

MIRACLES.

It was winter in all the world. The meadows in miniver. When I leaped my ear to a south hillside And heard the rootlets stir: All Earth was thrilling and murmuring Like the shell-song of the Sea. And I heard the breathing and whispering Of things beginning to be. And the million voices of the grass Saying: "We, too, shall be coming to pass."

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon, Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD BLAKE," etc.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"But even from a money point of view, mother, such a position as this is not to be despised. If my services are satisfactory, I can get \$4.75 or even five dollars a week, and my board and lodging and washing and other incidentals thrown in. Suppose I had a position as a stenographer in one of the offices downtown. I could not possibly command over \$30 a month. Out of that take my board, lodging, washing, clothes, etc. And I could not possibly save out of it over ten dollars a month. Whereas, working out at service, I could save twice that much in actual wages. If I go into Bondman's store, for instance, as a sales clerk, I cannot get over five dollars a week, out of which I must board, lodge and dress myself. Mother, I have thought it all out, and I feel that I must go in answer to this advertisement. I don't mind the social stigma. I do mind the bitterness of living in idleness at home. Let me do something useful if it is only for a little while. I am sure a servant can be useful."

"It is a dreadful thought to me, Barbara," said Mrs. Clark with a sigh. "I never dreamed that a child of mine would ever be a 'hired girl!'" "Say 'servant,' mother. 'Servant' is a noble word. Christ was a servant. Don't you remember Dr. Law's sermon on that word last Sunday?" The girl spoke lightly, not knowing herself the depth of the truth she stated, and yet her mother started and shrank back almost as if the words were sacrilege. It is possible, however, that the older woman caught some glimpse of that great Light in the social life of men; for, when she spoke again, it was with a yielding to Barbara's wish that was new to her.

"I don't understand you, Barbara. If only the money that your father saved for your education had been more wisely invested, we might—but it is too late to think of that now. It is the thought that you are throwing away your preparation for life on something beneath you that makes me oppose this. But if you do go from this other motive, that changes matters somewhat."

"Of course it does, mother! Let me go. I should not be happy to go without your consent. I will do this: I will go for a trial. This is probably the only way I can go, anyhow. But, if after a reasonable time I find it is impossible for me to continue, if even my dream of any possible service to society turns out to be ridiculous or foolish, I will come back and—and—be a burden to you again, mother, until I find out what I am good for in this world."

"It is only on some such condition that I am at all willing to have you take this step, Barbara," said her mother, reluctantly, as Barbara rose and stood up by her for a moment in silence. She suddenly stooped and kissed her mother, and then walked over to the window and looked at her watch.

"After six. I might as well go right over there now."

"They will ask you for references," the mother spoke up, nervously, already doubting the wisdom of the whole affair.

Barbara resolutely gathered up her courage.

"I have Prof. White's letter—the Chautauqua summer, mother, I can take those." Barbara referred to a summer's experience when in company with several seniors from the college she had served as a head waiter and housekeeper at a large hotel in a state Chautauqua assembly.

"They are good as far as they go." "Yes, mother, and I am sure they will go far enough in this case. This family—" Barbara picked up the paper and read the advertisement again to get the street number correctly—"is in crying need of help. They will not drive me away without a trial, references or no references."

Mrs. Clark did not reply, but looked and felt very anxious.

It might have a most serious effect on her future.

"This will leave me alone here, Barbara," she said as Barbara put on her hat.

"I think I can arrange to come home evenings," said Barbara, thoughtfully. "We will settle it all right somehow, mother," she added with a cheerful courage she did not altogether possess. For since her mother's consent she had begun to realize a little more deeply what she was about to do.

"I hope so, dear," was the mother's answer, and then quite naturally she began to cry silently.

Barbara went up to her at once, and said: "Dear mother, believe it is all going to be for the best. I must be a breadwinner. Give me your blessing as if I were a knight of the olden time going out to fight a dragon."

"Bless you, dear girl," said Mrs. Clark, smiling through her tears, and Barbara kissed her silently, and then quickly walked out of the room as if afraid of changing her resolution.

Barbara Clark was not an extraordinary girl in the least. She was a girl with a quick, bright mind, positive in her convictions, with impulses that were generous and sympathetic, with very little self-esteem, affectionate towards her friends and ambitious to do and be something. It seemed very strange to her that out of all her class in college she was one of half a dozen who had not been able to secure a position even of a secondary character in any school. Her father's death had left her and her mother alone in the world except for a few distant relatives in the west. Influences that might have secured a place for her were not used owing to a compulsory change of residence to another city caused by Mr. Clark's business failures. The intimate circle of close friends that had surrounded the Clarks during prosperity was changed for the cold wideness of a strange city lacking in personal friendliness. And Barbara and her mother had passed several weeks in Crawford, practically unknown, and with the growing consciousness that the little legacy and the insurance money were being drained seriously without hope of replenishing from any source so far as Barbara was concerned.

The girl's longing to be a breadwinner had driven her into many difficult places. Under some conditions she would have gone at once into one of the great mercantile houses of Crawford as one of its great army of saleswomen. But at that time of the year every position was filled, except a few places that did not offer anything but starvation wages under conditions that Mrs. Clark positively would not allow Barbara to accept so long as there was the slightest hope of the girl finding an opportunity to teach. So for several weeks Barbara had been, as she said, not unkindly, eating her bread at home in bitterness, because no one seemed to need her in the great world, where the struggle for existence seemed to her to be a struggle that made any other existence more and more impossible.

It was therefore not without a positive feeling of relief that Barbara Clark now hurried on to No. 36 Hamilton street to secure the position of "hired girl" in a family of five, entire strangers to her; and she smiled a little to herself at the thought of her



"I HAVE COME IN ANSWER TO YOUR ADVERTISEMENT."

anxiety lest a number of other girls should have been before her and secured the place.

"I am in a hurry to look into the jaws of my dragon," she said, as she turned the corner into Hamilton street. "I do hope he will not swallow me down at one mouthful before I have had a blow at him with my—my—broomstick," she added, not caring whether the metaphor were exact or not.

She paused a moment when she reached No. 36, and was pleased to note that the house was not too large nor too small.

"Just an average family, I hope. Well, here goes," she said, under her breath, as she rang the bell. She had studied Latin and Greek at Mount Holyoke, but "Here goes" was all she could think of to express her courage at that moment. After all, "Here goes" may be as good a battle cry as any other to alarm a dragon, especially if back of the short cry is a silent prayer for strength, such as Barbara offered up at that moment.

There was no immediate answer to her ring and she rang again. Then there was the patter of a child's step in the hall and the door was opened.

"Is your mamma at home?" Barbara asked with a smile. The child did not answer at once, and Barbara took the liberty of stepping into the hall, still smiling at the child, who continued to look at her gravely. If dragons are to be met, why not with a smile?

"Will you please tell your mamma

I would like to see her? Tell her I have come to see if she wants a—

"A hired girl?" asked Carl suddenly, for it was he.

"Yes," continued Barbara, smiling; "tell her a hired girl wants to see her."

"All right," said Carl, slowly. He left Barbara standing awkwardly in the hall and started upstairs to call his mother. Near the top he met her coming down.

"Another one of those girls," began Carl, in a good, sturdy voice; but his mother said: "Hush," and in a tired manner ordered him to go back upstairs and stay with Lewis until she came up.

She came down and met Barbara in the hall. There were two chairs there, and Mrs. Ward sat down, saying: "Won't you take a seat?" looking at Barbara closely as she did so.

"Thank you," said Barbara, quietly. "I have come in answer to your advertisement in the evening news."

"Yes," said Mrs. Ward, slowly. "Are you—do you think you can do our work?"

"I think so," replied Barbara, modestly.

"Can you take charge and go on without being told how to do every little thing?" Mrs. Ward asked somewhat sharply. She was silent, but rapidly, noting everything about Barbara's face and dress and manner.

"Yes, ma'am, I think I can, after learning your ways."

"Your name?"

"Barbara Clark. I live with my mother on Randolph street, two blocks from here."

"You have worked out before?" Mrs. Ward was beginning to note the quiet refinement of the girl, and her first thought was a suspicion of Barbara.

"No, I have never worked out as a servant in a private family. I have been a waiter and cook and housekeeper one summer season at Lake View Chautauqua. The only references I have are from Prof. White, who had charge of the assembly that year."

"Prof. Carrol Burns White?"

"Yes, ma'am. Of Waldeau academy."

"He was my son Alfred's teacher there. His reference would be enough." Mrs. Ward spoke eagerly, looking at Barbara even more keenly.

"But you are not a—servant girl?"

"I am, if you decide to take me," replied Barbara, calmly.

Mrs. Ward looked at the girl thoughtfully. "I do not think—you are not of the class of servants I am used to. May I ask, is it—may I ask how you came to be seeking this work?"

"Certainly," replied Barbara, cheerfully. "I have tried to secure other places, and have failed. I think I can suit you as a servant. I—"

Barbara hesitated. She thought if she tried to say anything about her studies in social economics, or the adventure of this plan, as she had only vaguely dreamed it herself, she might not be understood. Better wait and let that develop naturally. So she stopped suddenly and sat looking at Mrs. Ward quietly.

Mrs. Ward hesitated also. It was an unusual situation. The girl had given enough evidence of being all right, especially if Prof. White's recommendation was a good one. At the same time, there was a great risk in hiring a person of Barbara's evident education and refinement. How far would she want to become one of the family? What relations would have to be established between her and the mistress?

But Mrs. Ward was thoroughly tired out with a succession of disappointments in experiences with girls who were incompetent, ungrateful and dishonest. The suggestion to her mind of a good, honest, capable woman in kitchen and house who could relieve her of the pain of daily drudgery was a suggestion of such relief that she knew it came to her that her decision was almost made up to take Barbara even if the circumstances in the girl's life were strange and unusual. Barbara suddenly helped her to make the decision final.

"Of course, I am ready to be taken on trial. At the end of a week or a month, if you are not satisfied, I shall expect you to say so, and that will end it."

"How much do you expect a week?" Mrs. Ward asked, slowly.

Barbara colored. She had never been asked the question before.

"I don't know. Perhaps you cannot tell until you find out how much I am worth to you."

"I will begin on that," replied Barbara, quietly. "Now, of course, if I come, you will let me know exactly what my duties are, so that there may be no mistakes on my part."

Barbara had a good deal of shrewd business sense inherited from her father.

"Of course," replied Mrs. Ward, almost sharply.

"About my staying in the house—" began Barbara. "I would much prefer to go home at night, to be with my mother."

"I don't think that can be managed." Mrs. Ward spoke with some irritation. "I shall need you in the evening very often."

"We can arrange that after I come." Barbara spoke gently again. "That is, if I am to come."

"Yes—yes"—Mrs. Ward looked at Barbara very sharply—"yes, you can come on trial; I am glad to get anyone."

doubtfully. It was one woman's sympathy for another spoken in four short words, but the older woman had had her faith in servants so rudely broken so many times that she could not at once accept the sympathy as real. She kept coldly silent as Barbara rose.

"I will bring Prof. White's letters then."

"Mamma," cried Carl, at that moment appearing at the head of the stairs, "Lewis wants to know if that hired girl is going to—"

There was a muffled cry from the bedroom upstairs as Carl suddenly disappeared, dragged back into the room by the older brother. Barbara smiled, and said "Good night," and went out, saying to herself as she went down the steps: "After all, the dragon was not so bad as I feared. I feel rather sorry for the dragon keeper. Mrs. Ward herself," on whose character and probable behavior, together with that of her family, Barbara gravely dwelt as she walked home.

She grew quite animated as she told her mother the story of her adventures so far. The matter of staying with her mother evenings was a subject of earnest discussion. Both agreed that it must be managed if possible. Barbara went over the interview and gave her mother the best possible picture of Mrs. Ward.

"I am sure we shall get on very well. She is a tired-out woman, irritable because of her nerves. But I am sure she is a good woman when she is well," Barbara concluded, innocently. "The children will bother me, I have no doubt. But I know I can get on. I saw only one child. He has a roguish face, but not bad at all. Oh, the dragon is not what he's painted, mother."

"Not yet," said Mrs. Clark, in prophecy.

"No, not yet," answered Barbara, cheerfully. She felt almost light-hearted to think she had a position, even if it was only that of a servant.

[To Be Continued.]

MUST HAVE BEEN NATURAL.

The Humorous Compliment of Bishop Wilmer to an Atrocious Piano Player.

One of the most kind-hearted men in the world was the late Bishop Joseph P. Wilmer, of Louisiana, says a southern exchange. He could not hurt the feelings of the humblest mortal. He was once traveling in England with his cousin, Bishop Richard Wilmer, when an incident occurred which shows Bishop Joseph's readiness in a trying situation. The two bishops were being entertained by a gentleman who thought his wife had all the musical talent and accomplishment that any human being can possess. He insisted upon a specimen of her performance. The two apostolic cousins stood near the piano. Bishop Richard, recognizing that a compliment would be necessary and difficult to make, quietly stepped back, as most men do on such occasions, leaving the position of honor to Bishop Joseph, wondering what the end would be after "the assault upon the ivory keys" might suddenly terminate in an awkward selah.

Bishop Joseph, like a self-possessed woman, with dignity and sweetness of thought, spoke to the hungry soul of the adoring husband:

"Is that touch of your wife natural or acquired?"

"Oh, it is perfectly natural," replied the delighted spouse.

"I thought it was," said the bishop, "for I don't think such a touch could be acquired."

A Faithful Bird Mate.

When the British steamship Saxoline arrived at Wilmington, Del., recently, the sailors showed to the government officials, with a great deal of pride, a cage in which were confined two white birds. It appears that when the vessel, which sailed last from Certe, France, was in mid-ocean, a white heron flew against the rigging with such force as to break its wing, and causing it to fall to the deck. One of the crew immediately took the helpless bird, dressed its injuries and placed it in a cage which happened to be on board. With the heron at the time of the accident was its mate, and when the injured bird was placed in the cage, the other hovered about and would not leave the ship. For several days it remained, and then the sailors finally opened the cage. The uninjured bird immediately joined its wounded mate and the two remained perfectly contented in their confined quarters. The touching incident made great pets of the two birds, and from captain down to cook the men on board the ship looked after the comfort of the herons and during the vessel's stay at Wilmington took delight in escorting visitors to the cage.—Golden Days.

Two Views.

Different sermons may be preached from the same text, and there may be more or less of truth in each of them.

"Here is an account," said Mr. Morse, pointing to a paragraph in the evening paper, "of the way in which a boy was saved from drowning by a mastiff which belonged to his cousin. The boy ventured too near the edge of a treacherous bank, lost his footing and fell into the lake. The dog dashed in after him and succeeded in pulling him out."

"There," said Mrs. Morse, turning an accusing glance upon her ten-year-old son, "that shows how dangerous it is for a boy to go too near the water!"

"Why, mother," said the boy in sorrowful astonishment, "I thought father read it because it showed how perfectly safe I'd be wherever I went, if you'd only let him buy me a big dog!"

Mr. Morse coughed, and became discreetly absorbed in the quotations of mining stocks.—Youth's Companion.

IN THE KAISER'S COUNTRY.

Things Which You Must Not Do If You Are a Resident of His Domain.

There are many things you must not do if you live under Emperor William. Following are some of the restrictions in Berlin, enumerated in the late G. W. Steevens's book just published, entitled "Glimpses of Three Nations:"

"You must not hang beds or clothes out of windows so that they can be seen from the street. You must not feed horses in streets where there is not room for two vehicles to pass, and in others only with the consent of the occupier opposite whose piece of pavement you are; you must watch the horse, and undo the traces while he is eating, and when he is done the occupier must clear up the spilt chaff. If you accidentally break a bottle or jug in the street you must carefully gather up the pieces and take them

He sent Vice President Hobart's Card to a Senator Instead of His Own.

A Baltimore newspaper man once came over to Washington to do some interviewing of public men, says a Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia North American. It was when Garret A. Hobart was vice president, and he called upon that distinguished New Jerseyan first. Then, with fear and trembling, he went to the residence of a senator who was noted for frigidity toward representatives of the press. He sent up his card and expected to be sent a curt refusal to be seen. What was his astonishment when the lackey came downstairs, bowed profoundly and said that Senator So-and-So would be down in just a minute, and would he be so good as to make himself at home meanwhile. In less than that time the

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THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.



Although but little over 50 years old, the duchess of Sutherland has secured a position of influence in England equalled by few of her countrywomen. She holds a high place as an author and philanthropist, and is a recognized leader in movements of a charitable nature. A recent fete at Stafford house, her home, illustrates her methods where charity is concerned. By charging \$15 admission fee and \$250 for the use of a table at supper she raised a small fortune for the English lifeboat fund. She is highly esteemed and honored by all classes of English society.

away. If you stand on the pavement you must leave room for other people to pass. After this it is rather an anticlimax to learn that you must not discharge firearms in the street, nor shoot with crossbows and blowpipes.

"If children make a noise in the street their parents can be punished, and 'rambling about in droves' is forbidden after dark. Dogs that annoy people by barking are forbidden, especially after ten; if you take your dog out then the nearest policeman bears down on you and wakes the streets with yells of 'That dog—must—not bark!'"

PRETTY MARRIAGE CUSTOM.

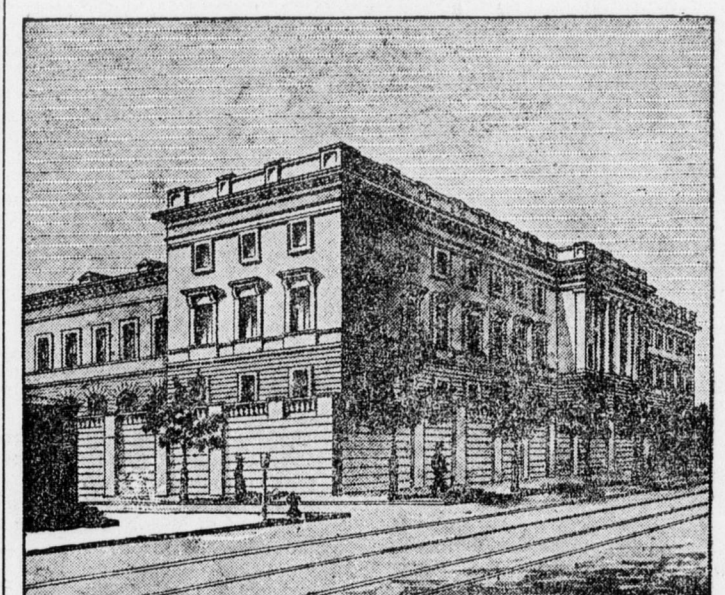
A pretty custom dating from the wedding of the late Queen Victoria, is that a sprig of myrtle which formed part of the bride's wreath was carefully

statesman came down the staircase at a pace that made the reporter fear for the safety of his limbs.

"Ah! Mr. Hobart, delighted to see you," he said, as he entered, with his hand outstretched, and before his eyes had become accustomed to the darkened parlor. Then, of a sudden, he drew himself up stiffly, fumbled in his waistcoat, pulled out the card that had been sent to him, and demanded: "What do you mean by this imposition, sir?" Like lightning it flashed on the newspaper man what had happened. He had, while in the vice president's room, inadvertently picked up one of Mr. Hobart's cards and had used it by mistake for one of his own. His apologies were ample, but the senator could not be induced to forgive that thrilling dash down the slippery staircase simply to accommodate a mere scribbler.

Silk Culture a Home Industry. A writer in the Philadelphia Times says that silk culture is not, and never

NEW UNITED STATES MINT AT PHILADELPHIA.



Uncle Sam's mint in Philadelphia has hitherto been housed in an antiquated stone structure of small proportions, but the new building, at Sixteenth and Spring Garden streets, is soon to be completed. It will be, both as regards exterior appearance and interior conveniences, the most perfect establishment of its kind in the world. It will be protected by an entirely new system of electrical alarms, and be absolutely fireproof from cellar to roof. It is intended by the treasury officials to make the coining of gold a specialty at the Philadelphia establishment.

cultured, and in due time planted out. When the princess royal was married sprigs were cut for her bridal wreath from this myrtle tree. The princess, following her mother's example, had one of the sprigs cared for till it became a full-sized tree, which served for her daughter-in-law's wreath at the wedding of the present emperor of Germany.

The custom was observed in the marriage of the prince of Wales and all other of Queen Victoria's children and grandchildren. There is already, as the result of this charming custom, the making of a grove of myrtle trees. Other customs attached to the marriages of the royal family relate to the bouquet and the wedding cake. Ever since the marriage of Queen Victoria a firm of Windsor florists have had the honor of presenting the one, a Chester confectioner finding the other, neither accepting payment.

A Bad Mussel. One Yarmouth mussel of deteriorated character contained no fewer than 3,000,000 of harmful bacteria, while the water in the shell was certified to contain 803,200 bacilli of the colon bacilli type, the forerunner of typhoid,