

THE KNITTERS.

All hail to the little brown fingers That pull the first blossoms of life...

BORN TO SERVE

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

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

While her room was in process of reconstruction, Barbara had been going home to stay with her mother...

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...

She had been invited into a Bible class by the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and had been welcomed without any notice taken of her position...

As far as the church was concerned, she found herself simply passed by. There was no uncivil or coarse contempt of her...

"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 traditions. Why, even the minister is influenced by them...

"This Mr. Morton, according to Mrs. Vane, is a remarkably good and sensible and talented young man; but if you were to join his church and become a worker there, you could not expect him to ignore the fact that you were a servant girl...

"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." When Barbara went back to her work the next morning, it was with a resolution to do something that perhaps the talk with her mother had suggested...

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...

"Tell me all about it, dear," said Mrs. Vane. Barbara went on, calming her excitement, but not her interest.

"Uncle James is rector of St. Mark's in Crawford," she nodded by way of explanation to Barbara—"I've heard him say that he could remember names that began with certain letters, but that he was completely forgetful of others. It must be very nice to have a distinguished memory for people's names. It is such a pleasing...

utter, and Barbara finally departed to her work. If she had realized what results would follow the test 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 proposed 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...

No sooner had Barbara perceived that Mrs. Vane was perfectly willing to do what she asked, and indeed looked forward to it with a kind of peculiar 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 she pondered over it...

But before she had found an afternoon to go and see Mrs. Vane that energetic lady had invited her company, and it was too late. Barbara said to herself that she would refuse her own invitation and not go, but Mrs. Vane next day wrote a characteristic note urging Barbara not to disappoint 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 my own 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 same banquet. 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 by 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 it quite self-possessed and prepared for anything. The reality of it she was not prepared for in the least, 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. One of them was a young woman about Barbara's age, elegantly dressed and very distinguished looking, even to Barbara. Her name was Miss Dillingham.

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

"Indeed, your name is—" "Miss Clark," said Barbara. "O, yes, Miss Clark. What branch 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 manner at Barbara. "Then we must be related somewhere. Our family is from the same county. Is your father living here in Crawford?"

"Father died last year," said Barbara, returning the young woman's look of interest.

"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, 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 you."

"Is she here to-night?" asked Barbara.

"Yes, she's in the other room somewhere. 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 simple but hearty manner.

"You are good at remembering names," said Barbara, because she could not think of anything brilliant to say. "I've understood that one of the difficulties for ministers is the task of remembering so many people."

"Yes, I've heard Uncle James say," spoke up Miss Dillingham, brightly—"Uncle James is rector of St. Mark's in Crawford," she nodded by way of explanation to Barbara—"I've heard him say that he could remember names that began with certain letters, but that he was completely forgetful of others. It must be very nice to have a distinguished memory for people's names. It is such a pleasing...

flattery to the people who are addressed. Every one likes to be remembered. He takes it as a special compliment."

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

"It's a very disappointing explanation, Mr. Morton," said Miss Dillingham, laughing. "We hoped, at least I did, that it was something personal about ourselves that made you remember us."

"What, for example?" said Morton, gravely.

"For example, our—our looks, or—" Miss Dillingham turned to Barbara. "What should you say, Miss Clark?"

"Or our occupations," suggested Barbara, coloring a little.

"But we've no occupations," said Miss Dillingham, carelessly. "At least, I haven't any since finishing at Vassar. Mother wants me to study photography. What would you say, Mr. Morton?"

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

"Now, that's certainly a compliment, isn't it, Miss Clark?" she exclaimed, laughing again. "And yet they told me you couldn't talk small talk, Mr. Morton."

"I was trying to retrieve my blunder about the memory of the names," said Mr. Morton, laughing with them. "But, if you really want my opinion about the photography, I think it would be a good thing for you to learn it. I believe everyone ought to have an occupation of some kind."

"Even society young women?" "Yes, even they," Morton answered with his characteristic gravity, which, however, was not at all 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 genuine 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.]

Southern Prognostication.

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 he stopped to talk a few minutes with 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 folks have still got the town erier."

"Crier your grandmother!" exclaimed the other. "You've been drinking Beal street whisky, man."

"Not much. I know he was the town erier, for I heard him a-calling the state of the weather, or rather the forecast fer to-morrow. It nearly gave me a conipition fit, for I thought the weather here was of the Christian sort. What did he say? Why, as I passed 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!—Memphis Scimitar.

Something in Reserve.

A young lady had a train to catch, and chartered a cab, which unfortunately was drawn by a very wretched horse. Having told cabby that she had to reach the station in 20 minutes, away the vehicle dashed at five miles an hour.

They had barely got 50 yards, however, before the lady put her head out of the window and requested the driver to whip the horse, as she would otherwise miss the train. He accordingly 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 cabby exclaimed: "Well, miss, I've 'it the animal 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 of 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 little boys with dirty faces and snarly hair, came to the table and asked me for bread and butter.

I complied with their request, little thinking that they would become very distinguished men. Daniel dropped his piece of bread on the sandy floor and the buttered side, of course, was down. He looked at it a moment then picked it up and showed it to me, saying: "What a pity! Please give me a piece of bread buttered on both sides; then if I let it fall one of the buttered sides will be up."—Youth's Companion.

JUDGE ELL TORRANCE.

Minneapolis Jurist Who Has Been 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 regiment was engaged, except when disabled by wounds. His regiment was among those that suffered severe losses in battle.



GEN. ELL TORRANCE. (Now Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.)

On the 11th of May, 1864, he was discharged with his regiment at Pittsburg, Pa., by reason of expiration of term of service, and on July 9 following reenlisted the service as second lieutenant of company K, One Hundred and Ninety-third Pennsylvania 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. On June 17, 1865, having barely reached his majority, he was finally discharged 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 advocate, 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 in 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 council of administration and on important committees of the national encampment.

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. Peter.

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 windows 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 will aid greatly toward maintaining him in his normal good health.



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

A good anecdote is told by the bishop of Minnesota of the sarcastic powers of the Indians. "I was holding," says Bishop Whipple, "a service near an Indian 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 hornet's sting is caused by a poison injected into the wound, and is so instantaneous in its effect as to cause the attack of this insect to resemble a violent blow in the face.

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 complaints against officers. The Kansas woman insisted on questioning the accused policemen, though warned by Devery to keep quiet. "Look here, Carrie, if you don't shut up your face I'll 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 Dissimilar, They Become Intimately Associated.

Isn't it strange to think of a word "wandering"? We like to hear a traveler tell his adventures, of the 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 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 "burris." Presently it wandered to France and became "bure," 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 word, 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 life. 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, 1559, 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 of clouds.

Watermelons Are Fruit.

Some men have never been willing to class the luscious "watermelon" as a vegetable and on this point the United States government has been forced to come to the dorky'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 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. India 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 cider making, if that process lasts longer than a day. They hum and buzz around the mills or trough, swarm gloriously drunk as the cider gets hard. They will cluster thick along the edge of an open bucket, sucking, sucking, until sometimes, when they try to fly away, they either tumble helplessly to the ground or describe zig-zag somersaults extremely diverting. They will also feed sumpily upon shallow pans of sugar and water set conveniently near, though richly clustered fields and woods may invite.—McClure's Magazine.