## GRAN'S OFFERING.

The warm September sun shone bright and full on the row of whitewashed cottages known as "Potter's Place." On every side shrill cries and clatter filled the air. Hoarse imprecations, with now and again a vulgar, mirthless laugh, arose from the open orways, mingled with the hot steamy breath of scapsuds, onlone and green

Unregenerate and sinewy urchins, in costumes rational enough so far as freedom of limb was concerned, settled long-standing differences mercilessly in dust; while white-headed, noisy s crowed lustily before the parental babitation, their garments apparently longer suffering from repeated ng than the sun-tanned faces of eir owners. The ladies of "Potter's Place," in different stages of a process mown to them as "cleaning," whether applied to persons or posse screamed commonplaces across their ective palings, interspersed with adicious threats and warnings to the ve branches without; while others. either advanced in or indifferent to the ration of domestic duties, solemn-iscussed the probabilities of the re-

Nur wet nur vine," quoth a pleas ant-voiced, rosy-cheeked woman, ading herself in friendly accents to er neighbor, "'t 'eodn't make nur a ha'porth o' difference to 'ee, Gran, I

The individual for whom these words were intended raised her quaintly sht-capped head and nodded knowly; then, placing her recently empmin on the ground beside her, she fell to contemplating the result of her especially bestowed care and at-

Upon a gentle slope before her, surrounded by a trailing wreath of crisp, green leaves, reposed a gigantic marrow. Just this one fruit by some trange fate had formed and ripened on xuriant and sturdy plant; but it had attained such perfect form and mous proportions that it had alit served to satisfy its owner-no east matter as a general rule. The harsh lines that time, discomfort and disconent had stamped upon the seared old face, half hidden beneath her frilled softened somewhat as she conplated the lordly produce of her arden patch.

"He do be a vine marrer!" continued the pleasant voice in its neighborly "Tha'lt never est he in a week o' Sundays, Gran."

The old woman looked up sharply; nething very like a smile quivered for a minute's space upon her thin,

Bless 'ee." came the shrill pipe of a enterprising youth from the roadway, we be a-gain' to eat he at the buryin', we be."

and might have passed unheeded had not Gran chosen to put a personal apation on the event mentioned, as on doubtless intended she should.

green, virulent light flashed in her d eyes, and she made ready to remly in language worthy of her reputation, while the women paused expectantly in their work, and the children waited in breathless anticipation of the

Still silence! The eyes of the onlookdered from Gran to the dusty se-beyond. A glimpse of swinging coat tails had become visible in ction, informing the watchers nate, the Rev. Frank Hilturned the corner of Potter's me was fast approaching.

an's mouth closed with a decided which, indeed, it had.

to a beautiful idea, the fact of a of noths dving away on the line rayman's presence became r: and it would have been beautiful had not Gran's the first of the list of appliblankets as usual this winter. ald have preferred to have rethe reverend gentleman in her by the fireside, for she had her ons for not wishing to display t activity: however, it was too beat a retreat at present, and ing satisfied her resentment by her flat at her young tormenseaned more heavily upon the carried, and moved feebly tosurprise when the curate's

right, Gran: I'm giad to se is fine day! The rhe we are feeling grate

ered old woman, who accepted all mercles as a matter of course, grum bling and sneering at the many blees ings dispensed to her? Not that he was discouraged or lacking in the faith necessary for the anticipation of some change in this erring but venerable soul, but it had occurred to him, as he looked compassionately down at the feeble, tottering old body before him. that perhaps, even today, the time might be growing short in which the earthly regeneration of Gran must be accomplished. Doubtless if the old lady had been able to give vent to her feelings in a few carefully chosen words before his arrival he might have met with a more inviting reception.

Had it occurred to her to ask herself why her pastor should lend an everwilling and sympathetic ear to the relation of her woes, she would have attributed it, doubtless, to want of wits on his part, arguing, in all probability. that, as this meek-spirited, easy-going individual had been established in some vague sort of way, to do his duty by such as she, she might as well avail herself of his services, just as she would have no scruple in drawing water from the village pump. Sometimes, indeed, she had wondered that he made no effort to assert himself, or, growing tired of extending the helping hand she now looked upon as a right, made no attempt to throw off the yoke which had grown in proportion to that of the Old Man of the Bea.

"But drot it!" she exclaimed in a burst of confidence to her neighbor. 'there's them as sort o' vansy it, bless ee, and num a one o' they upstartish gentry 'ood get to heaven ef so be it warnt fur us poor folk."

To sum up her estimation in a few words, the parson was but a poor creature at best; but what would be expected from one who was apparently unable to see through the most barefaced of her little tricks and devices?

Today her list of wose was grievous and plentiful. She felt sure that the messenger had helped herself freely from the generous weekly basket supplied her from the vicarage. The pudding had not suited the remarkable style of digestion peculiar to herself, of which process she included a detailed account; also it was evident that the annual distribution of Mankets rould not take place till so late in the year that she was sure the poor bodies would be starved with cold before they came into their property. Her visito proposed to see into the matter.

"And they coals, sir," she added with a plaintive wall of mingled injury and indignation, "ef so be the kind isdies as yound thic there coal money was to hear on the sinful waste o' they coaled- Coal," she continued scornfully, "po more o' coal than thiccy chunk o' rock."

The curate expressed his sorrow, but Gran was not so easily checked. It was not for her to say where the fault lay, but they that had the spending of the money should know best.

"By've a zight o' vine doin's to look to, sir," she added, with self-conscious resignation, "wi'out heedin' the troubles on the likes o' us poor folk."

"Gran!" came a sharp voice of indignation from the gateway. "Gran, you wicked old woman, how dare you say such abominably ungrateful things! Then as the speaker, entering the wicket, approached them, she added: "It's a wonder you aren't struck dumb on the spot, indeed it is. At any rate, you may be sure it's not for the want of deserving it."

Gran gave a shamefaced little cour tesy as these words fell unexpectedly upon her ear, and at the same time the curate lifted his hat, to all appearances shocked, if not a little pained.

"It was a pity." he thought-that is the was so very pretty, Miss Doreen Rivers and working so energetically in the parish, too; but how could she expect these poor souls to learn to control their tongues if she made no effort to control her own language? Still Gran accepted the reproof with surprising meekness, even though it were possible that the visitor's open basket suggested the best ten and other luxuries. Yet the loss of a tongue was a somewhat sobering prophecy even to Gran.

"Bless 'ee, miss, I meant nur harm, she faltered apologetically, "though hardened old reprobate as the t'aint for the like o' I say nur a word ag'in-

> "No. Gran," remarked Miss Rivers with emphasis, "it certainly is not, and in the future."

The curate frowned. She was hard had half suspected it for some time -had even received instructions from the people themselves in respect to her inflexibility upon a matter of pawned coal tickets. To come among these numbled cottage folk and fail to help and cheer them was unsatisfactory nough, but to bully the long-suffering entures during her visit-the idea was intolerable. He must speak to the roung woman on the subject, and at the first opportunity. Not a very pleasint ordeal, he considered. On the whole he might have found it easier if her eyes had not been such a very trustful

ort of bise." "Re so be as I've said aught to oftend the gentle

a low, mumbiting voice. of avail, or it wo

of feeling in her tones. "Wouldn't you like to do something to please him, for

The old woman glanced at the shrewdly. She half-suspected a plot. "Come to the harvest thanksgiving on Sunday," continued the speaker per sussively. "Surely you've something you are grateful for?" Her eye roved ound the tiny garden in search of in spiration.

"He do be a vine marrer," murmur Gran, following the direction of her giance.

"It is indeed." agreed Miss Rivers admiringly. "Well, then, your beautiful marrow."

The curate thought it advisable to as sist her at this point. It was by no means a high-minded suggestion that Gran should go to church in order to please him, or that, once there, she should proceed to give thanks for the solitary vegetable that graced her garien; but after all Miss Rivers had made some headway, and that was everything with Gran. He resolved to carry off the situation as lightly as possible.

"I know now," he volunteered, with a laugh, "what the poet meant by 'a winsome marrow; it certainly does Gran credit. We return thanks on Sunday." he continued gravely, "for all such gifts of God-the kindly fruits of the canth,

in fact "That he be," interposed the eld wo man excitedly, "he be my marrer, the fruit o' the earth and no mistake."

"It is really the finest I have eve en," asserted the woman visitor with the air of a connoisseur.

Gran's eyes sparkled with pleasure Maybe as I'll come o' Sunday arter all," she allowed, graciously.

At this juncture the pleasant-faced neighbor, Mrs. Jordan, requested an interview with the curate, if beckoning to him by means of the infant on he arm could be so called. It was now fixed, she joyfully proceeded to an sounce—the master had graciously con ented to the baptism of the baby.

It was a victory indeed; Mr. Jordan having proved himself so far a very tough custon

"Nur could the master do less, I say," his wife averred stoutly, "beein' the lovely robe as the young woman give to the little 'un. An' hur standin' for him serself, so she be. God bless her!"

Bribery! The curate's eye flashed wift sad glance of intelligence toward Poreen, who blushed scarlet. Now would follow the opportunity for

the administration of judicious rebuke. "You seem to have more faith in the pplication of the material than the piritual, Miss Rivers," he observed dryly, when they had left the cottage

far behind them. She was hurt, yet she did not allow im to perceive it.

"It seems to me," she ventured apolgetically, "that the vulgar mind must be influenced in a vulgar way."

He made no reply, though she evidently awaited one. Should he waste an answer upon her? She had called them vulgar. There remained nothing more to be said. After all, he considered, she was a mere child (a very pretty child and not without a certain charm of her own), but unfitted for the work

"But the Jordans," she ventured pres ently as though reading his thoughts at least we have conquered them after

"It was the only way!" There was strange pathetic note in her voice that caused hi mto peer into her blue eyes a little anxiously. They were curiously misty he fancied. It was to be hoped she did not intend to cry. Oh, these women helpers, they were more difficult to mange than a whole parish full of poor folk! Then it fiashed across him that she at least, had succeeded where he had failed, and that he could not do otherwise than confess it like a man. At once Doreen grew radiant. There was no question of tears now, He looked again into her eyes to see if they were still misty in appearance. It would he as well to know, for future reference should the occasion arise.

Doreen, not understanding his motive, blushed undenlably, Even now he found himself unabl

to decide this important question, and forthwith fell to wondering whether she was aware of his views respecting the marriage of clergy? Perhaps it would be only fair to let her know that he, for one, had devoted his whole so I think you had better keep silent heart to his work, and that the accomplishment of his duty was, and always would be, his first ambition and object on these poor souls, he thought—he in life. After all, there was plenty of time yet to tell her this. She would not take an interest in him as quickly

One thing was certain, he must break himself of that abourd curlosity respecting her eyes. Meanwhile, what was it he had wished to say to her? But there was no mention of her harsh treatment of her parishioners that day On the afternoon before the eventful Sunday, Gran, leaning upon the arm of her kindly neighbor, Mrs. Jordan, took a trial trip to the church. The quaint

old figure, in her funeral bonnet and gale showl, having passed through the orch, surveyed the interior of the uilding with breathless interest not amined with awe. Out from the im ases of fragment blos brightened the quaint out cary. to table of the Lord with glory.

But these vegetables had not as yet en assigned to their place of honor. They lay together with Gran's, which had been carefully initiated, in a confused heap in the porch, where the heery voice of the vicar was plainly audible holding a curiously one-sided onersation with some person un wen. To what giorious distinction might not this wonderful marrow obtain? With a detaining hand on her companion's arm, Gran drew back into the shadow to listen. Perhaps she might even hear it said that the Lord had deigned to

accept her offering! Who could tell? "It's not the least use, Miss Rivers, the vicar was saying. "I really cannot have the church turned into a green procer's shop, and an indifferent green grocer's at that"

Here a woman's voice made itself heard protesting faintly, but the manly tones continued: "Didn't you know what was overheard in the church last year? Some woman, a dissenter, too, of all people, likened the place to a big advertisement for seeds. Scandalous, wasn't it! And it really won't do, you know. It really won't do at all."

"But the vegetables are sent by the poor," pleaded his listener's voice soft-

"Well, it can't be helped," was the decided answer. "The church cannot be made into a market garden to please any amount of poor people. John"--in well known accents of command-"put all the absurd vegetables into a wheelharrow and cart them down to the hosoftel with my compliments. I do dehere," he added in confidential tones, that they would like to fill the whole place with green stuff if I didn't draw he line somewhere. As it is, the effect of our fire brasswork is entirely lost among the flowers."

"And on Sunday." ventured the soft mice gently, "we are going to thank God for His flowers as well as oursolves for our brasswork."

The vicer gianced sharply at the speaker, but the eyes that met his ze were purely, trustfully blue, and the face upturned to his innocent as a flower. No sarcasm could have been inended-Doreen Rivers was but a child! The marrows had disappeared in the direction of the hospital, when Gran crept sliently from the porch leading

seavily on the arm of her friend. "Tha'it do it fine tomorrow, Gran," quoth Mrs. Jordan, alluding to the

"I bain't agoin' to try," observed Gran oracularly. "He've eyes and ears, Zarah, same as I have, bain't 'e?"

Mrs. Jordan signified that this the case. "Then 'ee see what come o' my mar-

There was something so bitterly resigned about Gran's tones that her companion grew nervous. "Do 'ee cuss a bit now, Gran," she

suggested tenderly; "maybe t'ood ease ee like!" "Cuss!" exclaimed Gran in accents of tragic scorn; "cuss, Zarah! where

ood I vind the blessed language for it?" And Mrs. Jordan could make no sug-It chanced that Miss Rivers and the curate met again at the cottage of their

protege some few days later. Frank Hilton, his brow clouded by the knowldge of failure and disappointment, was listening with almost superhuman patience to Gran's shrill tirade. "Aye, there be places enough for the gentle-folk in thic there church," she

was exclaiming in her high-pitched treble as Doreen entered, "but nur a corner fur the like o' I. Nur a corner." she continued, scarcely pausing to take breath. "The rich folks' fruits is hung high enow. The ladies as dance arould wi' thicey decoratin' an' gimercrackery sees to that, I reckon. Howsumdever, the Lord bain't stakin' nur stock o' their winderpane pineapples an' their drotted gardeners' toomytoes." "Why, what is the meanig of this?" exclaimed the lady visitor in surprise.

Frank Hilton did not offer to explain. and Gran showed a tendency to sullen-"Meaning enow," she remarked re luctantly. "The Lord 'codn't accept o'

my marrer." The curate's eyes sought those of Do reen. He hoped vaguely that she would not laugh. He felt that had she done so he could have hated her then, and

The pretty face softened with ready

"Oh, no, Gran!" she cried. "Burely you are mistaken." "I bain't," returned that individual

with the dogged determination of second childhood. "But supposing." suggested Doreet

after a pause, "that you did not offer your gift in the right way?" The old woman looked up in surprise. "I think," pursued Miss thoughtfully, "that you should have sold your marrow and given the m

as a thank offering. And there is still time, you may even do so now." Gran heard her with suppressed exitement.

"Bell 'un!" she exclaimed with anination. "Drot it, this there parson

"But there was a lady," began Do lame, upon whom her impressive man er was beginning to tell, "who thought she had never seen so fine a marrow as yours." Here Gran brightened visibly,

ence in payment. Of course, it is the soney, Gran, and not the marrow, that till be most useful to the Lord." od forth a withered dem seive the professed pense.

childish eagerness, her past grievances all forgotetn in this new interest.

And yet she wondered why both visitors smiled.

tunity for her enlightenment on his view of clerical marriages.

"Gran has you to thank for her hapyour help." His companion murmured blushing protest, but he continued:

sympathetic woman can, by some breakfast." strange, subtle instinct, reach the hearts of these poor ignorant souls in ad off gayly. Her little boots creaked do. I thank you, Doreen," he continued away. earnestly, "for this lesson (did he know that he had called her Doreen?) ma?" Mr. Treat threw one arm around and also for your unfailing assistance his wife as she came to the door, and at times when I have been downcast they both stood looking at Susan Hunt by repeated failure, for," he aded din as long as her scarlet jacket made the despondent apology, "even the sower most vivid mark in the clear blue and loses heart when continually traversing white day. barren ground."

her mind

"No one walked with the sower to tread in the seed," she ventured halfwhispering, "perhaps if they had"-He gave her one quick, incredulous

"Doreen," he exclaimed with suppressed feeling, "I too have many a weary mile of sowing to accomplish, through thorns and tangles, hill dale, and by the wayside-and-and, Doreen, I love you! Have you the courage?-God willing, will you walk with the sower?"

And she answered softly, "God willng, all the way!"

The service on Sunday morning was weary work to Gran.

"When 'll they come to bag 'un?"

she inquired audibly, referring to the future destination of her gift. And Mrs. Jordan, who had been reg ular in her church atendance before falling in with her unworthy spouse, successfully hushed her with a series of shocked frowns and awestruck whispers. The pence clinked a running accompaniment in the palm of Gran's rusty glove as the vicar prayed on that God, 'who alone worketh great marvels," should bless the clergy. Then followed the sermon, and at length the long-looked-for moment arrived when the alms bag should be handed

With due solemnity the old woman dropped in her fourpence slowly one by one following with her eyes the progres sof the sidesman to whom she had intrusted her precious treasure, until he returned from his duty, empty handed. Still Gran's gase was bent eastward,

to Gran.

a little wistfully. "He be right enow," whispered her companion touching her arm imperatively. "He be right enow, Gran; kneel, can't ee?" And with a little

half-sigh of satisfaction Gran knelt. Through the solemn words of the enediction, and the impressive silence that followed it-through the slight rustle of the stirring congregation, and the first soft, half sobbing notes of the organ-Gran knelt, her face buried in her shabby gloves, the sable plume nodding mournfully in her sombre satin bonnet. The people streamed forth from the pews and Mrs. Jordan, con- under such romantic circumstances clous of a vague sen

whispered impatiently, "Gran!" But in vain may call the voices of her hope, had followed her first thank-of- claimed all the honor for that.-Chifering to her Maker.-Temple aBr.

Powerful Field Guns.

The ordnance department of the army has received from the Driggs-Seabury number of parts, simplicity of con-wouldn't have made use of it. struction and the total absence of all "No matter what it means," said the screws, so that the mechanism can be squire, who is an intensely patriotic assembled or disassembled without the American, "it's a foreign name and use of any special tools. The extrac. she had no business calling you it. I'll tion of the empty cartridge case is a fine her for it." unique feature, being more powerful what is known as a minimum recoil court." carriage, as designed by the Driggs "Well, I'll hold her for court, then," company. The general appearance of the squire declared. this carriage is not unlike the ordinary service carriage used in the army, but can do that," he was told. has the addition of a recoil cylinder, by which the gun is permitted to recoil independent of the trail. It is also mount- the act." ed higher than the 3.3-inch field guns of the army, so that it may be utilised above a parapet. On either side of the trail is a tread for the gun pointer, and shoulder bar similar in shape to that used on the navy mount, so, to all intents and purposes, the gun operates sen, with a shy glance at the old the same as if mounted in a fixed position, while it can be readily disconeted from the bolts of the parapet, and used in any other part of the for- court finds out what the darnation to tification or in the field along the beach in the same manner as any ordinary Sold gun. Little Plorre, & French boy, wen

ut to walk with his father in the road, and was badly frightened by a drove of

father asked. "Why, you eat such Prussie, had never seen a ballet tures as that at dinner, you know,"
for, pape," said Pierre, "but these

POUND IN A MINE

"You must be very careful when you are walking out alone, Sarah," Dorsen and the curate left the cottage Harry W. Treat, owner of the Van together. Here, then, was the oppor- Anda Mine, to his girl guest from New York, "because the snow often covers a mine shaft or other opening. There have been serious accidents to tenderpiness," he said with some feeling, "and feet that walk where miners fear to I, too, am greatly indebted to you for tread," he laugher, "so keep your wits about you."

"I will," she replied. "The best ones "You have taught me the value of I have. The new set sharpened and your work among these poor people. made keen by use in the Norwest. You have shown me that a true and Goodby. I'm off for a walk before

She waved him a farewell and startway that we men can never hope to in the snow as she strode sturdily

"That's a nice girl, isn't she, mam-

"Yes, she is: and do you know, But Doreen, too, had something upon Harry"-Mrs. Treat's voice sank to the note of confidence-'T've been thinking wouldn't it be nice if she could fall in love with Will Christopher oror somebody-and stay up here in Vansouver. It would be a great change for a New York society girl, of course, out-I wonder where Will Christopher is, anyway? He was coming up here to call on her last evening. Did he write or send word to you why no didn't come? He didn't? That's funny. I thought he had better manners?" Mrs. Treat turned and went inside the house, her pretty face showing s mark of vexation over the failure of her husband's partner to live up to

her idea of him. In the meantime Sarah Hunt walked along, serenely unconscious of her friend's match-making designs. The weather was clear, crisp and beautiful, and she felt as happy as a lass with a good conscience and easy shoes can feel out for a walk on a breezy mornng. Suddenly she stopped stock still and listened. A faint "Hello!" came

from somewhere on her right. "Help!" It came more distinctly, and she called in reply: "What is the matter?" 'as she ran

oward the sound. A disused shaft yawned up at her, and it seemed to the man lying with a broken leg in the half-frozen water at its depth that the face bending over the edge so anxiously was loveller than se had ever seen before.

"I have been here all night," he said, with new courage, "and if-" but she was gone, and he wondered miserably if she had not been but a creature of als dreams after all. But in a few minutes she returned with a coil of ope from the dilapidated shaft house near by, and tying one end to a tree passed the other down to him.

An hour later Harry Treat and his wife came up to them. The long absence of their guest had alarmed them and sent them out to look for her. They found her kneeling on the ground trying to revive an unconscious man.

"Will Christopher!" they exclaimed together, and as he opened his eyes Mrs. Treat exclaimed:

"So that is where you were!"

When the young couple who had met kissed the bride:

"It has all happened just as I intendearthly neighbors, for Gran's soul, fill- ed it should." But she did not mean ed with a new sense of gratitude and the rescue from the mine at all. Fate cago Journal.

The Squires' Dilemma.

A justice of the peace in one of the West End boroughs, says the litts-Gun company twenty of the new pat- burg News, issued a warrant for the tern six-pounder guns designed for use arrest of a West End woman for slanbehind parapets in the field. An order der. Squire S. J. White happened to be for sixty of these guns was given to present at the hearing. The prosecuthe company some time ago, and twen- tor testified that the defendant had ty of them were delivered this week :alled her an "old virago," and that she at the Sandy Hook proving station for had added: "I don't know what that test. While the gun has somewhat the means, but whatever it is, that's what same appearance as the original Driggs you are." The witness admitted that Schroeder gun, it is a distinct improve- she did not know what the meaning of ment on the oldier piece. Its improve- the word was, either, but she knew it ments consist in a decrease in the had no good meaning or the other

"Squire," whispered Squire White in, and quicker than in any of the guns of his ear, "you have no jurisdiction in this caliber. The piece is mounted on slander suits; they must be entered in

"But there's no law under which you

"Well, I'll hold her anyhow," he replied, "and test the constitutionality of

"But there is no act." persisted

Squire White "Get out of this office!" commanded the squire, turning to him. "De you think I'm going to allow you to come in here and learn me the law?

"You-uns go, too," he said, turnig to the women. your own rec-ogg-nis-ance until this do with this case."

The new French minister of war h sow the facile tongue of his countrymen, and he speaks so slowly that they call him Flacre a l'Houre, which bei interpreted means a cab hired by the

The inhabitants of Bischofe