

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Some pathways through a shadow run. Shut out by clouds from heaven's warm sun. While some on sunny hillsides lie. Close to the gladness of the sky. Ah, some in shadow, some in sun! So has it been since time begun. Some always have to bear a load Of care along a dreary road. From which, on sunny heights, they see Those for whose backs no burdens be, So shall it always be while life Holds fast to happiness and strife. But sometime shall a pathway run Out of the shadow into the sun, And valley plodders turn and climb To sunny heights, in God's good time. Ah, sometime, somewhere, soon or late— So, heart of mine, in patience wait! So come to us whatever may. Believe God is not far away. And lift your eyes toward the light That burns, a beacon, on the height. By souls who strive the heights are won— The shadow leads into the sun! —Eben E. Rexford, in Wellspring.

BORN TO SERVE

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

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"I don't call myself a society girl at all," said Barbara, looking straight into Miss Dillingham's face. "I have to work for my living." "No? Do you?" the young woman asked eagerly. "It must be very interesting. Tell me what you do?" There was not a particle of vulgar curiosity in the tone or manner, and Barbara did not feel at all embarrassed as she answered quietly: "I am a servant in Mrs. Ward's house. The 'hired girl,' some people call me." Miss Dillingham had leaned eagerly toward Barbara in anticipation of her reply. When it came, she evidently did not quite understand it. "The—'hired girl'?" "Yes. I do the housework there. Everything from the marketing to the dish-washing. I assure you I have an occupation all day long." "Miss Clark is a good cook," Mr. Morton spoke up as Miss Dillingham stared at Barbara. "I can speak from experience, for I have dined at the Wards'." He smiled frankly and in perfect ease at Barbara, and she was grateful to him. "It must be very—very—hard and disagreeable work," Miss Dillingham stammered, still looking hard at Barbara. "Some of it is," replied Barbara. "But some parts of housework are very interesting. It's not all drudgery," she added, looking bravely at Mr. Morton, although she was talking to Miss Dillingham. Just then some new guests came down the stairs, and the three were pushed into the sitting-room. Miss Dillingham took advantage of the movement to excuse herself, and left Barbara and Mr. Morton together for a few moments. "Do you think Miss Dillingham was a little surprised at your occupation, Miss Clark?" Mr. Morton asked, looking at Barbara intently. "I think so. Nearly every one is. Aren't you?" Barbara had not meant to be so blunt. The question was uttered before she was aware, and then she stood more confused than at any time during the evening. "Yes, I am," he answered frankly. "Of course, you are educated and refined—and could be—school-teacher or—or—a photographer," he added with a smile that somehow relieved both of them. "Instead of that you choose to be a house servant. I have often wondered why." Barbara colored. How "often" had he wondered? But she looked up at him and then looked down again. His eyes were very large brown eyes, full of thought, and Barbara was a little afraid of them. "I had to do something. There was no school for me, and the stores did not offer any opportunity for a living. I chose the work of a servant because it seemed to me I could at the same time make a living and do something for the girls who work out, because I was one of them." "And can you, do you think?" he asked, with great interest. But just then, to his evident annoyance, one of those persons who believe in keeping people moving on such occasions, broke in with: "Ah, Morton, so delighted to see you. A dozen people right here want to meet you. Mrs. Jones, Miss Wainwright, Miss Wallace—Mr. Morton." Mr. Morton turned from Barbara with a parting look and smile that she thought she had a right to remember all the evening, and met the persons his friend had mentioned. "Permit me to introduce Miss Clark." He presented Barbara to the company, and she said a few words in reply to a word about the evening or the weather volunteered by one of the ladies. Then they directed all their remarks to Mr. Morton; and, there being no men in the little group, gradually she found herself outside the talk; and, as the company crowded together more in the room, she was separated from the rest and found herself alone, with no one to talk to. Mrs. Vane was in the parlor, and Barbara awkwardly stood by herself until the pushing of people gradually moved her up to a table where she was glad to find some views to look at. She was turning them over and thinking of what Mr. Morton had said, when Miss Dillingham came up again with an elderly lady dressed in great elegance like the younger woman. "Mother wants to meet you, Miss Clark. She wants to talk over the Dillinghams."

mother, stood listening a few moments and then went away. When Barbara saw her again she was again talking animatedly with Mr. Morton. Once they looked over toward her, and Barbara was certain she was the subject of their talk. Evidently Miss Dillingham was making inquiries about her. "My daughter has been telling me that your mother was a Dillingham," Barbara nodded. "We feel proud of the Dillinghams," the old lady said, emphatically. "It's an old family with a record. Your mother was related to the Washington county branch." Barbara told her, adding a little proudly: "Mother is first cousin to the Radcliffs." The minute she said it she wished she hadn't; it looked like an obvious attempt to gain a point socially. Mrs. Dillingham regarded Barbara with added respect. "The Howard Radcliffs?" "Yes. The governor is mother's nephew." "Gov. Radcliff?" "Yes," Barbara answered. She was vexed with herself now for mentioning the fact, and her vexation was increased by remembering another fact, that during all her father's financial reverses the Radcliffs had coldly refused to help, and had been to some extent responsible for her father's final losses. She could have bitten her tongue at the thought of her silly eagerness to let this old lady know that she was somebody. Mrs. Dillingham was looking at her with the greatest possible respect. Evidently the first cousinship and the Howard Radcliff connection were connections of the highest importance. "Your father is dead, Alice tells me. Then you are living with your mother?" She did not wait to give Barbara time to answer, but said: "You must come and see us. I shall be glad to call on your mother, if you will give me the address." Barbara gave her the street and number, and then, looking straight into her face, said: "Did Miss Dillingham tell you anything else about me?" It had begun to dawn on Barbara that for reasons not quite clear the daughter had not told the mother that Barbara was a house servant. "Why, no. Is there anything more?" Mrs. Dillingham asked in a tone she never used except to persons who were her social equals. "Are you related to royalty?" "Yes, I don't know but I am," replied Barbara, flushing proudly, a sense of the divinity of service almost overwhelming her even before that gorgeous figure standing so distinctly for the world's fashion and wealth. "How? What is that?" Mrs. Dillingham was puzzled. She stared at Barbara. "You asked if I was related to royalty. The Son of God was a servant. I am one of God's children in the faith. And I told your daughter that I am obliged to work out for a living. I am in Mrs. Ward's house." "Oh!" Then Mrs. Dillingham was silent, and there was an embarrassing moment. "Well—" began the old lady, slowly. "I don't see that that fact makes you any less a Dillingham, or a Radcliff." "She's bravely standing by her Dillinghams," Barbara said to herself, and she began to admire the old lady. "I suppose not," she said, aloud. "But I thought you ought to know. And then—" "Then I could call on your mother or not, eh?" the old lady said, sharply. "Yes, and recall your invitation to me," added Barbara, smiling. "Invitation?" "Your invitation to call." "I shall be glad to see you any time," said Mrs. Dillingham, gravely. "Still, you would a little rather I wouldn't?" Barbara asked, quickly. The old lady colored. "Of course, the situation is unusual. I don't know why you're working out. Girls do such queer things nowadays. Is it in order to try the real affection of some young man, and get a husband for your own sake?" "I never thought of that," replied Barbara, laughing. "No," and she became grave again in a moment. "I have no great choice in the matter. I am working out because no other position offered at the time and we are poor. I have to do something for a living." "If you do get a husband while you are a servant, he will probably be a brave and a good man. Now, my girl tells me she is never certain of any suitor, whether it is she or her money that is wanted." The old lady looked wistfully at Barbara, and then added: "I admire your pluck, my dear. It is a Dillingham trait. Don't forget this: Blood is thicker than water. I believe Alice would do what you're doing if she had to." "Would she?" Barbara did not say



"MISS CLARK IS A GOOD COOK," SAID MORTON.

it, but simply thought it, wondering, as she looked over at the splendidly-dressed young woman still talking with so much earnestness with Mr. Morton. And as she looked she could not help a feeling of jealousy at the thought of this proud, handsome girl with her secure social position. Mrs. Dillingham was moving away. Barbara suddenly reproached herself with a lack of courtesy. "I want to thank you, Mrs. Dillingham. I appreciate your—your—treatment of me." "You didn't expect it, eh? But Mrs. Vane and I are eccentrics. You won't find any others here. We exhaust the material. There's a good deal of nonsense about money and position. But family—that's another thing. Princes have had to cook. Look at King Alfred. And he made a bad job of it, too. I'm sure you do better than he did. Don't forget you're a Dillingham." And she left Barbara alone again. In a few minutes Mrs. Vane found her. "Are you enjoying it?" she asked. "Yes, I've had an interesting time so far," Barbara answered, truthfully. "I just saw Mrs. Dillingham talking to you. What did she say?" Barbara told her briefly. "Umph! She's of good blood. We don't agree in theology, but I like her for her good sense in other things. But, as she says, there are not many others like us. Let me introduce Mr. Somers, and Miss Wilkes, and Mrs. Rowland. Excuse me. I must go to Mr. Morton. I can't let Miss Dillingham monopolize him all the evening." The new group to which Barbara had been introduced regarded her variously. Mr. Somers remarked that it was a warm evening. Mrs. Rowland nodded and said nothing, and presently turned to speak to some one else. Miss Wilkes coldly stared at Barbara, and in answer to Barbara's remark about some feature of the gathering she said: "Yes," and, as a young man went by, she turned her back directly on Barbara and began chatting volubly to the young man. Barbara remembered at that instant that Miss Wilkes was one of the young women Mrs. Ward had introduced her to the last Sunday morning she was at church. The Wilkes family sat directly in front of the Wards. There was no one left but Mr. Somers; and he was saying, as Barbara recovered from Miss Wilkes' direct snubbing: "Have you met that Miss Clark that Mrs. Vane has invited here to-night? They say she's a mighty interesting girl, and she works out, too. Some people think Mrs. Vane carries things too far to invite hired girls to her house. That's one of the things that makes it interesting to come here. You never know who's going to be here. Like a kind of a grab-bag, you know. Don't know whether you're going to grab a bag of peanuts or a blank. Lots of blanks in society, don't you think?" "I don't know; I haven't been out very much," replied Barbara, demurely. She looked at Mr. Somers with interest. He was a tall young man in a regulation dress suit, and there was a look of good nature about him that Barbara rather liked. "Well, I should like to meet that Miss Clark. She's probably more interesting than most of the society girls. Do you know her? Do you see her anywhere?" "I'm Miss Clark," said Barbara, and at the sudden look of surprise on Mr. Somers' face she burst out laughing, and he finally joined her feebly. "The joke is on me, of course. But I never heard your name. Why don't people speak up when they introduce folks on these occasions? It might save trouble occasionally. Do you recollect if I said anything in front of your face that I might have said behind your back?" "You said I was an 'interesting girl,'" replied Barbara, still laughing at Mr. Somers, who mopped perspiration plentifully. "Well, you are; at least, so far," said Mr. Somers, looking at Barbara doubtfully. He seemed embarrassed, as if he did not know just what to talk about; and Barbara, who was perfectly self-possessed, helped him out by asking him to tell her who different people were. Mr. Somers, who evidently went out a great deal, eagerly took advantage of the opening to give Barbara several biographical sketches. "That old lady over there is Mrs. Reed. She's the richest woman in Crawford. That young man leaning on the piano is Judge Wallace's son. He's good-looking and knows it. That little thin lady in the blue dress, talking with Mrs. Dillingham, is the most interesting person in the house, present company excepted. Her husband lost every cent she had in the topaz mines out in Arizona last year, and shot himself at the bottom of one of 'em. That's Morton, the new preacher in Marble Square. They say he can preach people out of the soundest sleep known to the oldest inhabitant in Crawford. He's gited and not bad-looking. We are said to resemble each other. The person right behind you is Miss Cambridge." "What were you saying about me, Mr. Somers?" inquired a very plain-looking girl very nicely dressed, turning suddenly around. Mr. Somers was disconcerted, but only for a moment. "I was going to say you were the handsomest girl in the house except Miss Dillingham," said Mr. Somers, gravely. "Let me introduce Miss Clark, Miss Cambridge." Miss Cambridge shook hands with Barbara, and said in a low tone: "Mrs. Vane has told me about you." She seemed to want to meet Barbara, and Mr. Somers turned away with a pleasant word of regret at the interruption; but Barbara could not avoid the impression that he was rather re-

lieved than otherwise not to have to take her in to refreshments. "Will you go with me?" Miss Cambridge asked, and Barbara gladly consented. The refreshment-room was filled except two seats. They went over to them, and it was not until they were seated that Barbara saw that Mr. Morton was next to her with Miss Dillingham beside him. "You are having a pleasant evening, I hope?" Mr. Morton found time to say while conversation languished a little. "Yes," replied Barbara. "I hope to know something sometime of the results of your effort to ennoble service," he said with earnestness. Barbara knew the great, kind, brown eyes were looking straight at her. She raised her own and looked into his face. She wondered at her courage as she did so. For it took courage to do it. "I don't think I shall do anything great," she said. "I think you will," he replied, quietly. "I have great faith in that kind of life." There was no opportunity for any thing more, but Barbara cherished



"I AM MISS CLARK."

the few words as if they were of the utmost importance. After they came out of the refreshment-room something separated her from Miss Cambridge, who had not proved as much interested as Barbara had imagined she might be; and again she was left to herself. For the first time during the evening she began to notice that she was attracting considerable attention. Standing in the corner by the door of the conservatory, she could not help hearing some one say: "Mrs. Vane has no right to go such lengths. It is the last time I accept any of her invitations. The idea of inviting hired girls to gatherings like this! It is simply an insult to all the guests!" "But the girl seems well-behaved enough," said a male voice. "Very pretty, too," said another. "It may be, but it's no place for her. It's an unheard-of thing for Mrs. Vane to do. She's done some very queer things, but this is the worst." "I don't know," spoke up a voice that Barbara recognized as belonging to Mr. Somers. "A well-behaved 'hired girl' is less objectionable than a drunken count. That's what we had at Newport last winter at the Lyndhursts'. But then, I suppose he 'knew his place' all right." [To Be Continued.]

TOLD OF ROOSEVELT.

Stories Illustrating the Character of Our New President.

He is an Approachable Man and Displays Genuine Cordiality in His Handshake—By Nature He is a Fighter.

Anecdotes in which President Roosevelt figures as the star are almost as numerous as those told of Lincoln. Possessing a striking personality, and having a habit of doing and saying things out of the ordinary, his words and deeds are always interesting. President Roosevelt is not only an approachable man, but he displays a cordiality toward people he meets that makes a lasting impression. When one is introduced to Mr. Roosevelt he cannot help feeling that he is an object of no little interest to him. The new acquaintance goes away feeling that the greeting was not one of a mere formality. If he has had a story to tell he knows that it has been heard and absorbed. A new page at the state capitol took his first note to Roosevelt when governor with fear and trembling. Thoughts of the greatness of the man he was to see overwhelmed him. When he reappeared from the governor's office after delivering the note he was all smiles, and to another page he remarked enthusiastically: "Say, ain't Teddy a peach?" This is not a familiarity. That same boy would run seven miles for Mr. Roosevelt and be willing to punch the boy who said anything disrespectful. He entered the governor's presence expecting to be overawed, he came out with the impression that he had known him for a long time and was glad of it. Mr. Roosevelt's interest in animals is almost as great as in man. He was walking from the capitol at Albany one day, accompanied by a friend, when he noticed two sturdy but tired horses striving to haul a heavy load up the ice-covered street. One slipped. Immediately Mr. Roosevelt stopped, and, with an absorbed expression on his face that he shows when deeply interested, watched the horse regain his feet. The horses stumbled again on

NEW PORTO RICAN SEAL.

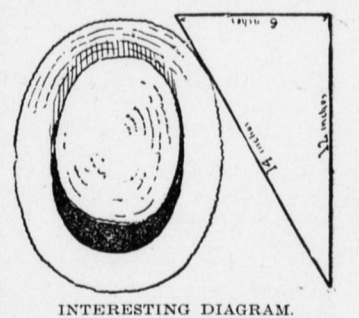
deled After Old Spanish Coat-of-Arms, But Supplied with a New Motto.

Porto Rico has resolved to mark its adoption as a colony of the United States by the adoption of a seal. To that end a committee was appointed, including the governor and secretary of the island, who in turn appealed for advice and aid to Mr. Gaillard Hunt, the chief authority on the great seal of the United States, and author of the historical monograph on the subject. The old seal of Porto Rico, granted by Spain about the middle of the sixteenth century, presented three leading features: A rock in the ocean, the



THE PORTO RICAN SEAL. (Modeled After the Old-Time Spanish Coat of Arms.)

lamb of St. John and designs of the Spanish flag and castle. The committee wished to retain as much as possible of this historic relic, but was compelled at last to let most of it go. The shape of the shield, however, was retained, and also the rock, after being so remodeled as to copy, with some exaggeration, the contour of the island as it appears to the voyager before entering the harbor of San Juan. Behind the rock is shown the rising sun. The choice of a crest, says World's Work, presented the next difficulty. No heraldic animal was suggested as having a peculiar local significance, except the game cock, whose present popularity the government is doing its best to suppress. The native flora was thoroughly sifted with a view to finding a suitable tree. The mango was rejected because it too strongly resembles an oak, and the palm because its trunk is too snake-like. The bust of Columbus was next considered, and, though acceptable from a heraldic point of view, it was disappointing in artistic effect. One of his caravels, however, conveyed so happy a suggestion of his work and made so striking a figure above the shield that it was adopted without more ado. When it came to the motto the committee decided that Spanish was out of the question, since the new official language of the island was English, and English, because it was such an unknown tongue to most of the people, so, following the prevalent practice in armorial achievements, Latin was chosen. Mr. Hunt entered into correspondence with several of the most eminent Latinists and general scholars in the country. Of the mottoes submitted by them the most poetical had for its central thought the idea of a star shining brightly in the heart of the sea; but this was open to the objection that the star is with us the recognized symbol of statehood, a condition to which Porto Rico has not attained. The successful suggestion presently came from a Washington woman, and almost simultaneously, from Dr. David J. Hill, assistant secretary of state. It is from Ovid: "Prospere lux oritur," literally, "A happy day is dawning." It is especially appropriate to the device of the sun rising over a flushed sea. AMUSES GOTHAMITES. The Uhl Estate, Said to Be the Smallest Real Estate Holding in the United States. What is said to be by all odds the smallest real estate holding on record is a tiny triangular piece of ground at



INTERESTING DIAGRAM. (Showing Comparative Size of Straw Hat and Uhl Estate.)

the corner of One Hundred and Fortyninth street and Third avenue in New York city. It measures exactly 6 inches by 12 inches. So small is the property that an ordinary straw hat will cover twice as much space, and yet an offer of \$600 has been made for it, while the executors of the so-called Uhl estate, of which this is the principal asset, are holding it at a figure of \$1,000. The tiny lot was created by the widening of One Hundred and Fortyninth street, which cut off practically all the Uhl lot, leaving only this minute triangle. Much of its present value is purely fictitious, being based on the desire of an advertising firm to get possession of the spot for the erection of an advertising pyramid. At present the so-called Uhl estate is one of the chief centers of interest in the borough of Bronx. Everybody knows the exact location, and many strangers come across the Harlem river to get a glimpse of it.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. (From the Latest Photograph of Our New Chief Executive.)

the ice. "Stop a moment," Roosevelt said to the driver. "Drive sideways." The driver did not recognize the governor. He was about to say something unpleasant when the governor caught his eye. Then the man zigzagged his horses up the hill past the ice with never a word. The grim look on Roosevelt's face disappeared just as quickly as it came, and the next minute he had tipped his hat to a little child who saluted in true military fashion. Roosevelt is by nature a fighter. He has all the stubborn tenacity that was inherited with his Dutch blood, coupled with almost a Celtic willingness to combat anyone or anything, anyhow or anywhere he deems proper and necessary. When he fought against two parties to push through the bills giving Controller Coler, of New York, the right to pass upon prices paid by departments for goods purchased and supervision in the confession of judgments of the leaders of his party came to him and said: "Governor, you are building up a powerful rival to you for next fall." "Maybe so," he replied, "but he is right and he's going to have those bills if I can get them through for him." And he got them through. While a police commissioner in New York city, Mr. Roosevelt did not depend on the reports of his subordinates to learn whether his orders were being obeyed and that the reforms he recommended were being carried out, but pursued the simple, effective method of personally visiting the patrolmen of the force on their beats at night. On one of these trips he found two policemen drinking in a saloon. "Is this the way you do your duty?" he asked, quietly. Neither of the officers had seen the commissioner before and they took him for some prying stranger. "What's that to you?" replied one of the men. "Get out of here or we will throw you out." Mr. Roosevelt did not get out. Nor did he lose his temper. He replied in the same quiet voice: "No, I will not go out. I am Police Commissioner Roosevelt, and I am looking for men like you who do not obey my orders. Come to my office to-morrow." The men apologized, but it was of no use. They called at the commissioner's office the next day and were reduced.

Decidedly Up to Date.

"Is she an up-to-date girl?" he repeated. "Is she? Well, rather. Why do you know what she did?" "What?" "Well, sir, when the young man to whom she was engaged began to show indications of a desire to reconsider she went into court and applied for an injunction to restrain him from breaking the engagement."—Chicago Post.