

TRUE WORTH WINS.

It isn't the thing you are doing, but the way that you do it, my friend; Not the course, but the way of pursuing. On which your successes depend.

There are prizes in every vocation, And he is the fortunate man Who frets not, because of his station, But does just the best that he can.

'Tis not the song we call clever, But the rendering well of the notes; The music of nightingales never Ring true from the mocking-birds' throats.

It isn't the word that you speak, friend, But the smile or the frown that you wear That lightens a cross for the weak, friend, Or makes it harder to bear.

'Tis not life, but the motive for living, Can grace to existence impart. Not the gift can lend worth to the giving, But the love that lies deep in the heart.

Some own a king's crown, some an acre, And let's the superior man, Who, true to himself and his Maker, Is doing the best that he can.

Little Sheldon, in Housekeeper.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED. "Mrs. Belthorpe don't forget the poor," said the woman, gratefully.

"They walked on in silence for a few paces and then Michael asked what had changed Ann Crale from a strong woman into a cripple."

"Rheumatic fever," Belthorpe replied. "She is a good creature and frets sorely over her uselessness."

Michael remembered that Ann Crale had befriended a certain motherless boy and mended his tattered clothes when his drunken father neglected him. The boy had grown up and got on well in the world, but it had never



THE MAN GAVE HIM ONE STEADY, DARK LOOK.

occurred to him to wonder how Ann was faring. The man who forgets God forgets everything else that is worth remembering. He was sorry now that he had never done anything for this friend of old times. It was the first sign of softening, the first touch of humanity that he had known in all these hurrying years.

Turning a corner of the road they came in sight of the old inn, and Michael's memory woke up again. He saw the motherless boy led in through that dark door by another boy of his own age, and recalled the little room with the low ceiling, where a bright fire crackled merrily on winter days and a comfortable meal awaited the hungry lad, whose home-leader was too often empty. A few weeks ago he would have been ashamed of these humble recollections, but illness and weariness had surely made him more tender-hearted, and again he felt a pang. After all it would have been well if he had kept Aaron at the works and spared a few minutes sometimes to talk of old days. But no; it was best that Aaron should be sent away. It would have been impossible to retain the old friendship and give up the old love.

He had chosen the short cut to fortune, and it had led him through mire and thorns, as short cuts generally do. As for Olive, he would not think of her this evening. His head was too tired to bear this load of memories. The past was gone. He would do something for Ann Crale, and look up some of the poorest villagers before he left the place, but "lover and friend" must be put far from him for ever.

The clear evening sky smiled overhead, the little Moon gurgled under the very walls of the old inn, there was the same moss-grown bridge, with small ferns feathering out of the brick-work, and a man and a girl were standing together, looking down into the swift water. They raised their heads as Michael and the farmer approached. The girl gazed at Michael for a second or two, then started, and turned sharply away with flushed cheeks. The man gave him one steady dark look and turned also. And then Belthorpe suddenly remembered that Michael had once been Olive Winfield's promised husband. It was no wonder that Jane Challock and Aaron Fenlake should dislike the sight of him.

"Shall we go back now?" the farmer asked. His companion assented, and they began to retrace their steps, Michael silently making up his mind to shorten his stay in Eastmeon. He had not thought of seeing Aaron here.

"I fancied that young Fenlake was in London," he said after a pause. "He has come here to manage old Bartlett's mill," Belthorpe replied. "And he is to be married to Jane Challock in the summer, I am told."

No more was said about the Fenlakes or the Challocks that evening, and it seemed to Belthorpe that his guest did not care to hear much of old friends and neighbors. They talked politics and discussed business matters until it was time to retire for the night. And then Michael, with some slight awkwardness, remarked that he must return to town to-morrow.

"I thought we should keep you here a week at least," said the farmer, in a surprised tone.

"A week? No, no, Belthorpe, I can't allow myself such a long holiday. Mrs. Chase is nervous about my health, and I must go back to-morrow."

"Well, Chase, you really do look as if you had been neglecting yourself. My wife would be nervous enough if I looked as you do," Belthorpe said kindly. "Perhaps you can persuade Mrs. Chase to come with you into the country."

"We shall go to the seaside later on," Michael answered with a preoccupied air. "I have been thinking about Ann Crale," he added, putting his hand in his pocket. "Will you give her this from me, Belthorpe? And tell her that I shall not forget her in the future."

He laid a five-pound note on the table and went quickly out of the room. That sudden encounter with Aaron had set him quivering with annoyance and pain. He had come here for peace, and the flash in Aaron's eyes had expressed wrath and bitter contempt. If he had been the man he once was Michael would have given only a scornful thought to his old companion; but he had changed greatly, and all his coolness was gone. Ill-health and Mrs. Chase's temper had deprived him of that self-assurance which had helped him to overcome many obstacles. He was shaken and worn, his nerves were out of order, and he found himself longing foolishly for some tender voice to soothe him in his loneliness to-night.

The crowned head, more splendid than ever by candlelight, attracted his eyes; he almost fancied that it smiled, a wicked smile of subtle meaning, and turned away from it with disgust. There seemed to be no chance for rest for him. He was miserably wakeful, and yet aching with weariness from head to foot. There was no help for it, he must take a sleeping draught, although he knew that it was not a wise thing to do. He had had recourse to these draughts often of late.

After he had swallowed the opiate he went to the window and threw it open. The air was sweet and cold and seemed to revive him. He let it blow in upon his hot face and then threw himself, half undressed, on the bed. He meant to lie there thinking for a few minutes before he closed the window and put out the light. Even now he was not sure of getting any sleep; the draughts had failed sometimes to produce the desired effect. And to-night he was so restless and wide-awake that it seemed as if nothing on earth could lull him into oblivion.

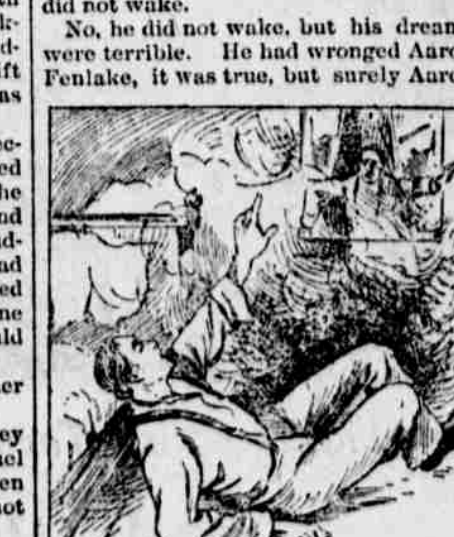
As he lay there, gazing out at the star-ry night, he felt that he would have given much to have seen the faces of his old friends looking kindly on him again. He had gained so many desirable things that it was absurd to lie here pining for a little friendliness from common people. Only there are moments, even in successful lives, when nothing seems so precious as those poor treasures that we laughed at and threw away long ago.

How happy that pair had looked, as they stood, side by side, watching the flow of the water! Yet it was only a very common kind of joy that they were feeling, and it might have been Michael's too. He had held it in his grasp and tossed it from him; it was gone forever, and he had only just begun to realize its true value. What had he gained in exchange? Shreds of interest, given sparingly by a woman who had never loved nor been loved, barren glittering days, whose monotony was only broken by Mrs. Chase's frantic efforts to get into society!

As he thought of those frantic efforts, he laughed with sudden scorn of her and of himself. He was beginning to know something about them now—those disappointed women who have climbed a little way up the social ladder and then stuck fast. He had seen their frenzy when some other woman, poorer, but more attractive, had glided gracefully past them, and taken up her position above their heads. How pitiable this small ambition seemed to him at this moment, when he was weak and lonely! The simple wifely love, the clinging hands of little children, the sacred sweetness of a home, were blessings that the successful man was never to know.

Sleep came upon him unawares; long sought, it kept far from him, but when he had given up all hope of rest, a deep slumber fell upon his senses; and he lay still and unconscious with the night air blowing on his face. The wind was rising, but he felt it not. Then a stronger puff caught the muslin window curtain and floated it perilously near the flame of the candle, which was still burning on the toilet table. But he did not wake.

No, he did not wake, but his dreams were terrible. He had wronged Aaron Fenlake, it was true, but surely Aaron had taken a cruel way to avenge his wrongs. And Jane and Olive too; they had ever been soft and merciful in the old days, but now they were helping Aaron to hold him fast on the bridge. And it was not the Meon that was running along at their feet, but a river of burning lava, red and horrible. He was choking with its dense fumes; he could feel its fearful heat; but yet they would not let him go. There was no escape; they were bent on his destruction, and he could not even find voice



SUNK DOWN UPON THE FLOOR.

to utter a faint cry. One more struggle, a wild start, and he awoke at last. The room was full of smoke. The little chamber had become as hot as an oven, and now and then a flame darted out of the thick cloud. Faint, and still bewildered by the opiate, he was slow in realizing his danger; but he made a strong effort, and groped his way to the door, gasping for breath. He had locked the door, and the lock was a very old one. Wildly he turned the key round and round, but the door remained fast closed, and the room was growing hotter every moment. He would try to escape by the window. Only, it was impossible to breathe much longer in this dreadful atmosphere, and when he tried to call for help his voice failed, and died away in a whisper. It was a cruel fate to perish in this way, friendless and alone. There was no more strength left in him now, death was coming fast, and now that it was really near he knew that he wanted to go on living. A little while ago, life had not seemed a very desirable thing, but now it was precious and sweet, full of new possibilities and hopes. Perhaps if it had not been for this awful fate, he might have begun to live a new life, brightened with charities and better purposes. He might have "redeemed the time," if time had been granted him. But it would be all over soon. He had sunk down upon the floor, and lay there, helpless and scarcely conscious, when a loud voice suddenly made its way to his dulled ears. Then there was a great crashing of glass, and a figure leaped into the room. Out of the burning room into the windy night and the clear starlight he was carried by firm arms. There was just enough intelligence left in him to make him cling to his deliverer, and vaguely comprehend that he must hold fast while they went down a ladder. Somehow the descent was accomplished in safety, and then Michael found himself on a heap of straw in the farmyard, and heard a great clamor and shouting around him.

The clamor ceased; he saw and heard nothing more till he woke at length from a long spell of unconsciousness. He was no longer in that ill-omened room with the vaulted roof, but in a homely chamber of larger size, with a low ceiling. Some one had been bathing his face, and when he tried to lift his hand to his head he found that the trembling fingers were too feeble to be of any use. An elderly woman came gently to the bedside and spoke in a kindly tone that he seemed to remember.

"Lie still," she said, "you must use my hands till you get stronger."

It was Mrs. Hooper, who was nursing him, and he was lying in the best bedroom of the old inn. The slow hours dragged along at a sluggish pace; he could only obey the kind mandate and lie still, for he was too weak to move, and even thinking was almost beyond his powers. Yet he felt himself surrounded by friends, and now and then a sense of gratitude would struggle through the dull calm. So days went on, and he lay in the humble village inn in helplessness and weary peace.

While he was lying there things were going on much as usual in Eastmeon, and every one in the place was acquainted with the story of his rescue from the burning room. That is, they knew the outlines of the story; but only Jane Challock and Mrs. Hooper knew all that Aaron could tell. And it was Aaron who had saved Michael's life.

"Jane," he said, "I can't tell you how I hated him when he came upon us on the bridge. I had wanted to meet him face to face, and I had my will. I thought of all his baseness to the poor girl in London, and if you had not been by my side I think I should have struck him then and there."

"Thank God I was with you, Aaron," Jane whispered. "Yes, thank God you are always with me. A good woman softens a man unawares. When we were walking together in the twilight, and you were talking in your quiet voice, I began to feel that he hadn't done me any great harm after all. And then I remembered Olive's words about forgiveness, and a sort of shame stirred in me. It's a bad sign when one's heart is more ready to curse than to bless—a terrible bad sign, Jane."

"True, Aaron," she said, gravely. "And then, when I was left alone for the night, I couldn't rest for thinking of my badness, and from that I fell to calling back old times. I didn't go to bed; I just paced up and down my room, till I seemed to see Michael's face exactly as it used to be. What a bright, fresh-colored lad he was! Always full of hopes and plans, and always ready to cheer me up when I was down-hearted. And after that old vision of him, Jane, I saw him again as he is now—the poor, puny man who won't live out half his days. Instead of hating him, instead of wanting to hurt him, I was broken down at once with a great pity. It wasn't Olive's life that he had blighted, no, nor mine; it was his own life that he had spoiled and laid waste."

Jane looked up at her lover with tears in her eyes. They were so happy—these two simple persons—and they knew that no life can be complete if it has missed such happiness as their own. "The pity grew and grew," Aaron continued, "till I could not stay in the house. I wanted to be out under the stars, and ask Heaven to forgive me for my blindness. When I am up set I always go into the open air. I never lost the habit even in London, though it was little I could see of the stars there. But here in the country, the wide sky is always waiting overhead to help a man, and so I slipped gently downstairs, and then my feet seemed to be drawn along to the courtyard."

"I got to the farmyard gate, and stood leaning on it, and thinking, thinking. Then I smelt fire, and suddenly I saw a cloud of smoke coming from one of the upper windows, and I jumped over the gate, and ran and hammered hard on the front door. But something seemed to warn me that no time must be lost. I knew that there was a ladder in one of the outbuildings, and I dragged it out, and planted it under that smoking window. You know how it all ended,

Jane. I climbed the ladder, and found the room filled with smoke and flames. I shouted, but no answer came save a faint groan. And I sprang in, and found Michael stretched upon the floor. The girl was trembling as she clung to his arm. She had loved him dearly all ways, but his deed of daring had given him a new dignity in her eyes. And he had been in danger, and she might have lost him.

"There is very little harm done to the house," she said, after a pause. "I went in to-day and saw the room. The furniture is burnt and the walls are blackened, but the fire was soon put out. Michael had fallen asleep, it seems, leaving the window open and the candle burning on the dressing table. Mrs. Belthorpe says that he seemed strange

and absent that night, and looked very ill. Poor fellow; the doctor says he will get better, but—" "But what?" Aaron asked. "Mrs. Hooper thinks that he will not live many months. He has had a terrible shock, and he was a worn-out man before this disaster happened. Poor Michael!"

For three weeks Michael was nursed by his old friends, and great was their surprise that Mrs. Chase did not come from London. But Michael had begged them to make as light of his illness as possible when they wrote to his wife, and they soon saw that he did not desire her presence. She was not used to country ways, he explained, and was something of an invalid herself.

He had a brief interview with Aaron, just before he left Eastmeon. Very little was said on either side. Michael tried to utter some words of gratitude, but he was still too weak to bear much. After one or two attempts to speak, he grasped Aaron's hand in silence and turned away. They never met again. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

THOUGHT HIM A SPY. A Man with a Badge Creates Excitement in a Drug Store. "My wife had the toothache one night," said an Orange street man to a Lewiston Journal man, "and I came downtown after something to cure it. Just before I came away from the house my boy came along and pinned his Young Men's Christian association badge on my vest. I never had occasion to go to a drug store in Lewiston before, and I did not think it made any difference where I went."

"At 7:45 I went into a well-illuminated store with my coat unbuttoned. The clerk saw me coming and jumped over the counter, putting his hand immediately behind a clock on the shelf. An alarm bell rang in a rear room and a heavy door swung to with a bang. Then there was a sound of breaking bottles, and in another minute the place was filled with ammonia gas. "Then the clerk put his hat on, and as he hurried from the room I asked if he had anything for toothache.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED. If Women Were Left-Handed They Could Alight Better From Street Cars. She half rose from her seat, glanced toward the rear of the open car, and, raising her parasol, signaled to the conductor on the rear platform that she desired to have the car stopped at the next corner. As it slowed, she stood up and stepped to the side, shifting her parasol from the right hand to the left and grasping the arm of the seat with the disengaged right.

"Wait till the car stops, please," the conductor shouted. She glanced up with a slight expression of fright, and the conductor ran along the foot-board at the side to assist her, but she did not wait for him. She stepped down while the car was in motion, and when the car stopped with a slight jerk had her left foot on the pavement. She had kept hold of the arm and was about to release it and put down the other foot, while facing to the rear, when the jerk threw her off her balance. The conductor grasped her arm and prevented her from falling. She smiled her thanks and stepped away. The conductor blew his whistle and started to return to the platform.

"There's another," he remarked to a serene and observant individual at the end of the next seat. "A woman never gets off a car while facing the right way; at least I've never seen one. If she'll wait till the car stops it's all right; if not it's all wrong."

"Isn't her fault," the individual remarked. "No. It's the fault of the car, or the company, I mean."

"Of course, I'm not saying a word about grasping corporations or anything of the like, but I say it's the fault of the company."

"I'd like to know how," the conductor said, suggestively. "We do everything we can to help 'em."

"That may be so, but the company ought to change the direction of its lines or start a movement for the development of ambidexterity," the philosopher remarked. "What?"

"Ambidexterity—ability to use both hands," the philosopher explained. "The trouble is that most people can use the right hand only in grasping anything, with confidence in the effort—women particularly. In this country the cars pass to the right, and as it is safer to alight from the side nearer the sidewalk, it is very natural for a woman to grasp the arm of the seat or the side of the rear platform of a closed car, before stepping down. Now, if the cars ran the other way, to the left, women would get off from the other side and would use their right hands. If a woman gets off now at the side near the track she uses her right hand, and is not pitched backward. You watch the next time. If women were left-handed, the present system would be all right, but they are not."

"I never thought of that," the conductor said. "It has always been a mystery to me."

"Do you think they'll change?" the philosopher asked. "Who?" "The company."

"No, nor the women, either."—N. Y. Sun.

A GENEROUS MAN. He Was Very Clever to Everybody Except His Family. He was one of the "cleverest" men in all that section of the country; all agreed on that.

"He was a 'good fellow' and a good friend. Many a time had he gone out of his way to do a good turn for some one in distress, and he had been late to dinner, or he had not come home to dinner at all.

"Poor Jim!" he would say when he did arrive. "He is in a bad way, and I can remember when he was a bright young fellow. I had to straighten him up a little when I met him, and it took me time."

He was a "clever fellow" in all that term implies. He never failed to respond to the plea of a friend or a former friend if he were in a position to do so. "I am sorry," he would say to his wife, "I intended to bring you the money you asked for to-night, but I couldn't let Tom keep on the street. I'm afraid he has lost his grip, but I'd be a mighty small man if I didn't see him safely put away in a hotel with money enough to get his percoat out of pawn. He ought to see up, though."

He was a "great-hearted" man when it came to any way of assisting men he had known who were in hard luck through their own or anyone else's fault. He was generous man when it came to subscribing "a little something" for anything that would tend to give pleasure to another. "I had intended to get something for the house to-day," he would say, "but Tom leaves for the south to-morrow, and of course I chipped in for a little present to him."

A "clever" man to everyone except the one he should have been the "cleverest" to. People often said that his wife did not seem to appreciate what a "royal fellow" he was. But then, she had to forego many pleasures in order that he might be a "royal fellow" with others.—Detroit Free Press.

Modern Language Necessary. Graduation day stories are in order these days. Some years ago at a well known college for both sexes the students produced "The Return of Agamemnon." Clytemnestra was a particularly impressive young lady, and made a decided impression in the earlier passages. When the time arrived for the prophesies to have a private talk with Aggy she waved her hand to the attendant ladies, and in a fine, deep contralto, remarked: "Depas!" The chorus did not appear to care to leave the stage, and again Clyte bade them depart, and, turning her back upon them, strode toward her warrior lord. Still the chorus remained immovable, and with a scowling Clytemnestra, forgetting her dignity, exclaimed snappishly: "Say, girls, do get a move on you."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Reversing the Regular Thing. Passmore—So you are married, I hear? Hippie—Yes. "Come to live with the girl's parents, I suppose." "No; they have come to live with me."—Epoch.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—If the soles of pegged boots or shoes are occasionally oiled the shoes will be easier, the soles will last longer and the pegs will not get loose in the leather.

—The addition of lemon juice to the water in which rice is boiled will increase the whiteness, and the grains will readily separate when thus treated.

—Fried Sweet Potatoes.—Bake for half an hour, then pare and cut in slices, and season with pepper and salt. Heat in a pan some pork, ham, or chicken fat. Cover the pan with sliced potato; brown on one side, then turn and brown on the other. Serve hot.—Good Housekeeping.

—Strawberry Acid.—Dissolve four ounces of tartaric acid in two quarts of water and pour it over two gallons of ripe strawberries; let stand twenty-four hours and drain the liquor off; to every pint of juice add one and one-half pounds of loaf sugar; boil, let stand three days and bottle. A few spoonful in a glass of ice water makes a delightful drink.—Boston Budget.

—A recent writer gives a good suggestion concerning the washing of glass or china with gold decorations. Such should never be put into strong soap suds or water with washing compounds. They should be washed with a sponge in clear water and dried on soft linen cloths or with tissue paper. In this way the gold will never wear off.—N. Y. Times.

—Cup Custards.—Beat thoroughly three eggs; add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and three teaspoonfuls of milk. Use any flavoring you may prefer. Pour into cups, place the cups in a pan of hot water and bake in a well-heated oven. Serve cold in the cups. Three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and three teaspoonfuls of milk is a very good proportion for all custards, and is easily remembered, being a tablespoonful of sugar and a cup of milk for each egg.—Ohio Farmer.

—Sandwiches for Picnics.—Boil four eggs hard and mash the yolks until smooth. Then rub in carefully a tablespoonful of olive oil, or if butter be preferred it can be used melted. Add a pinch of salt, a little cayenne pepper, and a mustard spoonful of mixed mustard. Rub them all together until perfectly smooth. Then spread the mixture on thin slices of buttered bread and turn them together. If fond of the white of egg, cut the whites into very thin rings and put one layer in each sandwich.—Demorest's Magazine.

—Leaf Olives.—Have about one pound thin steak cut in four or five pieces, brush them over with egg, and sprinkle with a tablespoonful of minced savory herbs, a little pepper and salt, and roll up the pieces tightly, fastening them with a small skewer. Put them with one pint of stock into a stewpan that will exactly hold them, that they may keep their shape better. Stew them gently for an hour and a half, take them out, remove the skewers, thicken the gravy with butter and flour, and add a little catsup to flavor it, pour over the meat and serve.—Housekeeper.

—Active children are very apt to tumble about in summer, when they have free privilege to roam out of doors, and they sometimes sustain severe bruises. While they are too trivial to require a physician, it will save pain and black and blue spots to keep a soothing lotion in the house, which will reduce the local inflammation. The most effective and simplest remedy is one part arnica to five parts water. When a serious bruise has been sustained, of course, clear arnica may be applied, but this is not necessary for ordinary cases. It should be remembered, however, that arnica is poisonous, and for that reason should be labeled and kept safely locked out of reach of people who make mistakes and of meddlesome children.—N. Y. Tribune.

TITLES OF BILLS.

Some of the Subjects That Claim the Attention of Congress. The present view of public men concerning the extent of the federal power may best be illustrated by a reference to the titles of some of the bills that have been introduced in congress. Among them are bills providing for the establishment of a national university; for the establishment and temporary support of common schools; for the prevention of the adulteration of food. There are bills providing for the construction of macadam roads, which will necessarily be under the supervision of local authorities; for the boring of artesian wells in the State of Montana; for preventing aliens from engaging in certain business within the state.

There is a bill defining lard; also imposing a tax upon and regulating the manufacture, sale, importation and exportation of compound lard. There are bills against trusts; to prevent the spread of contagious diseases; bills providing for federal supervision of the health of men and cattle for the suppression of vice; for the regulation of traffic. These bills are in addition to the measures introduced and passed for the encouragement of ship-building and railroad construction, and for the protection of other industries by taxation.

People who desire to build a canal are not deterred by constitutional consideration from asking the aid of the United States. In view of the extent to which the federal power has impressed itself upon the imagination of the people of the country, it is hardly to be wondered at that the farmers, especially those of that part of the country which has derived its right of self government from the United States, should form a loan office where they may borrow money on their crops.—Henry Loomis Nelson, in Harper's Magazine.

Remarkable Wooden Blocks. The Falklands produce no trees, but they produce wood in a very remarkable shape. You will see, scattered here and there, singular blocks of what look like weather-beaten, mossy, gray stones of various sizes. But if you attempt to roll over one of these rounded boulders you will find yourself unable to accomplish it. In fact, the stone is tied down to the ground—tied down by the roots; or, in other words, it is not a stone, but a block of living wood.—Chicago Times.