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THE SAINT AND THE SINNER.

Heart worn and weary the woman sat,
Her baby sleeping across her knee,
And the work her fingers were toiling at
Seemed a pitiful task for such as she—
Mending shoes for the little feet
That pattered over the cabin floor.
While the bell of the Sabbath day rang sweet,
And the neighbors passed by the open door.

The children played, and the baby slept,
And the busy needle went and came,
When, lo, on the threshold stone there stepped
A priestly figure and named her name:
"What shrift is this for the Sabbath day,
When bells are calling, and far and near
The people gather to praise and pray?
Woman, why are you toiling here?"

Like one in a dream she answered low:
"Father, my days are workdays all:
I know no Sabbath. I dare not go
Where the beautiful bells ring out and call.
For who would look to the meat and drink
And tend the children and keep the place?
I pray in silence and try to think,
For God's love can listen and give me grace."

The years passed on, and with fast and prayer
The good priest climbed to the gate of rest,
And a tired woman stood waiting there,
Her work worn hands to her bosom pressed;
"Oh, saint, thrice blessed, mount thou on high!"
He heard the welcoming angels say,
And meekly, gently, she passed him by,
Who had mended shoes on the Sabbath day.
—M. S. Briggs in Ladies' Home Journal.

A TEST OF LOVE.

"I hate her," cried Maysie, "yes, I do!"
John laughed as the little fist clinched
until the palm was pink, and the brown
eyes flashed fire, and as he laughed Maysie's
anger grew.

"I hate her so I can't sleep at night,
and all because she is making a fool of
you, John Stratton, the—the white faced
witch." Now, that was a different matter
to what he had looked on as only a
pretty ebullition of jealousy on the part
of Maysie Bruce most gratifying to his
vanity, but to be told that another woman
was simply making a fool of him was
hurtful to that same vanity, and it
was now his turn to feel the blood rush
to his sunburnt cheek.

"Miss Lawrence is a refined and cultured
woman whose society I enjoy, and who
is good enough to seem to enjoy mine,"
was his stiff reply to poor Maysie,
who felt singularly rustic and ignorant
as he said it and fell to stirring up the
snow with her pretty foot. A moment
before she had been so pleased to meet
John, for it had been a long week since
he had come to see her, and she had
heard from 20 busy tongues like so many
pin pricks of his visits to the big white
house on the hill, where the beautiful
Miss Lawrence the belle of Youngtown,
was staying with Mrs. Ross, the judge's
wife. But Maysie was loyal and put
aside the pain in her heart to smile at him
when he had overtaken her on the way
from the village, hoping to wile him back
to his allegiance by the winsome ways
that had bound him before.

She had been a gay enough little coquette
until now, but all the joyous caprice
and fascination was gone with the
coming of this sorrowful conviction that
John was growing away from her. At
his sharp words now the tears rose to her
eyes, and she grew intent on her task
of stirring up the powdery snow, but John
paid no attention to the small, well
booted foot which he had praised in happier
times, nor, what was worse, to the
tears, but turned back pettishly with a
short goodby, leaving Maysie to go on
her way home alone, while he walked
hastily up the hill to where his enchantress
waited in the warm scented drawing
room, beside a glowing fire of coals,
and who welcomed the stalwart young
fellow with a languid smile that yet had
in it something of appreciation of his
handsome face and well knit figure.

Miss Lawrence had grown blase in the
several years that lay between her and
her school days, and had struck most of
the chords in men's hearts, but even her
jaded fancy was taken by John Stratton's
admiring blue eyes and his gentle
deference to her as a creature too fair
and dainty for everyday life, and she
exercised herself with an anxiety that
surprised her more than any else to keep
him by her side. She had heard of Maysie,
and with all the cruelty that lurks in
the feminine breast had found new zest
in the affair in consequence.

While John sat and talked and admired
in that warm parlor beside Miss
Lawrence, poor Maysie walked slowly
home, finding the world a sad, sad place,
and feeling for the first time in her short,
bright life that death was not a terrible
thing after all. With a pathetic honesty
she acknowledged that the woman that
had stolen her lover was very fair and
did not doubt her many charms to hold
him by her side, and as she thought of
the pale golden locks of that rival and
the violet eyes she felt that she hated
her own soft, brown hair and her eyes,
that John had once said were like wood-
land pools. As she choked up at this
remembrance a voice hailed her: "Why,
Maysie, going to walk right over a fellow-
hood? On your way home? Well, I think
I had better go with you or you will be
getting lost if you are so oblivious of a
6-footer like me."

Maysie started guiltily with a cry. The
speaker was Trueman Ellis, who worshiped
her ever since her babyhood, through
tyranny and discouragement on the part
of his ladylove. She had accepted his
devotion as she had other of the good
things of life, without a thought of what
it cost, and today, with a petulant
foreign to her sweet nature, she tore
her arm from the one in which he had
placed it and cried:

"Oh, how you startled me! No, I
don't want company, thank you." Then
as she saw his face fall her tender heart
prompted her to add: "I—I am not very
well, I think, and I would be poor
company for you, Trueman. Goodby." The
young man stood still in the path
where she left him, his own heart sore
for the little creature who had been so
bright and gay, for he, too, had seen
how often John Stratton had gone to the
judge's of late, and he knew why poor
Maysie was "not very well, and would
be poor company" for the first time in
her life. But what could he do? So
with a sigh he stood and watched the
little figure in the brown cloak walk
wearily on to the old farmhouse by the
river, where she was the petted darling
of the elderly father and mother, who had
only her left of the crowd of little ones that

had once made bright the low, wide
rooms and old fashioned garden.

That night the judge's home was
brilliant with many lights, for Miss
Lawrence had organized amateur theatricals
to entertain her time in Cloverdale, and
the elite of the place was to assist in them.
To John Stratton had been given a part
with the beauty herself, and he was full
of pride and pleasure with never a
thought of the pathetic face that had
looked into his that snowy evening. In
the old farmhouse Maysie sat disconsolate,
with her thoughts far away at that
bright scene in which she had no share,
picturing Miss Lawrence more beautiful
than ever, and in John's blue eyes
that look of devotion that had stolen her
own heart away. The old people nodded
before the fire, and at last Maysie
could stand it no longer, but throwing
on her long brown cloak with its close
hood made her way to the hill on which
stood the judge's mansion.

Her only thought was to see for herself
what John was doing and to pierce
her heart with the sight of her rival's
charms. So she never saw the figure
that followed her, amazed to see her out
in the cold night. On she went, and
reaching the house took her place close
to one of the long windows opening on
to the snow covered lawn, there to press
her small, pale face close to the glass
and peer in at the busy figures who, the
theatricals over, were dancing to the
music of the band, the notes of which
Maysie never will forget to the end
of her life. Once she came near being
detected, for Miss Lawrence, leaning on
John Stratton's arm, opened the window
by which she crouched, saying aloud
that the air of the room was oppressive
for all it was so cold outside. But, hid-
ing under a rose tree that gripped her
with its thorns, Maysie was unseen in
the brief moment it pleased the capricious
belle to stand in the icy air.

They went away after that, and the
poor girl saw John, who did not dance,
leaning against the wall looking after
Miss Lawrence, waltzing with another
man, with his heart in his eyes. But all
at once the unseen watcher saw the lady
clasp her hand suddenly about her
throat, with the gesture of one who had
missed something, and then the dance
came to an end, while every one joined
in the search for the lost object. Miss
Lawrence went hastily to the window,
and throwing it open said in her high,
clear voice, "I must have dropped it
when I stood here." And then before
Maysie could spring away—a movement
all the company saw—she was seized by
the arm, her rival's fingers closing on the
tender flesh with a strength that held
her fast.

"You have my diamond cross, girl, and
are now trying to run away with it,"
and dragged the terror stricken child
into the midst of the gayly dressed assembly.

"Give it to me at once, and you can go
free for all I care," said Miss Lawrence,
pitying in spite of herself the white faced
little creature whom she had often seen
gazing after her with such wistful eyes
that could not, however, touch her into
leaving her lover. Maysie turned her
face to John, who stood amazed and be-
wildered, looking from one to the other,
for he thought that Miss Lawrence must
have some grounds for her accusation,
but never darting to Maysie's side, as she
half expected him to do. The poor girl
turned sick and blind and would have
fallen to the floor, but at that moment
an indignant voice behind caused her and
all the company to give their attention
to Trueman Ellis.

"How dare you accuse that young lady
of theft! Do you not know who this is?
This is Miss Maysie Bruce, who is in-
capable of the act as an angel in heaven.
And look. Is not that your cross caught
in the lace of your bosom?"
Miss Lawrence looked down and flush-
ing all over her face disengaged the
jewel from the torn place in the lace,
then stammered out an apology to faint-
ing Maysie, but Trueman Ellis paid no
heed, but passing his arm about his poor
little love led her from the room. John
Stratton followed and would have taken
her from him with tender words of con-
trition, for in that moment he had found
out that he loved Maysie and that the
glamour thrown over him by Miss
Lawrence was but for an hour, but Trueman
sternly put him aside, and Maysie, bury-
ing her face in her true lover's breast,
would not look at him, but, clinging to
Trueman, let him lead her home.

Miss Lawrence found to her chagrin
that she had lost her whilom lover and
went home in a few days carrying a
memory with her that did not fade soon.
John sought Maysie the next day and
pleaded with her to give him back the
love he had slighted, but though she for-
gave him readily enough, for her nature
was too sweet to bear resentment, the
recollection of his averted face in her
hour of need was too fresh for her to
ever restore him to his old place in her
heart, and in the spring she married
Trueman Ellis, who had won her that
dreadful night.—Willa Lloyd Jackson in
Philadelphia Times.

Why New York Women Feel Weary.
When an old lady like the English
queen takes up the study of Hindostanee
and masters it sufficiently to converse
with the reserved high caste princesses
of the east, who object to the presence
of the male interpreter during audience
with their sovereign, and a heartbroken,
middle aged woman like the empress of
Austria acquires ancient and modern
Greek to the extent of talking and writ-
ing it fluently, it makes a New York
woman a little weary to think she can't
keep up her school French or find time
to read the magazines.—New York Sun.

Juvenile Amenities.
Envious Boy (on foot)—I know why
that there thing is called a safety.
Proud Boy (on bicycle)—Why?
Envious Boy—Cause any fool kin ride
it without fallin' off.—Good News.

A Superlative.
Professor in Female Seminary—Define
quintessence.
Sweet Miss Prunes—I—I believe it
is a superlative kind of juice.—Buffalo
Express.

New York Society in Wartime.

Out of the great excitement of the war
grew a fantastic gaiety, a wild sort of
Carmagnole frenzy. Society did strange
things. Women would dance the german
at a fashionable New York party with
their hair hanging in long streamers down
their backs, while the young men would
seize those beautiful tresses for reins
and drive the fair women with imitation
whips. Everybody was half mad. And
after the war was over these women, to
whom philanthropy had become a busi-
ness, found it hard to return to the com-
mon everyday work of life. So Mrs. S.
M. K. Barlow, one of the best and nob-
lest of human beings, suggested that
we should help the south. We went to
work again at the dramatic committee
and invoked Mr. Wallace. Mr. Jerome
lent us the theater, and we really did
some very good works, producing plays
which were not stumbled through, but
had some resemblance to the real thing.

The money we made went to the cler-
gymen of the south, who wrote of in-
dividual cases of distress. It was our
pleasure to save the lives of sick chil-
dren who needed more delicate food than
their poor mothers could otherwise have
procured. We used to receive most touch-
ing letters. This was the first effort at
reconstruction attempted and carried
through successfully. We tried to fol-
low Grant at Appomattox and to be
worthy of the last words of Lincoln.—
Mrs. M. E. Sherwood in Lippincott's.

The Original Four Hundred.

It is generally thought that the saying
that the only people in New York worth
knowing can be numbered by 400 was
originated by Ward McAllister, but it
can be found in the Bible. Acts v. 36,
which speaks of Theudas boasting him-
self to be somebody, to whom a number
of men, about 400, joined themselves,
who were scattered and brought to
naught. The verse referred to reads as
follows, "For before these days rose up
Theudas, boasting himself to be some-
body, to whom a number of men, about
400, joined themselves, who were slain,
and all, as many as obeyed him, were
scattered and brought to naught."

Another verse worth mentioning in
this connection is from I Samuel xxii, 2,
"And every one that was in distress, and
every one that was in debt, and every
one that was discontented, gathered
themselves unto him, and he became a
captain over them, and there were
with him about 400 men."—Keystone.

The Abbreviation of Zoological.

The tendency among English people to
clip long words into short ones, or even
into monosyllables, is notorious. Thus
"cabriolet" has become cab, "omnibus"
bus and so on. But the change of "zoo-
logical" into zoo is, to any one who knows
the origin of the word, the most exasper-
ating of all, and yet we now meet
with "zoo" in well written journals, and
I see the word being advertised as the
title of a book.

There is another variation, which comes
simply from bad pronunciation, as when
a cockney holiday maker tells you he
has been to the "slogical." If "zoo-
logical" is to undergo a shortening, like
that which has befallen "omnibus" and
"cabriolet," let it at least become zoo.
This would be correct as far as it went
and would not be so exasperating as the
detestable zoo.—Cor. Notes and Queries.

Buying a Rare Book.

A good story was told on Sam Mc-
Conaha at a certain book store the other
day. During the holiday rush he went
out to buy a book for his little girl. He
went from one book store to another and
said, "I want a nice holiday edition of
'The Prodigal Son.'" No one seemed to
have the book. When Sam went home,
he did not say anything to his wife, as
the book was intended as a surprise
Christmas present. The next day he de-
termined to go in further quest of the
book. But it was not to be found. The
fun of it is Sam wanted "The Pilgrim's
Progress," and somehow he got names
mixed. He said the thing flashed across
his mind in a dream two nights before
Christmas, and he then got the book that
he wanted.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Efficacy of "Chlorobrom."

A combination to which the name of
chlorobrom has been given—a solution
containing 30 grains of chloralamide and
a similar amount of potassium bromide,
in an ounce of menstruum—has come
into considerable favor, according to
some of the foreign journals, as an effi-
cacious preventive of seasickness on
short voyages. The passenger is recom-
mended to take a podophyllin pill for
one or two nights before the date of sail-
ing, and when on board to remain for a
time, before rough water is reached, in
a horizontal position with eyes shut, and
to take no food on short trips.

Powdered Foods.

Many artificial baby foods are manu-
factured and sold in concentrated form.
For example, products advertised as
"substitutes for mother's milk" are
made from cow's milk, to which is added
a sufficient quantity of sugar to cor-
respond with the constituents of mother's
milk. The water is removed from the
mixture in vacuo, leaving a fine white
powder, which is put up in packages.
Finely powdered wheat flour and other
nutritious vegetable elements are added
in more elaborate preparations.—San
Francisco Examiner.

Poor Business in a Theater.

When Charles Yale was experiencing
wretched business during one week in
the south, a brother manager asked if
the people were treating him right.

"It's frightful," replied Mr. Yale.
"Last night was the worst I ever heard
of. I never imagined it could be so bad.
All records for small receipts were
smashed."
"How is it tonight?"
"Fifteen dollars less than last night."
—New York Evening Sun.

An Affecting Scene.

Mr. Younghusband—Darling, you have
been weeping. What is it, my sweetest
love?
Mrs. Younghusband—Horse radish—
Exchange.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



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