

### THEY ARE NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,  
Spoken so low that only angels heard,  
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,  
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes—  
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,  
Whose dreams had less of self and more of truth;  
The childhood's faith, so tranquil and so sweet,  
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet—  
These are not lost.

The kindly plan devised for others' good,  
So seldom guessed, so little understood,  
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win  
Some wanderer from the ways of sin—  
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord! for in thy city bright  
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light,  
And things long hidden from our gaze below  
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know  
These are not lost.  
—Richard Metcalf, in Christian at Work.

### THE TRAMP'S REVENGE.

His Life Paid the Penalty of His Crime.

FARMER LESLIE sat smoking in his doorway in the most contented frame of mind possible to a man, for he was at that moment basking in the warm sunshine of prosperity. It gave him a great content, but it was purely an animal content—no chord of his higher nature was touched. As far as the eye could see the hills and the flocks on the hills were his. The excellent woman attending to his corporeal comfort within the dwelling was his. The bright girl sewing at an upper window and the handsome boy galloping along the valley on his new pony were his children. The great barn filled with harvested grain was his. He did not look up and claim the sky, but all else about him was of value as a part of his domain. "Me and mine" was the refrain of his song.

At that moment something came around the corner of the house that did not belong to him, and it gave him a shock—a very disagreeable thrill, that was mostly disgust, and no qualm of fear in it. The something was a tramp. The name is synonymous with obloquy, and this specimen did not belie the name. He shivered in the sunlight as if he had the ague. His legs stood out like splinters of distress, telling of a long friction with time. His limbs had that flaccid, relaxed motion which is typical of the drunken vagabond. His eyes were bloodshot. The only redeeming features were his voice, which was musical and pathetic, and his manner, which was that of a man who had not always tramped the thoroughfares of the world.

"Sir," he said, touching the rim of a despoiled hat, "will you be so kind as to give me a bite to eat—I am very hungry!"

One would suppose that sitting there in the sunlight of his own happiness Farmer Leslie, the prosperous man, would have given a generous meal to this off-scouring of humanity—but he did nothing of the kind.

"Be off," he said, "or I'll set the dog on you!"

"I will work—" began the tramp.

"Oh, you will? I don't need your help. I have men to work for me, and not such cattle as you."

"Ah, it cut to the quick, as he intended it should. The tramp made a savage spring forward, and a look of vindictive rage crossed his features—then he stopped, swung around and walked away.

"Cattle!" He flung the words out with bitterness. "You're right, friend only—cattle that are made in God's image, and human!"

"So the fellow's had a schooling," was all the comment the farmer made. He did not see a humanitarian episode that was transacted at his back door when his good wife, who had overheard the dialogue, handed out some bread and meat to the tramp.

No, Farmer Leslie knew nothing of that. He was watching a speck far down in the valley that was a whole world to him, his boy galloping from about farmhouse to farmhouse, where his playfellows lived, showing them his new possession, the pony his father had given him for a birthday present.

Farmer Leslie did have soft spots in his heart, but as I have said, they were for "me and mine." He gave no further thought to the wretched, disheartened man he had repulsed. He did not stop to gently scold his brother man, and he did not believe that to step aside is human. So he put the object out of his mind and gave himself up to the contemplation of pleasanter themes.

The tramp lay on the side of a hill far enough from the house to be unrecognizable, and ate Mrs. Leslie's bounty in a semi-savage mood. These were not his best table manners—he had not forgotten them, but if each mouthful he devoured had been the head of an enemy, he could not have been more ghoulish or vicious. Every few moments he would burst into anathemas of speech:

"Cattle! Curse him! What is he? I'd like to make him suffer—yes, I would.

Oh, I could die happy just to see that man in my place."

He lay and watched the man he hated, but he divided his attention. His bloodshot agonized eyes were fixed now on the splendid barn that had cost the farmer so many thousands of dollars, and was the pride of the surrounding country. The fellow writhed with impatience.

"I hope he'll read the writing on the wall, and recognize the tramp's hand. I hope he'll—ha—it's working!"

He saw a thin spiral of smoke rising like a crooked forefinger from the roof of the barn. The farmer sitting now with his back turned did not see it.

The tramp watched it and smiled as Cain might have smiled when he slew Abel. He gesticulated fiercely as if to sustain himself in some awful deed; then another look came into his face as he saw a boy ride gayly up to the barn, turn his horse loose, and carrying the saddle on his arm, disappear inside.

One—two—three minutes passed. Nothing had changed except the aspect of that thin spiral of smoke. It was now a column out off from the roof by a breeze that the sunlight shielded. Farmer Leslie was asleep in his chair.

The tramp rose to his feet. His expression and the evil purpose that had possessed him changed to a look of disreputable virtue. His form expanded and grew taller, but he stood as if rooted to the hills.

Farmer Leslie was aroused now. His wife and daughter were running here and there, shrieking fire, and he was wildly calling for help, to which summons his men working in the field responded. But there was no help that could save the smoldering mass, and no man that could enter that fiery furnace.

"Let it burn," shouted the farmer; "thank God, we are all here."

And at that moment his eye fell on his son's pony grazing in the field near by.

"Alfred!" he shouted. "Is he in the house? Where is Alfred?"

A man darted past him and disappeared in that seething mass of flame and smoke. The group paid no attention to him, but ran distractedly about, calling the name of the boy who was the pride of their lives.

Then there was a cry from within, a smothered cry, taken up and echoed by those outside as they recognized his voice.

"It is my boy—let me get to him!" shouted Farmer Leslie, struggling in the hands of his men. "I will save him or die with him."

But they could see the shadow of a man who walked like Shadrach of old in the fiery furnace, but unlike him there was the smell of fire on his garments, and if the Saviour of men walked with him, their eyes were hidden that they could not see. He carried a burden that he had covered with his tattered coat. The fire fought for him and wound its long tendrils around him. It put out the light in those bloodshot eyes forever. He was literally blazing when he gathered up the last remnant of his strength, and threw his burden to those who met him half way. Then there was a roar and a crash, and never had man a more magnificent funeral pyre than this would have made. But he stumbled just outside, and a fallen beam pinned him to the earth.

"He saved me, father—I was asleep and he just caught me up in his arms and ran with me, and, oh, father, you will give him money and clothes, and he shall have my pony, and everything."

"Yes, yes, please God, I will make a man of him," said the farmer, as he bent anxiously over the tramp, who, blind and broken, was coming back to consciousness.

"Father—mother," he murmured, "are you—you—both—here? Take—my—hand."

Mrs. Leslie and her husband sank sobbing on their knees, and each took a hand of the poor outcast.

"It's—getting—light," he said, "I—must—get—up."

He tried to rise but the effort was useless. His poor head refused to move.

"I know," he said in a clear voice, "it's—the—boy. Is—he—safe?"

"Safe, and it is you who saved him. Live, my friend, that we may show you how grateful we are," said the farmer, suddenly humanized.

"Yes—I—saved him—and lost—myself. Perhaps God will know, and take this into account. Forgive me."

"What! For saving my boy's life?"

"No." There was a brief death agony, then a look of peace as life's latest breath drifted with the words: "I would have been a murderer if I had let him die in the flames that—my—hand—kindled!"—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

—Mistress (who has long suspected her servant of having a follower and thinks she has caught her at last)—  
"Mary, your master wishes to know the meaning of those large footmarks; can you explain?" Mary—"O, yes, mum; my sister's been here, and she has got the gont so bad she has got to wear big boots."

### A LADY WHO CAN'T TALK.

Howard Fielding Discusses a Cruel and Unusual Punishment.

It is Waiting to See How the Lady Managers of the World's Fair Will Carry Out a Sentence Which They Recently Imposed.

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A lady in rural Massachusetts writes to ask me what I think about that world's fair case. She does not say what case she means, but the tone of her remarks leads me to believe that if I can't think as she does about it, whatever it may be, I would more safely stop thinking altogether. For if I think adversely to her she will certainly find it out and write me another letter, whereas, if I simply quit thinking, few even of my intimate associates will remark upon the change.

I am not, however, wholly at sea in regard to the meaning of my correspondent. When she quotes the constitution of the United States and underscores the words "cruel and unusual," I am set upon the track. Evidently she is talking of that dreadful act perpetrated by the board of lady managers upon one of its members. The scar which the publication of the facts in that case left upon the sensibilities of our whole people is still fresh. Yet it may be well to tell the story briefly. The affair happened in a secret session of the board from which all but mem-



A LADY WRITES ME.

bers were excluded, and thus we have only as many different versions of the story as there were members present. Which one of them had the distinction of telling it first, I do not know, but as there was probably not more than a couple of seconds between her and the last one, we will let that pass.

It appears that an important question was before the board and partisan feeling ran so high that ladies who were their own hair which they had paid for felt safer than those who had not. The vote was taken by the raising of the right hand, and in the excitement the ladies lacked the time for that calm deliberation which a lady needs when she is asked to decide which is her right hand. In a spirit of fairness they gave each of their hands the benefit of any doubt that might exist, and raised them both.

When the result of the vote was announced it appeared that, of every group of five ladies present, six had voted in the negative and four in the affirmative. One of the minority party thereupon accused the presiding officer of counting only one hand apiece for the weak side and two or three or more for the other. She said that this was not warranted by parliamentary usage, and, furthermore, it was just as mean as it could be. She said this not once, but many times, until finally one of the majority party stopped talking herself and heard the remark. When the presiding officer paused in an address which she was making at that time, the lady who had overheard the charge of fraud reported it, and at last the majority party learned about it.

Then vengeance with a large V arose and waved her sword. The offending member by a vote of six-fifths to four-fifths of the ladies present.

However, there is an experiment in a kindred subject which is being tried in Brooklyn, and I am watching it with considerable interest. The trolley cars of the Jagg Street and Citizens' line—so-called because the cars run over Jagg street as well as over the citizens who happen to be crossing that thoroughfare—bear this sign:

"Passengers will not spit on the floor. Conductors are required to enforce this rule."

There is no joke about this sign; it really is in those cars. I have written to the president of the line asking him to tell me how he expects the rule to be enforced, and requested a spirited pen-picture of a conductor in the act of preventing the offense designated. If he replies in a satisfactory manner I shall know how many things can be done which now seem to me to verge upon the impossible.

HOWARD FIELDING.

A Woman Getting Into a Car.

"It's a great fun," said the conductor, "to see a woman get on a cable car. When the car starts it always goes as if it were going to beat the lightning express. The woman is usually tripping up the aisle about that time, and she pitches forward as though she might dive through the front door. Just then the car slows down abruptly and gives her a reverse action. She stops short, inclines backward, and stumbles forward again. If she is lucky she strikes a vacant seat about that time and plumps into it. Otherwise she is sure to step on somebody's foot or brace herself against somebody's shoulders. If you watch her face you'll see that she wants to gasp, but doesn't get time to before she's in the seat. By that time she realizes that everybody is watching her, and she smiles her sweetest. I have watched hundreds of 'em, and I haven't found one who didn't smile when the car gave its second jumpy. Young and old, pretty and homely, are all alike in that respect. They're reminded of soldiers, suddenly confronted by an overwhelming force of the enemy, knowing they are generals, but bound to make a brave front before they're downed."—N. Y. Sun.

### FRENCH DISHES THAT ARE BAD.

Snails Bad as Alligators Whole, and Artichokes Like Pine Cones.

Snails cooked in their shells form a dish which, however enjoyable it may be to the French gourmand, an American cannot relish, says the Epitome. At a fashionable dinner the writer got along very well until a plate of a half dozen was set before him, but he put a bold face on the matter and tried to follow the example of the rest.

The thing was coated with a nasty-looking dark greenish slime and looked forbidding. He transferred it hastily to his mouth.

The first thing perceived was an awful reptile flavor, like the scent in the neighborhood of the boa constrictor cage in a menagerie. He tried to bite the morsel, but it was like rubber and tough as an old boot. It began to grow big in his mouth, until it seemed to attain the size of an elephant.

He felt himself turning pale. At last he gave a hasty gulp and swallowed the thing whole. Talk of Thackeray's American oyster experience being like swallowing a raw baby; that French snail went down like a raw alligator; his French friend by his side observed his embarrassment with an amused smile, and, remarking that he evidently did not like snails, kindly relieved him of the rest of them and transferred them to his own plate.

The artichoke, a vegetable much liked in France, was also the writer's despair. Everybody was eating them in the restaurants, and so he thought he would call for one. He was advised to try a half one to begin on.

So a half artichoke was brought, boiled with vinegar and oil. It was like a pine cone sliced in two. The scales were like those of the pine cone, too, and there were more of them than skins to an onion.

These scales were pulled off, one by one, and just the lower end, which was tender, bitten off, after dipping it in oil and vinegar. It tasted like a soaked-out chestnut, with a strong flavor of bucked.

But the strong point of the artichoke is the time taken to eat it. The writer consumed about half an hour and only the outer layer was disposed of. To eat a whole artichoke would take a small eternity. He came to the conclusion, finally, that American cookery, on the whole, was more nourishing than French.

### GETS IDEAS FOR PREACHERS.

A Collegian After Many Failures Has Finally Got a Good Job.

The Cincinnati Times-Star has found a man who holds the position of agent for a popular preacher in that city. He was a college graduate and had studied law, theology, horses, music, the drama and had tried the newspapers, all without success. Then he made the discovery that the preachers were the hardest pushed of all professional men for ideas to incorporate into their sermons. The old, old story is all right as a foundation, but so many changes have been rung on it since the year 1 that it takes an extraordinary man to conceive an original view of it.

"Now this," said the agent, "is what I do. A preacher hires me to wander about town and report to him little incidents or queer ideas that strike me. He takes these and weaves them into sermons. For instance, a preacher who has a large congregation with much visiting to do could not, if he were so inclined, visit all the public meetings, the resorts of gamblers and drunkards, the factories and slums of the city. I am the eyes through which he sees these things, and using my information he speaks learnedly and intelligently of all phases of life and sets his congregation a-wondering where he gets time to see so much. He is thus enabled to interest every element in his congregation, appearing to the sporting men as a sport, to the athlete as an enthusiast in athletics, to the musician as a musician, and to the theater-goer as one well versed in the plays of the day. I also tell him what the people are saying about him, and so he is able to talk to the different classes in a way that leads them—ignorant of my offices as a go-between—to think him really wonderful in reading their thoughts. I am liberal in my ideas. One month I serve a Methodist, the next may look at the same things with Baptist eyes, or Presbyterian, or may do service for a heretic. I am at present working for a preacher in this city whose sermons are very much noticed by the papers, and who is noted for his original ideas, which I furnish, but for which I am well paid."

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