

JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING

Peace was here yesterday
Joy comes to-morrow
Why wilt thou, heart of mine
Dark bodings borrow?

HER PICTURE

BY MAHANA M. TALLEMAN



HE picture lay, face upward, in the mire. It had a sweet, sensitive mouth and earnest, intent eyes, whose serious regard seemed to plead mately for restoration to more fitting environments than the slush and snow of the wintry March twilight.

Jack Huyler was that favored creature, a man with genuine innate artistic talent. The man with a talent for boying and selling, the man with a talent for languages, the man with a talent for invention—all these and their like must be content with the rank of mediocrity unless financial success invest them with its golden halo of reverence; but the man who paints pictures, though a doubtful Bohemian, may hobnob with the great and mighty of the earth, albeit his sole "expectations" may rest on the possibly fortunate sale of his last canvas.

Jack was unfortunately handsome; for beauty is undoubtedly a misfortune to its possessor, though a most pleasing property to gaze upon and admire impersonally. Physical charms stand a man in lead of those mental graces which endear him to the fairer sex.

In his own self-confident convictions to this end, Jack was acquiring a systematic avoidance of blushing maidenhood. He grew cynical, dogmatic, and most fastidious and exacting in the standard of ideal womanhood he eventually reared for himself.

Meanwhile Jack was swinging leisurely home under the scudding clouds of the wrathful March sky with a sensation of actual interest dominating him. Had the original of the fair face now reposing in his breast pocket itself confronted him, the fate of its many predecessors might have been here, but the odd chance which had thrown it in his way seemed to invest it with a sort of proprietary interest; and, arriving at his own door and letting himself in, our erring hero made his way up to his rather sumptuous rooms and struck a light. He set the photograph on a carved easel; he lighted a tiny lamp beside it which diffused a soft rose color through the room; he took down some clinging folds of embroidered amber silk and draped them about the soiled edges. He sat a while in absorbed contemplation of the pure young face that shone out like a white star from its clouds of rose and amber. Then he rose and gravely placed before it a Parian group of adoring angels.

No, prosperity had not spoiled her; the sweet, womanly face with its steadfast eyes looked gravely past its aesthetic surroundings with the changeless serenity of a Madonna above her suppliants, and transfixed Jack's gaze with her own. The tender curves of her lips were full of sweet womanly meanings; the eyes under the shadowy hair—soft, dreamy, starry eyes—held unathomed store of wit, wisdom, love and pathos; only a high, truthful, unstained soul looked out of them.

Jack rose. "She seems to say," he said meditatively, "My young friend, what a consummate idiot you are." And he turned the picture to the wall. It was about this time that Huyler's friends began to comment on his singular predilection for that last resort of entertainers and entertainers, the photograph album, and an odd habit he had acquired in that connection—that of occasionally slipping out one of the bits of pasteboard and glancing at its back. In fact, A. Stanton Boyden, as Jack's long-time acquaintance Allan Boyden now signed himself, in conformity with the fad of the day, was roused to suspicion not only by this new freak in his eccentric friend, but by the frequency with which he sauntered into Boyden's own photo-

graph studio above stairs, and the diligence with which he inspected the collections of his own and contemporary artists' work. Jack held his peace, however, and was not to be sounded by mere impertinent inquiry, as A. Stanton Boyden well knew, and some weeks had elapsed since the episode with which our tale opens, when the door of Huyler's studio was one day flung wide open and the steps of A. Stanton were arrested as he was about mounting the stairway leading to his own apartments.

"Come in here a minute, will you," called Jack in a tone of mild despair, "and tell me what's the matter with this portrait. I've bothered with the thing so long it has lost all semblance of humanity to me."

Boyden stepped in, placed himself knowingly in a good light, and stared at his friend's canvas. It bore an unfinished portrait, the life-size head of a young girl.

"Pretty hair," he remarked sententially. "But what in thunder is the matter with it?" cried Huyler petulantly. "I can't make it look—"

"Can't make it look how?" "Anyhow," answered Jack, shortly, "flatters the original, I wouldn't wonder," said the wily Boyden.

"Ha! perhaps it does," said Jack with a hollow laugh. "Here, my friend," and he slid the photograph out from beneath the canvas, "look at this picture, then on that, and tell me if mine begins to do the photograph even half justice."

"It is a fine face, a remarkable face," mused the diplomatic Boyden, gazing at it.

"I would give," quoth Jack, "half my fortune to find the original of that face. She is a remarkable girl, a girl in a thousand, you may depend;" and he lovingly cleared the pictured face of an infinitesimal speck of dust.

"Then you don't know the original?" Huyler shook his head, but bent a keen glance upon his friend. "Do you?" said he.

"Never saw it before in my life," said Boyden imperturbably, "but I think I know who's the photographer."

"Well?" said Jack, in breathless monosyllable. "Reese, of New York."

"Why do you think so?" "Know his style," said Boyden with a yawn, removing his hands from his pockets and preparing to depart.

"It is a peculiar style," said Jack, with a fine show of indifference as he scrutinized it; "the features so clear and the outlines so shadowy. 'I—rather like it.'"

Boyden made no reply as he sauntered from the room, but his always open countenance was adorned with a broad smile. In the hush that followed, the shriek of loud laughter burst from the lips of the artist.

"I'm like a cat, but he was already getting into his coat, and figuring on the earliest returns from the New York mail as he absently took hat and umbrella from the wardrobe. There was no time to be lost. He had long ago determined that the sweet, girlish face, full of tender, womanly grace though it was, was not the face of a wife; but even now a suitor might be kneeling at her feet. His own entry upon the lists must not be delayed at any hazard; he would seek her out somehow, and it would be veni vidi vici over again, but with a new joy to the winner, for—

"None knew me but to love me, None named me but to praise," muttered Jack with a sardonic grin, as he fought his way through the storm, while turbid streams in the gutter gurgled and gaped along beside him, to the nearest express office. His own powers of fascination sometimes struck him with a grim sense of humor, and yet, the face of the girl in the rose-lighted room was not one to be lightly won. Well, time would tell. Therefore he set his dripping umbrella carefully in the rack at the express office, and requested a New York directory.

He would have walked seven times around the city rather than ask Boyden, the scoffer, for Reese's address. If his search failed no one would be the wiser.

"Ra—Reb—Ree—" yes, this was surely it. There could be but one Reese who pursued the calling of artistic photography, and here he was, glanced down the remaining names to make doubly sure, snapped the big book loudly together with a nod of thanks, and retraced his way homeward, the wind howling unheard. A half hour later the clemency of Mr. Reese was thus invoked:

"Can you give me any information concerning a photograph supposed to have been taken at your studio, and numbered on the back 2017-9? A copy of it came into my hands under rather peculiar circumstances, and I have been unable to obtain any clew to it until this evening, when a photographer told me he thought he recognized the style as your own. Will you be kind enough to notify me if such is the case, and also give me any information concerning the young lady whose portrait it is."—Jack had hesitated here—"her name or address and probable age, if it would not be violating professional secrecy."

"Sounds as if I were addressing a priest," muttered Huyler with a critical frown. But there was no time to choose felicitous phrases. The mail would be collected in fifteen minutes, so after hesitating a moment longer he added the conventional epistolary amenities, and looking dubiously at the little easel with its burden, took down the photograph and added a brief postscript: "As better aid to identify I inclose the photo. Kindly return."

It seemed long before a reply came. The corner where the carved easel stood looked strangely barren, and the adoring angels seemed bowed in sorrow. By the blank aspect of the easel Jack was apprised of the frequency of his involuntary glances for that direction, as one will only believe he looks at the clock fifty times a day, when the timekeeper is a way for repairs. But the New York photographer was a punctual and obliging man, and in three days a big yellow envelope lay on Jack's table among half a dozen surrounding epistles of paltry value. Jack was conscious of excitement. It was a novel sensation, but he did not tarry to analyze or indulge it. He tore open the envelope, glanced at the picture—that was all right—and hastily read the inclosure:

Dear Sir: I am very happy to be able to oblige you. We have the negative 2017-9, corresponding to your print which we herewith return. The age of the original we should place by careful approximation at about twenty-one years; we are not good at averaging names, and must therefore fall short in that particular, though we can send you the full list if you desire. The photograph itself is an excellent composite of seventeen of the young ladies of the class of '99 of—college. Yours truly, J. REESE.

The door opened presently, but Jack sat with his eyes riveted on the epistle, and did not stir. As a step resounded across the tiled floor he roused himself with an effort, and hastily crushed the letter in his hand. But the yellow envelope with the colossal stamp, "J. Reese, artistic photographer," across its corner, caught the inquiring eye of A. Stanton Boyden. He looked at Huyler with a grin.

"Are you going to marry the lot, Jack?" he asked.—American Agriculturist.

In a Candy Factory. From top to bottom the floors of the factory are covered with tiles, and I noticed that there were people engaged in all parts of the building scrubbing and washing these tiled floors. For a candy factory it was the least sticky or smeary place I ever saw. Absolute cleanliness and sweetness was the rule. There was a slight drift of sugar about, as in a mill where wheat is being ground, and your coat might get a little powdered, but there always was sweeping going on.

Chocolate-making I need not describe, only to state that everything was done here by machinery, for the chocolate as produced enters for a large percentage into the bonbons manufactured.

In the sugar-plum departments hand-work seemed to be constant. Tidy-looking young women, all with caps on, were working away, each one with a little saucenpan before her full of sugar; the sugar was in a pasty condition, the heat being derived from steam. In these saucenpans were colored sugars of all the hues of the rainbow. The work-women would dip up an almond or a pistache-nut, and drop it in the saucenpan, then fish it out with a bit of wire fashioned in

loop form. The art was to get just the proper coating. Then with a dexterous motion of the wrist the sugar-plum would be placed in a tin pan, and with a deft motion of the wire loop a nice finish would be given to the top of it. There were some very small sugar plums, and it would take two hundred of them to make a pound. They were all exact in form. These little things, so the foreman told me, had gone through ten processes before they had arrived at their present condition. Some of the sugar-plums were made in moulds. There was pure legerdemain about these. A man took a funnel, and dropped the sugar, just at the crystallizing point, in moulds. They were very small things, not more than an inch long by half an inch wide, but the confectioner never poured a drop in the wrong place. Dear me! if I tried to do that, I should make a precious mess of it.

Here were sugar-plums of many shades, every work-woman seeming to have a speciality. It was something not alone requiring alertness of hand, but constant watchfulness as to the condition of the material used. If it had been too soft, the bonbon would have run and been out of shape. If the sugar paste had been too hard, it would have been intractable. How they managed not to burn anything was a wonder.—Harper's Round Table.

His Stock in Trade. A middle-aged man, with a business-like air, walked into a hardware store the other day. He laid a good-sized valise upon the counter and took from it several dozen four-ounce bottles. Filling the bottles, he corked them tightly, smeared the tops with sealing wax and labeled each "Silver Polish, Twenty-five Cents."

"There," he said, "I am now on the road to rapid wealth. Fortune favors me with her smiles," and he started forth to dupe the unsuspecting public.—New York Press.

Immense Sculptured Arrowhead. An interesting relic was discovered near San Bernardino, Cal., last week. It is an immense sculptured arrowhead, four feet four inches long and weighing more than 200 pounds. It is of bluish granite and shaped in perfect imitation of the smaller arrowheads frequently found in that region. On the mountain side, near where the stone was found, is a natural formation in the shape of an arrowhead many feet in length and conspicuously visible for many miles.—New York Sun.

KAFFIR CORN.

A BLESSING TO OUR ARID REGION.

It Grows in Spite of the Lack of Water—It Will Make the American Sandy Wastes Valuable Farming Lands.

KAFFIR corn, first introduced from the American continent from the Kaffir country, in Africa, less than a decade since, is still an unknown product to nine-tenths of the people of the United States, writes a correspondent from Guthrie, Oklahoma.

At first planted here and there as a curiosity, it was found to grow readily in all localities and under all conditions, and experiment developed the fact that it would mature a crop in the driest and hottest seasons on the high Western plains. A more extended planting of the new grain and a comparison of results obtained soon developed the fact that whether the season was wet or dry, cool or hot, long or short, this new product would thrive on all kinds of soils with the minimum of care and cultivation, and, planted any time between the 1st of April and the middle of July it would mature an absolutely sure crop of grain and fodder before the frosts of autumn.

It will grow luxuriantly on the soil of newly broken ground, produce fine crops either on bottom or upland, is a natural enemy of weeds, and will be as clean with two cultivations as Indian corn will be with four times as many.

It is rather slow in germinating and getting a start in growth, but is correspondingly sure, not requiring rains to sprout it, and when once well under way it grows right straight along—cloudy weather or bright, drought or rain, hot winds or northers being all the same to it and seemingly of equal benefit to its growth.

The stalk looks somewhat like a single shoot of common corn, but shorter, attaining a height usually of from four and a half to six feet, and having pointed leaves of a rich green color. The grain forms in a head at the extreme point of the shoot, where the tassel is on ordinary corn, the heads being from seven to twelve inches in length and six to eight in circumference, and when ripe look like great white or red plumes standing proudly erect.

The grains are almost round, a little larger than a grain of rice and much resembling a grain of wheat in interior structure.

There are two varieties, red and white, the latter being the favorite crop, and the grains taken separately compare in appearance most remarkably with ancient desert manna sent during their wanderings, and coming from the Western wheat and all other supplies of manna sent by the God of Israel.

Though raised as an experiment here and there throughout the West for several years it was not until 1895 that it became a prominent crop. When the drought of last spring killed the wheat and oats and seemed almost certain to ruin the corn, the few who had had experience with the new grain began to advise their neighbors to plant Kaffir corn, as it would grow all right in dry weather, and they could thus at least raise feed for their stock. The newspapers took up the advice and soon every farmer throughout the West was planting Kaffir corn, utilizing the ground where his wheat and oats had failed or planting on sod or scattered patches where his early corn had been burned out.

The planting was continued until well along in August, the average being in many sections greater than that ever devoted to a single crop. In Oklahoma alone nearly 50,000 acres were planted with the new crop. And every grain of it planted grew and thrived to maturity, and before the summer was over the farmers began to wonder what they would do with it all. They knew it was good for stock, but there was not stock enough in the Territory to begin to consume it, and the product was yet so new that it was not recognized in the outside markets.

Experience has already developed the fact that it made a most admirable feed, either to winter stock or fatten them for market, but, with an abundance of the grain on hand, Oklahoma farmers soon discovered that it was better for horses than either corn or oats, making them fat and stout and giving them a sleek, glossy appearance. Both horses and cattle not only like and thrive on the grain, but do as well on the fodder as on the best of hay, and will eat up the entire stock, even after it is quite dry, and cows produce richer milk and more of it than when fed on hay and bran.

When it came to feeding hogs it was found that they gained flesh more rapidly than when fed on common corn, and poultrymen have found the Kaffir grain an admirable egg producer, and when fed unthreshed the fowls are given exercise in picking it from the head.

The boys and girls soon discovered that it would pop as well as pop-corn, the grains popping out large, white and tender, and women in the country found that boiled like rice the grain was excellent eaten with cream and sugar, that mashed into a pulpy mass it made an admirable pudding, and it was also a first-class substitute for hominy, being prepared much easier than the regular grades.

Still the quantity produced was so great that the people continued to wonder what they would do with it. The owner of the roller mills at Medicine Lodge, Kan., on experiment bent, ran some of the grain through

RELIGIOUS READING.

GOD REQUIRES FAITH IN PRAYER.

We do not get half the good out of prayer which we might receive. Our faith is too weak and our love too feeble to lead us to God with our daily burdens and our fretting cares. We forget that prayer is a spiritual telephone between our lips and hearts, and our Father's ear and heart. We ought to know that the slightest whisper of our own hearts is heard by our Father in heaven. We ought to remember that it is possible for us to make direct requests and to receive immediate answers. Abraham said unto God, "O that Ishmael might live before Thee!" and the immediate answer was, "As for Ishmael, I have heard thee." David inquired of the Lord, "Shall I go and smite these Philistines?" and the answer of the Lord came to David, "Go and smite the Philistines." . . . Wherever there is a praying heart there will be found a place of prayer. Daniel found an oratory in the lion's den; Jeremiah one in a dungeon; Jonah one in the depths of the sea; Peter one on the house-top; and the thief one on the cross. We receive little because our requests are so few, small, and so feeble. We have been satisfied with the crumbs which fall from our Father's table, when we might go into the King's palace and enjoy a full meal. We should thank God whenever there is a heavenly throne; its gate of access is always open. We can never go too late at night; its gate is never closed. We need not ascend some Moriah or Pisgah; we need not enter some ashlar shrine or go to any holy place, we should thank God wherever we seek Him, and to the seeking soul every bush is ground. To the eye of faith every bush is aflame with God. Prayer can open the windows of heaven; prayer can bring angels down; prayer can open the heavens and bring a plentiful rain; prayer can put God in harmony with His own gracious promises under a holy constraint for our help. Would to God that we realized the greatness of our privileges, and the blessedness of constant communion with our Father in heaven!—Robert S. MacArthur D. D., in "Quick Truths in Quaint Texts."

Had a Remarkable Experience. The bark Oakland put into San Francisco last week in distress, having had a remarkable experience. The vessel was bound in the Southern Pacific so long that, though the crew was on half rations for a month, the galley was bare when she reached San Francisco, so bare that the crew begged food of the crew of the pilot boats that met them. The bark was bound from San Jose de Guatemala for Port Madison. She had little wind from the start, and finally drifted into a region of calms in which she floated about for days with the sails hanging flat upon the masts. Calms and winds so light as to be insufficient to keep her on her course delayed her several weeks, and the crew were put on half rations. Then the ship's chronometer got out of order, and the Captain had to depend on his watch. A little later the Captain was taken ill, and died in a few hours. Then the mate headed for San Francisco, but not having a chronometer he was obliged to cruise about in the neighborhood of the port for two days searching for the lighthouse on the Farrallones, being only able to guess where the vessel was.—New York Sun.

Australia's Tall Trees.

The tallest trees in the world are to be found in the State forest of Victoria, Australia. They belong to the eucalyptus family, and range from 350 to 500 feet in height. One of them that had fallen was found by measurement with a tape to be 438 feet from the roots to where the trunk had been broken off by the fall. At that point the tree was three feet in diameter. The tree

grew with astonishing rapidity. A Eucalyptus globulus planted in Florida grew forty feet in four years with a bole a foot in diameter. Trees of the same species in Guatemala grow 120 feet in twelve years. The stem of one was nine feet thick. In 1860, a monster petrified tree was found in Baker County, Oregon. It was 666 feet long and sixty feet in diameter at the butt.—Detroit Free Press.

A Bicycle Boat.

A bicycle boat has been invented by a telegraph operator in Seattle, and has been successfully operated on the waters of the harbor there at a speed of nine miles an hour. It is a combination of whaleback boat and bicycle. Described in the simplest way, it is a boat with a bicycle mounted amidships, the power exerted on the pedals being transferred to a propeller arrangement at the stern. The rudder is operated by the bicycle handle bar, just as an ordinary bicycle is steered. The boat shell is a steel framework covered with canvas, and the whole thing is kept right side up by a 200-pound keel of lead. The inventor thinks he will be able to get much more than the present nine miles an hour out of his bicycle boat when he has perfected it.

Substitute for the Natural Skin.

A process has been patented in Germany for making a substitute for the natural skin for use on wounds. The muscular coating of the intestines of animals is divested of mucous membrane, and then treated in a pepsin solution until the muscular fibers are half digested. After a second treatment with tannin and gallic acid, a tissue is produced which can take the place of the natural skin, and which, when laid on the wound, is entirely absorbed during the healing process.—Argonaut.

The Chinese Almanac.

The Illustrated World and Geographic Magazine says: "There is no other work in the world of which so many copies are printed annually as the Chinese almanac. The almanac is printed at Peking, and is a monopoly of the Emperor. It not only predicts the weather, but notes the days that are reckoned lucky or unlucky for commencing any undertaking, for applying remedies in diseases, for marrying and for burying."

"PATIENT WAITING NO LONGER."

Drifting is not waiting. The one is an idle, passive condition, the other is activity. Waiting is not simply a negative state; it often means a continual girding of the spirit, lest it chafe against its barriers; a building of fortifications to protect against the onsets of our passions; a raising of dykes and holding them secure to prevent the admission of vexing rebellious thoughts which surge about like a restless sea, asking an entrance. Oh, no! to wait and be strong; to wait not for the way, but to grow a widening, creating activity. It is this very activity which will bring a strength for our future that we may use to great advantage.—Rev. Louise S. Baker.

THE CHRIST OF YESTERDAY, TODAY AND FOR-EVER.

Jesus of Nazareth is something more than the Christ of history—a blessed memory or the Christ of prophecy—a sublime hope; he is the Christ of today, and of every day; a living reality in our lives, a very present help in time of need. Faith lays hold upon him as One who is ever with us in the church, in the household and in the world. He is the close companion of our daily lives. We walk the hard hill-roads of life with burning hearts because he bears us company. We pass through valleys or death shades with fearless step, led by his invisible hand. In the glory of his presence toil and pain are transcended. There is no break in our trustful intimacy. No shadow of possible change mars our joyful fellowship.—James M. Campbell.

THE CHRIST OF YESTERDAY, TODAY AND FOR-EVER.

There is one way of salvation for all. But also there is your own way for you. "CHOOSE YE THE LORD." There are always two handles presented to us; and every day, if we listen, we shall hear God say to us, "Choose today which to take!" We can take hold in everything which befalls us of the handle of doubt, of anxiety, of unbelief, of fear, of sorrow, of grief, of expediency, personal gratification and self-seeking; or we can take hold of the handle of trust, of hope, of candid, liberal judgment, of duty, personal conviction, right, and generous, self-forgetting good-will. Our days will be sweeter, brighter, the world a goodly world, a bad world, according to what we take everything by one handle or the other. The art of life consists in taking each event which befalls us with a contented mind, confident of good. This makes us grow younger as we grow older, for youth and joy come from the soul to the body more than from the soul to the body more than from the body to the soul. With this method and art and temper of life, we live, though we may be dying. We rejoice always, though in the midst of sorrows; and possess all things, though destitute of everything.—James Freeman Clarke.

TRUST WHEN THE SHADOWS COME.

"In the shadow." We must all go through them. The glare of the daylight is too brilliant; our eyes become injured and unable to discern the delicate shades of color, or appreciate neutral tints—the shadowed chamber of sickness; the shadowed house of mourning; the shadowed life from which the sunlight has gone. But fear not—it is the shadow of God's hand. He is leading thee. There are lessons that can only be learned there. The photograph of His face can only be fixed in the dark chamber. But do not suppose that He has cast thee aside. Thou art still in His quiver; He has not flung thee away as a useless thing. He is only keeping thee close till the moment comes when He can send thee most swiftly and surely on some errand in which He will be glorified. Oh, shadowed solitary ones, remember how closely the quiver is bound to the warrior, with its eye near of the hand, and guarded jealously.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

NOVEL SCHEME TO RAISE THE WIND.

An impecunious German, a citizen of Munich, finding himself short of funds, had recourse to the following novel scheme for raising the wind. He ordered a confectioner to make a cake for his wife's birthday, containing, as a surprise, a lining of new twenty-pfennig pieces. The German's financial stringency was relieved, but up to the time of writing the confectioner is still looking for his money.