## LITTLE SLED IN THE ATTIC.

- Winter again; and I turn once more
  To my childhood's home for a holiday
  And lift the latch of the attic door
  And climb its rickety, worn stairway.
- Ancient umbrellas, rent and torn, Lanterns, saddles, and horseshoes old. Trenchers and cradles, and samplers worn, Trinkets of silver, and bits of gold;
- Garments so quaintly out of style, Books and parchments, yellow and dim, Tools that no workman's art begulle, And dishes no house-mother conjures in;
- Through all the rubbish I find my way
  To my dear little brother's cherished sled;
  It has made us happy for many a day,
  And its sight wakes memories long since
  dead.
- Handsome carriages, built for eas
- All from my vision pass away!
- Never a song of the vanished years, Full of the rhythmic notes of joy, Can thrill my spirit or free my tears Like the musical laugh of a happy boy.
- Do you not hear it—so silvery and clear?

  Have you heard any other ring out like
  his?
- He is laughing aloud in glory now,
  Through a thorny pathway he trod to
  bliss.
- Call me weakly, ye women white, Laugh as ye will, stout-hearted men! I'd give for one hour of the old delight, All I have sought or known since then.
- O, the years! O, my brother! I miss him
- Who rides over pavements the angels
- tread,
  In the City where nobody sorrows more,
  And they laugh and shine who were sad
  and dead. And I vow once more to be pure as snow,
  To lighten the burdens that others feel,
  To smile when the selfish tears would flow,
  And when proud and bitter to humbly
- With my face to the morning I'll travel on; With my brow to the stars, if I fall I'll
- I will go to him who will not return,
  In the Land of the Holy, some by and by
- And through the grace of the One Divine,
- Who bade us live as a little child,

  I will keep my trust, I will bide my time,

  Till I laugh with my brother—the unde-
- Rev. Frances E. Townsley, in Union Sig-nal.

# My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devii," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

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# CHAPTER IX .- CONTINUED.

"In point of fact," he said, "I may say that I have traveled from Dan Beersheba, and, until I this present vein of good fortune. had found all barren. Some day, if I can summon up sufficient courage, I shall fit out an expedition and return to the place whence the stones came, and get some more, but not just at present. Events have been a little too exciting there of late to let us consider it a healthy country. By the way, have you heard from our friend, Kitwater, yet?" "I have," I answered, "and his re-

ply is by no means satisfactory.' "I understand you to mean that he

will not entertain my offer?" I nodded my head.

"He must have 'all or nothing,' he declares. That is the wording of the telegram I received."

"Well, he knows his own affairs best. The difference is a large one, and will materially affect his income. Will you take creme de minthe-

"Cognac, thank you," I replied, and that was the end of the matter.

During the remainder of the even-

ing not another word was said upon the subject. We chatted upon a vari-Kitwater's name was once mentioned. I could not help fancying, however, that the man was considered to the could not help fancying, however, that the man was considered to the could not help fancying, however, that the man was considered to the could not help fancying, however, that the man was considered to the could not help fancying. ably disappointed at the non-acceptance of his preposterous offer. He had made a move on the board, and had lost it. I knew him well enough, however, by this time to feel that he had by no means despaired yet of winning the game. Men of Gideon Hayle's stamp are

hard to beat.
"Now," he said, when we had "Now," he said, when the smoked our cigarettes, and after he had consulted his watch, "the night is still young. What do you say if we pay a visit to a theater—the Hippodrome, for instance. We might while away an hour there very pleas-antly, if you feel so disposed."

willingly consented, and we accordingly left the restaurant. we were in the street Hayle called a cab, gave the man his instructions, and we entered it. Chatting pleasantly, and still smoking, we passed along the brilliantly illuminated boulevards. I bestowed little, if any, attention on the direction in which we were proceeding. Indeed, it would have been difficult to have done so for never during the evening had Hayle been so agreeable. A more charming companion no man could have desired. It was only on chancing to look out the window that I discovered we were no longer in the gayly-lighted thoroughfares, but were entering another and dingier

part of the town.
"What is the matter with the driver?" I asked. "Doesn't he know what he is about? This is not the way to the Hippodrome! He must have misunderstood what you said to Shall I hail him and point out his mistake?

he will be able to charge a proportionately larger fee at the The Parisian cabby is very like his London brother."

He then proceeded to describe to me an exceedingly funny adventure that had befallen him once in Chi-The recital lasted some minutes, and all the time we were still pursuing our way in a direction exactly opposite to that which I knew we should be following. At last I

could stand it no longer.
"The man's obviously an idiot," said, "and I am going to tell him so." "I shouldn't do that, Mr. Fairfax," said Hayle, in a different voice to that

which he had previously addressed me. "I had my own reasons for not telling you before, but the matter has already been arranged. The man is only carrying out my instructions.

"What do you mean by already arranged?" I asked, not without some

"I mean that you are my prisoner Mr. Fairfax," he said. "You see, you are rather a difficult person to deal with, if I may pay you such a com-pliment, and one has to adopt heroic measures in order to cope with you."

"Then you have been humbugging me all this time," I cried; "but you've let the cat out of the bag a little too I think I'll bid you good-by."

I was about to rise from my seat and open the door, but he stopped me. In his hand he held a revolver, the muzzle of which was in unpleasant proxim-

"I must ask you to be good enough to sit down," he said. "You had bet-ter do so, for you cannot help your-If you attempt to make a fuss self. If you attempt to make a russ I pledge you my word I shall shoot you, let the consequences to myself be what they may. You know me, and you can see that I am desperate. My offer to those men was only a bluff. I wanted to quiet any suspicions you might have in order that I might get you into my hands. As you can see for yourself, I could not have succeeded better than I have done. I give you my word that you shall not be hurt, provided that you do not attempt to escape or call for help. If you do then you know exactly what to expect, and you will have only yourself to blame. Be a sensible man, and give to the inevitable."

He held too many cards for me. could see at a glance that I was out-maneuvered, and that there was noth-

ing to be gained by a struggle.

Ten minutes later the cab came to a standstill, there was the sound of openinggates, and a moment later we drove into a stone-paved courtyard.

If you could have traveled the world at that moment, from north to south and from east to west, I believe you would have found it difficult to dis cover a man who felt as foolish as did when I entered the gloomy dwell ing-place as Hayle's prisoner. To say that I was mortified by the advantage he had obtained over me would not ex press my feelings in the least. Think that I, George Fairfax, who had the reputation of being so difficult a man to trick, should have allowed my self to fall into so palpable a trap seemed sufficiently incredible as to be almost a matter for laughter rather than rage. There was worse, however, behind. Miss Kitwater had been so trustful of my capability for bringing the matter to a successful conclusion, that I dared not imagine wha she would think of me now. Whichever way I looked at it, it was obvious that Hayle must score. On the one side, he kept me locked up while he not only made his escape from Paris, but by so doing cut off every chance of my pursuing him afterwards: on the other, he might console himself with the almost certain knowledge that I should be discredited by those who had put their trust in me. How could it very well be otherwise? I had committed the criminal folly of accepting hospitality from the interest in the case, but that I was keeping out of the way of those who did. To add to my misery, I could easily imagine the laugh that would go up on the other side of the channel when the trick that had been played upon me became known. But having so much else to think of, that fact, you may be sure, did not trouble me very much. There were two things. nowever, about which I was particu larly anxious; one was to set myself right with Miss Kitwater, and the other was to get even, at any cost,

It must not be supposed that when It must not be supposed that I had alighted from the carriage I had given up all hope of escape. On the given up all hope of escape. On the contrary, had it not been for the presence of three burly fellows, who imme diately took up their places beside me. fancy I should have made a dash for Under the circumstances, however, to have attempted such a thing would have been the height of folly. Five to one, that is to say, if I include the coachman in the number, with the gates closed behind me, were too long odds, and however hard I might have fought, I could not possibly have been successful.

with Hayle. The first seemed the most

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to step into the house," said Hayle.
"The air is cold out here, and I am afraid lest you might take a chill."
Before complying with his order I looked around me once more, to see if there was any chance of escape. But so far as I could see there was not one. I accordingly followed one of my captors into the building, the re-

mainder bringing up the rear. From what I could see of the house tary candle hanging in a sconce upon the wall, it had once been a handsome building. Now, however, it had fallen his mistake?"
"No, I don't think it is necessary for you to do that," he replied. "Doubtless he will be on the right track in a few minutes. He problem is all to decay. The ceiling of the hall had at one time been rich!y painted, in who had trusted me so profoundly doctor.—N. Y. Timea.

but now only blurred traces of the de sign remained. Crossing the hall, my guide opened a door at the further end In obedience to a request from Hayle, I entered this room, to find myself tanding in a fine apartment, so far as size went, but sadly lacking in com fort where its furniture was concerned. There was a bed, a table three rough chairs, and an entirely in adequate square of carpet upon the floor. I have already said that it was a large room, and when I add that it was lighted only by two candles, which stood upon the table in the center, some idea will be formed of its general

dreariness. "Now, look here, Mr. Hayle," I said, "Now, 100k nere, Mr. Hayre, I sain,
"the time has come for us to have a
serious talk together. You know as
well as I do that in kidnaping me you
are laying yourself open to very serious consequences. If you think that by so doing you are going to prevent from eventually running you to earth, you are very much mistaken. You have obtained a temporary advantage over me, I will admit; but that advantage will not last. Do not flatter yourself that it will."

"I am not so sure upon that point," said Hayle, lighting a cigarette as he "If I did not think so I should not have gone to all this trouble expense. But why make such a fuss about it? You must surely understand, Mr. Fairfax, that your profes sion necessarily entails risks. This is one of them. You have been paid to become my enemy. I had no personal quarrel with you. You can scarcely blame me, therefore, if I retaliate when I have an opportunity. I don't know what you may think of it, but the mere fact of your dining with me to-night is very likely to go hard with you, so far as your clients are concerned. Would it be a good adver-tisement for the famous George Fairfax to have it known that, while he was taking his clients' money, he was dining pleasantly in Paris with the they were paying him to find I laid my trap for you, but I must confess that I had not very much faith in its success. Your experience should have made you more wary. A stu-dent of human character, such as you are, should have known that the leopard cannot change his spots, or the tiger his-

"If you continue in this strain much longer," I said, "I'll endeavor to stop our tongue, whatever it may cost me Now, either let me out, or get out of the room yourself. I want to see no more of you while I am in this

He blew a cloud of smoke, and then answered nonchalantly:

"You had better occupy yourself thanking your stars that you are let off so easily. At one time I was tempted to have you put out of the way altogether. I am not quite certain it wouldn't be safer, even now. It could be done so easily, and no one would be any the wiser. I know two men now in Paris who would gladly run the risk for the sake of the ill-will

"Then think it over on the other side of that door," I said, angrily.
"Play the same traitorous trick on ne as you did on Kitwater and Codd f you like, but you shall not stay in the same room with me now.'

My reference to Kitwater and Codd must have touched him on a raw spot, for he winced, and then tried to bluff

"I rather fancy Messrs, Kitwater and Codd will have just such kindly things to say concerning you in the future he moved toward the door. "And now I wish you good-by. As I leave Paris almost immediately, I don't suppose I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again. For your own sake I should ad-



I WAS ABOUT TO ARISE FROM MY SEAT AND OPEN THE DOOR, BUT HE STOPPED ME.

vise you to be quiet. I might tell you once for all that you can't get out. The door is a stout one, and the windows are exceptionally well barred. The men to whom I have assigned the duty of looking after you are in their way honest, though a little rough. Moreover, they are aware that their own safety depends to a very great extent upon your not getting out. Believe me, if you do not know already, there is nothing like fear for making a good watch-dog. Farewell, friend Fairfax! You have been instrumental

ance vile; you can tell me later how you like being there yourself." With that he went out, shutting the door behind him. I heard the key turn in the lock, and a bolt shot at top and bottom. I thereupon went to the window and examined it, only to the outside by large iron bars. So far as I could see, there was no other way of escape from the room.

was before me continually, gazing at me with sweet, reproachful eyes. Oh! what a fool I had been to accept that rascal's invitation! The more thought of it, the angrier I became withmyself. Now, goodness only knew how long I should be confined in this wretched place, and what would happen during my absence from the

At last the dawn broke, and with it a weird, sickly light penetrated the room. I sprang from my bed and aproom. I sprang from my bed and approached the window, only to find that it overlooked a small courtyard, the latter being stone-flagged, and surrounded by high walls. I could see that, even if I were able to squeeze my way out between the should be powerless to scale the walls. At a rough guess these were at least 12 feet high, and without a foothold of any sort or description. This being so, I was completely at the mercy of the men in the house. In-deed, a rat caught in a trap was never more firmly laid by the heels than I. At about half-past seven o'clock a small trap-door, which I had not noticed near the ground and the main door, was opened, and a grimy hand made its way in and placed upon the floor a cup of coffee and a roll. Then it was closed once more and made se cure. I drank the coffee and munched the roll, and, if the truth must be confessed, poor as they were, felt the better for both.

At midday a bowl of miserable soup was handed in; darkness, however, had fallen some considerable time before I could detect any sound in the hall outside that might be taken to mean the coming of my evening meal. At last there was a clatter of feet, the bolts shot back, the key turned in the lock, and the door opened. carrying a lantern entered, followed by two others, and as the light fell pon his face I uttered a cry of astonshment, for he was none other than

my old friend Leglosse, while benind him was the infallible Lepallard. "Well, thank goodness we have found you at last," cried Leglosse. "We have had such a hunt for you as man never dreamed of. I called at your apartments late last night, hopng to see you, on important business, but you had not returned from a din-ner to which you had been invited. I called again this morning, and was in-formed by the concierge that they had, up to that moment, seen nothing of When the good Lepallard informed me that you had left the restaurant in a cab with M. Hayle, and that the latter had returned to his apartments this morning in a great hurry, only to leave them a short time after with his luggage for the railway station, I began to grow uneasy. You have no idea what a day I have had looking for you, but it has been well

spent, since we have the pleasure of eeing you again." [To Be Continued.]

# HAVOC OF THE REMINISCENT.

### An Invitation That Carried with It & Serious Reflection Upon a Family Trait.

It is only tactful people who should be allowed to give personal reminis-cences, but unfortunately they are not the only ones, who do give them, says

London Tit-Bits. "How well I remember your father when I was a little girl!" lately said an elderly woman to a Newcastle clergyman. "He used to come to our house to dinner. We were always delighted o see him, children and all."

"That is very pleasant to hear," said the clergyman, with a smile; but the remained gravely unconnarrator remained grav scious of his interruption.

"I remember what a hearty appetite he had," she continued, blandly. "It was a real pleasure to see him eat. Why, when mother would see him coming along the road she's send me run-ning out to the cook and say: "Tell Mary to put on just twice as much of everything as she had planned, for here is Mr. Brown coming to dine with us!"

The eminent son endeavored to prenance at this interesting reminiscence, but his composure was sorely tried when, with great cordiality, the lady

"You are so much like your father! Won't you come home and dine with us after the service?"

The late Sir John Stainer, one of England's most celebrated musicians and composers, was once staying in a small Swiss village, and the English clergyman was on the lookout for a musician to assist at the service.

Stainer was in the office of the hotel when the clergyman found him, and started the conversation with: "Do you

play the harmonium?"
"A little," was the reply of the exorganist of St. Paul's cathedral. "Will you, then, be good enough to help us out of our difficulty on Sunday? We will read the Psalms, and the hymns shall be the simplest I can select," add

ed the delighted parson.
"I will do my best," said Stainer, with

The service proceeded satisfactorily but the congregation at the close listened to a brilliant recital. When the parson heard the name of his assistant he asked him to dinner. "Do you smoke?" he asked at the close.

"I will do my best," responded Stainer, and the ensuing laughter was the prologue of an entertaining exchange of Oxford reminiscences. — Youth's Companion.

The busy doctor was hurrying down the street when he was stopped by a man noted for his ability to get "sidewalk" advice.

"I am thoroughly worn out, and sick and tired. What ought I to take?"

asked the man.
"Take a cab," replied the unfeeling

PUZZLE PICTURE.



ARITHMETIC GOES WRONG.

Marked Eccentricity in the Weights of Various Packages of Merchandise Handled by Merchants.

The merchant orders a firkin of butter, or a firkin of soap, or a firkin of raisins, as though firkin meant one and

the same thing in weight.

As a matter of fact, while a firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds, and a firkin of soap 64, a firkin of raisins weighs no less than 112 pounds, though the tables tell you that a firkin is one measure of a certain weight, says the Boston

That is a marked eccentricity, but it pales into insignificance beside the weight which governs straw and hay. You cannot weigh straw as you would hay, or you would be cheating your customer. When the latter orders a load of straw he wants 2,196 pounds, but a load of old hay means 2,016

pounds, and new hay 2,160 pounds. Cheese, glass, iron, hemp and flax all these products are sold by the 'stone;" but if you were to weigh them allowing 14 pounds for each stone, you would revolutionize the whole system of reckoning as recognized by the va-rious trades whose species we have just referred to. A stone of any of the latter means a different weight entirely. A stone of cheese, for instance, i pounds, of glass 5 pounds, of beef 8 pounds, of iron 14 pounds, of hemp 32 pounds, of flax 16% pounds in Bel fast, and 24 pounds in Downpatrick.

Wool growers and wool staplers sell their products at 14 pounds to the stone; but in dealing with one another the weight is increased to 15 pounds.

Licensed victuallers buy their wines among other measures, by the pipe, and pipes in the wine trade are as varied as firkins or stones in others.

A pipe of port is 103 gallons, of mar-sala 93 gallons, of Madeira 92. of bucellas 117, of teneriffe 100, and so on throughout a long list of wines, so that it is important for "mine host" to be well up in the various pipe mea ures, so as to get in the right quanti-

Even pork is weighed out by means quite different from the ordinary meth ods of reading a weight according to the rules of simple arithmetic. If you were in the pork business in Belfast and you received an order for one hundred weight of pork, and you sent only 112 pounds -- which, according to weights and measures tables, is 1 cwt ould get an indignant letter from your customer for cheating him of eight pounds. You must send 120 pounds—that's a hundredweight of

If, on the other hand, you were in Cork, and sent your customer 120 pounds of pork for one hundredweight,

your friend would call you daft for sending him eight pounds more than you need have sent.

The weight of a "barrel" of anything has more meanings than the Chinese chow. If you ordered a barrel of gunpowder, and expected to get the same weight as a barrel of beef, you would be sorely disappointed, for between the two species there is just a difference of 100 pounds—a barrel of gunpounds weighs 100 pounds, and one of

beef 200 pounds. The variations of this weight are indeed perplexing. Here are a few: A barrel of soft soap weighs 256 pounds, pork 224, flour 196 to 220, raisins 112, offee from 112 to 168, anchovies only 30, and American flour 196 pounds.

Fish-like fish skin-has a group of sliding scales, which, to the ordinary layman, sems hopelessly confused. A last of codfish is 12 barrels, but a last of herring is 20. If you ordered a bar-rel of trawled cod your merchant would tap his forehead with his finger and say: "Poor fellow!" You can order a barrel of pickled cod, but not trawled. Order a bag of cocoa and you get a hundredweight; but a bag of coffee is

168 pounds, pepper 316 rice 168, sago 112, hops 280 and sugar from 112 to 168. Bushels are just as varied. There are 10 kinds of bushels, but you cannot measure one of them by a given unit. Whilst a bushel of barley is 47 pounds, a bushel of wheat is 60 and of oats 40,

### and so the irregularity goes on. Walnut Catsup.

This is a nice addition to your relishes. Gather the nuts while tender enough to pierce with a large needle, chop them up and pound in a mortar; then put in a porcelain-lined ket-tle, cover with water and cook slowly for two or three hours. Strain and return to kettle and add a teaspoonful each of ground cloves and mace and boil down to one-third the quantity. Fill bottles with equal parts of the walnut mixture and strong vinegar and seal at once. Add a clove of garlic with the spices and have a delicious sauce for meats. -Washington Star.

# Oratory Versus Stenography.

"Will you please explain this passage?" asked the stenographer of the great orator. "It does not seem to mean anything, but I am sure I got your words right.'

"That means, young man," said the great orator, "that you do not know oratory when you hear it."—Indianapolis News.

"My heart," he said, "is in this work."
"Good," she replied. "Now if somebody would put some brains in it we might look for results."—Chicago Rec-

In our day there is a strong temptation to self-indulgence. I think of the stern, hard days before there was a cooking stove, a heating stove, a telegraph, a mile of

ord-Herald.

The Sin of

Rev. Frederick E. Hopkins, Pastor Pilgrim Congregational Church, Chicago.

railroad, a kerosene lamp, or a Self-Indulgence cylinder press. Look at your supreme court and Marshall was on the bench; at your treasury, and Hamilton established your credit; at your senate, and John Quincy Adams was there; at your colleges, and they graduated Jeffersons and

Websters: at your pulpit, and Lyman Beecher was there. Look at your homes; big families of which Franklin was one and Wendell Phillips another, and both the Shermans and Henry Ward

Beecher, one of eight, and every one a genius. WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE AMERICAN HOME AND

FAMILY? Why is it that so largely already the children of strangers possess your gates? They have large families. They are doing the hard work. The biggest farms out on these prairies are owned by them. The man who draws the largest salary in this country is named Schwab. Not distinctively American in sound, is it? We speak of these things not from any prejudice to the foreign born or their children. Not because we believe the former days were better than our times. But the doctrine of our Saviour is the soul that saith to itself: "Thou hast much goods laid up for many days, take thine

case" is in danger of deat1.. INSTEAD OF SITTING DOWN IN OUR FURNACE-HEATED, GAS-LIGHTED, TELEPHONE-CONNECTED HOMES AND BEING THEREWITH CONTENT, IT 15 FOR US TO SEE TO IT THAT SPIRITUAL STRENGTH KEEPS PACE WITH MATERIAL PROGRESS.