THE KNITTERS.

All hall to the little brown fingers
That pull the first biossoms of life,
And hall to the strong hand that lingers
To caim the hot pulses of strife!
But where, with the last light caressing
Their thin silver tresses, they sit,
Our hearts call down favor and blessing
Upon the old ladles that knit.

Their hands have long since dropped the

That age made too heavy to bear,
And peace and repose are the guerdon
That follows long labor and care.
Ambition has burned down to embers;
Hopes outgrow the old nest and flit.
Alone with the love that remembers
They sit by the fireside and knit.

Where now is the full mending-basket,

Where now is the full mending-basket,
Not empty one day in the year?

Speak gently and low as you ask it,
Lest the dulled ear bent near you should
hear.

For the children have grown and departed,
The work of the daylight is gone;
In the twilight of life, tender-hearted,
The knitters are waiting for dawn.

Full soon shall the light break above them Full soon shall the light break above them
That shines from the City of Rest.
Full soon shall we gather who love them,
To fold their frail hands on the breast.
Oh, evening of life, slow descending,
Rest gently upon each white head,
Till these fingers, the last stitches ending
Shall touch the first harp-strings in
stead.

-Curtis May, in Youth's Companion.

BORN TO SERVE

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

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CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

While her room was in process of Mrs. Clark was only partly reconciled to Barbara's choice of a career; and when, this particular night, after the news of Mr. Morton's coming, Barbara arrived quite early (having excused herself soon on the plea of being very tired), Mrs. Clark noted the signs of trouble in Barbara's face, and instantly questioned her about it.
"Your work is too hard, too con-

fining, my dear. It is not at all the vork for such a girl as you are, Barbara. It will kill you.

"No, mother, I don't think it will," Barbara replied, bravely.

"But I don't see what good it is do-ing to anyone. You are just slaving yourself to death like any ordinary servant. Your talents as a teacher are wasted. Your social position is gone. You have buried yourself in a kitchen. Of what use is it? You might be in the world like other people, with some opportunities to rise and make the most of yourself, whereas now you are shut out from all the ordinary social ambitions and accomplishments of other girls—" "Mother, don't, please," cried Bar-

bara, and then to her mother's surprise she suddenly broke down and

began to cry softly.
"There! I told you so! You are
all worn out!" said her mother, coming to her and putting a loving arm about her.

"No, mother, I am not very tired in body. I'm just a little bit discouraged to-night," Barbara declared; and after a few minutes' crying, with her head in her mother's lap, she began to talk cheerfully of her plans. She was going to see Mrs. Vane again. She thought she could in a little time get Hilda interested and add one or two more to the inner circle. They were very kind to her at the Ward's was very much like home there. They were making a new room for her, and enlarging her kitchen. Barbara spoke of this last with a playful reference to a laughing remark Ward had made while talking of the enlargement of the kitchen: "You can set apart this new corner for company, unless you will use the parlor when your beaux come to call." "I don't think I shall ever need it, mothyou are all the beau I want," added Barbara, gayly.

Her mother shook her head. "What company can you ever have, Barbara? You have forfeited all expectation of it by putting yourself into your present position. You are so situated that neither your inferiors nor your equals can meet with you socially. There is an impassable gulf between you and the young people of your own degree of education and refinement.

"Not necessarily, mother," Barbara stoutly protested. Perhaps a little unconsciously she was trying to give herself some hope. "Anyone for whom I might care as a friend in the social world would not be influenced by my position."

They couldn't help it, much as they might not wish to. Mrs. Ward is pow erless, Mrs. Vane with all her wealth and influence is powerless to give you any real standing in society. Try it

"I will," replied Barbara, as a plan occurred to her. "But, mother, why should I be shut out of any society I might choose to enter, simply becar I am doing good, honest, useful labor

with my hands?" "I do not think you ought to be shut out, of course. We have gone over the ground a hundred times. But your position does shut you out. It is not a

question of ought, but it does." "Anyone I might care for would not regard my position," said Barbara,

"Nevertheless, Barbara, you know as well as anyone that because you are a hired girl in Mrs. Ward's house you do not have the place in society that you would have if you taught school in Crawford. Why, even in the church it is clearly a fact that you cannot get the recognition that you would get if you were doing something

Barbara was silent. She was going over in memory the last few Sundays at Marble Square church. Since that first Sunday when she had gone with

except one. She would have been a very stupid girl if she had not noticed the difference between her reception by different ladies in the church and that given other young women. A few women to whom Mrs. Ward had warmly introduced her had treated her in every respect like anyone else, with neither a patronizing nor a hypo-

critical manner. She had been invited into a Bible by the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and had been welcomed without any notice taken of her position; but, as the weeks went by, she was simply ignored by the major ity of people to whom Mrs. Ward had introduced her. One invitation from a warm-hearted member of the class she had accepted, to take tea at her house; but her reception by other young ladies who met her there was not such as to encourage her to go again.

As far as the church was concerned, she found herself simply passed by. There was no uncivil or coarse contempt of her. There was simply an ignoring of her as a part of the Marble Square congregation. For various reasons she had not yet gone to the Endeavor society. It met on Sunday night before the preaching service, and so far she had reserved her Sunday nights as sacred to her mother, did not feel able to go out.

"I acknowledge what you say about the church, mother. But I may be partly to blame for it myself. I don't think the best people in Marble Square church think any the less of me for working as a servant."

"Maybe not, and yet even the best people are almost unconsciously influenced by social habits and tradi-tions. Why, even the minister is in-

"Morton," said Barbara, coloring; but her mother did not notice, as her eyes were very poor at night.

"This Mr. Morton, according to Mrs. Vane, is a remarkably good and sen sible and talented young man; but, if you were to join his church and be come a worker there, you could not expect him to ignore the fact that you were a servant girl. He could not even forget that fact when he was speaking to you.'

"I don't know why!" Barbara exclaimed almost sharply.

"I only used him as an illustration of any educated Christian gentleman anywhere," said Mrs. Clark, looking somewhat surprised at Barbara's exclamation.

"A Christian gentleman," replied Barbara in a low tone, "would not make any distinction between a servant girl and a school-teacher."

Mrs. Clark sighed. "It is useless

for me to argue with you, Barbara. You will probably learn all the bitterness of your position by painful facts. All the theories of social equality are beautiful, but very few of them amount to anything in the real world of society."

"I don't care for society!" exclaimed Barbara. "That is, for society represented by wealth and fashion. But I don't believe any real Christian will ever make any cruel or false distinction between different kinds of labor."
"It isn't that altogether," Mrs Clark wearily said, as if too tired to continue. "It's a difference in social instincts and social feelings that separates people. You will find it out



"YOU ARE ALL WORN OUT," SAID HER MOTHER.

from experience in time, I am afraid." work the next morning, it was with a resolution to do something that perhaps the talk with her mother bad suggested. In the afternoon she asked Mrs. Ward for leave to go and see Mrs. Vane, and it was readily

When she knocked at the door and Mrs. Vane heartily bade her enter, she was more excited than she had

been in a long time. "I want you to help me make a test, Mrs. Vane," Barbara said, as the old lady sat erect, confronting her and looking straight at her with those terrible eyes. Barbara, how-ever, did not fear them. She under-stood the character of Mrs. Vane thoroughly.

"Tell me all about it, dear," said Mrs. Vane.

Barbara went on, calming her excitement, but not her interest. When she was through Mrs. Vane "I am perfectly willing, else. Don't you yourself see that plainly enough?"

But I want to prove it for my-

"Very well," Mrs. Vane replied, with the nearest approach to a sigh Mrs. Ward she had been every week that Barbara had ever heard her people's names. It is such a pleasing panion.

utter, and Barbara finally departed flattery to the people who are adto her work. If she had realized dressed. Every one likes to be rewhat results would follow the test membered. He takes it as a special Mrs. Vane was going to make for her, compliment." Mrs. Vane was going to make for her, she could not have walked back so calmly.

CHAPTER V.

A TRUE SERVANT OF THE LORD. The "test" that Barbara had pro-posed to Mrs. Vane was not anything very remarkable, either as a test or as an experiment. Mrs. Vane was to invite several people to her house some evening and invite Barbara with the rest, presenting her to her guests and treating her in every way like all the others. The curiosity that Barbara felt was in reality Mrs. Vane comes. ity that Barbara felt was in reality something in the nature of a protest against a remark made by her mother that society would not accept, under any conditions, a servant into its

"For example, our—our looks, or—"

Miss Dillingham turned to Barbara. circle, and that not even Mrs. Vane with all her wealth and eccentricity "Or our occupations," suggester and social standing could really do anything to remove the barrier that "But we've no occupat

against her.
No sooner had Barbara perceived that Mrs. Vane was perfectly willing photography. What would you say, to do what she asked, and indeed looked forward to it with a kind of "I?" The young man seemed unpeculiar zest, than she began to regret having asked her. Nothing would be gained by it one way or the other, she said to herself hesitatingly as "N she pondered over it. What if she should be welcomed for herself? That claimed, laughing again. would prove nothing and help nothing. She would go to Mrs. Vane next talk, Mr. Morton." day, and ask her to forgive a foolish impulse that had no good reason for existing; and that would be the end said Mr. Morton, laughing with them.

pany, and it was too late. Barbara have an occupation of some kind." to herself that she would refuse her own invitation and not go, but Mrs. Vane next day wrote a char-

disapoint her.

"You must not hesitate to come for fear of putting me in any awkward position, my dear. I am independent of any verdict of selfish society, and the few friends who do know and love me will treat you as if you were a member of myown family, and you may be surprised at some things yourself. For I have found after a much longer life than yours that there is still a good deal of human kindness yet, even among people of wealth and so-called fashion. On the whole, however, you will be doomed to meet with what you undoubtedly expect. Wealth and family connections and, above all, position are counted greatest in the kingdom of men. The time will come when the first shall be last and the last first; and, when that time comes, servant girls will be as good as duke's daughters and eat at the that time comes, servant girls will be as good as duke's daughters and eat at the same banquets. You are not willing to wait until then; so come to my feast and prepare to be overlooked. But don't stay away for fear of hurting me. The only way you can hurt me is to misunderstand me. I don't mind that from my enemies. They don't know any better. But my friends ought to. Your friend,

"MRS. VANE." This letter put Barbara more or less at her ease; and, when the night of the gathering came, she went to and among all her experiences she counted this the most remarkable.

It was to be rather a large gathering; and when Barbara arrived the front rooms were quite well filled. Mrs. Vane introduced her to three or four ladies standing in the front hall. folks have still got the town crier One of them was a young woman about Barbara's age, elegantly dressed and very distinguished look-drinking Beal street whisky, man." ng, even to Barbara. Her name was

Miss Dillingham.
"My mother was a Dillingham," said Barbara, simply, as an opening remark for conversation.

of the Dillinghams, may I ask? The Vermont Dillinghams?

"Yes. Mother's father was from Washington county." "How interesting!" The young

woman smiled in a very interesting phis Scimitar. manner at Barbara. "Then we must be related somewhere. Our family from the same county. Is your father living here in Crawford?"

"Father died last year," said Barbara, returning the young woman's

"It's rather strange I have not met you before," said Miss Dillingham. "You have been shut in on account of your father's death." She looked at Barbara's simple black silk dress, which was Barbara's one party dress. which was Barbara's one party dress, very plain, but in perfect taste in every way. "But I thought I knew all the Dillinghams of the Vermont branch. Mother will want to meet

"Is she here to-night?" asked Bar-

bara.
"Yes. She's in the other room some where, Ah! There's the new minister of Marble Square church, Mr. Morton!" Miss Dillingham exclaimed. "I didn't know that he had come yet. I think he is perfectly splendid. Have you ever heard him preach?"

"Yes, I heard him once," replied Barbara; and the next moment Mr. Morton had caught sight of them, and came out into the hall and greeted them.

Good evening, Miss Clark. I'm very glad to meet you again. And you, Miss Dillingham," he said in his sim-

ple but hearty manner.
"You are good at remembering names," said Barbara, because she could not think of anything brilliant little boys with dirty faces and snarto say. "I've understood that one of ly hair, came to the table to say." the difficulties for ministers is the learning me for bread and butter. task of remembering so many peo-

"Yes, I've heard Uncle James say." distinguished men. him say that he could remember me, saying:
names that began with certain let"What a pity! Please give me ters, but that he was completely forgetful of others. It must be very nice to have a distinguished memory for

"I don't know that I can claim any special faculty in that direction," young minister replied, smiling. "Your names come near the beginning of the alphabet, C and D. Perhaps that helps me. The fartner one gets into the alphabet, the more intricate and difficult the matter be-

member us."
"What, for example?" said Morton,

gravely.
"For example, our—our looks, or—"

"Or our occupations," suggested

"But we've no occupations," said other people would at once throw up against her.

But We Bullingham, carelessly. "At least, I haven't any since finishing at Vassar. Mother wants me to study

"I?" The young man seemed unprepared for an answer. "O, I should say you would take a very good pic-

"Now, that's certainty a ment, isn't it, Miss Clark?" she ex-

"I was trying to retrieve my blun-"But, if you really want my opinion But before she had found an after-tion to go and see Mrs. Vane that would be a good thing for you to noon to go and see Mrs. Vane that would be a good thing for you to energetic lady had invited her com-

"Even society young women?"
"Yes, even they," Morton answered
with his characteristic gravity, which, acteristic note urging Barbara not to disapoint her.

With his characteristic gloomy or however, was not at an gloomy or morose. Young women like Miss Dillingham liked it, and spoke of it as fascinating. The reason it was fascinating was that it revealed a genune seriousness in life. Not morbid, but interesting.

"What would you have us do, then? What can society girls like Miss Clark and myself do?"

Miss Dillingham asked the question

seriously, or thought she did. "Really, I am not competent to determine your duty in the matter,' the young man answered, looking earnestly at Barbara, although Miss Dillingham had asked the question.
"Perhaps Miss Clark can answer better than I can."

[To Be Continued.]

The tamale man has again become the subject for a good joke that is going the rounds. Among the crowds that came to Memphis to see the president was a long, gawky specimen from the wilds of Kansas. That night it quite self-possessed and prepared from the wilds of Kansas. That night for anything. The reality of it she was not prepared for in the least, a chance acquaintance in the lobby of the Arlington and made the remark that there were some queer customs in vogue in Memphis.

"How so?" asked the man he was talking to.

"Why, gosh ding it," said he, "you

"Not much. I know he was the town crier, for I heard him a-calling the state of the weather, or rather the forecast fer to-morrow. It nearly gave me a conniption fit, for I thought "Miss Clark," said Barbara.
"O, yes, Miss Clark. What branch
"Dassed a fellow down on Main street, a chap in uniform with a big copper lantern, he sung out:

"'Hot to-morrow! Hot to-morrow!

Hot west wind."

Poor, abused tamale man!-Mem-

Something in Reserve.

A young lady had a train to eatch. and chartered a cab, which unfortun ately was drawn by a very wretched had to reach the station in 20 minutes

driver to whip the horse, as she would otherwise miss the train. He accord ingly did so.

A little further on she asked him to administer the whip once more, as the cab was only just moving. Cabby again complied. Soon after she said: "Can't you hit him on the head so

as to wake him up a bit?" Looking at the young lady, the abby exclaimed:

"Well, miss, I've 'it the hanimal all over 'is bloomin' body except 'is left ear, and I'm savin' that for the last 'ill."—London Answers.

A Reasonable Precaution

One of the stories which Levi Hutchins, the old-time clock-maker Concord, New Hampshire, delighted to tell related to the youth of Daniel Webster.
One morning, said the old man,

while I was taking breakfast at the tavern kept by Daniel's father, Daniel and his brother Ezekiel, who were ly hair, came to the table and asked I complied with their request, little

thinking that they would become very distinguished men. Daniel dropped "Yes, I've heard Uncle James say," distinguished men. Daniel dropped spoke up Miss Daningham, brightly— his piece of bread on the sandy floor uncle James is rector of St. Mark's and the buttered side, of course, was in Crawford," she nodded by way of down. He looked at it a moment explanation to Barbara—"I've heard then picked it up and showed it to

JUDGE ELL TORRANCE,

Minneapolis Jurist Who Has Beer Elected Commander in Chief of the Grand Army.

Ell Torrance came of patriotic stock, his ancestors having served in the colonial and revolutionary wars, and in every subsequent war, including that of the preservation of the union. Although under military age, he was on June 26, 1861, enrolled as a private in company A, Ninth Pennsylvania reserves, and for almost three years carried a musket, participating in all the battles in which his ment was engaged, except when disabled by wounds. His regiment was



GEN. ELL TORRANCE. mmander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.) (New Comm

among those that suffered severe losses in battle. On the 11th of May, 1864, he was lischarged with his regiment at Pittsburg, Pa., by reason of expiration of term of service, and on July

o following reenlisted the service as second lieutenant of campany K, One Hundred and Ninety-third vania volunteer infantry, and on October 15, 1864, was transferred to the Ninety-seventh regiment, Pennsylvania volunteer infantry, and assigned to duty at Baltimore, where he had the honor of guarding the body of the martyred president when it lay in state in Baltimore. June 17, 1865, having barely reached his majority, he was finally dis-charged from the service by reason of the close of the war.

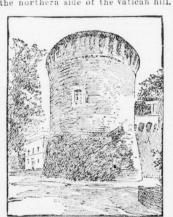
During the years since he joined the G. A. R. he has held the following important positions: Judge adrocate, department of Minnesota, 1889; commander of John A. Rawlins post, 1890; judge advocate, department of Minnesota, 1894; commander, department of Minnesota, 1895; judge advocate general to Commander Chief Gobin, 1897-'98; judge advocate general to James A. Sexton and W. C. Johnson, 1898-'99; judge advocate general to Commander in Chief Albert D. Shaw, 1899-1900. He also served as a member of the national portant committees of the national ncampment.

FOURTH LEO'S TOWER.

Quaint Old Structure in Which the Pope Spent the Greater Part of Last Summer.

When summer began this year Pope Leo, according to custom, left his apartments in the vatican and went to the quaint old building which is known as "Leo the Fourth's Tower," and which has long been a favorite summer residence of the successors of St.

The tower was constructed in the fifteenth century, and is situated on the northern side of the vatican hill.



LEO THE FOURTH'S TOWER. (Favorite Summer Resort of His Holiness, the Pope.)

Grim and unattractive is its massive exterior, but once inside the portals, the pope finds himself in a most delightful home. The rooms are large. and are furnished comfortably though plainly, and from many of the winlows there is an extensive view, which cannot fail to please a true poet like Pope Leo. Furthermore, the air here is cool and bracing, and the pope's physician is confident that it greatly toward maintaining him in his normal good health.

A Reply with a Sting.
A good anecdote is told by the bishop of Minnesota of the sarcastic powers of Minnesota of the sareastic powers of the Indians. "I was holding," says Bishop Whipple, "a service near an In-dian village camp. My things were scattered about in a lodge, and when I was going out I asked the chief if it was safe to leave them there while I went to the village to hold a service.
'Yes,' he said, 'perfectly safe. There is not a white man within a hundred miles!"

Poison in Hornet's Sting. The pain produced by a

sting is caused by a poison injected in-to the wound, and is so instantaneous in its effect as to cause the attack of this insect to resemble a violent blow

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Lugi Carreno, a well-known Roman journalist, recently got employment as a day laborer in the vatican garden in order to get material for an article on the daily life of the pope.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the Woman's Suffrage association, said in a recent speech at Owen Park, Me., that one-fourth of the millionaires in America are women.

Lord Salisbury is one of the best German scholars in England. Teutonic literature has been his hobby for years, and he is especially interested in the various German dialects.

Emperor William has ordered that the Second regiment of Life Hussars, the chief of which was the late Empress Frederick, shall henceforth be called the Second Regiment of Life Hussars, Queen Victoria of Prussia,

No. 2.
Gov. Shaw of Iowa, and Gov. Savage of Nebraska, recently met in the little town of Dakota City, Neb., where both delivered addresses to the pioneers. Thirty years ago the two governors were residents of Denison, Ia., the Iowa executive a young lawyer and the Nebraska executive a justice of the peace. It happened that the first case Gov. Shaw tried was before Gov. Savage, then justice of the peace.

Carrie Nation sat on the bench the other afternoon with Police Commissioner Devery, who was hearing comdaints against officers. The Kansas woman insisted on questioning the accused policemen, though warned by Devery to keep quiet. Finally he lost his temper and said: "Look here, Car-rie, if you don't shut up your face I'd throw you out." This threat was sufficient to keep Mrs. Nation quiet until the trials were over.

John Jay Jackson, judge of the United States court for the Northern district of West Virginia, who has completed the fortieth year of his service on the federal bench, lives at Parkersburg, W. Va. He was appointed by President Lincoln on August 3, 1861, and with one exception, when the confederate forces held the West Virginia Charleston so that he could not reach the place, he has never missed a term of court. One of Judge Jackson's brothers has been governor of his state and the other has been for nearly 30 years judge of a state court.

WANDERINGS OF TWO WORDS.

Though Originally Dissimiliar, They Become Intimately As-

sociated. Isn't it strange to think of a word "wandering?" We like to hear a traveler tell his adventures, of the We like to hear a countries he has seen, the people he has known, says the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. Do you know that some words are experienced travelers and could tell a wonderful council of administration and on im- tale of new lands and changed customs? Just take, for instance, the word "bureau." Should you think it had any connection with the word "fire?" In old Greek days there was a word "pur," or "fire." Then the Latins needed it for "fiery red," and they made it "burrus." Presently it wandered to France and became "buire," meaning "reddish brown." For a long time it lived there until it grew to be in modern French

"bure," a rough woolen cloth. The Frenchmen used the cloth to cover their writing tables, so these were called "bureaus." Next the government officials borrowed the v for their valuable papers were kept in the writing tables, so "bureau" came to mean a place of information or department of state. You know we use our bureaus for keeping our clothes. What do you think of that for a series of adventures? The word "bank" has an interesting like. Once it was "banco," a bench. You wonder where is the connection? Well, in Italy the Lombard Jews used benches in the market place for the exchange of money. As times grew prosperous they had to move to larger quarters. In Venice, 1550, was the first public bank started. Then you can think of other words from bench. The river bank, the bank of keys of the organ or a bank

Watermelons Are Fruit.

Some men have never been willing to class the luscious "watermillion" as a vegetable and on this point the United States government has been forced to come to the darky's point of view. The decision has been made by the general board of appraisers on a case arising at Nogales upon the right to import melons as vegetables. The board decided that "the melon is known technically, popularly and commercially as a fruit and therefore dutiable." The same view therefore dutiable." The same view is taken technically by the department of agriculture and we may now rest assured that the status of the watermelon, muskmelon, canteloupe and their whole kindred has been raised a few points officially and permanently. Indio may now claim to be one of the most promising fruit sections of the state without a tree in sight .- Chicago Chronicle.

When Bee-Lines Cannot Be Made. Bees lose industry in the time of ci-

der making, if that process lasts longer than a day. They hum and buzz around the mills or trough, swarm over the pomace, and end by getting gloriously drunk as the cider gets hard. They will cluster thick along the edge of an open bucket, sucking, until sometimes, when they tey to fly away, they either tumble helplessly to the ground or describe zig-zag somersaults extremely diverting. They will also feed supinely upon shallow pans of sugar and water set conveniently near, though richly clustered fields woods may invite .- McClure's Maga-