THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

(Old Favorites Series.)

the snow, the beautiful snow, filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the housetops, over the street, over the heads of the people you meet.
Dancing, flirting, skimming along. Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek; clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above, pure as an angel, and fickle as love!

O! the snow,the beautiful snow! How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in itsmaddening fun, it plays in its glee with everyone.
Chasing, laughing, hurrying by, it lights up the face and its sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs with a bark and a bound, snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive and its heart is aglow, to welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd go swaying along, hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by—bright for a moment, then lost to the eye.
Ringing, swinging, dashing they go over the crest of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky, to be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by;
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet, till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell: fell, like the snowflakes, from heaven—to hell:
Fell, to be tramped as the filth in the street: fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat.
Pleading, cursing, dreading to die, selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread, hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low? And yet, I was once like this beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow, with an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—flattered and sought for the charm of my face.
Father, mother, sisters all, God, and myself, I have lost by my fall.
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh;
For of all that is on or about me, I know there is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it would be, when the night comes again, if the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!
Fainting, freezing, dying alone, too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town, gone mad in its joy at the snow's coming down;
To lie and to die in my terrible woe, with a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

—J. W. Watson, 1852.

Father O'Flaherty's Tactics.

BY ETHEL M. COLSON.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

It was a neat little house in a neat little street, Dennis Mullaney's residence, but it was not alone because of its neatness that Mrs. Mullaney was proud of it. She had bought that house—on the installment plan, mind you—out of her own earnings as a seamstress, aided by the little she could save out of her husband's wages of two dollars a day. And she had never, as she herself expressed it, had "liss than eight childer ter kape" while the house was in course of acquirement. For these beloved "childer" the social ambitions were high. It was no part of her plans that Molly, her eldest and the flower of the flock, should marry a "common teamster," although young "Jamesy" Murphy owned a fine team.

It is doubtful if the young people would ever have had a chance to be happy—without making a run for it, which Molly would never have consented to do—but for Father O'Flaherty's assistance.

Father O'Flaherty was the boyish-faced priest at St. Michael's, a young man just out from Ireland, and, once more to quote Mrs. Mullaney, "wurrekin' loike the very divvle ter bate ther faver of homesickness," which was consuming him. Father O'Flaherty was fond of calling at the Mullaney cottage because Mrs. Mullaney reminded him of the good, hard-working, affectionate mother who had sacrificed her own joy in his presence for the sake of his future well-being. He was sorry, upon the occasion of the call which directly followed Mrs. Mullaney's fiat against "Jamesy" Murphy to see that Molly looked pale and troubled and that her eyes showed traces of tears.

"It's hankerin' after Jamesy Murphy that she do be," the indignant mother

"It's hankerin' after Jamesy Murphy." burst forth in answer to the good priest's kindly inquiry. "But it's cry she'll have ter, unliss Jamesy alters his ways."

"A good lad, Mrs. Mullaney," said Father O'Flaherty, "and very steady for his years."

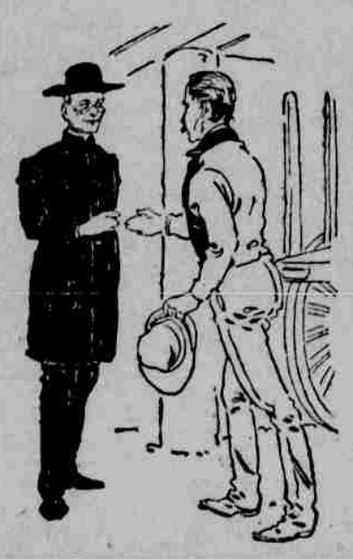
Molly shot him a grateful glance, but Mrs. Mullaney grew more indignant.

"He may be steady as the church fer awl I care," she declared, roundly, "an' as harnsome as Molly thinks him. But no young man that's willin' ter dhrive team these days is good enough fer my Molly. It's eddication an' sthyle thot helps a mon up in ther wurruld these days."

"It's love thot makes people happy," ventured Molly, emboldened by the priest's evident sympathy.

"I believe you're right, my girl," Father O'Fraherty told her a few moments later, as she showed him out at the front door. "Keep up a good heart and a good courage, Molly, and you'll be a happy woman one of these days.

Straight home to the study where a committee of "solid" parishioners



"Heaven bless ye, father."

waited to discuss plans for the building of the new church went Father O'Flaherty, thinking of Molly and "Jamesy" and Mrs. Mullaney as he went. And thinking a little, too, perhaps, of the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked Irish girl for whose sake he had been hurried off to college a little earlier than he had expected, but of whose charms a man dedicated to the priesthood from his infancy had no right to think. She, too, had looked a little pale and troubled when last he saw her. The thin face of Father O'Flaherty looked thinner than ever as he faced his parishioners.

"I'll leave most of the details to you, gentlemen," he said, presently, "but I want young James Murphy to have the contract for the teaming. He's a good lad and the contract will help him. None of you will have any objection, I am sure."

"Jamesy isn't prepared for't," suggested one of the three contract teamsters in the room.

"I understand he soon will be," was Father O'Flaherty's quiet reply.

That night he had an interview with the young teamster.

"I'm thinking, James," was the substance of this conversation, "that you could borrow the money for a couple of new teams from your father if you had a good contract in sight, couldn't you? And I myself shall be glad to lend you the money for still another good team and wagon. With three or four teams you'd be in shape to undertake the teaming contract for the new church of St. Michael."

"Never mind thanks, lad," he concluded the interview by saying. "Go and talk to your father—and see if you can't overcome Mrs. Mullaney's prejudice against having a teamster for a son-in-law by telling her that you've got the church contract."

"Heaven bless ye, Father," said young "Jamesy," relapsing into the vernacular.

And, as Father O'Flaherty had expected, Mrs. Mullaney's social ambitions for her daughter recognized a wide difference between a "common" teamster who drove his own single team and the "contract teamster" who rejoiced in four teams and the church contract.

The neat little house was replaced by a tall flat building some time ago, and Mr. and Mrs. James Murphy, blissfully happy and successful, are joint owners with Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Mullaney of this new building. Father O'Flaherty, albeit that he never finds the new building quite so snug and homelike as the old one, calls there quite often and he is usually a little happier for every visit.

The sweet little Irish girl of whom Father O'Flaherty has no business to be thinking slipped out this life last winter, and it comforts the man who has no business to think of her to know that Molly Murphy, nee Molly Mullaney, was made happy for her sake.

RESPECT FOR THE LAW.

A Blow at the President is a Menace to us All.

So far as the American people can protect the life of their chief magistrate against the common enemies of all governments, no effort will be spared to do so. A stricter enforcement of existing legislation, possibly new legislation looking to the closer supervision of the speech and action of suspicious elements in the community is likely to follow. A blow directed against our president is a menace to each one of us, and we have full right to take every precaution against the foes of established order. But in a democracy like ours, founded upon free opinion and free speech, choosing its rulers from the ranks, and desiring those rulers to mingle more or less freely, during their term of office, with their fellow-citizens, it becomes difficult and probably impossible to surround the life of an American president with those safeguards with which European sovereigns have grown sadly familiar. In witnessing the slaying of our chief magistrate by an anarchist, we are sharing in the evil inheritance of old world tyranny and absolutism, without being able to utilize those defensive measures which absolutism makes possible. The only permanently effective weapon against anarchy, in a self-governing republic, is respect for law. Fortunately, this weapon is within the reach of every citizen of the American commonwealth, and we believe that the untimely death of the president has already resulted in a profound popular reaction against lawlessness in every form.—Atlantic Monthly.

His Question of Faith.

A religious old darkey had his faith badly shaken not long ago. He is sexton for a white church in a Fayette county town, and one afternoon as he was in front sweeping the pavement a strong wind arose, tearing a piece of the cornice off and taking a few bricks out of the wall. Realizing that a good run was better than a bad stand, the old man sought shelter in the station house on the opposite side of the street. Several minutes later a member of the church of which Uncle Isham is sexton came by, and noticing him in his retreat, remarked that he thought the station house a strange place for a man of faith to seek shelter in a storm when a house of worship was near. "Dat's so, but whut's a man gwine ter do when de Lord begins to frow bricks at 'im?"—Memphis Scimitar.

A New Fuel Gas.

Much interest is felt in England in the Mond fuel gas, which is made from the cheapest class of small coal and dust, known as "bituminous slack." This gas, which is intended for furnaces and gas engines, can, it is claimed, be supplied at a cost of four cents per thousand cubic feet. It is not a lighting gas, as it burns with a pale blue flame, and its heating value is lower than that of illuminating gas, but greater than most other "producer gases." In the process of manufacture a very large proportion of the nitrogen of the coal is recovered in the form of sulphate of ammonia, worth nearly two dollars for every ton of slack gasified.

Artificial Ice in Arizona.

A company has just been formed at Phoenix for the unique purpose of making ice by electrical currents and storing it in artificial glaciers in high altitudes, for purposes of irrigation. The inventors claim that their scheme will not only solve the water problem, but will tend to greatly reduce the summer temperature in the arid regions. They declare that while, heretofore, only heat has been produced by electricity, they, by a simple process, reverse the method and secure the opposite results, producing intense cold.

An Afflicted Brother.

Brother Dickey was under the weather the other day. In describing his symptoms he said: "Yes, suh, hit's true dat I ain't feelin' half well. In de fust place, I 'flicted wid rattlin' er de bones; den I troubled wid battin' er de eyelids, liftin' er de lef' leg, wobblin' er de right foot, en crackin' er de top skull. All I needs now ter finish me complete is six months er de unj-inted rheumatism!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Some men will do for strangers what their relatives may ask in vain.

The Diamond Bracelet

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of East Lynne, Etc.

CHAPTER I.

The afternoon of a hot June day was drawing towards evening, and the great world of London—for it was the height of the season—was beginning to think of dinner. In a well-furnished dressing room, the windows being open for air, the blinds drawn down to exclude the sun, stood a lady whose maid was giving the touch to her rich attire. It was Lady Sarah Hope.

"What bracelets, my lady?" asked the maid, taking a small bunch of keys from her pocket.

"None, now; it is so very hot, Alice," added Lady Sarah, turning to a young lady who was leaning back on the sofa, "have them ready displayed for me when I come up, and I will decide then."

"I have them ready, Lady Sarah?" returned Miss Seaton.

"If you will be so kind. Hughes, give the key to Miss Seaton."

Lady Sarah left the room, and then the maid, Hughes, began taking one of the small keys off the ring. "I have got leave to go out, miss," she explained, "and am going directly. My mother is not well, and wants to see me. This is the key, miss."

As Miss Seaton took it, Lady Sarah reappeared at the door. "Alice, you may as well bring the jewel box down to the back drawing room. I shall not care to come up here after dinner; we shall be late as it is."

"What's that about a jewel box?" inquired a pretty looking girl, who had come from another apartment.

"Lady Sarah wishes me to bring her bracelets down to the drawing room, that she may choose which to put on. It was too hot to dine in them."

"Are you not coming in to dinner today, Alice?"

"No. I walked out, and it has tired me, as usual. I have had some tea instead."

"I would not be you for all the world, Alice! To possess so little capability for enjoying life. No, not even for you, Alice."

"Yet if you were as I am, weak in health and strength, your lot would have been so smoothed to you that you would not repine at or regret it."

"You mean I should be content," laughed the young lady." "Well, there is nothing like contentment, the sages tell us. One of my detestable school room copies used to be "Contentment is happiness.'"

"I can hear the dinner being taken in," said Alice; "you will be late in the dining room."

As Lady Francis Chenevix turned away to fly down the stairs, her light, rounded form, her elastic step, all telling of health and enjoyment, presented a marked contrast to that of Alice Seaton. Alice's face was indeed strangely beautiful; almost too refined and delicate for the wear and tear of common life; but her figure was weak and stooping and her gait feeble. Of exceedingly good family, she had suddenly been thrown from her natural position of wealth and comfort to comparative poverty, and had found refuge as "companion" to Lady Sarah Hope.

Colonel Hope was a thin, spare man, with sharp brown eyes and sharp features, looking so shrunk and short, that he must have been smuggled into the army under weight, unless he had since been growing downwards. No stranger could have believed him at ease in his circumstances, any more than they could have believed him a colonel who had seen hard service in India, for his clothes were frequently threadbare. A black ribbon supplied the place of gold chain, as guard to his watch, and a blue, tin-looking thing of a galvanized ring did duty for another ring on his finger. Yet he was rich; of fabulous riches, people said; but he was of a close disposition, especially as regarded his personal outlay. In his home and to his wife he was liberal. They had been married several years, but had no children, and his large property was not entailed; it was believed that his nephew, Gerard Hope, would inherit it, but some dispute had recently occurred, and Gerard had been turned from the house. Lady Francis Chenevix, the sister of Lady Sarah, but considerably younger, had been paying them an eight months' visit in the country, and had now come up to town with them.

Alice Seaton lay on the sofa for half an hour, and then, taking the bracelet-box in her hands, descended to the drawing rooms. It was intensely hot; a sultry, breathless heat, and Alice threw open the back windows, which, in truth made it hotter, for the sun gleamed right thwart the leads which stretched themselves beyond the window, over the out-buildings at the back of the row of houses.

She sat down near the back window and began to put out some of the bracelets on the table before it. They were rare and rich; of plain gold, of silver, of pearl, of precious stones. One of them was of gold links, studded with diamonds. It was very valuable, and had been the present of Colonel Hope to his wife on her recent birthday. Another diamond bracelet was there, but it was not so beautiful or so costly as this. When her task was done, Miss Seaton passed into the front drawing room, and threw up one of its large windows. Still there was no air in the room. As she stood at it a handsome young man, tall and powerful, who was walking on the opposite side of the street, caught her eye. He nodded, hesitated, and then crossed the street as if to enter.

"It is Gerard!" uttered Alice, under her breath. "Can he be coming here?" She walked away from the window hastily, and sat down by the bedecked table in the other room.

"Just as I supposed!" exclaimed Gerard Hope, entering, and advancing to Alice with stealthy steps. "When I saw you at the window, the thought struck me that you were alone here, and they at dinner. Thomas happened to be airing himself at the door, so I crossed and asked him, and came up. How are you, Alice?"

"Have you come to dinner?" inquired Alice, speaking at random, and angry at her own agitation.

"I come to dinner!" repeated Mr. Hope. "Why, you know they'd as soon sit down with the hangman."

"Indeed, I know nothing about it. I was in hopes you and the Colonel might be reconciled. Why did you come in? Thomas will tell."

"No, he won't. I told him not. Alice, the idea of your never coming up till June! Some whim of Lady Sarah's I suppose. Two or three times a week for the last month have I been marching past this house, wondering when it was going to show signs of life. Is Francis here still?"

"Oh, yes; she is going to remain here some time."

"To make up for—Alice, was it not a shame to turn me out?"

"I was extremely sorry for what happened, Mr. Hope, but I knew nothing of the details. Lady Sarah said you had displeased the Colonel, and after that she never mentioned your name."

"What a show of smart things you have got here, Alice! Are you going to set up a bazaar?",

"They are Lady Sarah's bracelets."

"So they are, I see! This is a gem," added Mr. Hope, taking up the fine diamond bracelet already mentioned. I don't remember this one."

"It is new. The Colonel has just given it to her."

"What did it cost?"

"Do you think I am likely to know? I question if Lady Sarah heard it herself."

"It never cost a farthing less than 200 guineas," mused Mr. Hope, turning the bracelet in various directions, that its rich diamonds might give out their gleaming light. "I wish it was mine."

"What should you do with it?" laughed Alice.

"Spout it."

"I do not understand," returned Alice. She really did not.

"I beg your pardon, Alice. I was thinking of the colloquial lingo familiarly applied to such transactions, instead of to whom I was talking. I meant to raise money upon it."

"Oh, Mr. Hope!"

"Alice, that's twice you have called me 'Mr. Hope.' I thought I was Gerard' to you before I went away."

"Time has elapsed since, and you seem like a stranger again," returned Alice, a flush rising to her sensitive face. "But you spoke of raising money. I hope you are not in temporary embarrassment."

"A jolly good thing for me if it turns out only temporary," he rejoined. "Look at my position! Debts hanging over my head—for you may be sure, Alice, all young men, with a limited allowance and large expectations, contract them—and thrust out of my uncle's home with the loose cash I had in my pockets, and my clothes sent after me."

"Has the Colonel stopped your allowance?"

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Hope laid down the bracelet from whence he had taken it, before he replied.

"He stopped it then, and I have not had a shilling since, except from my own resources. I first went upon tick; then I disposed of my watch and chain, and all my other little matters of value; and now I am upon tick again."

"Upon what?" uttered Alice.

"You don't understand these free terms, Alice," he said, looking fondly at her, "and I hope you may never have occasion. Frances would, she has lived in their atmosphere."

"Yes, I know what an embarrassed man the Earl is, if you allude to that. But I am grieved to hear about yourself. Is the Colonel implacable? What was the cause of the quarrel?"

"You know I was to be his heir. Even if children had come to him, he had undertaken amply to provide for me. Last Christmas he suddenly sent for me, and told me it was his pleasure and Lady Sarah's that I should take up my abode with them. So I did, glad to get into such good quarters, and stopped there, like an innocent, unsuspicious lamb, till—when was it, Alice?—April. Then the plot came out. They had fixed upon a wife for me, and I was to hold myself in readiness to marry her at any given moment."

"Who was it?" inquired Alice, in a low tone, as she bent her head over the bracelets.

"Never mind," said Mr. Hope, "it wasn't you. I said I would not have her, and they both, he and Lady Sarah, pulled me and my taste to pieces, and assured me I was a monster of ingratitude. It provoked me into confessing that I liked somebody else better, and the Colonel turned me out."

Alice looked her sorrow, but she did not express it.

"And since then I have been having a fight with my creditors, putting them off with fair words and promises. But they have grown incredulous, and it has come to dodging. In favor with my uncle and his acknowledged heir, they would have given me unlimited time and credit, but the breach is known, and it makes all the difference. With the value of that at my disposal" —nodding at the bracelet—"I should stop some pressing trifles and go on again for awhile. So you see, Alice, a diamond bracelet may be of use even to a gentleman, should some genial fortune drop such into his hands."

"I sympathize with you very much," said Alice, "and I wish I had it in my power to aid you."

"Thank you for your kind wishes; I know they are genuine. When my uncle sees the name of Gerard Hope figuring in the insolvent list, or among the outlays, he—Hark! can they be coming up from dinner?"

"Scarcely yet," said Alice, starting up simultaneously with himself, and listening. "But they will not sit long today because they are going to the opera. Gerard, they must not find you here."

"And get you turned out as well as myself! No! not if I can help it. Alice"—suddenly laying his hands upon her shoulders, and gazing down into her eyes—"do you know who it was I had learned to love, instead of —of the other?"

She gasped for breath, and her color went and came.

"No—no; do not tell me, Gerard."

"Why, no, I had better not under present circumstances, but when the good time comes—for all their high-roped indignation must and will blow over—then I will! and here's the pledge of it." He bent his head, took one long, earnest kiss from her lips, and was gone.

Agitated almost to sickness, trembling and confused, Alice stole to look after him, terrified lest he might not escape unseen. She crept partly down stairs, so as to obtain sight of the hall door and make sure that he got out in safety. As he drew it open, there stood a lady just about to knock. She said something to him and he waved his hand toward the staircase. Alice saw that the visitor was her sister, a lady well married and moving in the fashionable world. She met her and took her into the front drawing room.

"I cannot stay to sit down, Alice; I must make haste back to dress, for I am engaged to three or four places tonight. Neither do I wish to horrify Lady Sarah with a visit at this untoward hour. I had a request to make to you and thought to catch you before you went in to dinner."

"They are alone and are dining earlier than usual. I was too tired to appear. What can I do for you?"

"In one word—I am in pressing need for a little money. Can you lend it me?"

"I wish I could," returned Alice; "I am so very sorry. I sent all I had to poor mamma the day before we came to town. It was only £25."

"That would have been of no use to me; I want more. I thought if you had been misering up your salary you might have had a hundred pounds or so by you."

Alice shook her head.

"I should be a long while saving up a hundred pounds, even if dear mamma had no wants. But I send to her what I can spare. Do not be in such a hurry," continued Alice, as her sister was moving to the door. "At least wait one minute till I fetch you a letter I received from mamma this morning in answer to mine. You will like to read it, for it is full of news about the old place. You can take it home with you."

(To be continued.)

TRIMMED HAT FOR "MERIKY."

America Too Big for an English Woman and She Returned.

One day a stout person penetrated from the laundry to the drawing-room door, hastily pulling down the sleeves over her scarlet muscular arms. "If you please, Missus," she said, "doost'a think th' young lady as is so clever at trimmin' th'ats a'd be so kind as to trim me oop one? A' 'ardly like to ask, but hoo's that kind a' thowt a'd try." The young lady, a visitor in the house, was greatly taken with the idea, and the dolly tub was left to itself for a time while Eliza expounded her views, which were definite, as to choice among the prevailing fashions. When the work of art was completed she expressed high satisfaction. "A' wanted to luik well wen a' goes over there to my son and 'is family, d'yo' see'?' "Over where, Eliza?" "Why, over at 'Meriky, Missus; a'm going to see un just now. A' meant to las' year, but a' couldna save quite enough for th' passage money; now wi' yo' washin' all winter that's a' right, so a'm goin' over in th' Teutonic week after next to 'ave a look round at them aw'. There's my sister's 'usband out too since last Barnaby, and my neebour as well. While work's been slack in town, folks thowt they'd try th' other side." So Eliza tried the other side, too, but not finding it to her liking, returned to Milltown and reappeared at the washtub with as little in the way of travelers' tales as any one who ever left her native land.—Nineteenth Century.

Reforms in Old Mexico.

President Diaz is said to be considering plans to check the trusts in Mexico. One of the greatest of these is the great Mexican lottery, with drawings once a month in the City of Mexico. Does Diaz contemplate any interference with that?—St. Louis Star.