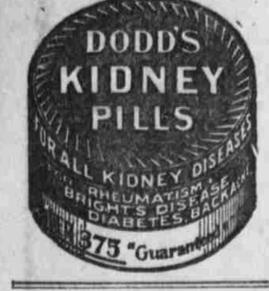


Anything to Oblige Him.
"Herbert," said the stern father, "I suppose you are going to marry that doll-faced, weep-winded, pink-cheeked, simpering, giggling, gum-chewing, poverty-stricken little Miss Wredlip."
"No, father," answered the dutiful son, "if you prefer it I will marry that long, lean, freckle-faced, sharp-chinned, gorge-eyed, solemn, austere, rancorous, ruse-eyed, suspicious, blue-nosed, lantern-jawed, prim, rich old Miss Alkroyne."
"You shan't!" roared the indignant old gentleman. "You're not half good enough for her!"
Thus a soft answer may turn away a hard fate.—Chicago Tribune.



The Mendicant.
There are those who ascribe the word "mendicant" to the silly appellation put forth as a conundrum, meaning a poor wretch beyond the power of mending. But something very different is the term as used as long ago as when Chaucer wrote his "Canterbury Tales." In the "Somponner's Tale" this occurs:
"Therefore we 'mendicants,' we setj freres,
Ben wedded to povertie and continence
To charite, humblesse and abstinence
etc."
The "somponner" of Chaucer was, of course, a summoner, or apparitor, and a person of low estate, and here we have, it is believed, the origin of the word, which came into common use in the 17th century.

A NOTRE DAME LADY'S APPEAL.
To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these troubles. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 5, Notre Dame, Ind.

We Can Learn from Our Children.
Treat the child more as an equal—not as a hopeless inferior. There isn't so much need of coming down to his level as of giving him an opportunity to come up to yours—which will not require such a frightful effort on his part as you sometimes imagine. If you can get a child to recognize and treat you as his equal, continue Woods Hutchinson, writing for "Success Magazine," you will have gained the highest possible position of influence over him and earned the best and sincerest compliment ever paid you. We dwell greatly upon what parents teach their children, but we forget to record in equal detail on the opposite side of the ledger what our children teach us. It would be difficult to say on which side the balance would be found to fall. The child is not merely the ideal pupil, but also the greatest teacher in the world. The lessons that we learn from him, if we approach him with proper humility, are the most valuable part of our education.

Preliminary.
"Mrs. McGoozie, your husband is a singularly gifted man. It's a wonder to us that he isn't on the lecture platform."
"I think he contemplates taking that some day. In fact, he has been lecturing in a desultory sort of way, just for practice, for the last ten years."
"Why, where, Mrs. McGoozie?"
"At home. I'm the audience."

Possibly.
"Uncle Bruno, why is it that your people increase so much faster than the white people do?"
"Dead I dunno, boss, unless it's 'cause the 'n's mo' of us bawn."—Chicago Tribune.

SURPRISED HIM.

Doctor's Test of Food.
A doctor in Kansas experimented with his boy in a test of food and gives the particulars. He says:
"I naturally watch the effect of different foods on patients. My own little son, a lad of four, had been ill with pneumonia and during his convalescence did not seem to care for any kind of food."
"I knew something of Grape-Nuts and his rather fascinating favour and particularly of its nourishing and nerve-building powers, so I started the boy on Grape-Nuts and found from the first dish that he liked it."
"His mother gave it to him steadily and he began to improve at once. In less than a month he had gained about eight pounds and soon became so well and strong we had no further anxiety about him."
"An old patient of mine, 78 years old, came down with serious stomach trouble and before I was called had got so weak he could eat almost nothing, and was in a serious condition. He had tried almost every kind of food for the sick without avail."
"I immediately put him on Grape-Nuts with good, rich milk and just a little pinch of sugar. He exclaimed when I came next day, 'Why, doctor, I never ate anything so good, or that made me feel so much stronger.'"
"I am pleased to say that he got well on Grape-Nuts, but he had to stick to it for two or three weeks, then he began to branch out a little with rice or an egg or two. He got entirely well in spite of his almost hopeless condition. He gained 25 pounds in two months, which at his age is remarkable."
"I could quote a list of cases where Grape-Nuts has worked wonders." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A copy appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER
Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Beaton's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

CHAPTER III.
Mr. Rawson found even a warmer reception than he had anticipated awaiting him when he presented himself the following day in Stafford Square. Bitter reproaches were showered upon him for his disloyal encouragement of an ungrateful son, a weak, contumacious dupe. But Mr. Rawson defended himself bravely.

No one could do so much with Mrs. Saville as the family solicitor. First, he was a shrewd, far-seeing man, of great experience and undoubted integrity, in whose judgment she had the greatest confidence. Then, too, he was a rich man and perfectly independent, both in position and in character. So high was her opinion of him that she delighted to call periodically on his daughters, and some years before, when she was in the habit of giving a large ball every season, sent them invitations, which were generally declined. Hugh Saville had been at school with the solicitor's only son, who was also in the navy, and when the young fellow evinced a tendency to drink, stood by him and helped him at the turning-point where, but for friendly help, he might have taken the downward road.

Mrs. Saville was too clever a woman to be a snob, though her love of power and distinction made her over-value the effect of rank and title upon her fellow-creatures. She was quite willing that her sons should be on family terms with Mr. Rawson's family; they were perfectly safe in the society of his quiet, unpretending daughters; while the sincere regard entertained by Mr. Rawson for the family of his distinguished client, whose debts, difficulties, and involvements made many steps in the ladder by which his father and himself had climbed to fortune, lent something of a feudal character to the tie existing between them.

To Mrs. Saville the greatest power on earth was money; but she was no miser. She could be lavishly generous at times, especially to any one who had served or gratified her own precious self. She could throw aims, too, to the needy, as you would a bone to a starving cur; but to her the poor were not exactly men or brothers. Yet, as her son said, she was not without heart, only lifelong undisputed command and unchecked prosperity had hardened it; no one could do much for her, or give her anything she had not already, and amid the splendid sunshine of her existence one small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, cast a deep shadow against which her inner heart rebelled. She was conscious that no one loved her, except, indeed, her son Hugh. This it was that made her so hard; she did not realize that her manner, her haughty aspect, repelled such sweet free-will offerings as love and tenderness.

"My dear madam," said Mr. Rawson when she paused in her reproaches, "I can quite understand your displeasure, but suffer me to suggest that I have a right to receive whom I like in my own house. I do not defend your son's impudence; but, though you renounce him, surely you would not wish to deprive the poor young fellow of friends as well as kindred? To persecute him is revenge, and to that I will be no party."
"I do not understand these nice distinctions," cried Mrs. Saville, "but I think your giving shelter to that disobedient boy is inconsistent with loyalty to me."
"Not in my opinion. Your son is not the first young man who has left father and mother to cleave unto his wife. He has been singularly imprudent; still—"
"Imprudent! A dupe! a fool! an ungrateful idiot! Can't you see the game of the adventuress all through?"
"I must say, such a construction might be put on the disastrous story. If you are right, however," continued Mr. Rawson, "your son is more stoned against than sinning. If Mr. Hugh Saville's wife is the sort of a woman you imagine, she will hardly live for a year, and more away from her husband, and within reach of the crew with which her father used to associate, without settling into a scrape of some kind. I propose to have her carefully watched. If she gives us just reason for action, let her be punished and your son saved from her clutches. If she proved a good woman and true, why, you must relax something of your severity."

"I can safely promise what you will, if she proves good and true. How do you propose to find out?"
"The lady remains near Nice, in the same rooms occupied by her father. Mr. Saville thinks that the owner of the house is kind and respectable; his wife knows little of English ways, and, besides, it is cheaper. Now, there is a man already employed in similar work by an eminent firm, and he can quite well accept a second commission; only he must be warned not to find out what does not exist. We want facts, not condemnation."
"I want freedom for my son; but the idea is a good one, Mr. Rawson. I shall never be the same to Hugh, but I should prefer punishing the woman."
"It is but natural," remarked Rawson.

"Remember, Mr. Rawson, I must have my will to-morrow; I am determined to destroy it. It strikes me that your coming without it to-day looks very like playing into Hugh's hands."
"You do us both injustice. I am reluctant you should change it, but your son never mentioned the subject to me. Indeed, he is too breathlessly busy, and a good deal harassed by his—by the lady's anxiety to come out as a public singer, for which she was trained. He—"
"Anything but that! Imagine the name of Mrs. Hugh Saville in huge letters at the top of a play-bill! It would be monstrous!"
"Oh, she would come out as Sig. some somebody. I would not oppose it if I were you. But I think your son has forbidden the plan."
"Why should I take any further trouble?" said Mrs. Saville, throwing herself back in her chair. "Let things go."
"Very well," Mr. Rawson rose to take leave. "Lord Everston arrived yesterday. He makes some short stay in town, but no doubt he will call on you."
"Then I shall not see him. I shall get away, I hope next week; I cannot stay in town; yet I dread the country. Do not forget to send my will this afternoon by a special messenger."
"I shall be sure to do so."
"And come the day after to-morrow to take my instructions for a new one. I don't wish to die intestate."
"My dear Mrs. Saville, what a comic ideal!"
"If you knew how I felt you would not think it an unnatural one."
"A few weeks' quiet in the country will set you up."
"The country without companionship will not be cheerful; yet I want to get away from every one. At Ingfield, however, I have my garden."
"A delightful resource," said Rawson, absently. His attention had begun to wander, and he hastened to make his adieu.
A conspiracy of small things, however, seemed to have been formed against the execution of Mrs. Saville's plans.
Rawson faithfully fulfilled his promise and sent her will, which that very night she tore up with vicious energy and burned in the empty grate of her dressing-room, but the trusty adviser was immensely engaged for the next fortnight, and when he offered the services of his partner they were invariably declined. Then, by some mistake, there had been a delay in bringing certain repairs and decorations at Ingfield, and when she drove down to inspect them she found the smell of paint so overpowering that she at once postponed her removal for at least ten days. Finally she sent for her doctor and commanded him to prescribe for the bad feverish cold she declared she had caught, and above all to order absolute quiet. All this time her eldest son was absent. He was spending a delightful and profitable few days, which stretched into a fortnight, with a learned antiquarian who had a place in Lincolnshire, from where they enjoyed themselves examining the fine old churches to be found in that shire, taking rubbings of brasses, and spending happy mornings in deciphering half-effaced inscriptions.
These were bitter days to the proud, selfish woman, who felt that the love which had kept her heart from freezing, her nature from growing cold, had been snatched from her by a stranger, a mere adventuress, who most likely saw in Hugh only a useful husband, whose money and position would make life luxurious and secure. For the sake of this stranger, the son she loved so well in her own alight, exacting way had cast aside all sense of duty, all affection, all regard for rightful authority; and to her it seemed a moral earthquake.
The feverish cold she feigned at first became really an attack of low fever, and her medical attendant grew anxious that she should have change of air. Ill or well, she never ceased to insist on having her new will completed and brought to her for execution. In vain Mr. Rawson begged for her to await the return of her eldest son and consult him first. Mrs. Saville rejected all suggestion with scorn.
"Richard knows nothing about business. I have no respect whatever for his opinion; so just bring me my will, without further maneuvering. I know you are working for that ungrateful, worthless son of mine; but it is of no use. If you refuse to do my bidding I can find plenty who will."
"Very true, Mrs. Saville; but I do not deny that I am reluctant to see my young friend cut off without even a shilling. Do not be in a hurry. You cannot tell what time may bring forth."
"No, Mr. Rawson, I will not wait. Death may come at any moment, and I could not rest in my grave if I thought that designing mix was revelling in the enjoyment of my money."
"Well, then, I will do you bidding. The day after to-morrow I will send my head clerk with the will. You can set one of your own people for a second witness."
"Then I shall leave town on Thursday. Until I have signed, sealed, and delivered it into your hands, I shall not quit this house. Can I trust it to you, Mr. Rawson?"
"My dear madam, do you take me for a felon?"
Mrs. Saville smiled—a swift, bright smile, such as at rare—very rare—intervals lit up her grave face.
"Well, I shall leave it in your hands." There was a short pause, and she resumed: "Among all this worry,

I suppose you have not had time to find me a lady companion?"
"Yes, I have made some inquiries, and find it is no easy matter. The fact is, I enlisted my eldest daughter in your service. She is a sensible, thoughtful young woman, and very anxious to select the right article. She was speaking to me only this morning, and was rather depressed about it. There are shoals of women seeking such an appointment, but very few that are suitable."
"One that did not suit would be worse than none."
"Exactly. Now, my daughter suggested something that might suit, if you do not mind waiting a week."
"I fear, Mr. Rawson, I shall have to wait considerably longer."
"Well, the lady I was going to mention in Wales, my native place. He has been dead many years, but this girl lived on with his widow, who died a few months ago. She is an orphan, very slenderly provided for, and is coming to stay with my girls for a few weeks. She is a gentlewoman, and well educated. I have not seen her since she was very young, so I will take a look at her before I say any more. If I think it worth while troubling you, she might call, and you could form your own judgment, or take her on trial for a couple of months."
"Thank you, Mr. Rawson. I am very much obliged. I should like to see her; for I cannot have a fright or a dowdy before my eyes every day. When do you expect this girl?"
"I am not quite sure. Soon, certainly."
"I should like to see her before I leave."
"I will ask my daughter to write this evening and ask her to come a little sooner."
"Yes, pray do. If she is at all reasonable and intelligent, she may be of great use to me. Imagine, Mr. Rawson, Lady Olivia proposing to give me her 'dear Sophia' for six months, to be my daughter and to cheer me up! What the girl is as great an idiot as her mother!"
"Indeed! The offer was well meant?"
"I hate well-meant people."
Mr. Rawson laughed. "I suppose I may tell you I had a few lines from Mr. Hugh—"
"He began, when he was swiftly silenced by an imperative, "No, you may not. I will not allow that name to be mentioned before me, unless, indeed, we can succeed in breaking this unfortunate marriage."
Mr. Rawson, looking very grave, bent his head.
"By the way, what is the name of the lady you mentioned?"
"Oh! Miss Desmond."
"I will see her," said Mrs. Saville, with decision. "I can tell at a glance whether she will do or not."
"Then I shall wish you a very good morning, and my daughter will let you know when Miss Desmond can wait upon you."
Mrs. Saville thanked him again, and made him a gracious good-bye.
(To be continued.)

STRIVING TO FILL EMPTY Pews.
Aims and Accomplishments of a New York Church Federation.
Organized in 1895 and incorporated in 1901, the constitution of the Church Federation declares that its object "is to organize and assist the churches and Christian organizations in New York city for cooperative work on behalf of the spiritual, physical, educational, economic and social interests of its family life; and to represent the Christian sentiment of the city in regard to moral issues." Its discoveries have been amazing, and the assistance which its tabulated data have furnished to pastors in conducting a systematic neighborhood visitation cannot be overestimated, says Walter H. P. Grau in Harper's Weekly. One of the officers of the federation has very aptly compared its duties in regard to the churches to that of a clearing house with its daily settlements of the banks' balances. Until the institution of a clearing house was established the exchange of checks and drafts was a most confusing operation and caused much friction between the various banking houses before their accounts were finally adjusted. Previous to the establishment of a church clearing house these religious units were in much the same quandary as the banks, though they did not suffer so acutely. The books of each bank had to balance within a certain length of time, but if a particular church knew of more churchless families than it could possibly visit it seldom imparted that knowledge to another pastor, and in order that the latter might share in the missionary work; and so, very often, the information was put to no use.
A Protestant parish system similar, in many respects, to the parish system of the Roman Catholic church was the aim of the founders of the federation. The aim was that all Christian institutions in Greater New York should be drawn into closer sympathy with one another and that a greater co-operative society be formed, with the expected result that the community at large would be benefited by a united endeavor to promote church-going.
The details for taking a canvass in the city are accurately mapped out in advance and a single federation district is covered at a time. Before beginning the work in any section a conference of the pastors interested in the association is held, in order that the plans may be freely discussed and the necessary subscriptions made to defray the incidental expenses of a first canvass. These meetings are valuable, incidentally as a means of promoting friendships between the various clergymen, who otherwise, in many instances, would probably remain total strangers, though residing within a few blocks of one another.

Not So Realized.
Squire—I never realized what a little fellow Muggins is until last night. Vicar—And how did it happen to occur to you then?
Squire—I overheard a woman say that he was every inch a gentleman. Pick-Me-Up.

THE STREAM IN THE WOODS.
Bright stream that wanders here and there,
Laughing the whole day long,
Your voice across the woodland calls
Like a remembered song.
Here, as of yore, the beeches spread,
And grass and flowers are sweet,
Where oft your hasting waters ran
Across my childish feet.
A golden time! I knew it not
In those far days of old;
But left the field and left the stream
To seek for other good.
Oh, dear to me your surly wave,
And dear the leafy shore;
But you have borne upon your tide
That which returns no more!
—Edna K. Webberill.

The Salvation of Jim Maxson

Now there would be some fun; now that Jim had come home, old man Maxson would do what he had said he would do—deliver Jim up to the police to be arrested by him.
"He never made counterfeiter money himself," persisted the girl. "He was poor and tempted by a rogue to pass it. And as for the blood on his hands, he struck a man down who was terribly annoying a helpless woman."
"There were other means."
"They were not near at hand at the time."
"I say it was attempted murder. He hated the man because it was you who was the woman annoyed. He has maimed the man for life, and the law holds him accountable."
"A jury would never convict him of being a counterfeiter or of attempting murder."
"If all the juries under heaven acquitted him, I would still hold him guilty."
"The juries under heaven are not all. There is a Judge in heaven."
The old man paused and looked at her.
"Do not blaspheme," he said. "Nor will I argue with you. I know the difference between guilt and innocence. His crimes smell in my nostrils. I have sworn that I will give him up if he crosses my path. There is nothing more to be said about it to me, his father, whose teachings and sacrifices for him went for naught with him."
He went back to his reading at the table. His wife rocked herself. Maggie Orne turned to her.
"You're not feeling well?" she said.
"Well?" repeated the old woman, querulously. "I'll never be well. I'm the same I've been any time this six months. Well! I'm so weak I can hardly go about."
"I tell her," called out the old man, "she ought to take the air."
"Take the air!" his wife echoed.
"Me take the air and be pointed at as Jim Maxson's mother, the man the police are looking for! Me take the air!" And she relapsed into silence.
Maggie's coats awaited her; she must work. She rose, and without a word went down to her machine. At her work, of course, her one thought was of the man who loved her. She had not been able to love him, and yet he had protected her and put himself outside the pale of society for her sake. All his life he had given narrow to those who loved him, and still he had done so much for her. She could not love him, but she could be kind to his mother, who was so frail and weak. As for his father, he was hard on Jim until that time he had so valiantly protected her. But love him! Her machine whirred and whirred! It was night before it stopped. She would rest a while, and go up to the fourth floor.
Mrs. Dougherty was on the stairs. "Those young ones of mine," she laughed. "They even made a fire under the stairs and played fire department. Jimmy's makin' believe he's a burnt lady got to the hospital. I say, I guess there wasn't nothin' in that report about Jim Maxson comin' back. Always some report or other."
Maggie went up to the Maxsons'. It might have been that she had been but a minute away from the old couple; the wife rocked in her chair, the husband read the Bible at the table. Maggie placed herself at the old woman's feet and put her head in her lap. The old woman smoothed the girl's hair. She smoothed and smoothed. Then Maggie's eyes closed, opened, closed, and she slept. The old man turned up the lamp and moved the Bible close to it. His wife smoothed and smoothed Maggie's hair. Then the strokes became intermittent, ceased, and she, too, slept.
All at once the old woman woke with a start.
"What is it?" cried Maggie, jumping to her feet.
"The old man was at the door."
"He is here," he said. The woman understood. "I have locked the passage door, too."
"Oh," wailed the old woman, "and the door is shut!"
"It will not be opened to him," replied her husband. "So much I'll



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grant you. But as sure as there's a God, I'll give him up if he crosses that sill."
And then there came a low knock on the door of the passage outside. The old woman caught the girl.
"Jim," called out Maggie, "go away. Your father is here; he sweats he'll give you up."
"There is a fire," said the voice. "Open the door."
"A ruse," dryly said the old man. "A lie, too."
The old woman shot up.
"Let him in," she commanded.
"Never," said her husband.
There was a crash outside; the door of the passage was down. The voice was outside the door of the room.
"Mother!" it said. "Mother!"
The old woman dropped to her knees.
"James," she pleaded, "our boy, our only child, named after you. Open the door, open it."
"Never," said her husband. "Remember, you are my wife."
"She sprang to her feet."
"I am the mother of my boy!" she said.
A great strength seemed to possess her; she set her husband and whirled him from the door, had the knob in her hand, and the next moment had leaped into the arms of Jim and fainted.
"Maggie!—Father!" panted Jim. "The place is on fire; the children down stairs did it. Have you heard nothing? Haven't you smelled the smoke? The stairs are burning. Your chair is the fire escape."
He rushed to the window with the old woman in his arms. Before going through the window he stooped and kissed his unconscious mother. Then he went out. The smoke poured in from the passage way. Maggie went and closed the door. Then Jim was in the room again.
"Quick!" he said. "I've helped the people out. They say they're all out but you and the dago woman in the next room. There's no time to lose."
"Never mind me," said Maggie; "look after your father."
"Touch me," cried old man Maxson, catching up a chair, "and I'll brain you."
"Maggie," said Jim, and the flame was eating at the other door, the smoke thick, "you're friendly?"
"Jim," she returned rapidly, "you saved some of the people below?"
"I tried to. Yes, I did."
"Tell me—you believe in God?"
"Father's God?"
"A God that pities and understands; the God that has kept me from going wrong."
"If there is one like that. But, Maggie, you're my friend, no matter what I've been, ain't you?"
"Friend!" she echoed. "There, save your father; he's not fit to die."
Jim sprang at his father. The chair was raised in the air, and descended. There was blood on Jim's forehead. But he had grasped the old man and had him at the window, where the firemen were raising a ladder.
"I won't help you, Jim," said Maggie, her hands pressed together, her lips smiling. "Save him!"
Jim got his father along, an inch at a time, the old man struggling wildly, till he reached the window and the ladder, when he picked him up bodily and disappeared in the dense smoke outside.
Maggie did not move. She heard a shout from the street, and she knew the people saw Jim on the ladder with his father. A short silence, then another shout; Jim had the old man down. She reached and grasped the hem of her frock that was on fire, and stripped out the flame as though she wrung out water. It was stifling in the room. The glass dropped from the mantel. And then a face like white flame was at the window, and Jim was beside her.
"Save the dago woman," said Maggie. "I won't help you." He urged her toward the window. "There's the ladder, Maggie," he said. "And he quick, for it's burning. She got to the window still, knowing that he looked at her wistfully. "Jim," she said, "you must believe in that God I spoke of, who understands."
"Your God, Maggie?" he asked.
"Why, I'll have to if you tell me to. Get out of this house—hurry!"
"I don't care for myself," she said; "I'll save everything. You've done what a pure man might do this night—helped the helpless."
"And you're friendly to me, Maggie?"
She reached and took his face between her hands and kissed him upon the lips, once, twice.
"Go save that woman," she said. As she went from him down the ladder she knew that he tore through the fire to the hallway.
The people at the window. The ladder had burned away.
"Let her drop!" voices below cried up to him. "We're holding a bed to catch her. Let her drop!" Then the woman fell and was caught.
A moment more and the wind moved the thick veil of smoke aside for an instant. They saw him standing in the window, a solitary figure lit up by fire on each side of him and back of him.
Maggie Orne, down in the street, saw him thus. The smile was still on her lips. To this day she believes that he saw her there.
"Jim!" she shrieked in a glad voice.
He heard her above all the uproar, for far aloft came an answer she could not have mistaken—
"Maggie!"
Then there was a horrified cry from the crowd, and the roof fell in where the walls crumbled, and the figure at the window lurched back into the awful redness within, which would never give him up again.
"He is lost," said a voice.
"He is saved!" Maggie cried out. Her eyes were like diamonds; she was beautiful.—Grit Magazine.

Do you love money any the less because one says it is the root of all evil?
A small boy's idea of greatness isn't the same as his mother's idea of it.