of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod; recking squadrens, itsel-capper, iron-shod; is Maid and the white horse and the flapping banner of God,

riding for money; red hearts riding for fame; no rides for France, and the King who rides for shame-cools and a saint riding in Christ's high name!

"Dust to dust!" it is written. Wind-scattered are lance and how. Dust the Cross of Saint George; dust the banner of snow, The bones of the King are crumbled, and rotted the shafts of the foe.

the young knight's valor; forgotten the captain's skill; the fear and the hate and the mailed hands raised to kill; the shields that clashed and the arrows that cried so shrill.

from some old book, that battle of long ago; poor French king and the might of his English foe; charging nobles and the archers kneeling a row,—in my heart and my eyes, the Mald with her banner of snow!

—Theodore Roberts, in Pail Mall Magazine.

O PORTO DE LA CONTRACTOR DEL CONTRACTOR DE LA CONTRACTOR TOM

The Story of a Kindness That Was Remembered.

(W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

dinner tonight."

ed the old man.

by my garb is."

"Did he?"

stranger asked

that true?"

whiskbroom?"

the street.

gone.

pleased."

'No, no," he said.

I'm not in any present need of money.

The old man suddenly shrank back,

'Yes, yes," laughed the stranger.

"But I'm not a diner-out," protest-

"That's all right. I told Jim I was

"Shall we say six o'clock?" the

'Yes." He nodded vigorously. "I

The old man drew a quick breath.

like your way," he said. "Somehow

you don't act as if you were doing this

in a merely perfunctory way. You ac-

tually want me to dine with you? Is

"Of course it's true," said the strang-

"Expect me back at 6 o'clock."

He arose and crossed to the old man

"At 6 o'clock," he repeated, and was

The old man stared after him wist-

"That's a cherry fellow," he said

Leaves a sunshine behind him. Sun

shine is a scarce blessing in this old

den. Stx o'clock, eh?" Where's the

At 6 the stranger was back age a

"Ready," was the old man's greet-

He locked the drawers of his old-

fashioned desk and locked the time

stained outer door, and they passed to

"This way," said the stranger. "You

don't object to the Colonna?"

geous surroundings."

'Ah, here we are."

The stranger laughed.

The old man shook his head.

and shook his hand warmly.

going to invite you. He seemed

The old man hesitated.

"You see how shab-

"That's good," he said, "I accept The old man looked at the stranger. your hint only to tell you it is wasted. Then he looked at the letter in his

"Friend of Edgerton's, ch?"

"Yes." said the stranger. The old man looked at the letter.

'Thomas Harper eh?" That's the name.'

"Any friend of Jim Edgerton's is welcome," said the old man. "Do you know Jim? "Quite well,"

'He's a good boy. I started Jim in business. "So he told me."

"Did he? I'm glad he remembered. They don't usually. I suppose I've started twenty boys in business. Prectous few of them remembered it. Jim told you, eh?"

He had a queer way of saying "ch?" And he had a queer way of putting his gray head a little on one side when he said it.

"Yes, he told me."

"Good. Most of those boys got all they could out of me and when they began to be a little useful they left. There's very little gratitude left in the world, Mr. Harper.'

And he started at the letter. The stranger looked from the old

man to the dingy walls and the dingy Aurnishings of the old office. 'How is business?" he asked.

"There isn't any," replied the old "Not for me. I'm too old fashtoned to keep up with the procession. Perhaps I'm too honest, Anyway, I'm pretty close to the end of the string." He scowled as he spoke and shook his gray head to give emphasis to his

words. "Are you alone here?" the stranger asked.

"I have a young man in the outer affice," the old man replied." It's pretty nearly time for him to serve notice on me. I don't believe it will be worth while for me to hire anybody else. How long do you stay in the atty?

"A day or two." "I'm glad you came in," said the bld man. "It does me good to think Jim hasn't forgotten the old days. Sorry I can't entertain you in some way. I haven't any home to take you to, and I don't know anything about

the theaters." The stranger laughed. He was a well built man of perhaps forty, a well dressed and well kept man.

"Phat's all right," he said. "I came here to see Jim's old friend. You're one of the oldest merchants in the city, Jim told me. You must have very interesting to tell."

The old man shook his head.

"Nothing of the sort." he answered. "Nothing but hard work, and disappointments, and knaving, and ingrati-

"That's a sorry list," said the stranger.

"It's a sorry life," said the old man. Except for a favored few. Yes, I might be a rich man today if I hadn't been weak and soft hearted. That doesn't pay when you're in trade, Mr. Marper. You're got to be hard, hard, hard!'

His voice rose as he uttered the word, and he smote the old desk harshly with his clenched hand.

The stranger looked at him and clowly nodded.

Your experience evidently has not been pleasant," he said.

"Pleasant," echoed the old man. Look at me. Sixty-seven years old, orty years in business-and absoluterothing to show for it. I'm a hortible example of the wrong way of soing things." He laughed unpleas-"I was looking through a bundle of notes the other day-little table. sums and some that are fairly big. They represented loans I have foolfahly made. Do you know that the of those amounts would comfortably provide for me if I lived to be a hun ed! Talk about gratitude!" He so wled darkly as he nervously folded the letter. But when he looked up the scowl faded. "This isn't a easant way to treat you, Mr. Harper. But it's my way. I'm the grouch of the street. My hobby is ingratitude, and I talk it whenever I can get a listener. But I'd rather you wouldn't make it too strong when you see Jim. m grateful to Jim for at least re-

ambering me." The stranger nodded.

"I'll be careful," he said. "And now I'm going to ask a little favor.' A queer smile crossed the old man's

"I'm afraid it's hopeless," he said no matter how amail. There was a time when the expression didn't scare me a mite, but that was many years

The stranger stared at the old man and suddenly laughed.

"This is a feast to remember," as "Of course I'm going to wake up in the morning and find it all a And a faint smile crossed his wrink-

'I do that sometimes," said the child with a little sigh. "We all do, my dear," said the old

led face.

man. "But I like the beautiful dreams just

the same," said the child. "So do I, my dear," and the old man nodded to the child, and the pretty brown head nodded back to him. then he suddenly laughed. "I'd like to dream them often my dear," he went on, "but I've never been able to find the food that will produce the

right effect." The child looked at him with wondering eyes.

"I don't think it is the food," she said. "It's the fairles."

He nodded. "I'm afraid," he laughed, "that the fairies cut my acquaintance long ago." And then the dinner was at an end, and the child kissed father and mother "good night," and came to the old man and put out her hand.

"Good night and beautiful dreams,"

she smilingly said. In fact I've got a little I want to get And he suddenly stooped and touchrid of. I invite you to be my guest at ed his lips to the white forehead, and watched her longingly as she went away with her maid.

"A charming child," he murmured. "Her name should be Sunshine," said the father.

There was a brief silence. The younger man produced a cigar case. "Will you join me?" he asked. The old man looked at the lady. She

smiled and nodded. "I haven't smoked for many years," he said. "My taste in cigars was too expensive for my purse. This is a

very good cigar. "I think it will prove to be," the younger man said as he passed the

"It takes me back a long, long ways," murmured the old man pres-

ently. The younger man looked at the lady

and the lady nodded. He turned to the old man.

"Sir," he said, "with your permission I want to tell a brief story. It is not a new story. I have told it to my wife," the lady nodded in confirmation, and it is possible that you have heard something like it. Nevertheless, 1 want to tell it in my own words and in my own way."

The old man looked at him curious-

"You have my close attention," he said and stared upward at the curling smoke.

The younger man settled back in his chair.

"I'm going to call this story 'ingratitude,'" he began. The old man suddenly looked at

him. "Ingratitude," he murmured.

"That's the subject," said the "One of the gilded ones, eh? The latest, isn't it? I've never been in one younger man, "and the story begins of them. They don't appeal to mesomething more than twenty years ago. It begins here in this great city, they don't appeal to my old-fashioned notions of economy. And I'm a bird and it concerns a boy named Tom. He of pretty sober plumage for such gorwas a street boy, this Tom, an orphan boy who had shifted for himself since he was a youngster of eight. It was "In order to be more sociable we a bad schooling for the boy. He had will dine in a private room," he said. picked up associates who were harmful. He had no education and no They entered the great hotel with ideals. It was a bad outlook. And its gleaming columns and glittering then one day he attracted the atten-

MILITARITATION TO THE ACT OF THE

A PRAYER.

God keep us through the common days, The level stretches white with dust, When thought is tired, and hands upraise Their burdens feebly since they must, In days of slowly fretting care,

Then most we need the strength of prayer.

-Margaret E. Sangster.

decorations, and were taken up in | tion of a man-a business man of kindthe luxurious elevator to a floor high ly impulses. He offered him work. above the noisy street.

The stranger led the way to a door backed by snowy napery.

A lady was standing by the table, a lady beautifully gowned, and beside her was a slender young girl. The lady came forward quickly with her hand extended.

"My dear, this is Mr. Oliver," said the stranger. "My wife Mr. Oliver; my daughter Ethel."

The lady seemed greatly pleased to meet the old man. She took his hat and coat and led him to a seat at the

"We are quite ready, dear," she said to the stranger. Then she touched a bell and a waiter entered and the dinner began.

It was a very good dinner, a much better dinner than the old man had eaten for many years. And the little family seemed determined to make been a time, so far back, that it made him quite dizzy to think of it, when he had been a diner-out, and enjoyed the good things of the table and good

He sighed as he recalled the misty period.

It was a delightful family, this family of the stranger's. Never for a moment did they let the old man forget that he was the honored guest.

It was quite a merry feast, too. The lady was a delightful talker, and the young girl developed a strong vein of humor as she told of her childish experiences in the big hotel.

The old man thawed under the pleasant treatment. For the time he seemed to forget his cynical views of

ness the next morning. The man set and pushed it open. In the center of him to work. Tom didn't like work. the apartment a table was laid for He stayed a day or two and then ran four, a table that gleamed with silver, away. The man found him and coaxed him back. Then he ran away again, and again the man coaxed him back At last the boy settled down and stayed in the man's employ for a whole year. And the man was patient with him, and taught him things he should know, and advanced him to a higher grade and better pay. Tom learned fast, but the old life still drew him, the old associates held him in their grip." He paused and looked at the old man, and saw that the old man was intently watching him. "One day the man called him into his room. 'Tom,' he said, 'there is money missing.' And Tom nodded. 'I took it,' he answered. And he said no more, but just stood still and waited for the police. But the man said very gently, 'It's your bringing up, Tom,' he said. afraid you don't know any bet-'I'm him enjoy the occasion. There had ter.' Then Tom spoke up very quickly. 'Yes, I know better,' he said. 'It was the gang got it away from me But I know better.' Then the man came to the boy and put his hand on his shoulder, and looked in his eyes, and said quite softly, 'I'm glad you know better, Tom, because I'm going to let you try again.' And when Tom went back to his work there were tears on his cheeks-and, somehow, he wasn't ashamed of them. Well, Tom tried very hard this time and he kept away from the gang as much as he could. But there came a day when the master faced him again. 'Tom,' he said, 'there is more money missingmuch more money.' Tom nodded as he had nodded before. 'I took it,' he said. 'I couldn't help it, sir. I know it's the pen for me this time.' But the

Tom came to the man's place of busi-

master shook his head. 'Where is the money? he asked. The gang got it all,' Tom answered. 'I haven't a dime of it.' And again the master shook his head. 'I'm not going to send you to prison, Tom,' he said. 'That would be no use. I must get you away from the gang-that's the only hope. I'm going to send you into the far West." And he did. He put the boy on the train and gave him money and the ticket, and the last words he said were, 'Let me hear from you, Tom. It you don't write I will think it's because you're ashamed to write. And, Tom, don't you forget you're going to be honest if you starve for it!" He paused and drew his breath sharply. Then he resumed the story in a lower tone.

"Tom didn't forget. It was a hard struggle for him, but he won out, He drifted into Mexico, then into Central America, then down to South Ameri-He took up mining in Peru and slowly he prospered. In Valparaiso he met a lady, and presently won her affection. But before he asked her to marry him he told her all this story and she said, 'Some day we will find this good man and show him what his money has accomplished. So they were married and Tom felt that he owed all his happiness to the master. And then a daughter was born and that was another debt. Instead of being the vagabond, the jail bird he would have been, Tom was a good citizen, a happy husband and a proud father." He paused again. "But Tom didn't write. That was ingratitude. The master had asked Tom to write. He put it off. At first there was nothing to tell him-nothing but the story of his struggles. And then as time wore on Tom put it off, and at times quite forgot it-and that black ingratitude. Tom prospered, and a more ailuring prospect called him to San Francisco. And there their child fell ill, very ill, and in the agony of his fear, Tom's conscience brought his ingratitude before him, and he promised to find his benefactor and crave his pardon. And the danger point was passed and the dear one lived."

He pansed and wiped his face. And the room was very still. Then the old man spoke.

"There was a boy named Tom," he slowly said. "I do not think I know his other name. I feared he was dead."

"His name was Harper-Tom Harper," said the younger man. "He is alive and has come back to try to tell you how much he is in your debt." And the lady arcse and came to the

old man swiftly and put her arm about him and softly kissed his withered cheek. "The child must have caught the

gift of the fairies," he said a little brokenly, "for this certainly is a beautiful dream." He suddenly arose. must go," he said. "Where are my hat and coat?"

But they held him back. "We are going to take you home with us," said the lady. "Tom will

show his gratitude in his way-I am going to show mine in my way." "But my-my business?" he stam-

"Only an empty shell," laughed the younger man. "It scarcely means bread and butter. Don't forget that the debt I owe you makes a neat little sum when compounded for twoand-twenty-years.

The old man looked from one smiling face to the other.

"I was all wrong about ingratitude," he murmured.

MEXICAN OIL FIELDS.

Their Product Very Large, but the Quality Rather Poor.

Within the last year or two an exceedingly abundant flow of petroleum has been reported from several places in Mexico. Some of the new wells are near Tampico, and others are further south. As a good deal of oil has been imported by Mexico from the United States, there has been a desire to learn whether the product of the recently opened wells was likely to rival that of this country. Accordingly, an official of the United States Geological Survey. Dr. C. W. Hayes, went to Mexico a few weeks ago to investigate. As the owners of the property pledged him to partial secrecy, he is not at liberty to tell all he knows. Still, he feels free to mention the following facts:

"While these fields promise to yield a large quantity of crude oil, its quality is such that it cannot compete under present conditions in the markets of the United States or Europe with the higher grade petroleum of the Appalachian, Illinois or mid-continent fields. Purther, the conditions are such that the demand for fuel oll and refined products in Mexico exceeds the supply available at present or in sight in the near future.

"Finally, the conditions in the Mexican fields are not favorable for the small operator, and it is highly probable that production as well as refining will remain in the control of very few strong companies."

Not That Kind.

Apropos of examination time, Prof. Carl C. Peterson of Dubuque, related at a recent dinner some examination stories. "Once, in a Bible lesson," he said,

I repeated the text 'Arise and take the young child and his mother and fice into Egypt.'

"And then I showed the children a large picture that illustrated the text in bright colors. The children studied this picture

eagerly. Then they all frowned, all looked rather disappointed. Finally a little girl said:

"Teacher, where is the flea?" Washington Evening Star.



At Grandma's, Gramma's, when I go to tea, iey are so nice to little me!

I sit up at the table high,
An' have some cake, an' even pie!
They wait on me like other folks,
An' always laugh at all my jokes,
My crusts she never makes me eat,
An' give me truly tea, with sweet.

I have a lovely time, you see, At Gramma's when I go to tea! E. S. T., in the Philadelphia Record.

Held Up the Earth.

"Now, Richard," said the teacher, "can you tell me who Atlas was?" "Yes, ma'am," answered Richard. 'He was a notorious footpad.'

"A what?" queried the teacher. "A footpad," repeated Richard, "He held up the earth, you know."-Philadelphia Record.

Jerry's First Mouse.

Our cat caught a mouse the other night, the first one he has ever caught so far as I know in the two years I have owned him. Jerry, for that is his name, has worn since he was a wee tiny kitten a little bell which seemed to bother him very much. He would sit by a hole in the floor for hours at a time, and once I watched him when ae scented a mouse. was greatly excited and his body trembled, but just as he was about to spring his bell tinkled, much to his disgust, for he walked away, growling

to himself. How he he rid himself of his bell last week still remains a mystery to me, for we have not found it as yet. But when I opened my door the other morning there sat Jerry, looking up at me, with a mouse in his mouth about the size of a peanut; but Jerry seemed so proud of it, and his eyes seemed to say, "There, now I guess you'll not put another bell on my collar." Needless to say, we did not, and we are waiting for another catch, and so is Jerry.-Audrey M. Watts, in the New York Tribune.

A Few Nuts to Crack.

These riddles will delight the hearts of many of the younger readers who are interested in such things: What are the lightest hats made of?

-Of material that is not felt. What case is the easiest to get up even for lawyers?-The staircase. Why can a drunken man never drown?—Because his head will be

When has a man his double?-When he is beside himself. Why does the hanging of a picture

sure to swim.

it were not executed it could not be What pupil is most to be pitied?-

The pupil of the eye-because it is always under the lash.

What is the difference between a hen and a ship?-The hen lays an ones in the whole world." egg and the ship lays to.

Why should it be better to burned than to be guillotined?-Because a hot steak is better than a cold chop.

What is that which a selfish man never falls or objects to pay?-Attention to his own comfort.

Why is a lost article like the fog?-Because it's mist. When has a man n dinner-When he is "filled with emo-

Why do tramps walk from town to town?-Because they haven't automo-

biles. What is it that has a tail like a cat, and has the same language?-A

kitten.-Indianapolis News. How Bertha Became a Heroine.

"May I take Rosabelle, and go over to Gracie's, Aunt Kate? If Gracie's mama says so, may we go walking together with our dolls?" A very sweet little face lifted itself to Miss Tracy -so sweet that the aunt stooped and

"Yes, dear, if you're sure your moth er would be willing. Does she let you two midgets go out by yourselves?" 'Course she does, aunty," Bertha's laugh rippled out in sheer amuse-"Why, I am nine," the child ment.

drew herself up, "and Gracie's seven; and we never go very far, and there's no crossing." "You may go then, It is 3 o'clock now-don't stay later than 5. Where's

my kiss?" "Here 'tis-two of them." Bertha's hug nearly crushed the dainty ruch-

ing. "She's just a little fairy," Miss Tra-Gracie's mother consented, with all the cautions mothers give about distances and time. Neither mother nor aunt thought of a lurking dangerperhaps they didn't know of it at all. The children skipped along merrily,

each with her doll. Gracie's doll was named Gabrielle, and she called her "Gay" for short. As we have seen, Bertha's doll was named Rosabelle, and she called her "Belle."

They talked about their children. as little mothers and big mothers will. Gracies had feared Gay would get the measles, but she hoped the time was past now. Pretty soon they came to what

looked like a cave with an open front. It was a place scooped in the side of a fill, only a few steps from the

warm. Even mamma wouldn't think es and 32,883,156 members.

we could get cold if we sat down

"Let's," Gracie repeated. She usually agreed with Bertha. The chidren sat down. They hushed their bables, and laid them in little beds which they hollowed out in this dry sifting earth. They piled it in heaps over the dolls, all but their faces, and pretended it was blankets.

"I'm going way in, and lean against the wall," Gracie said. Bertha was about to follow her when something dreadful happened. The wall caved in, and there wasn't any Gracie there; she was all out of sight, hidden in

the sand heap. What could Bertha do-not a person near! Bertha was a brave child. she set right to work, digging the sand away with her small Didn't she make it fly! In two minutes she felt the top of Gracie's head, and in two minutes more she had freed her face.

"Oh! oh!" Gracie sputtered, with her mouth full of sand. Bertha didn't stop until Gracie's whole head was out, then she panted-

"I don't-think-I-can dig-youyou, but you-won't die and all somebody's sure to come along." How long it seemed before a car-

riage did come! The man had Gracie clear in short order, frightened but unburt, and he drove them hom "You saved her life, you did," told Bertha, "You're a real herol But two little mothers cried wh

they remembered that Belle and Gav were buried in the sand pile. They forgot them in their fright, which proved they were not real mothers, only play ones.—Helen A. Hawley in Sunday School Times.

Paul's Agates.

"Somebody stole my agates!" cried Paul as the tears rolled down his dirty little face. "I had them here just a few moments ago, and now they're gone.

"What are agates?" asked his grandmother, coming to the porch to find out what all the noise was about.

"Marbles!" walled Paul, "Aunt Emma gave them to me in a little leather bag with my initial on it last Christmas. Oh. dear! What will she when I tell her they're stolen?" But, when the matter was down, Paul remembered that

not seen the marbles for a two. He thought he had seen a few minutes before he began ing, but was mistaken. Grandn and mamma and Aunt Emma even little Bess joined in the se depend on its execution?—Because if but the barbles could not be found. it were not executed it could not be "Never mind!" said Aunt Emma. "I will buy some new barbles for you,

dear, don't cry!" "I don't want any new agates. I want my own!" howled Paul, louder and louder, "They were the nicest

When when the weeks went by, and no trace of the agates could be found, Paul tried to console himself with the new ones that were not half so pretty. He felt sure some one had stolen the pretty bag, and every day he hoped the thief might bring the agates back to him. All this happened when he was about six years old, but he never forgot the gift that

When Paul was eight, he went with his pap and mamma to the west, and, while they were there, his mamma took him to visit a missionary school for little Indian children. The dusky little boys and girls loked very strange to Paul, but they did their lessons so well that he thought the white children would have to work hard to get ahead of their fine grades.

"Mamma! mamma! There are my agates!" cried Paul, as they watched the children on the playground after lessons.

"Why, Paul! They will hear you!" said his mother, "Of course they are not your marbles." "Maybe they are," said the matron, with a smile. "They came in a box of supplies from Ohio a few years ago,

and the boys have carefully kept them

ever since. "There is the very leather bag that Aunt Emma made for me!" cried Paul, pointing to a worn and soiled little bag lying on a bench near where the game was going on, "isn't

it, mamma?" The Indian boys generously offered to give up the pretty marbles, but Paul would not take them back. "I will soon be too big for such games, he cried in a manly way that pleased cy thought, as the child disappeared. all the teachers, "and I want you to have them."

When they got home, they asked the lady who packed the box for the Indian school if she remembered the marbles, and she said at once: "Why, yes, of course I remember them. They were in the pocket of that coat Paul had outgrown, and I thought he was sending them for the children, I never heard that he thought they were stolen."

"I do remember now," said Paul. "I took off the little coat to give to Mrs. Porter, and the bag was in the pocket. Well, I'm not sorry now, but I was then. The Indian boys have only a few playthings, so I'm glad they got the agates."-Hilda Richmond in Sunday School Times.

The most recent church census of "What a nice place to keep house," the country shows 40 denominations, Bertha said. "The earth is so dry and with 161,731 ministers, 210,139 church-