Don't Know Their Value.

There are some things which seem household necessities in the United States for which there is no market whatever in France or southern Europe. One of these is the range with a hot water back, another is the refrigerator, and a third is the rocking chair. Americans living abroad often want these articles so badly that they even send home for them, but among the French there is no demand for them whatever and American manufacturers only waste energy in trying to create a market for them.

This Dog Has a Street Car Pass.

In Detroit there is a remarkably affable and intelligent Boston terrier whose owner carries a photograph of the dog. On the back of the photograph is an order signed by the superintendent of the lines directing the conductors of all street cars in the city to permit the dog—Ben Bolt is his name—to board their cars. As Ben is known to most of the conductors it is rarely necessary for his owner to show the order

In His Father-in-Laws Pulpit.

Rev. Samuel Scoville, Henry Ward Beecher's son-in-law, has become associate pastor with Rev. Dr. Hillis over Plymouth church, Brooklyn. Mr. Scoville has held several Congregational pastorates in Connecticut and elsewhere and recently resigned as pastor at Vineland, N. J., to take this place.

Ibsen Getting Well.

Ibsen has almost completely recovered from his illness, but his physicians do not yet allow him to do any brain work, so that "When the Dead Awake' remains his last effort. Every day he takes a ride in the park near his home in Christiania, as well as a short walk, though his gait is still infirm.

Wants $1,000 for Her Dog.

A Brooklyn woman has brought suit against the Rapid Transit company of that city for $1,000 damages for killing her pet Pomeranian dog.

Some titled individuals are like worn-out brooms—all handle.

When the white dove cooes to his drowsy mate,
And birds in the trees rejoice,
Old Brahma stands on the barn-yard gate
And shouts in a lusty voice:
"I feel better this mor-rning."
And the bantam thinks 'tis true,
For he answers back in a tenor tone:
"Without—a doubt—you do-o."

The house dog lies with his head on his paws,
And blinks at the morning call;
The cat with a field-mouse in her jaws
Comes running home on the wall;
While the Brahma heralds the morn again,
And the Bantam takes the cue:
"I feel better this mor-rning."
"Without—a doubt—you do-o."

The birds with a glorious burst of song
Make glad the orchard boughs;
And the farmer, swinging his pails along,
Goes out to milk the cows;
The work of the day begins again,
And the roosters call anew;
"I feel better this mor-rning."
"Without—a doubt—you do-o."

The Problem of Life.

BY ETHEL M. COLSON.

If there was one particular characteristic or quality for which the Rev. Charles Billings was especially distinguished it was that of truthfulness. He was truthful, moreover, for reasons quite apart and side from his calling. As a slim and pallid youth at boarding school he had been famous—and popular—because of his exceeding candour. Later, as the devoted and conscientious rector of the Angelican Catholic Church of the Atonement, he was popular and beloved in spite of it. And if ever the meek and lowly-minded clergyman knew a suspicion of spiritual pride it was because of the absolutely spotless and unstained condition of his life-record in the matter of truth-telling.

To have expected the Rev. Charles Billings, therefore, to have deliberately—albeit unwillingly—yielded to the temptation to give utterance to an unequivocal lie would have been manifestly outrageous. And yet——

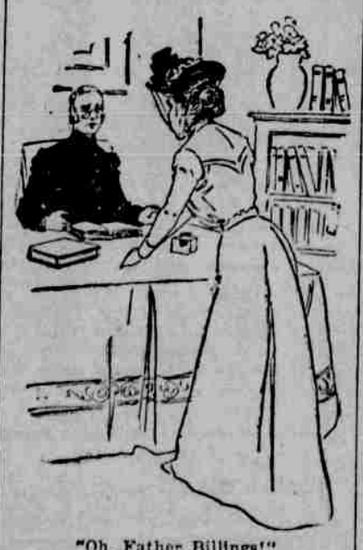
The door of the church study opened, one evening, to admit a woman—a woman tall, slender, of good figure, and expressive face, mirroring just then numerous unpleasant emotions. The Rev. Charles Billings knew her for one of his parishoners, the wife of solid John Brewster, merchant of the old-time Chicago, and a man who was popularly suspected of being a better business man than husband. Certain it is, the fine eyes of his wife had long since acquired a look of weary and patient resignation.

Straight up to the table at which the priest sat hurried the woman. In her eagerness and agitation she never saw the surprised but soothing gesture which beckoned her to a chair. But as she sank into it mechanically it became evident that she had been crying.

"Oh Father Billings!" she exclaimed, wildly—the gentle little priest being so designated by his High Church congregation—"Oh Father Billings do help me! If you do not—" but it was some minutes before she could go on.

"I met an—an old friend this afternoon," she explained, subsequently, "and we—we had an ice together, just to talk of—of old times. There wasn't a shadow of harm in it, although we used—we used to love each other. Perhaps," with a sudden accession of recklessness, "I love him still. At all events, someone—my husband," her voice and face all concentrated bitterness, "plotted and came between us. Then I married—Mr. Brewster. I—I felt so helpless; I didn't know what else to do. And I've tried to be a good wife to him, a far better wife than he has been a husband. I've never seen—the other man—since I was married, until today.

"We came upon each other quite by accident, and we only—we only talked a little of—of that other time. But as we left the confectioner's by one door



"Oh, Father Billings!"

my husband came in at another. If he saw me—and I'm almost sure he did—he'll believe the worst in a moment. He judges everybody by himself. And the fact that he had another woman with him won't make a bit of difference—to him. If he saw me—and I know, I feel that he did—he's at home now, questioning my maid. He always does so if he finds me out of the house, no matter where I am, nor how short a time I've been absent. And if he discovers that I haven't been making charity calls this afternoon, as I told my maid I intended doing, he'll—he'll throw me aside like an old glove, or an answered letter. Oh, I know him," as the priest looked incredulous, "and I know what he'll do. And I—I don't know—ah yes, God help me! I do know—what will become of me. And I haven't a relative, scarcely a friend in the world, with the exception of yourself, Father Billings. If you don't help me, I'm—I'm afraid I'm lost forever!"

"What do you want me to do, my child?" asked the priest, quietly.

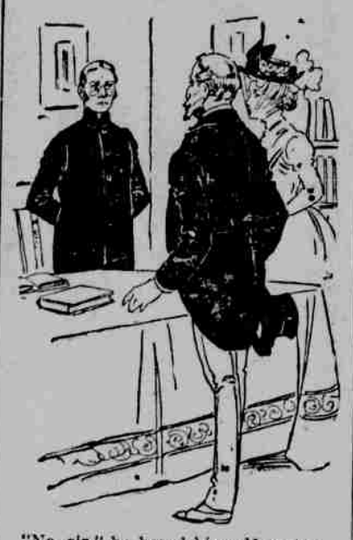
For answer, she sank on her knees beside him, catching at his hand with small, beseeching fingers that burned like fire.

"Tell him that I have been making charity calls," she said, hoarsely. "He won't believe me, but he'll believe you, if you tell him. Everybody knows," without a suspicion of grim humor, "how invariably truthful you are."

"But, my child," said the priest, gravely, "that would be a lie, a sin."

"I know it would be a lie," she made answer, "but would it be a sin if you did it to save another? And there are worse sins than lying, Father, and some of them are hard to avoid. I don't know how to tell you, but—I've no money, Father, I've no friends or relatives, and if my husband throws me aside there's only one person to whom I can turn for assistance—and—and—I do not want to go to—him."

The face of the priest was pale and puzzled. As a clergyman he knew lying to be sinful. As a man and a



"No, sir," he heard himself saying.

gentleman he hated lying on general principles. He was firmly convinced of the wickedness of doing evil that good may come. And yet—

It was all so clear before him. If this woman did not still love the—the other man—she would not so fear and dread being thrown aside by her unloving, unloved husband. And, if so thrown aside, to whom else could she turn? That she was speaking the truth in regard to her husband's harshness and her own penniless condition the clergyman knew well. He knew more about solid John Brewster than most people, and for a hard man and exceeding close with his money all men knew him. That he would refuse to believe the meeting between his wife and the lover from whom he had parted her, by unfair means, solitary and as innocent as accidental was also tolerably certain.

Then, certainly, the problem lay between this woman's soul and his own—the priestly soul which had never yet been stained by lying.

Heavy steps sounded along the passageway leading from the street. The woman, springing to a chair on the other side of the table, looked at the priest beseechingly and bent hurriedly over some papers. A moment later and solid John Brewster himself strode into the room.

At sight of his wife the hard face changed, the expression faltered. The priest, rising to confront him, saw in his eyes both doubt and hesitation.

"I see my wife is with you," the man said, sullenly. "May I inquire if she has been with you all day?"

For a moment the priest struggled against a most human impulse, the mad, natural, all but uncontrollable inclination to knock down this intimidator of a woman and trample upon him. Then he remembered that he was a priest, and that there seemed but one way of helping the intimidator's victim. He turned his eyes toward her down-bent head, momentarily, and again the Problem of the Lie lifted its double-headed torment and regarded him. He saw, as if in vision, the Recording Angel who was so real a personage to him take down, with sorrowful sternness, the white scroll of his unstained veracity and degrade it, degrade it to the dust. His eyes filled with tears, suddenly, as though he had witnessed another's downfall. But, over and against this vision, was set the soul of this woman—and her peril.

For him, repentance and remorse in plenty. Nay, was he not already repenting the very thought of the sin in contemplation. For her—in case her fears were realized—no place of repentance, though she sought it carefully, with tears.

And, right or wrong, the unselfish impulse triumphed.

"No, sir," he heard himself saying, distinctly, after so brief an interval that even the angry husband noticed no hesitation, "she has not. I did not see her until after luncheon. But this afternoon she accompanied me on a round of charity calls, and, since our return, she has been busily engaged in making out her report to the Charity Calls Committee of the Woman's Auxiliary. She will be ready to accompany you home so soon as this is finished."

For this lie Father Charles Billings presently—and long—repented, and he will never cease to be anxious concerning its moral effect upon Mrs. Brewster—now slowly acquiring the habit of a negative happiness by utter self-forgetting. Also, the recurrent torture of his wretched inability to solve the problem of whether or not he did right in telling the lie will always serve the purpose of an exquisitely painful hair-shirt to the man who told it. But there are rare moments now and then, when the problem and the repentance alike cease to trouble him—when he is glad in the conviction that the lie saved not only a woman's body from perdition, but also the woman's soul.

GAS KILLS FLUSHING TREES.

Leaks Out of the Mains and Affects the Tree Roots.

The people of Flushing, which has become famous for the beautiful shade trees which line its streets, have noticed recently that many big, sturdy trees have withered and become lifeless without apparent cause or injury. These trees were not confined to any one variety nor was any single locality alone affected. Horticultural experts examined the dead trees to see if they had become affected by insects or rust, but nothing of the kind was found. Then Samuel B. Parsons, a veteran nurseryman, was asked to make an investigation. He reported: "The condition of the trees indicates that they have been killed by illuminating gas which has escaped through the mains in the streets and has found its way to the roots. In several cases where the dirt has been dug up around the roots of the dead trees there has been a strong odor of gas. If a similar test was made with all the dead trees the same odor would be discovered. I do not know of anything else that would kill the trees." Most of the trees were planted more than fifty years ago. At the present rate, however, Mr. Parsons says he fears that all of them will be killed within five or six years. The same cause he says has killed many of the trees planted in Manhattan. Another nurseryman said that there is no doubt about the gas killing the trees in Flushing. "Last spring," said he, "we planted six trees in front of a residence here. All the trees budded, but just as they were about to put forth leaves one of them died. We replaced it, but when we dug the dead tree up there was a strong smell of gas. The second tree planted also died. Then we made a complaint to the gas company and found that not fifty feet away there was a leak in the gas main."

The managers of the Flushing gas plant declare that they are not to blame for the destruction of the trees. They say that there are dead trees on streets where there are no gas mains. The Flushing Association has promised to employ one of the best experts in the country to examine the trees.—New York Sun.

DEFECTS IN THE CAPITOL.

Whiteness of Main Body Retained by Frequent Painting.

Frederic Harrison's admiration for the capitol as an architectural work and the central object of the Washington landscape is shared by so many that one can always send a thrill of pained surprise through a part of every group of visitors by a reminder that only its two wings are built of marble, and that for the whiteness of its main body we must thank copious and oft-renewed applications of white paint. But quite as much astonishment is likely to be felt by most persons at the discovery that the great dome, which has been the delight of all beholders, is not precisely in the axis of the central portico, but about six feet out of place. Yet such is the case. It has been necessary to resort to some trickery to deceive the eye in taking in the whole effect of the edifice, but the cheat has been accomplished so cleverly that it may be forgiven. Another fact little known to the public is that the exquisite proportions of the dome are the result of accident, not design. The present lines do not follow the architectural drawings, because when the base of the dome proper was measured preparatory to lowering it into the collar, which was already in place for it, it was found to be too large. The collar could not be changed to fit, so the original base was cut off at the point where the diminishing diameter would slip into the collar. The result was most gratifying. If, as many experts assert, the present dome is perfect, it follows that the dome as first designed would have been imperfect, and if it had been used, one of the most satisfactory public edifices in the world would have lacked a large part of its present charm.—Boston Transcript.

A Remarkable Australian.

Sir George Dibbs, who has just presented King Edward with a walking stick of his own make, is one of the remarkable men of Australia. He is probably the only man in the empire who has passed through the two extreme experiences of a prime minister and a prisoner in jail. Sir George has twice been premier of New South Wales, and has held many other posts of the highest importance in the colony; and it was while he was a prominent public man that he had the courage to refuse to pay what he thought an extortionate bill of costs. He was committed to Darlinghurst jail, Sydney, for a year, and served the sentence through to the end.

Hi Henry's minstrel company gave performance at the Alhambra Saturday night and Sunday afternoon and evening, and gave good satisfaction to the audiences which gathered in Manager Miller's theater for a preliminary bit of enjoyment before the regular season of the Grand avenue house opens next Sunday afternoon with "Hunting for Hawkins."

A man can never be a true gentleman in manner until he is a true gentleman at heart.—Charles Dickens.

The Home of Cremation.

Japan is the country where the cremation of corpses is practiced on the largest scale. The custom dates back about 1,200 years.