

ONLY THE GARMENT THAT YOU WORE.

Only the garment that you wore—
No more—
Lies buried here:
'Tis not your bed—
You are not dead!
Haply your radiant spirit now
Hovers above me as I bow
O'er this green mound, this sacred ground!

But oh, the eye of sense doth see
Of thee
Nought now, alas!
But ever turns
Its gaze, that yearns
For thee, upon this grass-grown mound
That holds within its narrow bound
The veil soul wore on earth—no more!

—Mary Norton Bradford.

Ruth's Father-in-Law.

A CURIOUS trade to take to, but then it has grown to be profitable. Things were at low ebb with me when I took it up. I was at my wife's end for something to do, and at nibbling my nails one day, grumbling horribly.

"Don't go on like that, Tom," says my wife; "things might be worse."

"How?" I said.

"Why, we might have Luke at home, and he is doing well."

Luke's our boy, you know, and we had got him into a merchant's office, where he seemed likely to stay.

"Things can't be worse," I said angrily; when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," I said, and a fellow lodger put in his head.

"Are you good at works, Mr. Smith?" he said.

"Middling," I said, for I was fond of pulling clocks to pieces, and trying to invent.

"I wish you would come and look at this sewing machine of mine, for I can't get it to go."

I got up to look at it, and after about an hour's fiddling about, I began to see a bit of reason why. I had some dinner with those people, and they forced half a crown upon me as well, and I went back feeling like a new man, so refreshing had been that bit of work. The very next day the folks from the next house wanted me to look at theirs, and then the news spreading, as news will spread, that there was somebody who could cobble and tinker machinery, without putting people to the expense that makers would, the jobs came in so fast that I was obliged to get files and drills and a vice—regular set of tools by degrees; and at last I was as busy as a bee from morning to night, and whistling over my work as happy as a king.

Next we got to supplying shuttles and needles and machine cotton. Next I bought a machine of a man who was tired of it. Next week I bought another and another, and sold them; then got to taking them and money in exchange for new ones, and one way and the other became a regular big dealer as you see. I've got at least 300 on the premises, while if anybody had told me fifteen years ago that I should be doing this, I should have laughed at him.

That pretty girl showing and explaining the machine to a customer? That's Ruth, that is. No, not my daughter—yet, but she soon will be. Poor girl, I always think of her and of bread thrown upon the waters at the same time. Curious idea, that, you will say, but I'll tell you why. In our trade we have strange people to deal with. Most of 'em are poor and can't buy a machine right off, but are ready and willing to pay so much a week. That suits them and it suits me, if they'll only keep the payments up to the end.

The way I've been bitten by some folk has made me that case-hardened that sometimes I've wondered whether I've got any heart left, and the wife's had to interfere, telling me I've been spoiled with prosperity, and grown unfeeling. It was she made me give away about Ruth, for one day, after having had my bristles all set up by finding out that three sound machines, by best makers, had gone nobody knew where, who should come into the shop but a lady-like looking woman in very shabby widow's weeds. She wanted a machine for herself and daughter to learn, and said she had heard I would make the money by installments. Now half an hour before, by our shop clock, I had made a vow that I'd give up all that part of the trade, and I was rough with her—just as I am when I'm cross—and said, "No."

"But you will if the lady gives security," says my wife, hastily.

The poor woman gave such a woe-begone look at us that it made me out of temper more than ever, for I could feel that if I stopped to consider I should have to let her have one at her own terms. And so it was; for I let her have a first-class machine, as good as new, she only paying seven and six

down, and undertaking to pay half a crown a week, and no more security than nothing!

To make it worse, too, I sent the thing home without charge, Luke going with it, for he was back at home now keeping my books, being grown into a fine fellow of five-and-twenty.

I sat down and growled the whole of the rest of the day, calling myself all the weak-named idiots under the sun, and telling the wife that business was going to the dogs, and I should be ruined.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tom," she said.

"So I am," says I. "I didn't think I could be such a fool."

"Such a fool as to do a good kind action to one who was evidently a lady born, and come down in the world."

"Yes," I says, "to live in Bennett's place, where I've sunk no less than ten machines in five years."

"Yes," says the wife, "and cleared hundreds of pounds, Tom, I'm ashamed of you—you a man with twenty workmen busy upstairs, a couple of thou-



"WHERE'S THE SEVEN AND SIX?"

sand pounds' worth of stock, and in the bank a—"

"Hold your tongue, will you?" I said roughly, and went out into the shop to try and work it all off.

Luke came back soon after, looking very strange, and I went to him directly.

"Where's the seven and six?" I says angrily.

He didn't answer but put three half-crowns down on the desk, took out the book, made his entries—date of delivery, first payment, when the other due, and all the rest of it—and was then going into the house.

"Mind," I says sharply, "those payments are to be kept up to the day, and tomorrow you go over to the Rolly's who live nearly opposite to 'em and tell 'em to keep an eye on the window, or we shall lose another machine."

"You needn't be afraid, father," he said coldly, "they are honest enough, only poor."

I was just in that humor that I wanted to quarrel with somebody, and that did it.

"When I ask you for your opinion, young man, you give it to me, and when I tell you to do a thing, you do it," I says, in as savage a way as ever I spoke to the lad. "You go over tomorrow and tell Rolly to keep a strict lookout on those people—do you hear?"

"Father," he says, looking me full in the face, "I couldn't insult them by doing such a thing," when, without another word, he walked quietly out of the shop, leaving me worse than ever.

It was about 8 o'clock that I was sitting by the parlor fire, with the wife working and very quiet, when Luke came in from the workshop with a book under his arm, for he had been tending up the men's piece-work, and what was due to them, and the sight of him made me feel as if I must quarrel.

He saw it, too, but he said nothing, only put the accounts away and began to read.

The wife saw the storm brewing, and she knew how put out I was. For I had not yet lit my pipe, nor yet had my evening nap, which I always have after tea. So she did what she knew so well how to do—filled my pipe, forced it into my hand, and just as I

was going to dash it to pieces in the ashes, she gave me one of her old looks, kissed me on the forehead, as with one hand she pressed me back into my chair, and then with the other she lit a splint and held it to my tobacco.

I was done. She always got over me like that, and after smoking in silence for half an hour, I was lying back, with my eyes closed, dropping off to sleep, when the wife said (what had gone before I hadn't heard),—

"Yes, he's now asleep."

That, of course, woke me up, and if I didn't lie there shamming and heard all they said in a whisper!

"How came you to make him more vexed than he was, Luke?" says the wife, and he told her.

"I couldn't do it, mother," he said excitedly. "It was heart-breaking. She's living in a wretched room there with her daughter, and mother, when I saw her I felt as if—there! I can't tell you."

"Go on, Luke," she said.

"They're half starved," he said, in a husky way. "Oh, mother, it's horrible! Such a sweet, beautiful girl, and the poor woman herself, dying almost with some terrible disease." The wife sighed. "They told me," he went on, "how hard they had tried to live by ordinary needlework, and failed, and that as a last resource they had tried to get the machine."

"Poor things!" said the wife; "but are you sure the mother was a lady?"

"A clergyman's widow," said Luke, hastily; "there isn't a doubt about it. Poor girl! and they've got to learn to use it before it will be of any use."

"Poor girl, Luke!" says the wife, softly; and I saw through my eyelashes that she laid a hand upon his arm, and was looking at him curiously, when, if he didn't cover his face with his hands, rest his elbows on the table, and give a low groan! Then she got up, stood behind his chair like the foolish old mother would.

"Mother," he says suddenly, "will you go and see them?"

She didn't answer for a minute, only stood looking down at him, and then said softly,—

"They paid you the first money?"

"No," he said hotly, "I hadn't the heart to take it."

"Then, that money you paid was yours, Luke?"

"Yes, mother," he says simply; and those two looked one at the other till the wife bent down and kissed him, holding his head afterwards, for a few moments, between her hands; for she always did worship that chap, our only one; and then I closed my eyes tight, and went on breathing heavy and thinking.

For something like a new revelation had come upon me; I knew Luke was five-and-twenty, and that I was fifty-four, but he always seemed like a boy to me, and here was I waking up to the fact that he was a grown man, and that he was thinking and feeling as I first thought and felt when I saw his mother nigh upon twenty-eight years ago.

I lay back, thinking and telling myself I was very savage with him for deceiving me, and that I wouldn't have him and his mother laying plots together against me, and that I wouldn't stand by and see him make a fool of himself with the first pretty girl he set eyes on, when he might marry Maria Turner, the engineer's daughter, and have a nice bit of money with her, to put into the business, and then be my partner.

No, I says; if you plot together, I'll plot alone, and then I pretended to wake up, took no notice and had my supper.

I kept rather gruff the next morning, and made myself very busy about the place, and I dare say spoke more sharply than usual, but the wife and Luke were as quiet as could be; and about 12 I went out, with a little oil can, and two, or three tools in my pocket.

It was not far to Bennett's place, and, on getting to the right house, I asked for Mrs. Murray, and was directed to the second floor, where, as I reached the door, I could hear the clicking of my sewing machine, and whoever was there was so busy over it that she did not hear me knock; so I opened the door softly, and looked in upon as sad a scene as I shall ever, I dare say, see.

There in the bare room sat, asleep in her chair, the widow lady who came about the machine, and I could see that in her face which told plainly enough that the pain and suffering she must have been going through for years would soon be over; and, situated as she was, it gave me quite a turn.

"It's no business of yours," I said to myself, roughly; and I turned then to look at who was bending over my machine.

I could see no face, only a slight figure in rusty black; and a pair of busy white hands were trying very hard to govern the thing, and to learn how to use it well.

"So that's the gal, is it?" I said to myself. "Ah! Luke, my boy, you've got to the silly calf age, and I dare say—"

I got no further, for at that moment the girl started, and turned upon me a timid, wondering face, that made my

heart give a queer throb, and I couldn't take my eyes off her.

"Hush!" she said softly, holding up her hand; and I saw it was as thin and transparent as if she had been ill.

"My name's Smith," I said, taking out a screw-driver. "My machine, how does it go? Thought I'd come and see."

Her face lit up a moment, and she came forward eagerly.

"I am so glad you've come," she said. "I can't quite manage this."

She pointed to the thread-regulator, and the next minute I was showing her that it was too tight, and somehow, in a gentle, timid way, the little witch quite got over me, and I stopped there two hours helping her, till her eyes sparkled with delight, as she found out how easily she could now make the needle dart in and out of the hard material.

"Do you think you can do it now?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, I think so, I am so glad you came."

"So am I," says I, gruffly; "it will make it all the easier for you to earn the money, and pay for it."

"And I will work so hard," she said earnestly.

"That you will, my dear," I says, in spite of myself, for I felt sure it wasn't me speaking, but something in me. "Has she been ill long?" I said, nodding toward her mother.

"Months," she said, with the tears starting in her pretty eyes; "but," she added brightly, "I shall have enough with this to buy her good medicines and things she can fancy"; and as I looked at her, something in me said,—

"God bless you, my dear! I hope you will"; and the next minute I was going down stairs, calling myself a fool.

They thought I didn't know at home, but I did; there was the wife going over and over again to Bennett's place; and all sorts of nice things were made and taken there. I often used to see them talking about it, but I took no notice; and that artful scoundrel, my boy Luke, used to pay the half-crown every week out of his own pocket, after going to fetch it from the widow's.

And all the time I told myself I didn't like it, for I could see that Luke was changed, and always thinking of that girl—a girl not half good enough for him. I remembered being poor myself, and I hated poverty, and I used to speak harshly to Luke and the wife, and feel very bitter.

At last came an afternoon when I knew there was something wrong. The wife had gone out directly after dinner, saying she was going to see a sick woman—I knew who it was, bless you!—and Luke was fidgeting about, not himself; and at last he took his hat and went out.

"They might have confided in me," I said bitterly; yet all the time I knew that I wouldn't let them. "They'll be spending money—throwing it away. I know they've spent pounds on them already."

At last I got in such a way that I called down our foreman, left him in charge and took my hat and went after them.

Everything was very quiet in Bennett's place, for a couple of dirty, dejected looking women, one of whom was in arrears to me, had sent the children that played in the court away, because of the noise, and were keeping guard so that they should not come back.

I went up the stairs softly, and all was very still, only as I got nearer to the room I could hear a bitter, wailing cry, and then I opened the door gently, and went in.

Luke was there, standing with his head bent by the sewing machine; the wife sat in a chair, and on her knees, with her face buried in the wife's lap, was the poor girl, crying as if her little heart would break; while on the bed, with all the look of pain gone out of her face, lay the widow—gone to meet her husband where pain and sorrow are no more.

I couldn't see very plainly, for there was a mist like before my eyes; but I know Luke flushed up as he took a step forward, as if to protect the girl, and the wife looked at me in a frightened way.

But there was no need, for something that wasn't me spoke, and that in a very gentle way, as I stepped forward, raised the girl up, and kissed her pretty face before laying her little helpless head upon my shoulder, and smoothing her soft brown hair.

"Mother," says that something from within me. "I think there's room in the nest at home for this poor, forsaken little bird. Luke, my boy, will you go fetch a cat? Mother, will you go to what wants doing here?"

My boy gave a sob as he caught my hand in his, and the next moment he did what he had not done before for years—kissed me on the cheek—before running out of the room, leaving me with my darling nestling in my breast.

I said "my darling," for she has been the sunshine of our home ever since—a pale, wintry sunshine, while the sorrow was fresh, but spring and summer now.

Why, bless her! look at her. I've felt ashamed, sometimes, to think that she, a lady by birth, should come down to such a life, making me—well, no, it's us now, for Luke's my partner—no end

of money by her clever ways. But she's happy, thinking her husband that is to be the finest fellow under the sun; and let me tell you there is many a gentleman not so well off as my boy will be, even if the money has all come out of a queer trade.—Waverly Magazine.

FISHING IN FORMOSA.

Their Rods Superb, but Their Hooks Are Without Barbs.

Three of us, two Americans and one Japanese, started out in jinrikishas from Taipei, the modern capital of Formosa, or Taiwan, to go to the house of a wealthy gentleman about eight miles up the river which runs through the Valley of Taipei. The way led through a beautiful and fertile country, the valley covered with the second crop of rice and the hills with the famous Formosa tea shrub. After luncheon and after photographing some head-hunting savages we found there, we proposed to fish for salmon trout at an altitude less than 250 feet above sea level and in latitude about 24 degrees 40 minutes north, practically in the tropics. The temperature of the stream was about 70 or higher, and the water was well aerated. This stream, from sixty to 100 yards wide, is clear and full of rapids and riffles.

We used Japanese tackle—horsehair line and horsehair leader (the latter consisting of one strand only), a bamboo rod and a most delicate palmer tied on a small barbless hook. The rod is decidedly good, and, weight for weight, is stronger and a better caster than our jointed rod. It rarely weighs over four ounces—mine weighed about two—but the line is practically worth less for casting as we understand the term. The fly is perfect, but the hook lacks strength, and the fish when hooked may easily detach himself in a current or an eddy or by fouling the line. We all know how it is done from our experience with pinhook and thread in the brooks at home.

The Japanese, however, have another method of fishing, which may be as new to some of our readers as it was to me. It is quite successful. They catch one fish in any way they can, and then fasten the line securely through its upper jaw, passing it through the roof of the mouth and out at the top of the upper jaw, well in front of the eyes, and then attach through the body of the fish, not far in front of the tail, a horsehair, to which is tied a three-pronged barbless hook which trails in line with the fish and a few inches behind, while it is slowly worked up the stream by the fisherman. The theory is that other fishes, seeing the captive moving along as though feeding, or perhaps spawning, will pursue it and become impaled on the hooks. In point of fact, that does happen, as I saw a Chinaman take two fine trout in this manner.

Our success with the flies was poor. We got thirteen or fourteen fingerlings but we saw the fish we wished to identify caught in fairly good numbers by the Chinese fishing with decoys.—Forest and Stream.

DOLLS OF CLIFF DWELLERS.

Curious Discovery Recently Made in Prehistoric Houses in New Mexico.

Every year investigators are adding to the world's store of knowledge of the cliff dwellers, who once inhabited the southwestern portion of this continent.

Dr. R. W. Schuessler, while exploring the Puye and Shufinne cliff dwellings, a little less than thirty miles northwest of Santa Fe, made a peculiar discovery recently. He noticed a spot in the wall of different color than that of the tufa around it and investigated. With his pocketknife he dug into the soft stone and discovered a hole five inches in diameter and twelve inches deep, partly filled with mud, in which was mounted a face of obsidian that looked like a doll's head.

In the same hole with the doll was a small but highly polished turquoise. Dr. Schuessler investigated further. He found another hole of similar character, in which there were also a doll and a turquoise. After further search two more of these sealed openings were found, each of which contained a doll and a turquoise. One of these holes contained a piece of petrified resin, in which tooth marks indicates that it had been used much as the chewing gum of to-day is used. Under pressure from the fingers the resin powdered into dust. The probabilities are that the doll heads were idols, but the significance of burying them in the mesa walls and the presence of the turquoise are, of course, inexplicable.

The Usual Way.

Hicks—Why, he used to be a great friend of yours.

Wicks—Yes.

Hicks—How did you come to lose him?

Wicks—By giving him some friendly advice.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Thoughtless Parent.

"Made any proposals yet, Jane?"

"No. I almost made one last evening, but my insisted on staying in the room."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

About the time a girl celebrates her seventeenth birthday she likes to refer to herself as an old maid.