

THE VISION.

BY JOHN CLAIR MINOT.

With things the church may use the dingy shop
Was cluttered full. Rich robes and vestments hung
Beside the graven saints; and at the top,
Above the altars, blazon censers swung.
And crucifix and chalice, made of gold,
And books and beads were waiting to be sold.

With patience more than hope, beside the door
The tradesman sat; for few there came to buy.
A dusty sunbeam slanted to the floor;
Upon the pane there hovered a single fly.
When lo! upon the threshold there was seen
A stranger's form of priestly garb and mien.

"My friend," he said, "far off beyond the sea
As bishop am I sent. From out thy store
Bring all the office calls for unto me,
That I may make my choice and buy. Nay, more,
Put on thyself the robes and all the rest—
If they adorn thee well, be that the test."

Not loath to please, the tradesman stepped to where
The richest vestments hung. The alb he placed
About his shoulders, then the amice there;
The maniple, the girdle, at his waist,
He slowly donned in turn; then o'er the whole
He drew the silken cope and fringed stole.

The jeweled miter next upon his head
He set, and on his right hand placed the ring.
And in his left the crozier. Then, instead
Of what he was before, a lowly priest,
Of trade, he stood a bishop! In the glass
Before him many strange things came to pass.

No more the little shop. Instead, afar
A dim cathedral's vaulted nave. There gleamed
The candles, and the incense rose. He saw
The multitude of worshippers who seemed
To kneel while he should bless them; and he heard
The rolling organ and the chanted word.

No more the tradesman's humble lot. He stood
As one beloved and honored through the earth;
Of apostolic rank, and by the Lord
Anointed for His blessed work; his worth
All crozier, robes and miter signified,
And so the dream engulfed him in its tide.

The vision dimmed. He sighed and turned his head;
He stood within the little shop alone.
The priest—a cunning rogue disguised—had fled
With loaves of silver, gold and precious stone.
What mattered that? He softly closed the door;
The vision had been worth it all, and more.

So runs the tale; a tale to tell again,
If we but listen well. For each of us
The vision waits. It will not be in vain
If richly we invest our lives, and thus
Employ our store. The things we teach, or sell,
Or love in others might adorn us well.

—Youth's Companion.

LEVI AND THE DYNAMITE

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

The ramshackle old powder-house stood twenty feet from the rear brink of the Sturdevant limestone quarry, behind a grassy rampart almost level with its eaves. It was a mere sentry-box, seven feet square, unpainted, windowless, roofed with corrugated iron, as a protection against blast-buried boulders. It was still called the "powder-house," although for years no explosive but dynamite had entered its battered door.

A ten-hole blast had just been fired in the quarry bottom right under it, and the men swung down again on the drag by Micah Day, the engineer, Levi McCarrison, his nephew and assistant, was throwing on some fresh coal, when John Sturdevant, owner of the quarry, came up to the engine-house in his new red automobile with two friends.

John thought a good deal of that hole in the ground—and well he might. Out of it had come not only that very automobile, but a ten-thousand dollar house and a year in Europe, to say nothing of a good living and a growing bank-account.

The three men came in, laughing and joking. Sturdevant shook hands with Levi and his uncle.

"Can you put us on the bottom without breaking, Micah?" he asked.

"Easy as eggs," replied the engineer.

The visitors got on the drag, and swung out over the two hundred feet of space. John's friends showed their nervousness by gripping the chains tightly, as they looked down to where the sledges were rising. Soon they stood safely on the bottom.

A loaded drag was hooked on, and Micah began to hoist it slowly. Leaning through the open window, Levi watched the brown hats of John and his guests as they moved about over the blue limestone. Then his gaze traveled up the opposite bluff to the ten feet of earth at its top, crowned by the rampart before the powder-house.

His eyes opened wide. Surely he must be mistaken. It could not be that the bank was bulging out.

But it was. Out spurted a cascade of dirt and small rocks, and shot downward; an instant later it rattled on the bottom. A yell of alarm arose, and four or five men who were barring and sledging close to the bluff dropped their tools and sprang back, with faces upturned.

For just a second Levi stared stupidly, not grasping the full extent of the disaster that impended. He saw the rampart melt away and pour over the edge, until the whole side of the powder-house was revealed. Then the old building itself slumped, tilted, slid slowly half-way down the slope of fresh dirt and rocks, and stopped not six feet from the brink.

Levi remembered what lay within those weather-beaten walls, and his blood almost curdled in his veins.

Ten fifty-pound boxes of dynamite had been stored there the day before. What would become of the men below when that quarter-ton of high explosive struck the bottom?

He looked at his uncle. No words were necessary. Micah's face was colorless, his cheeks fallen in. He understood. Only the clank of the engine and the slapping of the cable broke the silence.

Some one cried out below, and the horror in that voice quickened Levi's pulses. At last the men down there realized the peril that threatened them. Perhaps from the farther cor-

ner of the pit they had caught a glimpse of the tilted shanty on the slide.

Work stopped. Quarrymen and visitors grouped below the engine-house, and looked up, waiting. They could not get out until the rising drag was dumped and lowered; for the ladder was bolted to the bluff right under the falling rocks and dirt, and not a man dared risk climbing under that deadly shower. Even as they waited, down came a boulder, and raked out a half-dozen rounds.

Day grasped the situation. There were no empty drags below, and fifteen men must be hoisted two hundred feet as quickly as steel and

steam could take them. He pushed the lever with a strong, sudden movement. The cable came whirring in, and the drag shot up.

Now it had reached its greatest height. A pull on another lever swung it in toward the rock-pile. The bank-man was away on an errand and McCarrison was filling his place.

"Unhook it!" gasped the engineer, and Levi ran out. The instant the drag dropped upon the little platform he cast off two chains. Day raised it by the third, and its contents slid, clattering, on the pile. He lowered it promptly. Levi hooked it up again, then sprang down from the stage, and ran around the quarry toward the tilted house.

What he could accomplish he did not yet know clearly, but he felt he must do something. If that dynamite dropped on the fifteen men penned down there, it would blow them to bits.

It was a bright April morning, following a day and night of rain, and the sides of the pit were steaming in the sun. As Levi ran, his eyes were on the slide, which was still discharging fragments of rock and little puffs of dirt into the chasm. Coming closer, he understood the reason for the disaster.

The path by the shanty door, worn into the dirt below by the grass-roots, had been gullied by a little rivulet down to a ridge of blue rock several yards long. From this ridge the ledge evidently slanted sharp and smooth under house and rampart to the brink of the pit. The water, seeping underneath the mass of earth and rock in a dozen little runnels, had undermined its foundation, and the blast of that morning had jarred it loose. At any second the whole slide might go over the edge.

Levi had now almost reached the house. Across the quarry the whistle screamed warningly. Micah had swung out the drag, and was shooting it down to the men below.

The young engineer was not a man to weigh chances long, especially

when fifteen lives were at stake. The thing to do was to get out that dynamite—if he could. Careless of his own safety, he leaped down the crumbling slope.

The powder-house door was padlocked, and the key was in the pocket of Chris Ryan, the boss at the bottom of the quarry. One quick sharp blow of Levi's elbow burst the panels in. The building quivered sickeningly. For an instant Levi feared it was about to topple over and slide with him into the gulf. Then it grew still again.

There was not a second to waste. The boxes were piled in the farther corner. Planting one foot cautiously on the slanting planks, Levi reached in and lifted a case in his arms. His feet sank deep into the loose dirt as he staggered up the slide and pitched it on the grass beyond the path. Then he sprang back for another.

Seven times more he did this. The building trembled, the dirt slid off in showers. A sudden slipping of that treacherous slope might sweep him over the edge.

Only one trip more. After that the shanty could go when it wanted to. He leaped down for the last box.

Suddenly a mass of earth jarred loose from the base of the slide. The house tottered, about to fall. Levi plunged through the door, threw his arms round the tenth case, and jumped out. His shoulder struck the slowly sinking frame, and the shock spun him round face to the brink.

Down to the edge slid the shanty, tipped deliberately over, and disappeared. Its crash on the bottom rose to him, as he staggered unsteadily, writhing, twisting his body, vainly trying to recover his balance, the box in his arms.

Just as he thought himself safe, a clod under his right foot gave way, and he swung forward, still clasping the case. If he dropped it now, it would certainly fall into the quarry. If he did not drop it, he would probably go in, too. What should he do?

The question answered itself. He fell forward at full length along the slide. As the box, clutched to his breast, landed almost on the edge, he felt a momentary horror lest the shock might explode it. Then he found himself lying safe for the present, his toes and knees dug into the loose, rain-moistened earth, his eyes staring down into two hundred feet of space.

Engrossed in handling the dynamite, Levi had almost forgotten the drag. Now he saw it slowly rising, loaded with men. Every white face was turned toward him, but nobody spoke.

Down the face of the cliff he could trace the dark, moistened spaces where the water had oozed, and see the little bubbles sparkling in the sun. To his left the earth moved slightly, crumbling into the pit. Should the entire mass start, nothing

SESOSTRIS.

SOLE Lord of Lords and very King of Kings,
He sits within the desert, carved in stone;
Inscrutable, colossal, and alone,
And ancienter than memory of things.
Graved on his front the sacred beetle elings;
Disdains sits on his lips; and in a frown
Scorn lives upon his forehead for a crown.
The affrighted ostrich dares not dust her wings
Anear this Presence. The long caravan's
Dazed camels stop, and mute the Bedouin stare.
This symbol of past power more than man's
Presages doom. Kings look—and Kings despair;
Their scepters tremble in their jeweled hands,
And dark thrones totter in the baleful air!
—Lloyd Milfin.

could save him from being carried over head first.

If the slope had been less and the treacherous mass under him had not been set on a hair-trigger, Levi would have tried to wriggle back. But the dry rocks that filled the earth prevented him from striking his toes in deeply; and when he moved, there came a slight but ominous settling that frightened him. He must keep perfectly still.

He glanced across the quarry. The drag was almost up. Now it was swinging in toward the rock-heap. It came to rest on the platform, and the men streamed off. Whatever might happen to him, they, at any rate, were saved. The sharp edge of the box hurt his chest, but he still clung to it mechanically.

A man burst from the engine-house door and ran rapidly round the quarry edge, a coil of rope swinging from his hand. It was the engineer. Levi wondered dully if he could stay on the bluff until his uncle reached him.

He was slipping, slipping. Pressing his knees and toes into the earth, he flattened himself as low as possible. He would not fall until the last second.

"Hang on, Levi. Hang on! I'm coming!" shouted the engineer.

He passed out of his nephew's sight, and presently the latter heard his voice behind him:

"Lift your foot!"

Although he dreaded to deprive himself of its support, Levi obeyed. Something brushed his heel, and he heard an exclamation of disappointment. Micah had tried to drop a slip-noose round his ankle, and in his anxiety had missed.

Suddenly the slope slid forward, and Levi slid with it. He could not repress a cry of terror. If Micah should miss the next cast!

Inch by inch he was slipping over the brink. Why should he hold the box any longer? Every man was safe. He let it go, and clutched at the solid rock just as the noose dropped over his uplifted heel and pulled taut around his ankle.

Beneath came a tremendous roar. The box had struck bottom.

Twitched violently backward, Levi saw the side of the pump-house far below across the quarry crumple in, as if an unseen hand had smitten it. Then all was hid in a cloud of smoke and flame. The cliff shook under him with the concussion, and the earth rushed down. A terrific gust buffeted his face.

Helping himself as best he could with hands and knees he was dragged up the slide, feet first. Soon he was safely on the grass, with a dozen men round him, wringing his hand and thanking him for saving their lives.—Youth's Companion.

SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVING ALMSHOUSE CONDITIONS

After exposing the terrible conditions prevailing in the County Almshouses in New York, Mr. James Oppenheim, who contributes his immensely interesting article to the American Magazine, suggests the following changes whereby the conditions he describes can be ameliorated:

"First, put the almshouses in charge of the State. Centralize the control and the responsibility. Our State institutions are all modern—the buildings are fitted to their purpose, the superintendents are trained, and they are run on economic, human and scientific principles. It is estimated that the insane receive fifty times the amount and quality of care given to the almshouse inmates, and this at a less per capita expense. Under the State, the best experts could be secured and could be held responsible.

"Second, drain the almshouses of all inmates not properly there. Put vagrants in jail, idiots in asylums for the feeble-minded, the sick in hospitals. If this were done, instead of fifty houses in the State, a dozen would be sufficient. This would mean economy and a concentration of enlightened effort.

"Third, make the position of keeper a civil service job. Put in charge a trained man. For instance, the Woman's Reformatory at Bedford, Westchester County, is in charge of Miss Davis, a doctor of philosophy and an expert on dietetics. She has with her a resident woman physician and a staff of teachers. Or the Girls' Reformatory at Hudson, in charge of Dr. Hortense B. Bruce, a physician. Under such enlightened supervision, there is apt to be good housing, good food, good clothing, good care.

"Fourth, do some constructive work with the inmates to make their lives worth while. This experiment has already been tried with great success by the Committee on Employment of Infirm of the State Charities Association of New York.

"Fifth, and finally, install the cottage system of buildings. That is, a number of small connected buildings, instead of one large building, with separate rooms for inmates instead of dormitories. This will make for privacy and decency and happiness, and friends or like-minded inmates may be housed together."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Many a family tree springs from the root of all evil.

Any English butler will tell you that the proof of the pudding is in the heating.

The courage that can only be screwed up with a corkscrew suffers a quick relapse.

Most of us can get used to poverty more readily than to wealth. We have more practice.

Women also are but children of a larger growth. They soon get tired of their toys and break them.

The luck of a seventh son may consist of having to wear all the cast-off clothes of the other six.

One man may admire another man almost as much as one woman admires another woman's clothes.

Many a man who tries to be a bull in the stock market would meet with just as much success in a china shop.

A fighting chance is all that quarrelsome people want.

No man is so rich that he doesn't want something, even if it's only a good cook.

A talkative woman is always popular with the men because there isn't any other kind.

A man's heart is frequently touched through sympathy, his pocketbook through flattery.

The fellow who tries to swear off generally discovers that the spirits are willing but the flesh is weak.

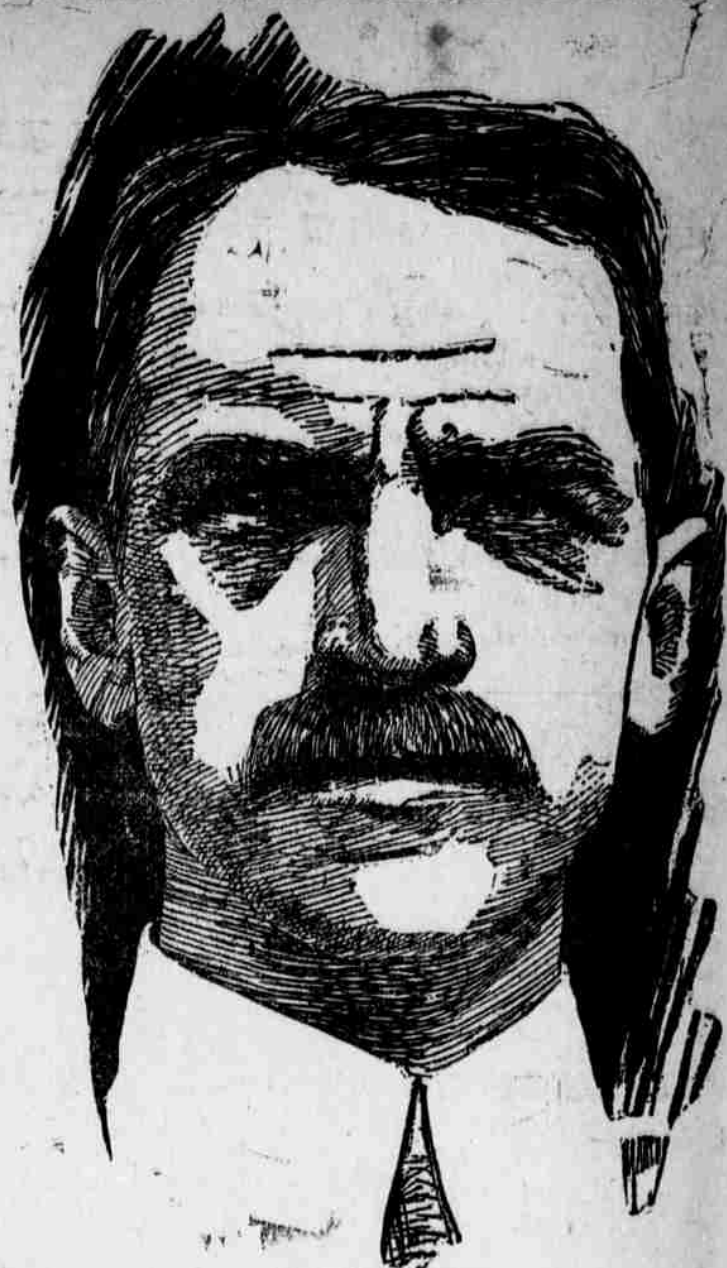
It is comforting to think we're as old as we feel, but the stubborn fact remains that we're as old as we are.

The fellow who declares that he will never marry may eventually discover that he hasn't much voice in the matter.—From "Dyspeptic Philosophy," in the New York Times.

Reward For a New Breed.

All human fleas originated in North Europe, and were originally on the badger before they learned to like to live on man. Fleas are collected and preserved in small tubes of alcohol, and no man could have believed that Rothschild's flea-fad could ever have borne such valuable wisdom as to prove that the Nile flea is the deadliest of all things the world ever saw, for one flea bite will give a man the plague. If anybody can find an entirely new breed of flea Tip promises that Mr. Rothschild stands ready to receive the goods and pay the highest market price the world affords.—Tip, in the New York Press.

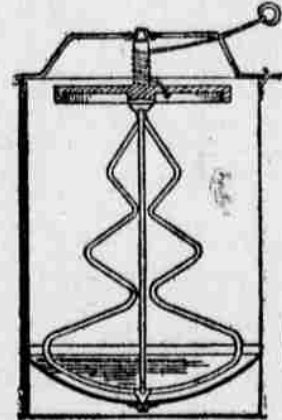
World's Most Famous Aviator.



GLENN H. CURTISS.

New Egg Beater.

An effective egg beater that is operated in a simple and novel manner is that invented by a Connecticut man. By merely pulling a flexible cord attached to the drum of the implement the blades are made to revolve both ways with great rapidity. The beater consists of a hollow receptacle with a drum inside and a step bearing in the bottom for the support of the revolving member. The blades are bent



Cord Acts as a Spring.

wires, as shown in the illustration. Around the top of the drum is wound a flexible cord. The eggs are placed in the receptacle and the cord is pulled to its full length, thus causing the blades to revolve rapidly in the mixture. The momentum thus gained causes the cord to unwind about the drum, and when it is again drawn out the blades revolve in the opposite direction and the cord winds up once more. This double action continues indefinitely, or as long as is necessary to operate the beater to do the work.—Boston Post.

Don't Give Away Your Business.

If one should go into a tailor shop and ask the master tailor to give a price on a suit of clothes, itemizing each item of cloth, lining, thread, buttons, binding, cutting, fitting, sewing and pressing, he would probably step to the 'phone and call for an officer to 'get a crazy.' Yet many business men think it no affront, and many printers accept it as a matter of course to make figures in just such a way.

A recent case was a book published in this city in which the composition and lock up, presswork, binding and engraving were each done at a different place at the instance of the publisher, and the paper bought by him from a local supply house.

Let us all go to a restaurant with our potatoes and meat in a basket and ask to be served with a glass of water and toothpicks. It is the only way the writer can think of for the printers to get even.—Print Shop Talk, Los Angeles.

The Salmon's Ways.

I have had ample opportunity of watching salmon all my life, from the time they enter fresh water till their return to the sea, and I have given close attention to the subject, and have no hesitation in stating that during the salmon's sojourn in fresh water it does not require to feed. It does seem strange, of course, that a fish coming up a river in October in prime condition remains there for seventeen months, and returns to the sea without having tasted food; nevertheless, it is true. Many people do not believe this, and no doubt there will be a considerable number of that opinion for many years to come.—From P. D. Malloch's "Life History and Habits of the Salmon."

FIND HIS WIG!

