. I have had him come here for the purpose." She took his arm, and they went out together—to where there was assistance, of course, and the man was immediately put under arrest.—Philadelphia Record.

Cigar Smoke and Love. In Siam the lighting of a cigar indicates a betrothal. In that country a person wishing to become betrothed to the girl of his choice offers her a flower or takes a light from a cigar or a cigarette if she happens to have one in her mouth, and thereupon, provided there is no impediment in the birth months and years of the respective parties, steps are at once taken to arrange for the payment of the dowry. The families of the bride and bridegroom have each to provide at least \$1,000. In California, as in certain parts of India, a lighted taper or a lighted pipe betokens the acceptance of the suitor for the hand of a lady in marriage. In Siberia it is the custom that when a suitor has been accepted by a girl she presents him with a box of cigars and a pair of slippers as a sign that he is to be master in the house.

An Oddity in Toes and Digits. There is one curious fact respecting the animal creation with which you will never become acquainted if you depend on your text books for information. It is this: No living representative of the animal kingdom has more than five toes, digits or claws to each foot, hand or limb. The horse is the type of one toed creation; the camel of the two toed; the rhinoceros of the three toed and the hippopotamus of four toed animal life. The elephant and hundreds of other animals belonging to different orders belong to the great five toed tribe.

Fame. Stranger (in Vienna)—Then this is the hotel which Beethoven used to frequent! I say, waiter, can you not show me the table at which Beethoven used to sit? Waiter—Beethoven? Stranger—Why, he's very often came here! Waiter (betinking himself)—Ah, yes! The gentleman is out of town.

Useless Labor. Teacher—Johnny, I don't believe you have studied your geography. Johnny—No, mum. I heard pa say the map of the world was changin' every day, an' I thought I'd wait a few years till things got settled.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Natural Privileges. "It is a physical impossibility to keep a watering place exclusive." "Why so?" "Because there anybody who pleases can be in the swim."—Baltimore American.

Such a Temper. His Wife—But I don't think, George, that you ought to object to matzama. Why, just think, if it hadn't been for her you would never have had me! Her Husband—Huh! Don't try to excuse her by saying that. You make me hate her worse than ever.—Modern Society.

Doing Their Best. "Didn't I understand you to say they keep a servant girl?" "Certainly not. I said they try to. As soon as one goes they get another."—Philadelphia Press.

Speech is too often not, as the Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing thought, but of quite stifling and suspending thought, so that there is none to conceal.—Carlyle.

ROMAN MILLIONAIRES. The Phenomenon of Mammoth Fortunes Not a New Thing. While it is not a very tangible consolation to those of us who belong to the less favored class commercially, there is at least a sort of historic comfort in knowing that the phenomenon of mammoth fortunes is not a new thing. A magazine writer goes back to ancient Rome, when there were no railroads or trusts or corporations, and gives some figures on the individual fortunes of that day which might look attractive even to some of our modern plutocrats. Seneca, the philosopher and author, was worth \$17,500,000; Lentulus, the augur, \$16,000,000; Crassus, the politician who formed with Caesar and Pompey the first triumvirate, had a landed estate of more than \$8,000,000; the emperor Tiberius left a fortune of \$118,000,000, which the depraved Caligula got rid of in less than a year. A dozen others had possessions that ran into the millions. It is true that these Romans did not "make" these fortunes in what we would call regular commercial operations. But they got the money, and they held on to it, which is about all that can safely be said of possessions that run into seven figures in any age or country. And, speaking of campaign contributions and so forth, Julius Caesar once presented the consul Paulus with \$200,000 merely as a token of esteem and coupled with the hope that Paulus would do the right thing in a certain political matter that was pending. The argument was effective with Paulus, and neither he nor Caesar suffered any in popularity. There are many things under the sun that are not new.—Omaha World-Herald.

NAILED TO THE CROSS. The Two Thieves That Were Crucified With the Saviour. In nine out of ten pictures of the crucifixion where Christ's two companions in death are represented they are pictured as having been fastened to the cross with thongs or cords. The question naturally arises, Were the thieves in reality bound to their different instruments of torture while the blessed Saviour was nailed to his? And, if so, which mode of death was considered the more ignominious—blinding or nailing? The remoteness of the event and the fact that in this case historical truth may have been sacrificed to pictorial effect make the above questions hard ones to answer. The early writers almost invariably refer to the thieves as having been nailed to the cross, while the early picture makers adhered to the general rule of representing them as having been tied or bound to their separate crosses. If we are to give any credence to the story of the holy Empress Helen and her reputed discovery of the three crosses in the year 328 A. D., the two thieves were nailed to their crosses in a manner similar to that observed in the crucifixion of the Saviour. This conclusion has been settled upon for this reason: When the three crosses were disinterred from the mound in which tradition said they had been buried, that upon which Christ had suffered was only distinguished from the other two by the miracles it performed. This would certainly suffice to prove that all three of the instruments of torture bore similar nail marks and that the tradition of Christ being the only one nailed was not known at that time.—St. Louis Republic.

First Matrimonial Agency. The title "Matrimonial Agencies and Advertisements" ought to attract attention in our time, when requests for marriage fill the journals in the form of gross or lewd and sometimes serious announcements. That may seem to be a new phenomenon of modern life, yet M. Henri d'Almeida in La Revue Hebdomadaire says the real originator of this industry was one Villame. In the last days of the empire he set up in Paris a sort of universal agency, which would supply furnished apartments, domestics, wives and husbands.—Journal de St. Petersburg.

The Tally Stick. An old time way of proving one's right to the payment of money loaned was by tally sticks. A plain stick was used, and when a man loaned a sum a stick was broken, and the creditor and debtor each took a part. When the time for payment came the man who had the stick which fitted exactly to the stick held by the creditor received the money. Two sticks never break in exactly the same shape, so there was never any dispute about who had a right to the money.

Their Reward. Dr. Strachan, bishop of Toronto, was waived upon by two churchwardens, who complained that their clergyman wore his congregation by repeating the same sermon. He had preached it twelve times. The bishop asked for the text. Neither of the churchwardens could remember. "Go back," said the bishop sternly, "and ask your clergyman to preach the sermon once more and then come back and tell me the text."

Installments. Bacon—Did you ever get anything on the installment system? Egbert—Yes; I got my household that way. First I got my wife, then her father and mother and now I'm getting her brothers and sisters.

Extreme views are never just. Something always turns up which disturbs the calculations founded on their data.—Tancred.