

CYCLONE IN TEXAS.

HOUSES IN THE EASTERN PORTION OF HOOD COUNTY DESTROYED.

15 PERSONS KILLED AND MANY INJURED.

NEW ORLEANS, May 6.—A special to the *Picayune* from Granbury, Texas, says: A destructive cyclone visited Salk Creek, in the eastern portion of Hood county, after 5 o'clock Sunday evening. The beginning of serious trouble was the residence of Mr. Lee Rhodes, 12 miles east of that place. There were about 20 persons in the house when the cyclone struck it. Miss Della Carmichael, aged 17 years, was instantly killed, also Mary Carmichael, aged 1 year, and the little baby of Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Rhodes and her 12-year-old daughter, Norah, were seriously injured. Other children in the house were bruised. At Fall Creek, a little further south, John Manley's house was wrecked and he was seriously injured, Charles Houston's house was demolished, and Mrs. Rushing hurt. Mrs. Campbell's house was blown away, Mrs. Serkley's house was demolished, and her arm broken in two places. Mr. Chung's house was blown down, and his wife and child hurt. Mr. Robertson's house was demolished, and Mrs. Payne hurt. The other houses wrecked are Alfred Massey's, L. McPherson's, J. Woolenliffe's, M. C. Herstey's, and Mr. Brooks's. The damage to out-houses, crops, fences and timber is very great. At the little town of Acton, on the line of Parker and Hood counties, four persons were killed, and a number seriously injured. Many houses were demolished in that vicinity.

At Robin Creek, in Hood county, eight persons were killed, five of whom belonged to the family of Dr. George Griffin. A heavy hail storm fell throughout this section, doing immense damage to crops. News from Graham, in Young county, says a heavy hail storm fell there on Sunday. The hail completely ruined crops and vegetation, wheat, oats and corn being completely beaten into the ground. The fruit crop in that section will be ruined.

THE CARPENTERS WIN.

The Strike in Chicago Finally Settled.

CHICAGO, May 6.—The carpenters strike was finally settled to-day, when representatives of the Carpenters' Council and the new Boss Carpenters' and Builders' Association met and signed the agreement which was reached by the Arbitration Committee yesterday.

By the terms of the agreement the men are given an eight-hour day; overtime is rated as time and a half; Sunday time is rated as double time; each contractor is allowed to retain his present apprentices and take one new apprentice each year, and the Association agrees to employ none but union men and foremen, and to submit no contracts from the old Carpenters' and Builders' Association.

The minimum pay for carpenters is fixed at 35 cents an hour until August 1st, and after that date it will be 37 1/2 cents an hour. The arbitration committee will be continued as a permanent committee to settle any dispute which may arise hereafter between employers and employees.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—The Longue Pointe Lunatic Asylum, ten miles from Montreal, Canada, was destroyed by fire, on the 6th, and about 50 of the inmates are believed to have perished in the flames. The asylum was under the charge of the Sisters of Providence, and several of the sisters lost their lives in trying to save the patients. The asylum was founded in 1873, and the amount spent in organizing the institution was \$1,132,232 of which the buildings cost \$700,000. The arrangements for the prevention and check of fire appear to have been very defective.

—A Lehigh passenger train collided with an Erie engine at Painted Post, New York, on the morning of the 6th, and both trains were wrecked. The engineer and fireman of the Lehigh were slightly hurt, and so were four persons names unknown, on the passenger train. Superintendent Stephenson was also aboard the passenger train, and was cut about the head and face.

—Heavy frosts were quite general in Illinois, Missouri and Iowa on the nights of the 5th and 6th. Fruits and vegetables are reported to be badly damaged. There were heavy frosts in the northern part of Kansas on the night of the 6th. The fruit crops were damaged, and in some places corn and wheat suffered.

—The yacht *Gertrude* capsized in the Ohio river at Wheeling, West Virginia, on the evening of the 7th, throwing the 15 passengers—14 males and two females—into the water. It is believed all were rescued but F. W. Wells, an architect, who was drowned. A number of the passengers were unconscious when taken from the water. Three men are still missing, and may be drowned. A New Jersey Central express train ran into the Lehigh Valley New York passenger train at a grade crossing in Allentown, Pa., on the morning of the 7th. The airbrakes on the New Jersey Central train would not work. Emma Hall, aged 25 years, was killed, and eleven others were injured, Joseph Hauter probably fatally.

—C. M. Burt and his bride, of Fairfield, Nebraska, arrived at Grand Island on the evening of the 6th, on their wedding trip, and stopped at the Hotel Dumpling. On the morning of the 7th Mrs. Burt was found dead in bed and Mr. Burt was unconscious, with no hope of recovery. The gas had been blown out. A man and woman, supposed to be Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Edwards, of Rolla, Illinois, were found lying on the bed in a room in the La Grande Hotel, in Chicago, on the afternoon of the 6th, overcome by

gas, which was escaping from an open jet. The man died, but there is some hope of the woman's recovery. It is thought that they blew out the gas when they retired on the evening of the 5th.

—As a freight train on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad was crossing a small bridge near Wellington, Kansas, on the evening of the 7th, the engine and boiler exploded. John Mack, the engineer, was killed, and the fireman, name unknown, fatally injured. The bridge was destroyed and 16 cars of cattle were precipitated into the creek. John D. Davis, fire boss, and William Morgan, a miner, were found dead in the mines at Gilberton Colliery, Mahanoy Plane, Pa., on the morning of the 7th. The cause of their death was fire damp, which had accumulated during the night and suffocated them.

—John H. Schmidt, 18 years of age, was caught in the belting at the works of the Excelsior Electric Light Works, in Harrisburg, Pa., on the evening of the 7th and killed. Andrew J. Murray, Jr., and Patrick Fitzgerald, riggers, were thrown from the fifth to the first floor of a building in New York on the 7th by the slipping of a rope. Murray was killed and Fitzgerald badly injured. The public school building at Lafayette, Alabama, was struck by lightning on the 7th and partly demolished. The pupils and teachers escaped injury.

—At Freesport, Nebraska, on the 6th, a young man named Clark, who had been courting Miss McIntyre, proposed to her, and, when she rejected him, shot her in the chest. He then blew out his brains. Doctors say the girl will die. James Rodgers was beaten to death with clubs by Alfred Campbell and George King, near Huntwood, Illinois, on the evening of the 5th. They were all drunk, and had with them a jug of whiskey.

—Frederick Leach was shot and killed by Frank Dumont in Springfield, New York, on the morning of the 8th. Leach had gone to Dumont's house to pay him some money and a quarrel arose.

—Jonas Russell, aged 16 years, and Clarence Hickox, aged 17, of Des Moines, Iowa, went fishing on the evening of the 7th, intending to camp out. On the 7th their dead bodies were found under several feet of sand at Deep Rock Spring, below the city. It is supposed that they took refuge in a cave, and that the roof fell in on them.

—The Chenango County Poorhouse and Inmate Asylum, at Preston, near Utica, New York, was burned on the evening of the 7th. Ten of the inmate patients perished in the flames. The buildings were of wood and there were no provisions for extinguishing the flames.

—Rev. George M. Green was accidentally shot and killed in Saline county, Arkansas, on the 7th, by his brother, Martin Green, while they were inspecting a new revolver which the latter had purchased.

—Two girls named McDonald, aged 9 and 12 years, were playing on the approach to a railroad bridge across the river at Portland, Oregon, on the evening of the 7th, when the train came. They became frightened and jumped into the river. Both were drowned.

51st CONGRESS.—First Session.

SENATE.

In the United States Senate on the 5th Mr. Blackburn made formal announcement of the death of his colleague, Senator Beck, and offered resolutions declaring the sorrow of the Senate, providing for the appointment of a committee of seven to superintend the funeral, notifying the House of the Senate's action, inviting the President and Cabinet, the Justices of the Supreme Court and the Diplomatic Corps to attend the funeral, and providing, as a further mark of respect, that the Senate adjourn. The resolutions were agreed to, and the Senate adjourned.

In the United States Senate on the 7th the Army and Military Academy Appropriation bills were reported and placed on the calendar. Conference reports were agreed to on the bills for public buildings at Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Atchison, Kansas; Burlington, Iowa; Lafayette, Indiana; Ashland, Wisconsin; Tuscaloosa, Alabama; and Chester, Pennsylvania. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the United States Senate on the 8th, the Worst Classification bill was passed, as received from the House, and it goes to the President, it was agreed that the Silver bill should go over until the 12th, and that the Idaho and Wyoming Admission bills should go over until the Silver bill has been acted upon. The Pension Appropriation bill was considered, pending which the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House, on the 5th, the Senate amendments to the Customs Administrative bill were non-concurred in and a conference was ordered. The conference report on the Oklahoma Town Site bill was agreed to. A message was received from the Senate inviting the House to attend the funeral of Senator Beck. Resolutions accepting the invitation, and providing for the appointment of a committee of nine to act with the Senate Committee on Funeral Arrangements, were agreed to. The House then, as a mark of respect, adjourned.

In the House on the 7th, Mr. Rowell, of Illinois, presented the report of the Elections Committee on the contested case of Mc Duffie vs. Turpin, of Alabama. The report, which favors the contestant, was ordered printed. The House then, on motion of Mr. McKinley, went into Committee of the Whole on the Tariff bill. Mr. McKinley spoke in explanation and support of the bill and Mr. Mills in opposition to it. General debate on the measure was continued in evening session.

In the House on the 6th, the entire day was given up to general debate on the Tariff bill.

AMERICAN BEAUTY.

Our Prevailing Profile is Not Quite Classical Enough.

Judgment of beauty by the profile—the simple outline—is regarded from an artist's standpoint as one of the severest tests. Some women are very handsome in profile and absolutely plain in full face. The success of the profile depends upon the length of the features and the construction of the back of the head, while the full face depends mainly upon the width of the face in proportion to its length, the line of the brows and the proportion of the mouth. It is undeniable that the American profile is not of classical beauty, and it cannot generally compare with that found in the Latin races. The nose is apt to be either too retroussé or too long. Still, despite this peculiarity, we have here more variety of type and more originality than are to be found anywhere else in the world.

To an artist the finest of all profiles is the Greek. The celebrated Psyche in the museum at Naples is one of the most perfect examples existing in Greek art. In some respects it is superior to the Venus de Milo or de Medici; it has more dignity and its chief characteristic is the continuation of one direct line from the forehead down the nose without a variation of the angle. The accent at the end of the nose is not a curve, but two planes that more nearly approximate angles. The curve would be indicative of the oriental race, which is not as highly bred as the Greek. In Greek sculpture the mouth is a little open. The best examples invariably indicate the lips a little apart. The chin is heavy, as a rule, and the eye is rather deep set. I mention these points incidentally, as furnishing a hint how to judge profile by the highest artistic standard known to exist.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

An Electric Light Costume.

A great event in the history of Brookings, South Dakota, according to the local papers, was the Merchants' Carnival, which took place in that city a few nights ago. During the course of the festivities at the opera house every industrial enterprise in the thriving town was illustrated by a lady dressed in an appropriate costume representing some distinct feature of the industry. The representative of the electric light company was Mrs. E. E. Gaylord, wife of the manager and electrician of the Brookings Electric Light Company. Mrs. Gaylord wore a crown of incandescents lamps and her dress was decorated with the same ornaments. The lamps were all properly connected, the wires terminating in the heels of the shoes. On the floor of the stage were two small copper plates, connected to a small dynamo. When Mrs. Gaylord reached the plates, the 21 lamps of her crown, banner, and costume instantly flashed up.

Preserving Flowers.

Corage bouquets may be kept fresh a long while by surrounding the stems with moistened powdered willow charcoal, which in turn may be wrapped in moss or cotton. The same substance placed in the bottom of a vase in which flowers are kept will be very useful, provided the stems are cut off with a sharp knife once or twice a day. Another way to preserve cut flowers is to immerse in a solution of gum arabic and water two or three times, waiting a sufficient time between each immersion to allow the gum to dry. This process covers the surface with a thin coat of gum, which is entirely impervious to the air, and thus prevents the withering of the flowers. Roses thus preserved have all the beauty of freshly plucked ones, though they have been plucked several months.

Animals that Eat with Their Gizzards.

The cuttle-fish, which, among other strange things, always walks with its head downward, does not chew its food at all, but masticates with its gizzard. So do geese, fowls, ducks and indeed all modern birds. Seizing their food in their beaks, they swallow it whole, if grain or seed, and in large pieces if it be fruit or bread. In that condition it goes into the gizzard, a powerful muscle with a very tough, horny lining, which acts as a mill, being sufficiently powerful to pulverize uncooked corn. To assist in the milling process all grain-eating birds swallow little pieces of gravel, glass, crockery, metal, etc., the horny interior of the gizzard being sufficiently tough to escape cutting by these materials. It is because of this fact that the ostrich has acquired his reputation of enjoying a ferruginous diet.

Cardinals Living and Dead.

"An Italian contemporary," says a London daily, "gives some curious particulars about dead and living Cardinals. Sixty-five Cardinals had died during the twelve years of Leo XIII's Papacy. The Sacred College is almost entirely composed of new Cardinals. Only sixteen were there under Pío Nono, and one of these, Cardinal Picard, is unfortunately seriously ill, and several others are 80 years of age. The youngest of the Cardinals of Pío Nono are Parochi and Zigliari, who are each 57 years of age; the oldest is Mertel, who is 84, and has worn the scarlet for 32 years."

John Jankin's Sermon.

The minister said last night, says he, "Don't be afraid of give; If your life ain't worth nothin' to other folks, Why, what's the use of livin'?" And that's what I say to my wife, says I, "There's Brown, the miserable slinger, He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give A cent toward buyin' a dinner."

I tell you our minister's prime, he is, But I couldn't quite determine, When I heard him a-givin' it right and left, Just who was hit by his sermon.

Of course there couldn't be no mistake, When he talked of long-winded prayin', 'For Peter and Johnson they sot and scowled At every word he was sayin'."

And the minister he went on to say, "There's various kinds of cheatin', And religion's as good for every day, As it is to bring to meetin'."

I don't think much of a man that gives The Lord Amenus at my preachin', And spends his time the following week In cheatin' and overreachin'!"

I guess that dose was bitter enough For a man like Jones to swaller; Not once, after that, he tolled, "Hurrah," says he, "for the minister— Of course I ain't no quitter— Give us some more of this open talk; It's very refreshing diet."

The minister hit 'em every time; And when he spoke of fashion, And 'bout 'nuff out in bow and things, As woman's rulin' passion, I couldn't help a wishin' for my share, And a nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's And I guess it got her thinkin'."

Says I to myself, "That sermon's pat; But man is a queer creation, And I'm much afraid that most of 'em folks But I'll make the most of 'em, I tolled, Now if he had said a word about My personal note o' sinnin', I'd have come to work to mend myself And not set here a-grin'nin'."

Just then the minister says, says he, "And now I've come to the feller's Who've lost this show; by usin' their friends As sort o' moral umbrella, Go home," says he, "and find your faults, Includin' huntin' your brothers'; Go home," he says, "and wear the coats You've tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged and Brown he winked, And there was lots o' smilin', And I'm lookin' at our new— It sot my blood a-brillin', Says I to myself, "Our minister Is gettin' a little kinder, I'll tell him when meetin's out that I Ain't at all that kind of a quitter."

—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE ANGEL OF POVERTY GATE.

BY OLLA PERKINS TOPP.

From the Home Maker.

[We intended some months ago to give our readers the benefit of this very beautiful story, but succeeded in giving only a part of it, as—by one of those mysterious blunders for which even the cat refuses to take the responsibility—but a portion of it was printed; thus not only mutilating the tale, but omitting the credit due both to the Author, and to the HOME MAKER.]

SHE was a gentle little woman, with the light of a coming revelation shining in her blue eyes, and the rose of an incurable disease flushing her thin cheek. She was so small as to seem fitted to the name which had been bestowed on her in halcyon days, by one who had gone to the war and never come back. Perhaps it was for this reason that "Dolly-baby" had clung to her so long, or perhaps it was just because Lydia Jane was too heavy for the small shoulders to carry gracefully.

She lived at the toll-gate and kept the gate when Daddy or Tom, (for Dolly had a Tom), went to town, which they frequently did, seeing that the dram-shop lay on their way. And it was during one of these excursions that I dropped in to see little Dolly.

"Morning," said she, briskly, panting from her exertion in "pulling the pole" on an obstinate traveler. "Better?" in answer to my query. "Lal yes. Told Tom this morning the cool weather would soon set me straight. Why I'm heaps better than I was last week. Just seemed as if them hot, dusty days would choke the life out of me. I'm getting strong now."

There was a piteous note of inquiry in her voice and such a pleading in her bright eyes that I had to turn my head, to avoid betraying my thought.

"Why, deary me, don't you think I look better?" she persisted when I did not reply.

There was a little offended quiver in her voice that died away into a sigh, so I hastened to assure her that she indeed looked much stronger. And as the morning wore on, Dolly's shyness gradually disappeared, till she had unfolded her common uneventful story; how she had married Tom at twenty and the good start they had, which, somehow, had melted away; how her mother had died and Daddy had come to make his home with them. And then, with slow step and trembling hands, she went to the bureau and drew forth some little garments, passing her hands reverently over them as she told how short a time they were worn, and how the great heart hunger even yet stayed with her.

"Not that I'd have it back," said Dolly, "the world ain't any too easy on pore folks, but Oh! it only sometimes I could just hold it in my arms one minute. But I've got Daddy and Tom," she ended brightly; "and they're the two best in the world—'ceptin'—well, sometimes when they ain't quite themselves, you know."

As I passed them on my way home, twisting from one side of the road to the other, I understood how "the two best in the world" sometimes became not quite themselves, and, thinking of that slender, bent figure standing at the gate all day in the sun or wind, my heart grew hot with anger against man's selfishness and weakness.

As the country road stretched farther and farther behind I could hear Daddy huskily shouting, "Whur, O whur is all our loved ones?" and with a faint echo Tom's drunken answer floated back: "Safe, safe, over Jordan." Over and over Daddy repeated his plaintive,

maudin query, till the whole air seemed ringing and sobbing and wailing with the tones of it. And as the two unsteady figures became mere black specks on the road, the answer still quivered drearily above the croaking of frogs and chirping of crickets: "Safe, safe over Jordan!"

I knew that Dolly, poor little Dolly, with immortality already at her feet, would spread the table and feign not to see their drunken disgrace, the while she crept into the shadowy corners to dry her eyes. She would press an extra cup of tea on Daddy, whose thick tongue would utter no denial. She would linger near Tom, ready to obey his slightest request; flushed with shame to think that he, her own dear Tom, should be red-linded and uncertain of speech and hand. And all the while she would be beating in upon her suffering heart the old story of woman's misery and fidelity and divine patience.

As Dolly became more communicative she entrusted me with her one great wish. "I thought if Tom could get something to do," she said; "painting or such, I might keep the gate now that Daddy is gone to Missouri and I'm so much stronger, and—and I might do something to kind of help along a little. Tom's a mighty good hand at paintin'," she added, proudly turning to smile at him as he looked up from his hoeing.

All the way home that evening that phrase "to help along a little," kept repeating itself to a sort of mournful air that trembled forth from some forgotten recess of memory. "To help along a little!" And I thought of the philosopher preaching contentment to the poor; of the rich bidding the poor be glad of their poverty, since riches bring only vexation of spirit. And I wished that philosophy and wealth might sit in that humble toll-room for a while, and watch the patience and meekness of Dolly's worn face; that they might hear forever the plaintive, anxious tones drowning their sophistry and hypocrisy; that they might sit at the table and have Dolly before them, flushed with the heat of cooking, sickened with the odor of coarse food, weak with the many steps, yet compelled to endure it all, day after day, even unto the dreary end.

God forgive him who, dwelling not with poverty, yet pretends to speak knowingly of its sharp prods and bitter draughts; who, from a blooming paradise, prates of the Gethsemane of others; who, from his throne of royal-purple ease, watches from afar the Calvary where others bleed and suffer and die, and thinks he knows aught of their anguish. To him poverty is a dispensation, a state wherein souls are strengthened and genius developed.

But bring it close to him, so close that he must eat with it and sleep with it and go wherever it goes, and he will recoil from it in horror as an undeserved curse. Strip off the garment of sentiment with which he has clothed it and its ugly nakedness will forever banish his dreaming.

I think Dolly felt all this in a dim uncertain way, for she sometimes spoke of the difference in lives, not bitterly or complainingly, but with a calm acceptance of facts that was infinitely touching.

"Seems as if some folks get a heap of sufferin'," she said one day, after a paroxysm of coughing. "And then others don't get none. Some 'kimps and manages all their lives and others just keep on gettin' and wastin'. But I low it's all right," she ended cheerfully. "Folks can't have everything, and I've got Tom!"

Poor, foolish, loving Dolly, who saw in Tom's weak face and shambling figure the perfection of manly beauty. Tender little woman, who, wiser than the world, saw behind the outer covering of weakness and sin, the poor encased will that was always going to be strong and yet never quite succeeded. True womanly woman, ready to shield her beloved with almost maternal tenderness, glorifying the man's pitiful love for her till it outshone all the meaner attributes of his nature.

The summer waned and the falling of the leaves was come. All along the white stretch of road, and bordering the gullies and golden-rod. There were evening that made the cheerful blaze welcome. There were bursts of heat at mid-day, like the last gasps of the dying summer, and Dolly's strength ebbed with the falling of the leaves.

Daddy came home, and "the two best in the world" sat all day in the bare toll-room, looking drearily at each other and at the leafless branches beating a tattoo on the window-pane.

"And how is Dolly this mornin'?" I asked one day. Tom looked at Daddy and Daddy looked into the room beyond, before he answered. "Dolly ain't so peart," he said, sinking his voice to a whisper.

"No, ain't so peart," echoed Tom dully.

Daddy sat twirling his thumbs for a moment and then looked up with a moisture in his faded eyes.

"'Fraid Dolly's goin' fast," he said, with a break in his voice. And "goin' fast, Dolly," Tom repeated, searching the floor and the ceiling and the gusts without, for the comfort that was not vouchsafed.

And then the voice in the room beyond called out: "Daddy, dear!"

"Yes, Dolly-baby," he answered, going to the door; "what is it?"

"Tell her to come in," she replied.

"O, I've got a great big secret!" she exclaimed, as I entered. "But just

shut the door, please, so they can't hear."

"And now for the secret!" I said, sitting beside her. Her eyes were fever bright, her cheeks burning and her hands nervously trembling. Across her lap lay bits of wool and silk and odds and ends of colored floss and ribbon.

"Look!" she exclaimed, eagerly, lifting the lid of a paste-board box. "Aint that a beauty? And that? And that?"

One after another she lifted small articles, pin-cushions and needle-books and spectacle-cases.

"Why, yes, but they are pretty!" I said admiringly. "And whoever made them?"

"Me!" she answered, with a little triumphant thrill in her voice. "Every one with my own hands when they wasn't lookin'! This for Daddy and this for Tom and O, something for every-one I love! Write your name here, too," she said, quickly laying her hand over something. "Mustn't know yet though."

"And what is the occasion?" I asked, unable to understand the gift array.

"Twenty-seven, comin' Christmas," answered Dolly, turning her hollow eyes on me solemnly.

I stared at her in silence. She lifted one thin, white hand and pointed to the white headstones that marked the silent city down the road a short distance, and then folded her hands loosely against her breast.

"Twenty-seven, comin' Christmas," she repeated. "Don't you understand?"

I shook my head.

"Well," she answered, "the Lord's birthday is mine. Him and me feels close together 'count of that, Him and me does. I'm glad of it. I'm proud of it," she continued, with a straightening of her shoulders. "It's an honor most don't get. Twenty-seven, come next Christ-day."

I bent over the box in my lap, roasting through tears, the love and devotion stitched in the old-fashioned handiwork.

And then across the barren fields and from out the dismal sky and from the drifts of dead brown leaves there came the breath of a summer day. The rustle of the dry leaves without became the whispering of summer voices, and I heard again the Angel of Poverty Gate voicing her longing to "help along a little." "O, the glory in her face transformed that dull, glovelly room and flooded it with splendor! Through the desolateness of the gray Autumn day the fragrance of never-ending Summer swept. Above the rigging of the winds and the creaking of the flapping boards, above the moans of heart-aches and torturing pain rang the song of the Redeemed. Into the meekly-furnished room, with its home-made carpet, its cheap prints, its gaudy decoration, there came the beauty of the "house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

"And so, you see," said Dolly, softly, breaking the silence. "I've made these, some because it's the Lord's birthday, and some because it's mine. And I'm goin' on a journey, you know."

"Yes!" I answered, trying to put surprise in my voice.

"A long, long journey," replied Dolly; "a dark journey, and a strange journey, but I ain't afeared none. Some night I'll lay down all tired and full of pain and restless like, and then when I'm lookin' out at the sky through that winder, yonder, all at once Some One will call out soft, 'Dolly-baby! Dolly-baby!' Mebbe I'll be scared some. Mebbe not. I'll lay still and listen and then Some One will come right into this here room, and He will take me in His arms and sing me away to sleep. O, no, I ain't afeared none."

She took up the notes of an old hymn and hummed it softly, and then turned to me again.

"Some One's comin' to meet me part way," she said. "Some One's goin' to say: 'Come sufferin' one and have your birthday in a new home.'"

She arose to her feet and stretched out her arms. "Home! Home! Home!" she cried excitedly.

"Dolly-baby," called Daddy, from the outer room. "Ain't you talkin' just a little too much?"

"Mebbe so," she answered, sinking back in her chair. "And now you remember. I'll put 'em all in this here box, and write 'Merry Christmas' on top, and then when the day comes—the Lord's birthday and mine, you know—and I ain't here, because I've started on my journey, why, then they'll open the box and find the things and they'll say, soft-like and low, 'Dolly thought a heap of us!'"

"They know that now," I answered, softly.

"Yes," she nodded. "And they'll be glad and sorry, too. But for me, there's never any more sorry. Always glad! Always happy! Always with the baby in my arms!"

And then, with the song of hope and dawning happiness, there suddenly welled forth that old earthly song of anxieties and worries and miserable soul-limitations. "To help along a little," crept out and pleaded for a full understanding with the selfish, grasping world.

The winter drew near, and one night Dolly went away with "Some One" on her strange journey, unafraid, into the darkness and silence. And when the Christ-day came and the bells chimed out their message of peace, the box was opened. The tokens of love comforted the lonely hearts as no message from Heaven could; and perhaps they were the little things meant to fit into the corners of God's great plan; for when "the two best in the world" look on those evidences of trust and devotion, they somehow grow stronger to combat with evil.

The circulation of counterfeit money in Italy was never so enormous and general as at the present time; the authorities are kept constantly on the track of new manufacturers of it, though an immense number of counterfeiters have been successfully lodged in the galleys at hard labor for life.

If woman suffrage is ever adopted in this country, there will be but few of the fair sex under thirty who will avail themselves of the privilege of voting, as that would be an acknowledgment that they were over twenty-one years old.