

TEMPTATION OF BERNARD STRONG.

THE electric light went out with the click of the switch, plunging the room in total darkness, except where here and there a faint glimmer came through the window from the lamps in the street below, and the under-cushion of Brown & Brown's sank into his superior's easy chair with a sigh of unutterable relief.

As usual, all his fellow clerks had gone home ago, leaving him in solitary grandeur to continue working out rows of apparently interminable figures. At last, however, his task was finished, and he sought to rest his aching eyes by gazing blankly into darkness.

Bernard Strong was overworked and underpaid, which will, perhaps, account for the thoughts that crowded through his tired brain.

As he sat there in the darkness the full hopelessness of his position was borne home to his overworked mind. "What was the use of working like a slave till 12 o'clock, as he had done to-night? What did he gain by it? Money? No; he had asked for an increase of salary till his very pride stayed him from repeating the attempt. Credit? No; the head cashier had never been known to say a good word for Strong, though it was very seldom that he found cause of complaint in the latter's work. Prospects? There were none.

He had asked himself these questions till the very thought of them sickened him, and always came to the same conclusion. He would have no more in a dingy office; he would go to the director the very next morning and give notice, and when asked the reason for so doing would throw these bitter arguments in his face, leave the house forever and go away, away to Australia, South Africa, anywhere, so long as he was far from his present hated surroundings.

But in the morning the same despairing answer to all these questions would come as if it haunted him, "You cannot go. You have no money!" and he would again wend his way wearily to the same office, the same high stool, and go through the same daily routine of drudgery. It would be easier to bear, he had told himself a hundred times, if there was only himself to think of, but there was Kitty, poor little Kitty, waiting so patiently and aching as much as possible herself to hasten the day that seemed so far off.

As Strong sat there in the darkness, building the usual castles in the air, to be dashed to the ground the next morning, his abstracted gaze alighted on a large black object in the opposite corner of the room. Yes! the little strongroom tucked away behind that iron door contained enough to take Kitty and himself out of the country, where he could start afresh and perhaps make a fortune. He smiled bitterly at the irony of the situation; the money that safe contained was in his power; he had the key in his pocket at that very moment. Why not? Yes, why not? It would mean nothing to such a wealthy firm as Brown & Brown's, but what a lot to him! He would only take enough to pay for their passage, and he would save every farthing he made to pay it back. It would not be stealing if he returned it. No; and only £20, that was all, but enough to take Kitty and himself away from this hated city and give him a fresh start in a new country, where, perhaps, they would give him a chance of showing his worth.

Yes, there were quite £20 in gold in that strongroom, and gold could not be traced like notes, and by the morning he could be safe away where no one could trace him. He would do it—do it for Kitty's sake. Half rising in his chair, he felt for the key in his pocket, but sank back immediately, guilty and terror-stricken, as a slight scraping caught his sharpened ear; the next minute he was sitting stone still, his fascinating gaze following every movement of a huge dark figure kneeling on the window sill. Slowly and deliberately the figure went to work. It produced a little pencil-like object from his pocket, it applied it to the window pane, and four distinct lines made their appearance on the glittering surface, accompanied by a slight crunching sound; now a loud, thin hand is thrust through the neat little opening; noiselessly the catch slips back, and the next moment a man stands in the room, gazing searchingly round into the darkness with the aid of a bull's-eye lantern.

His investigations appear to prove satisfactory, for he gives an appreciative grunt and steals quietly toward the corner in which the iron door looms indistinctly out of the darkness.

There was no doubt in Strong's mind as to the intruder's intentions, as he sat huddled up in his chair, hardly daring to breathe, and vaguely wondering what would happen next. He was no coward, but the whole thing had happened so quickly that he hardly realized what had taken place. It would not be the least use showing himself, for what could he do against a man nearly double his size, and who most likely carried a revolver. All his previous plannings and schematics were forgotten in a moment, the one great sense of duty remaining. He was responsible for the contents of that safe, would save them at all costs. Could he crawl out of the room unobserved and summon the police? No, that was impossible in that limited space, and, in

a silence that caused every sound to echo through the room like a pistol shot, it would be courted observation.

While thus cogitating on the best course to take there was a slight click in the farther corner, and Strong guessed what had happened by the repetition of the appreciative grunt—the door of the strongroom was open.

At last Strong's mind was made up, all his nerve returned, and he was as cool and calm as ever.

Very slowly and silently his hand crept up to the little brass knob above his head, there was a sharp click, and the next moment the room was flooded with a brilliant light.

The intruder was so taken aback by the suddenness of the act that for a moment he seemed glued to the spot, and could only stare vacantly at the blinding light. That moment Strong was upon him like a tiger, and, hitting him cleanly between the eyes, sent him reeling into the strongroom, there to fall with a dull thud on the hard floor. Like lightning the door slammed to, the skeleton key turned in the lock, and the bolt shot home.

Strong stood for a minute dazed and trembling, listening to the dull thuds and mths proceeding from the room, then fell fainting to the ground. The excitement of the past few minutes had been too much for an overworked constitution.

When Strong opened his eyes he was no longer lying on the office floor, but on the comfortable sofa in the director's office, with that worthy leaning over him, anxiety written on every feature.

"You're all right, my lad," he murmured, kindly. "You've had a nasty tumble, but it might have been worse. No, don't trouble to tell me about it yet," he added, as Strong tried to raise himself to speak; "that will wait till you've had a good sleep."

"But I must," persisted Strong, weakly. "He'll die if you don't let him out, and I shall be a murderer."

"Whatever do you mean?" gasped the astonished Mr. Brown, and then, helped by several slips at a glass of water, Strong recounted all the mysterious events of the previous night.

Mr. Brown would now trust Strong with his very life, but little does he imagine how near his money was to being stolen by the very man who risked so much to save it.—New York News.

HOW A TREE IS MURDERED.

Some Growths Are Exceedingly Difficult to Destroy These Days.

A gentleman of means living in a suburban town tells how his mother once undertook to murder a cherry tree. "I was a boy at the time," he said. "The tree stood on our lawn; it had been planted by my father, and he loved it with a parental affection; but it was an eyesore to my mother, for she thought it spoiled the looks of the garden.

"She decided to murder it secretly because she knew that my father would never consent to its removal. For a long time she pondered, asking herself how she might kill the tree without being detected, and finally she decided that she would use for her weapon boiling water. Accordingly whenever my father was away she would get a kettle, and, tiptoeing out to the tree with a guilty look, she would pour boiling water upon its roots.

"At first the tree showed no change under this treatment. After a time, though, a change began to manifest itself. My father noticed it. "By Jove," he said, "my cherry tree seems unusually fine and hearty." "And this was a fact. The more boiling water my mother poured on the roots the more the tree thrived and flourished. Finally, in despair, she gave up trying to commit her vegetable murder.

"A florist, to whom she narrated this strange story one day, laughed when he heard it. He said it was no wonder the tree had gotten along so well. He declared that boiling water was often used on trees, as it killed off the worms and bugs molesting them."

Canada's Metallic Wealth.

The metallic products of Canada include antimony, copper, gold, pig iron, lead, mercury, nickel, platinum, silver and zinc. In 1891 the metal output of the United States was \$75,500,000, as great as that of Canada, but in 1901 it was only twelve and one-half times as great, and this improvement in Canada's relative position has been made in spite of the very large absolute increase in the figures for the United States. The principal part of the gain for Canada has been in gold, the production of which increased from \$820,000 in 1891 to \$24,000,000 in 1901.

The Klondike region, of course, has contributed largely to this increase. The production of iron and steel has also grown greatly in the past few years, with good prospects of a still brighter future. In the production of nickel Canada surpasses not only the United States, but all other countries. The total nickel product of the world for 1901 was \$7,750,000, of which Canada's contribution was \$4,000,000.

A girl's handkerchief is a foolish thing; it isn't as large as one drop of sweat.

A HEDGE SCHOOL.

Peculiar Institution in Which Many an Irishman Received His Education. Mrs. Elizabeth O'Reilly Neville, in her recent volume of Irish sketches, "Father Tom of Conemara," puts in the mouth of an old Irishman a vivid description of the "hedge schools" which so long afforded their only chance of an education to the peasant folk of the "distressful country," before the better days began.

"A hedge school," says Molly Mullane, "was a cabin protected by a mountain and a hedge, and kept warm by the soles of peat carried by the childer every morning under their arms. The hedge schools turned out some good scholars, too.

"I never learned anything, but that was just me luck. I was always last, and there was only one book to each class and that was passed round from hand to hand, when we stood up to read; and before it reached me it was always time to ate the dinners; and when we started again in the afternoon it was the same thing. Before we turn came round it was time to go home, for on account of the five miles of a lonely mountain road before me, I had to leave early.

"I often fought," she added, reflectively, "that the master might have started sometimes at the foot to give me a chance; but I suppose he never fought it."

"But you must have learned something?" "I did. I learnt to make ten different kinds of cat's cradles and the aid of my knuckles and a starting. I learnt how many laves there was on a daisy, and how many seeds in the heart of a wild strawberry, as well as how many times I could skip to the beat of a rope without stopping, and how long I could hold my breath under water.

"I could swim like a duck and climb like a goat. I knew where the blackest slates and the reddest bottle-berries grew; and how to tickle a boy or girl in front of me with a bunch of nettles that would raise a blister half an inch high, just before their turn came to read. And I knew how to run away from the rache of the master's cane when a complaint went in.

"Did your mother never find out?" "She did, in time; but what cud she do to a cripple?"

"Oh, the master was a cripple?" "An' dye think any one but a cripple would sit all day long and teach childer, wid fish in the way widin a rod of him waiting to be caught, and keep on the beach waiting to be gathered? But he was a great teacher entirely. He had the longest rache I ever knew, wid a cane at the end of it."

WAR ON VICE.

A Paulist Priest Begins a Crusade in New York.

Father Grant, a young priest, attached to the Paulist fathers in New York City, has begun a warfare upon vice in the section facing Central Park at the circle on the west side.

This is in the Paulist parish and so rapidly have disorderly women and disreputable drinking places moved therein that it has been named the New Tenderloin. The Paulist fathers have always waged an aggressive warfare upon the evils which weigh down society and, finding them encroaching upon their chosen ground, are up in arms over the invasion.

Father Grant leads in the crusade. His youth, his determination and his high standing fit him for the task. He already has caused to be arrested saloonkeepers for selling beer to minors and for keeping open during prohibited hours. Landlords who lease property for dishonorable purposes he has had arraigned and dispossessed notices served upon the unclean among the tenants. The public are co-operating in this cleansing of plague spots.

Father Grant deals only with the lawbreakers. With those who observe the law he has no quarrel. But the painted street walker must go and the barkeeper who sells beer to children of tender years, especially to girls, who are hardly able to stagger along with a pint measure, must quit his demoralizing business.

Only Language He Knew. "We are not exactly linguists," remarked the Ellis Island inspector thoughtfully, "but we all have a few stock phrases in nearly every language of the globe—things that we need in our business, you know. We also all have a theory that we can tell the nationality of a person at a glance.

"Well, the other day the regular interpreter was called away and I took his place for a few moments. The first to come before me was a man that I sized up as being an Italian. So I asked him in Italian where he was going. I might as well have been speaking Sanscrit; my Italian never touched him. Then I tried him in Serbian and in three Polish dialects, then in Russian and finally in German and French, but all to no purpose. Just then the regular interpreter came and I said to him with some warmth: "I wonder what — language this — understands, anyhow?"

"I understand that, sir," he said.—New York Telegram.

Greenland's Ice Mountains. The ice in Greenland is melting so rapidly that it is feared. One of the descriptions of the ice mountains shows that its edge has receded eight miles since 1850, and twenty to thirty feet in depth.

OLD FAVORITES

The Vagabonds.

We are two travelers, Roger and I. Roger's my dog—come here, you scamp! A wrap for the gentlemen—mind your eyes! Over the table—look out for the lamp! The rogue is growing a little old. Five years we've tramped through wind and weather, and slept outdoors when nights were cold. And we ate frank—and starved together.

We're learned what comfort is, I tell you! A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin, A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow! The paw he holds up there's been frozen). Twenty of carrot for my fiddle (This outdoor business is bad for the strings). Then a few nice book-worms hot from the griddle, And Roger and I set up for kings!

So, thank you, sir—I never drink. Roger and I are exceedingly moral—aren't we, Roger? see him wink—Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel.

He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head? What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk! He understands every word that's said—And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect, I've been so sadly given to grog, I wonder I've not lost the respect (Here's to you, sir, even of my dog. But he sticks by through thick and thin; And this old coat, with its empty pockets, And rags that smell of tobacco and gin, He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living—Would I do it, and prove, through every disaster, So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving, To such a miserable, thankless master! No, sir—see him wag his tail and grin! By George! it makes my old eyes water!

That is, there's something in this gin. That shakes a fellow. But no matter! We'll have some music, if you're willing. And Roger (he!) what a plague a cough is, sir! Shall march a little. Start, you villain! Stand straight! "Bout face! Salute your officer! Put up that paw! Dread! Take your rifle! (Some dogs have arms, you see! Now hold your Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle. To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes. When he stands up to hear his sentence. Now tell us how many drams it takes To honor a jolly new acquaintance. Five yelps—that's five; he's mighty knowing!

The night's before us, fill the glasses! Quick, sir! I'm ill—my brain is going! Some brandy—thank you—there! it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said. But I've gone through such wretched treatment. Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread, And scarce remembering what meat meant. That my poor stomach's past reform; And there are times when, mad with thinking, I'd sell out heaven for something warm To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think? At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends, A dear girl's love—but I took to drink—The same old story, you know how it ends. If you could have seen these classic features— You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then. Such a burning light on God's creatures; I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young, Whose head was happy on this breast! If you could have heard the songs I sung. When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed. That ever I, sir, should be straying From door to door, with fiddle and dog, Ragged and penniless, and playing To you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since—a parson's wife: "Twas better for her that we should part— Better the soberest, proudest life Than a blasted home and a broken heart. I have seen her, once; I was weak and spent. On the dusty road, a carriage stopped; But little she dreamed, as she went, Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry. It makes me wild to think of the change! What do you care for a beggar's story? Is it amusing? you find it strange? I had a mother so proud of me! "Twas well she died before—Do you know? If the happy spirits in heaven can see— The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden This pain; then Roger and I will start. I wonder, has he such a lumpy, legden, Aching throb, in place of a heart? He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could. No doubt, remembering things that were— A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food, And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I am better now; that glass was warming— You recall lumber your laxy feet! I've must be siddling and performing

For supper and bed, or starve in the street. Not a VIMMY day life to lead, you think? But soon we shall go where lodgings are free. And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink— The sooner the better for Roger and me! —J. T. Frowbridge.

WHEN YOU GO ON THE WATER.

How to Keep from Drowning if You Fall Overboard.

In order to lessen, if possible, the number of fatal drowning accidents that occur during the summer the United States Volunteer Life Saving corps has issued a bulletin giving instructions for the saving of persons from drowning and other information for the guidance of those who go on the water.

"A large proportion of the lives lost every year," says the bulletin, "are of children who have never been given any conception of the dangers on the water, either in bathing or boating. We have been long and persistently urging upon parents and school boards the duty and necessity of education in this direction and of teaching the young how to swim and how to act when boating, and as a result many lives have been saved the past year by children in their teens.

"First—Do not go out in any pleasure boat of small or large dimensions without being assured that there are life saving buoys or cushions aboard sufficient to float all on board in case of an upset or collision.

"Second—With a party, be sure you are all properly and satisfactorily seated before you leave the shore, particularly so when girls are on board. Let no one attempt to exchange seats in midstream or to put a foot on the edge or gunwale of the boat to change seats or to rock the boat for fun. Where the waters become rough from a sudden squall or passing steamer never rise in the boat, but settle down as close to the bottom as possible and keep cool until the rocking danger is past.

"If overturned, a woman's skirts, if held out by her extended arms, while she uses her feet as if climbing up stairs, will often hold her up while a boat may pull out from the shore and save her. A non-swimmer, by drawing his arms up to his sides and pushing down with widely extended hands, while still climbing, or treading water with his feet, may hold himself up several minutes, often when a single minute means his life; or throwing out the arms, dog fashion, forward over head and pulling in, as if reaching for something—that may bring him help may at least keep him afloat till help comes.

"Third—In rescuing drowning persons seize them by the hair or the collar, back of the neck; do not let them throw their arms around you neck or arms. If unmanageable, do not strike them, but let them drop under a moment until quiet; then tow them ashore. If unconscious, do not wait a moment for a doctor or an ambulance, but begin at once: First, get the tongue out and hold it by a handkerchief or towel to let the water out; get a buoy, box or barrel under the stomach, or hold them over your knee head down, and jolt the water out; then turn them over side to side four or five times; then on the back, and with a pump movement keep their arms going from pit of stomach to a straight out and back fourteen or sixteen times a minute until signs of returning life are shown. A bellying movement pressure on the stomach at the same time is a great aid if you have help."

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Company's Comin' to Tea. Nora's makin' a layer-cake— A spicy kind; I wish She'd hurry an' put it in to bake So I can scrape the dish! She's cross as sticks, an' the kitchen's just As hot as hot can be. An' smells so good that I'm like to bust— Company's comin' to tea.

Will we have the shiniest ev'rything, An' I'll drink coffee—p'raps; An' more'a dozen times ma'll ring To carry off the scraps. We're goin' to have ice cream, I know— I hope it's lemon, gee! An' soda biscuits—I saw the dough— Company's comin' to tea.

I musn't talk at the table—much; I musn't kick my feet; I musn't smack my lips, or touch The stuff that I won't eat. An' I musn't take when plates are passed Whatever's nearest me (But not of course if it's the last)— Company's comin' to tea.

I'll wear my damiest blouse an' tie— An' if I'll stay about. An' not get dirty, ma says I. May clean the freezer out! An' so I daasn't tear an' race Or climb a single tree, Or sweat, or soil my hands or face— Company's comin' to tea. —Woman's Home Companion.

Coin of George II. An old coin, minted in England during the reign of George II., was found recently on the roof of one of the private ward buildings of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. It is thought to have been dropped by one of the workmen when the ward was built.

The coin is copper. On one side it bears the profile of George II., with the words Georgius II, R E X. On the reverse the figure of a woman with a staff in one hand. Over her head is inscribed Britannia and her neck can be seen the figures 1—38. The second figure is not legible, but was probably a 7, as George II. was King of Great Britain in 1738.

"I feel as dirty," said a woman at the park, "as a picnic handkerchief."



The Macmillan Company announces a new play by Stephen Phillips, "David and Bathsheba."

Thomas E. Watson's "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson" will appear from the press of D. Appleton & Co.

The Hober Company is about to publish a new novel by General Charles King, entitled "An Apache Princess."

The first book on the list of Harper & Brothers is Robert W. Chambers' new love story, "The Maids of Paradise."

Perhaps the title of "The Lightning Conductor" is a little misleading. Henry Holt & Co. have had requests for review copies from two scientific periodicals.

Prof. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois is at work on a novel which A. C. McClurg & Co., the publishers of his successful book, "The Souls of Black Folk," will bring out in the fall of 1904.

Maurice Maeterlinck's great play, "Moussa Vanda," produced in London and considered by the censor—many think most absurdly—as immoral, will be published by the Harpers.

Citra Louise Burdham's new novel is entitled "Jewel." The central figure of this story, Jewel, will perhaps hold a position beside "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in the hearts of all readers, yet the book is not a juvenile in any sense of the word.

One of the most significant of the forthcoming publications is "Ireland Under English Rule," which is to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The author of this book is Thomas Addis Emmet, M. D., a grand-nephew of Robert Emmet.

The Macmillan Company will publish within a few weeks a very important work, entitled "The Island of Formosa, Past and Present." The work deals with the history, people, and their government, resources and commercial products.

Charles Jewett, whose "The True Napoleon" received favorable criticism last year, has in press for early publication by Paul Elder & Co. a collection of interesting and instructive selections from famous authors, entitled "My Favorite Book-shelf."

Doubleday, Page & Co. have received the manuscript of a "Life of General Samuel C. Armstrong," founder of Hampton Institute, by his daughter, Mrs. Edith Taylor. It is an intimate record and interpretation of one of the most inspiring personalities in our recent history.

Phillip G. Hubert, Jr., author of "The Stage as a Career," has prepared a new preface for his "Liberty and a Living," which, published some years ago by G. P. Putnam's Sons, has been out of print for some time. According to the subtitle, "Liberty and a Living," is "the record of an attempt to secure bread and butter, sunshine and content, by gardening, fishing and hunting."

WISDOM OF KING SOLOMON How He Exemplified It in the Presence of the Queen of Sheba.

"Here is the legend of the visit of the queen of Sheba to King Solomon," said the Pascoquia Diogenes in the rounds of the Great Southern Hotel Gulfport, Sunday. "The queen reigned over a people that lived on the border of the Red Sea who were the richest in Arabia. They were represented leading an idle life owing to the abundance of natural produce of their country, which afforded the sustenance of life and also frankincense, myrrh, cinnamon and balsam that gave them an extensive commerce with other nations.

"The queen, owing to the splendid reputation of King Solomon, whose power and wisdom had spread to the remotest parts of the world, visited him at his own court. Presenting herself at the foot of his throne, in each of her hands she held a wreath of flowers—one composed of natural, the other of artificial. Art in the labor of the mimic wreath has exquisitely emulated the lively hues of nature, so that at the distance it was held by the queen to exercise the sagacity of the monarch for his judgment it was deemed impossible for him to decide which wreath was the production of nature and which the work of art. Solomon was for a moment perplexed, get to be vanquished by a woman irritated his pride.

"An expedient presented itself to the king by a swarm of bees on the outside of a window which he ordered opened. The bees rushed in the court and alighted on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other. Sheba was baffled and was convinced of the wisdom of Solomon. Such is the story handed down that the bee only rests on the natural beauties and never fixes on the painted flowers, however limber the color may be laid on."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Jews Are Most Prolific. In greater New York the average number of children in Protestant families is 1.87; in Catholic families, 2.08; in Hebrew families, 2.54.

It is easy to please a young girl. Just remember she wants you to forget that she was christened Hannah, and she is Annette, as she calls herself.