

## THE GARDEN OF FORGIVENESS.

There is a garden, far, oh, far away,  
Kept for the souls who sinned and suffered most.  
The sword of God forever guards the way,  
And round its borders camps a heavenly host.

A gentle wind breathes through the tufted grass,  
Rich with the scent of roses in their bloom.  
And, with the wind, all sins and sorrows pass,  
Leaving a sweet contentment in their room.

Here are no troubles; here are none that weep;  
Here come no thoughts of sadness or despair;  
But fairest flowers, in fullest beauty, sleep;  
And softest sunlight fills the dreaming air.

The murmurings of fountains, low and sweet,  
Forever fill the ear and never cease,  
Soothing the silence with a gentle beat,  
Like kindly voices speaking words of peace.

And here, forever and forever, rest  
The weary souls, unburdened of their sin;  
And cursed things are here forgiven and blessed;  
And wicked hearts are made all clean within.

—Bertrand Shadwell, in Chicago Evening Post.



THE young man paused at the head of the darkening street. It was not a pleasant neighborhood. The homes were old and shabby, the street itself was narrow and roughly paved. Here and there dim lights were beginning to appear behind the grimy windows.

The young man was more or less familiar with the streets of the poor. He only hesitated because he hadn't quite determined whether he would keep on down the hill to the river or turn at this crossing. It mattered little to him. His time was his own. He was walking partly because he enjoyed walking, and partly because it gave him opportunities to see life in new phases—and the life of his fellowman was interesting to him, more especially interesting when it illustrated the struggle for existence, as it did in these poverty-marked dwellings.

He turned and walked down the lonely cross street. The night wind blew stronger in the narrow and funnel-like thoroughfare, and despite the good dinner he had just enjoyed and the warm clothing he wore he shivered a little in the October air.

He stopped before one of the shabby houses and buttoned his sack coat. As he turned to go a voice from within the lower room started him.

"Is there anybody there?" It was a child's voice, shrill and querulous. For a moment he could not tell whence it came.

"I hear somebody. Why don't you answer?"

The young man turned to the door. "What do you want?" he called.

"Come in an' I'll tell you." The young man hesitated. Then he pushed open the door and found himself in a little entry way. A steep flight of stairs arose from this and at the right a door opened into an inner room.

"Where are you?" he called.

"In here," the shrill voice replied. "The door ain't locked."

The young man pushed open the inner door and entered. The room was quite dark. He closed the door behind him and paused with his hand on the knob.

"Better have a light, I think," he said.

"Yes," said the child's voice. "There's a candle on the mantle an' there's a lamp on the table. Ain't you got a match?"

A blue flame leaped from the match that the stranger struck on his shoe sole, and by its light he found the candle. Then he looked about the room. It was at once kitchen and dining room. A small cook stove stood in front of the fire place and a cupboard with shelves filled one corner. In the middle of the room was a table with a cloth laid and a few dishes upon it. The stranger took all this in with a hurried glance, and then his gaze rested on an alcove at the rear of the room, for in this alcove was a couch and on the couch some one was lying. Holding the candle a little higher he took a step forward.

"Hello," said the child's voice. It was a boy's voice and it had suddenly lost much of its shrillness.

"Hello," said the stranger.

"Are you pretty well this evening?"

"I am pretty well, thank you."

"I'm pretty bad," said the boy.

"I'm sorry. What is the trouble."

"Rheumatism." He drew a long breath. "It's the weather makes it worse. An' this house ain't good for it. Can't you stay a little while?"

"Why, yes," the stranger answered,

as he placed the candle on the table. "I'll stay if you want me." He put his hat and gloves on the chair and stood by the couch. A pair of keen, gray eyes looked up at him. A head covered with curly light hair tried to nod at him.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come when I hollered," said the querulous voice. "I heard you walkin' an' I knew you stopped—you hear things pretty sharp when you ain't got nothin' to do but listen—an' I was afraid that you was goin' on again an' I hollered. Did you hear me th' first time?"

"I guess I did," the stranger answered. He drew a chair beside the couch. "Isn't there something I can do for you?"

"I feel better just to have you here," said the boy. "When there ain't nobody but only me an' the pain in th' room it always seems like it is bigger an' worse than it is. Ain't in no great hurry, are you?"

"No," the stranger answered. "I'm in no hurry. But why are you left alone?"

He reached forward as he spoke and softly stroked the boy's thin hand.

"Course I'm alone most all day, 'cause sister goes out sewin', an' I'm alone to-night 'cause when sister came home she said I was worse an' so she went right after some med'ine. It's th' district doctor, an' it's quite a ways, an' most always he ain't at home. Did you ever rub a person?"

"No," the stranger answered, "but I'd be glad to learn."

The boy drew a quick breath and shut his teeth together.

"It's in my back," he faintly explained. "Yes, there. A little more to the side. Harder, please. No, you don't hurt me." He drew another long breath, but this time he followed it with a quick smile. "That's better already. You're a splendid rubber. You're hand is so smooth an' you bear down so firm. Sister is a good one, too, but she ain't very strong, an' she most always comes home pretty tired. Ain't you tired yet?"

"Oh, no," laughed the stranger. "This is easy. Sure I hit the right spot?"

"I feel most well. The pain's there now. Please don't rub any more." The stranger straightened up and looked down at the white face of the lad.

"What's your name?"

"Joe, Joe Arnold."

"Well, Joe, what next?"

"What next?"

"What else can I do for you?"

"Can't stay any longer, can you?"

"Yes."

"Not till sister comes?"

"If you want me to stay."

"Want you? Say, I'd—I'd just love to have you."

His voice trembled.

"Of course I'll stay," said the stranger hastily.

"I don't like to be alone in the dark," the lad seemed to find it necessary to explain. "An', an'—no, I ain't a baby—don't think it. But I guess I get kind o' rattled in the dark—you saw how I was. An'—well, I ain't good company for myself."

"That's all right," said the stranger.

"I guess there are times when we all feel the same way. What do you say to lighting the lamp?"

"Yes," said the boy. "Do you know how?"

"Do I look as stupid as that?"

"No, no," said the boy hastily. "I meant that you look as if you was a

man who was used to lectric lights. That's all I meant."

The stranger laughed as he bent over the lamp. When he had it lighted he looked around. The room was neat and clean, and a low fire burned in the stove.

"Getting hungry?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," the boy answered. "When I had the pain I didn't think of it. You see, when sister goes away she leaves something for me where I can get it. Crackers an' milk, maybe, or maybe just bread an' butter. But I've drank all my milk an' eaten all my crackers, an' now I'm ready for somethin' more. You won't mind if I don't try to get up, will you?"

"Certainly not," replied the stranger. "You can lie there and tell me what to do."

The boy stared at him.

"What can you do?"

"Make myself useful, perhaps."

"But how can you work in those clothes?"

"Watch me." He took off his coat and hung it on a convenient hook.

"Better poke up the fire, I guess."

"Say, you ought to wait till sister comes. I ain't so very hungry, really an' truly; an' maybe there ain't much to eat in the house. She always brings home somethin'—if she has the money."

The stranger stirred the fire and added a lump or two of coal.

"What's next—teakettle?"

"Yes. Th' water is in the back room. Take the candle."

The stranger smilingly seized the kettle and taking up the candle disappeared through the inner doorway. The boy could hear him humming some old song as he crossed the creaky flooring. In a moment or two he was back with the kettle and had it over the fire.

"How long have you been sick, Joe?"

"Five weeks an' two days."

The stranger stooped and dusted off the hearth.

"What brought it on?"

"Guess it was workin' in a damp basement, sir. I helped with th' packin'."

The stranger took down his coat and put it on. Then he reached for his hat. The boy choked up a little.

"Goin', sir?"

"Not far."

The boy breathed again.

"I'm glad you put the kettle on, sir."

"Why?"

"Because when sister came home an' I told her about you comin' here an' chasin' th' pain away, she'd say it was all a dream. An' then I'd point to th' kettle an' laugh—'cause she knows I couldn't put it there. An' then she couldn't say a word. Where are you goin', sir?"

The stranger laughed.

"I'm going out to do a little shopping," he said. "Perhaps you can tell me where the nearest open grocery is?"

"It's Engelhelm's, sir. Just around the next corner. He's German an' always gives good measure—an' he keeps open evenings."

"I can find it." He knif his brows.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that an oyster stew is about all I'm equal to. Do you like oysters?"

The boy moistened his lips.

"I think they're fine," he cried. "But sister says they're very expensive."

"Well, we'll hear what Engelhelm says. Look for me in twenty minutes."

"You'll surely come back?"

"Surely."

As the door closed behind him the boy's face suddenly clouded. Then his sharp eyes stared hard at the lamp and at the kettle on the stove. The cloud disappeared and he smiled.

"I'll bet he'll come back," he muttered and smiled again and fell to whistling.

It was less than twenty minutes. It couldn't have been more than fifteen. The stranger's arms were filled with bundles.

"I made a bet that you'd come back," said the boy.

"You win," laughed the stranger. "Didn't I hear somebody whistling just now?"

"That was me," said the boy. "I was whistlin' an' the kettle was singin'. Better move it back."

"Good," said the stranger. "We'll stop that little song."

He laid his packages on the table and then pushed the kettle back on the stove.

The boy's bright eyes glistened.

"Somethin' like Christmas, ain't it?" he murmured.

The stranger laughed as he busied himself about the stove.

"It takes snow and a tree, and a wreath in the window, and a stocking by the chimney to make a real Christmas," he said. "You can't make it with just oysters and crackers and celery and oranges."

"Say, that sounds good," cried the boy. Then he shook his head reproachfully. "Didn't you know oranges was 5 cents apiece?"

"And none too good at that," said the stranger. "But your friend, the German grocer, let me have a picked dozen for 50 cents. I told him they were for you and he sent an extra big

one and hoped you would soon be well again."

There was a little silence.

"I'm sorry I tipped over his ash barrel," said the boy.

"Oh, he's forgotten all about that," cried the stranger. "He thinks you are a very fair sort of a boy, and he says you have an uncommonly nice sister. I hope you appreciate her?"

There was another brief silence.

"That's right," cried the stranger. He clattered about the stove a little longer and then turned to the boy. "If I know the symptoms," he said, "your stew is ready. Can you be propped up in bed to eat it?"

"Sure," said the boy. "There's an extra cushion on the chair over there."

So he was duly propped up with a napkin tied under his chin, and a chair with the crackers and the celery on it beside the couch, and the bowl of steaming stew put on his knees.

"If it isn't seasoned right call the cook," said the stranger as he seated himself near the boy.

"It's great!" cried the lad as he sipped a spoonful.

And then on this little tableau the door opened and a young woman entered.

"He wasn't in his office," she said, and suddenly stopped and stared from the stranger to the boy and then back to the stranger.

The latter had risen and was looking at her with a pleasant smile. He saw that she was pale, a paleness that was heightened by her black frock—a girl of perhaps eight and twenty who looked as if life was a constant and wearying struggle.

She entered so suddenly that the startled boy spluttered a little over his spoonful of stew.

"Sister," he said with a little gasp, "you should always knock before you come in—didn't you know I might have company? This is my sister, sir. Emma, this is Mister—"

"Greer," said the stranger.

The stranger put out his hand and the girl hesitatingly met the friendly advance.

"I am pleased to meet you, Miss Arnold," he said. Then he looked around at the boy. "Joe," he added, "perhaps you'd better explain how I happen to be here."

"Take off your hat, Emma," said the boy, "and sit down. It was this way. I was getting awful bad an' I called out an' this gentleman came in an' he rubbed the pain away an' he said, 'Are you hungry?' an' I said I was, an' he bought the oysters an' the oranges an' cooked 'em an' they're the best ever." And he hastily took another spoonful.

"That's really all there is to it," said the stranger. "Except that there is another bowlful of the stew and it's piping hot and Joe and I insist upon your eating it."

He placed a chair at the table in a moment and bowed the reluctant girl into it, and brought the steaming stew to her and then turned back to the boy.

And the boy nodded up at him in evident approval and went on disposing of his soup.

"You are very kind, sir," said the girl. "Are you a doctor?" And she looked up.

The boy laughed.

"He's better 'n forty-seven doctors," the stranger said. "I'm nothing as useful as a doctor," the stranger said.

"I can't understand it all," she said, "but you seem to have been of some use here. When I hurried away that poor boy was in torments—and now look at him!"

The stranger did look at him and the youngster chuckled.

"Joe and I are pretty good friends," the stranger said, "and I have been thinking out a way of proving our friendship. This is no place for him—of course I understand why he remains here. But if he was placed in a sanitarium that I know about, such a bright and cheerful place, he would soon be well again. You must let me put him there. And I think there would be little trouble in securing a room in the neighborhood for yourself. Yes, yes, you are going to say that all this costs money. But you are not to bother yourself about that. We want to get Joe on his feet again where he can be of some help to you and himself. You are to leave all the details to me. And now that this is understood I will bid you good night."

He arose and took up his hat.

"One moment," said the girl and her noise was a little tremulous. "They were talking about a Mr. Greer at Mrs. DeGarmo's where I was sewing last week, a Mr. Dunham Greer. If you are Mr. Dunham Greer I think I can understand this better."

"I am. And may I ask what they said about me?"

"You won't feel hurt if I tell you?"

"Oh, no." And he smiled encouragingly.

"They—they said your very rich father had spoiled you. That you did as you pleased and lived as you pleased, and that you were a very unusual young man. Instead of spending your money as other rich young men would do, you went about finding opportunities for doing good in out-of-the-way places and among the queerest

people. They shook their heads about you, sir. I—I am afraid they didn't quite approve."

There were tears in her voice as she said this and the boy started at her in amazement.

Dunham Greer paused at the door. His smile was very bright.

"I'm glad you told me this," he said. "Being so young there is still a chance for me to reform. But of course the present case has nothing to do with this queer infirmity of mine. I happened in here quite by chance."

The girl arose and looked from the boy to the man.

"Do you call it chance, sir," was softly said. "Believe me, it was something better and nobler and higher than that."—Grit.

## NEW TYPE OF LONDONER.

Characteristics of Man Who Drives Omnibus.

New times, new customs; new customs, new men. And so it is that the era of the motor-omnibus has created a new type of man in our modern London.

He is the man who drives the motor-omnibus. Sharp as a dart, keen, Argus-eyed, alert for any emergency, he is the Mercury of the twentieth century. Obstruction is to him an interesting problem easy to solve. He has the speed of the hare where it only seems possible for the tortoise to move. He scoots at the dense traffic of the London streets, and darts through it with a cynical laugh of his motor horn.

An illustration of the readiness with which the aforesaid drivers of horses—for the majority of the motorists previously handled the reins—have adapted themselves to the new order of things was recently afforded a representative of the Daily Mail, who seated alongside the driver, traveled on a Vanguard from the Elephant and Castle to Cricklewood. The omnibus, carrying a full complement of thirty-four passengers, weighing seven and a half tons, and yet the driver steered its vast bulk in and out of the chaotic maze of traffic at the Elephant and Castle with a nicety, certainty, and speed that was truly amazing.

Shaving past within seven or eight inches of the off wheels of dilatory horsed omnibuses, flashing along a row of stationary electric tramway cars, spinning around carts, drays, and the like, the Vanguard man never for a moment hesitated or made a mistake. And that, too, despite a thick fog which gave everything a shadowy, indefinite appearance.

All other classes of vehicles were passed, except private motor cars. The horsed omnibuses looked foolish as they blundered stolidly along. But there was no suggestion of risk in this speedy, agreeable method of locomotion. Keen, intelligent watchfulness was depicted on the Vanguard man's face as it peered steadfastly through the fog. Not for a moment during the nine-mile journey did he turn his head.

Before him was a little mirror which reflected the interior of the omnibus, and enabled him to see when a passenger wished to alight should the conductor be collecting the outside fares. At his left hand was a pinion brake. Within his hands he held the steering wheel. Guiding the great throbbing car, applying one or other of the brakes, blowing the "hooter," attending to a dozen lubricators so arranged that he need not divert his glance from before him, the hands and feet of the Vanguard man never rested—and they never erred.—London Mail.

Use of an Auto Driver.

A man who has several times been arrested for exceeding the speed limit in his automobile went across the North river recently and was sworn in as a special constable in New Jersey, says the New York Sun. He got his badge and then the fun began. He went over to Jersey with his machine and with a party of friends set all the speed laws at defiance. While running along an officer stopped him.

The special constable at once threw open his coat and displayed his badge. "Just arrested the chauffeur of this machine and left him at Morristown. There was no one to take these people home, and so I am running the machine. Have got to hurry, too." Off he went.

He has worked that several times, and his friends are wondering how long it will be before his badge is taken away.

Quite Resigned.

Mrs. Naggars—Have you forgotten that this is our twenty-fifth anniversary?

Mr. Naggars (wearily)—No; I've not forgotten, but I've forgiven.—Tales.

The combination of wealth and generosity in a bachelor uncle beats this fairy godmother business by a thousand miles.

One of the greatest problems to a man is what became of the money he earned six months ago.