harpa Down-quivering through the blue.

They shall not ask a litany, The souls that worship there, But every look shall be a bymn, And every word a prayer: Their service shall be written bright

In calm and holy eyes, And every day from fragrant hearts Fit incense shall arise. -James Russell Lowell.

She Took a Chance

"Clarice," cooed the bride's dearest girl friend, "you've never told me how you and Jack happened to get en-

\$444444444+++++++*

gaged." The bride held back her head and studied the effect of an embroidered intitial on something white and fluffy. "I never told a living soul," she said. "Goodness! How exciting! What

in the world-"Not one living soul! But if you promise you'll never tell anybody-Clarice! You know me better than

to think I'd ever breathe a word."

Well, it was one night last spring. I'd been writing letters in my den and was bored to death. I'd just broken off with Howard and I hadn't any hopes of a caller, for Tom was in Canada and Martin was working nights on his law cases and Herbert was out of town and that nice Mr. Selbert you girls were all crazy over-

"I wasn't, if you mean me, Clarice, you horrid thing! I didn't think he was nice at all, and I always said he'd turn out something we didn't expect." 'Well, he did, when they arrested him for bigamy. But, then, that hasn't anything to do with how Jack and I

got engaged.

"It was one of those lovely spring nights, all lilacs and full moon, and people out walking, and I was cooped up in my den all alone, with every blessed man I knew out of the ques tion, and nobody at home except Mabel studying her Latin on the porch. You know my den opens right off the end of the front hall."

The bride paused. "I'd just fixed up that den," she went on, "and I felt so proud of it that I



"GUESS WHO!"

had everybody come in there. So when didn't budge.

I thought maybe Martin had got tired of his law cases and come over for a dren and beg, live in filth and discomfew minutes.

Whoever it was walked in as confidently as if he'd been to see me the day before. I liked his step. Don't Some of you in all honesty ask not walk was firm and even, just as if he are so many more hands knew what he wanted and never would work that by remaining "Then, what do you think? You'd

never guess in a thousand years!" "How perfectly romantic!" murmured the girl friend. "I never could guess, so hurry and tell me."

"He came right into the den, and before I could turn around he put his hands over my eyes and said in the nicest voice, 'Guess who!'

"I racked my brains for a minute, for I knew I'd heard the voice before, though whom it belonged to I hadn't the slightest idea. He might be almost anybody, but I knew he was nice, just from the way he walked sides, I was half crazy for some excitement, and-I think it was just direct inspiration-I said, softly:

'There's only one man in the world who has a right to do that, and I'd know him among a thousand,"

"What do you think of that terve! But, goodness! I didn't have time to reflect on what I'd done. Things happened too fast.

"The next thing I remember is that I was all bunched up in Jack Phelps' coat collar and asking him why he'd never written me from Colorado all improving the condition of the poor these years He'd been away ever since that are current in our day were de he left college, you know, and he was | vised by them. my first sweetheart-in fact, we were about half engaged when he went

"When I saw how perfectly dear he was and how handsome he lookeddon't you think he has the loveliest nose?-why, I never said a word; anyway, I was in love with him before I knew what was happening

"He still thinks I remembered his

NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF HEIR TO THE BRITISH THRONE.



This photograph recently taken in London shows Prince Edward as he looked two weeks before his grandfather's death.

voice and knew who he was when I said that-he thinks it's perfectly wonderful. Maybe when I'm an old mar- How the Drastic Collection is Engiried woman and Jack's baldheaded I'll tell him about it."

"But not now!" murmured the girl riend, recovering her breath. "Oh, by no means!" said Clirace .-Chicago Daily News.

ORGANIZED CHARITY.

Even in 1843 Poor of Cities Admonished to Seck the Farms.

When in 1843 Robert M. Hartley, the that the destitute beggars, who congregated in our great cities, suffered either through dense ignorance of their opportunities or through the lack of the moral and physical stamina that led so many of their sturdler fellows to avail themselves of the boundess natural resources that America offered gratuitously to any who were ready to take a hand in building the

Writing in 1845, Hartley, Harper's says, deplores the fact that in spite of enlarged public and private provisions for the relief of the indigent, "the streets were still filled with mendicants, the benevolent were harassed with applications, and importunate impostors were constantly obtaining the aid which was designed only for the needy and deserving."

The attitude of mind created by these conditions Hartley expressed in several of the admonitory tracts which, I heard somebody mount the front as general agent of the association, he steps as if he belonged to the family addressed to the city's poor. "Every and then say something to Mabel, I able-bodied man in this country," he declared, "may support himself and "When Mabel called, Somebody you family comfortably; if you do not, know to see you, Clarice,' I just said, it is probably owing to idleness, im-'Tell him to come straight to the den.' providence, or intemperance. You will gossip and smoke, neglect your chilfort, drink and carouse, do almost anything rather than work, and expect, forsooth, to be supported by charity. you think there's a lot of character in alms but work, but how will you the way people walk? This man's get what does not exist? There than stop until he got it if it took him you are doomed to starve in idleness or subsist by charity. To the sober and industrious we say, 'Stay not here to pine in idleness and want, when the wide and fertile country offers you employment and all that is needful for comfort and elevation."

Those who willfully and stubbornly remained in spite of these admonitions, Hartley and his associated Good Samaritans determined to make the best of "by elevating their moral character and teaching them to depend upon themselves." They divided the city into 278 sections, each one in charge of a resident male volunteera member always of one of the best and the way his voice sounded. Be- families-who pledged himself to withhold all relief from unknown persons, to visit in their homes those who appeared to require benevolent services, and, by discriminating and judicious relief combined with admonitions to prudence, thrift, diligence and temperance, to help them discover those hidden springs of virtue within themselves from which alone their prosper-

ity might flow. But Hartley and his associates did not limit their activities to personal visitation. Almost all the devices for

Liked His Father.

"Don't you know that little boys who swear don't go to heaven?" "That's all right, mister, I'd rather be with pa, anyhow."-Birmingham Age-Herald.

The expert accountant who is called in to balance a set of books never figures on having a steady job

TAX ON MEN'S INCOMES.

neered in Great Britain. The resolution authorizing the collection of income tax for the year April 1, 1909-March 31, 1910, was passed by the House of Commons last | queer little sound. night, the London Mail says. Throughout the country the boards of commis- held, some distance up the bridge, and sloners are anxlously awaiting the instructions of Somerset House, so that right London little lady. She, too, they may begin work. The rates of the new tax are:

0 up?" said the lady. The usual abatements apply to restdents in the United Kingdom up to £700 and an extra abatement of £10 is me, I might have slept till goodness

incomes under £500. All the demand notes are prepared, cool-and before you could mention it addressed and ready for delivery. The I was asleep. Like me, I admit." moment they receive the word "Go," the collectors will issue them. The surveyors will have neither the time man. "If looks are anything to go chester Chronicle. for the inclination to allow much delay in payment. Somerset House may like alabaster." decide to act instantly on the strength

of the House of Commons resolution or may wait until the finance bill receives the royal assent to-morrow week. The latter course is generally thought to be the more probable. This is the time of the year at

which the collectors give the first turn to the screw in the case of arrears, and as there are now some £23,500,000 to collect, instead of about a tenth of that figure, as usual at this period, the turning of the screw will be emphatic. The powers of a surveyor are drastic. If a man will not or does not pay he will receive a curt demand for | tions." the money within five or seven days, with a threat of the usual proceedings in default. If that proves ineffectual the brokers may be put in under a distress warrant, and if there are no it at that, effects which can be seized the defaulter will be marched off to prison

Mr. Lloyd George estimates that £350,000 has been irretrievably lost by the delay in the collection of the tax. Many commissioners and surveyors are convinced that this figure is very much understated. Some of them estimate the inevitable loss in their own districts at nearly 10 per cent of the whole. There have been failures and removals and disappearances of taxpayers, and, although the state is patient and persistent in these matters, it is hopeless (say these experts) to think that as much of the money will be recovered as the chancellor seems

to contemplate. Nobody has yet received a form which provides for the claiming of abatements in virtue of children under 16 years of age. When a man entitled to such rebates receives his demand note he must either pay in full and claim the rebate afterward or go to a vast deal of trouble to get the rebate allowed before he pays.

Supertax is to be paid not during the year in which the income is received, but in the year following it, and persons liable to pay it for the year ending March 31, 1910, must make their returns by July 31. So delicate and important will be the work of adjusting this new tax that the officials of Somerset House charged with its management have been in structed to complete their annual holidays before the end of May.

Tommy-Tell us a fairy tale. Guest Once a man who had a baby that didn't cry and a dog that didn't bite went to live in a suburb without mosquitoes. - Harper's Bazar.

Some people are only critics; they never do anything themselves, and thus give others a chance to become

HOW TO ASK AND HAVE.

"Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother, Sweet Mary," says I. "Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary, Beginning to cry;

"For my mother says men are deceivers, And never, I know, will consent; She says girls in a hurry who marry At letaure repent.

"Then suppose I would talk to your father, Sweet Mary," says 1. "Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,

Beginning to cry. "For my father, he loves me so dearly, He'll never consent I should go-If you talk to my father," says Mary,

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel, Sweet Mary?" says I. "If your father and mother's so cruel,

"He'll surely say 'no."

Most surely I'll die." "Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary; "A way now to save you I see: Since my parents are both so contrary-

You'd better ask me."

The day was so hot that even the

Saint James park ducks, brooding be-

neath the willow trees, seemed to have

blackleg among his fellows, did in-

crumbs, contributed with equal lan-

The young man on the bridge yawn-

ed and stretched himself, then blew

out the paper bag which had contain-

ed the artist's dinner and struck it.

with a smell as of smoked honey, and

Looking eagerly about him, he be-

'dressed in all her whalebone airs," a

peered into the depths beneath them

and sighed-this was the queer little

"I suppose it was you who woke me

"Oh, you needn't apologize. It's a

"I wonder you have to trouble

by, you must be always cool, like-

"Ah! That's what you think," re-

"It's enough to make you want to

"Or a mermald," suggested the

"Not that, I hope!" said the young

man, "that it wouldn't do for me to

suggest a boat? I can easily get one."

Well . . ," replied the lady.

"I don't know as I see any objec-

"I suppose you often go boating

"I haven't got a young man," she

"Not, much love lost there!" said

the young man to himself, with a lit-

tle grin of contentment. "You've not

told me your name yet," he remarked,

"Well, they generally call me Jim-

"Henery. I'm in the auctioneer-

"Oh," murmured the girl, "I got

. . You-you do get silly

an idea into my head it might be

ideas, this sort of weather. I don't

know why it is," she went on, rapidly,

"but I feel joilier like, s'afternoon,

than I've felt for months and months

pose. Everything's so bright and the

"In the spring a young gel's fancy

She blushed. "That's a bit of poet

"It is," asserted Henery, not with-

"Shakspeare, of course," responded

"I'll give you a penny for 'em," said

"I was wondering. If-tf-suppos

swered Henery, with a superior little

"Aren't you? I'm sorry. I beg your

rate," she continued, musing aloud.

"I don't play the out-and-out giddy;

oh, what's the good of wondering?"

no one can say that. And

out a certain modest pride in the

"Where does it come from?"

'You've got some sauce!"

Henery, at length.

other fellows?"

cough.

There was a long pause

"Well," remarked the girl. .

lightly turns to thoughts of love,"

and months. It's this weather, I sup-

birds so chirpy, and-and-

submitted Henery.

ry, I know."

fact.

mie," replied the girl. "What's

answered. "He-he's dead." She left

with young men?" he inquired.

aloud, to his companion.

yours?"

ing.

chance it," she continued, "to look

good job, really. If you hadn't woke

sound which he had heard-as one

who should say: "This is all right."

The young man blushed.

6 it was. Very sorry, I'm sure.

plied the lady.

young man.

my way, I'd be a fish."

lady, with dignity.

salvo of many guns.

-Samuel Lover

Tenery's Narrow Round and round the pond they

went. Round and round went also the hands of the little watch which she wore on her bosom "You do row nicely," she said, as

ae paused for a rest. There was another silence. At last she spoke. "My old dad's

goin' to marry again in August," she said, dipping her fingers into the motionless water. "Silly old josser," said Henery.

She laughed. "He's a good old dad." she said. "He's in the provision business.

"Oh?" murmured Henery, languidstruck work. One solitary drake, a ly, "My pater's a stationmaster." "You do row nicely," repeated the

deed perform some desultory, languid girl. feats of diving in pursuit of certain "You oughter learn, too," said Henery. "What's the matter with guor by a young man on the bridge. | me teachin' you?"

Again she laughed-and blushed. 'Oh, my gracious goodness!" she exclaimed inspecting the little watch, "it's 7 o'clock. The time has gone, causing to follow a report which and no mistake. Father'll be havin' sounded, in that thick silence, like a fits. I don't suppose," she added a little ruefully, "that he'll trouble The young man on the bridge stood about me so much after-August. sniffing at the air, which was heavy He's a good old dad, though."

"Hadn't I better see you home?" yawning into the tepid waters beneath suggested Henery, as they left the him. All at once he was startled by a boathouse.

> She shook her head, "You can fetch me a cab if you like, and perhaps I'll give you my address. "Cabs, ch?" remarked Henery, "We do duchess It!"

> They laughed. She was still laughing when the cab drove off. But Henery .

That young gentleman stood upon the pavement of Whitehall with a look of surprise and disapproval on his that they may get to their clubs or sell vs. Girard Truit Co., 171 Federal visiting card-a card of rather unusual dimensions.

"Acrobatic dancer!" he murmured to himself: "Acrobatic dancer!" he repeated.

allowed for every child under 16 from knows when. I only sat down on that seat there for a minute-just to get "Good Lord!" cried Henery, almost reeling at the thought of his narrow escape from vulgarization: "Good Lord—an artiste! A Pro! about gettin' cool," sald the young would the pater have said?"-Man-

IMAGINATION IN CHILDREN.

Introduction of Many Pleasures Speiling Their Simple Joy. One of the saddest signs of the times down into the water there. If I had is the decay of imagination in children, the Buffalo News says. A la mentable feature of our complex social life for some time has been the craving for expensive and artificial pleasures and this sign of effete mentality "I suppose," ventured the young is appearing now even in children.

Children are no longer willing to enjoy simple pleasures, and it is not difficult to account for the reason, for by inheritance they have come into a veritable kingdom of wants. Motors expensive dresses, trips abroad, an inordinate desire for variety in attire and elaborate food are all part of the regime which we live in accordance as our means permit.

The children of to-day are having handed down to them theories of life that depend upon money to make them happy to an extent that is terrible to contemplate. If the mother who gives her child elaborate and costly toys would only look ahead she would save her innocent little one much trouble of mind and perhaps much deterioration of character. If she would teach him to amuse himself by contriving little games for himself, by weaving his own little dream around a stick or a tin can, she would cultivate something in him that would give him a source of imaginative happiness which would often brighten his road for him. The more simple a child is brought up, the fewer costly toys he has, the better for him in the long run. He will learn to play the old simple games, to build castles, to fight great battles with wooden swords, to exercise his imagination continually, instead of learning to crave for excitement and new extravagances.

A great deal may be done by a judicious mother who makes up her mind to refuse her child a multitude of toys. She will lay the foundation of a finer and happier character than will be built up by the mother who gives recklessly a store of perishable and expensive playthings.

An Unlikely Substitute.

When I was teaching in the kinderin' you and somebody else was-was garten I always tried to impress on sweethearts-rare sweethearts - and my pupils the necessity of neatness. -and you died. I suppose you One little girl repeatedly forgot her wouldn't think much of her afterhandkerchief. One day I said to her: wards if she got playin' the giddy with Use your handkerchief." "I'm not good at conundrums." an-

She, as usual, "fordot it." I said, "You did not forget your lunch, did you?" She looked up in great surprise and said. "I tant wipe my nose on

pardon," replied the girl. "At any apple, tan 17"-Delineator. A boy is never satisfied until he catches a fish so big that it pulls him into the creek.

Old Favorites

Little German Home Across the Sen, I love to think about the days so full of joy and glee,

That never will come back again to Oh, it's many years ago, when but a That I lived there so happy, light and

I used to play about all day, And drive the cows and sheep, Until I was as tired as I could be, And when my evening prayer was said, In the little German home across the

Chorus-No matter where I roam, don't forget my home,

That home it ever was so dear to Oh, It's many times a day My thoughts they fly away

To the little German home across the 've traveled many weary miles around

this world for years. And many more I yet expect to roam; And when I lay me down to sleep, then

in my dream appears A vision of that dear old German But when my days are over here, if it were far the best.

could close my eyellds there and lay me down to sleep, In the little German home across the

Oh, it would bring much joy and

Talk's Cheap.

There's lots o' quaint ol' sayin's I've noticed in my day-Big truths and solid principles Told in the shortest way. My father ust to have one,

An' this is how it ran: Talk's cheap, my boy," he ust to say, "But money buys the lan"." own the sayin's homely,

Undignified and rough; But then, it tells just what you mean, An' tells it brief enough. An' when you git to thinkin' How short is life's thin span , It's well to min' "that talk is cheap

But money buys the lan'." Twon't do to boast an' bluster An' brag an' try to bluff; An' don't you git to thinkin' This world "ain't up to snuff." It is; an' while you're blowin' Your own bazoo, my man,

There's some one sneerin', "Talk cheap, But money buys the lan'."

JAILED AS "BLACK HAND."

Maladministration of Justice in New York's Lower Courts. Nothing so engages the attention of the stranger to New York as the maladministration of justice in the lower courts. The city magistrates are crowded with work, of course, and hardened to the misery that is paradable days. They seem to be chiefly ace. In his hand he held a lady's that they may get to their clubs or Reporter, 161, the court held that their social engagements. They do not story that is placed before them, apparently. They only wish to be freed

> Because of this attitude, which is common to every magistrate in the lower courts, the story of Emil Rosen thal is told as a typical one, the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star says. He is honest, hardworking, the father of three children, the son of parents who are industrious and poor. He had suffered an unusual run of hard luck, accident after accident befalling him. Released from a hospital after an operation that had taken from him a part of one hand. he was told by the physicians to "eat plenty of nourishing food and to stay in the open air" until he was fit to

work again. His wife had gone to work in a factory, to support the family. Rosenthal looked over the three children and down, when it will be found that the the housework as best he could. One afternoon while he took his constitutional he found a woman's worn-out previously would not perform the belt which still preserved some remnant of elegance. He took it home to his wife, delighted, poor chap, that he might offer her even this poor gift. The following day he again went out to walk. Mindful of his find of the day before, he kept his eyes on the pavement. He saw a pasteboard box. large-and there you are.-New York stooped to pick it up and was seized | Sun. by three detectives. They said that he was a "black hand" emissary-that the box had been placed there, ostensibly filled with money, in obedience to a "black hand" letter.

No other evidence was offered pitiful story. But Magistrate Cornell did not put forth that effort-and bound Rosenthal over to appear be fore the grand jury. For forty-six days this sick and innocent man lay in a Tombs cell. In the Tombs one is well fed-if one tips well. If one has no money for tips, one eats soup. The attendants graft, as a matter of course. It happened that a story in the newspapers attracted the attention of a lawyer, and he secured Rosenthal's release, without a blot upon his name. No one can make up to him for what he has suffered because of the careless isolence of certain tacks-in-office. But he is a philosopher, in his mild way. "I can forget," says he, "if I but get a job."

WHAT BLOSSOMS WILL ENDURE.

Some Interesting Cold Weather Facts for the Orchardist.

When is an apple blossom killed? Prof. Weldon, in charge of the local experiment station of the state agri cultural college, according to the Denver Republican, says that when show ing pink it can stand 20 above zero and when in full bloom as low as 26. J. H. Sayles of Pallsade, one of the best known orchard men in the west,

takes issue with the professor. "I have had apples showing pink seriously damaged at 26 above," said Mr. Sayles, "and in full bloom I have had them killed at 29. The amount of cold a bud or blossom can stand is dependent upon so many circum-

I light my orchard heaters mighty soon after the thermometer gets be-

"A lower temperature than that might not burt the blossoms, but I'm not experimenting with my fruit. I want a crop. It costs me little to light my heaters and to be on the safe side means a full crop. An orchard

man is foolish who takes chances." The agricultural experiment bulletin showing results of experiments with various fruits states that blossoms will withstand cold as follows:

Apples, showing pink, 20 above zero. Apples, in full bloom, 26 above zero. Pears, showing pink, 20 above zero. Pears, in full bloom, 27 above zero. Peaches, showing pink, 23 above

Peaches, in full bloom, 28 above

Mr. Sayles holds that it is only in exceptional cases will the blossoms withstand the cold above indicated and that any farmer who depends upon those figures is likely to lose his crop.

Barress and a second a second and a second a LEGAL INFORMATION

Marcon Constitution of the Constitution of the

In the case of Scheuermann vs. Scharfenberg, 50 Southern Reporter, 335, this question arose: Is the owner of a storehouse, in which goods and other valuables are kept by him for sale and in deposit, liable in trespass to a would-be burglar of such store, who is shot by means of a spring gun placed in the store by the owner for the purpose of shooting persons who might attempt to burglarize it, the gun being discharged by the would-be burglar while attempting to enter, but after the breaking is completed? The Alabama Supreme Court referring to the right to defend one's property as well as his person against violence and felonies, and citing cases holding a man's place of business susceptible to the same defense as his dwelling against burglarious intrusions, decided that the setter of the spring gun was not liable in damages to him who at-

tempted burglary. A philanthropic citizen, wishing to alleviate a state's financial burden, deposited money in trust to be accumulated for the benefit of the state of Pennsylvania. The instrument provided that the trustee should invest the money and all its accumulations in the public stocks of the state whenever they could be purchased for a certain price, otherwise in government of other stocks, until the time should arrive when the fund so accumulated, together with any other sums which might be deposited with the trustee for like purposes, should be equal to the debt at that time owned by the state, when it should be paid over to the treasurer of the state for the purpose of discharging its entire indebtedness, and for no other purpose whatsoever. The amount deposited was ed before their eyes during intermin- \$2,000; the indebtedness of the state at that time was \$40,000,000. In Rusthe state took no vested interest in seek to get at the truth of the sordid the fund, but was to receive the benefit of it only on a contingency which might never happen, or might happen at some indefinite time in the future, which might exceed the limitation of the rule against remoteness or accumulations, the trust was void. and the fund was recoverable by the personal representative of the settler

> To Start a Tight Screw. Lots of folks have tried to remove a stubborn screw from a piece of wood. screw that won't budge at all, and have in the end given it up as a bad job. Well, if such a thing occurs again don't give it up, don't lose your temper or exert yourself, but try this recipe for removing the screw: Heat a poker red hot and then hold it against the screw head for a little while; wait a few minutes for the screw to cool screw can be removed quite easily with the same screwdriver that just work. The explanation is quite simple. The red hot poker heats the screw, and the screw expands and makes the hole it is in just a wee bit bigger. The screw then cools down and resumes its original size, leav-

upon his death.

Views on Woman.

ing the hole in the wood a size too

Artists, poets and writers generally conspire to represent woman as being beautiful, gentle, self-sacrificing and the embodiment of love. With against him. The slightest intelligent this extravagant ideal of woman formeffort would have revealed the whole ed for them in their youth, is it surprising that many men are doomed to disappointment?-Truth.

All women hope to be called dangerous before they die .- F. Frankfort Moore. Every man seeks his ideal woman

but heaven only knows when he finds her-he never does .- Smart Set. An improvement in a woman's looks

generally means a man, either some where in the background, or very much to the fore.-Mary Gaunt. Many strings to one's beau do not lways tie the matrimonial knot .-

He Took the Hint. "Do you believe in hypnotism?" he asked as he looked intently into her

great brown eyes. "I must," she answered, with all the prayery she could summon. 'I know that you are going to kiss me, but I

am powerless to protest. The Rooster Not the Gely One. You all laugh at the rooster for magining the sun rises only with his permission and upon being announced by him. How much different are you? Can you conceive of a world without

you in it?-Lawrence (Mo.) Journal. Lingering Falib. "That arctic explorer may yet dig up proofs."

Where is he keeping them?" "Oh, somewhere in cold storage."

London had a population of about two hundred and fifty thousand in stances that it is never safe to take 1740, in which year there were 2,725 chances. When my blossoms are out deaths from smallpox.