I walked in the woodland meadows,
Where sweetly the thrushes sing,
And found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.

I healed its wing, and each morning
It sang its old, sweet strain,
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soared so high again.

I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art,
And touched with Christlike pity,
I took her to my heart.

She lived with a nobler purpose,
And struggled not in vain,
But the life that Sin had stricken
Never soared so high again.

But the bird with the broken pinion
Kept another from the snare,
And the life that Sin had stricken
Raised others from despair.

Each loss has its own compensation,
There are healings for every pain,
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soared so high again.

To Meet Miss Trelawny.

BY SARA LINDSAY COLEMAN.

"It would be such fun if we could ever——"

"Wouldn't it," said Vincent.

"You haven't the least idea what I mean," Mrs. Vincent spoke severely. "I wish you would not jump into the conversation so vehemently. I was going to say——"

"You were going to say," triumphantly, "that we could have such a lark if people would only let us alone. I believe it's philanthropy with them. They think we are married and have come up here alone and that we are being bored to death but won't confess it, so they visit us. We've had all my family, and all your family—who is it now? The Lord help us if the school-friends have started."

"It's a school-friend, and a dear one; but I don't want her now. I don't want anybody but you. I thought," in a plaintive voice, "that we would be happy now that the last relative is gone, didn't you?"

"Who is it?" Mr. Vincent asked with a martyr-like air.

"It is Dorothy Trelawny." She glanced at the letter. "She says she is going to be near here and wants to see me, if it is quite convenient. It isn't philanthropy with our friends," this in fine scorn, "it's climate and—comfort. Did you ever see anything more beautiful than that?" With one comprehensive sweep she took in the summer landscape that lay before them. Beautiful valleys glittering with dew, softly swelling hills, cool shadowed woods, and on every side mountains clothed to their crest with verdure.

"Dearest," Vincent began, "I—oh, hang it all! I've had a letter, too. When I wrote I told him what fun we were having, and how cool it was, and that I knew he must be sweltering. But I didn't know he would come. You may trust me not to give another invitation—it's climate—they all accept."

"Who is it?" It was Mrs. Vincent's turn to affect a martyr-like air.

"Henry Cavanagh."

Mr. Vincent not having known women very intimately before his marriage and having been married only a few months, found his wife's unexpectedness her greatest charm.

Now she sprang up gaily, rushed at him, flung her arms about him and declared he was the sweetest thing in the world.

Although slightly puzzled, Mr. Vincent smiled indulgently and awaited further developments.

"Oh," she said, "I'm so excited! Dorothea Trelawny and Henry Cavanagh were born for each other! All

"It has been an eternity."

Dorothea's women friends want her to marry, and I know three of them," she ran them off on her fingers, glibly, "who have invited them for the express purpose of getting them engaged." She laughed gleefully. "But they never came together—never even met. There was always some trivial thing that kept one or the other away. Fate was against them; and she has relented." She ran her slim fingers through Vincent's hair, delightedly. fun." She danced down the piazza. "Go write to Mr. Cavanagh," she called back and disappeared in the doorway.

"Oh," Mrs. Vincent whispered to Vincent, "I'm so excited!"

It was a week later and they were waiting in the parlor for Cavanagh, who had been the last member of the house-party to arrive, waiting also for dinner. There was a murmer of talk—soft laughter—the deeper tones of men.

"I am so disappointed!" It was a plaintive little whisper in Vincent's ever sympathetic ear a few moments later.

"But, my dear, what would you have had them do?"

"I would have had her just flutter "This is a coincidence—it isn't Fate,

"Won't you congratulate us?"

it's Providence! Won't those other women envy me—won't they hate me! You'll get Mr. Cavanagh to rent a house up here next summer, won't you? It will be lovely for all of us to be together."

"My dear!" Vincent was not able to keep up with his wife's flying thought.

"What if they should not fancy each other?" He put the question hesitatingly. He was unwilling to dampen her ardor.

"They were born for each other!" enthusiastically. "They are waiting. Neither of them will ever marry, they haven't, you see, until they wed each other. I am going to write to Dorothea this moment," she sprang to her feet. "I'm going to write to some others, too. Lots of them—a gay house-party full. We will have a week of an eyelash, or color, or get embarrassed—anything—to show she knew her hero had come."

"She's of the Vere-de-Vere type," Vincent murmered soothingly. "You know the proud, cold ones don't show what they feel. But she is a stunner! The handsomest woman in the room, my dear."

"The handsomest?" reproachfully.

"Except yourself," promptly.

Vincent stood at his bedroom window that night, looking out, when a plaintive little voice, tired out with the heavy duties of the day, confided in him the awful intelligence of Cavanagh's engagement.

He had told her about it himself, and had said that the engagement was to be announced the next week when he went back to town.

Vincent took the little figure into his arms. But he smiled broadly into the friendly darkness—husbands are human, you know.

In all the gay week that followed it seemed that Cavanagh was attentive to every woman in the house but Miss Trelawny.

The Vincents' charming piazza was like a room with its rugs and cushions, chairs and tables, books and magazines, and here, a week later, on the night before the breaking up of the house-party, Vincent found his wife.

"Of course you are worrying over those people!" he said. "You wouldn't have run off here alone in the dark under other conditions."

"She is an artful, bold, designing creature! I guess she's a teacher tired of making her own living, and he is such a great, big splendid, simple fellow he just let her gobble him up. Of course Dorothea is indifferent! She's not going to throw herself at any man's head, certainly not at an engaged man. He is not so indifferent. I saw him looking at her as though he would devour her. And to think that two lives should be spoiled by this horrid creature!" She threw out her small hands tragically.

Vincent had placed his hand over his wife's lips.

"I'll be hanged!" he said. "It's Dorothea and Cavanagh."

They came down the long portico slowly; they were utterly unconscious of the proximity of the Vincents.

"Tomorrow is almost here," Cavanagh was saying, "It has been an eternity!"

"Yes," the girl's soft voice cooed, then vehemently, "I couldn't stand it another day—I couldn't!"

"I couldn't stand—anything—without you, my darling." Cavanagh laughed happily and drew the girl's unresisting form into his arms. He kissed her; they then turned and walked back into the house.

There was absolute silence on the piazza after their departure.

Vincent felt something hot and wet on his hand. "Not tears?" he asked in dismay.

"To think that Dorothea would act like that!" Mrs. Vincent sobbed. "I'm sorry for the poor, neglected sweetheart, Heaven knows. And she said my house-party was not to be endured another day, and he called it an eternity! They'll know it when I invite them again—asked for their invitations—it's a horrid world," the sobs came faster, "and if you were not in it, I'd die!"

Miss Trelawny was still with Cavanagh when the Vincents entered the house through the library. There it was cool and the lights were dim. From the room beyond the sound of music and of dancing feet came.

Miss Trelawny came towards them, Cavanagh following.

"We don't care if people do know," she said. "The engagement will be announced next week."

Vincent gasped.

"And we want people to know, anyway," Cavanagh explained. "If Dorothea hadn't wanted it kept quiet until the announcement we would have had the jolliest week! That's what we planned; but when we found the crowd she would not let me even look at her. Why, she telegraphed that I mustn't even know her!" He laughed. "Won't you congratulate us?"

Vincent grasped Cavanagh's hand heartily, and, husbands are but mortal, you know, shot a little side-long glance at his wife to witness her discomfort.

Discomfort? Mrs. Vincent stood drawn to her slender height, smiling, and holding herself well in hand. Her voice was sweet and as clear and cool as crystal as she said:

"You've surprised Mr. Vincent, and all the house-party will be astonished. But, you see, your indifference was a trifle too overdrawn—a little too overstudied to deceive me."

She kissed the girl, held out her hand to Cavanagh, and then the four of them went in to join the dancers.

LIVED UPON HUMAN FLESH.

Cannibalism Was Once Quite Common Among American Indians.

It may not be generally known that cannibalism was once prevalent over large areas of the American continent. Such was the case, however, and in fact the very word cannibal is but another form of Caniba, or Carlba, the proper name of the Carib Indians, the dreadful scourge of the Antilles three centuries ago, among whom the Spaniards on first landing found human limbs hung up to dry in the sun for food. Many of the tribes of South America were cannibals, and some of the unconquered savages in the dark forests of the upper Amazon still feast upon human flesh. The practice existed also in Central America and Mexico, as readers of Prescott are well aware, but rather as a sacrifice to the god of war than from any depraved taste for such food. As a war ceremony it was found also among nearly all the tribes of the eastern United States and Canada. The Miamis had a cannibal society, whose members were under obligation to eat any captives delivered to them for that purpose, and the Kiowas, with whom I lived for some time, had only a few years ago a secret brotherhood each member of which was pledged to eat the heart of the first enemy killed by him in battle. The old war chief in whose family I stayed was one of this society. All the tribes of the Texas coast and back country were reputed cannibals, and with good reason. One of these was the Attakapa, from whom the Louisiana parish gets its name, which signifies "man-eaters." Another was the Karankawa tribe, on Matagorda bay, with whom French captives from LaSalle's expedition witnessed many a barbarous feast. In 1760 the priests of the old San Antonio mission drew up a catechism for the use of their Indian converts and among the questions to be asked in confession the first one was, "Have you eaten human flesh?" But the worst cannibals of all were the Tonkawas, who lived about San Antonio, just back from the coast. To all the other tribes, even to the present day, they are known simply as "the man-eaters."—Harper's Magazine.

Wanted: a Pink Marble Tomb.

The Japanese are rapidly assimilating American business notions, but they have not yet quite divested themselves of Oriental extravagance of expression, as this personal advertisement from a Tokyo newspaper will testify: I am a beautiful woman. My abundant, undulating hair envelops me as a cloud. Supple as a willow is my waist. Soft and brilliant is my visage as the satin of the flowers. I am endowed with wealth sufficient to saunter through life hand in hand with my beloved. Were I to meet a gracious lord, kindly, intelligent, well-educated and of good taste, I would unite myself with him for life, and later share with him the pleasure of being laid to rest eternal in a tomb of pink marble.

A Neighborly Call.

"Have you called on the new neighbors next door yet, Mrs. Gibbins?" "Yes I have. Their boy threw something and hit my Willie, and I called on them for an explanation."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

One Consolation.

Ottinger—Unlucky at cards, unlucky at love. Henriques—That's right! If you are a loser at bridge whist the girls will love you to death!—Puck.

Autocratic Sardou.

M. Victorien Sardou was trained to be a doctor, but drifted into playwriting and had very hard struggles. He is now, however, a very rich man and resides in a summer residence that cost him $150,000. If an ignorant theatrical manager ventures to suggest an alteration in one of Sardou's plays the author roars, "Not a line—not a word—not a syllable!" Even the actresses are in his power, for he decides the colors of their dresses.

Shower Baths for Boy Pupils.

The experiment is being tried in a large New York public school of giving boys shower baths in the basement. The equipment is such that each boy can have a bath once in two weeks—a good deal oftener than the boys would bathe otherwise. The baths are taken in recess time and the institution is said to be popular.

South Leads at West Point.

The Savannah Press notes the fact that the first five cadets, in order of merit, at West Point, are all southern boys. They hail from Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Maryland. Mississippi bears off the palm with two of her sons, one of whom is the head of the class.

Won't Have Herself Pictured.

Miss Braddon, the English novelist, positively refuses to be photographed, and only one picture of this prolific writer is known to be in existence. For some time past she has been content with writing one book a year, but in her younger days her annual output was at least two long novels.

A Clergyman's Discovery.

Fredericksburg, Ind., Dec. 2.—According to the positive declaration of Rev. E. P. Stevens of this place, that gentleman has found a remedy for all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs. For years he suffered severely with these complaints, incontinence of the urine, making life a burden to him, but he never ceased experimenting in the hope that some day he would discover a remedy. After many failures he has at last succeeded and is today perfectly cured and a well man, and explains that his recovery is due to the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. This remedy has been successfully applied to many cases of Lame Back, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Diabetes and other Kidney Diseases and there seems to be no case of the kind that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure. This is the only remedy that has ever cured Bright's Disease.

For Backward Bondsmen.

District Attorney Philbin of New York City has devised a winning plan for making bondsmen pay up forfeited bail. He puts the bondsmen's property into the hands of a receiver and then it is a case of pay or bring in the man. The scheme is causing all sorts of consternation among bondsmen, to say nothing of the criminals

Thrown From His Cab and Killed.

The following is a most interesting and, in one respect, pathetic tale:—

Mr. J. Pope, 42 Ferrar Road, Streatham, England, said:

"Yes, poor chap, he is gone, dead—horse bolted, thrown off his seat on his cab he was driving and killed—poor chap, and a good sort, too, mate. It was him, you see, who gave me the half-bottle of St. Jacobs Oil that made a new man of me. 'Twas like this: me and Bowman were great friends. Some gentleman had given him a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil which had done him a lot of good; he only used half the bottle, and remembering that I had been a martyr to rheumatism and sciatica for years, that I had literally tried everything, had doctors, and all without benefit, I became discouraged, and looked upon it that there was no help for me. Well," said Pope, "You may not believe me, for it is a miracle, but before I had used the contents of the half-bottle of St. Jacobs Oil which poor Bowman gave me, I was a well man. There it is, you see, after years of pain, after using remedies, oils, embrocations, horse liniments, and spent money on doctors without getting any better, I was completely cured in a few days. I bought another bottle, thinking the pain might come back, but it did not, so I gave the bottle away to a friend who had a lame back. I can't speak too highly of this wonderful pain-killer."

You might as well talk to an echo as to a person who always agrees with you.

Every man who does the very best he can is a true hero.

Little white lies frequently used soon become big black ones.

Trust your secret to another and it will be returned badly soiled.

The average man's guardian angel hasn't time to take a vacation.

A little butter added to the boullion made of beef extract will remove the flavor which is distasteful to many people.

Better an empty house than an ill tenant.

A friend to everybody is a friend to nobody.

Life without a friend, death without a witness.

Many go for wool and come home shorn.

Fools make fashions and wise men follow them.

Excesses in youth are drafts upon old age, payable about thirty years after date.

The submitting to one wrong brings on another.

Mix a little cornstarch with salt before filling the salt shaker to prevent its clogging.

Satire is the salt of wit rubbed on a sore spot.