

SOME VERSES CAROL.

Some verses carol blithely as a bird, And hint of violet and asphodel...

THE SON OF A TAILOR.

BY CHARLES STOKES WAYNE.



YOUNG Engler remembered quite distinctly that morning seven years ago...

Habit. He remembered the frock of large plaid that she wore, all green and blue and black...

He was sixteen then, and he fancied that she was a year or two younger; for he had overheard her mother say...

Why he had gone into the church he hardly dared to confess, even to himself, because he was really a conscientious young fellow at heart...

Young Engler now and then inflicted upon himself a sort of moral flagellation. At such times he opened his own heart to his own honest gaze...

It would not have been an unworthy ambition, he told himself, under other circumstances. If it were only a secondary consideration!

These moods, as might be supposed, were morbidly depressing. All the afternoon he had been fighting over again in his heart the same old battle between the right and the wrong of it...

Workingmen and workingwomen were hurrying home from their day's toil; the surface cars were crowded...

by his father's voice, at that instant fallen upon his ear.

The old man was evidently in trouble. He had spoken, somewhat graciously, to his cutter, who was busy chalking out a pair of trousers...

Karl turned away from the door. "Let me take it, father," he said. "It's only a step down to Washington place, and I don't mind."

In any American city other than New York the spectacle of a young man so well dressed carrying a large bundle on a crowded thoroughfare would have attracted attention...

As he looked back at the boy that he was then he wondered how he had ventured to let the seed of hope take root in his heart.

He remembered how he had carried home that first riding-habit when it was finished, and how he had been asked to wait in the dining-room until Miss Sturgis could try it on...

The days when he saw Madeline he called his red-letter days, and for a time they were fewer than those that are indicated in the printed calendar.

From that time on he saw her more frequently, and his infatuation increased in proportion. She taught a class of small boys across the aisle from where he usually sat...

One incident that he recalled with some pleasure had occurred on a Sunday afternoon in early spring. He had noticed that Mrs. Sturgis was not present in the chapel...

But his happiness had come, nevertheless; for in following her at what he considered a most respectful distance, his eyes never once leaving her lithesome figure...

assistant minister at the mission had dined with them on the evening before.

"The day will come," he had thought, "when I, too, may be asked there to dine."

And now he was thinking that day might not be so far distant; for, was he not going to the mission, the week following, to take the place, temporarily, of that very same assistant minister, the Rev. Mr. David, who, he had heard, was to be married and go to Europe for a three months' honeymoon tour?

"Yes, it was true, as Lord Beaconsfield had said: 'Any man may be what he makes up his mind to be.'"

By the time young Engler reached the Sturgis residence he had walked and thought himself out of the gloom of his blues and his self chidings into the radiant sunshine of a hope deferred that was on the verge of realization; and he whistled softly a merrier air than was to be found in the hymnal...

"Why, Mr. Engler," she exclaimed, "I am so sorry you went to this trouble!"

"Well, you see I—that is father," he stammered, "thought that possibly you were expecting it, and—"

"Yes, I was expecting it," Miss Sturgis put in; "in fact, I was very anxious for it. I couldn't wait for Delia to get to the door; but I had no idea that you would have to bring it."

"I was coming this way," Karl prevaricated, "and I offered—"

"Won't you come in?" the young woman interrupted again. "You can spare a moment, can't you? We shall treat you as an errand boy, you know"—and she laughed in a way that made young Engler hesitate between embarrassment and pleasure.

"I'm afraid," he began to protest, "that I can't stop this evening. I have—"

"Just a minute," Miss Sturgis pleaded. "You must let me thank you for your trouble; and then, I want to congratulate you, too."

Karl followed her into the dining-room, where the table was spread for dinner.

"Sit down," she said, and she drew a chair out for him and another for herself. "Now, Mr. Engler," she went on, "I am awfully obliged to you for having brought me my habit."

As the young man looked at her in the soft light cast by the pink shades that adorned the candles in the candelabra he thought he had never before realized how beautiful she was.

"And now," she went on, "I want to offer you my congratulations upon the good news I heard to-day; that you are coming to the mission to take Mr. David's place."

Karl could hardly believe that he heard aright. Could it be that she was actually pleased that Mr. David was going away? At one time during the latter part of his attendance at the mission Sunday-school he had thought that she cared something for the young divine, and he had really been a little jealous of him.

"You are very kind, Miss Sturgis," he said, "very kind. Do you take as much interest in the mission as formerly?"

"Oh, dear, yes. More than ever!" "Then I suppose I shall see a good deal of you, there?"

"Of me?" she asked, surprisedly. "Oh, you don't know, then? Why I thought every one knew. Haven't you heard whom Mr. David is going to marry?"

A sharp pain as from a knife thrust, shot through Karl's heart. He seemed suddenly unable to breathe. There was a rumbling, rushing sound in his head and a swaying, darkening cloud before his eyes.

The next moment he was stumbling up the area steps on to the sidewalk; and an instant later he had come into collision with some one who was about to mount the stoop.

The shock steadied him. He started to apologize, but the words died on his tongue. The light of a street lamp across the way had revealed to him the face which he had suddenly come to abhor—the face of the one man in all the world whom he hated; the face of the thief who had robbed him of a hope that for seven years had been to him more than life itself, and of an ambition that had raised him from the level of his own people to a place of which he might well have been proud.

and a fire came into his eyes. Then, suddenly, he grew dizzy again.

Iron fingers seemed to be pressing upon his temples with the terrible clutch of death, and he staggered away like a drunken man.

He wandered the streets for hours; a whirl of memories in his brain, a leaden weight upon his heart—up one thoroughfare and down another, through by-ways, in and out of blind alleys, seeing nothing, caring for nothing but to escape from himself and the torture that was within him.

Presently he became conscious of the sound of lapping waves—the murmur of waters—and a chill in the air that pierced him to the marrow. Recalled thus to a realization of his physical being, he glanced down, to see that he was standing on the extreme end of a long pier, with the dark river flowing below. A keen wind was blowing in his face; a thousand lights glittered on the opposite shore.

"Another step," he murmured, "and I should have been out of it all. Why did I not take that one as I took the others? And, oh, I must have taken so many to-night. How tired I am!"

He stood for a moment in hesitation. Something was whispering to him to take that one step more. It was for her, it told him, that he had adopted the church as his calling. Of what use was all his learning—his Greek and Latin and Hebrew, his knowledge of the Bible, his knowledge of theology? What good would he do?

Then another voice, lower, sweeter, more tender in its pleading, spoke to him. It seemed borne on the wind, which had suddenly died to a zephyr. It answered the questions, one and all. It breathed encouragement. It bade him look up.

He raised his eyes heavenward. Across the river, above the roofs and chimneys and spires of the sleeping city was a faint but ever-increasing band of light. A new day was dawning.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

WISE WORDS.

The flowers shed no tears. What woman say, men do. Credit is the character of cash. We lose the bud in the blossom. Travel should be a great educator. Learn something from everything.

Covetousness is a chrysalis of crime. Nature abhors a vacuum in the affections. Avarice is a vise that squeezes men's souls.

Justice may begin before its object exists. The person without will has a malady incurable. Happiness is to pleasure as home is to a hotel.

The more we forget the better satisfied we are. The girl who doesn't think, seldom lets her parents think for her.

A little history every day makes a well informed man in a few years. Cupid can't shoot straight. His arrows never go through the centers of two hearts.

Suffering alone might break the untried spirit, but with the prop of happiness it is bent to grace. One sees how ridiculous or misplaced is a fashion or a passion only when its days of prestige are over.

One's wishes are never so fully regarded and so promptly executed as during the vociferous period of infancy. Life is an angel. Some men are born where the lines meet, and they broaden as they grow; others are born at the wide end and narrow down the further along they get.

We believe in the dignity of manual labor and the advisability of young men learning a trade to relieve the congested professions; especially is this true with regard to the sons of our acquaintances.

A Monster Petrified Whale. Leon del Mar, a Frenchman attached to the surveying corps connected with the National Museum, San Jose, Costa Rica, reports a find of equal or greater value than the Montezuma (Col.), fossilized monster.

Leo's find is not a "Dinosaur" or other half mythical creature which the lapse of ages has transformed into stone, but a common everyday whale, 216 feet in length, with bones mineralized until they are as hard as Jasper and as heavy as lead.

The point selected by this antediluvian giant when he concluded to give up the ghost, along about the time of the close of the cretaceous or some other geological period, is a rift between two mountain peaks, seventy-two miles from San Jose and 3300 feet above sea level.

There must have been a season of high waters in that section at one time. Either that or Del Mar's specimen was a regular mountain climber.—St. Louis Republic.

Restoring a Withered Arm. The story comes from London of a wonderful surgical operation that promises to be successful. Five years ago a workman injured his right arm, and a careless surgeon so treated it that it withered and became useless.

Recently it was decided to examine the arm, and it was accordingly opened and explored. The nerve was found to be partially divided. Two fresh ends were made and a section of the sciatic nerve from a live rabbit was stitched in.

The patient has now recovered the power in his arm, which is regaining its original size, and he is following his employment.—Philadelphia Record.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

FLOUR AS A PURIFIER.

Flour has long been known as an excellent purifier. Children's hoods of Angora wool may be perfectly restored, when soiled, by rubbing them with flour that has been made very hot.

HOW TO SCOUR WATER BOTTLES.

Carafes, which have so largely replaced the ice pitcher, are really very pleasing and refreshing to look at if they are kept fastidiously clean and bright. Unfortunately the purest water obtainable very soon dulls the inside, and it isn't every one who knows a quick and easy method of removing this.

WORTH KNOWING.

Put powdered or dissolved coppers down the sink and other drain pipes as often as once a week, and flush them well on washing days.

For frost bites keep away from the fire and rub the parts affected with snow or ice water until thawed, then treat as you would a burn.

When the eyes are tired, or inflamed from loss of sleep, apply an old linen handkerchief dripping with water as hot as you can possibly bear it.

To throw water on burning kerosene only increases the danger by causing the oil to spread, but salt, flour or cornmeal will quickly smother the flames.

In ordinary burns and scalds the only remedy required is to thoroughly exclude the air from the injured part. Cotton batting will do this more effectually.

To relieve pain from bruises, and prevent discoloration and subsequent stiffness, nothing is more efficacious than fomentations of water as hot as it can be borne.

Five or ten minutes spent every morning during winter in rubbing the body briskly with a flesh brush or piece of flannel over the hand, will do much to keep the skin active and prevent colds.—American Agriculturist.

Among the many duties demanding the housekeeper's attention is the work of putting away clothing, so as to prevent the ravages of the moth, writes Mrs. E. R. Parker in the Courier-Journal.

Furs are usually the most difficult to care for. They should be brushed and well beaten to dislodge any moth eggs that may have been deposited in them, and then hung in the sun.

Woolen dresses, overcoats, flannel underwear and extra blankets not needed for summer use should all undergo careful examination and airing, preparatory to being stored away for the summer.

The old-fashioned custom of our grandmothers—that of packing woolen goods in boxes with gum camphor or tobacco—is now declared a failure, and if we remember the many moth-eaten articles we have seen come forth from trunks and boxes, redolent with these particular odors, one will agree with the modern idea as to their want of efficacy.

Many women take the precautionary measure of folding in papers and sewing up in cotton bags, but none of these are wholly safe, as the only guarantee against moths is to keep the moth miller from depositing its eggs, which they seem to do before it can be prevented in the spring.

I have recently noticed an excellent bag, which seems to be the best article to use in putting away woolens and furs; it is airtight and entirely free from any unpleasant odor. Garments can be put in and taken out of these bags with ease, rendering one always sure of their condition.

Proper attention given the work this month will relieve the housekeeper of all anxiety on the subject, as well as saving much expense by keeping the woolen clothes in good condition for another season.

Recipes. Carrot Fritters—Boil one good sized carrot until very tender, press through a sieve and season to taste with butter, salt and pepper. Shake the carrots in small, flat cakes, and saute in butter.

Strawberry Layer Cake—Cut a square sponge cake into halves. Upon one half put thick meringue, made from the whites of two eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; beat the eggs until light, then add the sugar and beat again until white. Stand large strawberries thickly over this; put on the upper half, cover with strawberries neatly arranged, sprinkle with sugar and serve with cream.

Mixed Sandwiches—Chop half a pound of lean ham very fine; add one mixed pickle and a tablespoonful of mustard; put four ounces of butter in a frying-pan, stir over the fire until it creams; add the ham, the beaten yolk of one egg, with a little salt and pepper, remove the pan from the fire, stir all together, pour out on a large dish and let cool. When firm, cut in slices and lay between slices of buttered bread.

One of the most ingenious men in New England writes his letters in his ordinary handwriting, and then signs them in a backhanded style so as to make his correspondents think he makes use of a stenographer.

The corporation of the city of London has voted a present of \$12,500 as a betrothal present to Prince George and Princess May, of Teck.



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