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And after night cometh the morning cheery;
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The clouds have a silver lini ng,
Don't forget.
And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining;
Courage! Instead of tears and vain repining,
Just bide a wee and dinna fret.

When toil and cares unending
Art beset,
Bethink thee how the storms, from heaven descending,
Snap the stiff oak, but spare the will ow bending,
And bide a wee and dinna fret.

Grief sharper sting doth borrow
From regret;
But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow
Unfit us for the present and the morrow?
Nay! bide a wee and dinna fret.

An over-anxious brooding
Doth beget
A host of fears and phantasies deluding;
Then, brother, lest these torments be intruding,
Just bide a wee and dinna fret.

—Every Other Saturday

Col. Brown's Portrait.

"It's me. Will you open the door or am I to stand here and freeze to death?"

There was a nervous fumbling at the lock, a sharp click as it turned, and at last I was admitted to the studio of my friend, Collins. I had never before experienced the slightest difficulty in entering it, for the latch was free at all hours, and I was in the habit of cropping around for a smoke and a chat at any time, sans ceremonie. Besides, it was New Year's eve, and there had been a previous agreement that together we would smoke the old year out with some very excellent Turkish mixture I had picked up.

Jayne Collins was an old friend of mine. At school he did vile caricatures of me in the fly leaves of his books, and there had sprung from this inauspicious beginning a lasting intimacy. At 20 he went to Europe to study art, and I saw nothing of him for nearly seven years. Then he turned up in Minneappolis and opened a studio, so that for a year previous to this chilly New Year's eve our friendship had been as close as in the old days.

I was surprised on entering to find the apartment cold. There was no fire in the stove, and the kettle standing on it, a particularly jovial little copper affair, gave neither sign nor sound. The punch-bowl lay inverted on its shelf. The effect of all this was particularly depressing, additionally so perhaps that a widely different scene had been conjured up in mind from past experience in this very room—a scene in which the little copper kettle sang right merrily, the punch bowl stood full to the brim with a special brew, of which its owner alone had the secret, and a'cloud of blue tobacco smoke formed the background.

Noting at a glance the unusual condition, I turned to Collins for an explanations and saw he was carefully relocking the door. His manner seemed curiously stealthy. In fact, there was something so thoroughly odd and inexplicable in my friend's behavior that I stood watching him for a moment in silent speculation as to the cause of it. Just as I was about to voice my bewilderment he anticipated me.

"Don't talk loudly," he said in an excited whisper, "I'm hiding."

"Hiding!" I exclaimed; "from whom, pray?"

Was it possible that he had become a lunatic? I thought. It was slow and discouraging for an artist in the northwest, and Collins was very despondent at times, but so sudden a collapse was hideous to contemplate.

"Confound it, man! don't scream!" he cried, gesticulating wildly in the direction of the door. "I'm hiding from a pack of news-gathering devils armed with innumerable pencils and whole reams of paper. So far I have eluded them; but they keep knocking, knocking there, the infernal ravens! I say, Lennon," he went on throwing himself astride a chair and glared at me over the back of it, "I'm in the very deuce of a mess, old chap; compromised everlastingly. The thing will be in every paper on the continent tomorrow morning."

"Who is the woman?" I asked, seized with a sudden idea.

"Woman?" he repeated; "there's no woman—or, stay—yes, there is, a very pretty widow—no, confound it, she's not a widow now, either. She was this morning though, but—hang it, man, the whole thing is the vilest muddle you ever heard of. Why," he exclaimed, starting to his feet and pointing nervously in the direction of the window, "I left the corpse sitting up in a black shroud drinking champagne, the widow—I mean the wife, in hysterics; the servant in a dead faint. I left the undertaker cursing under his breath, and I left myself," he concluded with a savage grin, "in a hack. Oh, it's a devil of a mess all round."

Crazy as a cockroach was my inward comment. Collins had always been a little bit high strung, given to fits of exaltation and depression. While these thoughts flashed through my mind the subject of them was rapidly pacing the floor. Approaching a partly finished Nubian girl with a watter jar on her shoulder, he deliberately kicked a hole in the canvass. "Look here, Jayne," I said, "you're overworked. Get out that whisky of yours while I light a fire. We'll have a quiet grog and a smoke, and talk this thing over sensibly. There's nothing like a good, honest pipe when a man's in a dilemma."

He sat on the very edge of a chair, with his elbows on his knees, and his head resting in his hands. I was on my way to the stove with an armful of wood from the fuel-box behind the screen, when I became conscious of something that caused me to drop the bundle of sticks and started back in affright. The kindling material struck the floor with a crash, and Collins raised his head. There was an apathetic wonder in his eyes that changed to a startled expression as his gazed met mine.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"What is that?" I demanded, sternly pointing to his upraised hands. They were covered with blood. His cuffs, too, were saturated with it. Extending his forefingers with their dark stains before him, he examined them for a moment in grim silence.

"The corpse!" he gasped with a shudder. "Ah it was a terrible affair; terrible."

"Good Lord, man! what corpse are you talking about?" I cried. It was now evident to me that my unfortunate friend had become insane, and in his crazed condition had committed a crime. The idea was well borne out by his manner. He shivered like a man with swamp fever, trying meanwhile, in a futile sort of way, to rub the blood from one hand with the other.

"What corpse?" he said, after a pause during which I had been watching his movements with increasing apprehension; "why the same ill-conditioned champagne-drinking cadaver that has caused all the disturbance. Don't let them in," he went on, becoming intensely excited as several sharp raps sounded on the door. "Tell them I'm gone—gone—anywhere, New York, New Zealand, anything you like, but don't let 'em in, Lennon."

He made a rapid dive behind the curtains of the alcove, and emerged again only after repeated assurance that the reporters had gone.

"That's about the fifteenth reporter since I came in," he said. "See?" (holding his hands), "the blood is all off now. It had dried, you see, and in the excitement of the affair I did not notice it."

He was certainly crazy. These intermittent periods of calmness, depression and intense excitement were proof conclusive to me. I shivered at the thought.

"It's beastly cold here," remarked Collins, in a perfectly normal tone. "Light the fire," he added, and I'll brew a punch. I suppose the thing can't be helped now, but I wish it could have been kept out of the papers. I shall be branded a charlatan from San Francisco to New York."

Another phaze of the dementia, I mentally observed. It seemed that the best possible thing to do was to humor him. While I was busy about the stove my friend stood peeling a couple of lemons, now uttering a half-subdued curse, now chuckling idiotically.

"I give you my word," he suddenly broke out, "that I was never so completely paralyzed, so absolutely appalled in my life. Why, the blood literally poured from him in a stream. Money wouldn't have tempted me to do the thing, Lennon, but the woman seemed in such intense grief that I could do nothing but consent."

"Look here, Jayne," I said, trying to speak calmly, "who is the woman? Who have you killed, and why did you commit the crime?"

Collins had finished making the punch. He stood with the ladle in his hand, about to fill our glasses when my questions arrested the process. He looked at me fixedly for a moment, then he laughed aloud, dealt out two goblets of the steaming brew and sat down near the stove.

"This affair is beyond a joke, though, Lennon," he said with much gravity. "It means that I shall be published to the wide world as a fakir who paints portraits from photographs, and that sort of thing—a daubing trickster of the breed that no reputable man will recognize."

I could not imagine what his drift was this time. The fellow was absolutely babbling. "You may be mistaken, old man," I said. "Tell me how it all came about."

"You know Mrs. Browe-Bailey," he began. "Well, I had a note from her yesterday. It said 'come at once, and without fail, I was rather surprised, because—well, you remember how affairs stood between us when she suddenly decided to marry old Brown and his money. However, I decided that I couldn't afford to disobey the injunction, so I went. Madame was in tears. Brown had died the night before, and she was utterly inconsolable. The old gentleman was going to have a portrait done for the last two or three years, but he never did. The only likeness his wife had of him was a bad photograph, taken three years ago. She wanted me to have Brown tilted on end in his coffin and paint a portrait of him. I could use the expression in the photograph, she said, and the eyes of the youngest child were exactly like Brown's. I refused. point blank. A man can't afford to do that sort of thing, you know. It savors too much of the solar print and pastel shop. Mrs. Brown wept and beseached. I was obdurate. At last, though, a woman's tears won the day. She's still pretty, you know, and only 25. The price was to be 'any amount I chose to name'—fancy naming a price to Madge Brown. Well, the long and short of it was that I promised to do my best."

He paused to fill his pipe and take a sip at the punch before continuing. After a few preliminary puffs at the long-stemmed 'churchwarden,' he proceeded.

"I went to Brown's bright and early this morning. The blinds were all down crape on the door, widow unable to leave her room, servants walking about like ghosts, and that sort of thing. The undertaker had just put Brown in his coffin, and he was the only man I could get to help me stand the silver-studded sarcoghagus on end against the wainscoting. The lid had been screwed down and the glass front removed, exposing the face and throat of the dead man. There was a very good light on it from the large window on the right, and I began to see that after all I might be able to get something worth while. The face looked wonderfully lifelike, and I commenced to take a real interest in the work. The undertaker had withdrawn and I was alone with my model. I had just sketched in the outline of the face, when there was an occurrence that congealed the blood in my veins and made the skin creep up on the back of my neck. A tearing, splitting noise seemed to come from the coffin. I looked up and—well, you can imagine the horror of it—I saw the body of old Brown coming toward me. The next instant my model fell heavily forward to the floor, the coffin overbalancing and falling with a crash on top of the corpse."

"'Good Lord!' I gasped."

Collins was pacing the floor again, his face twitching with nervous excitement as he recalled the details of his adventure.

"The body lay face downward, he went on. "I was so paralyzed with the ghastliness of the whole proceeding that for a moment I stood rooted to the floor. Then it suddenly flashed across my mind that the affair would be a terrible shock to the widow, and overcoming my repugnance, I set the coffin right side up and made a desperate effort to raise Brown into it without olarming anyone. Suddenly I felt something warm trickling over my hands. I looked—it was blood. Thoroughly terrified I dropped the body, rang the bell violently and then ran for a doctor. When I left the house half an hour later Brown wes very much alive. They were feeding him stimulants through a tube. A case of catalepsy, the doctor cal'ed it."

During the recital of this strange adventure I had been subject to conflicting sensations. At first I felt sorrow and alarm for my friend, whom I supposed demented, then a sort of horrified interest, as the method in his supposed madness became apparent, and lastly I could not help feeling amused at his fear of having transgressed the unwritten tenets of the profession.

"Why, man," I exclaimed, "its the greatest thing that ever happened to you. You'll be advertised all over the country."

"True," he groaned, "but the wrong sort of advertising."

Just then the clock began to strike 12.

"Quick," I said, hastily filling the glasses, "let's drink to the new year and long life to old Brown."

The glasses were raised to our lips when again there was a rapping at the door. Collins gave a violent start and stood listening.

"What is it?" I called.

"Please, sir," answered a boy's voice from without, "Mr. Brown died at 11 o'clock, and the madam wants Mr. Collins to come down in the morning."

"Tell her," cried the artist, with a look of unspeakable terror—"tell her I wouldn't come for $1,000,000.

Since that night Jayne Collins has become a very successful painter. There is a sign painting establishment in the old studio, and things have altered a good deal all around. My friend has gathered flesh with the years and there is not a trace of the old-time nervousness remaining. We have often joked about old Brown's portrait, but recently I discovered in him a little sensitiveness on that subject, and also recently I learned from the columns of a New York art journal the reasons for it. The notice in the paper read:

"Jayne Collins, the American portrait painter, whose picture—'A Society Model'—attracted so much favorable notice at the columbian exposition, is shortly to wed Mrs. Brown-Baily, the well-known western art patroness. There is said to be a romantic story behind this alliance."

And this is the story.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

The Law on Tramps.

In view of the many depredations committed by tramps, and also the constant annoyance to which our citizens are subjected on account of the boldness of this class of worthless individuals, attention of the public is called to the following sections of the criminal law, being generally known as the "Tramp Act" of April 30th, 1879:

"Any person going about from place to place begging, asking or subsisting upon charity, and for the purpose of acquiring money or a living, and who shall have no fixed place of residence or lawful occupation in the county or city he shall be arrested, shall be taken and deemed to be a tramp, and guilty of a misdemeanor and on conviction shall be sentenced to undergo an imprisonment by separate and solitary confinement at labor, in the county jail or workhouse, for not more than twelve months at the discretion of the court: Provided, that if any person so arrested can prove, by satisfactory evidence that he does not make a practice of going about begging or subsisting upon alms, for the purpose aforesaid, in the manner above set forth, he shall not be deemed guilty of offence hereinbefore described, and upon such proof, shall be discharged from arrest, either by the magistrate before whom he is committed, or by the court upon hearing of the case upon a writ of habeas corpus.

"Any tramp who shall enter any dwelling house, against the will or without the permission of the owner or occupant thereof, or shall kindle any fire in the highway, or on the land of another, without the owner's consent, or shall be found carrying any fire arms, or other dangerous weapon, with intent unlawfully to do injury or intimidate any other person, which intent may be inferred by the jury trying the case, from the facts that the defendant is a tramp, and so armed, or shall do, or threaten to do, any injury, not amounting to a felony, to any person, or to the real or personal estate of another, shall, upon conviction, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be sentenced to undergo an imprisonment by separate or solitary confinement at labor for a period not exceeding three years.

Me and the Cat.

Richard X—— is an incorrigible youngster of ten who has shown a tendency to lay the blame of his misdeeds on other shoulders. His favorite scapegoat was the family feline. A jar of sweets could not be opened, or a bit of gingerbread purloined, or a vase broken to atoms, without a lame excuse of Dick's "I guess it was the cat," calling forth his mother's reproach:

"Richard, you must not lay the blame on the cat for all the wickedness you are guilty of in this house."

Not long after one of these upbraidings in Sunday school his teacher asked him the question, apropos of the devil's power on earth.

"Who is responsible for the wickedness of this world?"

It was with mixture of a contrite spirit and the old habit that little Dick answered: "Well, I supposed that I'm partly to blame. But—but I think our cat has her paw in it."—*Harpers' Magazine.*

He was in a sad plight when they bought him into the house, shaking from an involuntary ice water bath in the skating pond.

"Johnny!" exclaimed his mother aghast, "Where have you been?"

The boy was silent.

"Why don't you answer?"

"C-cause, m-mother, I can't exactly say."

"Wy not?"

"C-cause, I d-dunno whether I've been skatin' or s-swimmin."

There are too many people in the world who use their nest-eggs to make cake of.

Helping the Poor.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean

The politicians and the newspapers that criticised John Wanamaker for raising money to prevent hard times are not criticising him now for raising money to help the poor through the hard times. Mr. Wanamaker does not see any great difference in the two funds except that it is always better and wiser to prevent disaster than to try to cure it.

In an interview, published in the New York *Sun*, Mr. Wanamaker says:

I am raising money for the poor people now as I did once before.

He thus boldly referred to the campaign fund he raised for the Republican party in 1888, about which Democratic newspapers made so much complaint, and added:

I raised that money and gave it as conscientiously as I am raising mony for the poor now. I raised it to down a free-trade party which would have brought this same Wilson bill calamity on us then that they have now. I believed that with the free traders in, the tariff would be out. I knew this would lower wages, stop mills, and send the workmen starving into the streets as it has done now. No one knew that I was to raise that money. My heart told me to do it. I went out among the Christian business men of Philadelphia and told them the danger to prosperity ahead. They thought it were wiser to stop the tariff destroyers than to feed the starving thousands, as we are doing now. They gave the money freely and said: "Take it to headquarters, publish documents, hire speakers, reach the masses with truthful statements, and save the Nation threatened with calamity"—the same calamity which has finally come upon us. We saved it and made four years of such prosperity as we will never see again till that blessed protective tariff comes back again.

Mr. Wanamaker estimates the losses to the Nation through the Wilson-bill calamity at $3,000,000,000 a year, and thinks that $300,000 contributed by Philadelphia business men to prevent that loss for four years was a very good investment. There are 20,000,000 workingmen in the country, and they did earn, on an average, $2 a day, or $40,000,000 as the total earnings in one day. This gave them $12,000,000,000 a year as the earnings of American workingmen. The cut of 25 per cent made everywhere in wages, without counting those thrown out of work, gives a loss of $3,000,000,000 a year, or $12,000,000,000 for four years of the administration.

The sum of $300,000 is a larg one when taken alone, but when it is considered that sum is but one four-hundredth of 1 per cent of the actual loss it is a very good investment.

The newspapers and politicians who assailed Mr. Wanamaker for his campaign fund in 1888 followed his example in 1892. The New York *World* was Mr. Wanamaker's most slanderous critic in 1888, but it was the loudest beggar and greatest defender of campaign contributions in 1892.

Mr. Wanamaker says that he had no thought of any office when he raised the money for the campaign of 1888, but when President Harrison offered him the position as Postmaster General he, like other men loving honor, accepted it, though his time to his own business was worth ten times the salary he received. But Mr. Wanamaker has no need for defense. He made the best Postmaster General the country has had in many years, and, since campaign funds are necessary, the people are not finding fault with him for trying to prevent the present disaster by keeping the Republican party in power.

Two Ways of Seeing a Picture.

An artist had sold a picture for an exorbitant price, and the purchaser sued to recover. The barrister for the purchaser was making the artist uncomfortable by his questions.

"Now, sir," he said in that pleasant, ingratiating manner of lawyers with a witness, "do you think anybody could see beauty in that picture?"

"Some persons certainly could," replied the artist.

"You think the initiated in technical matters might have no difficulty in understanding your work.

"I am sure they would not."

"Do you think you could make me see any beauty in that picture?" this most superciliously.

"Probably not now, sir," and the artist was most humble, "but once I could have done so easily."

"Now, sir, how is that? I don't understand. Explain, if you please."

"That is quite easy, sir. I could have done it simply by employing you as my counsel in this case."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Why She Smiled.

The actors in the drama were one young woman, one ditto man, one mendicant and one dog. Scene—Secluded alley in Central Park. Time—Three o'clock, p. m. Young woman sauntering through sylvan retreat is insulted by tramp; her screams bring dog, who has stopped to exchange civilities with another canine, to her rescue; he knocks down mendicant and forcibly detains him.

Mendicant, shrieking: "Take him off! He's a killing of me! He's crunchin' of me bones!"

Young woman laughs heartlessly and mendicant appeals to young man, who has just arrived.

"Help, sor! The brute's eatin' of me! The blood's pourin' down me leg!"

Young woman fairly shrieks with laughter.

"Call your dog off, miss!" says the young man, sternly.

"No! no! You don't understand. Can't I see the dog biting him this instant?"

Young woman breaking into fresh paroxysms of mirth: "Yes, but the dog—oh, dear!—hasn't a tooth in his head!"

An Irish Woman's Wit.

A country doctor in the north of Ireland, was driving down a narrow lane on the way to visit a patient, when he espied an old woman in the middle of road picking up some pieces of turf which had evidently fallen from some passing cart. Pulling his horse up to prevent running over her, he said, rather sharply.

"Women and donkeys are always in the way."

"Shure, sir," said the indignant woman, as she stepped to one side, "I'm glad you've the manners to put yourself last."

THE MINISTER'S RECREATIVE READING.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION OF SOMERSET, BY REV. T. J. BRISTOW, OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

In order that they may be in a healthy mental condition, it is essential that the Ministers of Religion should change the order of their reading at times for relaxation and rest. It is possible to have "too much of a good thing." If the tattoo on the drum were always in the same spot there would soon be a hole, but the blows being distributed, the head of the instrument will wear a long time. Let it be understood that we are now discussing the human side of things, and which we cannot ignore without becoming a bundle of agitated nerves, a distress to ourselves and our people.

The faithful minister, being in touch with Christ and in fellowship with him, finds ample spiritual refreshment, but the human mind, with which he works so intensely and continuously, needs recreation, and the Creator made it so.

The best secular reading we can command will furnish much of this recuperation, for mental idleness is not rest, it is rather a torture to a well disciplined mind. It has been well said that a change of occupation affords the best rest.

Apart from the refreshment to the mind in good literature there will accrue many advantages in improvement of style and facility of illustration in our public ministry. In scientific works not requiring intense study, we can find much food for the mind and stimulus to helpful thought.

In astronomy, as the glorious universe opens up to our vein, and we "consider the heavens the work of his fingers;" in geology, as the interesting study of the strata of the earth claims our attention, we can find

"Sermons in stones,
Books in the running brooks,
And good in everything."

In botany we may find refreshment, as we see how wonderful and beautiful are the plants and flowers; and so we might go on, for this is a story without an end.

But the sciences might be too serious at all times to give recreation to the toil-worn mind. The best works of fiction may be helpful, especially such as are founded on fact. To the masters in this line we owe more than we are willing to concede. A child will listen with eyes rounding out with interest, as a good story is told, and "we are children of a larger growth," that is all. There are novels and novels; some of them ought to go direct from the printing press into the fire; some are commonplace and vacuous; while others are good, and might take their place by the Bible itself. "Robinson Crusoe" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," will never die while the English language is spoken. The poets will afford rare enjoyment, that is if we ourselves are not all prose. Foremost among them is "William Shakespeare," whose wonderful creations of character and facility in the use of words, was marvelous. How much every preacher owes directly or indirectly to his way of putting things. A minister once reproving his people for reading "Shakespeare" thus "gave himself away:" "And what will you think of having read 'Shakespeare' when you reach that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns?"

First among the mighty in literature is the "Bard of Avon." Wendell Holmes was not far from right when replying to the question of a young man: what books should I study? "The Bible, Shakespeare and Webster's Dictionary." We can take the gentle masters of Song, and get much recreation by reading aloud their works. "Can read from the treasured volume the poem of our choice.

"And lend to the rhyme of the poet,
The beauty of the voice,
And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

Strong minds have been moved and greatly benefited by the perusal of the best authors in fiction.

The well-known story of "O'Connell" is to the point here. He had been much interested in "Little Nell," a charming character in one of Charles Dicken's works. The child dies in the story and when the reader came to the pathetic description of her departure, he flung down the book, exclaiming: "Charles Dickens! Ye spalpeen, you had not genius enough to keep that child alive!" In the high class magazines and reviews there is much to interest and stimulate the mind. We may not endorse all contained in them by any means. It is, however, a great advantage to have access to them and cull what will be helpful. A famous preacher, when hard pressed for time, said he read the "Bible" and the "newspaper." We may, by judicious selection, get much healthy recreation here. I do not like to see a man become a "newspaper" preacher, working into his discourses all the news of the week, but the minister is to "understand the times" and this he cannot do without "newspaper reading."

A minister who does not have access to the current literature and newspapers has to "make bricks without straw," and is much to be pitied.

We may find recreative reading all about us, and have facilities for mental comfort at our doors. The preacher then can do better work and more of it, in serious study, in the prosecution of his calling, if he permits his mind to have a healthy change.

"Then age will not wither,
Nor custom stale
His infinite variety."

I knew a minister, "Rev. Paxton Hood," who had two tons of books, and he had read most of them. They embraced every kind of good literature, and when his brain and heart was tired he turned to these friends of his for comfort and inspiration. We are human and need human sympathy as well as divine. Mr. Spurgeon once said: "There are books in our libraries clothed in "sheepskin," if not in "goatskin," doubtless they often find us "afflicted and tormented." And all book lovers will add, they bring us comfort, too.

There is so much that is good in "literature" that we may have of the best, and if our people know this is our habit, the example will do them good. We can hold fellowship with the greatest minds of all ages, and no one worthy of our calling will do otherwise. We shall find rest in so doing and also keep sane in religious matters. There will follow too a manly utterance without the sanctimonious twang of the Pharisees; and we shall have much that is practical come out of "The Ministers Recreative Reading."

Dora—Oh, I'm in such distress of mind, and I want your advice. I am loved by three men, and I don't know which to accept.

Clara—Which one has the most money?

Dora—If I knew that do you think I'd waste precious time running around for advice?