Rich gifts that Heaven delights to see The poorest hands may hold; The love that of its poverty Gives kindly succor, prompt and free,

Is worth its weight in gold. One smile can glorify a day, One word new hope impart; The least disciple need not say There are no alms to give away, If love be in the heart.

The gentle word, the helping hand, Are needed everywhere, God's poor are always in the land, And small things done for them shall stand

Large recompense to share.

We earthly pen the tale may write Of cup or crust so given; But angels have such deeds in sight, Writ large, in characters of light, On records kept in heaven!

CURED BY A PHOTO.

Charlie Cornwall and his wife enjoyed, during the first year or so of their marriage, the blissful belief that each had been the other's first love. Still, although Charlie was fully persuaded that his Lucy had never seen anything lovable in man before she met him, and although Lucy was convinced that her husband loved her with true and unadulterated affection, Mrs. Cornwall could not entirely throw off the distrust of the opposite sex which is always to some extent innate in woman, and being aware that there is a very popular code of ethics which makes marriage equivalent to license, she kept a jealous eye upon her husband. Nothing, however, happened to interfere with the harmony and happiness of their life together until Charlie, having answered a very tempting advertisement in the Field, anent a shooting-box in Inverness-shire which was to be let on application to a certain "X. Y. Z.," and having concluded the necessary arrangements, had transported himself and wife thither.

Upon the first day after their arrival, while Charlie went round with the keeper over the ground which it was proposed to break on the morrow, Mrs. Cornwall was pretty fully occupied in arranging the little house to their requirements. Experience of country house visits and seaside apartments had taught Lucy Cornwall, among other things, that the drawers of wash-hand stands are very often the receptacles of the most extraordinary rubbish and odds and ends, but during all this experience she had never met with such a shock as awaited her during her explorations of this little remote Highland shooting box. In one of the aforesaid drawers she found a photograph of her Charlie, one of a set which she remembered he had taken when their billing and cooing was in full swing, upon which was written in his handwriting: "From your ever true and affectionate Charlie.'1

But for this writing she would have regarded this discovery as being merely an extraordinary coincidence, but the inscription was a damning fact and when she put two and two together, and The photograph had certainly not been would not have graced it; but had without doubt been given to some woman, who, finding herself deceived, had thrown it away in disgust.

So she waited the arrival of the unconscious Charlie with that stern joy which woman, as well as warriors, sometimes feel; determined, no matter at what cost, to find out to whom he had been "ever true and affectionate" at a time when he was continually swearing that she was his only idol on earth. Her heart beat quickly when a well-known of great annoyance and grief to me." step and a careless whistle down stairs proclaimed the approach of the victim, and she made no answer to his "Lucy Lucy! Where are you! Here's a Highland welcome for a fellow who has been tramping about since breakfast time, who is tired, wet and hungry!

This last ejaculation was the result of his first glimpse of his wife's face. He saw at once that something had happened during his absence and therefore composed his features to a suitable

"Why what's the matter, Lucy?" he continued. "You look as if--" Mrs. Cornwall cut him short with magisterial severity. "Charles Cornwall," she said, hold-

ing up the photograph, "explain this if

The unfortunate man gazed at his own couterfeit presentment and the color fled from his cheeks.

"Explain what? Explain this photo?" come out well-never!"

"Charles Cornwall." continued his wife, still keeping her relentless gaze fixed on the unhappy man's guilty face. "I found this photograph in a drawer upstairs. Now how did it get there?" "My dear, good soul, how on earth am I to know?" replied Charlie. gave it to some fellow, I suppose, and

"No, Charles," said his wife, "not to some fellow. When one man gives his carte to another, he does not as a rule describe himself as 'ever true and affectionate.' Women may be fools, Charles, but your wife is no fool. There's a mystery here which I must and will have cleared up. O Charles, Charles! How often you have sworn to me that I

was your first and only love!"
"So you were," said Charlie; "and you can't prove anything to the con-

"No, but this photograph could," answered Mrs. Cornwall. "You've have made a folly good use of that 'once.' given it to some woman and I shall I rather think there's something more to make it my business to find out who she

The wretched man groaned inwardly and racked his brain to recall any injudicious little present of this kind he house and the prospects of the season | ign they have parted, or are married. | the old man a chance, Kate.

might have made during that period of and of one thing and another, until she festive enthusiasm which usually marks | was almost lulled into a sense of security the close of bachelor life. It could not and began to think that after all he was have been Stella, of the Jocosa Theatre, not so very anxious to solve the mystery or that pretty girl in the pink dress that of the photograph. She was not so well he met at Henley or— No; he was pleased, however when Charlie insisted positively sure that even if he had dis- that Fordyce should come back to dinby which he was now confronted.

Mrs Cornwall, of course, observed his embarassment and naturally construed | tunity and said to Charlie: it as an admission of guilt. "Charles," she said, "there will not be another day of happiness between us

solved and until I know who has been sniggering and slobbering over it." 'My dear, don't be silly," said her you must remain unsatisfied. It's un-

warranted, it's caruel and its absurd." Of course, Mrs. Cornwall fell to sobbing at this unexpected display of spirit and whined out something from Byron to the effect that love was a thing apart from man's life, but that it was woman's whole existence. In which frame of mind the cold-blooded Charlie left her, glad at the success so far of the attitude he had taken up, but by no means so sure of innocence as he made himself out to be. So for two or three cate character and that Charlie would days the relationship between man and not get much out of him. wife was what in political language would be termed "strained."

About a week afterwards Charlie came in from shooting and said: "My dear, I met 'X. Y. Z.' to-day for the first time. He is very anxious to know if we are quite comfortable here

and said that he hoped very shortly to do himself the honor of paying us "H'm! Perhaps the lady whom you so signally favored will come with him," said Mrs. Cornwall, with sarcastic em-

"We shall see," replied her husband. 'He didn't say anything about bringing lady with him. Shall I ask him to?" "Oh, dear, yes, of course," replied Mrs. Cornwall. "You must be anxious to see one to whom you are ever true and affectionate after all this time. Oh, yes, ask her by all means. It would be

such a delicate act of courtesy toward me. What is 'X. Y. Z.'s' name?" "Fordyce-Richard Fordyce," replied The mention of this name produced a

strange effect upon Mrs. Cornwall, came hard and fast and her fingers began to twitch nervously. "Well, my dear, what's the matter?"

he asked. "Oh, nothing," replied Lucy. "I-I don't feel very well. I think this Scotch in astonishment. air is rather too strong for me. I would

like to go south again." Such a sudden indisposition of one who had been, up to a few seconds prerecalled his ardent professions of fidelity | viously, in robust health made Charlie | Charlie seized the opportunity and said to and affection for her at the time the Cornwall ponder. Why should the photograph was taken, at one fell swoop name of Richard Fordyce produce such "Look here was shattered the pleasant belief into a strange and immediate effect? Evi- the world and understand each other. which she had lulled herself as to her dently there was something below the Of course, I see how matters stand, alhusband's immaculate behavior before surface, and as he had during the past though the presence of that photograph his marriage to her. There was not an few days undergone an intolerable per- here is still a mystery to me. When I extenuating circumstance conceivable. secution at the hands of his wife, he was was spooning Lucy I was not such a in no mood to leave any stone unturned fool as to believe that a pretty girl like given to a man, or such an inscription by which he could turn the tables on her would have no other admirer but her. So he replied:

"Nonsense! Lucy, nonsense! You haven't been here long enough to get accustomed to the air, so don't talk two months to run. Besides, my dear, let it go. Understand, eh?"
I'm curious about this affair of the photograph, and when Fordyce comes I'll ask him if he knows anything about it. Remember you have made a very grave accusation against me, and although I

"Oh, never mind about that, Charhe," said his wife; "I haven't been very well for some days and when one isn't well one is apt to be irritable at trifles. Consider it all as unsaid and let us get away from this damp, dreary place.'

But Charlie, whose turn it was to be suspicious, insisted that she should give the place a trial of a few days longer. and so, in spite of all her sobbings and entreaties, Mrs. Cornwall had to yield with the best grace she could.

On the very next morning Charlie, as he was smoking his after-breakfast pipe, saw Fordyce coming up the garden, but, for reasons of his own, he did not allow himself to be seen and did not go out to greet his visitor. He listened, however, attentively and after hearing his wife run hastily down stairs, he heard Mr. Fordyce's cheery voice sing out:

of meeting you in this out-of-the-way corner! We haven't seen each other since-"

he stammered. "Why, my angel, I Here Mrs. Cornwall, interrupting, wonder you're not ashamed to keep such said: "Hush, Dick, hush! I'm Mrs. Corna hideous work of art. It was done | wall now, We must not be as we were whilst we were sweethearting, before I to each other, for if my husband were grew my beard. There's a coat! There's to know that we were acquainted I can't a head of hair! Ha! ha! I never did think what he would do. As it is, I'm in a dreadful fix on account of a photo-

tently followed the little chat up to this point and who feared that further absence on his part would prevent the truth about the photograph becoming known to him, appeared.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Fordyce," he said, extending his hand. "I don't think you know Mrs. Cornwall—but—" It was difficult to say who looked the more uncomfortable, Lucy Cornwall or saw a chance of being able to pay off long arrears of jealous persecution, enjoyed their embarrassment thoroughly

and continued: "But perhaps you have met before?"
"Y-yes, Mr. Cornwall, I think I once had the pleasure," sheepishly murmured

Fordyce. "Egad!" thought Charlie he must come out," But he only said:

"That's all right, then; I needn't introduce you." And to his wife's relief he went on talking generally about the

tributed little mementoes of this nature | ner after the day's shooting, for she amongst his fair friends he would not knew very well that men wax very have been such a fool as to write on much more eloquent upon certain subthem so criminating a sentence as that | jects over their after-dinner claret than | Fordyce had gone she seized the oppor-

don't feel well, to ask a man in to din-

until the mystery of this photograph is ner. "All right, my dear," replied her husband. "You need not turn up if you don't feel equal to it, and we will start

old friend of yours. comfort she could extract from the situnaturally not be particularly eloquent

She accordingly appeared at dinner, smothering her anxiety under a mask of to leave the two men to their wine, Charlie said:

"You don't mind smoke, Lucy, and the departure from conventionality in a shooting-box.'

Of course both the visitor and Lucy gladly acquiesced.

versation, "we are exceedingly comfort- amusements. able here, but we might be a great deal more so if-,

"Now it's coming," groaned poor Mrs. Cornwall to herself. "If," went on Charlie, "you could help us clear up a mysterious little matter connected with a photograph of myself which Mrs. Cornwall found a few days ago in a drawer up-stairs and for the existence of which, I cannot for the which Charlie could not fail to note; the life of me account and which, not uncolor left her cheeks, her breathing naturally, perhaps makes her a little un-

> "What will Dick say, I wonder?" thought Mrs. Cornwall.

"A photograph of you found in a drawer up stairs?" exclaimed Fordyce, "Yes," said Charlie. "Lucy, my

dear, just run up stairs and bring the photograph for Mr. Fordyce to see." Mrs. Cornwall rose and left the room.

'Look here, Fordyce, me, and of course I never believed her when she has told me that she never loved any one but me. But she's very jealous, and now that I have a chance already of going south when we've got of giving her a lesson I don't want to

Fordyce nodded, and Mrs. Cornwall entered with the photograph, which she handed to him.

"I want you to look at it," said Charlie, in a calm, judicial tone, "because to have not said much, it has been a source | be quite candid with you, it has caused a good deal of unpleasantness between us, and when two people marry for love, as we did, and each is the other's first love, such a calamity as ill-feeling ought

to be impossible." Then, turning to Mrs. Cornwall, whose exquisite misery during this expose of the state of affairs to an old flame may be imagined, he said: "All I want to do, my dear, is to clear myself in your eyes by having it plainly proved to and fro of the compositors. Just why that this photograph was never given by me to any other woman, as you suspect to be the case."

Fordyce began his answer with a roar of laughter.

"Well, Mr. Cornwall," he said at "you have been so exceedingly candid with me that I must be the same with you."

Mrs. Cornwall's agitation was painful to witness. If she could have frowned, without attracting her husband's attention she would have done so, but she

Fordyce went on. wife, when I was head-over-heels in love with her."

know your name." "And I had no idea that I had a arrows now wounding his wife should

be well barbed. "Then, when I found that she had a "I was jealous, and took it away from her. And then I lost sight of her altogether, although I heard she was mar-Richard Fordyce, and Charlie, who now ried, forgot all about the photo-probably threw it away in my disappointment
—and there it has been ever since."

"Now, Mrs. Cornwall," said her husband, with affected severity, "I hope that you are satisfied that at any rate I am not the sinner." "Oh, yes, Charlie dear, of course I am!" sobbed Lucy; "I've been very cruel and wicked, and I hope you will

forgive me!" When a girl begins to take an interest in the condition of a young man's wardrobe, it is a sign they are engaged. When she loses all interest in it it is a THE SOOTHING WEED.

Why Men Smoke at Various Times and Places.

A number of literary men smoke simply to make an income. They have learned that with a pipe in their mouth thoughts not only come more readily. but in better order, and that while it is often difficult to get the proper word if in the presence of their wives. So when they are not smoking, it runs to the half of what is due you; the other half of w 'light up." Psychologically this is the "I think it is very inconsiderate of most interesting; and the reason woman-you, Charlie, when I tell you that I kind can not grasp it probably is that most interesting; and the reason womanpsychology is not, unfortunately, taught in the ladies' seminaries. Smoking is a great safeguard against infectious diseases. It is only by reading up the subject scientifically in medical treatises husband. "If I tell you that I haven't for the south to-morrow if you wish it. that one thoroughly gets to understand the faintest recollection of having given At the same time I cannot help remark- the thousands risks of this kind that we my photo to any body, male or female, ing upon the extraordinary suddenness run every day. In the country during except yourself and our friends, it of your indisposition and its coincidence the summer months, when men are on ought to be enough. You've no right with the arrival of Mr. Fordyce upon their holidays, they look forward to to doubt my honor and fidelity on ac- our little world here. But as I have having a temporary respite from smokcount of a trumpery discovery like this asked him to dinner, I can't put him off | ing. Then it does not so much matter and if my assurance cannot satisfy you and I think he would remark your ab- how the temperament is; living so much sence, especially as he seems to be an in the open air, the smoking of other persons has little effect on them, and It may be imagined that Mrs. Corn- there is less danger of infection. It is wall'passed a sufficiently miserable day. to keep off the flies that men smoke If she could but get hold of Fordyce she at the seaside and on the hills. Their might be able to stave off what now own weather-beaten countenances can seemed mevitable exposure, but he was stand the flies, but those little demons out on the moors and the only grain of | would not only spoil the summer for our susceptible wives and sisters and chilation was the probability that he would dren, but would disfigure them as well. That is what a man can not endure. on a subject which was of rather a deli- You may have seen picnics on the river be done. I will not permit it." or among the fields, with men smoking and the ladies standing quite near them. With many smoking is an excuse for staying at home. A man looks foolish the process of the meal to render her too tired to do much. A cigar supplies especially unhappy. But when she rose the amount of labor he requires, and he the little I possess." does not mind the trouble of smoking it so long as it enables him to stay at home without loss of dignity and look over it it will be uncommonly dull for you all admiringly, and yet undemonstratively, alone in the drawing room, so stay with at his wife. Should a man with a small us, I am sure Mr. Fordyce will pardon income be an epicure, or naturally of an irascible temper, it will add greatly to the happiness of his home if he compels himself to smoke. And, at present, when times are so hard as to effect "Yes, Mr. Fordyce," said Charlie, as every one more or less, a clgar is a cheap if in continuation of a broken off con- and excellent substitute for costly

Type Setting in Japan.

The office of the Nichi-Nichi Shinbun, a Japanese newspaper, is thus described: The feature of the Shinbun office was the type case-for there was only one of body type. And such a type case! Ghost of Benjamin Franklin, what a case! Suppose we measure it. It is burned divided for utility into two sections sloping toward an alley five feet wide. is laid in regular piles, several piles in a poured my champagne. box, with faces all toward the compositors, mostly boys, big and little. Each holds a wooden "stick" with brass rule. workshop. I was in the doorway. which is 20 ems pica, but to about half | master's house. the measure—it being the business of ihe other workmen to impose the lines in columns, take proof, and make up The counsellor's name had terrified me. Could my fault be already known? I had decided not to use my book till Now, then, the type-setting. forms. Armed with sticks and rules and copy, the dozen compositors read the last in an earnest, sing-song way, each rushing to some box far or near for the needed letters-then back ten or twelve feet to eyes the second one-all are on the lively move-rushing and skipping to and fro, right and left, up and down, chasse, balance to partners, swing the corners, up and back, singing the copy, catching one letter here, another there, prancing and dodging, humming and skippingpromenade, cotillion, Virginia reel, and all-hands-around upon the same floor, at the same time and the same dancers in each—a perfect maze of noise and peace with a good conscience. confusion-yet out of confusion bringare there in this case, anyhow?" we ter than say: "Nobody knows, sir! no-body knows—many thousand." Later Catharine we repeated the same question to a more intelligent person, who said: "At least markable size of the case and the racing

Macaulay's Tribulations.

mark that it was the custom.

they intone their copy all the while was

not made so clear-other than the re-

In his last days Macaulay was griev-ously vexed by the modern penalty of fame. Any one who thought he had a genius or a grievance wrote to him rine. either to advance or extinguish it, as the 'Why, Lucy! who would have thought or shaken her head, or touched Fordyce case might be. The historian in his journal mentions the clergyman who wrote to him three times to ask what dared not, and braced up for the worst. the allusion to St. Cecilia meant in the account of the trial of Warren Hastings, 'This photograph, Mr. Cornwall, I A Scottish gentleman, who wished to took from the lady who is now your publish a novel, wrote that he would be glad to come to London and submit his ber that in parting I said to the young manuscript to the judgment of the essay-"That was going on, then, at the ist, if the latter would remit him \$250. same time as my courtship of her," said Charlie, quietly.

A cattle painter appealed to him, "as he loved the fine arts," to hire or buy him graph of his which I found up stairs and which—"

Charlie, quietly.

"Yes," replied his visitor; "I was a cow to paint from. A schoolmaster rival of yours, although I did not even in Cheltenham, who published a wretched pamphlet on British India, full of errors, received a courteous note rival," said Charlie determined that, the from Macaulay pointing out two gross mistakes, whereupon the schoolmaster ssued a new edition, which was advertised as "revised and corrected by Lord photograph of you," continued Fordyce, | Macaulay." These are the penalties of popularity, and, as the story now goes, Lord Tennyson is suffering acutely from the same affliction. He has been obliged, it is said, to give up answering, even by secretary, his multitudinous correspondents, and so consigns the manuscript they send him to his private Balaam box.

Snoots—"I say, Bangs did you know the Broadway street railroad rails have been painted red?"

Bangs—"No! What did they do that

Snoots-"To cover up the steal," "There can be no great men with-out grandmothers," says Kate Field. I wished the Palatin to accompany me No Kate, and there can be no grand-mothers without grandfathers. Give I entered the counting room. Coun-

The Savings Bank.

You know that I lost my father and mother in my infancy, and that I had not a relative in the world. I was wild and thoughtless when I began my apprenticeship as locksmith. My master was, on the other hand, a grave, reserved man, so that a very few words from him were important. When for the first time he paid me a week's wages he said: "Peter, you do not need more than I will set aside for the savings bank," And so it was.

I showed my book to my companion, and he told me that it was perfectly

correct.

That night when we laid down side by side to sleep, he said, "Peter, you and I can be rich, and will have nothing to do but see the world and let our money work for us." He added that we must go to California, where the earth is full of gold. "Very good," I answered, "but who

will give us the money to make the voy-

"Haven't you your bank book?" "You call it a trifle yourself." "We will make something better of

"," said he striking a light. "I have an idea. Get up and show me your book." "Capital!" he cried, when I had given him my book. "Nobody will have the slightest suspicion. 'Received this day five crowns,' Of 'five crowns,' I will make 'five hundred,' and we will have the means of starting on our travels.' At these words I began to tremble. 'My friend," said I, this ought not to "Let me alone." said he; "I will

show you how easy it is." A fatal curiosity woke in me and I said to him: "You can do it this way. affability; and nothing occurred during of an evening doing nothing. Yet he is Try it on another paper, or else you will spoil my book, and I should lose

I hoped he would not succeed, and that his failure would deliver me from my guilty covetousness; and yet I could have wished him to succeed. "Let me alone," he sharply replied, "and do not make me angry, or else my hand will tremble and I shall spoil

everything. I crossed my arms on my chest, and with trembling, I watched him change the words written on my precious book, while it seemed as if my heart were bursting. Then he took a little knife and scratched out a few letters. I shivered, and yet I said to myself: you?" 'Now you are rich and able to grow

richer.

I looked at what he had just written. Received 500 crowns." Nobody could detect the least falsification in these words, and the great register was fruit and I will believe you.

We returned to bed. I already saw myself across the ocean, picking up the exact truth." Each section is four feet wide by 30 feet | nuggets of gold. I had a carriage with long-4 by 60 feet. There's a new case four magnificent horses, and a servant ger followed the two men who were to for you! This is divided into small com- who offered me a beautiful meerschaum partments or boxes, into which the type | pipe trimmed with silver, while another On Christmas Eve Counsellor Men-

The type are all of a size; the "stick" is | She said she had come for me, and that | tree was about twenty feet high and six not set to the measure of the column, I must go at ence with my tools to her

> Spring, and had never shown it. But I was afraid of everything. Nevertheless, I went with the young girl. She had a sweet, fresh face, and the pure Christmas light burned in her

> "It will be hard for you," said I to Catharine, "to leave these beautiful

> rooms for some poor little home. "I have plenty of time in which to make up my mind to it," she replied. "But you do not yet know everything. Living in a right dwelling one soon learns that it matters little whether he is served with a golden spoon or a brass one. The essential thing is to live in

At these words I could no longer find ing printed order! It was a sight to be the key hole, and Catharine began to "How many different characters laugh at my lack of skill. At length, however, I opened the casket and my asked our guide. Then our guide asked eyes were dazzled at the contents. Un- even sheet of the entire width and length the printers, and none could answer bet- der a blue velvet cushion glittered a set of the strip of bark. Twelve sheets were

Catharine stepped to the door and thrown into the water. called her master; but no sooner had he glanced at the casket than he rudely 50,000." That will account for the remarkable size of the case and the racing with the large diamond in the centre is gone.

I shook like a poplar leaf. I was about to throw myself on my knees, when I heard Catharine's voice. "How can you think-," she said, "I was here!"

"Be still! We will examine you too!" He called his wife and, then turning to me, said that he should search me broadened and broadened until from a while his wife did the same to Catha-

My anger grew still greater when another servant suggested that Catharine might have hidden the diamonds in her hair, and I saw the poor girl as pale as death with her braids all unbound. Naturally the counsellor found noth-

ing on Catharine or on me. I rememgirl: "Be patient: I will make up to you all you have suffered through me.' The affront I had suffered paralyzed my conscience. I sought often to see Catharine, but seldom successfully. She said she was afraid that if we were seen together it would cause fresh suspicions. One day, however, she met me with a joyful express

God be thanked! we are now completely justified. My master's sister has written him that she forgot to put the brooch into the casket." "And is not the counsellor going to

beg my pardon?"
"He wishes me to do so," she replied, 'and asked me to do so for him," I never felt so happy before. I told Catharine that I would yet be rich and would give her a beautiful carriage, harnessed to four horses, and she promised to be faithful to me, should I come for her on foot. The thing I had done still seemed nothing in comparison with the humiliation I had suffered.

Palm Sunday having come I decided on the instant of the Palatin to draw my money in order to try my fortune in the world and make Catharine my wife.

I entered the counting room. Coun-sellor Menninger was there. At first I iniquitous purposes.

was frightened, and then the sight of himgave me new ardor. He was the man who had insulted me. While I waited the sweat trickled down my limbs, and my book stuck to my fingers as if it never could be shaken off.

At last my turn came. The Counsellor put on his spectacles and looked at my book. I could hear no sound but the monotonous tickings of the clock-My heart knocked hard against my side, "You have been very economical," said the counsellor. "Will you have

coin or paper?" I said I would have paper, and he gave me a little roll of notes on each of which was written: "100 crowns." trembled so that I could hardly hold these notes in my hands, and when he asked if the right sum was there I could only nod my affirmative. Suddenly he looked attentively at me.

"Are you not the locksmith," he asked, "whom I had summoned on Christmas eve?"

"Yes," said I.

"I am delighted to see you again. I beg you to forgive my unjust suspicion of you, which must have caused you pain. If I can render you a service it will give me great pleasure. But what is the matter? Are you ill?"

I fell on my knees crying, "No, no; I am a scoundrel. Take back your

money And I told him all.

The counsellor was a good man. He saw my despair and spoke to me kindly. My dangerous companion was obliged to leave the city. I was affianced to Catharine in the counsellor's house, and he aided me to establish myself in that city. I ought to add that before I left the savings bank I burned my little

A WEDDING-DRESS FROM A TREE The Curious Product of Nature in Central America

A stranger traveling in Central America expressed great surprise when told by his host that mosquito-nets grew on trees in that country, says a writer in St. Nicholas. The host further asserted that he intended to get a wedding dress from the same tree for a bride

who was to be married on his estate. "You don't mean," said the traveler incredulously, "that mosquito-netting and bridal dresses grow on trees, dc

"That's just what I mean," replied

"All right," said the stranger who fancied a joke was being attempted at his expense, "let me see you gather the "Certainly," was the answer "follow

the men and you will see that I speak Still looking for some jest, the stranpluck the singular fruit, and stood by when they stopped at a rather small tree

netting or the wedding garment. The inches in diameter, and its bark looked much like that of a birch tree. "Is this the tree?" asked the stranger.

bearing thick, glossy green leaves, but

nothing else which the utmost effort of

the imagination could convert into the

"Yes, senor," answered one of the n with a smi "I don't see mosquito-netting nor the welding dress," said the stranger, "and

I can't see any joke either.' "If the senor will wait a few minutes he will see all that was promised, and more too," was the reply. "He will see that this tree can bear not only mosquito-netting and wedding dresses, but fishnets and neck-scarfs, mourning crape or

bridal veils." The tree was, without more ado cut down. Three strips of bark, each about six inches wide and eight feet long, were taken from the trunk and thrown into a stream of water. Then each man took a strip while it was still in the water, and with the point of his knife separated a thin layer of the inner bark from one end of the strip. The layer was then taken in the fingers and gently pulled, whereupon it came away in an thus taken from each strip of bark and

A light broke in upon the stranger's mind. Without a doubt these strips were to be sewn together into one sheet. The plan seemed a good one and the fabric thus formed might do, he thought,

if no better cloth could be had. The men were not through yet, however, for when each strip of bark had yielded its twelve sheets, each sheet was taken from the water and gradually stretched sidewise. The spectator could hardly believe his eyes. The sheet close piece of material six inches wide, it became a filmy cloud of delicate lace over three feet in width. The astonished gentleman was forced to confess that no human-made loom ever turned out lace which could surpass in snowy whiteness and gossamer-like delicacy that product of nature.

A Black and Horrible Tempest.

Like all passions, anger has degrees, scending from slight vexation through deepening clouds to rage and, finally, to fury, which is a black and horrible tempest. In its mid-region, where it is neither too little to be motive nor too furious to be ungovernable it has its usefulness. For all feeling is as fuel. and where there is none life has no fire, and then no flame of ascent, no glow and no light. Wherefore anger bestows strength as a motive, in this being like

But it agrees with only some and notably with fear, in that it is a waste of force and speedily flags. Anger uses up a vast force quickly, like a flash of explosion, and then has none left to apply to labor. Herein it is like a stimulant, which sets either effort or pleasure briskly forward, but soon slips back by a bitter and gloomy reaction.

A PHILADELPHIA youth who was shaken by the earthquake in the after-noon and then shook by his best girl in the evening says, he didn't mind the former, but was all broken up by the latter.

Knowledge, when possessed by only a few, has almost always been turned to