

CONSECRATION.

Though Fate my own name had decreed Imperishable, high enrolled, The human heart is one indeed, My own heart's throbbing life hath told; And while that heart beats free and bold, To thee, O sorrowing world, I'll live, Leaving the laurel-leaf and gold! All, all is thine I have to give!

Though Love with measureless rich mood Of light and warmth my life enfold, Could I forget thy bitter need, Sad world, whose unkind lips are cold! Poor world, like unkindling Lear of old, Can Love thy shameful state retrieve, Thy daughter's heart shall nought withhold! All, all is thine I have to give!

—Grace E. Channing, in Youth's Companion

A LEGAL MORTGAGE.

BY MARY B. SLIGHT.

O doubt the place is yours by good rights, ain't it, Jason?" The woman that asked this question, though past her girlhood, was still young, and there had been a time when Jason Sands, in the infatuation of youth, had thought her pretty; but her mouth to-day had a shrewish look, and there was a vindictive snap in her small black eyes. Her hair was twisted so tightly that the wind was powerless to ruffle it, and in her starched calico gown and gingham apron there was a grim tidiness unrelieved by collar or ribbon. She had been to the garden, and she held in her hand a stalk of rhubarb, from which she was pulling in a preoccupied way the silky red peel.

"Oh, I've got a sort of a lien on it, but that ain't ownin' it," said the man, without looking up. He was raking the front yard.

"You hol' the mortgage, don't you?" said the woman, biting off a bit of the rhubarb.

"S'pose I do!"

"Why, the int'res ain't b'en paid for three years. You know that 'bout my tellin' you."

"Well!" said the man, indifferently.

"Well!" repeated his wife, sharply, "how long you goin' to let it run on so!"

Jason stopped raking, and looked at her uneasily. "You don't mean, Miranda, that you want me to foreclose on my own father and mother?"

"Why not? Business is business, relation or no relation; an' if you did that, the plac'd be ours to do as we please with."

"I ain't so sure about that. It's down in black an' white that, whether the int'res is paid or not, father's a'ays to have a home here. Uncle Richard use to hol' the mortgage; an' when he died, some five or six years ago, father got me to take it, so's it wouldn't go out o' the family; but 'tain't ever b'en changed."

"Then 'twas made out 'for he married agin'" said Miranda.

"Well, what o' that?"

"Nuthin'; only in that case she ain't counted in. An' she ain't your mother, any way."

"She's the only mother I ever knew anything about, Miranda. She's b'en a mother to me ever since I was three year ol'—a right-down good one, too; an' as for her not bein' counted in, she's jus' as much right here as if she was; 'cause after father got hurt in the brickkiln, there was a good many years that he wasn't able to do much, an' all that time she kep' the int'res' paid up out of her own pocket. Uncle Richard tol' me so."

Miranda, who had stood nervously nibbling the rhubarb stalk, made haste to change her tactics. "Oh, of course, Jason, I'd a'ays expect you to be good to her. But you know yourself 'tain't very pleasant havin' two heads to a house; an' so long as Mother Sands thinks she owes it all, I dasn't sav a word even if everything goes to rack an' ruin. Besides, she's gittin' too ol' to have the care."

Jason listened with a sort of helpless patience. He was an easy-tempered man, ready to yield almost any point for the sake of peace, and his wife was well aware of his weakness. It was to please her that he had sold his farm; and though at the time he fully intended to buy another, before he could decide on one she had persuaded him to take a place that had been offered him by a city friend as drummer in a wholesale grocery store. It was a business that seemed to her much more "genteel" than farming. Meanwhile he had accepted his mother's invitation to bring his family home for a visit. "Jus' till I can get time to look up a house," he said.

But Miranda had always coveted the pretty cottage, and before they had been in it a week she had determined to get possession of it. Jason had never told her of the mortgage. Knowing that the place would eventually belong to him, he had not been troubled by the fact that the interest was not always promptly paid; neither did he want the old folks troubled, and it vexed him that Miranda had chanced to find the papers. But her reasoning in regard to the housekeeping seemed very plausible. His mother was past seventy, it was time she had a rest, and she could have it as well as not if she would only consent to let "Mirandy" take charge of things for a while.

"I wish you'd speak to her 'bout it," said Miranda. "She'd be a good deal more likely to do it if you persuaded it 'an' if I did."

Jason did not covet the task, but he knew the penalty of refusing.

"She's in the kitchen," Miranda remarked, with another nibble at the rhubarb stalk.

"No hurry about it," grumbled Jason. But presently, with an air of forced surrender, he laid down his rake and went into the house. He found his mother

"You see, mother, you're gettin' kinder along in years," he argued, "an' you'd ought to let somebody else do the heft of the work. Why don't you let Mirandy, long as she's here! She's a first-rate housekeeper, an' she'd rather do it 'an' not."

The little old lady lifted her head with a troubled look. "Why, I shouldn't know what to do with myself, Jason, if I hadn't something to keep me busy. I've a'ays be'n use' to it, you know. But," she added, drawing in her lip, and slowly patting the loaf she was kneading, "if Mirandy wants to take a turn at it for a while, she can. I won't hinder her."

The daughter-in-law accepted this concession with secret triumph, and she soon managed to get entire control of the kitchen that the deposed housewife, missing the homely cares that for so many years had occupied her hands and thoughts, would have been in a sad strait had it not been for the children.

"I loves gramma," said little Delia one day, as she mounted her grandmother's knee.

"Me do, too," chimed the baby, clambering up beside her sister.

"Makes me think, Hesba," said her husband, a sudden mist dimming his glasses, "of the times you use to sit holdin' Jan' an' Ruth."

Hesba's eyes also grew misty, for there were two little graves in the far corner of the garden; and the prattling children on her lap left her no time for reminiscence.

"Do put 'em down, an' let 'em 'muse 'emselvs. You coddle 'em too much," fretted Miranda.

"Oh, I like to have 'em 'round me," said Hesba.

But Miranda frowned. "They're gittin' 'mos' as bad as Jason," she complained to herself. "They think there's nobody like that ol' woman."

Jason's new business often took him from home for weeks at a time, and it was while he was off on one of these expeditions that Miranda improved the opportunity to carry out a long cherished project.

"Seems to me, gran'ma," she began, warily, having joined her mother-in-law in the sitting room, armed with her knitting work, "you're lookin' kinder peaked. If it's you, I'd take a little trip somewheres. Jason says you've got a brother livin' over in Connecticut. I should think it'd be nice for you to go an' visit him. Why don't you, now?"

"Well, I don't know. I never was much of a han' to go visitin'," said Hesba, as unsuspecting as a baby. "An' though I don't doubt brother William'd be glad to see us; he's got such a family of his own, I should feel, as if we'd be imposin' on him."

"Might as well impose on him as on folks that's no relation to you." And Miranda's needles clicked viciously.

Hesba looked at her in wonder. "What do you mean, Miranda. I didn't know 's I was imposin' on anybody."

"I don't know what else you can call it," said Miranda, with merciless deliberation. "You know well enough that the int'res' on the mortgage 'ain't b'en paid for years, an' Jason could turn you out to-morrer if he wanted to."

"Turn us out!" repeated Hesba. "Oh no, Mirandy, he couldn't do that, 'cause father's to have a home here as long as he lives; he's got that down in writin'!"

"Yes; but you an' father's two different persons. Your name ain't put down on the paper, an' I's the only sayin' what we could do if we wanted to. But I'm expectin' comp'n'y from the city next week, 'twould oblige me consid'rab' if you'd jus' go over to your brother's an' stay a spell, 'cause while you's away father could sleep on the cot in the hall bedroom."

"Go an' leave father! Is that what you mean, Miranda?"

"It was pitiful to see how white and tremulous she grew."

"Why, you wouldn't want to take him with you when your brother's got such a family already? What'd be the use?" said Miranda. She was very willing to have the old man stay; she depended on him to bring all the wood and water.

Hesba turned to the window to catch her breath. Outside, gray clouds were lowering, and spiteful gusts were sending little coveys of brown leaves scurrying through the air. But Hesba saw only the tall gaunt figure in the potato patch, and throwing a shawl over her head she hurried out. The old man dropped his hoe and went to meet her.

"If you go, Hesba, I go too, you can depend on that," he said hotly, when she had told her trouble.

But after talking it over, they decided that unless Miranda herself brought up the subject they would not mention it again. Perhaps before the week was out Jason would be home. And by-and-by Miranda, who had taken Hesba's place at the window, saw them coming up from the potato patch hand in hand, the old man walking very erect, his hoe across his shoulder, and the little old wife clinging to him like a child.

"I's s'pose they think they've got it all settled," muttered the woman; "but, we'll see."

Two days later a letter came to Hesba from her brother.

"She's ben a writin' to him," blurted the old man, clenching his fist.

Hesba took no notice of the remark.

"He says," she began, following the lines slowly with her dim eyes, "that he'd like very much to have a visit from me, an' he hopes I'll come right away, 'fore cold weather sets in. But he's 'fraid I'll have to put up with sleepin' with one o' the children, they're so short o' room."

"Then o' course that puts an end to father's goin'," said Miranda, coming in noiselessly from the kitchen, the door having been left ajar.

"An' to her goin', too, I guess," answered the old man.

"Oh, you shouldn't say that, father," said Miranda. "It'll be a real nice little trip for her, and do her lots o' good."

The old man scowled, and thumped the floor with his cane. "She ain't goin' to stir a step, not with my consent," he cried, angrily.

"Sh-sh, father," whisper his wife.

"Don't let's have any words about it." Miranda put her apron to her eyes. "I'm sure I don't want to have no words," she whimpered.

Hesba stood up with her hand on her husband's shoulder. "We won't say anything more, Mirandy. I'll go to William's as soon as I can get my things ready, an' stay till your company's gone."

Miranda walked out of the room without answering. She had gained the day, and there was nothing more to be said, but she still held her apron to her eyes.

The old people had seldom been separated even for a day, and during the time that intervened they would sit, hand in hand, by the hour, trying forlornly to find some way of escape from Miranda's plan.

"It's no use, father," sighed Hesba. "She's made up her mind to have me go, an' to go 'fore Jason comes home, an' she won't rus' till she gets me out o' the house."

"Well, she'll repent it," said the old man, shaking his head.

"Don't, father," entreated his wife. "Tain't for us to make her repent it."

It was not until the time came to say good-by that the children began to comprehend that she was going away.

"Gramma mustn't do," cried little Delia, clinging to Hesba's skirts, and then the baby set up a wail, and refused to be comforted.

Hesba strained the little creatures for a moment to her bosom. "I don't want any harm to come to you, Mirandy," she said, turning to her daughter-in-law, "but I can't help fearin' that separatin' father an' me as you're doin', the Lord may see fit to separate you from some o' them you love."

That was her farewell word.

When Jason came home the following week, it was an easy matter for Miranda to make him believe that his mother had gone of her own free will to visit her brother, the old man, obedient to his wife's entreaty, keeping silent. She took much credit to herself for having managed it so well. Her visitors came and went, but she said not a word about Hesba's coming home. Not even the old man's pleading eyes could move her.

One morning in November, while Miranda was busy in the kitchen, little Nan wandered into the yard, and amused herself for half an hour chasing the chickens. The ground was covered with slush, and that night the child was seized with diphtheria.

For three days she lay tossing and moaning, and almost the only words that passed her lips were, "Gammie! I out gamma."

"Baby can't have gran'ma. Gran'ma's gone," said Miranda. "Mommie's here to take care o' Nan."

But she was not skilful at nursing. Nan grew rapidly worse, still moaning for "gamma," and death came with the suddenness characteristic of the disease.

Jason reached home the day before the funeral. He was almost heart-broken. "You'd ought to sent for mother," he said at once.

"I don't know what for," Miranda protested, in an injured voice. "The doctor an' me did everything that could be done, an' there wouldn't be any earthly use sendin' for her now."

A day or two later little Delia came and leaned against her knee as she sat sewing. "I want my gramma," said the child, with a long-drawn sigh. I want her to tell me stories."

"Delie seems to think she hol's a mortgage on mother," said the old man; "an' I guess it's legal' an' the one some other folks hol'."

Miranda winced, but she was too wise to make him any answer. "Go to gran'pa," she said to Delia. "He'll tell you 'bout Jack the Giant-killer."

"I don'st want to hear 'bout Jack 'e Giant-killer," said the child, perversely. "Gramma she telled me stories 'bout little chillen love one an' an' an' an'."

Her grandfather took her on his knee. "That was said for grown-up folks as well as for little children," he remarked, looking furtively at Miranda, "an' it means that everybody ought to be lovin' an' kind to each other."

"Gramma was lovin' an' kind," said Delia.

The old man laid his cheek against hers, but he drew back with a startled face.

"Why, Mirandy, this child's sick!" he exclaimed. "She's got a ragin' fever."

Miranda threw down her sewing, and snatched the child away from him. Celia was her idol.

"I want gramma," repeated the little one, drowsily.

"Go telegraph for mother," cried Miranda. "Tell her not to wait for anything."

When the doctor came the next afternoon, he found his little patient nestled in Hesba's lap, while close beside them, his chin on his case, and his face beaming like a lover's, sat the old man.

"Ab, she is better," said the doctor. "She is getting on finely."

"We're all better," piped the old man, blinking behind his glasses.

"We've got our gramma back," said the child, contentedly.—Harper's Bazar.

The Largest Krupp Gun.

The largest gun manufactured at the Krupp Gun Works, Essen, Germany, weighs 270,000 pounds, and is of the finest quality of steel. The calibre of this monster engine of death is 19½ inches and the barrel is forty-four feet long. The greatest diameter of this gun is 6½ feet, and its range is about twelve miles. Guns of the above size can be fired twice per minute, each shot costing \$1500. The projectile is four feet long, weighs 2700 pounds, and is fired by a charge of powder weighing 700 pounds. The gun will "carry up" for nine miles and penetrate twenty inches of solid steel armor.—St. Louis Republic.

A man in Sydney, New South Wales, has \$250,000 invested in city property, all of which was made out of pigs.



Crape is becoming to most women. Light hair looks well in a fluffy state. Handkerchiefs continue to grow smaller.

Now the hobby of the society girl is simplicity in street apparel.

Women are meeting with great success as florists in London, England.

Pink and blue are now the proper colors for weddings, for bride and bride-maids.

Light pink and blue handkerchiefs of chiffon, embroidered in white silk, are a novelty.

A Michigan milliner charged twenty cents admission to her wedding for the benefit of the church fund.

A never to be worn out quality of dress goods for schoolgirls is Scotch cloth in tweeds or mixtures.

Tailors will again make a stand in favor of short skirts that escape the ground for all walking dresses.

Silver lace pins are larger than ever and more artistic and novel in design. Natural leaf sprays take the lead.

The hat is worn down more than ever and it should cover the ears. If worn in long braids the ends should be curled.

Cuffs of lace, velvet or passementerie that reach from the knuckles to the elbow are worn on jackets and house dresses.

Mrs. Miller, twenty years of age, is a courageous Deputy Marshal in the Indian Territory. She shrinks from no fatigue or danger.

Undressed kid gloves may be cleaned by washing them in naphtha. Wash on the hands and hang them out in the air to dry.

Annie Besant, the English authoress, devotes her spare time to collecting parcels of warm clothing for the working women's clubs.

Spanish women are distinguished by their fine, rich skin, which is olive in color, but so clear that it really appears lighter than it is.

A movement is on foot in Boston, Mass., to coin the word "femiculture," as embracing all things pertaining to the culture of women.

Silks of pale shade shot with white seen in favor with those unable to wear pure white, which is fashionable for young and old alike.

Mrs. Tel Sopo, said to be Japan's first woman lawyer, is in this country lecturing in behalf of a Christian school for high caste Japanese girls.

All collars are cut as high in the back as it is possible for a woman to wear with comfort. The flaring style is preferred to the straight military band.

A petition signed by 3000 women of Greece, asking that public schools of art and industry be established for women, has been presented to the Government.

Mrs. Robert Garrett gave a reception in Baltimore, Md., recently at which birds were seen fitting about among the palms and other plants used in decoration.

Mrs. Heber Newton, of New York City, has the reputation of being one of the few women who would never consent to have a photograph taken or a portrait painted.

Broad-brimmed hats for evening receptions, dinners, etc., are more fashionable than the tiny dress toques. The brims are heaped with flowers and feathers.

Queen Victoria, of England, has shown her interest in the London Hospital by sending a present of 110 pounds of cast linen for use in the wards of that institution.

Lady Florence Dixie in a recent article on the "Horrors of Sport," declares: "I will never in life again raise a gun or rifle to destroy the glorious animal life of creation."

Women's success in literature is shown by the fact that Marietta Holley, Maria Parton, Mrs. Southworth and Mary J. Holmes have all made respectable fortunes with their pens.

The Woman's Charity Club, of Boston, Mass., has a membership of 350. It was started in 1889, supports a staff of free nurses and doctors and does much good among the sick poor of the city.

In these days of elaborate bodices and fancy sleeves many of the bodices show three and four different materials. Combinations of woolen goods with velvet of a darker tint are always popular.

Martha Washington's Bible has just been sold by a New York firm to a Mr. Gunther, of Chicago, for \$4000. The firm paid \$1000 for it at the Washingtonian sale in Philadelphia last year.

A new Irish celebrity is Miss Maud Goone, who has recently been lecturing in France on the "Wrongs of Ireland." She is an ardent Home-Ruler, twenty-six years old, tall, beautiful and eloquent.

To Lady Brooke, the noted English beauty, is due the founding of a school of needlework for poor girls near Easton, in the midst of a poor agricultural district. The school has been very successful.

In 1867 the Empress of Brazil gave Queen Victoria a dress woven entirely of spider webs. It is so fine and beautiful that it surpasses the most splendid silk. The Queen has it among her priceless possessions.

India has sent a missionary to England, Miss Souderbol Power, a native high-caste Hindu, who comes to point out the evils of the opium traffic. She wears an Oriental costume, but speaks English fluently. Her oratory is simple and direct, and she excites the sympathy of her hearers.

Big Figures About Brooklyn Bridge.

No doubt many people have wondered what becomes of the millions of tickets sold and collected annually by the New York and Brooklyn Bridge Company. One who has given some thought to the subject tells what might be done with them, and incidentally gives other figures showing the magnitude of the traffic on the Bridge. Here they are just as he gave them:

"Over forty-one million of people crossed the bridge in 1891 on the bridge cars and promenade. Could all the hands which have purchased tickets be joined together at the end of the year, a circle could be formed 14,112 miles in diameter, or 42,336 miles in circumference; a distance equal to one and one-half times around the earth. If the grand chain were suggested, and the fastest trains and ships employed, it would be nearly three months before one could make the bow and return to his place beside his partner."

"A solid square of 20,634 columns of 2000 men each, covering over three square miles, or 2000 acres, could be formed of the ticket purchasers."

"It would take 687,806 passenger coaches, allowing sixty persons to the coach, or 45,853 trains of fifteen coaches each to carry this crowd away. If a hundred a minute could be counted without stopping during the twenty-four hours, it would require over eight months to count them. If hollow squares of 300 feet square can be conceived to be placed one upon the other, the enormous height of nine miles would be reached. By forming a triangular pyramid with a base of 20,460 square inches, a pyramid could be had much higher than that of "Cheops" in Egypt. If stretched out in a line, so that the head of one person would touch the feet of another, they would reach a distance of 39,179 miles."

"The carriages, wagons, etc., that cross in one year would, if strung out, reach 25,732 miles, or more than once around the earth."

"It would take a train of 42,458 box cars, with 2123 engines, to haul the people away, and would, if coupled together, cover 322 miles, or reach from New York to Richmond."

"The tickets, if joined together continuously, would reach from New York to St. Paul, a distance of over thirteen hundred miles, and would weigh very nearly a ton. There would be enough tickets to cover the bridge promenade to the depth of an eighth of an inch. If spread out they would cover 573,171 square feet, or thirteen acres of ground. There would be enough tickets to cover the walls, ceiling and floor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel corridor fifty-seven times. More than a thousand ordinary-sized rooms could be papered, and if piled up under pressure, one on top of the other, they would reach 34,390 feet, or over six miles high."

"It would require sixty cars, five feet high, ten feet broad and forty feet long, to store all the tickets used in one year."

"I HAVE BEEN AFFLICTED with an affection of the Throat from childhood, caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."—Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Pittsboro, N. C. Sold only in boxes.

"I have in my employ a man who has been a victim of periodic headaches for years, has tried all kinds of treatment, and I have tried various remedies on him. Your Brachyotolins help him more than anything ever did."—O. D. Kingsley, M.D., White Plains, N. Y. 50 cts per circular, free.

"BEECHAM'S PILLS have been in popular use in Europe for 50 years and are a safe, sure and gentle remedy. 25 cents a box."

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The Chinese Way.

If a Chinaman wants you to stay to dinner he gives no invitation; if he does not he requests you to remain.

Servants receive no pay in China. To revenge himself on his enemy a Chinaman hangs himself on his neighbor's door. The law then executes the whole family.

No bank failures have occurred in China for 900 years. For a failure the officers must lose their heads.—Chicago News.

Deafness Can't be Cured. By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Best of All. To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size \$1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig-Syrup Co., only.

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